

chair in the sunshine, she raked and scraped the hard ground with an end of her crutch and scattered seeds on the surface as she worked her way painfully along the length of the plot. Not a weed was allowed to grow, but still none of the flowers ever came up, for the sparrows ate the seed almost as fast as poor Violet sowed it. While she was resting in the sitting-room from her hard work the naughty little birds would scratch and pick and hunt till not a seed nor a bug was left to be seen anywhere.

"Do you see anything coming, mamma?" asked Violet. "I just wish I could stoop down close enough to see for myself. Maybe when I pull out the weeds I hurt the plants so that they will not grow."

"No, dear," Mrs. Kane had to say. "I am afraid it is too late for them to grow. If I get my pay from Mrs. Loose on Saturday I will buy a nice geranium to plant in your garden—one that is in bloom. Now, which shall it be, pink or red?"

"You must not buy a plant, mamma, for you work so hard to earn the money, and I wouldn't be a bit happy to think you spent so much all for me. Oh, dear, I wish the fairies would make my seeds come up and blossom so that to-morrow morning when I come out my whole garden would be gay with flowers. Wouldn't that be lovely?"

And what do you think? A fairy heard that wish and made it come true! Not a dainty, gauzy fairy with beautiful wings and a cunning wand, but another kind of good fairy in a pretty summer dress and a hat fairly covered with blossoms. This fairy happened to be passing the cottage and heard all that Violet said about the garden, so she just murmured to herself, "Bless her heart! She shall have her wish by to-morrow morning."

And then the fairy hurried away almost as fast as if she had wings, and as soon as Violet and her mother were sound asleep that night some gnomes took possession of the bare little garden, and you should just have seen how they worked. If you had seen them you would probably have thought they were men like your papa or your big brothers, but Violet never doubted for a single moment that the fairies did it all.

"Mamma, mamma, mamma!" screamed Violet, as she hobbled to her chair on the walk. "The fairies were here! The fairies were here! Look at the beautiful garden full of flowers which they have left!"

Mrs. Kane hurried out, and there in the sunlight, heavy with bright drops of water, were roses and pansies and violets and geraniums, and so many different kinds of flowers, I can't tell you about them all. The ground was mellow and fine, and there was a dear little sprinkling can standing near the plot of white violets as if to say, "We need a drink often."

All the children in the neighborhood have a share in Violet's garden, and the pretty plants are never neglected. The little folks water them regularly, and all the dead leaves are picked off so the place always looks bright and pretty. All the sick folks get bouquets of fresh flowers every day, and then there are lots left for the well ones.—Hilda Richmond

A Sunday Game

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

Two players originally took part in this game, but it may be adapted to any number of players, by dividing them into two sides. One side choose the name of a Bible character and tell some fact about him. For instance, if they chose Elijah, they might say: "The man who was fed by ravens." The other side then guess the name.

A scale of values is arranged. For instance, if the name is guessed before any questions are asked, that side scores five. If they cannot do this, they may ask a question about the name, but then they only score four points for guessing the name. Each additional question subtracts one from the value of the guess. After the side have asked five questions, they are allowed to ask as many as they want, but they make no score. If they fail altogether to guess the name, the other side score five, and have another turn at choosing the name. The side which first score twenty-five points, win the game.

St. John, N.B.