The

Children's Book of Poetry.
"Dear ladies," she cries, and the tears trickle down,
'Relieve a poor beggar, I pray.'"
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY:

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR WRITERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY HENRY T. COATES,

EDITOR OF THE "FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY."

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 200 ENGRAVINGS,

FROM DESIGNS BY GUSTAVE DORÉ, HARRISON WEIR, J. E. MILLAIS, GEORGE H. THOMAS, GIACOMELLI AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

PORTER & COATES.

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HENRY T. COATES,
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PREFACE.

To collect within the limits of a single volume the poems best calculated to interest and instruct children between the ages of six and fourteen has been the aim of the compiler of this work.

There are, it is true, many and admirable collections now before the public, but none of them seems so comprehensive and varied in character as to satisfy the wants of an intelligent child. In some of them the editors have apparently labored under the impression that poems written about children are written especially for children, and consequently have admitted much that is beyond the mental capacity of a child; while in others the effort to attain simplicity has often resulted in producing a mass of trivial and insipid pieces. Again, some have rejected old and well-established favorites because their literary merits are not up to the present high standard; but the fact that they are favorites proves that they possess some power or merit that makes them worthy to be included in a comprehensive collection.

The main objection, however, to most collections of poetry for children, is the paucity of narrative poems they contain. Story-telling is, and ever must be, one of the greatest pleasures of childhood, and the most effective means of inculcating great truths and conveying instruction to the youthful mind; and for this reason many poems of a narrative character have been admitted, which, if judged solely on their literary merits, would not have found a place in these pages.

For greater convenience, the poems have been arranged under appropriate subject-headings, such as “Baby-Days,” “Play-Days,” “Lessons of Life,” “Animals and Birds,” “Trees and Flowers,” “Nature,” “Religion,” “Christmas and New Year,” “Old Tales and Ballads,” and “Some Famous Poems for the Older Children.” In “Old Tales and Ballads” it has been thought
advisable to include a few of the famous old English ballads, such as "Chevy Chase" and "The Heir of Linne," which are written in such a simple style that they can be easily understood by the older children, and their narrative character makes them attractive and interesting to all. In these the modern spelling has been used. In "Some Famous Poems for the Older Children" have been included a few of those poems that, either by their vivid description or by the power they possess of appealing to the hearts of the young as well as the old, will be found in nearly all collections of poetry, and which, while they may for the time be beyond the comprehension of some children, will some day be prized by them as they are by their elders.

The Editor trusts that in offering this book to children he not only adds to their present enjoyment, but gives them a treasure they will ever prize—a delight and a constant companion in childhood, a pleasant remembrance in after-years.

Philadelphia, September 29, 1879.
INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Author/Editor</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ABOU BEN ADHEM</td>
<td>Leigh Hunt</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About the Fairies</td>
<td>&quot;Rhyme and Reason.&quot;</td>
<td>452</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelgitha</td>
<td>Thomas Campbell</td>
<td>489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adventures of Robinson Crusoe</td>
<td></td>
<td>458</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Selkirk, Verses</td>
<td>written by William Cowper</td>
<td>464</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All have Work to do</td>
<td>R. P. S.</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Things Beautiful</td>
<td>John Keble</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America</td>
<td>Samuel F. Smith</td>
<td>511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Flag</td>
<td>Joseph Rodman Drake</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie and Willie's Prayer</td>
<td>Sophia P. Snow</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another Little Wave</td>
<td>Lucy E. Atkins Akerman</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another Plum Cake</td>
<td>Ann Taylor</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Answer to a Child’s Question</td>
<td>S. T. Coleridge</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple Tree</td>
<td>Jane Taylor</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April’s Trick</td>
<td>R. P. Utter</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arab’s Farewell to his Horse</td>
<td>C. Norton</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ariel’s Songs</td>
<td>William Shakespeare</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn</td>
<td>Mrs. Hawtry</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BASES in the Wood</td>
<td></td>
<td>456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babie, The</td>
<td>J. E. Rankin</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby</td>
<td>Jane Taylor</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby, The</td>
<td>Elizabeth W. Townsend</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby Birds</td>
<td></td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby-Land</td>
<td>George Cooper</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby May</td>
<td>William Cox Bennett</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby Paul</td>
<td>Mrs. Bishop Thompson</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby’s Complaint</td>
<td>L. J. H.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballad of Chevy-Chase</td>
<td></td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballad of the Tempest</td>
<td>James T. Fields</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle of Blenheim</td>
<td>Robert Southey</td>
<td>502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Grandmamma</td>
<td>Mary A. Denison</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bed-time Story</td>
<td>Clara Doty Bates</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bees, The</td>
<td>Hastings’ Nursery Songs</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Boy</td>
<td>Child’s Book of Poetry</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Girl</td>
<td></td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Man</td>
<td>Lucy Aiken</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar’s Petition</td>
<td>Thomas Moss</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bells, The</td>
<td>Edgar Allan Poe</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benny</td>
<td>Annie Chambers-Keicham</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Polite</td>
<td></td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie Bell</td>
<td>Youth’s Penny Gazette</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth-Gélet</td>
<td>William Robert Spencer</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Land</td>
<td>Felicia Hemans</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beware of the Wolf</td>
<td>A. L. O. E.</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird and the Maid</td>
<td></td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird’s-eye View</td>
<td></td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds in Summer</td>
<td>Mary Howitt</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird’s Nest</td>
<td>Alexander Smart</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds’ Nests</td>
<td>M. S. C.</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop Hatto</td>
<td>Robert Southey</td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>C. Giber</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>Hannah F. Gould</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>Rev. Dr. Hucks</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Man</td>
<td></td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Steed</td>
<td>(from the German)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle of Blenheim</td>
<td>Robert Southey</td>
<td>502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Grandmama</td>
<td>Mary A. Denison</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bed-time Story</td>
<td>Clara Doty Bates</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bees, The</td>
<td>Hastings’ Nursery Songs</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Boy</td>
<td>Child’s Book of Poetry</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Girl</td>
<td></td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar-Man</td>
<td>Lucy Aiken</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beggar’s Petition</td>
<td>Thomas Moss</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bells, The</td>
<td>Edgar Allan Poe</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benny</td>
<td>Annie Chambers-Keicham</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Polite</td>
<td></td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie Bell</td>
<td>Youth’s Penny Gazette</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth-Gélet</td>
<td>William Robert Spencer</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Land</td>
<td>Felicia Hemans</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beware of the Wolf</td>
<td>A. L. O. E.</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird and the Maid</td>
<td></td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird’s-eye View</td>
<td></td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds in Summer</td>
<td>Mary Howitt</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird’s Nest</td>
<td>Alexander Smart</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds’ Nests</td>
<td>M. S. C.</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop Hatto</td>
<td>Robert Southey</td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>C. Giber</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>Hannah F. Gould</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Boy</td>
<td>Rev. Dr. Hucks</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Man</td>
<td></td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind Steed</td>
<td>(from the German)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE</td>
<td>INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Boys' Play and Girls' Play Mrs. Hawtrey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Boy's Song James Hogg.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Boy's Wish, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Boy who Told a Lie, A.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Brook, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Bruce and the Spider Bernard Barton.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Burial of Sir John Moore Charles Wolfe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Busy Little Husbandman.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Buttercups and Daisies Mary Howitt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yellow, Olive A. Wadsworth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Camel, The Mary Howitt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Casabianca Felicia Hemans.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Castles in the Air James Ballantyne.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Catching the Cat Margaret Vandegrift.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Cat's Apology, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Cat's Thanksgiving Day, The Youth's Companion.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Chameleon, The James Merrick.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Charge of the Light Brigade, The Alfred Tennyson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Charley and his Father Eliza Follen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Charlotte Pulteney, To Ambrose Philips.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Chatterbox, The Jane Taylor.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Cherries are ripe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Chevy-Chase, Ballad of D. A. T.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Child and the Star, The C. B.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Children in the Wood, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Children's Hour, The I. W. Longfellow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Children's Praises.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Child's Prayer, A. &quot;Household Words.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Child's Thought of God, A E. B. Browning.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Child's Wish in June, The Caroline Gilman.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Chimney-Tops Marian Dougins.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Choice of Occupations Caroline Gilman.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Choosing a Name Mary Lamb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Christmas Rose Terry Cooke.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Christmas Mrs. Hawtrey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Christmas Bells.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Christmas Tree.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Cinderella.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Clean Clara. &quot;Lilliput Levee.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Cleopatra Edgar Fawcett.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Cobweb made to Order, A. Aunt Effie's Rhymes.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Come here, Little Robin &quot;Easy Poetry.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Come into the Meadows.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Comforter, A Adelaide Anne Procter.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Common Things.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Complaints of the Poor, The Robert Southey.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Convalescent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Corn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Counting Baby's Toes.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Country Lad and the River, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Cow-Boy's Song, The Anna M. Wells.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Cradle Hymn Isaac Watts.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Cradle Song Mary M. Bowen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Cradle Song (from the German) E. Prentiss.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>Creep before you Walk James Ballantyne.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>Crow and the Cheese, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Crow's Children, The Phoebe Cary.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>DAME Duck's Lecture Aunt Effie's Rhymes.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Dead Doll, The Margaret Vandegrift.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Dear Old Flo S. J. Stone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Deeds of Kindness.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Destruction of Sennacherib, The Lord Byron.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Discontent Sarah O. Jewett.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Discontented Yew Tree, The &quot;Lilliput Levee.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Doctor's Visit.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Dog of St. Bernard's, The Miss Fry.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Dog of St. Bernard's, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Doll-baby Show George Cooper.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Don't Wake the Baby.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Dragon-Fly, The Mary Howitt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Dream about the Old Nursery-Rhymes, A.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Dream of Summer, A Mary N. Prescott.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>Dream of Summer Lady Flora Hastings.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog Oliver Goldsmith.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Elephant and the Child, The.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Epitaph on a Hare William Cooper.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>Evening Hymn Mary Lundie Duncan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Evening Prayer for a Young Child</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Every Little Helps.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Eyes of the Angels, The George W. Doane.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>FAIRIES, The William Allingham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Fairies of the Caldon Low, The M. Howitt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Faith in God Rev. Dr. Hawks.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Farewell, A Charles Kingsley.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93</td>
<td>Farm, The June Taylor.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>Farm, The</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Farm-yard Song</strong></td>
<td>John T. Trowbridge</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Father at Play</strong></td>
<td>Hannah More Johnson</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Father is Coming</strong></td>
<td>Mary Howitt</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fête-Day of the Flowers</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Few Stray Sunbeams, A</strong></td>
<td>Eliza S. Turner</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Filial Trust</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Five Things</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Flowers</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fly, The</strong></td>
<td>Theodore Tilton</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fly, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Flowers</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Forest Scene in the Days of Wickenhull, A</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>For the Children</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gardener's Grandchild, The</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. Hawtrey</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>German Watchman's Song</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Glove and the Lions, The</strong></td>
<td>Leigh Hunt</td>
<td>504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>God is Good</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>God of my Childhood, The</strong></td>
<td>F. W. Faber</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Going into Breeches</strong></td>
<td>Mary Lamb</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Golden Hair</strong></td>
<td>F. Burge Smith</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Golden-tressed Adelaide</strong></td>
<td>B. W. Procter</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gold Robin</strong></td>
<td>William Wordsworth</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>&quot;Home Songs for our Nestlings.&quot;</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good-Morning to God</strong></td>
<td>Mary T. Hamlin</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good Name, A</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good-Night</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good-Night</strong></td>
<td>Eliza Follen</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good-Night</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good-Night and Good-Morning</strong></td>
<td>R. M. Mitton</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good Rule, A</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good Sabbath, A</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Good Shepherd, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gradation</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Grandmothers, Johnny's opinion of. E. L. ]</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Grandmother's Farm</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Grandpapa's Spectacles</strong></td>
<td>Elizabeth Sill</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Grasshopper and the Ant, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Great Brown Owl, The...Aunt Effie's Rhymes</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hang up the Baby's Stocking. Little Corporal</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Heavenly Father, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Heir of Linne</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>485</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hellvellyn</strong></td>
<td>Sir Walter Scott</td>
<td>512</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Help the Poor</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hetty and the Fairies</strong></td>
<td>Matthias Barr</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hohenlinden</strong></td>
<td>Thomas Campbell</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hold fast what I Give you</strong></td>
<td>Lily Warner</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Holidays, The</strong></td>
<td>Jane Taylor</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Honest Poverty</strong></td>
<td>Robert Burns</td>
<td>522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Honey-Bee's Song, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>How doth the Little Busy Bee, Isaac Watts</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>How Sleep the Brave</strong></td>
<td>William Collins</td>
<td>505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix</strong></td>
<td>Robert Browning</td>
<td>497</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hymn—&quot;I want to be like Jesus&quot;</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hymn of a Child</strong></td>
<td>Charles Wesley</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I like Little Pussy</strong></td>
<td>Jane Taylor</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ill-natured Brier, The</strong></td>
<td>Anna Bache</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I Love them All</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I Love to Tell the Story...&quot;Sunday at Home.&quot;</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Incident of the French Camp...R. Browning</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>In the Closet</strong></td>
<td>Laura E. Richards</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Is the Moon made of Green Cheese?</strong></td>
<td>Nicholas Nichols</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>It Snows</strong></td>
<td>Hannah F. Gould</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>It Snows</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I want to be an Angel</strong></td>
<td>Sidney P. Gill</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I will not be Afraid</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jeannette and Jo...Mary Mapes Dodge</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jem and the Shoulder of Mutton, Ad. Taylor</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jesus, see a Little Child...Matthias Barr</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jesus sees You</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John Gilpin, The Diverting History of</strong></td>
<td>William Cooper</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Katy's Guess</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kitten and the Falling Leaves, The</strong></td>
<td>William Wordsworth</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kitten Gossip</strong></td>
<td>Thomas Westwood</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kittie to Kriss</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kitty</strong></td>
<td>Mariana Douglas</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kitty in the Basket</strong></td>
<td>Eliza Follen</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Knights of the Cross</strong></td>
<td>A. L. O. E.</td>
<td>384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lady-Bird, To the...Caroline B. Southey</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lady-Bird and the Ant, The. L. H. Sigourney</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lady Clare</strong></td>
<td>Alfred Tennyson</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lady Moon...Richard Monckton Milnes</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lamb, The</strong></td>
<td>William Blake</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The</strong></td>
<td>Felicia D. Hemans</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lark, To the...</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lark and the Rook, The</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Last Day of the Year, The</strong></td>
<td>A. Smart</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Last Dying Speech and Confession of Poor PuSS</td>
<td>Jane Taylor. 220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazy Boy, The</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazy Jane &quot;Lullabies and Ditties.&quot;</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learn your Lesson</td>
<td>Alexander Smart. 98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leaves and the Wind, The</td>
<td>George Cooper. 304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Dogs delight to Bark and Bite...I. Watts.</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letting the Old Cat Die...Mary Mapes Dodge.</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lily-of-the-Valley, The. &quot;Rhyme and Reason.&quot;</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lily's Ball</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lion, The</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bell</td>
<td>T. Westwood. 128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bird</td>
<td>Alfred Tennyson. 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bird's Complaint to his Mistress, The, Jane Taylor.</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Boy and the Sheep, The</td>
<td>Ann Taylor. 192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Boy and the Stars, The</td>
<td>Aunt Effie's Rhymes. 348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Children, Love one Another.Aunt Mary</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Christel</td>
<td>&quot;Lilliput Leece.&quot; 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Dandelion</td>
<td>Helen Louisa Bostwick. 288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Drummer, The...Richard H. Stoddard.</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Fingers &quot;Apples of Gold.&quot;</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Fish, The</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Girl's Address to the River, The</td>
<td>Susan Jewett. 338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Girl's Fancies, A</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Girl's Letter, A</td>
<td>Wisconsin Farmer. 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Goose, A</td>
<td>Eliza Sproat Turner. 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Gretchen</td>
<td>Hans Christian Andersen. 410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Hare, The.</td>
<td>Aunt Effie's Rhymes. 206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Harry's Letter</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Helpers</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Kit</td>
<td>John G. Watts. 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Lucy</td>
<td>A. D. F. Randolph. 381</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Maiden and the Little Bird, The</td>
<td>Lydia Maria Child. 230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Marian's Pilgrimage</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Ned and the Shower</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Pet, The &quot;Little Corporal.&quot;</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Raindrops, Aunt Effie's Rhymes.</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Red Riding-Hood</td>
<td>473</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Samuel</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Star</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Story, A</td>
<td>Hester A. Benedict. 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Sweet Pea, R. P. Utter</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Things, Brewer</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little White Lily, George Macdonald</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lochinvar</td>
<td>Sir Walter Scott. 504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Ullin's Daughter</td>
<td>Thomas Campbell. 506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loss of the Royal George, The...W. Cowper.</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost Doll, The</td>
<td>Charles Kingsley. 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love One Another</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Gray</td>
<td>William Wordsworth. 148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lullaby</td>
<td>Shirley Dare. 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lullaby</td>
<td>Thomas Dekker. 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lulu's Complaint</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MABEL on Midsummer Day</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Making Mud-pies</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mamma's Kisses</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie's Almanac...Thomas Bailey Aldrich.</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary had a Little Lamb</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary's Pet, Matthias Barr</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meddlesome Matty</td>
<td>Jane Taylor. 110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milkmaid, The</td>
<td>Jeffreys Taylor. 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milkmaid, The</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller of Dee, The</td>
<td>Charles Mackey. 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minna in Wonderland, M. C. Fyle</td>
<td>454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minutes, The</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionary Hymn, Reginald Heber</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistress's Reply to her Little Bird, The, Jane Taylor.</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Money at Interest,&quot;Boys' and Girls' Magazine.&quot;</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Months, The</td>
<td>Sara Coleridge. 297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Hymn</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Song in the Country</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motherless Turkeys, The</td>
<td>Marian Douglas. 260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Nobody</td>
<td>Riverside Magazine. 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music-Lesson, The</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Boy Jem, Frederick E. Weatherly</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Children, J. G. Holland</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Good-for-Nothing</td>
<td>Emily H. Miller. 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Kittens</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Little Hero</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Little Sister</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Love Annie...Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Mother</td>
<td>Ann Taylor. 69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Neighbors, Emily Huntingdon Miller.</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Pussy</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Winter Friend</td>
<td>Marian Douglas. 248</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NAMING THE BABY, Mrs. E. C. Bates. 20
Naming the Baby, Marian Douglas. 20
Napoleon and the Sailor, Thomas Campbell. 164
Nature's Voice, A. L. O. E. 352
Nearest Friend, The, Frederick W. Faber. 366
New Doll, The                                               | 44   |
New Dresses, S. H. Binker. 283
New Moon, The                                               | Eliza Folten. 345 |
New Year's Gift, A.                                          | Jane Taylor. 127 |
Nightingale and the Glow-worm, The, William Cowper. 257
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of the Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Night with a Wolf, A Bayard Taylor</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nine Parts of Speech, The J. Neal.</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Act fails Fruitless</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing to Do</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not Ready for School, Caroline Gilman</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the Sun is Sinking</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nursery Song, The Mrs. Carter.</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse Winter, Susan Coolidge</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One on Solitude, Alexander Pope</td>
<td>522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, look at the Moon, Eliza Follen</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Apple Tree, The</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Cato</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Christmas, Mary Howitt</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man's Comforts, The Robert Southey</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old, Old Story, The Kate Hawkey</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Story-Books, Eliza Cook</td>
<td>422</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Winter is Coming</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Thing at a Time M. A. Shodart</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only a Baby Small, Matthias Barr</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Five Minutes, Mrs. M. L. Rayne</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open Door, The</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orphan Boy, The Amelia Opie</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Baby</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Flowers, Youth's Companion</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over in the Meadow, Olive A. Wadsworth</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palace and Cottage, The Ann Taylor</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parable of St. Christopher, The Helen Hunt, 385</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parrot, The Thomas Campbell</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patient Joe, Hannah More</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pet Lamb, The William Wordsworth</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philip, my King, Dinah Maria Malock Crick</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picture, A. Charles G. Eastman</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pied Piper Hamelin, The R. Browning</td>
<td>487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piper, The William Blake</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playing King, Alfred Selwyn</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playing with Pussy, Ann Taylor</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plum Cake, The Lilliput Laves</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polly, The Polly Hansy</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polly's Dolly</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pond, The Jane Taylor</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Katy, Mrs. M. A. Denison</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Little Jim</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power of Littles, The</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise for Mercies, Isaac Watts</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise for Mercies</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer for a Little Child, William Cooper</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pass and the Bear</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pass and the Parrot</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pass Punished</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pussy Cat, Aunt Effie's Rhymes</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pussy's Class, Mary Mapes Dodge</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pussy's Hiding-place, Aunt Clara</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rabbit on the Wall, The Catherine Allen</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain, The, Lura Anna Boies</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain, The, Mrs. E. A. Harrison</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain, The, Mrs. Wells</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rainbow, The Clayton</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain-Song, The, R. P. Utter</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain, Wind, and Snow, The</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redbreast chasing the Butterfly, William Wordsworth</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richest Prince, The</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert of Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin, The, Susan Jocett</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin, The, Robin</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin Redbreast, William Allingham</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin's Christmas Eve, The C. E. B.</td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson Crusoe, Adventures of</td>
<td>458</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin's Song, The</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roland and his Friend, M. C. Pyle</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Run, Mousey, run!&quot;,</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor and the Monkeys, The</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor Boy and his Mother, M. Barr</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor Boy's Dream, The William Dimond</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor Boy's Gossip, The Eliza Cook</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sands of Dee, The, Charles Kingsley</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seasons, The</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selling the Baby</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven Times One, Jean Ingelow</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall the Baby Stay?</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepherd's Dog, The Martha Barr</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silkworm, The, Mary Howitt</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singing-Lesson, The, Jean Ingelow</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Patrick Spens</td>
<td>478</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Ponto's Party, Professor Brunel</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skateing, Susan Jocett</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleeping Beauty, The Georgiana M'Neil</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleeping Beauty, The Alfred Tennyson</td>
<td>426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleeping Child, A, Arthur Hugh Clough</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleepy Little Sister, The</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slaggard, The, Isaac Watts</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow-bird's Song, The F. C. Woodworth</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snowfall, The</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow-Storm, The</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier's Dream, The Thomas Campbell</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF THE NAMES OF THE POEMS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>John Keats. 245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song for May Morning</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of Life</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Bee, The</td>
<td>Marian Douglas. 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Brook, The</td>
<td>Alfred Tennyson. 336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Brook, The 337</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Elfin Miller, Allan Cunningham. 429</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of the Seed-Corn, The</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sparrow's Nest, The</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spider and the Fly, The</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring</td>
<td>Bernard Barton. 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring and the Flowers</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Voices</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring, Walk, The</td>
<td>Thomas Miller. 316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squirrel, The</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squirrel, The</td>
<td>Bernard Barton. 208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squirrel, The</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Star-Spangled Banner, The</td>
<td>Francis Scott Key. 511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stolen Top, The &quot;Lullabies and Ditties.&quot; 121</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stop, stop, Pretty Water</td>
<td>Eliza Follen. 333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story of Hans, The &quot;Stories and Rhymes for Children.&quot; 125</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strange Child's Christmas, The</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Streamlet, The</td>
<td>M. A. Stodart. 339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Suffer the Little Ones to come unto Me&quot; J. G. 365</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer</td>
<td>Eliza Cook. 319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer Woods</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunshine and Showers</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supposed</td>
<td>Phoebe Cary. 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swallow and Redbreast</td>
<td>W. L. Bowles. 242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet and Low</td>
<td>Alfred Tennyson. 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweats of Liberty, The</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEN COMMANDMENTS, The</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thank you, Pretty Cow</td>
<td>Jane Taylor. 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Calf!</td>
<td>Phoebe Cary. 187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Happy Land</td>
<td>Andrew Young. 375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Didn't Think</td>
<td>Phoebe Cary. 228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Fishers, The</td>
<td>Charles Kingsley. 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Warnings</td>
<td>Hester Thrale Piozzi. 519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiger</td>
<td>William Blake. 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Dear Little Truant</td>
<td>Frances S. Osgood. 318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toad's Good-bye to the Children, The</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Little Girl who has told a Lie.</td>
<td>A. Taylor. 114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Sunbeam</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Charlotte Pulteney</td>
<td>Ambrose Philips. 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tommy and his Shilling</td>
<td>Mrs. S. W. Jewett. 134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tommy's Army</td>
<td>Frederick E. Weatherly. 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Lady-Bird</td>
<td>Caroline Bowles Souther. 274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Lark</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tour of St. Nicholas, The, Rev. Ralph Hoyt. 390</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tree, The</td>
<td>Hjörnesjarme Björnson. 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Love</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Story, A</td>
<td>Ann Taylor. 143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truth</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truthful Dottie</td>
<td>C. L. M. 112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Try, Try Again</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turtle Dove's Nest, The A. Effie's Rhymes. 245</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two and One</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Dimes, The</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Friends, The</td>
<td>Susan Jennett. 200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Little Kittens, The</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Pictures</td>
<td>Marian Douglas. 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Travellers, The</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UNDER MY WINDOW</td>
<td>Thomas Westwood. 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unfinished Prayer Th</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of Flowers, The</td>
<td>Mary Howitt. 280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of Sight, The</td>
<td>Jane Taylor. 124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VACATION</td>
<td>Beverly Moore. 129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.</td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violet, The</td>
<td>Jane Taylor. 289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visit from St. Nicholas, A.</td>
<td>C. C. Moore. 394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice of the Grass, The</td>
<td>Sarah Roberts. 291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voyage in the Arm-chair</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAITING for the May</td>
<td>Marian Douglas. 314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walk in Spring, A</td>
<td>M. A. Stodart. 317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waep and the Bee, The</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waves on the Seashore, The</td>
<td>A. Effie's Rhymes. 341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are Seven</td>
<td>William Wordsworth. 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weighing the Baby</td>
<td>Ethel Lynn Beers. 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What?</td>
<td>Kate Putnam Osgood. 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What are they Doing?</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What God sees</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What is that, Mother?&quot;</td>
<td>George W. Doane. 238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Makes me Happiest?</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What so Sweet?</td>
<td>Mary N. Prescott. 320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Choir sang about the New Bonnet, Miss Hammond. 122</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Sparrow Chirps,</td>
<td>Poems of Home Life. 249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Tiny Drop Did</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Tiny Drop Said</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Way does the Wind come?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sister of William Wordsworth. 300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where did you come from?</td>
<td>G. Macdonald. 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which is your Lot?</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which Loved Best?</td>
<td>Joy Allison. 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was Santa Claus?</td>
<td>402</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Stole the Bird's Nest?</td>
<td>L. M. Child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Tell</td>
<td>Rev. J. H. Gurney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie and the Apple</td>
<td>M. A. D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie Winkie</td>
<td>William Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wind in a Frolic, The</td>
<td>William Howitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winnie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Jewels</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wish, A</td>
<td>Rose Terry Cooke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wish, A</td>
<td>Samuel Rogers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wishing</td>
<td>William Allingham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wives of Brixham, The</td>
<td>M. B. S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonderful House, The</td>
<td>Rhyme and Reason.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodman, Spare that Tree!</td>
<td>G. P. Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World, The</td>
<td>Lilliput Lectures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreck of the Hesperus, The</td>
<td>H. W. Longfellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Written in March</td>
<td>William Wordsworth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Girl to her Little Brother, A,</td>
<td>Aunt Mary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Mouse, The</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zara's Ear-rings</td>
<td>John Gibson Lockhart</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BABY-DAYS.
Baby-Days.

Only a baby small,
    Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us
    God knoweth best.

Matthias Barr.

Another Little Wave.

Another little wave
    Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
    Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
    To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet—
    The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
    To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
    Another little will.

Another heart to love,
    Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
    A thing of joy and pain.

Lucy Evelina Akerman.
BABY.

"What is this pretty little thing
That nurse so carefully doth bring,
And round its head a blanket fling?
A baby!

"Oh dear! how very soft its cheek!
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,
And it can't walk, it is so weak.
A baby!

"Oh, I am afraid that it will die;
Why can't it eat as well as I,
And jump and talk? Do let it try,
Poor baby!"

"Why, you were once a baby too,
And could not jump as now you do,
But good mamma took care of you,
Like baby.

"And then she taught your little feet
To pat along the carpet neat,
And called papa to come and meet
His baby.

"Oh dear mamma, to take such care,
And no kind pains and trouble spare
To feed and nurse you when you were
A baby!"

