

wind, too, does its share in carrying it. If it were not for that we would soon have no flowers, for the seeds would be no good, and we could grow no more plants. Even in the flowers there is the papa and the mamma part."

"This, my dear," I said as I plucked a blossom from the tree beside me, "is the papa part of the plant, and this," I said, pointing to the pistil in the centre, "is the mamma part of the plant. Unless this pollen dust is carried by some means or other to the pistil, there will be no seed when the blossom dies, nor will the fruit ripen on the trees.

"Every apple, every peach, every pear, every tiny berry on the bushes, was once a tiny pistil, like this little slender green part which you see in the middle of the blossom, and one day a soft spring breeze, or some dear honey-bee in search of sweets, carried this pollen dust over to this pistil. By this means the pistil received power to grow into a seed or ripen into fruit. Day by day that pistil grew until in the fall papa and mamma and Gladys walked down into the garden and picked off a lovely rosy peach which had one day been only a slender green pistil like this one here in this peach blossom.

"Do you understand, Gladys? Everything that grows has been given life in some such way as this. Even the flowers and the trees and the fruits have a mamma and a papa. The pollen dust is the papa, the pistil is the mamma."

My baby was very thoughtful for a moment. Then a look of mingled pleasure and adoration swept over her face.