

aside, and the shoot grew into a strong young blade.

One fresh sweet morning in early April the wonderful thing happened. The last grain of earth yielded, and the young blade had reached the light. Little rosy clouds floated across the clear sky, and then the golden sun rose slowly above the horizon.

'The little blade gasped for breath. His slender stem quivered with emotion.

'What is that glorious thing?' he cried.

An older blade of corn grew near.

'That is the sun,' he said kindly. 'You have come to the upper world, and you're a brave young blade, for you've done the journey very quickly, considering the drought. I had a fair start of you.'

The little blade was still trembling.

'Now I know whose was the voice,' he cried. 'It was the sun who called me. It is a wonderful thing to grow!'

'You are quite right,' said the older blade. 'Grow on higher and higher, push on, don't stop; then one day we shall stand tall and strong, crowned with yellow light, and ready for the service of man.'

'I am glad I obeyed the voice,' whispered the little blade. 'It's a fine thing to grow.'

Who Likes the Rain?

Who likes the rain?

'I,' said the duck, 'I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud; quack! quack!'

'I hope 'twill pour, I hope 'twill
pour,'
Croaked the tree-toad from his gray
bark door,
For with a broad leaf for a roof
I'm perfectly weather-proof.'

Sang the brook, 'I laugh at every
drop,
And wish it would never need to
stop,
Until a broad river I'd grow to be,
And could find my way out to the
sea.'

—Anon.

Betty's Playtime.

'Oh, pshaw!' said Betty, when mamma called her from play; 'somebody's always a-wantin' me to do something!' She ran into the house with a frown on her face.

'Betty,' said mamma, 'if you can't obey cheerfully—'

'Well, I always have to be doin' some-
thin',' burst out Betty. 'I never can
play—'

'You may play this whole day long,'
said mamma, quietly.

'And not do anythin' else?' asked
Betty.

'Not do any other thing,' said mam-
ma.

'Oh, goody!' cried Betty, and she ran
and got her doll things and began mak-

ing a dress for Cora May, her new
dolly.

Grandma came into the room while
she was sewing.

'Betty,' she said, 'will you run up-
stairs and get granny her spectacles?'

'Yes, ma'am,' cried Betty, jumping
up in a hurry, for she dearly loved to
do things for grandma.

'No, Betty,' said mamma; 'you keep
right on with your doll things. I'll get
grandma's glasses myself.'

Betty returned to her sewing, but
somehow it wasn't so interesting as it
had been. She threw it down the
minute little Benjamin waked from his
nap and ran to take him.

'Nursing is too much like work,' said
mamma, taking the baby out of her
arms; 'you must not do any to-day.'

Betty's cheeks turned rosy. She
thought of the times she had grumbled
when mamma had asked her to hold
baby. Now she would have given any-
thing just to hold him one minute.

Mary Sue, Betty's best friend, came
by to get her to go an errand with her.

'I am sorry, but you can't go,' said
mamma. 'Running errands is not play,
you know.'

Jack came running in with a button
to be sewed on. Betty put on her little
thimble and began sewing it on, but
mamma came in before she had finished.

'Why the idea of your sewing,
child!' she said, taking the needle and
thread out of her hand. 'Run along to
your play.'

When her father came home to din-
ner, Betty started as usual to open the
front door for him. But mamma called
her back.

'You forget, Betty,' she said in her
pleasant way, 'that you are not to do
anything for anybody to-day.'

'Then I guess I'd better not ask her
to drop my letter into the mail box,'
said Cousin Kate. 'It might interfere
with her play.'

'I'm tired of playin'!' cried Betty.
She ran out to the kitchen. Callie, the
cook, would let her help her, she knew.
But, for a wonder, not even black Callie
would let her do anything.

'I's agwine ter a fun'ral,' she said,
'an' I's a mighty big hurry to git off.
But, law, honey! I wouldn't hab you
'rupted in your play fer nuthin'!'

Poor Betty! She thought the day
would never come to an end.

'Oh, mamma!' she cried, as she kiss-

ed her at bedtime; 'do wake me up
early in the morning. I want to get a
good start. Helpin' is so much better
than playin' all the time.—Selected.

At the Bird College.

(By Arthur E. Locke.)

The birds all met once on a tall maple
tree,

On the uppermost branch, to confer a
degree.

To one of their number this honor they
gave

Because he was cheery and happy and
brave.

The degree was conferred by the presi-
dent crow,

All dressed in the neatest black, as you
know.

So now that proud member, which often
you'll see,

Is known by the title of Chicka D. D.

—Selected.

Chowchow.

'Chowchow' was not a pickle, but a
chicken, and a real funny one, too.

I made friends with him when he was
no bigger than a robin. He was an on-
ly child. Of course his mother had
enough to do to pet and fuss over him.
But he would leave her any time when
we called 'C-h-o-w-c-h-o-w,' and then
'Chowchow-Chowchow,' as fast as he
could talk.

His mother was a beautiful buff
Shanghai, but he was a long-legged
Brahma, dressed in a speckled black
and gray suit. As the days got chilly
in the fall, it seemed as if he suffered
dreadfully from cold feet. He was al-
ways cuddling down in the warm feath-
ers on his mother's back, even when he
was a pretty big fellow.

One day I said: 'Come, Chowchow,
don't trouble your mother. I'll give
you a good warming by the kitchen
fire.' I carried him into the kitchen,
opened the oven door and gave his cold
feet a toasting. Oh, how he enjoyed it!
He opened and shut his claws as he lay
on my lap, and chowchowed and pecked
at the buttons on my dress.

The next day it was pretty cold; and
the first thing I heard when I went into
the kitchen was a tapping at the window
pane. There was 'Chowchow' on the
window sill, pecking at the glass and
holding up one foot and then the other.
He was talking or scolding at the top
of his voice.

I let him in. He went straight to
the stove and waited for me to take him
in my arms and warm his feet. He
seemed to think it was ever so much
nicer than his mother's feathers.

One cold morning I was busy when
he came in. The stove was very hot;
and 'Chowchow'—silly bird!—could not
wait for me to attend to him. He flew
up on top of the stove. Then he gave
a scream and landed on the table. That
was the first and last time he tried to
warm his feet without my help.—'Our
Little Home.'

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