---

SHALL THE BABY STAY?

In a little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Came, with morning's first ray,
One remarkable day
(Though who told her the way
I am sure I can't say),
A young lady so wee
That you scarcely could see
Her small speck of a nose;
And, to speak of her toes—

Though it seems hardly fair,
Since they surely were there;
Keep them covered we must—
You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Was quite full of small boys,
With their books and their toys,
Their wild bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
"We've too many by far;
Tell us what we can do
With this damsel so blue?
We've no room for her here;
So to me 'tis quite clear,
Though it gives me great pain,
I must hang her again
On the tree whence she came
(Do not cry, there's no blame),
With her white blanket round her
Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned:
"I'll stay all day in bed,
Squeezed up nice and small
Very close to the wall."

Then spoke Tommy: "I'll go
To the cellar below;
I'll just travel about,
But not try to get out
Till you're all fast asleep,
Then up stairs I will creep;
And so quiet I'll be
You'll not dream it is me."

Then flaxen-haired Will:
"I'll be drefully still;
On the back stairs I'll stay,
Way off, out of way."

Master Johnny, the fair,
Shook his bright, curly hair:
“Here’s a nice place for me,
Dear papa, do you see?
I just fit in so tight
I could stand here all night.”
And a niche in the wall
Held his figure so small.

Quoth the father: “Well done,
My brave darlings! come on!
Here’s a shoulder for Will,
Pray sit still, sir, sit still;
Valiant Thomas, for thee
A good seat on my knee;
And Edward, thy brother,
Can perch on the other;
Baby John, take my back.
Now, who says we can’t pack?

“So, love gives us room,
And our birdie shall stay.
We’ll keep her, my boys,
Till God takes her away.”

LULU’S COMPLAINT.
I’se a poor ’ittle sorrowful baby,
For Bidget is ’way down stairs;
Myitten has scatchedmy fin’er,
And Dolly won’t say her p’ayers.

I hain’t seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long ago;
An’ I ain’t her tunniest baby
No londer, for Bidget says so.

Mamma’s dot anoder new baby;
Dod dived it—he did—yes’erd’y;
And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful!
I wis’ He would tate it away.

I don’t want no “sweet ’ittle sister;”
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
An’ tall me her p’ecious Lulu.

I des my dear papa will bin’ me
A ’ittle dood titten some day;
Here’s nurse wid my mamma’s new
baby;
I wis’ she would tate it away.

Oh, oh! what tunnin’ red fin’ers!
It sees me ’ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some can’y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wid ’mos’ every day;
And I dess, I dess— Say, Bidget,
Ask Dod not to tate it away.

THE BABY.
We’ve got a baby! I should like you
to come
Just to see the baby that we have at
home:
Oh, it is such a baby! with the bluest
little eyes!
And its mouth! you should only see
its mouth when it cries!
Then it has such a hand!—like mine,
only smaller;
And it cannot walk yet, and our Pon-
to is taller!
It has the queerest little feet, with
the funniest little toes,
And something which papa declares
will grow into a nose.
I saw it this morning—how it sucked
its little thumb!
Oh, it is such a baby!—now do,
Charlie, come.
Mother says you may see it, if you
will not make a noise;
Just wait till nurse has gone down
stairs; you know she hates us
boys.

Did you ever have a baby? we have
had ours a week;
Nurse says it soon will talk, but I
never heard it speak.
And what is strange, they let it cry
and scream just when it pleases,
And the more it cries, it seems to me,
the less mamma it teases.
I know they make me creep about as
quiet as a mouse:
I tell you what, it's something—a baby
in the house!

In ma's own room I scarcely dare to
run across the floor,
It's "Do be still," or "Harry, hush," or
else, "Do shut the door."
I don't like nurse—she's always there,
and says, "Now, Harry, go."
Because I want to kiss mamma; but
I should like to know
If she is not as much my ma, now as a
month ago!
She lets the baby have its way—blesses
its little eyes—
Coaxes and pets it all the more, the
more it screams and cries.

But it is just reversed with me! I know
if I should take
Such airs on me as baby does the
moment it's awake,
I should be sure to find myself in bed
an hour too soon,
Or have my hobby-horse locked up
and kept an afternoon.

You have a brother? What of that?
wait till you have a sister!
I wish you had been at our house the
first time that I kissed her!
Such a warm little mouth! standing
wide open so.
A boy's no great things—I'm one—I
ought to know!
I'm glad she's a girl—I know all my
toys
Would last as long again but for
rough little boys!
But it's well you have one, since you
can't have the other,
Though I would not change my sister
for any little brother.
Perhaps a boy-baby is better than no
baby at all,
But our baby's a girl. Did you hear
father call?
There he is, over yonder—just crossing
the street;
We can go up stairs with him. Oh,
Charlie, wipe your feet!
For nurse looks at footmarks with a
frown as black as thunder,
And mutters to herself, "What are
mats for, I wonder?"
Now you must not make a noise—
please, Charlie, don't forget.
Papa can let us in—I am his boy
yet.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.
BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;  
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness; round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise;  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows, swifter born  
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;  
Ever some new tiny notion,  
Making every limb all motion,  
Catchings up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever-new surprisings;  

Hands all wants, and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under;  
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
That have more of love than love;  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness that we prize such sinning;  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations—
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

NAMING THE BABY.

You have birds in a cage, and you've beautiful flowers,
But you haven't at your house what we have at ours;
'Tis the prettiest thing that you ever did see,
Just as dear and as precious as precious can be.
'Tis my own baby sister, just seven days old,
And too little for any but grown folks to hold.
Oh, I know you would love her; she's fresh as a rose,
And she has such a queer, tiny bit of a nose,
And the dearest and loveliest pink little toes,
Which, I tell mother, seem only made to be kissed;
And she keeps her wee hand doubled up in a fist.
She is quite without hair, but she's beautiful eyes—
She always looks pretty except when she cries.
And what name we shall give her there's no one can tell,
For my father says Sarah, and mother likes Belle;
And my great-uncle John—he's an old-fashioned man—
Wants her named for his wife that is dead—Mary Ann.
But the name I have chosen the darling to call
Is a name that is prettier far than them all,
And to give it to Baby my heart is quite set—
It is Violet Martha Rose Stella Marzette.

NAMING THE BABY.

What shall we name the darling
Who came to us one day?
Shall we call her our little Mary,
Estelle, or Ida, or May?

Mabel, or Saxon Edith,
Or Margaret, fairest pearl?
Will Isabelle, tall and stately,
Be fitting our little girl?

Shall we call her gentle Alice?
Or Madge, for her dark-brown hair?
Is she like a Rose just opening,
Or a Lily pure and fair?
Shall we name her Helen or Laura,
   Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?
Will Belle, Louise, or Anna
   Match best with the baby's face?

Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,
   Winnie, or romping Kate,
Josephine, proud and stately,
   Or Bertha, grave and sedate?

No name that just fits you, dearie.
   Then what shall the little one do?
Must she wander, forlorn and nameless,
   The years of her life all through?

We will call you all sweet names,
   darling,
That are found in household lore;
Should they be too small a number,
   We will study to make them more.

We will call you our brown Snowbirdie,
   Fairy, and Daisy, and Elf,
Darling, and Dottie, and Dimple,—
   Names fitting your own sweet self.

Some morn or propitious even
   Shall bring you a name to bear;
Some name with a musical cadence
   Shall our little baby wear.

Mrs. E. C. Bates.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
   and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
   and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHOOSING A NAME.
I have got a new-born sister.
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen,
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now, I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside,
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker;
Edith's pretty, but that looks better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her:
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

WEIGHING THE BABY.
"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds, from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl,
And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."
BABY-DAYS.

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the help-
less one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little Baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight may be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines beneath this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!

O mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

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BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I
cry!
More wonder by far that your baby
don't die.
No matter what ails me, no matter
who's here,
No matter how hungry the "poor lit-
tle dear,"
No matter if full or all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots
me to death!

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that
great knee;
I like all her talk, but, woe unto me!

She can't be contented with talking
so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing
her duty;
And that's very well: I can bear soap
and water,
But, mother, she is an unmerciful
trotter!

Pretty ladies, I do want to look at your
faces;
Pretty cap! pretty fire! let me see how
it blazes;
How can I, my head going bibity-
bob?
And she trots me the harder the harder
I sob.
Oh, mother, do stop her; I'm inwardly
sore!
I hiccough and cry, and she trots me
the more,
And talks about wind, when 'tis she
makes me ache;
Wish 'twould blow her away for poor
Baby's sake!

Thank goodness, I'm still! Oh blessed
be quiet!
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to
try it.
Of foolish old customs my mother's
no lover,
And the wisdom of this she can never
discover.
I'll rest me a while, and just look
about,
And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in
and out,
And pick up some notions as soon as
I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a
man.
Oh dear! is that she? Is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,
And as fast as it's down she'll just shake it up;

And, thumpity-thump! with the greatest delight
Her heel it is going from morning to night.
All over the house you may hear it,
I'm sure,
Trot! trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to endure!

L. J. H.

DID you ever see our baby—
Little Tot?
With her blue eyes sparkling bright,
Luscious cheeks of rose and white,
Lips of glowing ruby light?
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
Of the lot!

You don't think so? You ne'er saw her!
If you could,
'Mong her pretty playthings clattering,
While her little tongue was chattering,

And her nimble feet a-pattering,
Think you would
Say with me she is the sweetest,
If you should.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
To her eye (it's not a pity)
Is as bright and fresh and pretty,
As my rose.

Heavenly Father! spare them to us
Till life's close!
Bless me! here's another baby,
Just as cunning as can be,
Eyes as blue as bonnie blue-bells,
Breath as sweet as rosemary.
Smile—a tiny, flashing sunbeam,
Hair of purest, fairest gold,
Hands and shoulders full of dimples,
Little Winnie, eight months old.

Making funny, cooing speeches
Nobody can understand—
Such a quaint and pretty language,
Only spoke in Baby-Land.
Should I sing all day about her,
All her sweetness were not told:
She's a bud, a bird, a fairy,
Little Winnie, eight months old.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.
DEAR little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
When on New Year's morning
Robbie's opening eyes
Spied the brand-new baby,
What a glad surprise!

Constantly he watched her,
Scarcely cared to play,
Lest the precious baby
Should be snatched away.

Now he's gone and sold her!
For to-day he ran
And proclaimed to mamma,
"Yes, I've found a man!

"Here's the man 'll buy her;
Get her ready, krack!"
With an air of business
Brandishing a stick.

"Sold my baby, Robbie?"
Mamma sadly said;
Robbie, quite decided,
Bobbed his little head.

"Well, if this man buys her,
What will he give you?"
"Oh, two nice big horses,
And five pennies, too!

"What's the good of babies?
Only 'queal and 'cream;
I can go horse-backin'
When I get my team."

But when quiet night came,
Robbie's prayers were said,
And he looked at Baby
In her little bed.

And he said, when Baby
Smiled in some sweet dream,
BABY-LAND.
How many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-land?
Why, the oddest things;

Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

George Cooper.

CREEP BEFORE YOU WALK.
Creep away, my bairnie,
Creep before you gang;
Listen with both ears
To your old granny's sang;
If you go as far as I,
You will think the road lang;
Creep away, my bairnie,
Creep before you gang.
Creep away, my bairnie;  
You're too young to learn  
To tot up and down yet,  
My bonnie wee bairn;  
Better creeping, careful,  
Than falling with a bang,  
Hurting all your wee brow;  
Creep before you gang.

The little birdie falls  
When it tries too soon to fly;  
Folks are sure to tumble  
When they climb too high.  
Those who do not walk aright  
Are sure to come to wrang;  
Creep away, my bairnie,  
Creep before you gang.

James Ballantyne.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Lips, lips, open!  
Up comes a little bird that lives inside,  
Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings;  
Up he comes, and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?  
Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?  
Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?  
All round the world, and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air,  
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks, and in he flies;  
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away;  
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must go  
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round—  
Round and round he goes,—sleep, sleep sound!

Arthur Hugh Clough.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie—  
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger."  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away."

Alfred Tennyson.
A YOUNG GIRL TO HER LITTLE BROTHER.
My pretty baby brother
Is six months old to-day,
And, though he cannot speak,
He knows whate’er I say.
Whenever I come near
He crow for very joy,
And dearly do I love him,
The darling baby-boy!

My brother’s cheek is blooming,
And his bright laughing eyes
Are like the pure spring violets,
Or the summer cloudless skies.
His mouth is like a rosebud,
So delicate and red,
And his hair is soft as silk,
And curls all round his head.
When he laughs, upon his face
So many dimples play
They seem like little sunbeams
Which o’er his features stray.
I am sure we all must love him,
He is so full of glee:
Just like a ray of sunshine
My brother is to me.

When in his pretty cradle
He lies in quiet sleep,
’Tis joy to be beside him,
A faithful watch to keep;
And when his sleep is over,
I love to see him lie
And lift the silken fringes
That veil his sweet blue eye.

Oh, my dear, dear baby brother,
Our darling and our pet!
The very sweetest plaything
I ever have had yet.
The pretty little creature,
He grows so every day
That when the summer comes
In the garden he will play.

How cunning he will look
Among the grass and flowers!
No blossom is so fair
As this precious one of ours.
Every night before I sleep,
When I kneel to say my prayer,
I ask my heavenly Father
Of my brother to take care.

THE BABIE.
Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin’ on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o’ sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimples chin,
Her puckered lips and baumy mou’
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither’s een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel’s face:
We’re glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin’ o’ our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel;
’Tfad be nae blessin’ thus.

We still maun lo’e the Giver mair.
An’ see Him in the given;
An’ sae she’ll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae heaven.

CRADLE SONG.
[From the German.]
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father’s watching the sheep,
Thy mother’s shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
    Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
    Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.
    Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child!
    Sleep, baby, sleep!

Elizabeth Prentiss
BABY DAYS.

BABY PAUL.

Up in the early morning,
    Just at the peep of day,
Driving the sleep from my eyelids,
    Pulling the quilts away;
Pinching my cheeks and my forehead
    With his white fingers small:
This is my bright-eyed darling,
    This is my baby Paul.

Down on the floor in the parlor,
    Creeping with laugh and shout,
Or out in the kitchen and pantry,
    Tossing the things about;
Rattling the pans and the kettles,
    Scratching the table and wall:
This is my roguish darling,
    This is my baby Paul.

Riding on papa’s shoulder,
    Trotting on grandpa’s knee,
Pulling his hair and whiskers,
    Laughing in wildest glee;
Reaching for grandma’s knitting,
    Snatching her thimble and ball;
This is our household idol,
    This is our baby Paul.

Playing bo-peep with his brother,
    Kissing the little girls,
Roaming with aunt and uncles,
    Clutching his sister’s curls;
Teasing old puss from her slumbers,
    Pattering o’er porch and hall:
This is our bonny wee darling,
    This is our baby Paul.

Nestling up close to my bosom,
    Laying his cheek to mine,
Covering my mouth with his kisses
    Sweeter than golden wine,
Flinging his white arms about me,
    Soft as the snow-flakes fall:
This is my cherished darling,
    This is my baby Paul.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer,
    The wealth in my darling I hold,
Than all the earth’s glittering treasure,
    Its glory, and honors, and gold;
If these at my feet were now lying,
    I’d gladly renounce them all
For the sake of my bright-eyed darling,
    My dear little baby Paul.

Mrs. Bishop Thompson.

LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker.
PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest, love glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king—

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA NULock CRAIK.
"SWEET AND LOW."
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and
blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LULLABY.
A song for the baby, sweet little Bo-peep;
Come, wee Willie Winkie, and sing her to sleep.

Come toss her high up, and trot her low down;
This is the road to Brinklepeepstown.

Come, press down her eyelids, and sing in her ear
The wonderful songs that in Dream-land we hear,
The chime of the waters, the drone of the bees,
The tales that the blossoms are telling the breeze.

For, spite of her crowing and cooing, I see
The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.
Down flutter the eyelids—dear little
Bopeep,
Now whist! Willie Winkie, she's gone
fast asleep.

Shirley Dare.

CRADLE SONG.
'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Mild dewdrops are kissing
The bloom-covered lea;
Like plumes gently waving,
The soft zephyrs creep;
The birds are all dreaming,
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Away in the distance
The stars twinkle free;
O'er all of His creatures
His watch He will keep
Who guardeth the sparrows—
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

Mary M. Bowen.

POLLY PANSY.
Pretty Polly Panay
Hasn't any hair—
Just a ruff of gold down
Fit for ducks to wear;
Merry, twinkling blue eyes,
Noselet underneath,
And a pair of plump lips
Innocent of teeth.

Either side each soft cheek
A jolly little ear,
Painted like a conch-shell:
Isn't she a dear?

Twice five fingers,
Ten tiny toes;
Polly's always counting,
So of course she knows.

If you take a tea-cup,
Polly wants to drink;
If you write a letter,
What delicious ink!
Helps you read your paper,
News of half the town;
Holds it just as you do,
Only upside down!
Polly, when she's sleepy,
Means to rub her eyes—
Thumps her nose so blindly
Ten to one she cries!
Niddle-noddle numpkin,
Pretty lids shut fast,
Ring the bells and fire the guns,
Polly's off at last!

Pop her in her cradle,
Draw the curtains round;
Fists are good for sucking—
Don't we know the sound?
Oh, my Polly Panay,
Can it, can it be,
That we ugly old folks
Once resembled thee?

DON'T WAKE THE BABY.

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

Play and talk, but whisper low;
Mother wants to work, we know,
That when father comes to tea
All may neat and cheerful be.
PLAY-DAYS.
MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister,
She's only two years old;
But she's a little darling,
And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me
When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
In such a pretty way;

And then she'll say so sweetly,
In innocence and joy,
"Tell me story, sister dear,
About the little boy."

Sometimes when I am knitting
She'll pull my needles out,
And then she'll skip and dance around
With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her,
Though I'm not very glad
To have her take my needles out,
And make my work so bad;

But then if I would have her
To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle
While telling her the wrong.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our skirts,
And scatters pins afar.

That squeaking door will always
squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
   And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
   Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
   But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
   By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
   To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
   That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
   To Mr. Nobody.

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THE LITTLE PET.

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's
   winsome ways,
And worth my solid weight in gold,
   my uncle Johnny says;
My curly little noodle holds a thim-
   bleful of sense;
Not quite as much as Solomon's—but
   his was so immense!
I know that sugar-plums are sweet, that
   "No, my love," means "Yes;"
That when I'm big I'll always wear my
   pretty Sunday dress.
And I can count—'leven, six, nine,
   five—and say my A B C.
Now have you any taffy, dear, that
   you could give to me?

I'm Bridget's "torment of her life, that
   makes her brain run wild,"
And mamma's "darling little elf," and
   grandpa's "blessed child;"
And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me not,"
   and papa's "'Gyptian queen:"
I make them stand about, you see;
   that must be what they mean.

---

For opening hard old, stony hearts, I
   have two precious keys,
And one is, "Oh, I thank you, sir;"
   the other, "If you please;"
And if these do not answer, I know
   another trick:
I squeeze two little tear-drops out;
   that melts them pretty quick.

I'm sweet as any lily-bed, and sweeter
   too, I s'pose,
But that's no reason why I shouldn't
   rumple up my clothes.
Oh, would I be an angel, if an angel
   never cries,
Nor soils its pretty pinafore a-making
   nice dirt pies?
I'm but a little lassie, with a thimble-
   ful of sense,
And as to being very wise, I'd best
   make no pretence;
But when I am a woman grown, now
   don't you think I'll do,
If only just about as good as dear
   mamma and you?

LITTLE CORPORAL.
PLAY-DAYS.

ANNIE.

I've a sweet little pet; she is up with the lark, And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark, And she chatters and dances the blessed day long, Now laughing in gladness, now singing a song. She never is silent; the whole summer day She is off on the green with the blossoms at play, Now seeking a buttercup, plucking a rose, Or laughing aloud at the thistle she blows. She never is still; now at some merry elf You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;

You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of fun, Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done; And whatever you do, that same thing, without doubt, Must the mischievous Annie be busied about. She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me, And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs, And to infant accomplishments adding her prayers. I have told everything that the darling can do, For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two. She's the picture of health, and a Southern-born thing, Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing; And I fain would be foe to lip that hath smiled At this wee bit of song of the dear little child.

MY LOVE, ANNIE.

Soft of voice and light of hand As the fairest in the land,— Who can rightly understand My Love, Annie?

Simple in her thoughts and ways, True in every word she says,— Who shall even dare to praise My Love, Annie?
'Midst a naughty world, and rude,
Never in ungentle mood,
Never tired of being good—
My Love, Annie.

Hundreds of the wise and great
Might o'erlook her meek estate,
But on her good angels wait—
My Love, Annie.

Many or few the loves that may
Shine upon her silent way—
God will love her night and day,
My Love, Annie.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep
If the theme be dark and deep;
And we will not draw a single, single tear,
Mother dear!

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like an endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore bid thy song be merry:—
dost thou hear,
Mother dear?

Bryan Waller Procter
(Barry Cornwall).

FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play,
And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale!

But we hadn't sail'd into London town,
When captain, and crew, and vessel went down—

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor, and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she would be policeman now,
And tried to rest us. She didn't know how!

Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickity, kickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me,
Or which was Towser, for, all in a mix,
You'd think three people had turn'd to six,
Till Towser's tail had caught in a door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more;
And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

DEAR Grandma, I will try to write
A very little letter:
If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover;
He likes to see me very much,
But is afraid of Rover.

I've got a dove, as white as snow,
I call her "Polly Feather;"
She flies and hops about the yard,
In every kind of weather.

I think she likes to see it rain,
For then she smooths her jacket;
And seems to be so proud and vain,
The turkeys make a racket.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And singing very loudly;
While our old peacock struts about,
And shows his colors proudly.

I guess I'll close my letter now,
I've nothing more to tell;
Please answer soon, and come to see
Your loving little Nell!

WISCONSIN FARMER.

POLLY'S DOLLY.

SHINING eyes, very blue,
Opened very wide;
Yellow curls, very stiff,
Hanging side by side;
Chubby cheeks, very pink;
Lips red as holly;
No ears, and only thumbs—
That's Polly's dolly!

Merry eyes, very round;
Hair crimped and long;
Two little cherry lips,  
Sending forth a song;  
Very plump, and rather short;  
Grand ways to Dolly;  
Fond of games, fond of fun—  
That’s Dolly’s Polly.

"Dolly! I make all your clothes—  
Don’t I make them neatly?  
And to you I sing my song—  
Don’t I sing it sweetly?  
I gave you a pinafore,  
With many ribbons gay;  
And I sing and talk to you,  
Till darkness hides the day.

"Yet you never thank me, Doll—  
You never say a word;  
You are not half as grateful, Doll,  
As pussy-cat or bird.  
Pussy purrs, and birdie sings,  
But you are like a mouse—  
Never even thanked me, Doll,  
For pretty bran-new house!

"To be sure, you never cry  
When I bump your head;  
And once you out of window fell,  
Yet not a word you said.  
And if I e’er forget you, Doll,  
And leave you in your place  
All the day, yet not a frown  
Is seen upon your face.

"You shall teach me, Dolly dear,  
Not to cry or pout,  
If any one is cross to me,  
And no one takes me out.  
I wish that I could teach you, Doll,  
All prettily to say  
‘Thank you!’ when I sing to you,  
And give you ribbons gay.”

THE LOST DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white,  
dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played in the heath one day;  
And I cried for her more than a week,  
dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played in the heath one day;  
Folks say she is terribly changed,  
dears,  
For her paint is all washed away.  
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curled;  
Yet for old sake’s sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.  

Charles Kingsley.
DOCTOR'S VISIT.
LITTLE MAMMA, WITH A SICK DOLL.

Come and see my baby dear; 
Doctor, she is ill, I fear. 
Yesterday, do what I would, 
She would touch no kind of food, 
And she tosses, moans, and cries. 
Doctor, what do you advise?

DOCTOR.
Hum! ha! Good madam, tell me, pray, 
What have you offered her to-day? 
Ah, yes, I see—a piece of cake; 
The worst thing you could make her take. 
Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear 
Too many plums and currants here; 
But stop! I will just taste again, 
So as to make the matter plain.

LITTLE MAMMA.
But, doctor, pray excuse me; oh, 
You've eaten all my cake up now! 
I thank you kindly for your care, 
But do you think 'twas hardly fair?

DOCTOR.
Oh, dear me! Did I eat the cake? 
Well, it was for dear Baby's sake. 
But keep her in her bed, well warm, 
And you will see she'll take no harm. 
At night and morning use, once more, 
Her drink and powder as before; 
And she must not be over-fed, 
But may just have a piece of bread. 
To-morrow, then, I dare to say, 
She'll be quite right. Good-day! good-day!
THE NEW DOLL.

Dear doll, how I love you!
Your form is so fair,
Your eyes are like diamonds,
And curly your hair;
I never get weary
Of seeing your face;
And you are so lovely,
I call you "Miss Grace."

My kind mamma bought you
One day at a fair,
All dressed out so gayly,
And wrapped up with care.
She gave me a workbox,
Cloth, scissors, and thread,
To make tiny sheets
For your neat little bed.

Here's silk for your dresses,
And ribbons to trim;
I'll make you as fine as
My wax "Dolly Prim."
My mamma loves order.
So, Gracie, you see
If I don't keep my workbox
As neat as can be.

No silk shall be ravelled,
No spool shall be lost;
I'll obey her, no matter
What labor it cost;
I'll take tiny stitches,
And hem every skirt,
Nor scollop with scissors
Like wild Kitty Flirt.

And thus I'll be learning
To make my own clothes,
And help mamma sew
For our sweet baby Rose;
For, mind you, Miss Gracie,
I sha'n't always play
With dolls; I hope I'll be
A tall woman some day.

Then I hope to make garments
Much larger than these—
Warm hoods, gowns, and cloaks,
That the poor may not freeze;
And then, if I'm asked where
I got all my skill,
I'll tell them 'twas making
Your dress, cloak, and frill.

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

Our doll-baby show, it was something
quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the
land.
Each girl brought her own, in its prettiest
dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin
less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered
a prize;
There were wee mites of dollies, and
some of great size;
Some came in rich purple, some lilac,
some white,
With ribbons and laces—a wonderful
sight!

Now, there was one dolly so tall and so
proud
She put all the others quite under a
cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not
make fine birds.

We sat in a row, with our dolls in our
laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no
mishaps.
No boys were admitted—for boys will
make fun;
Now which do you think was the dolly
that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who
would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee
had met;
We were the committee; and which do
you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a
wink?

Why, each of us said that our own was
the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest
drest;
So we all got the prize. We'll invite
you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-
baby show.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me.
I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use saying she isn't, with a
crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that!
Why, just suppose it was you!
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs, and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter!
Oh, but it's the awfkest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack!
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the littleshelf.—
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her?
I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horridcat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind; I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll who is dead;
She died of a broken heart and a dreadful crack in her head!"

Margaret Vandeorift.

VOYAGE IN THE ARM-CHAIR.

Oh, papa! dear papa! we've had such a fine game!
We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed, oh, as nice as could be.
We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
Who cried, "Ease her," and "Back her," and "Slow;"
And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
And as Tom couldn't pay he went free;
From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when halfway
Tom overboard jumped to the floor,
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back; don't be drowned,"
He galloped right out of the door.

But papa, dear papa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of the sail:
From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about!
Oh, I wish we had not come on this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh yes, let us get away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug;"
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

TOMMY'S ARMY.
I've got two hundred soldiers,
An army brave and true;
And some are dressed in blue and red,
And some in white and blue.
I put them in the window-seat,
   And make them drill in line;
March, march, stiff as starch,
   Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

There are fifty little clean white tents,
   And half a dozen forts,
And twenty bright brass cannon,
   And all of different sorts.
I put them in the window-seat,
   And don’t they just look fine?
March, march, stiff as starch,
   Little soldiers mine!
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

I’d like to be a soldier,
   And wear the red and blue;
I suppose the shots don’t hurt as much
   As people say they do.
My soldiers never mind the peas,
   Although they hit so strong,
And when they fall I pick them up,
   And make them march along.
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and strong.

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PLAYING KING.

Ho! I’m a king, a king! A crown is on my head,
   A sword is at my side, and regal is my tread;
Ho, slave! proclaim my will to all the people round:
The schools are hereby closed; henceforth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end; all slates I order smashed;
The man who says “Arithmetic,” he must be soundly thrashed;
All grammars shall be burnt; the spellers we will tear;
The boy who spells correctly, a fool’s cup he shall wear.

