

being whirled along in its mighty current. From a carpet of freshest verdure tiny dog roses lifted their delicate faces to the sun. The leaves of the trees were fresh and green.

Everywhere Nature stirred. The birds were chirping gaily. The steady munch of the cattle could be heard as they grazed on the flat. In the distance the muffled roar of the falls was heard.

How remarkable that just three days' rain should work such a transformation!

—MARJORIE PIERPOINT.

MY FRIEND.

My trusty friend and true
What would I do, if you,
Who hast not failed me yet,
Should your duty forget?

Of't you have seen me glad,
And sometimes seen me sad,
But never have we part'd
Since first our friendship start'd.

When inspirations fall
You answer my call.
Of't by my side you've slept
Or to my pocket crept.

To you, my friend, I say
That to my dying day
You'll ever be till then
My shilling fountain pen.

—HARRIET WILL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE OF COAL.

I am a piece of coal. I was taken from a big mine at Ipswich. I was very cosy under the ground and I was very sorry to leave home. I had been comfortably pressed down there for years since the great forest trees fell.

They dug me out with a pick, then I was taken away in a big truck. I began to get frightened and wondered what they were going to do with me. Then the truck slowly lowered.