

### A WALK IN THE BUSH.

We started off early in the morning, to spend a day in the bush. Arriving there we were amazed to see a carpet of blue-bells; the blue mass being broken by a few little yellow daisies.

The fluffy little balls of wattle looked as if they wanted to outshine the sun in colour and beauty. The tall Christmas bells grew beside the trees. They looked very beautiful as they stood there, waving their slender stems in the gentle breeze.

The silence was broken by a sweet voice. It was the soft tinkling sound of the bell-bird, as it flew overhead.

As we walked on we saw a babbling creek, flowing over large stones, and making small cataracts, as it went on its way. The water looked very clear and cool, and the reflection of the trees could be seen.

The green moss slept on the cold rocks, changing its appearance of hardness to one of softness. Native bears were seen nibbling the leaves of the gum trees. Hares played about the creepers and brushwood.

Creepers twined themselves about the trees, and hung down in graceful garlands. One tree, a very large one, seemed to be a monarch of the forest. It was dead, but the creepers twined round it, and made it look like an evergreen tree. On the mountain side grew numerous everlasting daisies. A pretty purple creeper grew on the rocks amongst the moss. The bush was just one mass of trees, creepers, and wild flowers. We picked a bunch of the flowers and started to walk for home. On reaching the edge of the bush we stopped to see the sun setting on the hills. It was a beautiful sight. We reached home, tired, but happy after a day viewing Nature's beautiful handiwork.

—J. MITCHELL.

### THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

There was a great bustle at the home of the Pink Rose, when Bunny Rabbit brought a letter to say that the Violets were having a picnic at Lily Vale, and that they would like the Pink Rose to come.

Outside, or rather at the bottom of the rose bush, a coach, made out of a cockle-shell, and drawn by two black and gold butterflies, was waiting for the fairies to come. A cricket was sitting on a toad-stool holding the reins, and little grasshoppers were hopping about bringing different things to the coach.

Then out came the rose and a tiny bud. Such a delicate and lightly tinted colour, that she was almost white.

When they were all ready the cricket cracked his whip, made out of a corn tassel.