

to the other to do this. The boys shoot in turn, and every time a shot (chalk-mark) crosses near the centre of one of the o's, that soldier is counted as killed, and he cannot fire again. The game ends when all the soldiers of one side have been shot—that is, crossed off by the chalk-marks. The lines must be drawn across very rapidly if the game is played fairly.—*The March Delineator*.

The Wind.

I am the wind,
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

Sometimes I am soft,
As a sweet, gentle child,
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild.

And then out so loud
All at once I can roar,
If you wish to be quiet,
Close window and door.

I am the wind,
And I come very fast,
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

—Selected and Adapted.

Morning on the Farm.

(For Three Children).

When the white dove coos to his drowsy mate,
And the birds in the trees rejoice,
Old Brahma stands on the barnyard gate
And shouts in a lusty voice:

"I feel better this mor-ning,"

And the Bantam thinks 'tis true,
For he answers back in a tenor tone:
"Without-a doubt-you do-o."

The housedog lies with his head on his paws;
And blinks at the morning call;
The cat with a field-mouse in her jaws
Comes running home on the wall;
While the Brahma heralds the morn again,
And the Bantam takes the cue:

"I feel better this morning,"

"Without-a doubt-you do-o."

The birds with a glorious burst of song
Make glad the orchard boughs;
And the farmer swinging his pails along,
Goes out to milk the cows;
The work of the day begins again,
And the Brahmas call anew:

"I feel better this morning,"

"Without-a doubt-you do-o."

—Youth's Companion.

Poems for March—Second Year.

Little Redbreast, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snowbanks as high as our heads;
Now we're waiting for you,
Little Redbreast.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow tree over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Redbreast.

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring beauties and liverwort grow;
We're sure they will peep when they hear your first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Redbreast?

A Composition and a Conundrum.

The following composition and conundrum, taken from an exchange, was written by a nine-year-old girl. It shows how the powers of imagination and description may be enlisted in language work. She had in mind a road.

It is long and it is short.
It is smooth and it is rough.
Sometimes wide and sometimes narrow.
Sometimes hilly and sometimes level.
Sometimes wet and sometimes dry.
Sometimes hard and sometimes soft.
Sometimes straight and sometimes crooked.
It is used almost by every one.
What is it?

Juvenile Geography.

Here is a clever composition by a little traveller which shows quite a knowledge of things and places:

I was awakened one morning by a city in China, which was perched upon a fence under my window. From a neighbouring room I heard a division of Great Britain, and soon afterward I called one of the rivers in South America to make a fire, as the air was a division in South America. Going down to breakfast, I found that one of the lakes of North America had spilled a division of Europe upon the carpet, and put upon the table a division of Asia, seasoned with a city of South America; also a cape of Massachusetts; an island in Oceanica; a city in France, stopped with a city in Ireland, and a basket containing a river in Africa, and a quantity of ammunition. I gave him a division of Africa to pay for my breakfast, and went to the kitchen to ask some of the islands of Oceanica for some sugar to feed an island of Africa which was hanging in my window.