

**Mother Autumn Calling in the Flowers.**

[First and Second Prize Stories.—See December REVIEW, 1908.]

**Sorry,— Too Late.**

(Muriel M. Mundle, age 12 years, Rexton, N. B.)

The brown leaves came whirling down, for it was now October.

Mother Autumn drew her brown shawl around her and stepped forth to call her children to bed. The wind carried her message from flower to flower, and every one knew that autumn had come at last. All enjoyed the thought, and were ready to follow Mother Autumn, all, except one little daisy, who thought his green coat and white frill could stand the cold a while longer.

He stood by the side of the road, not heeding the calls of "dear old Mother Autumn," who had seen many little flowers disobey and die.

"Come, little daisy," said Mr. Golden-rod, as he stalked stiffly down the road. "Come, didn't you get a message from Mother Autumn bidding you come to bed for the winter?" But the daisy answered never a word, but swayed to and fro in the wind and watched Mr. Golden-rod walk on to join the rest. Presently Mr. Buttercup came along and said, "Friend Daisy, are you going to stay here all winter? You will freeze to death; come on with me. I suppose you think your dandy frill will protect you, but Mother Autumn knows best." And away went Buttercup to join the others in dream-land. But the daisy heeded not the cry of Mother Autumn, "Come, children, come."

When the last sound of her voice died away, Daisy began to wish he had obeyed the call; but now it was too late.

He no longer had faith in his beautiful white frill and green coat, for the frost was browning all his beautiful petals, and his stalk was now withering. Oh, how cold he was as the wind swept over him, and how he did wish he had obeyed Mother Autumn; but now it was too late.

Night is coming on, and, as Mother Autumn said, Jack Frost is coming, too; and I will be frozen.

He felt the cold frost on his withered petals, "poor disobedient little daisy," and as he grew colder and colder, he thought of his little brothers and friends safe in their beds.

When morning came, out in the road where the children play they found the little daisy withered and frozen and all covered with frost.

**Putting the Flowers to Sleep.**

(Anna Creighton, age 10 years, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.)

Good Mother Autumn was helping her children to undress and get on their winter gowns. The leaves were make a great rustling and bustling. Come, hurry my children, said the mother, winter will soon be here. I am quite worn out, said lady's slipper, I have been up and dancing ever since June. I am quite willing to go, said jack-in-the-pulpit, I have talked and talked till I am quite hoarse. I would like to go to sleep, too, Mr. Jack, said the dande-

lion, I am quite tired out, and I am old and grey and my husband is quite bald; some of my babies are tucked up tight. The virgin's bower was getting rather lazy, too. The little linnaea shook her head and shut one eye and winked the other, but said nothing, because she was almost asleep already; she was just thinking of her sweet friend the pyrola and the lovely scent of flowers. A little pyrola and her cousin the moneses were just pouring out their last sweet odors before closing their eyes. Wake-robin was by this time ready to go to sleep with the others; she began to fold her leaves around her pretty white head and close her purple eye and was soon off to sleep. The iris waved her blue flag as she sank to rest after bidding her friends good night. The star-flower has long been napping and is waiting to be tucked up tight. Leave me, said the sulky touch-me-not, I am too sleepy to talk. I should like to stay a while longer, said the ladies' tresses. Please let me stay a little while longer said the golden-rod as she waved her magic wand, I am having such a nice time talking to the stately aster. And then as the mother raised her voice and spoke sterner a snow-flake fell, and so she quickly wrapped them all in warm blankets and snugly tucked them in their winter bed.

[The two writers have sent pretty little notes of acknowledgment for the books sent, saying how much they have enjoyed reading them.—EDITOR.]

The *Delineator* has recently published a series of articles dealing with defects in our public schools. Of these, one stands out glaringly, and that is the low salaries paid to teachers. The *Delineator*, in its January issue, says:

We pay our unskilled street labourers something like a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day. We are paying our school-teachers some less and some a little more. It is the wages that a dull brain and a primitive mind are worth. In return for such wages we are requiring a service that should be entrusted only to a mind and heart enriched with all that literature and art and science can contribute to a perfect culture. It should be only such a personality into whose training we give the future citizens of the nation. Can we get personalities like that to serve us in our public schools? Not any longer than they can help it. Just so soon as their force of character and intelligence and initiative enable them to reach a better-paying position, one that will allow them to buy books and hear music and have the other good things of life that their larger natures crave, they go after it.

The REVIEW is indebted to Principal Ruggles, of the Bear River school, N. S., for a copy of a pretty little book containing historic glimpses of picturesque Bear River, compiled by Miss Lennie D. Wade. It is illustrated by numerous photographs, and is pleasant reading. Miss Wade's clever attempt at recording scenes and events of the past might well be imitated by other local historians.