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How The Dimples Came

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One bright, beautiful spring day, when the earth was fresh in its new green dress decked with flowers, while the birds sang their sweetest songs, and the brooks babbled merrily on their way to the rivers, two wee dimples were sent by Mother Nature on a journey to find their work in the world.

It was a delightful journey through the blue sky and past the fleecy white clouds.

They played and danced with the sunbeams who led them on their way to the earth.

The dimples could see nothing for them to do, so on they went, frolicking and playing.

At last they found themselves among the trees and the bright flowers of the earth.

They chased the sunbeams under the leaves, they rode on the butterflies' wings, they sipped the honey with the bees from the flowers. Still, they could find nothing to do. The sunbeams bade the dimples goodbye and silently crept home. "Oh," said the dimples, "what shall we do? We have no place to rest tonight." "Here is a bird's nest; let us rest in this," said one dimple. "No, that will never do," said the other dimple, "for there is the mother bird, who rests in her nest all night."

Just then they spied a window swing open on its hinges. The tiny stars came out and peeped into the window, and the lady-moon sent silvery moonbeams down to help the dimples find a resting place. Then the dimples flew through the window, and there, close by, in her crib, curtained around with white, was a wee baby, rosy, sweet, and bright.

"Oh," said one dimple, "I would love to rest on that rosy cheek." "So would I," said the other dimple. And they each took a rosy cheek for a couch, and here they rested the whole night long.

The robins early in the dawn sat on the cheery boughs and sang loud and long, thus waking the dimples, who now knew not what to do. "But," said one dimple, "we have not yet found our work." The other dimple said: "Let us stay here. Baby's eyes are opening, and we must hide," and each dimple nestled away in baby's cheeks. Then her big, blue eyes opened wide, to see the sunbeams that

had crept through the windows to her crib.

The sunbeams coaxed the dimples to come out and play, but the dimples would only peep out, and when they did, they brought smiles around baby's rosy lips and sunny eyes.

"So you have found your work at last," said the sunbeams. And they had, for they helped to bring out the smiles in baby's cheeks. If you look the next time you see baby you may see the dimples playing hide and seek.



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