No dolls shall be allowed, for dolls are what I hate;
The girls must give them up, and learn to swim and skate;
Confectioners must charge only a cent a pound
For all the plums and candy that in the shops are found.

That man who asks a dime for any pear or peach,
I’ll have him hung so high that none his feet can reach;
No baker is allowed hereafter to bake bread—
He must bake only pies and cake and ginger-snaps instead.

All lecturers must quit our realm without delay;
The circus-men and clowns, on pain of death, must stay;
All folk who frown on fun at once must banished be.
Now, fellow, that you know my will, to its fulfilment see!

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**WILLIE WINKIE.**

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Upstairs and doon stairs, in his nightgown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue!—glowerin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an ainr jug wi' an ainr spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawlin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

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Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Weary is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumplie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

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**"HOLD FAST WHAT I GIVE YOU."**

"Molly, and Maggie, and Alice,
Three little maids in a row,
At play in an arbor palace,
Where the honeysuckles grow,—

"Six dimpled palms press'd together,
Even and firm, two by two,—
Three eager, upturned faces,
Bonny brown eyes and blue.

"Which shall it be, O you charmers?
Alas! I am sorely tried,—
I, a hard-hearted old hermit,
Who the question am set to decide.

"Molly, the sprite, the darling,
Shaking her shower of curls,
Whose laugh is the brook's own ripple,
Gayest and gladdest of girls?

"Maggie, the wild little brownie,
Every one's plaything and pet,
Who leads me a chase through the garden
For a kiss, the wicked coquette?

"Or Alice?—ah! shy-eyed Alice,
Looking so softly down
Under her long, dark lashes
And hair so golden brown,—

"Alice who talks with the flowers,
And says there are none so wise,—
Who knows there are elves and fairies,
For hasn't she seen their bright eyes?

"There! there! at last I am ready
To go down the bright eager row;
So, up with your hands, my Graces,
Close,—nobody else must know.

"'Hold fast what I give you,' Molly!
(Poor little empty palms!)
'Hold fast what I give you,' Maggie!
(A frown steals over her charms.)

"'Hold fast what I give you,' Alice!
You smile,—do you so much care?
Unclasp your little pink fingers:
Ah ha! the button is there!

"But do you know, sweet Alice,
All that I give you to keep?
For into my heart you have stolen,
As sunbeams to shadows creep.

"You a glad little maiden,—
How old are you? Only nine,—
With your bright, brown hair all shining,
While the gray is coming to mine.

"No matter, you'll be my true-love,
And come to my old arms so;
And 'hold fast what I give you,' Alice,
For nobody else must know."

Lily Warner.

WHAT?

What was it that Charlie saw, today,
Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
A shoal of the spotted trout at play?
Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there indeed;
But as for the puzzle,—guess again!
It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed;—
Who knows but a bee had fallen down?
Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle yet.
Not even the wing of a wounded bee,
Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so wise,—
What could the wonderful sight have been,
But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
Of the rogue who was looking in?

Kate Putnam Osgood.
A COMFORTER.

"Will she come to me, little Effie?
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west?

"I and Effie will sit together,
All alone in this great arm-chair:
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear?

"No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try,—
Only looks with a wistful wonder
Why grown people should ever cry;

"While her little soft arms close tighter
Round my neck in their clinging hold;—
Well, I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

"I am tired of trying to read, dear;
It is worse to talk and seem gay:
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

"Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before,
And the reasoning down one's sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more.
"But my Effie won't reason, will she?  
Or endeavor to understand?  
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me  
As she strokes my face with her hand.

"If you break your plaything yourself, dear,  
Don't you cry for it all the same?  
I don't think it is such a comfort  
One has only one's self to blame.

"People say things cannot be helped, dear,  
But then that is the reason why;  
For if things could be helped or altered,  
One would never sit down to cry.

"They say, too, that tears are quite useless  
To undo, amend, or restore;  
When I think how useless, my Effie,  
Then my tears only fall the more.

"All to-day I struggled against it,  
But that does not make sorrow cease;  
And now, dear, it is such a comfort  
To be able to cry in peace.

"Though wise people would call that folly,  
And remonstrate with grave surprise,  
We won't mind what they say, my Effie,—  
We never professed to be wise.

"But my comforter knows a lesson  
Wiser, truer than all the rest—  
That to help and to heal a sorrow  
Love and silence are always best.

"Well, who is my comforter—tell me?  
Effie smiles, but she will not speak,  
Or look up through the long curled lashes  
That are shading her rosy cheek.

"Is she thinking of talking fishes,  
The blue-bird, or magical tree?  
Perehaps I am thinking, my darling,  
Of something that never can be.

"You long—don't you, dear,—for the genii,  
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings?  
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,  
I want as impossible things.

"But hark! there is Nurse calling Effie!  
It is bedtime; so run away;  
And I must go back, or the others  
Will be wondering why I stay.

"So good-night to my darling Effie;  
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise:  
There's one kiss for her golden tresses,  
And two for her sleepy eyes."

_ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER._

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**MAMMA'S KISSES.**

A kiss when I wake in the morning,  
A kiss when I go to bed,  
A kiss when I burn my fingers,  
A kiss when I bump my head;

A kiss when my bath is over,  
A kiss when my bath begins;  
My mamma is as full of kisses—  
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,  
A kiss when I pull her hair;  
She covered me over with kisses  
The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,  
A kiss when I give her joy:  
There's nothing like mamma's kisses  
To her own little baby-boy.
"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other.

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day, and say, 'Little children love one another.' Barks at the squirrels or snaps at the flies, zealously chases the robins away, all the while Fanny is making mud-pies.

The little girl did as her Bible taught, and pleasant indeed was the change it wrought; for the boy looked up in glad surprise, to meet the light of her loving eyes:

His heart was full, he could not speak, but he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on that happy mother whose little children loved each other.

Aunt Mary.

Making Mud-Pies.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick, sunshine and soft summer breezes astir; happy with only a pan and a stick, while she is busy are busy with her; on the soft grass in the shadow that lies, cheeks rosy glowing and bright sparkling eyes.

Our little Fanny is making mud-pies. Bring they to Fanny while making mud-pies.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look "Making believe" she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes Show that our Fanny is making mud-pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play Soap and clean water will soon wash away; But not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of these sweet summer skies Many a pleasure in daintier guise.

Nothing's so pleasant as making mud-pies.

Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud-pies.
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?
I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!  
---  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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MY CHILDREN.

Have you seen Annie and Kitty,  
Two merry children of mine?  
All that is winning and pretty  
Their little persons combine.

Annie is kissing and clinging  
Dozens of times in a day—  
Chattering, laughing, and singing,  
Romping and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbors,  
Dainty and dirty alike—  
Learns all their talk, and, "be jabers,"  
Says she "adores little Mike."

Annie goes mad for a flower,  
Eager to pluck and destroy—  
Cuts paper dolls by the hour,  
Always her model—a boy.

Annie is full of her fancies,  
Tells most remarkable lies  
(Innocent little romances,  
Startling in one of her size).

Three little prayers we have taught her,  
Graded from winter to spring;  
Oh, you should listen my daughter  
Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses  
Kitty, my lily, my rose!  
Wary of all my caresses,  
Chary of all she bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,  
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,  
And with the gravest of faces  
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!  
Oh, what a doll she has built—  
Guiltless of figure or feature—  
Out of her own little quilt!

Naught must come near it to wake it;  
Noise must not give it alarm;  
And when she sleeps she must take it  
Into her bed on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller,  
Uttering never a word,  
But when alone in the parlor  
Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather,  
And, with a comical smile,  
Mutters "I won't" to her father,  
Eying him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other—  
Isn't the thing, I confess;  
And I observe that their mother  
Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper  
In a relation like this;  
I wouldn't toss up a copper—  
Kitty, come, give me a kiss!

J. G. HOLLAND.
LITTLE HELPERS.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,—
We little children are busy;
Sure, there is work for us all,
   Helping Papa.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry,
Picking the apples and peaches
Down in the orchard hard by,
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall,—
We little children are busy;
Yes, there is work for us all,
   Helping Papa.

Sweeping and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
Helping to make up the beds,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall,—
We little children are busy;
Oh, there is work for us all,
   Helping Mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better 
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come to their call,
Children should love to be busy,—
There is much work for us all,
   Helping Papa and Mamma.
LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go,
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
Full of mischief looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Daring little fingers,
Never, never still!

Make them, heavenly Father,
Always do thy will.
"APPLES OF GOLD."

NOTHING TO DO.

I have sailed my boat and spun my top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks— I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I can see where the boys have gone to fish;
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod:
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away

After berries. I'm sure they've been out for hours;
I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.
Now, let's have a game of play, Lucy, Jane, and little May!
I will be a grizzly bear,
Prowling here and prowling there,
Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find you children out;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree.

Oh no! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grizzly bear;
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now as you came along;
And she'll scream and start to-night
If you give her any fright.

Well, then, I will be a fox!
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple tree
Crowing out so lustily;
I will softly creep this way—
Peep—and pounce upon my prey;
And I'll bear you to my den,
Where the fern grows in the glen.
"Oh no, Robert! you're so strong,
While you're dragging us along
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks:
We won't play at hens and cocks."

"If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares;
Then you'll only have to run,—
Girls are never up to fun."

"You've your play, and we have ours:
Go and climb the trees again!
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers!
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells
For the latest summer roses."

Mrs. Hawtrey.

THE SLEEPY LITTLE SISTER.

I sat, one evening, watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book,
And pretty soon I said,
"Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed?"

"No," she said, "I isn't sleepy,
But I can't hold up my head.
Just now it feels so heavy
There isn't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear old Mother Goose.
I sha'n't shut up my eyes at all,
And so you need not fear;
I'll keep them open all the while,
To see this picture here."

And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;

Her arms embraced the children small
Inhabiting the shoe;
"Oh dear!" thought I, "what shall I say?
For this will never do."

I sat a while in silence,
Till the clock struck its "ding, ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said,
"I isn't sleepy, sister,
But I guess I'll go to bed."

Georgiana M'Neil.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage-work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlit stillness
You hear the river run;
The cotter's children whisper,
Then speak out one and all:
"Come, father, make for Johnny
A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair:
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny;
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems the moment after
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows,
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne’er was gilded painting
Hung up in lordly hall
Gave half the simple pleasure
This rabbit on the wall.

Ah! who does not remember
When humble sports like these
Than many a costlier pastime
Had greater power to please?
When o’er life’s autumn pathway
The sere leaves thickly fall,
How oft we sigh, recalling
The rabbit on the wall!  

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There’s Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear the voice I hear
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—

Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard-closes,
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies.
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near
A play-ground in the wood,
And there heard a thing from youth-ful lips
That I’ve never understood.

“Now let the old cat die,” he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gayly scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where it went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

“But the little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone,” I said;
“ But I’ll play the mischief with him.”
I forced my way between the boughs,  
   The poor old cat to seek;  
And what did I find but a swinging child,  
   With her bright hair brushing her cheek!  

Her bright hair floated to and fro,  
   Her red little dress flashed by,  
But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,  
   Was the gleam of her laughing eye.  

Swinging and swaying back and forth,  
   With the rose-light in her face,  
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,  
   And the wood her native place.  

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child!"  
   But she stopped me with a cry:  
"Go 'way! go 'way! Don't touch me,  
   Please;  
I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You letting him die!" I cried aghast;  
"Why, where is the cat, my dear?"  
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods  
   Was a thing for the birds to hear.  
"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,  
   The flitting, beautiful elf,  
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die'  
   When the swing stops all itself?"

Then floating and swinging, and looking back  
   With merriment in her eye,  
She bade me "good-day," and I left her alone,  
   A-letting the old cat die.

MARY MAPES DODGE.
POLLY.

Brown eyes,
Straight nose;
Dirt-pies,
Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
Obvious arts;
(Three her age is),
Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down stairs;

Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs—
Cause not plain;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
"Mercy's sake!
Quiet, dear!"

New shoes,
New frock;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd;
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!

Bed-gown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good night!—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

"LILLIPUT LEVER."
IN THE CLOSET.

They've taken away the ball,
Oh dear!
And I'll never get it back,
I fear;
And now they've gone away,
And left me here to stay
All alone the live-long-day
In here.

It was my ball, anyway—
Not his,
For he never had a ball
Like this.
Such a coward you'll not see,
E'en if you should live to be
Old as Deuteronomy,
As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball,
And somehow it hit his head;
Then his nose it went and bled,
And as if I'd killed him dead
He did bawl.

Nursey said I was a horrid
Little wretch,
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch;
And cook, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said, "Indeed, she never had
Seen setch!"

No, I never, never will
Be good!
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood!

I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be!
Then they'll never call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting!
Let me see—.
I wonder what they're going to have
For tea?
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely potted ham.
How unfortunate I am!
Dear me!

Oh! it's growing very dark
In here,
And the shadow in that corner
Looks so queer!
Won't they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright;
Oh dear!

Mother, darling! will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack!
Hark! Yes, 'tis her voice I hear!
Now good-bye to every fear,
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?"
Answer that question for me, if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noodle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.”

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
“Good to love you, mamma—good to love you.”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold; not he—
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!

Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more—that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.
I know he's coming, by this sign—
That Baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares!
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, Baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands!

MARY HOWITT.
A LITTLE GOOSE.

The chill November day was done,
The working-world home-faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gas-lights flaring,
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the soughing wind,
I heard a small voice crying;

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover;
Her dimpled face was stained with tears,
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure,
while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh, please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet.
Don't cry; I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget;
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,
The monkey took the money;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;
Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is Mother Dear;
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed—
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers—
He's such a baby, he forgets;
And we are both such players;
And there's a bar between, to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
Oh dear! I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring.
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said, at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck:
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she, smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!
My eyes astonished met it.
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forget it,
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

ELISA SPLOAT TURNER.
**MY MOTHER.**

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?

*My Mother.*

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?

*My Mother.*

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

*My Mother.*

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

*My Mother.*

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

*My Mother.*

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

*My Mother.*

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

*My Mother.*

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,

*My Mother.*

Ah no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

*My Mother.*

When thou art feeble, old, and gray
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

*My Mother.*
And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll-babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fair as the morning dew,
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Were you good or naughty the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and beads like mine,
And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting, she said:
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."
The grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child with throat like snow,
Lip just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel and golden hair,
Hand all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh! who is it?" cried winsome May;
"How I wish she were here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything!
Wouldn't I with her frolic and sing!
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?"

"Darling," said grandmamma, "I was she."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face.

"How funny!" she cried, with a smile and a kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like you best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,
And grandmamma told her history—
What plays she played, what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.

"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me."

MARY A. DENISON.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.
I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor feller ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
To other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys!"

"Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers ev'ry night—
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.
GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon grand-papa's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly, and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-ropes,
And I made, out of some water and soap,
Bubbling worlds! mamma's castles of Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I come home, and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee.
I'm jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Golden Hair! sweet be thy rest!
We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night over shadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair’s play!

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink, like an innocent child, to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

— F. Buroe Smith. —

WHICH LOVED BEST?

“I love you, mother,” said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden-swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

“I love you, mother,” said rosy Nell—
“I love you better than tongue can tell;”
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fan;
“To-day I’ll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn’t keep!”
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Grandpapa’s spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, round and round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
“Ten cents for the child who will find them to-day.”

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said, “I’ll look for them, grandpa, without any pay.”

All through the big Bible she searches with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa’s chair;
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.
Then down on all-fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare
He believes that those glasses are not anywhere.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they could be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands—all her dimples came out,—
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout:
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

**TRUE LOVE.**

"How much I love you, mother dear!"
A little prattler said:
"I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed.

"I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue:

"I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide:
"My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go,
And this is why I sometimes chide,
Because I love you so."
A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy-chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother dead
Had sat in the selfsame place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.
Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage-girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage I dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."
“You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“But they are dead—those two are dead,  
Their spirits are in heaven.”

“T’was throwing words away, for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, “Nay, we are seven.”

**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.**

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**SEVEN TIMES ONE.**

**EXULTATION.**

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven:  
I've said my “seven times” over and over;  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always, they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powder'd your legs with gold!  
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!
O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day

Andie Ingelow.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great, lofty Elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

William Allingham.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,
Glowering in the fire with his wee round face;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.
His wee chubby face and his touzie curly pow
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps with their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' doun!
Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare,
See how he loups as they glimmer in the air.
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men,
A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing maks us stare;
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is brentsae braid, oh, pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night;
Aulder e'en than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

**A LITTLE STORY.**

Oh, the book is a beauty, my darling,
The pictures are all very fine,
But it's time you were soundly sleep-
ing,
For the little hand points to nine;
So, here's a good-night—but give me
A dozen of kisses or more,
To make me forget what vexed me
To-day in the dull old store.

Can't go till I tell you a story?
Well, a long, long time ago,
When I was a little wee fellow—
No bigger than you, you know—
When I hadn't a nurse as you have,
And my papa was gone for goods,
I ran away from my mamma,
And got lost in the big pine woods.

I'll tell you just how it happened:
I was hunting for eggs, you see,
And all over the house and the garden
My mamma was hunting for me;
Hunting and calling, "Oh, Willie!
Ho! Willie! where are you, my son?"

And I heard her and hid in the bushes,
And thought it the jolliest of fun.

Naughty? Ah! Robin! I know it,
But I didn't think of it then;
I laughed and said, "I'm a robber,
And this is my dear little den.
I'd like to see any one take me,
I reckon—Oh ho! what's that?"
And away I went after a squirrel
As round and as black as my hat.

No; I didn't forget my dear mamma,
But "boys will be boys," I said;
And I kept a good eye on squirrel,
And followed wherever he led,
Over briers, and bogs, and bushes,
Till the night fell blackly about,
And I found I was far in the forest,
And didn’t know how to get out.

What became of the squirrel? why,
Robin!
To be thinking of him, and not me!
When I hadn’t a thing for my pillow,
That night, but the root of a tree—
With a bit of soft moss for its cover—
And never a star overhead;
Oh, oh, how I cried for my mother,
Till I slept, and dreamed I was dead.

I awoke in my own little chamber;
My papa was holding my hand,
And my mamma was crying beside me;
I couldn’t at first understand
Just what it all meant—when they told me
I wasn’t to stir or to speak,
For I was half dead when they found me,
And had been very sick for a week.

But I pretty soon thought of the squirrel,
And the bushes and briers; and then—
“Oh, mamma, forgive me,” I whispered,
“For hiding away in a den!”
“Hush, hush! my poor darling!” she answered;
And I turned my face to the wall,
Crying softly, because I was sorry.
Now kiss me good-night. That is all.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.
Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,  
And from his heavenly throne  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.  

Isaac Watts.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip! he this day  
Has his long coats cast away,  
And (the childish season gone)  
Puts the manly breeches on.  
Officer on gay parade,  
Red-coat in his first cockade,  
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,  
Birthday beau surpassing him,  
Never did with conscious gait  
Strut about in half the state,  
Or the pride (yet free from sin),  
Of my little manikin:  
Never was there pride, or bliss,  
Half so rational as his.  
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—  
Philip's limbs have got their freedom.  
He can run, or he can ride,  
And do twenty things beside,  
Which his petticoats forbade:  
Is he not a happy lad?  
Now he's under other banners,  
He must leave his former manners,  
Bid adieu to female games,  
And forget their very names—  
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,  
Sports for girls and punies weak!  
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;  
Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at;  
Show his strength and skill at cricket,  
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;  
Run about in winter's snow  
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;  
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,  
Without any fear to fall.

If he get a hurt or bruise,  
To complain he must refuse,  
Though the anguish and the smart  
Go unto his little heart.  
He must have his courage ready,  
Keep his voice and visage steady,  
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,  
That a tear may never come;  
And his grief must only speak  
From the color in his cheek.  
This and more he must endure—  
Hero he in miniature!  
This and more must now be done,  
Now the breeches are put on.

Mary Lamb.

THE PIPER.

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:  

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again;"  
So I piped; he wept to hear.  

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.  

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight;  
And I plucked a hollow reed,  

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.
LESSONS OF LIFE.
A GOOD NAME.
Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it;
'Tis a precious diadem;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it;
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish;
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it;
You will need it when you're old.

FIVE THINGS.
If Wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

TRUTH.
Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth;
Truth is steadfast, sure, and fast—
Certain to prevail at last.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

Three little words we often see—
An Article, a, an, and the.
A Noun's the name of anything,
As, school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As, great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, his face, my arm, your hand.

Verbs tell of something being done—
To read, write, count, sing, jump, or run.

How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As, slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

A Preposition stands before
A noun, as, in or through a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As, men and children, wind or weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As, Oh, how pretty! Ah, how wise!

J. Neale.
A GOOD RULE.
'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.
TRY, TRY AGAIN.
Here's a lesson all should heed—
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Let your courage well appear;
If you only persevere
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try, try again.

Twice or thrice though you should fail,
Try again.
If at last you would prevail,
Try again.
When you strive, there's no disgrace
Though you fail to win the race;
Bravely, then, in such a case,
Try, try, try again.

Let the thing be e'er so hard,
Try again.
Time will surely bring reward;
Try again.

That which other folks can do
Why, with patience, may not you?
Why, with patience, may not you?
Try, try, try again.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.
Great events, we often find,
On little things depend,
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake on flake descending
Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thought inspire;
One little spark enkindled
May set a town on fire.

What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny, saved,
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny, squandered,
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets, joining,
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, our months and years,
Are in small moments given:
They constitute our time below—
Eternity in heaven.

---

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

---

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

While the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow, and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun
When the summer at last is done.

Low on the ground an acorn lies—
Little by little it mounts the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are built, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.

With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away—
Passing without return, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Luella Clark.

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BE POLITE.

Good boys and girls should never say
"I will," and, "Give me these;"
Oh no; that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."
And "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

---

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen
track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one
bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's
spring,
Taste their sweetness while we stay—
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well,
For how we are used we must one day
tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes whole years must
lose.

---

ONLY FIVE MINUTES.

Five minutes late, and the school is
begun;
What are rules for, if you break every
one?
Just as the scholars are seated and
quiet,
You hurry in with disturbance and
riot.

Why did you loiter so long by the
way?
All of the classes are formed for the
day;
Hurry and pick up definer and slate—
Room at the foot for the scholar that's
late.

Five minutes late, and the table is
spread,
The children are seated, and grace has
been said;
Even the baby, all sparkling and
rosy,
Sits in her high chair, by mamma, so
cozy!
Five minutes late, and your hair all
askew,
Just as the comb was drawn hastily
through;
There are your chair and your tumbler
and plate—
Cold cheer for those who are five min-
utes late.

Five minutes late on this bright Sab-
bath morn!
All the good people to meeting have
gone;
You cannot hear the sweet gospel
message,
As your boots noisily creak in the pas-
sage.
People and minister look at your
pew,
Little surprised when they see it is
you.
Ah! when you stand at the Beautiful
Gate,
What will you do if you're five min-
utes late?

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.
DEFDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up."

How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove,
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.
One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

—

**LESSONS OF LIFE.**

For though her aunts were very kind,
They were not very wise;
They only said, "Don't read so, child,
For sure you'll hurt your eyes."

But Marian still went reading on;
And visions strange and wild
Began to fill the little head
Of the lonely, dreaming child.

For she thought that Christian and
his wife,
And all his children too,
Had left behind their pleasant home;
And so she too must do.

"I'll take my Bible," said the child,
"And seek the road to heaven;
I'll try to find the wicket-gate,
And have my sins forgiven.

"I wish my aunts would go with me,
But 'tis vain to ask;
They are so old and deaf and lame,
They'd think it quite a task.

"No! I must go alone, I see;
And I'll not let them know,
Or, like poor Christian's friends, they'll say,
'My dear, you must not go.'

"But I must wait till some great thing
Shall all their thoughts engage,
And then I'll leave my pleasant home,
And go on pilgrimage."

She had not waited long before,
One fine, autumnal day,
She saw the large old coach arrive
To take her aunts away:

"We're going out to spend the day;"
The two old ladies said;
"We mean to visit Mrs. Blair:
She's very sick in bed.

—

**LITTLE MARIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.**

In a large house, with two kind aunts,
The little Marian dwelt,
And a happy child she was, I ween,
For though at times she felt

That playmates would be better far
Than either birds or flowers,
Yet with kind aunts and story-books
She passed few lonely hours.

Her favorite haunt in summer-time
Was a large old apple tree,
And oft amid its boughs she sat,
With her pet book on her knee.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" it was called,
And Marian loved it much;
It is indeed a wondrous book:
There are not many such.

She read it in her little bed,
And by the winter fire,
And in the large old apple tree,
As if she ne'er would tire.

But, unexplained, 'tis just the book
To puzzle a young brain,
And this poor child had no kind friend
Its meaning to explain.
“But, Marian, you must stay at home,
And happy you will be,
To have your book and dinner too
In the large old apple tree.

“And in the garden you may play
While you can be content.”
A few more parting words were said,
And off the aunties went.

The servants, too, were now engaged.
“The day is come at last,”
Said Marian; “but oh! how I wish
My pilgrimage were past!”

Kneeling beneath her apple tree,
For God’s kind help she prayed;
Then, with her basket in her hand,
Went forth the little maid.

Behind the house where Marian dwelt,
At a long, long distance, lay
A high, steep hill, which morning suns
Tinged with their earliest ray.

That “Difficulty” was its name
The child had often thought,
And toward that hill she turned her head,
With hopeful visions fraught.

All Nature seemed to welcome her
In that bright autumnal morn;
The joyous lark sang merrily
Above the waving corn.

“Ah! little lark, you sing,” she said,
“On your early pilgrimage;
I too will sing, for pleasant thoughts
Shall now my mind engage.”

In sweet, clear strains she sang a hymn,
Then tripped along her way,
Till to a miry pool she came
Through which her pathway lay.

“This is the ‘Slough Despond,’” she cried;
And, bravely venturing through,
She safely reached the other side,
Leaving behind a shoe.

On a moss-clad stone she sat her down
And ate some fruit and bread;
Then took her little Bible out,
And a cheering Psalm she read.

Now with fresh hope she wandered on
For many miles away,
And reached the bottom of the hill
Before the close of day.

She clambered up the steep ascent,
Though faint and weary too,
But firmly did our Marian keep
Her purpose still in view.

“I’m glad to find the Arbor’s gone,”
Said the little tired soul;
“I’m sure I should have laid me down,
And, maybe, lost my roll.”

On the high hill-top she stands at last,
And our weary pilgrim sees
A porter’s lodge of ample size,
Half hid by sheltering trees.

She clapped her hands with joy, and cried,
“Oh! there’s the ‘Wicket-Gate’!
And I must seek admittance now,
Before it is too late.”
LESSONS OF LIFE.

Gently she knocks: 'tis answered soon, And at the open door Stands a tall man. Poor Marian felt As she never felt before.

With tearful eyes and trembling heart, Flushed cheek and anxious brow, She said, "I hope you're Watchful, sir; I want Discretion now."

"Oh yes, I'm watchful," said the man, "As a porter ought to be; I fear you've lost your way, young miss; You've lost your shoe, I see."

"Mistress," cried he to his wife within, "Here's a queer child at our door; You'll never see the like again, If you live to be fourscore.

"She wants discretion, as she says; And indeed I think 'tis so, Though I know of some who want it more, And seek it less, I trow."

"Go to the Hall," his wife replied, "And take the child with you; The ladies there are all so wise, They'll soon know what to do."

The man complied, and led the child Through many a flowery glade. "Is that the Palace Beautiful?" The little wanderer said.

"There, to the left, among the trees? Why, miss, 'tis very grand; Call it a palace, if you please; 'Tis the finest in the land.

"But here we are at the grand old porch And the famous marble hall; Here, little lady, you must wait, While I the servants call."

With heavy heart he left the child, But quickly reappeared, And with him came a lady too, And Marian's heart was cheered.

"My little girl," the lady said, In accents soft and kind, "I'm sure you need your limbs to rest, And rest you soon shall find."

To a room where three young ladies sat The child was quickly led; "Piety, Prudence, Charity," To herself she softly said.

"What is your name, my little dear?" Said the eldest of the three, Whom Marian, in her secret thought, Had marked for Piety.

"We'll send a servant to your friends, And tell them you are here; Your absence from your happy home Will fill their hearts with fear."

Around her bright and lovely face Fell waves of auburn hair, And modestly she told her name, With whom she lived, and where.

