

Jacob used for a pillow the night when he dreamed that he saw angels moving up and down the ladder between earth and heaven; but it is now thought that it is only a very ancient stone of Scotland used for a long time at the Coronation of the Kings.

Edward had the stone enclosed in a chair, and set it in Westminster Abbey, where it now is, and on which all the Kings have set to be crowned since the days of Edward I.

The Scots had a saying that wherever that stone was found there Scottish Kings would reign. This saying came true three hundred years after Edward's time, when James the sixth of Scotland became also King of England. And George V is a lineal descendant of James.

### Consider the Wild Flowers.

It is surprising that church decoration displays sometimes so little "consideration" for the lily of the field. The beautiful red lily of July, for instance, growing at the roadside, is pulled by the hundred by ruthless hands for the purpose of beautifying the church. Often the tiny bulb is dragged out of its sheltering crevice, and so is lost to all the summers to come. Picked thus, in great, tight bunches, and crowded into vases for altars or communion tables, it can hardly glorify God or be enjoyed by man.

The effort to protect our native wild flowers may well begin in the church, taking as the text that we are to "consider the lily," not in large and meaningless bunches, not in the passing beauty of its violent death through careless human hands, but we are to consider the lily of the fields, "how it grows."—*Margaret Deland.*

It might be well for those who gather showy wild flowers in great masses for decoration to consider that these might better be left to beautify the wayside. Cut flowers from the garden or conservatory are appropriate decorations for a church; it gives the opportunity for many to see and enjoy them who would not otherwise do so, and they are a charm and give a welcome to the church-goer. But the wild flowers are disappearing so rapidly from their haunts near our cities and towns that it is well to consider if we should not spare them to beautify the wayside for the traveller.

What a much pleasanter world this would be if we walked more in the pure air and sunshine, if we talked more of our blessings rather than of our ailments, if we let no day go by—as is the creed of the boy scout—without a pleasant word or a good deed to somebody.

### How Morning Glory Climbed.

A little Morning-Glory lay all winter snug and warm in the arms of Mother Earth. Then one day Spring called, "Come out, little Morning-Glory!"

Mother Earth gave her a gentle push and said, "Go, my child!" Morning-Glory put up two tiny green hands and looked about her. It was quite dark; a broad leaf above her head shut out the light. In the darkness beneath it crawling things moved about: black ants, a long earthworm, and an earwig on his many legs. At sight of these, Morning-Glory's tiny green hands shook with fright.

When a cold, biting wind came by, she would have fled into Mother Earth's arms if she could. But she could not. When Mother Earth's children leave her, they cannot go back.

"Climb, little one, climb!" said the dear old mother. "By and by you will get into the light where the winged things live." So Morning-Glory threw out a hand and seized the green stalk of a shepherd's purse. By that she climbed till she came to a level with the leaf. There it was a little lighter, but still the shadows were deep.

"Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth. Then Morning Glory seized a stout milkweed, and up that she climbed. When she reached the top, a single ray of sunlight touched her. It warmed her to the heart. It was like a golden spear.

"Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth. "By and by you will come where the sun's golden spears fall like showers of rain." Little Morning-Glory threw out both hands. She seized upon a slender daisy that, like herself, was climbing to the light. Up the daisy stalk she ran, and came to a sweetbrier bush. In the middle of the bush there was a sparrow's nest with four birds in it ready to take wing.

"Haste, haste, my child!" said old Mother Earth. "that the sparrows be not there before you."

At that, Morning-Glory made still greater haste. For now, through much climbing, she had grown strong and fleet. She ran swiftly up the slender sweetbrier stems. When at last she came out on top, she saw above her the beautiful blue sky, and in its midst was the shining sun. As she tossed her hands in joy at the sight, from each hand swung a lovely pink bell. All around her the sun's golden spears fell like a shower of rain. And a lark sang in the beautiful blue sky.—*Frank Pope Humphrey*  
—*Jones Third Reader.*