

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

BY PROF. J. B. L. SOULE.

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass;
She had a little sister θ ,
And she would often bang and β ,
And push and pinch and pound and
pelt her,
And many a heavy blow she δ ;
So that the kitten, e'en, would μ ,
When θ 's sufferings she ν .

This Alpha was so bad to θ ,
That every time she chanced to meet
her,
She looked as though she longed to η ;
And oft against the wall she jammed
her;
And oft she took a stick and λ ;
And for the pain and tears she brought
her
She pitied her not one ϵ ;
But with a sly and wicked eye
Would only say, "Oh fiddle ϕ !"

Then θ cried with noisy clamor,
And ran and told her grief to γ ,
And γ with a pitying ψ
Would give the little girl some π
And say, "Now darling mustn't χ ."

Two Irish lads, of ruddy cheek,
Were living just across the creek—
Their names, σ and ω ,
The one was small, the other bigger.

For Alpha, so demure and striking,
 ω took an ardent liking;
And Mike, when first he chanced to
meet her,

Fell deep in love with little θ ;
And oft at eve the boys would go
And on the pleasant water ρ .

So when the little, hapless θ
 ν Alpha was about to β ,
She down upon the bank would ζ
And cry aloud, and shout like fun—
"Run, Mike! run, Mikey! σ !"

MORAL.

Have you a sister? Do not treat her
As Alpha did her sister θ .

A gold badge was won by a 15 year old member of
the *St. Nicholas* League, for the following poem.

TO RUTH IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

Would I had seen thee, maiden, gleaning there,
The morning sunbeams kissing thy fair face;
Had seen thee follow, distant but a pace,
The reapers with their rough and matted hair,
Their faces brown, their brawny arms all bare,
Swinging the sickle with a sturdy grace;
Had seen thee put the scattered ears in place,
In all thy golden burden not a tare!

Would I had seen the master gaze on thee,
The morn of love slow dawning in his heart;
Had heard the lark sing, as he soared above,
Filling the whole wide world with melody,
As all the wide, wide world was filled with love
Because, one day, thou simply didst thy part!

A correspondent, of a playful turn of mind, sends
the following:

How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck
If a wood-chuck could chuck wood?

He solemnly assures us that

A wood-chuck would chuck as much wood as a wood-chuck
could
If a wood-chuck could chuck wood.

Sugar Weather.

Selected from "*Youth's Companion*."

When snow-balls pack on the horses' hoofs,
And the wind from the south blows warm,
When the cattle stand where the sunbeams beat
And the noon has a dreary charm;
When icicles crash from the dripping eaves,
And the furrows peep black through the snow,
Then I hurry away to the sugar bush,
For the sap will run, I know.

With auger and axe and spile and trough
To each tree a visit I pay,
And every boy in the country-side
Is eager to help to-day.
We roll the backlogs into their place,
And the kettles between them swing;
Then gather the wood for the roaring fire
And the sap in pailfuls bring.

A fig for your arches and modern ways,
A fig for your sheet-iron pan,
I like the smoky old kettles best,
And I stick to the good old plan;
We're going to make sugar and taffy to-night
On the swing-pole under the tree
And the girls and boys for miles around.
Are all sworn friends to me.

The hens are cackling again in the barn,
And the cattle beginning to ball,
And neighbors, who long have been acting cool,
Now make a forgiving call;
For there's no love-feast like a taffy pull,
With its hearty and sticking fun,
And I know the whole world is at peace with me,
For the sap has commenced to run.

MCARTHUR.