

THE FULL MOON

Slowly over the Eastern skies,
Comes a sight bewitching to the eyes,
'Tis the rising of the full moon,
Of which we are to see the glory soon.

Trees rustle in the gentle breeze,
The cool night air is starting to freeze,
The soft light of the stars looked down,
Upon the peacefully sleeping town.

—J. MITCHELL.

LEAD SOLDIERS

Little lead soldiers,
Marching in a row,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
There they go.

Along that street,
Up that hill,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Now they stand still.

I'd be a soldier,
Just like them,
I would if I could,
Wouldn't you, Jem?

Little lead soldiers,
March, march away,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
All the long day.

—MARJORIE YOUNG.

MY GARDEN

Mummy's got a garden plot,
Very trim and pretty,
Daddy also one has got,
And works in it when he is hot,
Sun or rain or heat or not,
It only makes him witty.

Mummy's got a gardener "Bill,"
Old and getting older,
I've a garden on the hill,
Where daisies grow awhile until
They're outgrown by the daffodil
Which is so much the bolder.