

Was't But A Dream

By M. BROOKER, Grassy Lake, Sask.

*A forest stood,
A mighty wood,
And peace was there.*

*Birds wheeling high,
Clouds drifting by,
A valley fair.*

*A winding stream,
Where mallards preen,
A rain washed sky.*

*Trees lichen draped,
And colour shaped
A butterfly.*

*Man stopped to rest,
And on the crest.
A fire crept.*

*A flaming hell,
A dying knell,
A woodland wept.*

*A forest grave,
A flower brave
Spread o'er her feet.*

*And blackened ground,
A purple gown
Of fire weed.*

*A sea of grain,
A windy plain,
And man is glad.*

*A dried up stream,
A dreary scene,
The sky is sad.*

*A desert dry,
A dust filled sky
Of drifting lands.*

*The soil is dead,
Man bows his head,
And drooping stands.*

*Oh where, oh where,
Was't but a dream
That forest green?*

An Interesting School Activity

Mrs. Anne Cusick, Coderre, Sask.

In my school we have an interesting time with butterflies. We made a 'catcher' with a coat hanger, broomstick and some mosquito netting. With it we were able to catch and identify the following: Orange Sulphur, White Cabbage, the Acraea Moth (a beauty), Darling Underwing, Hawk Moth, Cecropia, Red Admiral, Spring Azure. On June 16th, when we came to school, a lovely Black Swallow Tail had emerged from our box of cocoons, we saved last fall. He's a beauty!

God's Garden

*The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the
world,*

*And He set there an angel warden
In a garment of light unfurled.*

*So near the peace of Heaven
The hawk might meet with the
wren,*

*For there in the cool of even
God walked with the first of men.*

*And I dream that those garden closes
With their glades and sun-flecked
sod,*

*And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.*

*The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.*

— Dorothy Frances Gurney