



A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
We thank the Heavenly Father.

—M. J. Garland.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so,—
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, *that* wind is best."

WATER DROP'S JOURNEY.

HIGH up in the sky a tiny Water Drop, with hundreds like himself, was quietly rocking in the soft arms of Mother Cloud.

They were gently floating through the sky when they met a cold wind, who jostled the great cloud so roughly that all her children fell from her arms, down, down to the earth beneath.

On his way Water Drop and his brothers had to pass through a very cold region of air, which changed them in some mysterious way to beautiful little white stars. Several of them clung together, and when they reached earth the little children cried, "Oh! see the big snowflakes!"

They all lay together in a big white drift, till one day Father Sun shone out bright and warm, and a soft south wind blew warm upon them, and soon they were changed back again to water drops, and the little children said the snow had all melted away. Then they chased one another merrily over the brown earth, whispering to the sleeping flowers as they passed them, "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

Down a hill they danced and slid until they all tumbled into a brook that went rippling and chattering through the woods.

Now, this brook was really made up of millions of water drops like themselves, and our little Water Drop soon got acquainted with a great number of them. Some had turned to snow and had lain quietly all winter until released by the warm rains and sunshine, and others had but lately fallen from their home in the sky.

How they chatted to one another as they merrily danced over stick and stone.

They traveled on for hours and hours until they reached the broad river.

Here they moved more slowly and silently. They knew they were on their way to the green sea, and it seemed to make them thoughtful.

They had been in the river for some days when one evening they felt themselves slowly but steadily driven up the river quite a distance. Water Drop wondered at this, but one of his companions who had taken the trip before, told him it was the flow of the tide and that they were very near the sea.

After a few hours the tide turned and carried them all out to the broad ocean. At first they did not like the salt, but after a while became used to it, and, in fact, soon grew salty themselves.

Water Drop lived in the ocean a long time and saw all the wonders of it. He saw the great and curious fish and other creatures who live in the deep, and the beautiful shells and seaweeds among which they played.

He saw the great ships, and the icebergs which came floating down from the north, and was nearly frightened to death in a storm. For two or three days he had been tossed from one wave to another; now he was thrown away up in the air, only to fall down again in a deep pit of water. When the storm was over Water Drop lay quietly rocking on a big wave, and one afternoon Father Sun drew him, with a great many others, back to his home in the sky. He left his saltiness behind him and was once more a pure, clear water drop resting in Mother Cloud's arms.

PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy Willow awakened
From her winter nap,
For the frolic, Spring Breeze,
On her door would tap.

"It is chilly weather,
Though the sun feels good,
I will wrap up warmly;
Wear my furry hood."

Mistress Pussy Willow
Opened wide her door,
Never had the sunshine
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet
Seemed so full of cheer;
"Good morning, Pussy Willow,
Welcome to you, dear!"

Never guest was quainter;—
Pussy came to town
In a hood of silver grey
And a coat of brown.

Happy little children
Cried with laugh and shout,
"Spring is coming, coming,
Pussy Willow's out!"

—Child's World.

HOW THE CROCUS AWOKE.

A dear little crocus who had lain fast asleep all winter awoke one morning from her long, long nap.

She had gone to bed so early, for she knew she would be one of the first flowers to greet the new-born spring.

But this year her bed was still piled high with snow, and all around seemed dark and cold, although she knew by feelings within her that it was nearly time to arise. However, she was a contented little crocus and just cuddled closer to the great brown earth and shut her eyes for another short nap.

She slept soundly until one morning she was awakened by the merry trickling of water all around and the pitty-pat of raindrops falling on her bed. Her old friends had all been at work while she slept to give her a pleasant surprise. The sun and rain had taken off her great blanket of snow, and the wind had blown away the blanket of leaves, and now the raindrops were calling to her:

"Come, come, little crocus,
Jack Frost has gone,
Snowdrop has blown,
Pussy Willow is here, and the birds are coming back!"

Oh, the joy in the heart of little crocus; how eagerly she obeyed the call!

Soon she was holding her pretty striped cup to catch it full of sunshine, and everyone who went by said, "See the pretty crocus, Spring is here at last!"

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light,"
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

As I look back on childhood's years I do not know to which I looked forward with more eagerness—the coming of Santa Claus or the first trip to the woods for spring flowers.

However, this I know, Santa Claus has long forgotten me, but the flowers are still my friends, and almost as impatiently now do I wait for that first trip to the woods.

About the twentieth of this month (how I wish you could all come!) I expect to take a long tramp along a certain sandy road, climb two certain steep hills—only too certain and only too steep,—walk further along the sandy road a mile or so and reach at length a pine grove, tired and weary of limb, but there to find a magic that will banish all thought of tiredness.

Oh! the joy of the woods in the spring-time! Oh! the delicious smell of the pine! Oh! the delight at finding the first sweet flower!

I know the grove will be covered with the little hepatica blossoms of purple and white on their soft furry stems, coming up from a pretty cluster of last year's leaves.

And, best of all, I know a spot where the darling, trailing arbutus hides the sweetest flowers of the year under great bunches of dry leaves that have kept her shielded all winter.

And, again, I wish you could all come.

COUSIN MAUD.