

The Little Nut.

A little brown baby, round and wee,
With kind words to rock him, slept under a tree;
And he grew and he grew, till—I'm sorry to say—
He fell right out of his cradle one day.

Down down from the tree, a very bad fall!
But this queer little fellow was not hurt at all;
Now sound and sweet he lies down in the grass,
And there you will find him whenever you pass.
—*The Art Literature Readers, Book Two. Canadian Series. The Educational Book Co. of Toronto.*

A Funny Teacher.

There was a funny teacher man,
As wise as he could be;
His name was Solon Solomon
Methuselah McGee.

He had a class of animals,
He stood them in a row;
And to each one he daily taught
Just what he ought to know.

He taught the cheetah not to cheat;
The lion not to lie;
The gadfly not to gad so much,
The spider not to spy.

He taught the jellyfish to jell,
The adders to add right,
Taught centipedes to earn a cent,
And sunfish to shine bright.

Ah, yes, he was a worthy man;
The animals avow
That had it not been for his school
They'd all be dunces now!

Four Less Eight.

I've grown so big I go to school,
And write upon a slate,
And say, now, two and two make four,
And four and four make eight.
And eight less four is four, you know,
And four less eight is—wait!—
I'll put it down,—oh dear! oh dear!
Now, what is four less eight?

—*The Art Literature Readers, Book Two.*

The Butterfly's Wings.

Where do the little butterflies
Get all their coloured wings?
They really look like flowers to me,
The pretty little things!

I know they flit from flower to flower,
And this they do with ease,
And for their wings I think they take
The petals of sweet peas.

A Little Step-Saver.

How many, many steps each day
Does mother take? Do tell me, pray.
If you should try to count them all,
The number would be far too small.
'Tis hardly fair to ask you to,
'Tis something you cannot do,
Those ready feet go here and there,
From room to room, and up the stair—
For mother must go everywhere.

But let me tell you of a boy
Who proved himself his mother's joy.
He was not very big and stout,
But quickly he could run about.
The steps he saved I cannot tell—
I only know he did it well.
Upstairs and down he trotted gayly,
And briskly ran on errands daily,
Took messages when he was told,
Brought kindlings in when days were cold.

The morning paper ran to bring,
And answered, too, the postman's ring.
If asked to drop his play awhile,
He did the errand with a smile;
He saved his mother's steps each day,
And did it in a pleasant way.

Now, here's a work that all may do.
A single step is small, 'tis true,
But little steps by little feet
May really do a service sweet,
If steps enough the children take,
With willing hearts, for love's dear sake,
And tired grown-ups will repeat
A blessing on the ready feet.

What flower does the honey bee,
Seek the wide field over,
Fragrant, dewy, fresh and sweet?
Why, clover, sweet white clover.

"Father," began the son of a physician the other evening, "I want to ask you something. I want"—
The doctor laid down his evening paper and answered his son. "What do you want to know, my son?" he inquired kindly.

"Which has more legs, one pig or no pig?"

The father frowned and picked up his paper again. "I didn't know that you wanted to ask me a silly thing like that," he said, irritably. "One pig, of course."

"No, he hasn't" the youngster chuckled. "A pig has four legs, and no pig has six legs. See?"

And the physician laid down his paper again and started to puzzle it out.