

"You know my pretty green leaf is the emblem of Canada," she said, turning to the Horsechestnut. "And I've often told you how many of our family live in this country, and have lived here for hundreds of years. Indeed, I have heard my grandfather say that we had relatives in every part of the land. Our family were here when there were no white folks, only great bands of red-skinned Indians. There were more forests then, and whole hundreds of us lived together. My father used to tell me wonderful tales of those days."

"Well, you have told me all that before," said the Chestnut-tree. "Tell me what you heard to-day."

"I was coming to that," answered the Maple, who, like everybody else, wanted to tell her story in her own way. "The children were all listening to a story to-day. I wondered why they were so quiet and peeped in at them. The story sounded so much like my grandfather's stories, that I waited to hear it. It was lovely; all about the country and the people. The children liked it, and so did I. I tapped on the window to let