

**Kitty Knew About Sheep.**

Seven sheep were standing  
By the pasture wall.  
'Tell me,' said the teacher,  
To her scholars small,  
'One poor sheep was frightened,  
Jumped and ran away.  
One from seven how many  
Woolly sheep would stay?'

Up went Kitty's fingers—  
A farmer's daughter she,  
Not so bright at figures  
As she ought to be.  
'Please, ma'am'—'Well, then, Kitty,  
Tell us if you know.'  
'Please if one jumped over,  
All the rest would go.'

—Selected.

**Recitation for a Little Boy.**

A little man came to our house one day  
From his home in the north, so far away;  
And the breath he blew from his lips was light.  
Yet it withered the flowers in a single night.

And he veiled the hills in a wonderful mist,  
And the sumac blushed as its leaves he kissed;  
And he dressed the trees in yellow and gold,  
'Till the woods are brighter a hundred-fold.

Then the nuts fell down from the tree-tops tall,  
And the birds flew south at their leader's call;  
Then the bright leaves slowly dropped at last,  
And we knew that the golden Summer was past.

—Anna Kennedy, in *Child-Garden*.

If you should see  
A big green tree,  
With candles all alight,  
With popcorn strings  
And pretty things,  
And tinsel shining bright,  
With stars that swing,  
And bells that ring,  
All green and red and blue,  
And lots of toys  
For girls and boys,  
And lots of candies, too,  
And you should hear  
Somebody near,  
Call out in cheery way:  
'What sort of tree  
Can this one be?'

I wonder what you'd say?

—St. Nicholas.

Autumn in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the winter's snow.

—John G. Whittier.

**Seasonable Quotations.**

There was a small boy of Quebec,  
Who was buried in snow to his neck,  
When they said, "Are you friz?"  
He replied, "Yes, I is—  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."  
—Rudyard Kipling.

"Not some great work,  
But just a little place  
Where I can work  
And grow in daily grace."  
—P. A. Naylor.

The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spais  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars.  
—James Russell Lowell

The first train leaves at 6 p. m.,  
For the land where the poppy grows,  
And mother dear is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and crows.  
—Edgar Wade Abbott.

Never a night so dark and drear,  
Never a cruel wind so chill,  
But loving hearts can make it clear,  
And find some comfort in it still.  
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

The time draws near the birth of Christ,  
The moon hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.  
—Temmyson. *In Memoriam*.

When daisies go, shall winter time  
Silver the simple grass with rime,  
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart ruts beautiful;  
And when snow white the moor expands,  
How shall your children clap their hands!  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The mountain ash,  
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine  
Springs richest blossoms, yields a splendid show  
Amid the leafy woods.  
—William Wordsworth.

When the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail will come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.  
—Alice Cary.