

Rhymes for Little Folks.**The Pebble's Lesson.**

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
 But do you know,
 The ocean worked a thousand years
 To make them so?
 And once I saw a little girl
 Sit down and cry
 Because she couldn't cure a fault
 With one small try.

—Selected.

Two New Scholars.

They'd never been to school before,
 They'd never been near a schoolhouse door,
 Those bashful little boys.
 Mamma had taught them all they knew—
 She was a lovely teacher, too—
 But now—just hear the noise!
 Though to each other close they kept,
 One bent his golden head and wept,
 And the other, he wept, too.
 Around each neck a dimpled arm,
 As though to keep them safe from harm,
 A sweet child gently threw.

"The corner seat's enough for three;
 Come over there and sit with me,"
 She sweetly said; and—my!
 They like the school so much to-day,
 I know if they were taken away
 They'd both tune up and cry.

—Golden Days.

Rainy days and sunny days—
 What difference makes the weather,
 When little hearts are full of love
 And all are glad together?

—Selected.

The Song of the Wind.

I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do;
 Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
 These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
 And these little girls' bonnets away.
 There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
 And, O! there's no end to the nuts;
 Over many long roads I must traverse away,
 And many by-lanes and short-cuts.

—Selected.

The Fox and the Squirrel.

Two squirrels on an oak-tree sat,
 Engaging in a social chat,
 When one—the younger of the twain—
 Of his accomplishments quite vain,
 Began to boast of what he'd done,
 How all his mates he could outrun;
 And if but half he said was true,
 He could outjump a kangaroo.

Now, as it chanced, the jagged rocks
 Beneath the tree concealed a fox,
 Who, overhearing what was said
 Among the oak-leaves overhead,
 Bethought him of a sly design,
 Whereby he might on squirrel dine;
 So up he sat and clapped his paws,
 Loud shouting, with a mock applause:

"Bravo! Bravo! my agile friend,
 Your wondrous skill I must commend,
 But really, I should like to see
 You jump from out this tall oak-tree
 To yonder ash ten feet away."

('Twas twenty, I am bound to say),
 "The feat will please my children well,
 When I their bed-time story tell."

"Nay," said the elder to young Frisky,
 "Don't undertake a jump so risky,"
 To which the younger one replied,
 Puffed up with flattery and pride:
 "Though you may lack ability
 I'll show you my agility."

Then wildly leaped with aim, so blind,
 That—Mr. Fox on squirrel dined.

A Winter Piece.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
 Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
 Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
 All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
 Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
 While the slant sun of February pours
 Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
 The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps,
 And the broad arching portals of the grove
 Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
 Are cased in the pure crystal, each light spray;
 Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
 Is studded with its trembling water-drops
 That stream with rainbow radiance as they move,
 But round the parent stem the long low boughs
 Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
 The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
 The spacious cavern of some virgin mine
 Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
 With amethyst and topaz—and the place
 Lit up, most royally, with pure beam
 That dwells in them.

I have been a subscriber to the REVIEW from its first issue. It has taught me much; it has encouraged me when I have been discouraged, and made my work a pleasure when there was danger of thinking it a toil. I venture to wish the REVIEW and its editor many happy years in working for the benefit of others.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET S. COX.

Cornhill, N. B.