

When the other fairies came home she did not look up at them. For all the rest of her life she never looked up, but always watched the soft snow melting under her warm tears. None of the other fairies knew why she was so sad.

And this is why the little snowdrop always looks to the ground.

—M. MURRAY,

THE LITTLE WHITE BLUEBELL

The bluebells were nearly ready to come out of their little brown houses. They all were satisfied except one, who was growing tired of her dull brown home. She wanted to come out before the others and so she received her wish. Slowly out of her home she came, but alas she was white, not like the other bluebells. The other bluebells came out in their natural colours. Then kind old Sol looked at the lonely white flower; she looked so sad that he decided to help her.

Soon the flower fairies came around to see that all the flowers were tidy. They noticed her white frock; they did not know what to do. They heard the lark singing his merry song. So they asked him to fly up to the sky and peck a tiny piece of blue sky. He reached safety, with the little piece of sky. The fairies mixed it with a tiny baby's feather, in an acorn with some dew, and Mr. Sun dried it for her. She had a really sky blue frock. Wasn't it a good thing the fairies came around?

—ALMA MITCHELL.

SYLVIA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Once upon a time there was a poor lonely little fairy called Sylvia. Her mother and father died when she was three years old. The night before her fourth birthday, her little fairy friends found her sobbing and shivering under a violet leaf. One particular violet fairy was among the fairies who found her, and tried to comfort her by saying "What is the matter darling?" and Sylvia answered between sobs, "The e-elves t-t-took my beautiful d-dress and I am s-s-s-so cold."

"Never mind, darling, we will give you another for a birthday present, as you say your birthday is to-morrow. Meanwhile, come to my home and get warm."

Soon our little friend, Sylvia, was tucked up in bed having a lovely tea of bread and milk and baked custard. When she woke up the next morning and realised it was her birthday, she saw on the end of her bed some paper parcels. When she opened them she was very surprised to find a wand in one, a pair of wings in another, and a beautiful little dress, made of spider-web in a third. Pinned to each parcel was a little note, "With lots of love from the fairies."

—M. SMYTH.