

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

so big that I believe all the churches in Australia could be lost in it; and yet all the ceiling is in 24ct. gold.

We left Italy, and in a twinkling we found ourselves on a snow-clad peak in Switzerland. My companion showed me a tunnel in a glacier that extended down the side of a mountain. We went into it two or three hundred yards. Inside it was as blue as the sky (it was like being in a beautiful sapphire) and it was all frosted like a fairy palace.

"Let us go to Egypt, next," I said.

"This is Egypt," said my companion.

"There are the Pyramids and Sphinx. See how slowly the Arabs and their camels cross the desert."

Slowly the vision faded, and here I was lying in bed.

—I. KEENAN.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

I have a doll's house by the clock,
And when the lights are out,
The dollies seem to have their fun.
They laugh and jump about—

Although they've only wooden legs,
They're quiet as a mouse,
And when the daylight comes again,
They creep back to their house.

—MARILY SMYTH. Age 7.

WISTERIA.

Over the old grey weather-beaten fence the Wisteria creeps in trails of delightful blossoms. The clumsy way the purple trails fall lend a charm to the beautiful picture. There are little thick twisted twigs clustering with flowers, and busy bees clambering among them. The world is full of this wonderful glory that gives something greater than joy.

—W. GALE.

FOX CUNNING.

A fox saw a nightingale up in a tree,
"Oh, sing me a song, little birdy," said he,
"Your voice is so charming it drives care away.
"Oh, please will you sing me just one little lay."

"Come down nearer birdy, I cannot quite hear,
"One sweet note escaped me I really do fear."
Foolish birdy came closer, so proud of his song.
A spring and a snap and that birdy was gone.

—B. ROWLAND.