"How did you lose your way, my love?" She gently raised her head, "I do not think I've lost my way," The little Pilgrim said.
"This is the Palace Beautiful;  
May I stay here to-night?"

They smiled and said, "We're glad  
our home  
Is pleasant in your sight.

"Yes, gladly we will lodge you here,  
For many nights to come."

"Thank you," she said, "but I must  
soon  
Go toward my heavenly home.

"The Valley of the Shade of Death  
Is near your house, I know."

Surprised, she saw her artless words  
Had caused their tears to flow.

She knew not that her new-found  
friends  
A little while before  
Had buried one they dearly loved,  
But could love, on earth, no more.

Their brother had been called away  
In the unseen world to dwell,  
But why her words should grief ex-  
cite  
Poor Marian could not tell.

Sobs only for a while were heard;  
At length the mother said,  
"My child, your words reminded us  
Of our loved and early dead.

"But this you could not know, my  
dear;  
And it indeed is true—  
We all are near to death's dark door—  
Even little girls like you."

"Yes," said the timid, trembling child,  
"I know it must be so;  
But, ma'am, I hope that Piety  
May be with me when I go.

"And I will see your Armory,  
When you have time to spare;  
I hope you have some small enough  
For a little girl to wear."

No more she said, for Piety  
(As Marian called her) threw  
Her arms around the Pilgrim's neck,  
Whose secret now she knew.

"Your words and ways were strange,"  
said she,  
"But now 'tis plain you've read  
That wondrous book, which, unex-  
plained,  
Has turned your little head.

"How dearly, when a little child,  
I loved that Pilgrim's tale!  
But then 'twas all explained to me;  
And if we can prevail

"On your kind aunts to let you stay  
Some time with us, my dear,  
We'll talk about that precious book,  
And try to make it clear."

And now we'll turn to Marian's home,  
And see what's passing there.  
The servants all had company,  
And a merry group they were.

They had not miss'd our Pilgrim long,  
For they knew she oft would play  
In that old garden with a book  
The livelong summer day.

At last said one, with wondering eyes,  
"Where can Miss Marian be?  
Dinner was in her basket packed,  
But sure she'll come to tea."
They sought her here, they sought her there,
    But could not find the child;
And her old aunts, when they came home,
    With grief were nearly wild.

The servants, and the neighbors too,
In different ways were sent,
But none thought of the narrow way By which our Pilgrim went.

"Perhaps she followed us to town,"
One of her aunts then said;
"I wish we had not left our home;
I fear the child is dead."

So to the town some one was sent,
For they knew not what to do;
And night came on, when a country boy
Brought Marian's little shoe.

Taking the shoe, the housekeeper
Into the parlor ran:
"Oh, mistress, this is all that's left
Of poor Miss Marian!

"'Twas found in that deep miry slough
    Just above Harlan's Chase—
Poor child! I fear she's smothered there,
    For 'tis a frightful place."

Then louder grew the general grief;
    But soon their hearts were cheered,
For a footman now with note in hand
From the distant Hall appeared.

One aunt then read the note, and cried,
"Oh, sister, all is well—
The child is safe at Brooklawn Hall,
    With Lady Arundel.

"She wants to keep her for a month,
    And sure I think she may;
A friend like Lady Arundel
    Is not found every day.

"Our compliments and thanks to her
When you return, young man;
We'll call to-morrow at the Hall,
And see Miss Marian."

Then came a burst of grateful joy,
    Which could not be suppressed;
With thankful hearts and many tears
They went that night to rest.

Oh, that happy month at Brooklawn Hall!
    How soon it passed away!
Faithful and kind were Marian's friends,
    And well she loved to stay.

With earnest diligence and prayer
    They daily sought to bring
The little lamb to that safe fold
    Where dwells the Shepherd King.

Yes, many a lesson, ne'er forgot,
    The little Marian learned;
A thoughtful and a happy child
    She to her home returned.

Years rolled away. The scene is changed;
    A wife and mother now,
Marian has found the Wicket-gate—
    Herself and children too.

And oh! how pleasant 'tis to see
    This little Pilgrim band,
As on, toward their heavenly home.
    They travel hand in hand.

When cloudy days fall to their lot,
    They see a light afar—
The light that shone on Bethlehem's plain,  
The Pilgrim's guiding star.

And now, dear reader, ponder well  
This tale—though strange, yet true—  
And let our Pilgrim's history  
Its lesson read to you.

If to your young and trustful hearts  
The grace of God is given,  
Be earnest, as our Marian was,  
To seek the road to heaven.

—†—

SONG OF LIFE.

A traveller on a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening-time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore—  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well  
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle on the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again; and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues,  
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd,  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

—†—

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Children, do you love each other?  
Are you always kind and true?  
Do you always do to others  
As you'd have them do to you?  
Are you gentle to each other?  
Are you careful, day by day,  
Not to give offence by actions  
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,  
Never give another pain;  
If your brother speak in anger,  
Answer not in wrath again.  
Be not selfish to each other—  
Never mar another's rest;  
Strive to make each other happy,  
And you will yourselves be blest.
SLOWLY forth from the village church,—
The voice of the choristers hushed overhead,—
Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child
Something may do to please the Lord."
"Now what," thought she, and half sadly smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?
"Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness kindly shown.

The preacher said." Then down to the grass
A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged stone.

"Well, a day is before me now,
Yet what," thought she, "can I do if I try?
If an angel of God would show me how!
But silly am I, and the hours they fly."

Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the blue,
"He says he will carry my prayer to God,
But who would have thought the little lark knew?"
II.
Now she entered the village street
With book in hand and face demure;
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage-door.

It wept at a windmill that would not move:
It puffed with its round, red cheeks in vain;
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And Baby's breath could not stir it again.

So Baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage-door;
But little Christel knelt down by its side
And set the windmill going once more.

Then Babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow,
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl
To please the pretty young creature so!"

III.
No thought of herself was in her head
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose tree tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose tree high,
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Christel,
"You have done some good this summer's day:
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"
Then she rose and went on her way.

IV.
But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course,
And the gurgling water seemed to say,
"Look!
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse!

"How these stones obstruct my road!
How I wish they were off and gone!
Then I would flow as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone."

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third;
The brook already sings, "Thanks! sweet! sweet!"

Oh! then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, "What is it to God he says?"
And she stumbles and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.
The little brook flows on as before,
   The little lark sings with as sweet a sound,
The little babe crows at the cottage-door,
   And the red rose blooms,—but Christinelies drowned.

V.
Come in softly! this is the room:
   Is not that an innocent face?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume:
Think, child, of heaven, and Our Lord his grace.

Three at the right, and three at the left,
   Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold.

VI.
Then a little stream crept into the place,
   And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale round face,
   And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide;
Saying, "I am a river of joy from heaven;
   You helped the brook, and I help you:
I sprinkle your brow with life-drops seven,
   I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the window came,
   And colored her cheeks and lips with red:
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"
   Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright, small form to her cold neck clung,
   It breathed on her till her breast did fill,
Saying, "I am a cherub, fond and young,
   And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
   And said, "Who put these flowers in my hand?"
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child,
   Not being able to understand.

VII.
But soon she heard the big bell of the church
   Give the hour, which made her say,
"Ah, I have slept and dreamed in the porch:
   It is a very drowsy day."

       "LILLIPUT LEVEE."
JEANNETTE AND JO.

Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low,
"Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo;
"It always is a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet—
I tell it to her honor—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds
Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest;

And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe,
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light let youth be bright,
Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,
"It always is a-raining!"

MARY MAPES DODGE.

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

You'll not learn your lesson by crying, my man,
You'll never come at it by crying, my man;
Not a word can you spy
For the tear in your eye;
Then set your heart to it, for surely you can.

If you like your lesson, it's sure to like you,
The words then so glibly would jump into view;
Each one to its place
All the others would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

You'll cry till you make yourself stupid and blind,
And then not a word can you keep in your mind;
But cheer up your heart,
And you'll soon have your part,
For all things grow easy when bairns are inclined.

ALEXANDER SMART.
SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

Two children stood at their father's gate,
Two girls with golden hair,
And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
Because the morn was fair;
For they said, "We will take that long, long walk
To the hawthorn copse to-day,
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
From off the scented may;
And oh! we shall be so happy there
'Twill be sorrow to come away!"

As the children spoke a little cloud
Passed slowly across the sky,
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye.
But the other said, "Oh! heed it not,
'Tis far too fair to rain;
That little cloud may search the sky
For other clouds in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours waned
The sky had changed its hue,
And that one cloud had chased away
The whole great heaven of blue.
The rain fell down in heavy drops,
The wind began to blow,
And the children, in their nice, warm room,
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said, "When we have aught in store
It always happens so!"

Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea,
A little midshipman, aboard
The gallant "Victory;"
And on that selfsame morning
When they stood beside the gate
His ship was wrecked, and on a raft
He stood all desolate,
With the other sailors round him,
Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond, they saw the cool, green land,
The land with her waving trees,
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies to the breeze.

But above them the burning noontide sun
With scorching stillness shone;
Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down one by one,
And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
And a gale to waft them on.

And then that little cloud was sent,
That shower in mercy given,
And as a bird before the breeze
Their bark was landward driven.

And some few mornings after,
When the children met once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When they had wished for sunshine
And God had sent the shower!

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WHAT MAKES ME HAPPIEST?

What is it makes me happiest?
Is it my last new play?
Is it pussy, ball, or hoop?
Can you, dear mamma, say?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks,
My pleasant solitaire,
My dolls, my kittens, or my books,
Or flowers fresh and fair?

What is it makes me happiest?
It is not one of these,
Yet they are pretty things I love,
And never fail to please.

Oh, it is looks and tones of love
From those I love the best
That follow me when I do right—
These make me happiest.

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THE RICHEST PRINCE.

Once, as many German princes
Feasting sat at knightly board,
Each began to boast the treasures
He within his lands had stored.

Cried the Saxon: "Great and mighty
Is the wealth, the power I wield,
For within my Saxon mountains
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"Mine's the land that glows with beauty!"
Cried the ruler of the Rhine;
"In the valleys yellow cornfields,
On the mountains noble wine!"

"Wealthy cities, spacious castles,"
Lewis said, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Wurtemberg's belovéd ruler,
Everard, called "the Bearded," cries,
"I can boast no splendid cities,
In my hills no silver lies;

"But I still can boast one jewel:
Through my forests, wandering on,
All my subjects know me—love me—I am safe with every one."

Then the princes, all together,
Rose within that lofty hall:
"Bearded count, thou'rt rich," they shouted,
"Thou art wealthiest of us all!"
LESSONS OF LIFE.

THE MUSIC-LESSON.

Touch the keys lightly,
Nellie, my dear:
The noise makes Johnnie
Impatient, I fear.

He looks very cross,
I am sorry to see—
Not looking at all
As a brother should be.

Whatever you're doing,
Bear this always in mind :
In all little things
Be both thoughtful and kind.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,

And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke"?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

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THE PALACE AND COTTAGE.

High on a mountain's haughty steep
Lord Hubert's palace stood;  
Before it rolled a river deep,  
Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale
A peasant built his cell;  
Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling gale
And graced his garden well.

Loud riot through Lord Hubert's hall
In noisy clamors ran;  
He scarcely closed his eyes at all
Till breaking day began.

In scenes of quiet and repose
Young William's life was spent;  
With morning's early beam he rose,  
And whistled as he went.

On sauces rich and viands fine
Lord Hubert daily fed,  
His goblet filled with sparkling wine,  
His board with dainties spread.

Warm from the sickle or the plough,
His heart as light as air,  
His garden ground and dappled cow
Supplied young William's fare.

On beds of down, beset with gold,
With satin curtains drawn,
His feverish limbs Lord Hubert rolled
From midnight's gloom to morn.

Stretched on a hard and flocky bed
The cheerful rustic lay,
And sweetest slumbers lulled his head
From eve to breaking day.

Fever and gout and aches and pains
Destroyed Lord Hubert's rest;  
Disorder burnt in all his veins,
And sickened in his breast.

A stranger to the ills of wealth,
Behind his rugged plough
The cheek of William glowed with health,
And cheerful was his brow.

No gentle friend, to soothe his pain,
Sat near Lord Hubert's bed;  
His friends and servants, light and vain,
From scenes of sorrow fled.

But when on William's honest head
Time scattered silver hairs,
His wife and children, round his bed,
Partook and shared his cares.

The solemn hearse, the waving plume,
A train of mourners grim,
Carried Lord Hubert to the tomb,
But no one cared for him.

No weeping eye, no gentle breast,
Lamented his decay,
LESSONS OF LIFE.

Nor round his costly coffin pressed
To gaze upon his clay.

But when upon his dying bed
Old William came to lie,
When clammy sweatshad chilled his head
And death had dimmed his eye,

Sweet tears, by fond affection dropped,
From many an eyelid fell,
And many a lip, by anguish stopped,
Half spoke the sad farewell.

No marble pilenor costly tomb
Describes where William sleeps,
But there wild thyme and cowslips bloom,
And there affection weeps.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal—
"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

PATIENT JOE;
OR, THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

Have you heard of a collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called Patient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they would,
He was certain that all worked together for good.
He praised the Creator whatever fell;—
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!
How sincere were his offerings of praise for good health!
And how grateful for any increase of his wealth!

In trouble he bowed him to God's holy will:—
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor, he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With some who believed that profaneness was wit;
When disasters befell him, much pleasure they showed,
And laughed, and said, "Joseph, will this work for good?"

But always when these would profanely advance
That this happened by luck, and that happened by chance,
Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found—
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who worked in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profiligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gamed,
Who mocked at his Bible, and was not ashamed.

One day, at the pit, his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go underground;
Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest
Joe's notion that all things which happened were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner, of bacon and bread,
A dog, on the watch, seized the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now, to see the delight that Tim Jenkins expressed!
"Is the loss of thy dinner, too, Joe, for the best?"
"No doubt on't," said Joe; "but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying, he followed the dog a long round,
While Tim, laughing and swearing, went down underground.
Poor Joe soon returned, though his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back he expected a sneer,
But the face of each collier spoke horror and fear:
"What a narrow escape hast thou had," they all said,
"For the pit's fallen in and Tim Jenkins is dead!"
LESSONS OF LIFE.

How sincere was the gratitude
Joseph expressed!
How warm the compassion that
glowed in his breast!
Thus events, great and small, if
aright understood,
Will be found to be working to-
gether for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cried,
"was just stolen away,
And I had no prospect of eating
to-day,
How could it appear to a short-
sighted sinner
That my life would be saved by
the loss of my dinner?"

HANNAH MORE.

THE BOY'S WISH.

"Well, I think I'll be a soldier;
Mother, don't you think I'm
right?
It must be so fine, I fancy,
With a gun and sword to
fight—

"Fine to see the flags all flying,
And to hear the cannon roar—
Fine to get a silver medal
When the fighting all is o'er.

"Shan't I like to be a soldier,
Charging with my gallant men!
I'll come home with hat and feathers:
You won't know your Willie then."

"Your reward will be the brighter;
More, my son, than earthly gain;
Life with Jesus everlasting,
All of pleasure, naught of pain."

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house, with meadows
wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from
out
The door, with woodbine wreathed
about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long,
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Kitty.

Alas! little Kitty—do give her your pity!—
Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
Her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled wild lilies which down in the meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty and they were all petted;
While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never caressed.

All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-blooms sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;
A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet
Than the wind's, blowing over
The red-blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
"See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

Thrice blessed little Kitty! She almost looked pretty!
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity!
O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses—
Forms made for caresses—
There's one thing, my beauties! 'tis well you should know:
Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft hair,
It is only good children the angels call fair.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Bessie Bell.

"Dearest mother, why do all the girls love little Bessie Bell?
I've often thought it o'er and o'er,
And yet I cannot tell.
My favorite cousin always was
Dear, gentle cousin Bess;"
But why the girls all love her so,
Indeed I cannot guess.

"She's not so pretty, half, as Kate;
Her hair don't curl like mine;
Candies and cakes she never brings
To school, like Caroline;
She has no garden large and fine,
Like Amy, Grace, and Jane;
No coach, like Rose, to take us home
When falls the snow or rain."

"They hear her gentle voice, my child,
And see her mild, soft eye
Beaming around on every one
With love and sympathy.
They see her striving every hour
For others' happiness;
These are some reasons why the girls
So love dear little Bess.

"Her widowed mother's heart she
cheers
By love and tenderness,
And by her daily walk with God,
And growth in holiness.

Sweet Bessie is a Christian child,
She loves the Saviour dear;
One of the lambs of His own flock,
She has no want or fear.

"Money, which other children spend
In candies, toys, and cake,
She carries to the poor and sick—
She loves them for Christ's sake.
Poor old blind Dinah down the lane
She reads to every day,
And ne'er forgets it—though dear
Bess
Is very fond of play.

"And now, my little daughter dear,
Would you be loved like Bess?
Go ask of God to change your heart
From pride and sinfulness
Better than beauty, rank, or gold
To be like little Bess,
Clothed in the spotless garment
Of the Saviour's righteousness."

YOUTH'S PENNY GAZETTE.
OLD CATO.

ANNA.

Why, here comes old Catol! how smiling he looks,
Though he's limping along on his staff;
His clothes are all patched, and so worn and so poor
I wonder he ever can laugh.

I've been at his cottage; the snow and the rain
Beat through it at every flaw;
'Tis neat as a pin, but so empty and dark!
And his bed, why, 'tis nothing but straw.

What is it that makes him so cheerful, mamma,
A cripple, and wretchedly poor?
If I were as old and as helpless as he
I should cry all the time, I am sure.

MAMMA.

I'll tell you, my dear: old Cato has found
A Friend and a Father in heaven;
He loves the dear Saviour, obeys His commands,
And trusts that his sins are forgiven.

When the wind loudly roars, and the snow and the rain
Are drenching his desolate home,
He thinks of that glorious mansion where storms
Are never permitted to come.

And when he sits down to his poor, scanty meal,
Which to others so tasteless appears,
He remembers his Saviour was poor for his sake,
And he waters his crust with his tears.

He is old, but it gladdens his heart to reflect
That his trials will shortly be o'er—
That he soon shall arrive at a world of delight,
To sin and to suffer no more.

And he thinks, when he lies on his bundle of straw,
With his weary limbs aching for rest,
That he soon shall awake in the arms of his Lord,
And be to eternity blest.

For his dear fellow-sinners he pours out his soul
In frequent affectionate prayers,
And is often inviting the old and the young
To receive his Redeemer for theirs.

And now do you wonder that Cato should smile,
And that his old heart should be glad?
Oh, if I could have such a spirit as his,
I never again should be sad.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.
For daisies grow so trig and tall;  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills about her neck,  
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old, tiresome color,  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me  
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said;  
"I think you must be crazy;  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;  
The little children love you;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here, where you are growing."

Sarah O. Jewett.

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You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
I remembered that youth could not last;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;  
Let the cause thy attention engage:  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
And He hath not forgotten my age.

Robert Southey.
**MEDDLESOME MATTY.**

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled  
The sweetest and the best:  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One ugly trick possessed,  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid  
To peep at what was in it,  
Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.  
In vain you told her not to touch,  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,  
And by mistake she laid  
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay  
Too near the little maid;  
"Ah well!" thought she, "I'll try them on  
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide,  
And looking round, as I suppose,  
The snuff-box too she spied.  
"Oh, what a pretty box is this!  
I'll open it," said little miss.

"I know that grandmamma would say,  
'Don't meddle with it, dear!'  
But then she's far enough away,  
And no one else is near;  
Besides, what can there be amiss  
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid,  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did;  
For all at once—ah woeful case!—  
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose and mouth and chin  
A dismal sight presented;  
And, as the snuff got further in,  
Sincerely she repented—  
In vain she ran about for ease;  
She could do nothing else but sneeze.
LESSONS OF LIFE.

She dashed the spectacles away
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Hey-day! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE MILKMAID.

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let's see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean;
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen? not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley; how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed;
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six;
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens I said;
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"Oh! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now, then, let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pairs of fowls—now, how tiresome it is
That I cannot reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it cannot be less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow:
Now, if these turn out well, at the end of the year
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."
Forgetting her burden when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects!—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached:
Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

THE CHATTERBOX.
From morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a-dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her; Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps If she hadn't been wonderful clever— That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate, That it would be forthcoming for ever;

But that's quite absurd! for have you not heard That much tongue and few brains are connected?—

That they are supposed to think least who talk most, And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue With a little good sense and exertion, Who knows but she might now have been our delight, Instead of our jest and aversion? JANE TAYLOR.

TRUTHFUL DOTTIE; OR, THE BROKEN VASE.

NELLIE and Dottie
Both hear mamma say,
"Pray, from the drawing-room Keep away. Don't take your toys there, Lest some one should call; Run out in the garden With rope, bat, and ball."
The garden is lovely This bright summer day;
But Nellie and Dottie
Too soon come away.
Into the drawing-room
Dottie comes skipping,
With her new rope
All the furniture flippin:
Down goes the tall vase,
So golden and gay,
Smashed all to pieces.
“What will mamma say?”
Cries Nell, with her hands raised.
“Oh, Dottie, let’s run;
They’ll think it was pussy,
Who did it in fun.”
Dot answers, through big tears,
“But, Nell, don’t you see,
Though nobody watched us,
God knows it was me?
Mamma always says
That, whatever we do,
The harm’s not so great
If we dare to be true.
So I’ll go up and tell her
It caught in my rope;
Perhaps she won’t scold much—
At least, so I’ll hope.”
“That’s right,” cries her mother,
Who stands by the door;
“I would rather ten vases
Were smashed on the floor
Than my children should once break
The bright words of truth,
The dearest possession
Of age or of youth.
The vase can be mended,
And scarce show a crack,
But a falsehood once spoken
Will never come back.”
However much grieved for
By young folks or old,
An untruth once uttered
For ever is told.

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

The mother looked pale, and her face
was sad;
She seemed to have nothing to make
her glad;
She silently sat with the tears in her
eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child,
His ways were winning, his temper
was mild;
There was love and joy in his soft blue
eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained
with sin;
And his mother could hear him sob
and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked
lie.

Then he came and stood by his moth-
er’s side,
And asked for a kiss, which she de-
nied;
While he promised, with many a pen-
itent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gen-
tly down,
And took his soft hands within her
own,
And she kissed his cheek as he looked
on high
And prayed to be pardoned for telling
that lie.
TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAS TOLD A LIE.

And has my darling told a lie?
Did she forget that God was by—
That God, who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid?
Did she forget that God could see
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
Whichever way you think to turn;
He made your ears, and He can hear
When you may think nobody's near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all you do and say.

You thought, because you were alone,
Your falsehood never could be known;

But liars always are found out,
Whatever way they wind about;
And always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear!

I wish, my dear, you'd always try
To act as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey—for God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me
true?
Confess, and then I'll pardon you:
LESSONS OF LIFE.

Tell me you're sorry, and will try
To act the better by and by,
And then, what'er your crime has been,
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,
As passes by the smiling day,
You'll never have to turn aside
From any one your faults to hide;
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,
That either God or I should hear.

---

NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

Pray, where is my hat? It is taken away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot;
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my atlas up stairs—
My Aesop is somewhere there too;
And, sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
And, mother, just fasten my shoe.

And, sister, beg father to write an excuse;—
But stop! he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball—
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I will sink;
There! look at my Carpenter tumbled down here,
And my Worcester covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late;
To-morrow, I'll be up at six.

---

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT ABOUT BUTTER.

Oh, mother, won't you speak to Kate?
I have not had enough to eat;
And when she spreads a little bread,
She thinks she gives me such a treat.

I only wish I was a man,
To have my butter an inch thick,
And not be talking all the time
How this and that will make me sick.

Poor little boys are sadly used;
They cannot have the thing they wish,
While grown-up people help themselves
To what they like from every dish.

As soon as I become a man
I'll have a pie as tall as you,
With door and windows like a house,
And lined with plums all through and through.

And I'll go in whene'er I choose,
And sit as snug as Jacky Horner;
And even Katie, though she's cross,
Shall sometimes come and eat a corner.

My windows all, with jelly made,
Like Boston glass shall glisten bright,
And sugar-candy for the frames
At every turn shall meet my sight.

My floors shall be of ginger-bread,
Because that's pretty hard, you know,
Sanded all o'er with sugar-plums,
Rolling about where'er I go.

And, mother, Kate, my cellaret
Shall be all butter shaped with ice,
And then we'll see if I must fret
Because I want a little slice.

And, mother—oh, she's gone away!
And, Katie—what! you've left me too?
I won't stand talking to the walls,
But go and find some work to do.

Oh no, your work has been forgotten;
Indeed, you hardly thought of that:
I saw you roll your spool of cotton
About the floor to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide;
And others stretching down so far;
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew
Must neither be allowed to play;
And now I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day.

THE LAZY BOY.
The lazy lad! and what's his name?
I should not like to tell;
But don't you think it is a shame
That he can't read or spell?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There! see, he's lounging down the street,
His hat without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,
But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name,—
I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
As his who does not blush for shame
That he don't read or spell.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

IDLÉ ANNA.
Oh, Anna, this will never do;
This work is sadly done, my dear;
And then so little of it, too!
You have not taken pains, I fear.
ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A child went wandering through a wood
Upon a summer day;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue,
The grass beneath was green,
And all around were lovely flowers,
The brightest ever seen.

A honey-bee went humming by—
"Stay, little bee!" she cried,
"Oh, do come back and play with me."
And thus the bee replied:

"I cannot stay, I must away,
And gather in my store,
For winter drear will soon be here,
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft
High in a bough above—

"Come down, and play a while with me,
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I cannot come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree—
"I love to see you bound and leap;
Come down, and play with me."

"I dare not play, I must away,
And quickly homeward hie;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die."

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks—
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me,
And you shall have my thanks."
The stream replied, while in the pool
A moment it stood still,
"I cannot play, I must away
And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
And hung her little head;
She wept a while, and sobbed a while,
Then to herself she said,

"The stream, the squirrel, dove, and bee
Have all got work to do;
I must not play my hours away—
I must be busy too."

---

**LAZY JANE.**

Who was that, dear mamma, who ate
Her breakfast here this morn,
With tangled hair and ragged shoes,
And gown and apron torn?

"They call her Lazy Jane, my dear;
She begs her bread all day,
And gets a lodging in a barn
At night, among the hay;

"For when she was a little girl
She loved to play too well;
At school she would not mind her book,
Nor learn to read and spell.

"'Dear Jane,' her mother oft would say,
'Pray learn to work and read;
Then you'll be able when you're grown
To earn your clothes and bread.'

"But lazy Jenny did not care—
She'd neither knit nor sew;
To romp with naughty girls and boys
Was all that she would do.

"So she grew up a very dunce,
And when her parents died
She knew not how to teach a school,
Nor work, if she had tried.

"And now, an idle vagabond,
She strolls about the streets,
And not a friend can Jenny find
In any one she meets.

"And now, my child, should you neglect
Your book or work again,
Or play when you should be at school,
Remember Lazy Jane."

---

**THE SLUGGARD.**

'Tis the voice of the sluggard: I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he, on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs.
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He'd taken better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me by times to love working and reading!

Isaac Watts.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, "Oh no!
What, rob our poor neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and the apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered: "I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But my staying behind will do him no good.

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I do get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitted the man.

Conscience slumbered a while, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent addressed:
"With such empty and selfish pretences away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it may."

William Cowper.
WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right!

Said he, "I don’t see why my father should say,
'Don’t touch the old apple tree, Willie, today;"
I shouldn’t have thought—now they’re hanging so low—
When I asked for just one, he should answer me ‘No.’

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn’t miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.
And he sung, "Little Willie, beware, oh beware!

Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
‘This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!’"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple today."

M. A. D.

THE APPLE TREE.

Old John had an apple tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best baldwins that ever were seen,
So juicy, and mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one often might see
With longing eye viewing this nice apple tree,
And wishing an apple would fall.
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one;
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy; take your hand from the bough;
Remember, though old John can't see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh, then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or anything rather than steal!
For the great God, who even through darkness can look,
Wrote down every crime we commit in His book,
However we think to conceal.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE STOLEN TOP.

"Edward, come here; how pale you are!
What makes you look so wild?
And you've been crying sadly too;
What's happened to my child?"

"You know, mamma, you sent me down
To neighbor Brightman's shop
With ninepence in my hand, to buy
A little humming-top.

"Well, neighbor Brightman handed down
A dozen tops or more,
For me to make a choice of one;
Then stepped toward the door.
"So then I caught one slyly up,  
And in my pocketslid it;  
And no one would suspect the thing,  
So cunningly I hid it.

