

For the Little Folks.**FRIDAY.**

It's heaps of fun to be a boy
When Friday comes along;
That day a boy don't mind a bit,
No matter what goes wrong.

Sometimes on Fridays we are good,
A reg'lar model class.
The teacher smiles at three, and says,
"The first line rise and pass."

We get our hats; our books we strap;
And whistling a tune,
We hurry out. There's nothing like
A Friday afternoon.

You say it's odd that Friday should
A part so noted play?
Just ask a boy. He'll tell you why:
The next is Saturday.
—Arthur H. Folwell, in *The Youth's Companion*.

FIRST LESSONS.

Priscilla went to school this week
She's only five, you know,
And for a very little girl,
She has not much to show.
The teacher gave her picture-books,
With cats and mice and birds;
She thought she knew them all by heart,
But oh, those horrid words!
She saw a big red cube
Along with yellow blocks;
She spelled out cube, but said it was
"A little baby box."
A frisky lamb was a speckled calf,
The hammer was a hatchet.
Whenever she was in much doubt,
She took a word to match it.
The spade she knew was a little hoe,
The brook looked like a sea,
And every coloured picture there
Was as queer as queer could be.
Next day she would not go at all,
And I heard Priscilla say,
"School may be nice for grown-up folks,
But I'd much rather play."

—M. S. Humphreyville, in *The Youth's Companion*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone and the days grow old."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song—

Say you're sorry to see us go;
Ah! you are sorry, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content—
Soon fast asleep in the earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle over their heads.

The Old Mill.

Stream that hastens from the hill,
Tarry here to turn the mill.
Rainbow drops the seedlings knew
In the shower and the dew,
Once again your magic lend,
Life into the mill wheel send.
Nature, the all-bounteous mother,
Beast and bird, and man their brother,
Through the spring and summer weather
Steadily have worked together.
E'en the earthworms in the soil
Give their share of patient toil.
Sturdy oxen drew the plow
Where the stubble standeth now.
Horse and farmer reaped the grain
From the sunned and watered plain.
Now upon the old mill's floor
Lies the yellow harvest store,
Till the all-transforming wheel
Turns the kernels into meal.
All have helped to give the bread
Over which the grace is said.

—Laura Winington.

The Snow Flowers.

When birds to sun-land southward wing,
And chilly winds begin to blow,
The babies that were born in spring
Think all delights are ended so;
But Jack Frost laughs aloud, "Ho! ho!
There's joy ahead they little know,
They have not seen the snow!"

Then he begins to call his sprites
From the bleak, trackless north afar,
Where each one in the frozen nights
Has made from ice a crystal star.
And Jack Frost laughs in glee, "Ha! ha!
These shine like bits of glittering spar,
What flowers fairer are?"

And from the clouds he rains them down
Upon the cheerless earth below;
So thick they cover field and town,
So fair the brooks forget to flow,
And Jack Frost laughs, well pleased, "Ho! ho!
Could summer whiter blossoms blow?
What think you of my snow?"

—Arlo Bates, in *St. Nicholas*.