

School Feeds.

AY, there they sit! a merry rout
 As village green can show,
 That were such woful little wights
 An hour or two ago!

Such woful, weary little wights!
 And precious hungry too—
 And now they look like sausages
 All smiling in a row.

For they have fed on dainty meat,
 This jolly summer's day,
 And ate—as only people eat
 When *other* people pay!

A pyramid of roasted ox,
 Has vanished like a shot;
 Plum puddings brobdignag have gone,
 A second time, to pot.

Deluded fowls have come to grief,
 With persecuted geese;
 And ducks (it is a wicked world!)
 Departed life in peas

My Lord and Lady bountiful
 Have done the civil thing;
 The lovely patrons of the "turf"
 Have wasted in the "ring";

The great Controller of the cake
 Can hardly hold the knife;
 The milk-and-water Ganymede
 Is weary of her life;

Yet still the conflict rages round!

But now there comes a lull—
 The edge of youthful appetite
 Is waxing somewhat dull—
 And fat Fenetta bobs, and says,
 "No, thank ye, mum—I'm full!"

Alone amid the festive throng
 One infant brow is sad!
 One cherub face is wet with grief—
 What ails you, little lad?

Why still with scarifying sleeve,
 That woful visage scrub?
 Ah, much I fear, my gentle boy,
 You don't enjoy your grub.

It's clear you're sadly off your feed;
 You're laughing looks have fled;
 Perhaps some little faithful friend
 Has punched your little head?

You miss some well-remembered face
 The merry rout among?

The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
 The neck to which you clung?—
 A brother's voice? a sister's smile?—
 Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue?

Here on a sympathetic breast,
 Your tale of suff'ring pour.
 Come darling! tell me all—"Boo-boo;—

I can't eat any more!

—H. C. Pennell.

