

able to open her sticky buds nor prepare her clusters of snowy blossoms. And here was that tall Maple with every branch clothed and her blossoms all ready. Really, she felt quite plain and dowdy beside her.

“What’s the matter?” she asked in her quiet manner. “You’re making a dreadful fuss, rustling your leaves, and shaking yourself so often.”

“Oh!” cried the happy Maple, “I was just trying to get up a breeze to bend me over to you. You were so busy you wouldn’t look, and I wanted to tell you what I heard this morning.”

“What was it?” asked the Chestnut, full of curiosity, for the Maple being tall heard much more than she did.

“Listen!” said the Maple, bending her head. And the spring breeze carried the words of the children’s song out to the trees :

“The maple leaf, our emblem dear,  
The maple leaf forever.  
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless,  
The maple leaf forever.”

All the Maple’s branches shook with delight as she heard the soft music.