

CHILDREN'S PAGE

2) Con'd.

The following are some poems for your enjoyment,

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TEACHERS THREE

I rested awhile in a quiet nook
And found there teachers three-
One was a bird, and one was a brook,
And one was a green, green tree.

The wee bird sang a cheerful song
That no one heard but me,
And it seemed to say: "You've heard my lay;
Pass on its melody."

The brook flowed on in a glad, glad way,
Smiling at the rock's rebuff
"I have no room," it said, "for gloom;
I laugh when the road is rough."

The green tree stood with wide, wide boughs,
Like hands outstretched to greet,
And when the branches stirred, I caught this word;
"Be a friend to all you meet."

-- Selected

And here is a poem for all the little tots, -
Mrs. Wind Makes her Beds

Mrs. Wind is making her beds,
She is puffing up the cloud pillows,
Kneading and tossing them.
She has forgotten to sew up the rents in the covers.
The feathers are flying about,
Backward and forward, and up and down,
In wild confusion.
Mrs. Wind's house is a sight to see;
It is covered with white.
"What matters it!" cries Mrs. Wind,
And blows at the furniture.
With a hasty broom she sweeps the feathers into a heap.
The papers called it a blizzard.
It was only Mrs. Wind making her beds.

--Selected.

A PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

God, send us a little home
To come back to when we roam.
Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles,
Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs,
Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colours, rows of books.

(CON'D)