

"No, my dear; you must ask your governess."

Lady Mary carried the nosegay to Miss Campbell, who told her the blue flower was called the Fringed Gentian, and that the gentians and asters bloomed the latest of all the autumn flowers in Canada. Among these wild-flowers, she also showed her the large dark blue bell-flowered gentian, which was indeed the last flower of the year.

"Are there no more flowers in bloom now, nurse?" asked the child, as she watched Mrs. Frazer arranging them for her in a flower-glass.

"I do not know of any now in bloom but the Golden Rods and the latest of the Everlastings. Rosette shall go out and try to get some of them for you. The French children make little mats and garlands of them to ornament their houses, and to hang on the little crosses above the graves of their friends, because they do not fade away like other flowers."

Next day, Rosette, the little nursery-maid, brought Lady Mary an Indian basket full of Sweet-scented Everlastings. This flower had a fragrant smell; the leaves were less downy than some of the earlier sorts, but were covered with a resinous gum that caused it to stick to the fingers; it looked quite silky, from the thistle-down, which, falling upon the leaves, was gummed down to the surface.

"The country folks," said Mrs. Frazer, "call this plant Neglected Everlasting, because it grows on dry wastes by road-sides, among thistles and fire-weed; but I love it for its sweetness; it is like a true friend