

to a sickly yellow. The whirligigs still danced their complicated quadrilles, but even they seemed less alert than usual. The boatman rested lazily upon his oars. The frogs were gone; their brilliant eyes no longer peeped from the water as they floated lazily in the sunshine. Vi gave a little shudder.

"How strange it is!" she said. "It seems as if the pond were almost deserted. I wonder where Mr. Natterjack is. Mr. Natterjack!" she called aloud—"Mr. Natterjack!"

But there was no reply, for Natterjack had gone to his winter quarters.

"I hardly dare to jump in, Jackie," she continued.

"But Lemna," said her brother. "We must see Lemna."

"Come, come," said a faint voice from the pond.

Vi crept close to Jackie.

"She's calling us!" she said.

Hand in hand they plunged into the pond and sank gently to the bottom, but the water seemed cold and chill. They looked around and saw Lemna resting languidly in the tangled weed.

"Oh, Lemna!" said Vi. "What is the matter? How pale you look! Are you ill?"

The fairy smiled wearily in response.

"No, children; not ill, but very tired. The glorious summer is past, and the pond is going to rest until spring-time. See, the leaves are falling here, as they do on land."

The children, looking up, saw the buds and seeds of the frog-bit fall away from their parent plants, whose leaves and stems were dead, and float gently downwards to the soft mud which would be their bed until the spring should summon them to rise once more. The duckweed, too, was sinking fast—the autumn of Pond-land had begun in the submerged forest.