

For Closing Day

SYMPATHY

"Poor little girl!" the birdies say
"See, she's dressed in the queerest
way.
No smooth feathers, no pretty things,
And, O dear, she has no wings!"

"Yes," said the bunny, "how sad for
her
She has no ears and no soft, warm
fur;
And the way she runs on her funny
feet
Even a baby of mine could beat."

"We wish," said the birds, "she could
stay right here
And live in the woods and grow less
queer."
"Yes," said the bunny, "and grow
more wild;
It must be dreadful to be a child!"

—Exchange.

FRAIDIE-CAT

I shan't tell you what's his name:
When we want to play a game.
Always thinks that he'll be hurt,
Soil his jacket in the dirt,
Tear his trousers, spoil his hat,—
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Nothing of the boy in him!
"Dasn't" try to learn to swim;
Says a cow'll hook; if she
Looks at him he'll climb a tree.
"Scart" to death at bee or bat,—
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Claims the're ghosts all snowy white
Wandering around at night
In the attic; wouldn't go
There for anything, I know.
Believe he'd run if you said "Scat"!—
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

—Clinton Scollard.

THE LITTLE BUTTERCUP

A little yellow buttercup
Stood laughing in the sun,
The grass and leaves all green around,
The summer just begun,
His saucy little head abrim
With happiness and fun.
The flowers smiled up, the sun beam-
ed down,
As they for years had done,
Until as golden as his friend
The little flower had grown.

As summer passed, and autumn came,
The flowers above him said,
"Come, buttercup, our work is done,
It's time to go to bed."
"Not yet," said he; "the sun still
shines,
I'll wait till he has fled;
I yet some little seeds can form,
Some smiles above me shed."
The merry buttercup laughed on,
And tossed his golden head.

—Selected.



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BOYS AND BIRDS HOUSES IN TREE TOPS

MY FOLKS

I think my folks are very queer—
You'd be surprised at things I hear.
Some times it seems I'm very small,
And then again I'm big and tall.

At night I tease to stay up late,
But mother says: "No, no, it's eight;
Go right upstairs; and hurry too,
Indeed—a little boy like you."

At six next morning, from the hall,
She wakes me with this funny call:
"Come, come, get up; and hurry too,
For shame—a great big boy like you!"

When through the night I grow so
fast,

How very strange it doesn't last!
I shrink and shrink till eight, and then
I'm just a little boy again.

—Harper's Magazine.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS

The clover have no time to play,
They feed the cows and make the hay,
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees,
And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands and say their
prayers.

And drop their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and
blue
They wake and wash their hands in
dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helena Jelliffe.

VACATION TIME

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation-time.

And a swelling flood of joy
Brims the heart of every boy.
No more rote and no more rule,
No more staying after school.
When the dreamy brain forgets
Tiresome tasks the master sets;
Nothing but to play and play
Through an endless holiday.

Morn or afternoon may all
Swing the bat and catch the ball;
Nimble-footed, race and run
Through the meadows in the sun,
Chasing winged scraps of light,
Butterflies in darting flight;
Or where willows lean and look
Down at others in the brook,
Frolic loud the stream within,
Every arm a splashing fin.

Where the thorny thickets bar,
There the sweetest berries are;
Where the shady banks make dim
Pebbly pools, the shy trout swim;
Where the boughs are mossiest,
Builds the humming-bird a nest;—
These are haunts the rover seeks,
Touch of tan upon his cheeks,
And within his heart the joy
Known to no one but a boy.
All the world is set in rhyme
Now it is vacation-time!

—A Boy's Book of Rhyme.

THE SONG OF THE BEE

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey,
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax;
On pinks and on lillies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings!
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first graylight
Till fading of daylight
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary:
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

—Marian Douglas.