

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

BROWNIES.

There's a Brownie in the garden,
And sometimes in the house,
I see him in the night-time
Just like a little mouse.

I see him creeping down the stairs,
Right out into the night,
He is not afraid of witches,
Who take their starry flight.

But there are bigger Brownies still
Who imitate this sprite,
But do their deeds in daytime,
And sleep all through the night.

They put away the pots and pans
And tidy up the rooms,
And don't forget to lift the rugs
Before they use their brooms.

—MARJORIE YOUNG.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

The sun peeped over the hill,
And the birds sang in the trees,
Sang of the glorious flowers,
Sang of the beautiful breeze.
The flowers were bright in the fields,
The grass was ever so green,
The dewdrops upon it did lie,
And it shone with a beautiful sheen.

SUMMER.

The fields were full of flowers,
The birds chirruped all day long.
All was damp with summer showers,
And the air was full of song.
The children walked to school,
Singing a melody bright,
And then the sun went down,
And on came the starry night.

AUTUMN.

Autumn came in all her glory,
Dancing o'er the golden trees,
For they had changed their gowns so green,
And rustled in the whispering breeze,