

That made me more frightened still and I asked another piece of coal what they were going to do with us. He said, "We are going to be put in the train to make it go."

Suddenly we were all in the train. Then I felt myself being dug up, and all at once I was in the fire. It was so very hot there that I wished I was under the ground again with my friends.

Then the train bumped and I fell out.

—SHIRLEY SPODE.

A BUSH ROAD.

For miles we wandered on along the bush road that seemed to stretch endlessly before us.

On either side were high trees which spread their branches as a canopy over the road. Birds twittered gaily in the boughs.

Suddenly the laugh of a jackass rang through the air, and its sound re-echoed through the bush.

Wild flowers on every side scented the air with rarest perfume, and the flowers raised their tiny heads to the monarchs of the bush—the overtowering gum-trees.

Rays of sunshine peeped through the spaces between the leaves of the trees and thus transformed the lonely bush road into an earthly paradise.

—MARJORIE COCK.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN ORCHARD.

This is the time to see Stanthorpe at its best. It is spring. The grass is beautifully green, and the fruit-trees are in full bloom, lovely in white and delicate shades of pink.

Before the trees come into bud they have to be sprayed and pruned. It is very hard to prune, because you have to be so careful to cut the growth in the right place.

Then comes the excitement of watching the buds swelling until they burst into a glow of colour. After about a week, the petals begin to fall; then we see the tiny fruits forming.

That is a very anxious time, because a frost may come and cut the tiny fruit before there is any foliage to protect it.

The pests soon begin to appear—such as black and green aphids on the peaches and plums. The apples have to be sprayed several times as a prevention against codlin moth.