

He winds a veil from head to tail,  
And snugly sheltered there,  
Awaits the wings that April brings—  
Good-by to Woolly Bear.—*School Education.*

#### How the Leaves Came Down.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,  
The great Tree to his children said,  
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;  
It is quite time you went to bed."  
"Ah! begged each silly, pouting leaf,  
Let us have a little longer stay;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,  
'Tis such a very pleasant day  
We do not want to go away."  
So, just for one more merry day  
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among.  
"Perhaps the great Tree will forget  
And let us stay until the spring,  
If we all beg and coax and fret."  
But the great Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.  
"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer  
He shook his head and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.  
I saw them; on the ground they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.  
The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.  
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied "Good-night," and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed."—*Susan Coolidge.*

#### The Nut Tree Babies.

The nut-tree babies, young and small,  
Lay in green cradles, satin-lined,  
Rocked lightly by the summer wind;  
No bough did break, no cradle fall—  
The nut-tree babies, one and all,  
Slept in their cradles peacefully,  
While wild doves crooned a lullaby.  
One autumn day the nuts awoke,  
The yellow leaves were strewn about,  
And mischievous Jack Frost was out,  
And played these babies such a joke!  
Their cradles with a touch he broke,  
And the brown nut-tree babies fell,  
One with another, all pell-mell.

But with the coming of the spring,  
When all earth is green again  
With April sun and April rain,  
We shall behold a curious thing;  
A crowd of saplings in a ring—  
Where every nut fell down will be  
A tiny little sprouting tree.

Some day the sapling will be grown,  
And on their branches will be seen  
Hundreds of cradles soft and green—  
Amid the leaves that make their crown,  
For nut-tree babies of their own,  
And winds will rock them low and high  
And wood doves croon a lullaby.

—*Portland Transcript.*

#### The Disobedient Young Rabbit.

Arranged as a recitation for five little boys and a larger girl.

First Little Boy—

There was a young rabbit

Who had a bad habit,

Sometimes he would do what his mother forbid.

And one frosty day

His mother did say,

Girl—(Shaking her forefinger impressively at him)

"My child, you must stay in the burrow close hid;

For I hear the dread sounds

Of hunters and hounds,

Who are searching around for rabbits like you.

Should they see but your head,

They would soon shoot you dead,

And the dogs would be off with you quicker than boo!"

Second Little Boy—

But poor, foolish being!

When no one was seeing,

He stole from the burrow to take a short play.

He hopped over the ground

With many a bound,

Looking proudly around as if he would say,

Third Little Boy—(Very Important)

"Do I fear a man?

Now catch me who can!"

Fourth Little Boy—

And away rabbit ran

To a fine apple tree,

Where, gnawing the bark,

He thought not to hark

The coming of hunters, so fearless was he.

Fifth Little Boy—

Now, as rabbits are good

When roasted or stewed,

A man came along hunting rabbits for dinner.

He saw little Bun,

He raised his big gun, (pointing)

Poof! there he lay, dead, the foolish young sinner!

—*The Kindergarten-Primary Magazine.*