

underlying motive of the action. Little Girl had merely chased a humming-bird, ordinarily a perfectly innocent pastime; but in the grown-ups' eyes she had carelessly destroyed her clothes.

And so, not the most sympathetic of them quite realized the depths of grief into which Little Girl was plunged. Childhood is short-sighted, and the double loss of the party and her pretty frock, added to the crushing sense of disgrace, blotted out the conception of any future happiness. Years after, when she had grown to be a wise woman, she often declared that day to have been the darkest of her childhood.

Childish griefs may be short-lived, but while they last they call for strong sympathy, for they are extremely acute. The little ones should not be encouraged to magnify their disappointments, but they should realize that some one feels for them. For childhood possesses a capacity for grief without any corresponding experience to act as a stay. As the poet who knew the child heart so well, has said:

"They know the grief of man without his wisdom;

They sink in man's despair without his calm."

Orillia, Ont.

How the Seeds of Kindness Grew

"Our teacher told us to-day that great big trees grow from little seeds, mama", said Morton, with wide-open eyes. "She always tells us the true stories on Friday afternoon, but that sounds like a make-believe story, don't you think so?"

"No, dear, it is the truth. Trees and large plants do grow from little seeds", said mama. "Trees like our big apple tree with the swing under it?" asked little Rose. "Mama, that can't be." "Don't you think that God is able to do all things, children?" "Yes, but it seems very odd, mama", said Morton. "I don't see how a little seed like this one out of my apple core could grow into a big tree. Do other things grow that way?"

"Indeed they do. A little seed of kindness sometimes grows and grows until it is far greater than an apple tree. Almost every

great and good work in the world has had a small beginning."

"I'm going to try that some day", said Rose. "I'll play that I'm planting a little kind seed and see if it grows into a kind tree. I don't suppose it would, for anything I could do would be so very, very tiny."

"I'll tell you a kind seed to plant right away", said mama. "You may take this pail of broth over to Jamie Stone." "That is so far away", began Rose; and then she changed her mind suddenly. "I'll take it, mama, but I won't expect a little thing like that to grow."

"Where are you going with that pail, Rose?" asked Mrs. Kent, as she saw the little girl hurrying along. "Is Jamie sick? I had not heard of it. His mother used to work for me. Jump in, dear, and I'll take you over." Rose didn't like to ride in the carriage just then, for it seemed to make her deed of kindness too easy. "It won't be like doing anything if I ride", she said to herself. "I just love to ride in a nice carriage." But her mama had taught her to be polite and she had no reason for not going, so she climbed in beside her mama's friend.

"How long has Jamie been sick?" asked Mrs. Kent. "I must go in to see the poor boy."

Before night the kind lady had the sick boy in a comfortable room in the hospital and had told the doctor to take good care of him. "I am so glad I saw Rose this morning, she said to Rose's mama. "I am going away this evening to be gone all summer, and might not have known about Mrs. Stone's troubles. The doctor says, with good care, Jamie will get well, and he is so much better off in the hospital than at home, where his mother could not give him proper attention."

"I didn't want to ride with Mrs. Kent to-day, mama", said Rose. "It made the errand too easy."

"But, my dear, see how your kind seed grew. You just planted it this morning and it has grown to a big tree already. If you had not started out at once to take the broth to Jamie, Mrs. Kent might never have known he was ill."

"Is that what it means?" cried Rose joyfully. "I'm going to plant kind seeds