

DO APPLE SEEDS POINT UP OR DOWN?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round to see

What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.

"Now tell me," said the teacher, to little Polly Brown,
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"

Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to look
(And that's the kind of question you can't find in a book.)
And of the whole big Apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

— Carolyn Wells in *St. Nicholas*.

THE STOLEN PATCH.

A little weeping fairy found
A patch of sunshine on the ground.
She knew it was the very thing,
To mend a hole torn in her wing.
She dried her eyes, picked up the patch,
And saw it would exactly match.
So sitting 'neath a tree, they say,
She sewed it on, and flew away.
The tree then shook its leaves and made,
A shadow where the patch had played.
So that the sun should never guess,
That now he owned just one patch less.

— *My Magazine*.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
The tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod.

In connection with the flowers and a rainy day, tell
George MacDonald's story of the lily:

"Little white lily
Sat by a stone,
Waiting and waiting,
Till the sun shone.

Little white lily,
Sunshine has fled,
Little white lily,
Is lifting her head.

Little white lily,
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting,
For the fresh rain.

Little white lily,
Holdeth her cup,
Rain is fast falling,
And filling 'it up."

SERVING THE QUEEN.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

"I wish that I were big, and strong, and grown-up, like Brother Tom," said Ned. "I'd like to work in town, and come home every Saturday night, as Tom does, instead of doing chores and running errands."

Ned tossed his armful of wood into the box with an impatient sigh.

His mother smiled. "Come," she said. "I have a story to tell you."

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a brave little worker bee, who lived in a big hive. She was strong and willing, and was ready to do anything. And what do you think was the only thing required of her? She and a dozen other bees were placed at the door of the hive, and were told to keep their wings in motion, so as to send a steady current of air into the inner cells of the hive where the queen was. The little worker bee was disappointed, for she had wished to do some great service for her queen.

"She could see other workers hurrying about and doing such important tasks! Some were making wax, and building the comb inside the hive; others were providing food for the young bees, and still others were feeding honey to the queen herself!

"Day by day the little worker grew more discontented, until one day the queen sent a message to the tireless workers at the doorway. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that they are doing me a wonderful service. Without the air they are sending me, I could never live.'

"When the little worker heard this message, she took courage, and her wings whirled as they had never whirled before. She felt at last that she, too, was serving the queen."

"That was a parable story, wasn't it, mother?" said Ned, as he squared his shoulders. "Well, you're the nicest queen I know, and I'm going to be your best worker."

— *Youth's Companion*.

THE OWL AND THE BOY.

Once there was a little boy —
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
Who used to cry at eight o'clock,
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
"I don't want to go, I will not go, I shan't go to bed,"
he'd cry,
I want to sit up till 'leven o'clock, and there isn't sand
in my eye!"

Once there was a little owl —
Too-whit! too-whit! too-hoo!
He lived in a tree, 'way out in the woods,
Too-whit! too-whit! too-hoo!
Said the sleepy little owl, when the dark came down, and
he nodded his weary head,
"If I were a boy, in a cosy house, I know I'd go right to
bed!"

For owls are very wise, you know,
And a long, long night makes a little lad grow!

— *Little Folks*.