

(10)

A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

1. An old-fashioned cooking utensil.
2. To shrink with dread.
3. To steal and a preposition.
4. The noise of scissors and a vowel.
5. A country of Europe.
6. Nominal value and to decay.
7. A contest and a blot.
8. A consonant.
9. A silly person.
10. A wild fruit and a consonant.

(11)

CHARADE.

My first is to study intently
 Any subject which occurs to the mind ;
 My second is the pride of his parents
 If to honor them he is inclined ;
 My third is a model of patience.
 Though only an insect weak ;
 My whole is a single letter
 Heard in every word you speak.

Answers to the above must be received by us not later than March 25, and everyone competing for a prize must write us on some subject which they may choose themselves. If they do not we will not place their letters in competition. If the prizes we offer are not sufficient to induce every competitor to try hard to obtain one of them, we do not care to waste our time over answers which cost them little or no exertion. Remember, children, and make your replies as perfect as it is possible for you to make them, and do everything in life in the same way.

Poetry.

In School-Days.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road, a ragged
 beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs grow, the blackberry
 vines are running.
 Within, the master's desk is seen, deep-scarred by
 raps official ;
 The warping floor, the battered seats, the jack-
 knife's carved initial.
 The charcoal frescoes on its wall ; the door's worn
 sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school, went storm-
 ing out to playing !
 Long years ago a winter sun shone over it at set-
 ting,
 Lit up its western window-panes and low eaves'
 icy fretting.
 It touched the golden, tangled curls, and brown
 eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed when all the
 school were leaving.
 For near her stood the little boy her childish favor
 singled ;
 His cap pulled low upon a face where pride and
 shame were mingled.
 Pushing with restless feet the snow co right and
 left, he lingered ;
 As restlessly her tiny hands the blue-checked apron
 fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt the soft hand's
 light caressing,
 And heard the trembling of her voice, as if a fault
 confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word ; I hate to go
 above you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—"Because,
 you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a grey-haired man that sweet child-
 face is showing—

Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave have forty
 years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school, how few
 who pass above him

Lament their triumph and his loss, like her, be-
 cause they love him.

The Smack in School.

A district school, not far away,
 'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent :
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book,
 When suddenly behind his back,
 Rose, loud and clear, a rousing smack,
 As't were a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss !
 "What's that ?" the startled master cries.
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith, if you please,
 I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe !"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered "Hither, Will !"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun
 With smile suppressed, and birch uprais'd,
 The threat'ner faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to't ?"
 "'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 "I didn't mean to be so bad—
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was feared of girls,
 And dussn't kiss a baby doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all !
 But up and kissed her on the spot.
 I know—*hoo-hoo*—I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—*hoo-hoo*—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to !"

Publishers' Department.

THAT DISHONEST AGENT.—Although we have
 done all in our power to ascertain the whereabouts
 of Mr. Wicks, whose irregularities were noticed in
 our last number, we have been unable to reach him.
 We believe he has discontinued to canvass for this
 paper, and has gone to look for some new sphere of
 operation in pastures green.

In our last we stated our position quite plainly.