"And so I bought another top  
And laid my ninepence down,  
Then laughed to think I owned them both,  
But paid for only one.

"But when I turned and left the shop  
I felt most dreadfully,  
For all the time I was in fear  
That he would follow me.

"Surely, thought I, he'll find it out;  
The angry man will come,  
And I shall never see mamma,  
And never more go home.

"He'll tie a rope around my neck,  
And hang me up on high;  
And leave the little wicked thief  
To hang there till he die.

"And then I screamed, and ran so fast  
Adown the nearest lane;  
And then I turned and looked behind,  
Then screamed and ran again.

"Trembling, at last I reached my home,  
And straight I went to bed,  
But oh, in such a shocking fright  
That I was almost dead.

"No rest, nor comfort could I get,  
And not a wink of sleep:  
All I could do was toss and turn  
From side to side, and weep.

"And what was worst of all, mamma,  
I could not say my prayers;  
And then I thought my heart would burst,  
And I was drowned in tears.

"'No, no,' I cried; 'God will not hear  
A child so wicked pray;  
I dare not hope He'll let me live  
To see another day.'

"Thus did I mourn till morning's dawn,  
And yet found no relief;  
For oh, what comfort can there be,  
Or pleasure, for a thief?"

"Go, my poor, wretched, guilty child—  
Go, take the top you stole,  
And give it to the man you've wronged,  
And own to him the whole.

"Then on your knees before your God  
Confess how wrong you've been;  
Beg Him to save you, and forgive  
This great and dreadful sin.

"And never, while you live, again  
To such a deed consent,  
Lest He should take away your life  
Before you can repent."

"Lullaries and Ditties."

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,  
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;  
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,  
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.
But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So, when it was fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head;
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross
That she gave her little mouth a twist and her head a little toss,
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it.

And she did not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she'd reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with silly airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

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THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

There went two travellers forth one day;
To a beautiful mountain they took their way—
The one an idle hour to employ,
The other to see, to learn, to enjoy.

And when from their journeying homeward they came,
There crowded around them master and dame,
And a storm of questions from great and small:
"Now, what have you seen?—Pray tell us all."

The first one yawned as he answer made.
"Seen?—Why, little enough," he said:
"Trees and meadows and brook and grove,
And song-birds around, and sunshine above."

The other gave smiling the same reply,
But with brightening face and flashing eye:
"Oh, trees and meadows, and brook and grove,
And song-birds around, and sunshine above."
THE USE OF SIGHT.

"What, Charles! returned?" papa exclaimed;
"How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you’ve seen."

"So tedious, stupid, dull a walk,"
Said Charles, "I’ll go no more;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O’er this and that to pore.

"I crossed the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill;
Then by the river-side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay’s mill."

Now Tom and Julia both ran in:
"Oh, dear papa!" said they,
"The sweetest walk we both have had!
Oh, what a pleasant day!

"Near Woodland House we crossed the fields,
And by the mill we came."
"Indeed!" exclaimed papa, "how’s this?
Your brother took the same,

"But very dull he found the walk.
What have you there? Let’s see:
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me."
"First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white
The mistletoe we knew.

"A bird all green ran up a tree—
A woodpecker we call—
Who with his strong bill wounds the bark
To feed on insects small.

"And many lapwings cried 'peewit,'
And one among the rest
Pretended lameness to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

"Young starlings, martins, swallows, all,
Such lively flocks and gay!
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

"This bird we found, a kingfisher;
Though dead, his plumes how bright!
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa;
'Twill be a charming sight.

"When reached the heath, how wide
the space!
The air how fresh and sweet!
We plucked these flowers and different heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

"The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion here, a cottage there;
And see the sketch we drew.

"A splendid sight we next beheld—
The glorious setting sun;
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold,
His daily race was done."

"True taste with knowledge," said papa,
"By observation's gained;
You've both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

"My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new;
And, Thomas, now this telescope
I think is quite your due.

"And toys, or still more useful gifts,
For Charles too shall be bought
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought."

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**THE STORY OF HANS,**
**SHOWING THE FOLLY OF A BOY'S TRADING AND SWAPPING.**

With seven years' wages on his back,
Hans, very happy, took his course,
But met a traveller on the track,
And with his gold he bought a horse.

At riding Hans was not expert,
Which soon enough his horse found out,
And tossed his rider in the dirt;
Hans kicked his feet and turned about,
And saw a man who led a cow;
Quick with him Hans a bargain made;
Off the man trotted on his horse;
Hans thought it was a lucky trade.

But when to get some milk he tried,
And found the beast quite dry, it threw
Poor Hans into a dreadful pet,
And much he puzzled what to do.
But soon a man he saw come near
Who drove a pig, and quickly he
Changed off his cow, and with the pig
Trotted along quite merrily.

But pigs are awkward things to drive,
Which Hans found out, and when he met
A man who drove a goose, he quick
A bargain made, and ceased to fret.

He thought his goose nice eggs would lay;
But just that hour a man came by
With a nice grindstone in his hand;
Hans thought with this his luck to try.

In journeying round and grinding knives,
With driving he should have no pain;
And with his stone he thought he soon
Might business find and money gain.

But when a stream he met, and knelt
To drink from out the pleasant brook,
Down in the water rolled his stone:
Hans gave his treasure one sad look,
Then, up he jumped, free from all care,
And tossed his hat and danced for joy,
And off to work again he went,
A careless, but a hungry boy.

Oh, 'twill be so funny! I've plenty of money;
I'll buy me a sword and a drum."

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
Impatient to hurry from school;
But we shall discover this holiday-lover
Spoke both like a child and a fool.

For when he alighted, so highly delighted,
Away from his sums and his books,
Though playthings surrounded and sweetmeats abounded,
Chagrin still appeared in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
And thrown away out of his sight;
He spent every morning in stretching and yawning,
Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really makes pleasure
(A secret discovered by few);
You'll take it for granted more play-things he wanted:
Oh no; it was something to do.

He found that employment created enjoyment,
And passed the time cheerful away,
That study and reading by far were exceeding
His cakes and his toys and his play.

To school now returning, to study and learning
With pleasure did Harry apply;
He felt no aversion to books: 'twas diversion,
And caused him to smile, not to sigh.

THE HOLIDAYS.

"Ah! don't you remember 'tis almost December,
And soon will the holidays come?

STORIES AND RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.
LESSONS OF LIFE.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A charming present comes from town—
A baby-house quite neat,
With kitchen, parlors, dining-room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grandpapa it came;
Till little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all;
The furniture was gay;
And in the rooms they placed their dolls
When dressed in fine array.

At night their little candles lit,
And, as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were placed,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour
Devoted to their play,
And long were cheerful, happy, kind:
No cross dispute had they;
Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs which were below:
"This carpet they will better suit;
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said;
I'm older, Rose, than you;
And I'm the pet; the house is mine
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in beheld the floor
All strewed with broken toys.

"Oh fie, my Emma! naughty Rose!
Say, why thus sulk and pout?
Remember this is New Year's Day,
And both are going out."

Now Betty calls the little girls:
"Ho! come up stairs and dress;
They still revile with threats and taunts,
And angry rage express."
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY.

But just prepared to leave their room,  
Persisting yet in strife,  
Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,  
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call,  
John for the doctor goes,  
The measles, he begins to think,  
Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But though I stay, my Emma, you  
May go and spend the day."
"Oh no, mamma," replied the child,  
"Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,  
And watch her with such care;  
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy  
Till she my pleasureshare.

"How silly now seems our dispute!  
Not one of us she knows;  
How pale she looks! how hard she  
Breathes!  
Poor pretty little Rose!"  

LITTLE BELL.
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood  
spray:  
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he—  
"What's your name? Oh stop and  
straight unfold,  
Pretty maid with showery curls of  
gold,"—  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the  
rocks—  
Tossed aside her gleaming golden  
locks—

"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never  
heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird—  
Full of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and  
slow,  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And while the bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and  
grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through  
the glade,  
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel  
shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void  
of fear,—  
While bold blackbird piped that all  
might hear—  
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—  
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task re-  
turn—  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his  
eyes—  
And adown the tree,  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July  
sun,  
In the little lap dropped one by one—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—  
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare—  
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share—  
Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused a while to hear—  
"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,  
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind  
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,  
Little Bell, for thee!"

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VACATION.

Oh, master, no more of your lessons!  
For a season we bid them good-bye,  
And turn to the manifold teachings  
Of ocean, and forest, and sky.

We must plunge into billow and breaker,  
The fields we must ransack anew,  
And again must the sombre woods echo  
The glee of our merry-voiced crew.

From teacher's and preacher's dictation—  
From all the dreaded lore of the books—  
Escaped from the thraldom of study,  
We turn to the babble of brooks;  
We hark to the field-minstrels' music,  
The lowing of herds on the lea,  
The surge of the winds in the forest,  
The roar of the storm-angered sea.

To the tree-tops we'll climb with the squirrels;  
We will race with the brooks in the glens;  
The rabbits we'll chase to their burrows;  
The foxes we'll hunt to their dens;
The woodchucks, askulk in their caverns,
We'll visit again and again;
And we'll peep into every bird's nest
The copses and meadows contain.

For us are the blackberries ripening
By many a moss-covered wall;
There are blue-hats enough in the thickets
To furnish a treat for us all;
In the swamps there are ground-nuts in plenty;
The sea-sands their titbits afford;

And, oh most delectable banquet!
We will feast at the honey-bee's board.

Oh, comrades, the graybeards assure us
That life is a burden of cares—
That the highways and byways of manhood
Are fretted with pitfalls and snares.
Well, school-days have their tribulations,
Their troubles, as well as their joys;
Then give us vacation for ever,
If we must for ever be boys!

BEVERLY MOORE.
JEM AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

Young Jem at noon returned from school
As hungry as could be;
He cried to Sue the servant-maid,
"My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come home;
Besides, it is not late."
"No matter that," cried little Jem;
"I do not wish to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And asked, "Is dinner done?"
"It is," replied the baker's man.
"Then home I'll with it run."

"Nay, sir," replied he prudently,
"I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy 'tis for you."
"I tell you it is not.

"Papa, mamma are both gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me, it is all mine;
And, baker, hold your tongue.

"A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice!
And batter pudding too!
I'm glad of that, it is so good;
How clever is our Sue!"

Now near his door young Jem was come;
He round the corner turned;
But oh, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burned.

Low in the gutter down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat;
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sailed down the street.

The people laughed and rude boys grinned
At mutton's hapless fall;
But, though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
"Better lose part than all!"

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His both hands grasped it fast,
And, deaf to all their jibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.
"Impatience is a fault," says Jem;
"The baker said too true;
In future patient I will be,
And mind what says our Sue."

The Children's Book of Poetry.

THE PLUM-CAKE.

"Oh, I've got a plum-cake, and a rare
feast I'll make;
I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram:
Morning, noontime, and night, it shall
be my delight;
What a happy young fellow I am!"

Thus said little George, and, beginning to gorge,
With zeal to his cake he applied;
While fingers and thumbs, for the
sweetmeats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune befall,
Which ruined his capital fun;
After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
That he trembled for what he had done.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse
To cure his disorder were sent,
And rightly, you'll think, he had physic to drink,
Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed he rolled his hot head,
Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take this reproof from his cake:
"Don't be such a glutton again."

Another Plum-cake.

"Oh, I've got a plum-cake, and a feast let us make;
Come, school-fellows, come at my call;
I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each have a slice—
Here's more than enough for us all."

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpened his knife for the job;
While round him a troop formed a clamorous group,
And hailed him the king of the mob.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share;
Dick, William, and James, and many more names,
And a blind man partook of his care.

And when it was done, and they'd finished their fun,
To marbles or hoops they went back,
And each little boy felt it always a joy
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book his best pleasure he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he's been a man grown he has constantly shown
That a good boy will make a good man.
WHICH IS YOUR LOT?

Some children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and hound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t'implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiff'ning hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.
Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
   And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big, round tears were seen to roll,
   And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
   And all their merry chat was o'er,
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
   More glad than they had done before.

Lucy Aikin.

TOMMY AND HIS SHILLING.

Little Tommy found a shilling
   As he came from school one day;
"Now," said he, "I'll have a fortune,
   For I'll plant it right away.

"Nurse once told me, I remember,
   When a penny I had found,
It would grow and bear new pennies
   If I put it in the ground.

"I'll not say a word to mother,
   For I know she would be willing;
Home I'll run, and in my garden
   Plant my precious bright new shilling.

"Every day I'll give it water,
   And I'll weed it with great care;
And I guess before the winter
   It will many shillings bear.

"Then I'll buy a horse and carriage,
   And a lot of splendid toys,
And I'll give a hundred shillings
   To poor little girls and boys."

Thus deluded, little Tommy
   Laid full many a splendid plan,
As the little coin he planted,
   Wishing he were grown a man.

Day by day he nursed and watched it,
   Thought of nothing else beside;
Day by day was disappointed,
   For no signs of growth he spied.

Tired at last of hopeless waiting,
   More than any child could bear,
Little Tommy told his secret
   To his mother in despair.

Never was a kinder mother,
   But when his sad tale she heard,
'Twas so funny, she from laughing
   Could not speak a single word.

This was worse than all, for Tommy
   Thought his sorrow too severe,
And in spite of every effort
   Down his cheek there rolled a tear.

This his tender mother spying,
   Kissed it off before it fell;
"Where to plant your bright new shilling,"
   Said she to him, "let me tell:

"Peter Brown's two little children
   Long have wished to learn to read,
But their father is not able
   To procure the books they need.

"To their use if you will spend it,
   Precious seed you then may sow,
And ere many months are ended,
   Trust me, you will see it grow."

Mrs. S. W. Jewett.
THE BEGGAR-BOY.

A poor boy went by with his raiment all torn;
He looked, too, so dirty and very forlorn;
His coat was in tatters, no shoes on his feet,
And they ached with the cold on the stones of the street.

Poor boy! no kind father or mother has he,
Nor has he a nice house at home as have we;
He begs all the day or a morsel of bread,
And perhaps sleeps at night in a comfortless shed.

He has no kind friends to instruct him and guide,
And he hears what is sinful, and sees it beside;
Oh, how good and how thankful I then ought to be
To the God who has given these good things to me!

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,—
The child of sorrow and of misery.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repressed.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.
"And wherefore do the poor complain?"

The rich man asked of me:

"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,

"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets

Were cheerless to behold;

And we were wrapped and coated well,

And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bareheaded man,

His locks were thin and white;

I asked him what he did abroad

In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said—

But at home no fire had he;

And therefore he had come abroad

To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,

And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind itblew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still—

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl—her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye—
Who with a wanton’s hollow voice
Addressed the passers-by;

I asked her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answered she was poor.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
“You asked me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!”

Robert Southey.

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I’ve been with mother to a house
Where they are all so poor;
I gave them all my purse contained,
And only wished 'twas more.

A woman very pale and thin—
A widow too, she said—
And six young children, none of whom
This day had tasted bread;
And not a single spark of fire
This bitter, freezing day:
Now, was there e’er a sadder sight,
Dear Cousin Susey, say?

Three little ones tried to keep warm
In a poor wretched bed;
So cold was one the mother held
I surely thought 'twas dead.
Could you have seen how glad they looked
When mother sent for wood,
And bread and meat enough for all,
Susey, 'twould do you good.

Susey.

I have a dollar here, dear Bell,
Pa gave me yesterday;
I’ll give it them: come, go with me,
We’ll run there all the way.
I’d rather make a sad heart smile
Than buy a doll, I’m sure;
Indeed it must be very hard
Such sorrow to endure.

God made them poor—He made us rich,
The wealth is all His own;
It was for them as well as us
The Saviour left His throne.
Let us henceforth save something,
Bell,
To help the suffering poor,
And for God’s bounty to us both
His blessed name adore.
PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see!  
What shall I render to my God  
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God hath given me more;  
For I have food, while others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street  
Half naked I behold,  
While I am clothed from head to feet,  
And covered from the cold!

While some poor creatures scarce can tell  
Where they may lay their head,  
I have a home wherein to dwell,  
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,  
And curse, and lie, and steal,  
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,  
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favors, day by day,  
To me above the rest?  
Then let me love Thee more than they,  
And try to serve Thee best.

Isaac Watts.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

There's a poor beggar going by;  
I see her looking in;  
She's just about as big as I,  
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,  
She is so very poor;  
And hardly anything to eat:  
I pity her, I'm sure.
But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat and bread and fire;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear! what should I do?
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in:
There! buy some bread with that.

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**MY LITTLE HERO.**

“*How we wish that we knew a hero!*”
Say the children, pressing round;
“*Will you tell us if such a wonder*
*In London streets can be found?*”

I point from my study-window
At a lad who is passing by:
“My darlings, there goes a hero;
You well know his oft-heard cry.”

“*Tis the chimney-sweep, dear father,*
*In his jacket so worn and old;*
What can *he* do that is brave and true,
Wandering out in the cold?”

Says Maudie, “I thought that a hero
Was a man with a handsome face.”
“*And I pictured him all in velvet dressed,*
*With a sword,*” whispered little Grace.

“*Mine is only a ‘sweeper,’ children,*
*His deeds all unnoticed, unknown;* 

Yet I think he is one of the heroes
God sees and will mark for His own.

“Out there he looks eager and cheerful,
No matter how poorly he fares;
No sign that his young heart is heavy
With the weight of unchildish cares.

“Home means to him but a dingy room,
A father he shudders to see;
Alas for the worse than neglected sons
Who have such a father as he!

“And a mother who lies on a ragged bed,
So sick and worn and sad;
No friend has she but this one pale boy—
This poor little sweeper-lad,

“So rough to others, and all unskilled,
Yet to her most tender and true,
Oft waking with patient cheerfulness
To soothe her the whole night through.

“He wastes no time on his own scant meals,
But goes forth with the morning sun;
Never a moment is wasted
Till his long day’s work is done.

“Then home to the dreary attic
Where his mother lies lonely all day,
Unheeding the boys who would tempt him
To linger with them and play.

“Because she is helpless and lonely,
He is doing a hero’s part;
For loving and self-denying
Are the tests of a noble heart.”
POOR LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the deathbed of her child,
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim.
It was a collier's wife and child; they called him little Jim;
And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer in thought she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.
She gets her answer from the child; soft fall the words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim."
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him;"
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying—that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear.
The cottage-door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speaks a word.
He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd vain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness they humbly ask of Him
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

POOR KATY.

"I don't like Katy; she isn't nice—Her bonnet is old!"
The house she lives in, it makes me laugh;
'Tisn't much too large for my little brown calf;
Not good enough for Bossy, by half—She'd shiver in it with cold.
"I don't like Katy; her frocks are all torn—"
And she don't care.
Now I never wore such a comical gown;
The pattern couldn't be found in town;
It must be her grandmother's dress cut down;
And only look at her hair!

"I don't like Katy, do you, Nelly Gray?"
And Nelly replied:
"Do you know Molly Dow, the judge's daughter?
I saw her fall yesterday plump in the water;
And whose do you think were the hands that caught her,
Or she would have died?"

"Perhaps her father's?" "No, he was not there!
Down, down she sank!
The pretty blue eyes and the golden curls
All drenched and dim in the cloudy whirls—
When out from a group of frightened girls
Sprang poor Kate Blanc!

"It made me dizzy to see her fly
Up to the brink,
And over. 'I swim like a fish,' she cried,
And plunged at something that went with the tide;
'Twas poor little Molly, the judge's pride,
Just ready to sink.

"The judge came then: you should have seen!
He held Molly tight!
But so he did Kate! She's home with him now;
And they say the rich judge has taken a vow,
That Kate shall be Molly's sister!—Kate Dow!
I think it's right!"

CLEAN CLARA.

What! not know our clean Clara?
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,
And the cold Esquimaux,
Our little Clara know!
Clean Clara, the poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things.

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord;
All the pictures in their frames,
Knights with daggers, and stomach-erred dames;
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Graemes, Winifreds—all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock;
She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;
All the books she India-rubbered!

She cleaned the Dutch tiles in the place,
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace.
The Countess of Miniver came to her,
"Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?"
All her cleanings are admirable;
To count your teeth you will be able
If you look in the walnut table!

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler—
Joseph going down into the pit,
And the Shunammite woman, with the boy in a fit.
You saw the reapers, not in the distance,
And Elisha coming to the child’s assistance;
With the house on the wall that was built for the prophet,
The chair, the bed, and the bolster of it.
The eyebrows all had a turn reflective,
Just like an eel: to spare invective,
There was plenty of color, but no perspective.

However, Clara cleaned it all,
With a curious lamp that hangs in the hall;
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers.
Madam in mittens was moved to tears!

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
The oldest bird that ever grew;
I should say a thousand years old would do—
I’m sure he looked it, but nobody knew.
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself!

To-morrow morning she means to try
To clean the cobwebs from the sky;
Some people say the girl will rue it,
But my belief is she will do it.
So I’ve made up my mind to be there to see!
There’s a beautiful place in the walnut tree;
The bough is as firm as the solid rock;
She brings out her broom at six o’clock.

I asked a lad what he was doing;
“Nothing, good sir,” said he to me.
“By nothing well and long pursuing,
Nothing,” said I, “you’ll surely be.”

I asked a lad what he was thinking;
“Nothing,” quoth he, “I do declare.”
“Many,” said I, “in taverns drinking
By idle minds were carried there.”

There’s nothing great, there’s nothing wise,
Which idle hands and minds supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather
When in a sum they all are brought;
A thousand idle lads together
Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
And sometimes pompous seem, and haughty;
But still ’tis ever plain to most
That nothing boys are mostly naughty.

A TRUE STORY.

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day
Through London’s wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.
And as they passed by the great house of a lord,
   A beautiful chariot came
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
   Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
   The chariot was painted all o'er;
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
   And fine horses trotted before.

Little Ann by her mother walked silent and sad,
   A tear trickled down from her eye;
Then her mother said, “Ann, I should be very glad
   To know what it is makes you cry.”

“Ah look!” said the child, “at that carriage, mamma,
   All covered with varnish and gold;
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
   While we have to walk in the cold.

“Look there, little girl,” said her mother, “and see
   What stands at that very coach-door;
A poor, ragged beggar, and listen how she
   A halfpenny stands to implore.

“All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye;
   Her hands look like skeleton bones;
She has got a few rags just about her to tie,
   And her naked feet bleed on the stones.

‘Dear ladies,’ she cries—and tears trickle down—
   ‘Relieve a poor beggar, I pray;
I’ve wandered all hungry about this wide town,
   And not ate a morsel to-day.

‘My father and mother are long ago dead,
   My brother sails over the sea;
And I’ve not a rag nor a morsel of bread,
   As plainly, I’m sure, you may see.

‘A fever I caught which was terribly bad,
   But no nurse nor physic had I;
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
   And only on straw could I lie.

‘And now that I’m better, yet feeble and faint,
   And famished, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous complaint,
   And seldom get aught but a scold.

‘Some will not attend to my pitiful call;
   Some think me a vagabond cheat,
And scarcely a creature relieves me of all
   The thousands that traverse the street.
LESSONS OF LIFE.

"Then, ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow!"
Just then a tall footman came round,
And, asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turned off with a bound.

"Ah see, little girl! then her mother replied,
"How foolish it was to complain!"
If you would have looked at the contrary side,
Your tears would have dried up again.

"Your house, and your friends, and your victuals, and bed,
'Twas God in his mercy that gave:
You did not deserve to be covered and fed,
And yet all these blessings you have.

"This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father nor mother has she;
And while you can daily such objects behold,
You ought quite contented to be.

"A coach and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Can't give true delight to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly desire,
And then leave to God all the rest."

But yesterday, dear grandpapa,
I saw a painful sight;
It drew the money from my purse,
And left it empty quite.

A ragged boy led by the hand
A little sister sweet,
Who crept along the frozen ground
With half-uncovered feet.

My hand sought out the silver prize
That in my pocket lay,
When in my ear I heard a voice
That softly seemed to say:

"Think of the skates, the shining skates!
Think of the glorious ice!
If you relieve the suffering child,
Pleasure must pay the price."

"Pleasure a greater price must pay,"
Another voice replied,
"If suffered thus to close the hand
That Pity opens wide."

Out came the money, grandpapa;
How could I then refuse?

And to the smiling boy I said,
"Buy 'Sis' a pair of shoes."

You should have seen the little girl,
Her laughing eyes of blue,
As, showering kisses from her hand,
She sang, "New shoe! new shoe!"

"God bless the gift," said grandpapa,
"And add to mercy's store!
He lendeth to the Lord, my son,
Who giveth to the poor."

MONEY AT INTEREST.

I had some money in my purse,
Kept there almost for ever,
Waiting to buy a pair of skates
To skate upon the river.
THE TWO DIMES.

As Dick and Ben, one summer day,
Were sauntering home, fatigued with play,
They spied, close by a dark pine wood,
A pair of shoes, coarse, strong, and good.
It seemed as if the owner's care
Was to preserve these shoes from wear,
And so he'd placed them where they stood,
And gone barefooted through the wood.

Ben, glancing at the setting sun,
Said, "Look here, Dick, let's have some fun:
'Twill soon be dark; you won't refuse;
So bear a hand; let's take these shoes;
And then we'll hide behind this stack,
And wait till the old chap comes back,
And let him hunt until we choose
To sing out, 'Mister, here's your shoes.'

"And ere he has a chance to try
To catch us, we will let 'em fly
Right at his head, plump in the face,
And then we'll lead him such a race!
I wish the other boys were here;
We'd make old Two-shoes rub his ear.
Come, take one, Dick; just feel its weight;
And when you fire, fire straight."

"No, no," said Dick; "not I, for one:
I'm fond of joking, fond of fun;
But who knows who this man may be?
Perhaps he's poor as poor can be,
And seeks in yonder dark pine wood
To gather chips to cook his food.
But come, don't let us have a spat;
We'll play a trick worth two of that.

"I've got a dime, and so have you;
Let's put one into each old shoe,
And then we'll creep behind this hay,
And hear what the old man will say."
"Agreed!" said Ben, who, fond of fun,
And willing any risk to run
To have a laugh, or play, or joke,
Yielded at once when kindness spoke.

So in the shoes they put their dimes,
And back and forth went twenty times,
And laughed and talked about the way
The trick would end they meant to play.
First, they would twist the shoes about,
To make the precious dimes show out;
Then place the silver in a way
To catch the sun's departing ray.

At length a sound their senses greet
Of rustling leaves and moving feet;
And then, like kittens at their play,
Kept peeping out, as if to view
And note what he would say or do.
And soon from out the lonely wood,
In weary, sad, and thoughtful mood,
An old man came, bowed down with years,
Whose eyes betokened recent tears.
His steps were feeble, tottering, slow;
His hair as white as driven snow;

...
And as he came toward the stack
They saw the fagots on his back.

At length he stopped as if to muse;
His tearful eyes turned toward his shoes;
When, as the silver met his sight,
They flashed as with a heavenly light,
And down upon the yielding sod
He knelt with heartfelt thanks to God;
And, with his aged hands upraised,
He said, "O God, Thy name be praised!"

And as the boys beneath the hay
Listened with awe to hear him pray,
They learned his story, sad and brief,
Of toil and sickness, pain and grief;
His children, one by one, had died,
And he had laid them, side by side,
Within the dark and chilly tomb,
And o'er his life spread heartfelt gloom.

Yet through that gloom a cheering ray
Of hope sustained him on his way;
He felt that when this life was o'er
His children he should see once more;
And so, with patience, hope, and trust,
He had consigned the dust to dust,
And at the grave of each loved one
He knelt and said, "Thy will be done."

Then followed other ills of life—
Cold, pinching want, a suffering wife.
All this and more they heard him say
As they lay hid beneath the hay;
And then, with cheek all wet with tears,
In voice made tremulous by years,

They heard him ask of God to bless
The hand that had relieved distress.
But, rising from his knees at length,
And leaning on his staff for strength,
He thrust his feet within his shoes,
And hurried homeward with the news.
The boys, half-buried 'neath the hay,
Saw him go tottering on his way;
Then crawling out, they homeward went,
Pleased with the way their dimes were spent.

"I say," said Ben, "if I had died
I couldn't help it, so I cried;
But if I ever try again
To play a joke, my name ain't Ben!"
"Well, well, we've had our fun," said Dick,
"And played a real handsome trick,
And I sha'n't be ashamed to tell
About a joke that ends so well."

MORAL.

