

get there. Last summer Kate Harding had the most beautiful dream. She had been sitting in the twilight playing to her mother, then she sang 'Rock-a-bye, Baby,' and her mother asked her to go on. Kate didn't know but one verse, but she went on singing, and the words just came of themselves, making the most beautiful song—all about maidens and purple poppies and thoughts. Someone called her mother, which startled Kate; but she kept thinking about the song and trying to remember it until she went to bed. As she lay in the darkness thinking, it all came back to her; but it was sung by a beautiful woman, very sweet and stately. Kate said she found herself in the most wonderful garden, surrounded by poppies in all the most exquisite shades of purple, and every where there was a faint odour—a very ghost of a fragrance—but more rare than any she had ever smelt. The woman was dressed in a clinging purple gown made of silken poppy petals. She was the spirit of the poppies.

Kate was much too awed to speak, but the poppy lady came to her moving over so slowly and gracefully; then she spoke to her in a low, sweet voice. She told her that she had sent for her that afternoon by a thought, as she wished her to see the poppies, which were not the common ones that put you to sleep, but were dream and thought poppies. These she sent to young girls that she loved, for they carried dreams of truth and beauty, and beautiful thoughts. She showed Kate some deep, rich-coloured ones, which she said she sent to girls whose faces are pretty and natures sweet, but who need something to give them depth of character. Talking like this, she took Kate through the garden, telling her what each poppy was for, until they came to the last one of all. This, Kate said, was more beautiful than anything she had ever seen before, and the lady of the poppies told her it was the one she sent to the girls who are true and sweet, but who are plain of face—what we call honestly. These poppies give the most beautiful thought in the world, which even if they can not change the future of a

girl's face, can give her such a lovely expression that everyone will call her a beautiful woman.

"After she had told about this poppy, she kissed Kate and then slowly went away while a purple haze rose all over the garden, and the next thing Kate knew it was morning. Wasn't that a lovely dream, Auntie?"

"It certainly was. And is it for that that you always wear the little pin made like a purple poppy? But what is the club?"

"Yes, that is our club pin. You see, Kate told five of us—Helen Lewis, Madge Hastings, Mary Wood, Alice Bacon and myself. We go together most of the time and are in the same class at school, so Kate thought if we should form a Purple Poppy Club we might help ourselves a lot. We meet almost every week for something, and it isn't always very serious; but once a month one of us has to read something, preferably original, with a beautiful thought in it. It is my turn to day, and though the Club is usually very secret, the girls said I might bring you 'cause you are so much like the Lady of the Poppies."

Peggie was flushed and excited over the rehearsal of her story and the coming meeting, with Aunt Margaret present, as she looked to see if her aunt were laughing. Mrs. Crayton smiled back into the honest grey eyes, thinking that Peggie's face told of nothing but wholesome or beautiful thoughts.

"It is a very sweet fancy, my dear, and I feel much honoured that you have allowed me to come. Where do you hold your meeting?"

"In the Hardings' summer house to day. It is so beautiful there, and they have such lovely grounds. We smuggle in this gate, so Kate's brothers needn't see us and interrupt."

Aunt Margaret found herself surrounded by six sweet-faced, laughing girls, who led her to a little summer house, covered with glorious, bright-coloured leaves. The little arbour was a veritable bower of autumn glory, and the girls were all rewarded for their work in locking it when Aunt Margaret expressed great pleasure and approval of their arrangement.