

## CHAPTER III.

### DO THE FLOWERS LOVE ?

"HOW my baby loves flowers!" I said, leaning over her as she stood in the garden watching the flowers.

She had been standing there gazing at them with a very thoughtful face for several minutes before I joined her. A little humming-bird, and a few honey-bees were sipping the sweet from flower to flower.

"Mamma," she said, "I've just been watching the flowers and wondering whether they loved each other. There are so many of them, and they are so pretty that it seems to me they must know something about each other."

Just at that moment the little humming-bird darted away from the flower before her face and up into the sky. She gave a merry little laugh as her eyes followed it; then she turned to me quickly as a new thought came into her mind.

"Are there mamma flowers and papa flowers, just like there are mamma birds and papa birds? Or is it only little things that talk and sing who have papas and mammas?"

"Gladys," I replied, "the dear Father in heaven has made this world beautifully and wonderfully,