The moral of this tale is plain:
Cause no unnecessary pain;
Pluck from your heart all evil thoughts;
Let love and kindness guide your sports;
And if induced to play a trick,
Act tenderly, like honest Dick;
Or if in frolic now and then
You're led astray, remember Ben.

Remember, too, in pain or grief
A prayer to God will bring relief,
Or if with joy the heart expands,
On bended knee, with upraised hands
And heart uplifted to the skies,
Let thanks in prayer and praise arise.
God hears the gentlest sigh or prayer:
He's ever present everywhere.
Lucy Gray; or, Solitude.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I crossed the wild
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green,
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will nevermore be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night;
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon;
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain-roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.
LESSONS OF LIFE.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet,"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small,
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child—
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my check so pale;
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to hear my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! Rejoice!" still cried the crowd,—
My mother answered with her tears.
"Oh why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kissed me, and in accents weak
She called me her poor orphan boy!
"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed! I shrieked for aid,
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah, lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep; what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

THE BLIND BOY.
It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

The odors of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels, who come to delight
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind—
Oh, tell me what light is, because I am blind.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair;
It breathes on my lips and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.

Now, what the bright colors of music may be
Will any one tell me, for I cannot see?

C. CIBBER.
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY.

THE BLIND MAN.
Dear children, see, I'm old and poor,
I grope my way from door to door.
You, happy children, cannot know
How dark the path through which I go.

But Bible words have comfort strong;
They're ringing round me all day long—
They tell me of a brighter place,
Where I shall see my Maker's face.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.
Hark to the thunder!
List to the rain!
See the fierce lightning
Flashing again!

See, at yon window,
Gleaming afar,
Shines a pale taper,
Like a lone star!

There a lone mother,
Bending the knee,
Prays for her darling,
Far, far at sea.

O God in heaven,
Hear Thou her prayer!
Still Thou the tempest,
Calm her despair!

Out on the waters,
Where the winds roar,
Tossed by the billows,
Miles from the shore,

In his rude hammock,
Rocked by the deep,
Lies a young sailor
Buried in sleep.

Sweetly he's smiling,
Dreaming of home,
Far in green England,
Over the foam.

She who is praying
Stands by him now,
Parting his tresses,
Kissing his brow.

God send him safely
To her again!
God grant her watching
Be not in vain!

Matthias Barr.

THE SAILOR BOY'S GOSSIP.
You say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking
With those who will kindly endeavor to teach;
And I think I have learnt something while I was walking
Along with the sailor boy down on the beach.

He told me of lands where he soon will be going,
Where humming-birds scarcely are bigger than bees—
Where the mace and the nutmeg together are growing,
And cinnamon formeth the bark of the trees.

He told me that islands far out in the ocean
Are mountains of coral that insects have made;
And I freely confess I had hardly a notion
That insects could work in the way that he said.
He spoke of wide deserts where sand-
clouds are flying,
No shade for the brow, and no grass
for the feet;
Where camels and travellers often lie
dying,
Gasping for water and scorching
with heat.

He told me of places away in the
East
Where topaz and ruby and sapphire
are found,
Where you never are safe from the
snake and the beast,
For the serpent and tiger and jackal
abound.

He declared he had gazed on a very
high mountain
Spurting out volumes of sulphur
and smoke,
That burns day and night like a fiery
fountain,
Pouring forth ashes that blacken
and choke.

I thought our own river a very great
stream,
With its water so fresh and its cur-
rents so strong,
But how tiny our largest of rivers
must seem
To those he has sailed on, three
thousand miles long!

He spoke, dear mamma, of so many
strange places,
With people who neither have cities
nor kings,
Who wear skins on their shoulders
and paint on their faces,
And live on the spoils which their
hunting-field brings.
He told me of waters whose wonderful falling
Sends clouds of white foam and a thundering sound,
With a voice that for ever is loud and appalling,
And roars like a lion for many leagues round.

Oh, I long, dear mamma, to learn more of these stories
From books that are written to please and to teach,
And I wish I could see half the curious glories
The sailor boy told me of, down on the beach.

Eliza Cook.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bower,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Kind Fate, thou hast blest me! I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell;
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' soft pressure and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye!
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

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THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

You see the gentle water,
How silently it floats,
How cautiously, how steadily,
It moves the sleepy boats;
And all the little loops of pearl
It strews along the sand
Steal out as leisurely as leaves
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast;
And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I'll tell you what it did one night
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas;
A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze;
And along the woods of Devon,
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see, when summer evenings fall,
The light upon their sails.
But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham
And ply their toils at home;
And so it chanced, one winter's day,
When the wind began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then, as the storm grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white;
It was fiercer through the twilight,
And fiercest in the night;
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
With not a star to melt,
And the blackness of the darkness
Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,
Went on its secret way,
And struck a hundred barks adrift
To reel about the bay;
They meet! they crash!—God keep the men!
God give a moment's light!
There is nothing but the tumult,
And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,
They grieved for what they knew;
What do you think the women did?
Love taught them what to do:
Up spoke a wife: "We've beds at home—
We'll burn them for a light;
Give us the men and the bare ground—
We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no;

And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry went through the people,
"A boat is coming back!"
Staggering dimly through the fog,
They see, and then they doubt,
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, "Child, here comes your father!"
Or "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome stone
And stay a little while,
And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare;
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there;
But some went home without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam,
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home:
So, when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to meet the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails!

M. B. S.
THE LITTLE SCHOONER.

They built a little ship
By the rough seaside;
They laid her keel in hope,
And they launched it in pride.

Five-and-twenty workingmen,
All day and half night,
Were hammering and clamoring
To make her all right.

Lightly was she rigged,
And strongly was she sparred;
She had bowlines and buntlines,
Topping-lift and yard;
They swung round her boom
When the wind blew piff-paff,
For she was a little schooner,
And she sailed with a gaff.

The men who were making her
Talked of her at home:
"A smarter little creature
Shall never breast the foam;"

She is not built for battle,
Nor for any dark deed,
But for safety and money,
And comfort and speed."

She made two trips
In the smooth summer days;
Back she came merrily—
All sang her praise.
Once she brought figs
From a land of good heat;
Once she brought Memel-wood,
Strong, hard, and sweet.

She made three trips
When winter gales were strong;
Back she came gallantly,—
Not a spar wrong;
She could scud before the wind
With just a sail set,
Or beat up and go about,
With not a foot wet.
It was in September
   That she went out anew,
As fresh as a little daisy
   Brimful of morning dew;
Brushed, painted, holystoned,
   Tarred, trimmed, and laced,
Like a beauty in a ball-dress
   With a sash around her waist.

She went out of harbor
   With a light breeze and fair,
And every shred of canvas spread
   Upon the soft blue air;
But when she passed the Needles
   It was blowing half a gale,
And she took in a double reef,
   And hauled down half her sail.

Just as the sun was sinking
   A cloud sprang from the east,
Like an angry whiff of darkness
   Before the daylight ceased;
It went rushing up the sky,
   And a black wind rushed below,
And struck the little schooner
   As a man strikes his foe.

She fought like a hero—
   Alas! how could she fight
In the clutch of the hurling demons
   Who roar in the seas by night?
White stars, wild stars,
   With driving clouds before,
You saw her driven like a cloud
   Upon a cruel lee-shore!

There were ten souls on board of her;
   The crew, I ween, were eight,
And the ninth was a woman,
   And she was the skipper's mate—
The ninth was a woman,
   With a prayer upon her lip;
And the tenth was a little cabin-boy,
   And this was his first trip.

As they drove upon the rocks
   Before they settled down,
They could see the happy windows
   Along a shining town;
The flicker of the firelight
   Came through the swirls of foam,
And they cried to one another,
   "Oh! thus it looks at home!"

By those bright hearths they guessed not,
   Closing their peaceful day,
How ten poor souls were drowning
   Not half a mile away!
But there were some hardy fellows
   Keeping a bright lookout,
Who had manned the life-boat long ago,
   And launched her with a shout.

Out in the darkness, clinging
   To broken mast and rope,
The ten were searching sea and sky
   With eyes that had no hope;
And the moon made awful ridges
   Of black against the clear,
And the life-boat over the ridges
   Came leaping like a deer!

Up spoke the life-boat coxswain,
   When they came near the wreck:
"Who casts his life in this fierce sea
   To carry a rope on deck?"
The men were all so willing
   That they chose the first who spoke,
And he plunged into the breathless pause
   Before a huge wave broke.

And the wave sprang like a panther
   And caught him by the neck,
And tossed him, as you toss a ball,
   Upon the shuddering wreck;
Faint eager hands upheld him
Till he had got his breath,
And could make fast the blessed rope—
A bridge to life from death.

There's many a precious cargo
Comes safe to British sands,
There's many a gallant fighting-man
About our British lands;
But I think our truest heroes
Are men with names unknown,
Who save a priceless freight of lives,
And never heed their own.

Now bear those weary wanderers
From the dark shores below,
And warm them at the hearths whose light
They watched an hour ago;
And call the fishers and sailors
Gravely to see, and say,
“Our turn may come to-morrow,
As theirs has come to-day.”

Among the fishers and sailors
There came a sunburnt man,
And he stared at the little cabin-boy
Lying so white and wan—
Lying so white and speechless,
They thought his days were done—
And the sailor stared, and wrung his hands,
And cried, “It is my son!”

“Oh! I was bound for Plymouth,
And he for the coast of Spain,
But little I thought when we set sail
How we should meet again.
And who will tell his mother
How he is come ashore?
For, though I loved him very much,
I know she loved him more.

“I'll kiss his lips full gently
Before they are quite cold,
And she shall take that kiss from mine
Ere this moon waxes old.”
“Father!” the pale lips murmur,
“Is mother with you here?”
The answer to these welcome words
Was a sob, and then a cheer.

The captain spoke at midnight,
When he saw the tossing sky,
“Alas! a woeful night is this,
And a woeful man am I.
Glad am I for my wife,” he said,
“And glad for my true men;
But alas for my little schooner!
She’ll never sail again!”

Now, all you life-boat heroes
Who reckon your lives so cheap,
You banish tears from other homes—
Make not your own to weep!
You cannot die like lions,
For all you are so strong;
While you are saving other lives,
God keep your own from wrong!

By one of the authors of
"Poems written for a child."

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MY BOY JEM.

A fearful storm in the British Channel,
On Monday, all the day;
And the “Daisy,” bound for Bristol,
Was lost in Walton Bay—
The “Daisy,” Captain Roberts.

Why, my boy sailed with him;
And she’s lost! she’s lost! and my dear boy,
God bless him, my boy Jem!

Bound for Bristol, with sugar;
And just off Clevedon town
The cargo shifted, a storm blew up,
Struck her, and she went down.
Poor souls! poor souls! and my dear lad;
But sure the boy could swim;
What’ll his mother say? Poor lad!
God bless him, my boy Jem!

The captain’s wife lives on the shore,
In sight of Walton Bay;
She’d been watching days and weeks,
And watching that very day.
The captain stuck to the ship;
They say he couldn’t swim.
Yes! yes! I’ve heard him laugh on’t
Times enough to my boy Jem.
But one of the sailors caught him
Just as the ship went down—
Jumped overboard and swam with him,
And brought him into the town.

A splendid fellow—James Brown, the mate;
’Twas grand to see him swim.
The mate? the mate? Why, that’s my boy!
God bless him, my boy Jem!

Frederick E. Weatherly.

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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper, he stood beside the helm;
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“Oh, father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh say, what may it be?”
“Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”
And he steered for the open sea.

“Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“Oh, father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the glistening snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.
And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath—
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—

But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

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**FILIAL, TRUST.**

'Twas when the sea with awful roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm;
And, cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,
"Whilst terrors overwhelm?"
"Why yield to fear?" the boy replied;
"My father's at the helm."

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**NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.**

A TRUE STORY.

Napoleon's banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain halfway over
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming, doating—
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows;

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash man that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.
Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision
I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleat aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.
'Tis of a little drummer
The story I shall tell—
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell,
Out in the West with Lyon
(For once that name was true),
For whom the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack
And snatching up his gun;
"Forward!" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for them
The rat-tat-too.

Across a rolling country,
Where the mist began to rise,
Past many a blackened farm-house,
Till the sun was in the skies;
Then we met the rebel pickets,
Who skirmished and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and beat
The rat-tat-too.

Along the wooded hollows
The line of battle ran;
Our centre poured a volley,
And the fight at once began;
For the rebels answered, shouting,
And a shower of bullets flew;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

He stood among his comrades,
As they quickly formed the line,
And when they raised their muskets
He watched the barrels shine.
LESSONS OF LIFE.

When the volley broke, he started,
For war to him was new;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

It was a sight to see them,
That early autumn day—
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the rebel ranks in gray,
The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer as he beat
His rat-tat-too.

His comrades dropped around him—
By fives and tens they fell—
Some pierced by Minie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell.
They played against our cannon,
And a caisson's splinters flew,
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

The right, the left, the centre—
The fight was everywhere;
They pushed us here—we wavered;
We drove and broke them there.
The gray-backs fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue,
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

"Where is our little drummer?" 
His nearest comrades say
When the dreadful fight is over
And the smoke is cleared away.
As the rebel corps was scattering,
He urged them to pursue,
So furiously he beat and beat
The rat-tat-too.

He stood no more among them;
A bullet, as it sped,
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead.
He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew,
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

They bore him to the surgeon—
A busy man was he:
"A drummer-boy? what ails him?"
His comrades answered, "See!"
As they took him from the stretcher
A heavy breath he drew,
And his little fingers strove to beat
The rat-tat-too.

The ball had spent its fury;
"A scratch," the surgeon said
As he wound the snowy bandage
Which the lint was staining red;
"I must leave you now, old fellow"
"Oh, take me back with you,
For I know the men are missing me
And the rat-tat-too!"

Upon his comrade's shoulder
They lifted him so grand,
With his dusty drum before him
And his drumsticks in his hand,
To the fiery front of battle,
That nearer, nearer drew,
And evermore he beat and beat
His rat-tat-too.

The wounded, as he passed them,
Looked up and gave a cheer,
And one in dying blessed him,
Between a smile and tear.
And the gray-backs, they are flying
Before the coats of blue,
For whom the little drummer beats
His rat-tat-too.
When the west was red with sunset
The last pursuit was o'er;
Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
And looked the name he bore;
And before him, on his saddle,
As a weary child would do,
Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
With his rat-tat-too.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.
You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

NO ACT FALLS FRUITLESS.
Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.
BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 'twere play;
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day;
I'd rather be a ploughboy than
A useless little gentleman.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.
I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too:

I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving
plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's
tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great;
I'll be a king, except a crown—
For that they won't allow—
And I'll find out what the Tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart
And rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are
worth,
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.
I mean to be a cottage-girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage-door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.
Louisa, dear, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me;
But ah! remember pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine's shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage-hearth invade.

CAROLINE.
I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music and sport and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.
Oh, children! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain;
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.
My grandmother lives on a farm
Just twenty miles from town;
She's sixty-five years old, she says;
Her name is Grandma Brown.
Her farm is very large and fine;
There's meadow, wood, and field,
And orchards, which all kinds of
fruits
Most plentifully yield.
Butter she churns, and makes nice
cheese;
They are so busy there,
If mother would stay with me too,
I'd like to do my share.
I go out with the haymakers,
And tumble on the hay;
They put me up upon the load,
And home we drive away.
I go into the pleasant fields
And gather berries bright;
They've many, many thousands there,
All fresh and sweet and ripe.
A pretty brook runs through the farm,
Singing so soft and sweet:
I sit upon the grassy bank,
And bathe my little feet.

A farmer I would like to be,
They live so pleasantly;
They must be happy while they work,
Singing so cheerfully.
I think I'll save all that I get,
And earn all that I can,
And buy me such a pleasant farm
When I grow up a man.

THE FARM.

Bright glows the east with blushing red,
While yet upon their wholesome bed
The sleeping laborers rest;
And the pale moon and silver star
Grow paler still, and, wandering far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see, behind the sloping hill
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire;
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above the horizon gray,
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills and vales and woods rejoice,

The lark ascends the skies,
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

Then in the dairy's cool retreat
The busy maids together meet:
The careful mistress sees:
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well-known cry to call the cows,
Still sleeping on the plain;
They, quickly rising one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
Wind slowly through the lane.
And see the rosy milkmaid now
Seated behind the hornèd cow,
With milking-stool and pail;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry, Mary's charge,
Must all be fed and let at large
To roam about again;
Wide open swings the great barn-door,
And out the hungry creatures pour
To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough
The sun-burnt laborer hastens now
To guide with skilful arm;
Thus all is industry around;
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.

Jane Taylor.

Farm-Yard Song.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;

And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"'
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump
   While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
   Soothingly calling,—
   "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen-clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
   Singing, calling,—
   "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams,
   Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

John T. Trowbridge.
MORNING SONG IN THE COUNTRY.

Come out of your beds, there!
The cock loudly crows—
The birds they are singing,
The morning wind blows;
And see, the red morning
So gayly is here,
On meadow, on brooklet,
The sunbeams shine clear.

Take coats from the cupboard,
Take hats from the wall,
Take scythe, and take sickle,
And hayfork, and all—
The maids to the meadow,
The men to the field,
That corn-field and hay-field
Good harvest may yield.

And while ye are sowing
And ploughing for food,
Look gratefully up to
The Giver of good,
Who sends us our bread,
By His mercy and power,
And blessing and increase,
And sunshine and shower.

THE MILKMAID.

Oh, happy the milkmaid’s life,
Passed among hill and glen,
Far from the city’s strife
And the noise and din of men.
She rises with early dawn,
With a heart all free from care,
And, taking her snowy pail,
Goes forth in the dewy air.

Such pleasant things abound
In earth, in air above;
All Nature seems around
To tell of life and love.

The pigeon sings its lay
In the wood beyond the brook,
And fragrant flowers grow
In every sunny nook.

And soon the sun will tinge
The top of the poplar trees,
Whose leaves are dancing now
In the early morning breeze;
And the bees are gathering in
The honey of the limes;
Oh, ’tis pleasant on summer morns
To be up and abroad betimes.

And though in winter days
Come frost and cold and snow,
And the far sun’s feeble rays
Give forth no kindly glow,
There’s pleasure even then
In the milkmaid’s daily life,
For around duty’s paths
Blessings are ever rife.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to
give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them,
all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast
Forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.
Animals and Birds.

THE LION.

Lion, thou art girt with might!
King by uncontested right;
Strength and majesty and pride
Are in thee personified!
Slavish doubt or timid fear
Never come thy spirit near;

What it is to fly, or bow
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature terrible and free!

Power the Mightiest gave the lion
Sinews like to bands of iron;

Gave him force which never failed,
Gave him heart that never quailed.
Triple-mailèd coat of steel,
Plates of brass from head to heel,
Less defensive were in wearing
Than the lion's heart of daring;

Nor could towers of strength impart
Trust like that which keeps his heart.

What are things to match with him?
Serpents old, and strong, and grim,
Seas upon a desert shore,  
Mountain-wildernesses hoar,  
Night and storm, and earthquakes dire,  
Thawless frost and raging fire—  
All that's strong and stern and dark,  
All that doth not miss its mark,  
All that makes man's nature tremble,  
Doth the desert-king resemble!

When he sends his roaring forth,  
Silence falls upon the earth;  
For the creatures, great and small,  
Know his terror-breathing call,  
And, as if by death pursued,  
Leave to him a solitude.

Lion, thou art made to dwell  
In hot lands intractable;  
And thyself, the sun, the sand,  
Are a tyrannous triple-band.  
Lion-king and desert throne,  
All the region is your own!

---

THE TIGER.

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil; what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

---

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

The arching trees above a path  
Had formed a pleasant shade,  
And here, to screen him while he slept,  
An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,  
But soon with fear she cried,  
For, slowly moving down the path,  
An elephant she spied.

The sticks he crushed beneath his feet  
Had waked the sleeping child,  
Who pushed aside the waving curls,  
And looked at him, and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot—  
With fear she held her breath—  
And there in agony she stood  
To see him crushed to death.
His heavy foot the monster held
A while above the boy,
Who laughed to see it moving there,
And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground
Beyond her infant son,
And watched till every foot was safe
Across the little one.

She caught the infant from the ground,
For there, unharmed, he lay,
And could have thanked the noble beast,
Who slowly stalked away.

THE CAMEL.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed,
And through wilds of trackless sand
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws,
Where no pleasant water flows,
By the wing of singing birds—
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
Bearing freight of precious things—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship!

When the red simoom comes near,
Camel, dost thou know no fear?
When the desert sands uprise,
Flaming crimson to the skies,

And, like pillared giants strong,
Stalk the dreary waste alone,
Bringing Death unto his prey,
Does not thy good heart give way?
Camel, no! thou dost for man
All thy generous nature can:
Thou dost lend to him thy speed
In that awful time of need;
And when the simoom goes by
Teachest him to close his eye,
And bow down before the blast,
Till the purple death has passed!

And when week by week is gone.
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly—when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if cheeringly to say,
"Journey on for this one day!
Do not let thy heart despond;
There is water yet beyond,
I can scent it in the air;
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveller there.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
And these desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee!

MARY HOWITT.

THE SAILOR AND THE MONKEYS.

Once, in the hope of honest gain
From Afric's golden store,
A brisk young sailor crossed the main
And landed on her shore;

And, leaving soon the sultry strand
Where his fair vessel lay,
He travelled o'er the neighboring land
To trade in peaceful way.

Full many a toy had he to sell,
And caps of scarlet dye;
All such things, he knew full well,
Would please the natives' eye.

But as he travelled through the woods
He longed to take a nap;
And opening there his pack of goods,
Took out a scarlet cap,

And drew it on his head, thereby
To shield him from the sun;
Then soundly slept, nor thought an eye
Had seen what he had done.

But many a monkey dwelling there,
Though hidden from his view,
Had closely watched the whole affair,
And longed to do so too;
And while he slept did each one seize
A cap to deck his brows;
Then climbing up the highest trees,
Sat chattering on the boughs.

The sailor waked, his caps were gone,
And loud and long he grieves,
Till, looking up with heart forlorn,
He spied the little thieves.

With cap of red upon each head,
Full fifty faces grim,
The sailors sees amid the trees,
With eyes all fixed on him.

He brandished quick a mighty stick,
But could not reach their bower,
Nor yet could stone, for every one
Was far beyond his power.

"Alas!" he thought, "I've safely brought
My caps far over seas,
But could not guess it was to dress
Such little rogues as these."

Then quickly down he threw his own.
And loud in anger cried,
"Take this one too, you thievish crew,
Since you have all beside."

But quick as thought the caps were caught
From every monkey's crown,
And like himself each little elf
Threw his directly down.

He then with ease did gather these,
And in his pack did bind;
Then through the woods conveyed his goods,
And sold them to his mind.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.
Farewell! those free, untired limbs
full many a mile must roam
To reach the chill and wintry sky
which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now
thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must
be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again,
but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert
paths where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth,
and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step,
shall bear me home again.
Yes, thou must go! the wild, free
breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home,—from all of these
my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less
proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck
thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark
eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall hear again that
step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm
to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—
thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some
cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested
waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee
swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee,
may count each started vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought
—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so
gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone,
my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it
now command thee to return?

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.
Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well
I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er—
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

THE BLIND STEED.

What bell-house, yonder, towers in sight
Above the market-square?
The wind sweeps through it day and night;
No gate nor door is there.

Speaks joy or terror in the tone
When neighbors hear the bell?
And that tall steed of sculptured stone—
What doth the statue tell?"

"Not the first stranger, friend, art thou
That hath such knowledge sought;
What say our chronicles shall now
To thee be freely taught.
The Doom-bell of Ingratitude,
The precious relic's name:
Shades of brave sires around it brood,—
Their memory is its fame.

"Ingratitude was, even then,
An envious world's base meed;
And so those upright, ancient men
This warning sign decreed:
Whoso had felt that serpent's sting,
To him was given the power
With his own hand, straightway, to ring
The doom-bell in the tower.

"Then came the ministers of law
Together—though 'twere night,—
Inquired, examined, heard, and saw
Where lay the injured right.
Unheeding title, rank, or gold,
Unknowing lord or slave,
A righteous sentence, free and bold,
The honest judges gave.

"A hundred years ago, or more,
A citizen lived here
Whose thrifty toil and goodly store
Were famed both far and near.
His dress, his cellar, and his sheep
His wealth might well declare;
And he was pleased and proud to keep
A steed of beauty rare.
"Once on a time, as he rode by
A forest late at night,
With tiger-spring and murder-cry
Six robbers hove in sight.
His life, hard pressed before, behind,
Hung trembling by a hair;
But his good steed, with speed of wind,
Soon snatched him from the snare.

"The faithful beast, all white with foam,
Brought off without a wound
His grateful lord, who, once at home,
His horse's praise did sound.
A vow he made, and, swearing, sealed:
'Hereafter I'll give my gray
The best of oats the land can yield
Until he turns to clay.'

"But the good beast fell sick at last,
Grew lame, and stiff, and blind,
And his forgetful master fast
Renounced his grateful mind.
He sought to sell him cheap, oh fie!
And, what was worst of all,
When none at any price would buy,
He kicked him from the stall!

"For seven long hours, with drooping head,
Close to his master's gate,
Pricking his ears at every tread,
That patient beast did wait.
The stars came out all cold and bright;
None pitied his bare bones;
And there he lay, the livelong night,
Out on the icy stones.

"And when uprose another morn,
There the poor nag still stood,
Till driven by hunger's goading thorn
To stir in quest of food.
The sun o'er all his radiance flings,
But midnight veils his head;
And he who once seemed clothed with
wings
Now creeps with dubious tread.

"Before each tread his lifted hoof
Groped forth to feel the way,
And, step by step, with certain proof,
Its soundness to assay.
Through all the streets he, fumbling so,
Grazed with his mouth the ground;
And 'twas a windfall, you may know,
When some stray straw he found.

"Once, thus urged on by hunger's power,
All skin and bone—oh shame!—
The skeleton, at midnight hour,
Up to the bell-house came.
He stumbled in, and chanced to grope
Near where the hemp rope hangs;
His gnawing hunger jerks the rope,
And, hark! the doom-bell clangs!

"The judges hear the midnight cry,
Straight to the tower repair,
And lift their wondering hands on high
To see such plaintiff there.
They went not back, with gibe and joke,
To curse the untimely clang:
Amazed, they cried, 'Twas God that spoke,
When the stern doom-bell rang!

"And the rich man is summoned now
Straight to the market-square;
Half waked, he fiercely knits his brow,—
'You dream! who wants me there?'
He went defiant, but his mood
To meekness changed with speed,
When in the judges' midst he stood,
Confronted with his steed.

"'Know you this beast?' From his high seat
Thus the chief justice said:
'But for his fleet and faithful feet
Your life long since had fled!
And what rewards such signal worth?
Thou spurnest him away,
O man of ice! the rabble's mirth
And gaunt starvation's prey!

"The doom-bell sounded out its call,
The plaintiff here you see;
Your crime is manifest to all,
And so we do decree,
That you henceforth your faithful steed
Home to your stable take,
And, like a Christian, nurse and feed
Till death, for mercy's sake!

"The mean rich man dumfounded stood,
The verdict vexed him sore;
Yet felt he his ingratitude,
And took his steed once more.
So in the chronicles is traced
The story, plain and fair;
And for a monument they placed
The stone-hewn statue there."

Translated from the German by the
Rev. C. T. Brooks.
THE BONNIE MILK-COW.

"Moo! moo! pretty lady!"
Bairnies want their supper now.
Lowing in the twilight hour,
Comes my bonnie cow.
Buttercups and clover green
All day long her feast have been;
She comes laden home at e'en—
She is coming now.

Bairnies for their porridge fret—
"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"
And milk must have, their mouths to wet,
Sweet and warm from you.

Other cows go dry, they tell;
Hawkie ne'er was known to fail,
But aye she fills the foaming pail—
"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

Best of butter, best of cheese,
"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"
That well the daintiest may please,
Yields my gentle cow;
When the good wife stirs the tea,
Sweeter cream there cannot be—
Such curds and whey you'll seldom see;
"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE BOY AND THE ASS.

"Donkey, I'll ask you a riddle to-day:
What is that creature whose hide is gray,
Whose ears are large, and whose sense is small,
Who cries 'Ye-aw!' and walks with a lazy crawl?"

"Dear boy, that's too hard and too deep for me;
Pray tell me what may this creature be?"

Then the boy laughed loudly, and said,
"Go to!
You foolish donkey, I spoke of you."

