

knew how. It opened up its leaves to the sun and rain. It sent its roots deep and wide through the rich, life-giving earth. And at last, one happy day, it discovered that it bore a most lovely flower. And soon came another, and then another, and another, until people came to look at it, and enjoy it, and admire it.

And now, children, which plant do you want to imitate,—the plant that kept thinking so much about what it would grow to be that it did not grow at all, or the plant that just did the best it knew how to do, and trusted God to send the beauty and the glory when the right time came?

— Three Years with the Children

WORDS AND WINGS

"If words
Were birds
And swiftly flew
From tips
Of lips
Owned, dear, by you;
Would they,
To-day,
Be hawks or crows?
Or blue,
And true,
And sweet? Who knows?"

"Let's play
To-day
We choose the best;
Birds blue
And true,
With dove-like breast!
'Tis queer,
My dear,
We never knew
That words,
Like birds,
Had wings and flew!"

THE GENTLE ART OF MANAGING

When I was a little girl I had to begin my public school career in what is known as the "Old Brick" building. It stood on the borderland between a neighborhood eminently respectable and one which was decidedly rough, and its pupils belonged to different

classes long before they entered its dingy walls or set foot upon its worn staircases. The "Old Brick" was the first well-built school of the little city, and like a true pioneer was very democratic. We of the primary grades were equally so, and often a barefooted, stone-throwing lassie seemed wonderfully fascinating to more gently-reared children—as long as her stones were not thrown in the wrong direction.

Many were the injunctions which some of us received against loitering after school or playing by the way. Seven-year-old consciences may be all right, but seven-year-old memories are short, and the thing that is nearest exerts an influence inversely proportionate to the square of the distance. The path of rectitude was hard for me until my mother began to bake apples. I had often been promised an apple as soon as I reached home, yet an apple is an apple at four o'clock or at five, and so long as the waiting does not cause it to decay, its goodness is unimpaired. But when it is baked!

Mother told me that when she was a little girl she had apples baked on the stove without a pan, and that she would bake one in that way for me every day. It was put on the plain top of the air-tight wood stove exactly as the bell struck for dismissal of school, the fancy iron cover was put over it, and if I came directly home it would be done to a turn just as I got my wraps off and my hands washed and was ready for it.

Do you think I dallied by the way after that? Never! The tempters lost their power, and vainly pleaded for me to catch on bobs or make snow men. I told them that my apple would be spoiled if I didn't hurry; that it was all right if it had popped just a little and the juice was white and bubbly, but that if it were squashy (I suppose that is the way to spell it), and the juice got sticky, it wasn't right at all.

After my apple was eaten, I could go out to play if I wished, but I was carefully headed in another direction and my playmates chosen for me. It is only within the last few years that I have remembered those apples to understand them. Comprehension made them seem sweeter than ever before. How much better a baked apple than a