

"I shall try again," said she. And so, going up to another gentian not far away, she timidly said, "Can you give me shelter, good flower?"

Out peeped the gentian. "Poor little lady," said the flower. "Whoever you are, you are too little to be out in the dark. Come in, and let me cover you over till the sun comes."

Then the little tired fairy slept soundly until morning began to dawn. Then, as she hastened away in the dim light, she turned to the kind gentian and said, "Kind friend, you and all your children shall hereafter be known from all other gentians by the power which I now give you to open and receive the warm light of the sun when first he peeps upon the world."

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One gentle word that I may speak,

Or one kind loving deed,

May, though a trifle poor and weak,

Prove like a tiny seed:

And who can tell what good may spring

From such a tiny little thing?