

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

They flew along over the trees until they came to a land all covered with snow, and as they flew on Baby Pink, who was the little Rosebud, stood up to see the snow. Just then the butterflies jerked the coach, and out fell Baby Pink.

No one noticed she was gone until they were just about to land at Lily Vale.

She had fallen out down into the snow. The snow then came down harder and harder until Baby Pink was nearly covered with snow. As soon as the Pink Rose found that Baby Pink was missing she immediately went back to look for her. Mr. Swallow, who had been lying by, had seen her fall, and he knew where she was, only now covered with snow. They dug and at last found her cuddled in the snow. She was taken home, but they could not get the snow off her, and where there had been green were only tiny green spots and all the rest was snow-white.

After this she was called Snowdrop, and that is how the first snowdrop came to be named.

—M. MURRAY.

THE SEA.

The sea it washes and ripples,
Gently upon the sand,
Murmuring softly and sadly,
'Tis by the breezes fanned.

Now 'tis sparkling blue and green,
Rose hue mingled with grey,
And golden and silvery flakes,
And glist'ning flying spray.

But now 'tis splashing and splashing,
Against the rugged cliffs,
And it is rolling and tossing
The fragile little skiffs.

And 'tis grey and dull and grim,
With hurling dashing waves,
It beats upon the sand and rocks,
It angrily storms and raves.

And now the storm has ceased to rage,
The sea is calm once more,
The moon shines down with ghostly gleam,
The sea croons as before.

—IDA KEENAN.