

And I watch my garden grow,  
Seeds and plants and flowers,  
Wee black seeds I often sow,  
They will bear the sweet flowers I know,  
Oh, they'll make a pretty show,  
Which I shall watch for hours.

—JUDITH SMYTH.

### A RIDE ON A RAINBOW

In a lonely country town lived a small girl called Anne. She had no mates as children of her age have, but she was quite happy, for she had found a beautiful valley in the wood near the village.

One day Anne had just dressed herself ready to go to the valley, when the rain came pattering down on the roof. Poor Anne was very unhappy, for her mother was ill, and she wanted to get a basket-full of daisies with pink edges, that grew in the wood.

She sat disconsolately at the window for half an hour, and was overjoyed to see that the sun had burst through the clouds, and all the garden was once again wrapped in golden sunlight. She picked up her basket and raced off towards the woods. When she arrived at the woods she was very pleased to find that the daisies were not spoilt by the rain. Soon her basket was full, and she set off towards the valley to get a drink, for there was a crystal stream running through. When she came to this spot she gasped with astonishment. Sitting on her favourite seat, which was a large round stone, covered in ferns, were two beautiful fairies. Their wings were all colours, beautifully blended together. She rubbed her eyes to see that she wasn't dreaming, and the taller fairy said, "Do not be afraid little girl, we are the rain fairies. We only have a little time on earth, so now we must go and tell the fairies to weave a rainbow. Would you care to come with us?" "O-o-o-oh!" gasped Anne.

"Very well, you are welcome to come," the fairy answered. She then produced a beautiful mat from beneath her gown. She whistled, and then two butterflies came and were harnessed to the mat.

"Step on this," she told Anne.

In a short time the three arrived at a rosy cloud, and they stepped on to it. There were hundreds of beautiful fairies playing on this cloud, and the tall fairy said to them, "Begin to weave a rainbow my sisters," and at once the fairies set to work.

Soon a beautiful rainbow was stretching right across the sky, like a shining ribbon of all colours.

"You may slide down the rainbow, for it ends in the wood near the village," said the fairy, and Anne did so. She had a gorgeous ride and alighted in the woods. Forgetting her basket she raced home. "Oh! mother," she cried, "I slid down the rainbow which you can see through your window." Then she told her the whole story, and her mother said at the end: