

## THE SULKY OLEANDER.

LITTLE Oleander-slip,  
Cut from mother-tree,  
Was about as disagreeable  
As a little slip could be.  
Didn't like her pot of earth ;  
Said she wouldn't grow :  
This was very naughty,  
And foolish too, you know.

Little Oleander-slip  
A drink of water had :  
Didn't do her any good ;  
Continued to be bad.  
Sulky Oleander  
Hung her little head,  
And, drooping over sideways,  
Pretended she was dead.

But it wasn't any good  
Playing such a trick :  
Tied up Oleander  
To a little stick ;  
Shut her in a closet,  
Very dark, you know,  
Till she made her mind up  
To be good, and grow.

Darkness had a good effect  
On Oleander's head :  
"What's the use of acting so?"  
To herself she said.  
Straightened up her wilting stalk ;  
Really tried to smile :  
Guess we'll have to let her out  
In a little while.

Morning bright and sunny,  
Air so fresh and pure ;  
Oleander's had enough  
Of closet, I am sure.  
"Be good, Oleander?"  
"Yes," I heard her say ;  
And she's kept her promise  
From that very day.

Other little flowers  
Sometimes act just so,  
And in darkened closets  
Often have to go.  
There, in calm reflection,  
It will not be strange  
If a short confinement  
Works a wondrous change.

A. G. M.

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## FLORA'S MULTIPLICATION.

TWICE one are two,  
Violets white and blue ;  
Twice two are four,  
Sunflowers at the door ;  
Twice three are six,  
Rhodoras on their sticks ;  
Twice four are eight,  
Coxcombs at the gate ;  
Twice five are ten,  
Catkins of the aspen ;  
Twice six are twelve,  
Poppies for those who delve .

Twice seven are fourteen,  
Flowers of the scarlet bean ;  
Twice eight are sixteen,  
Blossoms of the lupine ;  
Twice nine are eighteen,  
Purple thistles to be seen ;  
Twice ten are twenty,  
Hollyhocks in plenty ;  
Twice eleven are twenty-two,  
Daisies fringed with morning dew ;  
Twice twelve are twenty-four,  
Roses — who could ask for more ?

MARY N. PRESCOTT.