

round things are my buds." "They must have your places now and you must go out into the world and find a resting place."

Then the old tree helped them change their dresses and get ready to leave. I wish you could have seen them. Such a mass of gay colours! Orange, crimson, green and yellow were flashing about in the sunshine, making the tree look like a great bouquet.

One morning they heard a rustling sound. Along came the wind. He snatched them up and away they went, dancing and whirling in the air. The wind played with them all day then went away and the little leaves came dropping, dropping down through the fading light until they were all on the ground. The sun sank slowly out of sight, the darkness came softly up and covered the little leaves and left them alone with the night.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled;  
"Good night, dear little leaves," she said,  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed." —Selected.

#### Hallowe'en.

As I walked in the fields one October night,  
I heard a soft rustling behind me;  
'Twas old Mrs. Pumpkin, I'm quite sure I'm right,  
Saying, "Now, children, all mind me!"

"It is growing quite near now to gay Hallowe'en,  
All the boys will be coming around  
To find some fat pumpkins all orange and green,  
And to pick them as soon as they're found.

"Hold your chins up, look pleasant; ah! now, that is fine,  
They'll be sure to take pumpkins so sweet,  
You do not all want to be left on the vine  
For Thanksgiving pies boys will eat." —Selected.

"Little by little," an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,  
"I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little each day it grew;  
Little by little it sipped the dew;  
Downward it sent out a thread-like root,  
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.

Day after day and year after year,  
Little by little the leaves appear;  
And the slender branches spread far and wide,  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

#### The Squirrel.

Young Master Squirrel sits up in a tree,  
Happy and young and gay is he.  
He looks to the east, and then to the west,  
Saying, "Where, O where will the nuts be best?"

"For winter is coming, the days grow cold;  
The sheep and the lambs are all in the fold.  
I'll new line and carpet my snug little nest  
With mosses and leaves, ere I take my long rest.

"The children with soft steps come creeping around  
When they spy me at work—but I'm off with a bound;  
They come for the nuts; so I'll work with a will,  
And, with both cheeks as baskets, my storehouse I'll fill." —Selected.

#### A Reading Lesson and Riddle.

I am something that you know.  
I came last night at twelve o'clock.  
I shall stay thirty-one days.  
Oh, I shall be very busy.  
The grapes must be painted purple.  
The nuts must be turned brown.  
How hard you will try to spell my name.  
But I'm sure you can't do it.  
You can't even guess who I am.  
Try, try harder.  
I'll tell you, I am——

#### A Foolish Little Dandelion.

A foolish little dandelion ('twas long ago they say)  
Was very cross and naughty to her fairy nurse one day;  
She cried and squirmed and scolded, while the fairy combed  
her hair,  
And said, "I wish I didn't have a single lock to wear!"  
Thus she scolded and she wriggled, and said naughty  
things to her—  
Which astonished the good fairy so that she could hardly  
stir!  
But she did her task—and patiently—as all good fairies do,  
And when it was completed, away she sadly flew.  
Imagine now what happened! On that very self-same  
night—  
The golden locks of Dandelion suddenly turned white!  
And next day the winds while playing (said the people  
who were there),  
Remembering her fretful wish, just blew off all her hair!  
So be careful little people; take the warning given you—  
For one can never tell, you see, the harm *cross words* may  
do!

—A. F. Caldwell, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Marie Shedlock, London: The essentials of story-telling are:

First—Make a mental picture.

Second—It must be about something that is unusual.

Third—It must cultivate a sense of mystery.

Fourth—There must be common sense and—fun.

Fifth—Never tell a moral.

Sixth—Never lower the standard of a story to cater to the taste of a child.