

## COME TO THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHILD-NATURE."



COME to the woods with me,  
The woods where nothing grieves :  
Life is innocent and free  
Beneath the little leaves.

The birds are very glad,  
They love to see you come ;  
If a pair of wings you had,  
The woods might be your home .

Lie softly on the grass,  
It likes to feel you lie ;  
Kiss the shadows, as they pass  
Before the shining sky.

The woods are cool and green,  
The sky is soft and gray ;  
So in pictures have I seen  
The distance melt away.

No picture is so fair,  
With such a living glow,  
And the fragrance of the air  
A picture cannot know.

Oh ! earth is dear to me,  
Because of trees and skies ;  
Child, how sweet it is to see  
How happy are our eyes !

## AUNT ANNIE'S STORY ABOUT JAMAICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

I AM going to give you an account of the first adventure I ever had ; and, although it happened so many years ago, I remember the incidents quite distinctly. I was only six years old at the time, but it was talked of in the family for long afterwards, as you may suppose, and this prevented me from forgetting it. Then, by and by, as soon as the younger ones grew old enough to like stories, they would often beg their eldest sister to tell them all about the "great upset." Since those days I have told the story many times to other children, and now I am going to repeat it once more.

I daresay you would not wish me to begin with the geography or history of Jamaica, though I hope any little boy or girl who is interested in these stories will ask their papa to tell them where it is,

and how it came to belong to us long ago, and that they will try to remember all about it. I will only say that it is a most beautiful island, with splendid scenery, lovely flowers and delicious fruits growing wild, parrots flying about the woods, and humming-birds flitting among the aloe-blossoms. But then, on the other hand, it is not nearly so nice a place to live in as our dear old England, in spite of her fogs and grey skies ; for in Jamaica, as well as in all the West Indian Islands, the climate is very bad, except in the high mountains : there are earthquakes and hurricanes, snakes, mosquitoes, scorpions, and quantities of poisonous berries and blossoms. Children are seldom taken or kept there after two or three years old, and they have not the free out-door life of English boys and girls ;