

The pond is turned to crystal now,  
By the great Frost King's breath.

The sparrows hop around the door,  
Where Elsie strewed the crumbs,  
They ne'er had such a feast before,  
Though Elsie often comes.

## THE BUTTERCUP.

From the earth has just come up  
A tiny, budding buttercup.

Soon her buds will open wide,  
And will blossom side by side.

People call her "nasty weed!"  
Little does my lady heed.

For although she may not seem,  
She's a very flower queen.

## MOONLIGHT.

The moon was shining softly,  
And gentle shadows fell,