

RHYMES FOR CHANTING.

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, speed through the air,
 The ring-bird follows thee fast,
 And the monkey looks up with a greedy stare;
 Speed on till the peril be past!

O, wert thou but safe in my garden bower,
 And wouldst thou no further stray,
 Thou shouldst feed on the rose and the gilliflower,
 And be my play-mate gay.

DEVOTIONAL

WHEN at rising
 Our dark limbs
 When beneath
 We rest awhile
 And, when our
 Whom should v

When we noon
 In grassy glade
 Where hummin
 And stingless s
 And quietly sou
 Whom should w