

They feel very lonely and quiet without the children. They have very little to talk about and there is nothing at all to listen to.

But often in the cool evenings we may see their branches twined together. If we could listen to them, perhaps we should hear the Maple telling the Chestnut some of her Grandfather Maple's stories.

For we may be sure that half of the stories that might be told of Canada's early days, were not heard in the school-room.

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