"Donkey, I'll ask you a riddle to-day:
What is that creature whose hide is gray,
Whose ears are large, and whose sense is small,
Who cries 'Ye-aw!' and walks with a lazy crawl?"
The ass pricked his ears, but could not make out
Whatever the boy was talking about.
And the child went away—he was wrong, I confess,
For who'd give a donkey a riddle to guess?

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.
Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

Where the bubbling water-flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

THE COW-BOY'S SONG.
"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, home from the wood,
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.

The sun has gone down: it is time to go home;
Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, why don't you come?
Your udders are full, and the milkmaid is there,
And the children all waiting their supper to share.
I have let the long bars down; why don't you pass through?"
The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, have you not been
Regaling all day where the pastures are green?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear moo-ly, to see
The clear-running brook and the wide-spread ing tree,
The clover to crop and the streamlet to wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the shade;
But now it is night: they are waiting for you."
The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, where do you go
When all the green pastures are covered with snow?
You go to the barn, and we feed you with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she strokes your sleek hide,
She speaks to you kindly, and sits by your side;
Then come along home, pretty moo-ly cow, do!"
The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat.

What can you be staring at, mooly?
You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

THAT CALF!
To the yard by the barn came the farmer one morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you last night
Shut the barn-door while I was abed?"

Now the little calf Spot, she was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door;
But they said that she did, all the same,
For they always made her take the blame.
Said the horse (dapple gray), “I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect;”
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, “Let who may here object,
I say ’tis that calf I suspect!”

Then out spoke the cow: “It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks.”
Said the cock in the tree, “I’m sure ’twasn’t me;”
And the sheep all cried, “Bah!”
(there were six),
“Now that calf’s got herself in a fix!”

“Why, of course we all knew ’twas the wrong thing to do,”
Said the chickens. “Of course,” said the cat;
“I suppose,” cried the mule, “some folks think me a fool,
But I’m not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she’s at.”

Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
“Did you shut my barn-door?” asked the farmer once more.
“I did, sir; I closed it last night,”
Said the calf; “and I thought that was right.”

Then each one shook his head. “She will catch it,” they said;
“Serve her right for her meddle-some way!”

Said the farmer, “Come here, little bossy, my dear;
You have done what I cannot re-pay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

“For a wonder, last night I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not shut it so neat
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat—
They’d have foundered themselves upon wheat.”

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl;
The very mule smiled; the cock crew.
“Little Spotty, my dear, you’re a favorite here,”
They cried. “We all said it was you;
We were so glad to give you your due!”
And the calf answered, knowingly, “Boo!”

Phoebe Cary.

NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
“In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart’s delight!”
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?

I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day:
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."
"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cry.

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"

The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

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**THE PET LAMB.**

A PASTORAL.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty Creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears;
and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty Creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right toward the Lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What ailst thee, Young One? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little Young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the Sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms, the like thou needest not fear—
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.
"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold."
"It will not, will not rest—poor Creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey.

"Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the Damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."  

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a lamb.

He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?
Nay, my little master, nay,  
Do not serve me so, I pray;  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make your clothes?  
Cold, ah, very cold, you'd be  
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing  
Nipping daisies in the spring,  
But what chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass,  
Or pick my scanty dinner where  
All the ground is brown and bare!

Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past,  
Cuts my woolly fleece away  
For your coat in wintry day.  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

One stormy night, upon the Alps,  
A traveller, weak and old,  
Walked sadly on through ice and snow,  
And shivered with the cold.

His eyes were dim with weariness,  
His steps were short and slow;  
At length he laid him down to sleep  
Upon a bed of snow.

Before he closed his aching eyes,  
He heard a cheerful bark;  
A faithful dog was by his side  
To guide him through the dark.

And soon beside the fire he stood,  
And earnestly he prayed  
For those who trained that noble dog,  
And sent him to his aid.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

They tell that on St. Bernard's mount,  
Where holy monks abide,  
Still mindful of misfortune's claim,  
Though dead to all beside,

The weary, wayworn traveller  
Oft sinks beneath the snow;  
For where his faltering steps to bend  
No track is left to show.

'Twas here, bewildered and alone,  
A stranger roamed at night;  
His heart was heavy as his tread,  
His scrip alone was light.

Onward he pressed, yet many an hour  
He had not tasted food,  
And many an hour he had not known  
Which way his footsteps trod;

And if the convent's bell had rung  
To hail the pilgrim near,  
It still had rung in vain for him—  
He was too far to hear;

And should the morning light disclose  
Its towers amid the snow,  
To him 'twould be a mournful sight—  
He had not strength to go.

Valor could arm no mortal man  
That night to meet the storm—  
No glow of pity could have kept  
A human bosom warm.

But obedience to a master's will  
Had taught the dog to roam,  
And through the terrors of the waste  
To fetch the wanderer home.
And if it be too much to say
That pity gave him speed,
'Tis sure he not unwillingly
Performed the generous deed.

For now he listens, and anon
He scents the distant breeze,
And casts a keen and anxious look
On every speck he sees.

And now, deceived, he darts along
As if he trod the air—
Then, disappointed, droops his head
With more than human care.

Eager emotion swelled his breast
To tell his generous tale,
And he raised his voice to its loudest tone
To bid the wanderer hail.

He never loiters by the way,
Nor lays him down to rest,
Nor seeks a refuge from the shower
That pelts his generous breast.

The pilgrim heard—he raised his head
And beheld the shaggy form;
With sudden fear he seized the gun
That rested on his arm.

And surely 'tis not less than joy
That makes it throb so fast
When he sees, extended on the snow,
The wanderer found at last.

"Ha! art thou come to rend alive
What dead thou mightst devour?
And dost thy savage fury grudge
My one remaining hour?"

And surely he—he saw him move,
And at the joyful sight
He tossed his head with a prouder air,
His fierce eye grew more bright;

The bullet bore the message home—
The injured mastiff fell.
His eye was dimmed, his voice was still,
And he tossed his head no more;
But his heart, though it ceased to throb with joy,
Was generous as before;

For round his willing neck he bore a store of needful food,
That might support the traveller’s strength
On the yet remaining road.

Enough of parting life remained
His errand to fulfil—
One painful, dying effort more
Might save the murderer still;

So he heeded not his aching wound,
But crawled to the traveller’s side,
Marked with a look the way he came,
Then shuddered, groaned, and died! Miss Fry.

**BETH-GELERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.**

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn’s horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
“Come, Gélert, come; wert never last
Llewelyn’s horn to hear.

“Oh! where does faithful Gélert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!”

’Twas only at Llewelyn’s board
The faithful Gélert fed;

He watched, he served, he cheered his lord
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gélert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o’er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon’s craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of Hart or Hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gélert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied:
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gélert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound all o’er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gélert too,
And still, where’er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O’erturned his infant’s bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.
He called his child, no voice replied;  
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side;  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devoured!"  
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gé尔ert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell  
No pity could impart,
But still his Gé尔ert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gé尔ert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;  
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:  
"Best of thy kind, adieu!  
The frantic blow which laid thee low  
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deckt;  
And marbles, storied with his praise,  
Poor Gé尔ert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmoved;  
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,  
And there, as evening fell,  
In Fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gé尔ert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Gé尔ert's Grave."  
WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

No dandy dog poor Rover was,  
So sleek and fair to see;  
No ears of beauty graced his head,  
No dainty limbs had he;  
No pretty tail he had to wag  
When master came in sight;  
No glossy silken curls adorned  
His coat of black and white.

But Rover was a gentle dog,  
A faithful dog and true;  
The little children loved him well,  
He loved the children, too;  
He licked their little hands so soft,  
He trotted at their heels,  
He played with them upon the grass,  
And helped them at their meals.
When Rover was a tiny pup,
And scarce could run about,
His master found him in a ditch
One day, and brought him out;
And little thought the good lad then,
As, pleased, he turned away,
In saving Rover's humble life
He saved his own that day.

And tenderly he bore him home,
And nursed him well and long,
And day by day, and week by week,
The dog grew big and strong;
And late or soon, in house or field,
The two were ne'er apart;
The neighbors said the lad had tied
The dog up to his heart.

And Rover—well he loved to lie
With Colin 'neath the trees,
And lay his great and shaggy head
Upon his master's knees;
And had he had the power to speak,
The power to shed a tear,
I think he would have wept and said,
"I love you, master dear."

And cunning tricks he knew as well:
He feigned a broken leg;
He tumbled down as he were shot,
And then stood up to beg;
He chased the butterflies about,
He barked at bird and bee,
And sniffed the flowers as if he loved
The pretty things to see.

No shepherd's dog the country round
Could better watch the sheep;
His bright black eyes were everywhere—
He never seemed to sleep;
And when the flock went once astray,
He soon was on its track,
And ere the sun had gone to rest
He brought the wanderers back.

He watched them thro' the silent night,
For he was brave and bold;
And once he killed a hungry wolf
He caught beside the fold.
But better still I love to hear
The story that they tell
Of what, upon a stormy night,
His master dear befell.

The snow was falling fast and thick—
So thick you scarce could see—
And Colin's mother lay abed,
As ill as she could be;
So Colin must to town away,
And fetch the doctor straight;
No matter though the wind may blow,
The night be dark and late.

He kissed his mother's cheek so pale,
Then turned in haste to go;
His faithful dog was at his side,
And leapt out on the snow.
Fierce blew the wind across the heath
As Colin shut the door,
But bravely turned he to the blast,
And Rover went before.

No moon shed down her gentle light
To guide them on their way;
They could not tell the road that night
They knew so well by day.
And weary miles they struggled
Through, and sore was Colin's heart,
To think his mother lay abed,
And he so far apart.

"Good dog! good dog!" at length he said,
"God keep us both from ill!"
Though wild the night, we'll take the path
That lies across the hill."

The blood froze in poor Colin's veins,
The tear froze in his eye;
He scarce could breathe, so cold he was—
He felt as he would die.
His heart beat faint and fainter still,
His head swam round and round;
He reeled, and with a cry of pain
Sank helpless to the ground.

And Rover licked his icy face,
And licked his frozen hand;
Why master lay so cold and still
He could not understand.
But soon a thought, a happy thought,
Lit up his lowly mind;
He shook the snow from off his back,
And sped off like the wind.

A shepherd dwelt upon the hill—
A goodly man, tho' poor—
And he that night was roused from sleep
By something at his door.
He looked from out his window high,
And something black he saw
That stood beside his cottage-door,
And scraped it with its paw.

With speedy step the old man came,
The door he opened wide,
And, panting in the howling storm,
Poor Rover he espied.
"Come in, good dog, come in," he said,
"And tell me why you grieve."
Poor Rover looked up in his face,
And pulled him by the sleeve.

The shepherd took his staff in hand.
And Rover led the way,
And up the giddy heights they went
To where young Colin lay.
They found him lying stiff and cold;
The good man raised his head.
He breathed, he murmured Rover's name;
Thank God, he was not dead!

The shepherd bore him to his cot,
And well he nursed him there;
And Colin soon had cause to bless
The good man for his care.
And Rover now is old and gray,
But Colin loves him still,
And ne'er forgets the night he saved
His life upon the hill.

DEAR OLD FLO.
A LITTLE GIRL'S LECTURE TO HER DOG.

Stand up and listen like a dear old Flo!
Not that you really are so old, you know,—
You're but a baby in your second year,—
By old I only mean the same as dear!
"You dear old Flo!"
Means just as if I said, "You dear, dear Flo!"
But that sounds rather silly said to you.

Matthias Birk.
Then, as one "dear" won't do,
Because I love you so,
I call you old as well! It's just the same!

For pa last night
Read from a funny book by Mr. Spear—
(He reads to ma, who thinks it such a treat)—
"What's in a name?
A rose by any name would smell as sweet."

You dear old Flo!
I'm sure you smell as sweet as any rose!
I think so, if Nurse don't!
And Nurse don't think so just because she won't.
Puss is her dear old darling; and she knows,
Because your temper (like her own) is hasty,
That you and pussy sometimes come to blows—
Not blows exactly; but it's all the same!
Again I tell you, Flo, what's in a name?
Medicine by any name would smell as nasty!

For it is nasty that you won't agree,
Pussy and you! You're like the "busy bee"
In Nurse's song,
That "loves to bark and bite"—
Oh no! that's wrong, I'm sure; dear! dear! let's see,
Whatever can it be?
It's Tommy's fault; he always says it wrong;
And now, you see, he's put me out as well.
Tut! I can't get it right;

And if you knew, you know you couldn't tell.
However, never mind, it's all the same!
To quarrel must be bad by any name.
So listen, Flo!
Don't ever fight with pussy; let her spit,
And don't you care one bit!
She knows no better, for she's but a cat,
As stupid as she's fat,—
Fat as our pony when he's had his beans;
And you're my noble doggy, brave and strong,
Loving, obedient, trustful—such a dear!
Pa says you are a dog "without a peer."
I don't know what that means,
But pa is always right, whoever's wrong!
Then it's no wonder that I love you so,
You dear old Flo!

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;
We read and play together;
We tramp across the hills and fields,
When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step,
My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,
And jumps up in my face!
And if I let him steal a kiss,
I'm sure it's no disgrace.
Oh, had he but the gift of speech
   But for a single day,
How dearly should I love to hear
   The funny things he'd say!

Yet, though he cannot say a word
   As human beings can,
He knows and thinks as much as I,
   Or any other man.

And what he knows, and thinks, and feels
   Is written in his eye;
My faithful dog cannot deceive,
   And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read
   What other dogs can do;
And if I live when you have gone,
   I'll write your history too.

Susan Jewett.
SIR PONTO'S PARTY.

There once lived in Dogdom a dog of great worth—
Sir Ponto, distinguished for fashion and birth;
His lady, for virtue and beauty as famed;
And three puppy sons—Carlo, Snap, and Dash named.

It being the season for parties and balls,
For exchanging of visits and making of calls,
Sir Ponto resolved, with his fair lady's leave,
Next week at his mansion his friends to receive.

So young Master Dash was directed to write,
And his friends to a dinner next week to invite;
But the ladies expressly to tell, one and all,
That the party would close with an elegant ball.

The excitement the news caused in Dogdom was great;
Both old dogs and young dogs prepared for the fete,
Each fully determined to use all his might,
His very best leg to put foremost that night.

Such a brushing of coats and a trimming of caps
In all former dog-days never took place, perhaps;
Shawls, laces, and robes were examined with care,
And ornaments purchased to deck off their hair.

On the long-wished-for day, exactly at five,
The guests in their coaches began to arrive;
And were ushered up stairs by waiting-men monkeys,
Dressed out in a style that became lordly flunkies.

Sir Ponto received them with true courtly grace,
With bows and with greetings, and smiles on his face;
While his lady declared how delighted she was
To see her dear friends and to shake their dear paws.

For a while they engaged in agreeable chat,
Now talking of this, and now talking of that,
Till the butler appeared in a full suit of red,
And said, with a bow, that the table was spread.

Of the various dishes composing the treat—
Of the roast and the boiled, of the fish, fowl, and meat;
Of the wines and the fruits, of the puddings and pies—
Sir Ponto had ordered abundant supplies.

But, alas! disappointments our best schemes await,
Nor are dogs, more than mortals, exempted by fate;
While we're looking for joy, sorrow enters the door,
And dangers attend us behind and before.
While Beau Pincher was handing a slice of rat-pie
To Miss Flora, whose beauty had fixed every eye,
A monkey, in handing a dish of hot soup,
Spilled it over her paw and her silk-covered hoop!
The guests, in confusion, now each one arose—
Some examined her paw, some examined her clothes;
Some plied their smell-bottles, and some plied their fan,
While the monkeys in terror around the room ran.

"You wretch of a monkey!" the angry host said,
"You richly deserve I should break your big head!
Be off with you quick, you villainous scamp!
Or I'll flatten your nose with this kerosene lamp!—

"Miss Flora, my dear, I'm really ashamed—
That chuckle-head monkey's alone to be blamed;
I hope that your sweet paw don't feel any pain:
Your dress we'll have scoured and lustred again."

On Miss Flora's left side sat a long-nosed greyhound,
Who, sharing the scalding, leaped up with a bound,
And seizing poor Pug by the calf of his leg,
Made him howl and for mercy most lustily beg.

Miss Pussy then jumped up, and with her sharp claws
Inflicted some scratches on both of his jaws;
While the bull-dog displayed his great, terrible teeth,
As if at one mouthful he meant him to eat.
Thus surrounded, poor Pug, in frantic despair,
With a shriek, leaped o'er their heads in the air,
Nor looking behind him, made straight for the door,
Bare-headed rushed out, and was never seen more!

Mr. Pincher, the beau, now the ladies entreated
To forget their alarm, and again to be seated,
While each gentleman dog did his best to restore
The enjoyment and mirth which existed before.

The laugh and the jest now flew merrily round—
A happier party could scarcely be found;
And soon to the ballroom they eagerly went,
On waltzing and polking each mind fully bent.

On high, in a gallery, in white ermine suits,
Four mewsical cats sat, with fiddles and flutes;
While the leader in front, with a wave of his paw,
To the mewsic and dancing gave order and law.
The music struck up, and each dog took his place
In the right merry dance with a right merry face;
They waltzed and they polked, till the low, drooping tail
Plainly showed that their strength was beginning to fail.

Each dog then his partner led back to her seat,
And hastened to bring her an ice cream to eat;
While he gallantly stood by, and said, with a bow,
That a happier dog never lived, he would wow.

Then, in cloaks and in shawls muffled up to the chin,
To their coaches, long waiting, the ladies got in,
And, chatting, drove off with their beaux by their side,
To protect them from harm as they homeward did ride.

FINALE.

Old Towser, as it now was late,
Shut up the house and locked the gate;
Then stretched himself upon the floor,
And loudly soon began to snore.

Father was lost in the pitch-black night
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited,
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thickset boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me,
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.
Darling, kiss me in payment!  
Hark! how the wind is roaring!  

Father's house is a better place  
When the stormy rain is pouring.  

Bayard Taylor.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo!

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nursed with tender care,  
And to domestic bounds confined,  
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread  
And milk, and oats, and straw;  
Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
On pippins' russet peel,  
And when his juicy salads failed,  
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound,  
To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,  
For then he lost his fear,  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons,  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,  
And force me to a smile.
But now, beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come,

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box.
Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

THE LITTLE HARE.

Beyond the palings of the park
A hare had made her form,
Beneath a drooping fern, that gave
A shelter snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,
And all things were awake,
And then the hare, with noiseless step,
Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
Looked timidly around
With open eyes, and ears erect
That caught the smallest sound.

The field-mouse rustled in the grass,
The squirrel in the trees,

But Puss was not at all afraid
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,
And cropped a leaf or two
Of clover, and of tender grass,
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,
And run away so fast?
She heard the distant sound of hounds,
She heard the huntsman's blast.

Hoy!—tally-ho!—hoy!—tally-ho!
The hounds are in full cry;
Ehew! ehew!—in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound,
And on and on, till she lost the sound,
And away went the little hare.

THE SQUIRREL.
Oh, there's the squirrel perched aloft,
That active little rover;
See how he whisks his bushy tail,
Which shadows him all over.

And then he flies much more alert
Than butterfly or bee;
No lamb or kid is half so light,
So swift of foot, as he.

Now view him seated on the bough
To crack his nuts at ease,
While blackbirds sing, and stock-doves coo,
Amid the neighboring trees.

THE SQUIRREL.
The pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree,
A little blithe creature as ever can be;
He dwells in the boughs where the stock-dove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;

With cunning glance he casts around
His merry sparkling eye;
In yonder hazel by the brook,
Rich clusters he can spy.
His food is the young, juicy cones of the pine,
And the milky beech-nut is his bread and his wine.

In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound
To the topmost twigs, and then down to the ground;
Then up again like a wingèd thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring;
Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, "Ay, follow me here."
And then he grows pettish, and stamps his foot;
And then independently cracks his nut.
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want
In the bleak winter weather when food is scant:
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest and lays up his store;
Then when cold winter comes, and the trees are bare,
When the white snow is falling, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself
In his warm little nest with his nuts on his shelf.
Oh wise little squirrel! no wonder that he,
In the green summer woods, is as blithe as can be!

THE SQUIRREL.

"The squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay."
Little Harry exclaimed to his brother;
"He has nothing to do or to think of but play,
And to jump from one bough to another."

But William was older and wiser, and knew
That all play and no work wouldn't answer,
So he asked what the squirrel in winter must do,
If he spent all the summer a dancer.

The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go together;
He lays up in summer his winter supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold weather.

THE SQUIRREL.

"Little brown squirrel, pray what do you eat?"
What had you for dinner to-day?"
"Nuts, beautiful nuts, so nice and so sweet:
I gather them off the tall trees in the wood,
And eat all the kernels I find that are good,
And then throw the hard shells away."

MARY HOWITT.
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

“Little brown squirrel, but what do you do
When the season for nuts is o’er?”
“I gather ripe nuts all the long summer through,
And hide them so deep in a hole in the ground;
Then when the dark winter again has come round
I have plenty still laid up in store.”

Dear little reader, I wonder if you Are laying in food for your mind? You should seek what is good and instructive and true, You should gain all the knowledge that ought to be known, That when the bright days of your childhood are flown You may be of some use to mankind.

Kitty in the Basket.

“Where is my little basket gone?”
Said Charlie boy one day;

“I guess some little boy or girl Has taken it away.

“And Kitty too, I can’t find her; Oh dear! what shall I do? I wish I could my basket find, And little Kitty too.

“I’ll go to mother’s room and look; Perhaps she may be there, For Kitty loves to take a nap In mother’s easy chair.

“Oh, mother! mother! come and look! See what a little heap! My Kitty’s in the basket here, All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully, And brought it in a minute, And showed it to his mother dear. With little Kitty in it.

Eliza Follen.
PLAYING WITH PUSSY.

Mischief-loving Robbie,

Having naught to do,

Climbed up to the window,

Back the sash he threw.

There he saw Miss Kitty

Down upon the walk;

Lazy little Robbie

To her began to talk;

"Cunning little kitty,

Tell me how you do,"

But the kitty would not

Even answer " Mew."

Roguish little Robbie

Likes this not at all;

Then he spies his grandma's

Knitting, and her ball

Of soft, warm crimson worsted.

" I'll throw her that," said he.

Robbie and the kitty

Played right merrily;

But oh in such a tangle

They rolled it in their play,

To take out all the knots it took

Poor grandma half a day.
I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

I LIKE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;

I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like
To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR.

PUSSY'S HIDING-PLACE.

Oh, where is my kitten, my little gray kitten?
I've hunted the house all around;
I've looked in the cradle and under the table,
But nowhere can Kitty be found.

Oh, where is my little gray kitten?
I've hunted the clover and flower-beds over;
I peeped in the old wooden spout;
I went to the wood-pile, and stayed there a good while,
But never my Kitty came out.

I've been in the attic and made a great racket;
I peeped into little Dick's bed;
I've looked in the stable as much as I'm able;
I hunted the wood-house and shed.

I called little Rover to hunt the field over,
And help find my Kitty for me;
No dog could be kinder, but he couldn't find her—
Oh, where can my poor Kitty be?

I saw a boy trundle away a small bundle,
And drop it down into the brook.
Could that be my Kitty, so cunning and pretty?
I think I will run there and look;

For there is no knowing what people are throwing
When things are tied up in a sack;
Whatever they carry, not long do they tarry,
And always they come empty back!

Aunt Clara.

MY PUSSY.
Oh, here is Miss Pussy;
She's drinking her milk;
Her coat is as soft
And as glossy as silk.

She sips it all up
With her little lap-lap;
Then, wiping her whiskers,
Lies down for a nap.

My kitty is gentle,
She loves me right well;
And how funny her play is
I'm sure I can't tell.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.
My dear little kittens! my five little darlings!
I loved you—the gray ones, the spotted, the white;
I brought you your breakfast of warm milk each morning,
And saw you all lap it with keenest delight.

You played, too, so merry and cunning together;
Your mother would watch while she lay in the straw,
A-winking her eyes in the warm sunny weather,
And giving you sometimes a tap with her paw.
You would pull at her tail, at her ears
you would nibble;
You had no respect for her gray
hairs at all;
I am sure, though, she liked it, but
sometimes she scolded,
And said, in cat-language, "Be off
with you, all!"

But one day poor Whitey, the prettiest
darling
Of all these five kittens, grew sick
and then died;
I never again could have such a sweet
kitten,
And oh how I grieved! and how
sadly I cried!

I went out and dug her a grave in the
garden,
And lined it all softly with leaves
and with moss;
I brought to the burial her brothers
and sisters,
Thinking that they too would
mourn for her loss.

But the heartless things capered and
whisked all around me—
They chased a bright butterfly,
searched for a mouse,
Jumped for the bird that sang up in
the pear tree;
I whipped them and sent them all
back to the house.

Then I filled up the grave and I
rounded it over,
And made it a border of white
pearly stone;
And on it I planted a nice root of cat-
nip;
Then left little Whitey to sleep all
alone.

One day Tom, the bad boy who lives
round the corner,
Stole Spotty and Grayback—I called
help too late;
He never would tell where he carried
the darlings,
And I sigh when I think of their
probable fate.

Then I had but two left me, and these
a good neighbor
Adopted and brought up with kind-
ness and care;
Their mother and I were both sorry
to lose them,
But we knew it was best for them
both to be there.

Little Kit.

Pretty Kit, little Kit,
Oh, you're a lovely pet!
With your sleek coat and your white
throat,
And toes as black as jet.
It's true your eye is rather green,
But then it shines so bright,
That you could catch the naughty
mouse
Who stole my cake last night.
Ah, Kitty! sweet Kitty!
You're the pet for me!
Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
And nurse you on my knee.
Pretty Kit, little Kit,
I've often fondled you
Before your little legs could walk,
And eyes were opened too;
And when I laid you on the rug
To roll you o'er in play,
Your kind mamma in her great mouth
Would carry you away.
Ah, Kitty! sweet Kitty!
You're the pet for me!
Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
And nurse you on my knee.

Pretty Kit, little Kit,
Annie's bird can sing,
Arthur's dog can carry sticks,
And Mary's parrot swing;
But though you do not carry sticks,
Or sing, or swing, you are,
With your low purr and your soft fur,
The dearest pet by far.
Yes, Kitty, sweet Kitty,
You're the pet for me!
Come, now; I'll rock you in my lap
And nurse you on my knee.

Oh, you Kit! naughty Kit!
What is this I find?
Annie's little bird is gone,
And Poll's scratched nearly blind;
Carlo's coat is sadly torn;
Oh dear! what shall I do?
You've feathers hanging round your mouth—
It's all been done by you.
Fie, Kitty! fly, Kitty!
You're no pet for me!
I'll neither rock you in my lap
Nor nurse you on my knee.

THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS.
Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse? we'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son;
"You sha'n't have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping-broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

JOHN G. WATTS.
PUSSY CAT.
Pussy Cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and purr;
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy cat says, "Come out, if you dare;
I will catch you with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The pussy cat said, "It smells very nice;
Now do come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little mouse;
"Squeak, squeak, squeak,"
Said all the young ones too;

"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we are afraid of you."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall:
"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little mouse; "we'll creep out,
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went the little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from her mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

_Aunt Effie's Rhymes_
THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

That way look, my Infant, lo! What a pretty baby-show! See the Kitten on the Wall, Sporting with the leaves that fall, Withered leaves—one—two—and three— From the lofty Elder tree! Through the calm and frosty air Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink Softly, slowly: one might think, From the motions that are made, Every little leaf conveyed Sylph or Faery hither tending,— To this lower world descending. Each invisible and mute, In his wavering parachute. —But the Kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! First at one, and then its fellow Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now—now one— Now they stop, and there are none; What intenseness of desire In her upward eye of fire! With a tiger-leap half way Now she meets the coming prey, Lets it go as fast, and then Has it in her power again: Now she works with three or four, Like an Indian Conjurator; Quick as he in feats of art, Far beyond in joy of heart.
ANIMALS AND BIRDS

Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this Orchard's narrow space
And this Vale so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in Bands
Travelled into distant Lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
—Where is he, that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung with head toward the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound:
Lighest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!

Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring Rill,
That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy:
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every Creature;
Whatsoe'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair;
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
—Pleased by any random toy;
By a Kitten's busy joy,
Or an Infant's laughing eye,
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

William Wordsworth.

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING DAY.
“Give me turkey for my dinner,”
Said a tabby cat.
“Before you get it you'll be thinner;
Go and catch a rat,”
Said the cook, her pastry making,
Looking fierce and red,
And a heavy roller shaking
Over Pussy's head.

