

# Children's Department

## Scythe Song

Andrew Lang

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,  
What is the word methinks you know,  
Endless over-word that the Scythe  
Sings to the blades of the grass below?  
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,  
Something, still, they say as they pass;  
What is the word that, over and over,  
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,  
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;  
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;  
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!  
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—  
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;  
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging  
Over the clover, over the grass!

## EDITOR'S CHAT

My dear Boys and Girls—Let us hope that through the long, happy days of July and August you have not forgotten your old friend "The Children's Page," and the competition for which we get so many good stories every month. If your mind has been so filled with picnicking and baseball, berry-picking, gardening, driving and working that you have forgotten us, surely the sight of the familiar schoolroom and the bright cover of the Journal will remind you of us again, and you will send us in stories and letters very soon.

Well, did you all have a lovely holiday? I can't imagine hearing a "no" to that question, because as long as you have health and strength, and God's good outdoors to play in, it would be a queer boy or girl who could not enjoy themselves. We can fancy what splendid picnics you had, when you played games and chased gophers, and climbed trees, and perhaps went swimming, and then came back to the lovely shady place under the trees where the

"grown-ups" had spread a cloth and covered it with dishes of all the good things to eat that boys (and girls, too) dream of. There were sandwiches, we know, and cakes with every color of icing, and pies, and little tarts, and doughnuts, and tea and lemonade. And little spiders dropped down from the trees and visited the sugar, and green worms humped themselves up the girls' skirts and made them scream. Perhaps an enterprising caterpillar wiggled his woolly length over the cloth, with his round eye fixed on a sugary cooky. And you ate and ate, and then drove home in the evening through the beautiful wheat fields. Blackbirds and crows were flying everywhere and perching on every fence. And there was the schoolhouse, looking so deserted. And after a while the moon showed her big, round, smiling face over the horizon line, and several sleepy children tumbled into bed, so tired and so happy. Then we know you went out picking raspberries and