

LITTLE RITA

By VICENTE B. CONDEVILLAMAR

To greet the coming of the
morn,
The cocks, perched on the tree-
tops, crowed,
But little Rita dreaming pleasant
dreams
Lay fast asleep and loudly
snored.

"It's now late," her mother said,
as straight
To Rita's room she hurried
from the sala;
But cosy in her bed Rita only
blinked
At her, and said, "I'll be up soon,
Mama."

The sun went up, a fiery ball
in the sky,
Warmed, she awoke and heaved
a sigh or two;
She sat up on bed, stretched
her legs, murmuring,
"Perhaps it's too early for me
to go."

Just then she saw her classmates
on their way
To school, and so she hurriedly
broke her fast.

"Am I late?" she asked herself
and looked
At the clock; its hands pointed
seven past.

Books in one arm, she took
the road to school,
And on the way she gaily
hopped and sang;
On and on she went, and across
a field

THE BUTTERFLY

By LILIA VIZCARRA



The butterfly, the butterfly,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among lovely flowers,
A creature of delight.

My heart goes out to you,
O butterfly, O butterfly,
For like the rose on which you're
poised,
You, too, will soon die.

KINDNESS

By HERMINIA ANCHETA

Kindness sparkles from the eye,
It is felt in every word,
It is caught from every deed,
And grows in the heart.

She suddenly stopped—
the school bell rang!

And now, wearily, nervously,
retracing her steps,
She appeared and lingered
by the garden gate.
Her mother asked what the matter
was and,
Breaking in tears, cried,
"O Mama, I was late!"