

"We thought it best to have the wrong side just as green as the other and then it wont look faded," replied the voice.

"It seems so dead," sighed "Morning Glory," "like the grass in sister Mary's painting. Where are the crickets and grasshoppers, and where are the little tears that the grass weeps in the night because the sun is gone so long?"

"Oh! we have forgotten these little things," said the voice, "they are not of much consequence."

"Indeed they are," said "Morning Glory," almost crying, and she ran off to look for the little brook. As she drew near, she missed the usual merry bubble, and looking with growing consternation, she found it no longer hurrying along as if it had so much to do, and not a moment to lose. All the stones had been carefully removed, and there was only a deep, smooth bed, along which the brook moved as if it had suddenly become old and tired. She missed especially that big stone in the centre against which the little stream used to rush so determinedly, and then because it couldn't go through, would take such a leap up into the sunshine, turning all into rainbows and golden mists and then running on with such a sweet music, to tell all the banks how it conquered.

"Dear brook" sighed "Morning Glory," "why are you so changed and silent?"

"The brook made too much noise" replied the voice. "Listen to the birds, and you will have music enough."

Grace listened, and heard a curious looking redbreast sing very correctly the "bird waltz" which sister Carrie played on the piano. Then followed other melodies equally familiar, but although very wonderful, her lip began to quiver.

"I like their own song best," cried "Morning Glory," for she missed the faint twittering of the nestlings, and those sweet, sudden gushes of melody, as if the birds were so full of happy, grateful life, they could not possibly help telling all the world of it.

She missed a great many more little musicians who were very dear to her. There was no busy humming-bee, no lazy droning flies floating in the sunshine. So many things seemed forgotten. All was so unfinished, even to the strange shadows creeping over the bright flowers. She looked up into the sky, and saw such curious clouds, round and square, with sharp, hard edges, not at all like the soft, misty wreaths she used to love to watch. And then the sun was so dim.

"It must be evening," sighed "Morning Glory," "perhaps it will be better in the morning."

"This is morning," cried the voice, "and a very fine one too."

"And shall we never have a pleasanter morning than this?"

"Never," replied the voice.

"Morning Glory" burst into tears, and sobbed so hard that she—*awoke*, and found brother Tom standing by in great astonishment.

"It seems to me," he cried, "there is an unusual amount of dew on the "Morning Glory."

But Gracey started to her feet and looked eagerly around.