Report

Koyo

Sergeant

Father Chief
F A T H E R and C H I L D.

Cold was the morning clear;
Crispy was the snow;
Care along the way to steer,
Ice was then the foe:

Pert was the little maid;
Happy was her face;
Bright shone her clear blue eye;
Hop and jump her pace.

Strong was the stalwart man;
Solemn was his look.
Care marred his heavy brow;
Firm the steps he took.

See! here the father neat,
This maid but half his height,
He tramps the snow so deep,
While she trips so light.

Trim and close the pretty hood,
Snug it covers little pate;
Could you note the tiny muff,
Style and fit to date?
"Papa's hand, you little witch!"
Slip, slip the icy walk!
"No! papa, no!" she lisps,
"Let me run widout talk."

Quickly fly the pretty feet
Over the snow and ice;
Out press the glossy shoes,
Sped like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child!
When she trips and falls.
"Ah, ah!" the father mild
To his darling calls.

"Here pet hold this hand
Ere a fall you make."
Then to his side she ran
To a finger take.

Close around the middle one,
With her might she clings;
While her tender feet speed on,
Swift as mice with wings.

Whew! in midst of happy run,
By her father's side,
Down drops the little one
And her joyous pride!
Hard was that treach'rous ice;
Cruel was her plight.
Tough now the sobbing cries;
Father's troubled at the sight.

Quick from the summersault
To regain her feet!
Quicker still to see her fault;
Prompt his gaze to meet.

"Oh, my own papa dear,
I was very wrong!
I'll hold you very fast
You hold me very strong!"

Straight in she thrusts her fist
Father's to fully meet;
Safe now she skims the ice
Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my slipping feet
Try to run alone!
So weak and incomplete
My hold in Father's own!

Lord, Thou to me so high,
Broad and deep Thy love;
Draw my hand in Thine
Ne'er my grasp to move!"
FATHER and CHILD.

Cold was the morning clear;
Crispy was the snow;
Care along the way to steer
Ice was then the foe!

Pert was the little maid;
Happy was her face;
Bright shone her clear blue eye;
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Strong was the stalwart man;
Solemn was his look,
Care marred his heavy brow;
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See! here the father neat,
This maid but half his height,
He tramps the snow so deep,
While she trips so light.
Trim and close the pretty hood,
Smug it covers little pate;
Could you note the tiny muff,
Style and fit to date?

"Papa's hand, you little witch!"

Slip, slip, the icy walk!"

"No! papa, no!" she lisps,
"Let me run widout talk."

Quickly fly the pretty feet
Over the snow and ice;
Out press the glossy shoes,
Sped like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child!
When she trips and falls.
"Ah, ah!" the father mild
To his darling calls.

"Here pot, hold this hand,
Ere a fall you make."
Then to his side she ran
To a finger take.
Tim and place the pretty peak,
and it became little pent.
Could you have the nine until
a little bit to great.

"Don't be hard, you little fellow."
"Help! Help! Get the water!"
"No! Help! No! Get there!"
"Let me run without talk."

Grapple till the pretty fees;
Cover the snow and ice;
Get pleasure the frozen space;
Sweep the slippery mile.

"Give me" across the cliff;
Where are tributes and cattle;
"Away", the letter with
To the country gate.

"Here be, now, this hand."
To a slip the sea.

Close around the middle one,
With her might she clings;
While her tender feet speed on,
Swift as mice with wings.

Whew! in midst of happy run,
By her father's side,
Down drops the little one
And her joyous pride!

Hard was that treach'rous ice;
Cruel was her plight.
Real now the sobbing cries;
Father's troubled at the sight.

Quick from the summersault
To regain her foot!
Quicker still to see her fault;
Prompt his gaze to meet.

"Oh, my own papa dear,
I was very wrong!
I'll hold you very fast
You hold me very strong!"
Above, around the middle one.

With her might and officer.
White hair together, ferret asleep on.
Swim as mice with mice.

Where? in midst of parish town.

By poet letter, a sign.
Down, across the little one.

And for today, bridge.

Hand me that foress, love's face.

Cheat me per letter.

Keep your eye on the supposed asper.

Lester's triumph at the sight.

Gain from the unamendment.

To regain per feet.

Chase me till to see per feet.

Promise me here to meet.

*Oh, my own babies.

I am very much.

I'll hope you will here.

You hope me very welcome."
Straight in she thrusts her fist
Father's to fully meet;
Safe now, she skims the ice
Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my slipping feet
Try to run alone!
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Broad and deep Thy love;
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O. O. HOWARD.
Strangers in the Garden of Plera

Pletra's to fill a meet
Seat now, she airline the tea
Her at high comprease

Here are my typing feet

Try to my stone
Go ex and incompelere
My help in Plera's cory

Here, there to me so right
Break any good trap love
Draw my hand to time
We're en my breath so never.

S. R. K. A. B. C.