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Why The Morning-glory Sleeps

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One day the flowers got into a very angry discussion over the sun, of whom they were very fond.

"Surely you all must know that he loves me best," said the rose. "He shines upon me and makes me sweeter than any of you, and he gives me the colors that are most admired by man."

"I do not see how you can say that," said the dahlia. "You may give forth more fragrance than I can, but you cannot think for a second that you are more beautiful. Why, my colors are richer than yours and last much longer! The sun certainly loves me the best."

The modest lily looked at the dahlia and said in a low, sweet voice, "I do not wish to be bold, but I feel that the sun loves me and that I should let you know that he gives to me more fragrance than to any of you."

"Oh, oh! Hear lily!" said the others in chorus. "She thinks the king of day loves her best."

The lily hung her head and said no more, for the other flowers quite frightened her with their taunts.

"How can any of you think you are the best beloved of the sun?" said goldenglow. "When you behold my glowing color which the sun bestows on me, do any of you look so much like him as I do? No, indeed; he loves me best."

The hollyhock looked down on the others with pitying glances. "It is plain to be seen that you have never noticed that the sun shines on me with more warmth than on you, and now I must tell you he loves me best and gives me the tenderest of his smiles. See how tall I am and how gorgeous are my colors. He loves me best."

"When it comes to sweetness, I am sure you have forgotten me," said the honeysuckle. "Why, the king of day loves me best, you may be sure! He makes me give forth more sweetness than any of you."

"You may be very sweet," said the pansy, "but surely you know that my pet name is heart's-ease and that the sun loves me best. To none of you does he give such velvet beauty as to me. I am nearest his heart and his best beloved."

The morning-glory listened to all this with envy in her heart. She did not give forth sweetness, as many of the others, neither did she possess the beauty of the rose or the pansy.

"If only I could get him to notice me," she thought. "I am dainty and frail, and I am sure he would admire me if only he could behold me; but the others are always here and in such glowing colors that poor little me is overshadowed by their beauty."

All day morning-glory thought of the sun and wondered how she could attract his attention to herself, and at night she smiled, for she had thought of a plan. She would get up early in the morning and greet him before the other flowers were awake.

She went to bed early that night so that she might not oversleep in the morning, and when the first streak of dawn showed in the sky morning-glory opened her eyes and shook out her delicate folds. The dew was on her and she turned her face toward the sun.

As soon as she peeped into the garden the sun beheld her. "How dainty and lovely you are!" he said. "I have never noticed before the beauty of your colors, morning-glory," and he let his warm glances fall and linger upon her.

The sunflower all this time was watching with jealous eyes, for she was the one who had always welcomed the sun, and this morning he seemed to have entirely forgotten her.

Still sunflower kept her gaze upon them and wondered what she could do to win back her king from the delicate little morning-glory.

But as she looked she saw the morning-glory sway and nod her head. "She is going to sleep," said the sunflower; "his warm breath makes her drowsy, or else she was up so early that she cannot keep awake."

While the sunflower watched, sure enough the morning-glory nodded and closed her eyes. She was fast asleep, and the fickle sun, seeing that she no longer looked upon him, looked away and beheld the sunflower looking toward him with longing eyes.

"Good morning, King," she said, as she caught his eye, and she was wise enough not to let him know she had seen him before. So the sun smiled and turned his face upon them all, and the sunflower kept to herself what she had seen, knowing full well that she was the one who knew best how to keep his first and last glances.

A little later one of the flowers called out: "Look at morning-glory; she is still sleeping. Let us tell her it is time to awaken."

"Morning-glory! morning-glory!" they called, but she did not answer. She was sound asleep.

"That is strange," said the rose. "I wonder if she has gone to sleep never to awake. I have heard of such things happening."

After two or three mornings the other flowers ceased to notice morning-glory, for they thought she had ceased to be one of them, but the wise sunflower kept her own counsel. She knew that morning-glory had to sleep all day in order that she might not miss the sun; but, as I told you, she was wise enough not to complain, and she kept his love for her by so doing.



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