

# STORIES OF THE MAPLE LAND.

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## THE MAPLE-TREE'S STORY.

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The Maple-tree and the Horse-chestnut grew close together, just by the side of the big school. They both were very fond of the children, and might often have been seen with their branches twined together peeping through the windows.

This morning the Maple seemed in high spirits. Indeed she had just been given a new spring dress, and very proud she was of it, too. No wonder either, for it was such a dainty, fresh shade of green, and her branches looked so graceful with their weight of baby leaves, from which the sun had kissed away the last stubborn twist and wrinkle.

The Horse-chestnut felt rather dull. She was not dressed yet, and was out of sorts because the sun had not given her enough help. The spring days had been chilly, so she had not been