

The maiden's work done, her burden she bears  
 To the *Butt'ry* so cool, and so sweet ;  
 There she *does up* the rest of her dairy affairs,  
 While we to our slumbers retreat.

Oh! I long to be back on that dear old farm,  
 And again feel the bright glow of health,  
 Giving joy to my spirits, and strength to my arm,  
 Blessings more to be envied than wealth.

## DANGEROUS SPORTS AND SCHOOL-DAY EXPERIENCES.

And do you remember what good times you had  
 In hunting up subjects for fun,  
 In climbing up trees, at the risk of your head,  
 Or *shinning* them down on the run ?



How you scaled the steep roof of the lofty old barn  
 To get a good look at the sea,  
 And cared not a fig for the clothes you had torn,  
 But shouted with infinite glee ?

And your teeter so grand on the old well-sweep,  
 Which proved to be not very sound,  
 For when to the end you had managed to creep  
 It broke—and *you fell to the ground* !