Hark! her kittens' shriller mewing;
“Give us pie,” said they
To the cook, amid her stewing,
On Thanksgiving Day.
“Pie, indeed! you idle creatures!
Who'd have thought of that?
Wash your paws and faces neater,
And go hunt. 'Scat! 'Scat!”

So they went and did their duty,
Diligent and still;
Exercise improved their beauty,
As it always will.
Useful work and early rising
Brought a merry mood,
And they found the cook's advising,
Though severe, was good.

Youth's Companion.

CLEOPATRA.
We've called our young puss Cleopatra;
'Twas grandpa who named her like that.
He says it means "fond of good living;"
A queer-enough name for a cat!

She leads the most lovely existence,
And one which appears to enchant:
Asleep in the sun like a snowflake
That tries to get melted and can't;

Or now and then languidly strolling
Through plots of the garden, to steal
On innocent grasshoppers, crunching
Her cruel and murderous meal;

Or lapping from out of her saucer—
The dainty and delicate elf!—
With appetite spoiled in the garden,
New milk that's as white as herself.

Dear! dear! could we only change
places,
This do-nothing pussy and I,
You'd think it hard work, Cleopatra,
To live as the moments went by.

Ah! how would you relish, I wonder,
To sit in a schoolroom for hours?
You'd find it less pleasant, I fancy,
Than murdering bugs in the flowers.

Edgar Fawcett.
PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone,
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? no, no my dear"
(As she took up a paw). "See! they're hidden here."
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such weapons—oh, no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "Pshaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, 'Spiss!' as hard as you can," she said;
But every kitten hung down its head;
"'Spiss!' I say," cried the mother-cat,
But they said "Oh, mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose."
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

PUSS AND THE BEAR.

A fierce grizzly bear,
With shaggy gray hair,
Lay on the low branch of a pine;
Above him there sat
A cunning wild cat,
Who guessed that he wanted to dine.

At last Bruin spied
Where Puss wished to hide,
And, being quite hungry and tired,
Said, "Pray, Miss Puss, come Down here to my home; Oh, how your sweet face I've admired!"

But Puss wisely thought, If she should be caught, Her poor bones Bruin quickly would crunch; So she slyly said, "Bear, I'll take very good care You don't gobble me up for your lunch."

Yet, being polite, She judged it but right To give an excuse for refusing; So at once up she stood, Still as high as she could, And said, "I can't do what you're choosing;

"But here's such a fine view— I wish you would come too; I am sure it would please your good taste. It's easy to climb In almost no time; So pray come up here, sir—make haste!"

Bruin thought, "That will do! Puss soon shall cry 'Mew!' Ah, how silly a young cat is she! I'll very soon stride Close up to her side, When she'll make a nice luncheon for me." So he said, "Thank you, Puss; Without any more fuss I'll come up your prospect to see."

But old Bruin forgot That a slim branch would not Hold up such a monster as he; Down he came with a crack, Tumbling flat on his back, To the stones at the foot of the tree.

Oh, how Puss did purr To think her sleek fur Had 'scaped the rude clutch of his paws! But more was she pleased To think she had teased Bruin, who would have seized And munched her up in his great jaws.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF POOR PUSS.

Kind masters and misses, whoever you be, Do stop for a moment and pity poor me, While here on my deathbed I try to relate My many misfortunes and miseries great.

My dear mother Tabby I've often heard say That I have been a very fine cat in my day; But the sorrows in which my whole life has been passed Have spoiled all my beauty, and killed me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing! if I recollect right, I was kittened in March, on a clear frosty night; And before I could see or was half a week old I nearly had perished, the barn was so cold.
But this chilly spring I got pretty well over,
And moused in the hay-loft or played in the clover;
And when this displeased me or mousing was stale
I used to run round and round after my tail.

But ah! my poor tail and my pretty sleek ears!
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;
And little I thought, when I licked them so clean,
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen!

Some time after this, when my sores were all healed,
As I lay in the sun, sound asleep in a field,
Miss Fanny crept slyly, and, grasping me fast,
Declared she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah me! how I struggled my freedom to gain!
But, alas! all my kicking and scratching were vain;
For she held me so tight, in her pinafore tied,
That before she got home I had liked to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;
Wherever I went I was followed with blows;
Some kicked me for nothing while quietly sleeping,
Or flogged me for daring the pantry to peep in.

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him,
How many's the time master Jacky would set him,
And while I stood terrified, all of a quake,
Cried, "Hey, cat!" and "Seize her, boy! give her a shake!"

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear
Just taking a scrap that I thought they could spare,
Oh, what have I suffered with beating and banging,
Or starved for a fortnight, or threatened with hanging!

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,
I've borne with a spirit becoming a cat:
There was but one thing which I could not sustain,
So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning, safe hid in a little warm bed
That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,
Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw
I concealed, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud;
I mewed to my kittens and purred out aloud,
And thought with delight of the merry carousing
We'd have when I first took them with me a-mousing.
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty?
I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity;
For the very next morning my darlings I found
Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and drowned.

Poor darlings! I dragged them along to the stable,
And did all to warm them a mother was able;
But, alas! all my licking and mewing were vain,
And I thought I should never be happy again.

However, time gave me a little relief,
And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief,
And at last I began to be gay and contented,
Till one dreadful morning, for ever repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favorite sparrow,
And often I longed for a taste of its marrow;
So, not having eaten a morsel all day,
I flew to the bird-cage and tore it away.

Now tell me, my friends, was the like ever heard,
That a cat should be killed just for catching a bird?
And I'm sure not the slightest suspicion I had
But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed, I can say, with my paw on my heart,
I would not have acted a mischievous part;
But, as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,
I thought birds and mice were on purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its squeaking,
Miss Fanny came in while my whiskers were reeking,
And on my poor back with the hot poker flying,
She gave me those bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,
And cold clammy sweat trickles down from my face;
I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side.—
She stopped, gave a sigh and a struggle, and died!

PUSS PUNISHED.

Oh, naughty puss! you must not play
And romp with Dolly thus, I say;
You spoil her curls and ruffles too,
And make her quite a fright—you do.

Shame! puss, to treat poor Dolly so!
The simple thing, that cannot sew,
And mend her clothes when they are torn,
Or run away when thus forlorn.

My mother tells me 'tis unkind
To treat the helpless thus; so mind,
If you repeat your tricks, old cat,
Your ears shall pay for it—that's flat.

Jane Taylor.
CATCHING THE CAT.

The mice had met in council;
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crape on every hat.
They were desperate: something must
be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said,
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly, by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked, "That trap
would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first
mouse
That died a natural death;
And he'd undertake to poison the cat,
If they'd let him prepare that mouse.
"There's not been a natural death," they shrieked,
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
He waited until there was silence
All along the pantry-shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"I will catch the cat myself!

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play:
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature! I suppose;
But as she stoops to catch me,
I shall catch her by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A gray-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her then?"
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well,
I think, if you'll all excuse me,
'twould be wiser not to tell.

"We all have our inspirations—"
This produced a general smirk—
"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.
I ask you, then, to trust me:
You need have no further fears—
Consider our enemy done for!"
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously.
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But I shall wait and see!"
And sure enough she was coming;
The mice all scampered away
Except the noble champion
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith—of course they
had—
They were all of them noble souls,
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them safely in their holes
Until some time in the evening;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gayly about!
There was dreadful consternation,
Till some one at last said, "Oh,
He's not had time to do it—
Let us not prejudge him so!"
"I believe in him, of course I do,"
Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
"But the cat looks uncommonly hap-
py,
And I wish I did know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter, or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged;
The demand for crape goes on;
They feel they'd be happier if they
knew
Where the champion mouse has
gone.

This story has a moral—
It is very short, you see,
So no one, of course, will skip it,
For fear of offending me.
It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But—if you are mice—you'd better
think twice
Before you catch the cat.

Margaret Vandegrift.

KITTEN GOSSIP.

Kitten, kitten, two months old,
Woolly snowball, lying snug,
Curled up in the warmest fold
Of the warm hearth-rug!
Turn your drowsy head this way:
What is Life? Oh, kitten, say!

"Life?" said the kitten, winking her
eyes,
And twitching her tail in a droll sur-
prise—

"Life? Oh, it's racing over the floor,
Out at the window and in at the door;
Now on the chair-back, now on the
Table,
'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of
silk,
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of
milk,
All so cozy and comfortable.
It's patting the little dog's ears, and
leaping
Round him and over him while he's
sleeping—
Waking him up in a sore affright,
Then off and away like a flash of light,
Scouring and scampering out of sight.
Life? Oh, its rolling over and over
On the summer-green turf and bud-
ing clover;
Chasing the shadows as fast as they
run
Down the garden-paths in the mid-
day sun,
Prancing and gambolling, brave and
bold,
Climbing the tree-stems, scratching
the mould—
That's life!" said the kitten two months
old.

Kitten, kitten, come sit on my knee,
And lithe and listen, kitten, to me;
One by one, oh! one by one,
The sly, swift shadows sweep over the
sun—
Daylight dieth, and kittenhood's done.
And, kitten, oh! the rain and the
wind!
For cathood cometh, with careful
mind,
And grave cat-duties follow behind.
Hark! there's a sound you cannot hear;
I'll whisper its meaning in your ear:
Mice!
(The kitten stared with her great green eyes,  
And twitched her tail in a queer surprise.)

Mice!
No more tit-bits dainty and nice;  
No more mischief and no more play;  
But watching by night and sleeping by day,  
Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk—  
Very short commons and very sharp work.  
And, kitten, oh! the hail and the thunder—  
That's a blackish cloud, but a blacker's under.  
Hark! but you'll fall from my knee, I fear,  
When I whisper that awful word in your ear:

R-r-r-rats!
(The kitten's heart beat with great pit-pats,  
But her whiskers quivered, and from their sheath  
Flashed out the sharp, white, pearly teeth.)

R-r-r-rats!
The scorn of dogs, but the terror of cats;  
The cruellest foes and the fiercest fighters;  
The sauciest thieves and the sharpest biters.  
But, kitten, I see you've a stoutish heart,  
So courage! and play an honest part;  
Use well your paws,  
And strengthen your claws,  
And sharpen your teeth and stretch your jaws—  
Then woe to the tribes of pickers and stealers,  
Nibblers and gnawers, and evil-dealers!  
But now that you know life's not precisely  
The thing your fancy pictured so nicely,  
Off and away! race over the floor,  
Out of the window, and in at the door;  
Roll in the turf and bask in the sun,  
Ere night-time cometh and kittenhood's done.  

Thomas Westwood.

THE CAT'S APOLOGY.

GIRL.
You must not scratch, dear pussy-cat,  
Nor use your long, sharp claws like that;  
Give me a nice soft paw to pat!

CAT.
Dear child, that will I gladly do;  
But let me say a word or two.  
Who hurts and teases first? Don't you?  
Suppose a child may now and then  
Give to a cat a little pain,  
May not a poor cat scratch again?  
And though a blood-drop stain the arm,  
Yet neither meant the other harm;  
Then let us be good friends and warm.
THE YOUNG MOUSE.

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug, quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her gray, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

"Oh mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child!" said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good;
They would catch us and kill us all there if they could—

"As they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return!"

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.

"RUN, MOUSEY, RUN!"

I am sitting by the fireside,
Reading, and very still;
There comes a little sharp-eyed mouse,
And run about he will.

He flies along the mantelpiece,
He darts beneath the fender;
It's just as well that Jane's not here,
Or into fits he'd send her.

And now he's nibbling at some cake
She left upon the table;
He seems to think I'm somebody
To hurt a mouse unable.
Run, Mousey, run! I hear the cat;  
She's scratching at the door;  
Once she comes in you'll have no chance  
Beneath her savage claw.

Run, Mousey, run! I hear Jane's foot;  
She's coming up to bed;  
If Puss but makes a spring at you,  
Poor Mousey, you'll be dead!

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WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"Little sparrow, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find  
A fat little worm or a fly to my mind;  
And I carry it back to my own pretty nest  
For the dear little pets that I warm with my breast;  
For until I can teach them the way how to fly,  
If I did not feed them my darlings would die.  
How glad they all are when they see me come home!  
And each of them chirps, "Give me some! give me some!"

"Little lamb, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."

"Long enough before you wake  
Breakfast I am glad to take  
In the meadow, eating up Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;  
Then about the fields I play,  
Frisk and scamper all the day.

When I'm thirsty I can drink  
Water at the river's brink;  
When at night I go to sleep,  
By my mother I must keep:  
I am safe enough from cold  
At her side within the fold."

"Little bee, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day, and all day long,  
Among the flowers you hear my song;  
I creep in every bud I see,  
And all the honey is for me.  
I take it to the hive with care,  
And give it to my brothers there,  
That when the winter-time comes on,  
And all the flowers are dead and gone,  
And the wild wind is cold and rough,  
The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say  
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I am a gay and merry fly;  
I never do anything—no, not I.  
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,  
In the heat of the sun or the shade of the trees,  
On the window-pane or the cupboard shelf,  
And I care for nothing except myself.  
I cannot tell, it is very true,  
When the winter comes what I mean to do;  
And I very much fear, when I'm getting old,  
I shall starve with hunger or die with cold."
THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese:
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger!
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching Mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry!
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong
'Cause you didn't think.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree—
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon—
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!
They have left their nests in the forest bough—
Those homes of delight they need not now—
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about:
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call!
“Come up, come up!” they seem to say,
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!

“Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!”

And the birds below give back the cry,
“We come, we come to the branches high!”
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the bright green earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze like fields of gold
That gladden some fairy regions old!
On mountain-tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Mary Howitt.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"Little bird! little bird! come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee;
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,
And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I loved dearly the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree."

"Little bird! little bird! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly
To greener fields and warmer sky;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You'll hear my merry song again."

"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one! come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea;
I will be free as the rushing air,
And sing of sunshine everywhere."

Lydia Maria Child.

THE BIRD AND THE MAID.

There sat a bird on the elder-bush
One beauteous morn in May,
And a little girl 'neath the elder-bush,
That beauteous morn in May.

The bird was still while the maiden sang,
And when she had done his song out-rang;
And thus in the rays of the bright spring sun
The maid and the bird sang on and on,
That beauteous morn in May.

And what, I pray, sang the bright bird there,
That beauteous morn in May?
And what was the song of the maiden fair,
That beauteous morn in May?

They were singing their thanks to God above
For the bounteous gifts of His priceless love.
Oh, such songs of praise Should be sung always,
Each beauteous morn in May.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Quoth the boy: "I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest I know."
Quoth the girl: "I will not see Little birds defrauded so!"
Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little nests to steal.
Leave them happy for my sake;
Surely little birds can feel!

Quoth the boy: "My senses whirl;
Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl
Or the feelings of a bird!
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
Tell me what you reckon on
When you prate in such a strain;
If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they might feel—pain."

Quoth the girl: "I watch them talk,
Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash tree walk,
When my daily task is done:
In their little eyes I find
They are very fond and kind.
Every change of song or voice
Plainly proveth to my mind
They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little Robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast)
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.
"What a world," he cried, "of bliss—
Full of birds and girls—were this!
Blithe we'd answer to their call;
But a great mistake it is
Boys were ever made at all."

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**BIRDS' NESTS.**

The skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak-leaves strewn around.
The wren builds in an ivied thorn
Or old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest, so covered in,
You scarce can see at all.
The martins build their nests of clay
In rows beneath the eaves;
The silvery lichens, moss, and hair
The chaffinch interweaves.
The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
But through the wood she strays
Until she finds one snug and warm,
And there her eggs she lays.
The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.
Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;
The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.
The blackbird's nest of grass and mud
In bush and bank is found;
The lapwing's darkly-spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.
The magpie's nest is made with thorns
In leafless tree or hedge;
The wild-duck and the water-hen
Build by the water's edge.
Birds build their nests from year to year
According to their kind—
Some very neat and beautiful;
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God Himself,
And ordered by His will.

BABY-BIRDS.

Last year a linnet's brood I bought,
Just taken from the spray,
To save them from their captors' hands,
Who tortured them with play.

Upon the lawn I placed my charge,
Screened from the noontide glare,
And far from cats; but ere an hour
The mother found them there.

Day after day, and hour by hour,
To feed her young she sped,
Placed every sunny morn by me
Beneath an arbory shed.

They lived, and feathers grew apace
Where down was spread before,
Till one bright morn they disappeared—
I saw my pets no more.

Think if that tender mother-bird
Felt not a parent's pain,
Would she have sought and labored thus
Her lost ones to regain?

All feel that crawl, or walk, or swim,
Or poise the busy wing:
Then seek not pleasure in the pain
Of any living thing.
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?"
Who stole four eggs I laid, 
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link! 
Now what do you think? 
Who stole a nest away 
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo! 
Let me speak a word too; 
Who stole that pretty nest 
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh no! 
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so; 
I gave wool the nest to line, 
But the nest was none of mine. 
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "oh no, 
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! 
Will you listen to me? 
Who stole four eggs I laid, 
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link! 
Now what do you think? 
Who stole a nest away 
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo! 
Let me speak a word too; 
Who stole that pretty nest 
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow, 
"I should like to know 
What thief took away 
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen; 
"Don't ask me again. 
Why, I haven't a chick 
That would do such a trick. 
We all gave her a feather, 
And she wove them together; 
I'd scorn to intrude 
On her and her brood.

Cluck! cluck!" said the hen; 
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr! 
We will make a great stir! 
Let us find out his name, 
And all cry 'for shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird," 
Said little Mary Green; 
"I think I never heard 
Of anything so mean."

"Tis very cruel, too," 
Said little Alice Neal; 
"I wonder if he knew 
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head, 
And went and hid behind the bed; 
For he stole that pretty nest 
From poor little Yellow-breast: 
And he felt so full of shame 
He didn't like to tell his name. 

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.
Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove, 
The linnet, and thrush, say "I love and I love!" 
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong; 
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song. 
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather, 
And singing and loving, all come back together. 
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, 
The green fields below him, the blue sky above, 
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he, 
"I love my love, and my love loves me." 

Samuel T. Coleridge.
THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Here in the wiry prison, where I sing,
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,
Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky,

Day after day the selfsame things I see—
The cold white ceiling, and this wiry house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistle through the boughs!

Mild spring returning streus the ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay,
But no warm sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray.

Oh, how I long to stretch my weary wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see!
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges green;

Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs,
And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires?

Kind mistress, come; with gentle, pitying hand,
Unbar my prison door, and set me free;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.  

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD.

Dear little bird, don't make this pitiful cry,
My heart will break to hear thee thus complain;
Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Sad was the boy that climbed the tree so high,
And took thee bare and shivering from thy nest:
But no, dear little bird, it was not I;
There's more of soft compassion in my breast.

Jane Taylor.

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But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,
Without one feather on thy callow skin,
I begged the cruel boy to spare thy death,
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.
Fondly I fed thee with the tenderest care,
And filled thy gaping beak with nicest food;
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
And then with chickweed green thy dwelling strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked wing,
Smoothed by thy little beak with beauish care;
And many a summer evening wouldst thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison door,
And let thee out into the world so wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.
Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
And fight the stranger from their woods away;
Fierce hawks would chase thee tumbling through the skies,
Or crouching Pussy mark thee for her prey.
Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,
Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard;
And when the wintry wind and driving sleet
Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my pretty bird.
Then do not pine, my favorite, to be free;  
Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye;  
I would not take thee from thy native tree,  
But now 'twould kill thee soon to let thee fly.  

Jane Taylor.

THE BIRD'S NEST.
Oh, who would rob the wee bird's nest,  
That sings so sweet and clear,  
That builds for its young a cozy house  
In the spring-time of the year;  
That feeds the gaping birdies all,  
And keeps them from the rain;  
Oh, who would rob the wee bird's nest,  
And give its bosom pain?

I would not harm the linnet's nest,  
That whistles on the spray;  
I would not rob the pleasant lark,  
That sings at break of day;  
I would not rob the nightingale,  
That chants so sweet at e'en;  
Nor yet would I sweet Jenny Wren,  
Within her bower of green.

For birdies are like bairnies  
That dance upon the lea,  
And they will not sing in cages  
So sweet as in the tree.  
They're just like bonnie bairnies  
That mothers love so well,  
And cruel, cruel is the heart  
That would their treasures steal.

Alexander Smart.

THE ROBIN.
Pretty Robin, do not go,  
For I love to have you near;  
Stay among the shady leaves,  
Sing your songs so sweet and clear.

Pretty bird, you do not know  
How each morning in the spring  
To my window I would go,  
Hoping I might hear you sing.

And when, one delightful morn,  
First I caught your cheerful strain,  
Like some long-lost friend you seemed,  
To our home come back again.

Pleasant stories then you told  
Of that joyous southern clime,  
Where the roses do not fade,  
And 'tis one long summer-time.

Then I could not help but wish  
I had wings to fly like you,  
That beneath those pleasant skies  
I might go and warble too.

Did you know, my little pet,  
That the nice tall cherry tree,  
Where each morning you would sing,  
Father planted there for me?

Many a hearty feast you made  
Where my finest cherries grew;  
Do not think I mean to chide—  
You were very welcome too.

But, if I had loved you less,  
You might now be in your grave;  
I preferred that you should live,  
Rather than my fruit to save.

Do you know that soon again  
Will the frost and snow come on?  
Soon the leaves will fall, and then  
From these woods you will be gone.

He who made your lovely form  
Gave your life so bright and gay,  
 Tells you when 'tis time to go,  
And directs you on your way.

Susan Jewett.
"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

"What is that, mother?"
The lark, my child.
The morn has but just looked out and smiled
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

"What is that, mother?"
The dove, my son;
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast, Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

"What is that, mother?"
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, and true to the line!

"What is that, mother?"
The swan, my love;
He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die:
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN.

So now, pretty Robin, you've come to my door,
I wonder you never have ventured before!
'Tis likely you thought I would do you some harm,
But pray, sir, what cause could there be for alarm?
You seem to be timid—I'd like to know why;
Did I ever hurt you? what makes you so shy?
You shrewd little rogue! I've a mind, ere you go,
To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.

You think I have never discovered your nest;
'Tis hid pretty snugly, that must be confessed;
Ha! ha! how the boughs are entwined all around!
No wonder you thought it would never be found.

You're as cunning a rogue as ever I knew;
And yet—ha! ha! ha!—I'm as cunning as you!
I know all about your nice home on the tree—
'Twas nonsense to try and conceal it from me.

Go home, where your mate and your little ones dwell;
Though I know where they are, yet I never will tell;
Nobody shall injure the leaf-covered nest,
For sacred to me is the place of your rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying away,
And it would be too cruel to ask you to stay;
But come in the morning—come early, and sing;
You shall see what I'll give you, sweet warbler of spring.

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COME HERE, LITTLE ROBIN.

Come here, little Robin, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing!
And Pussy-cat is not behind me;

So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't mind me!

Cold winter is come, but it will not last long,
And summer we soon shall be greeting;
Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song
In return for the breakfast you're eating!

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ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer,
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts!
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late;
'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do,
For pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
   And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
   The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
   O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
   His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE GOLD ROBIN.
A little gold robin with very red breast
Sat perched on a tree near a chick-a-dee's nest.
"Will you go and pick cherries," said Robin, "with me?"
"I've no time to spare," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"And what do you live on?" said Robin Redbreast.
"The worms from the garden; I like them the best."
"And where do you find them? Pray come and show me."
"Go hunt for yourself," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"And where do you sleep?" asked the robin redbreast.
"High up in the tree in my little snug nest."
"Any children?" asked Robin. "Ah yes, I have three;
Fine birdies they are," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"Do you never get weary?" asked Robin Redbreast.
"Yes, often; but then I can lie down and rest.

Those three little birds for their food look to me,
So I must work hard," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

"But work is not pleasant," said Robin Redbreast.
"Ah, love makes it pleasant; love gives it a zest.
Just try it: here's straw, and look! there's a tree;
Go build now a nest," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

So off flew the robin with very red breast;
She gathered up straws, and she made a nice nest:
She hatched four young robins. "Oh, joy! look at me!"
"Now work and be glad," said the chick-a-dee-dee.

HOME SONGS FOR OUR NESTLINGS.

THE ROBIN.
There came to my window, one morning in spring,
A sweet little robin; she came there to sing;
The tune that she sang, it was prettier far
Than ever was heard on the flute or guitar.

Her wings she was spreading to soar far away;
Then resting a moment, seemed sweetly to say,
"Oh happy, how happy this world seems to be!
Awake, little girl, and be happy with me!"
But just as she finished her beautiful song  
A thoughtless young man with his gun came along;  
He killed and he carried my robin away;  
She'll never more sing at the break of the day!

THE ROBIN'S SONG.
I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,  
Who sung in the apple tree over the way,  
What it was he was singing so sweetly about,  
For I'd tried a long while, and could not find out.

"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess wrong;  
Don't ye know I am singing a temperance song?  
'Teetotal,' oh! that's the first word of my lay;  
And then don't you see how I twitter away?

'Tis because I have just dipped my back in the spring,  
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;  
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long!"

MY NEIGHBORS.
Up in the apple tree over the way  
Robin, my neighbor, is busy all day.  
When the sweet morn is beginning to gleam,  
Through the white blossoms he flits like a dream,  
Trills a wild carol, so mellow and clear;  
Through all my dreaming it streams on my ear.

Robin's my gardener, honest and bold,  
Robin's my minstrel, unpaid by my gold.

Under my window, where roses entwine,  
Lives the brown Sparrow, a neighbor of mine.
Close by the lattice, among the green boughs,
Rocks, like a cradle, her snug little house.
Up in my face, with her innocent eyes,
Looks my wee neighbor with timid surprise;
Nestles a little, as if she would say, "Touch but a feather, I'm up and away!"

Swallows are twittering under my eaves,
Thrushes are singing among the green leaves,
Blackbirds are piping a musical lay,
Bees in the clover are droning all day.
Blithe little neighbors! so merry and free,
Sparrow and Robin and Swallow and Bee!
One loving Father keeps watch over all,
Caring alike for the great and the small.

Emily Huntington Miller.

REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin—
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, who by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother—

The darling of children and men?
Could Father Adam open his eyes
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend,
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree.
In and out he darts about;
Can this be the bird to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood?
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst pursue
A beautiful creature
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
"Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer, thou, of our indoor sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness.
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together?
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own;
If Thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone.

William Wordsworth.

SWALLOW AND REDBREAST.

The swallows at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes where soon the winter drear
Should close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice to take
Ere they the chilly North forsake;
Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
Upon a redbreast twittering nigh,
And thus began with taunting scorn:
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn!
Through the deep winter's dreary day
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where summer still on some green isle
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile;
Thus, speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the redbreast answered meek,
"No other scenes I ask or seek;
To every change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.
When spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."

MARY'S PET.
Cousin Jack, the sailor lad,
Gave to sister Mary,
Just before he went away,
Such a sweet canary!
'You should see the tiny thing
Trim its wings so neatly;
You should hear it sing a song
Prettily and sweetly.

And so tame it is that she
In her hand can hold it;
Yesterday I'm sure it did
Everything she told it—
Pecked the crumbs from out her mouth,
Hopped upon her shoulder,
Back upon her hand again;
Never bird was bolder.

And whenever Mary speaks,
How its eyes will glisten
As it cocks its head aside
Saucily to listen!
And she tells it funny tales—
Calls it pretty Fairy;
Wonder if it understands
All that's said by Mary?

Every morning, too, it sings
Just as I am waking,
And ma tells me it begins
Oft when day is breaking.
Don't I like to hear it sing,  
Pretty little fellow!  
With its bright and bead-like eyes,  
And its coat of yellow?

And so fond it grows of me!  
You should only hear it—  
How it calls out, "Weet, weet, weet!"  
If I but go near it:  
Dickie's fond of sugar too—  
Oh, so pleased to get it!  
It would eat a lump, I know,  
If we'd only let it.

Mary sometimes loves to sit,  
As the evening closes,  
Close beside the garden-path,  
Underneath the roses;  
And beside the pretty flowers  
Late she loves to linger,  
Talking to her little pet  
Seated on her finger.

When mamma and Mary sit  
In the parlor sewing,  
How it watches all they do,  
Looking sly and knowing!  
"Saucy Dick!" mamma will say;  
When its name she utters  
Down upon her head so dear  
Jauntily it flutters.

Jumps upon the table, too—  
Never thinks of asking;  
Never fears the pussy-cat  
In the sunshine basking.
Into Mary's work-box next  
Merrily it dances;  
How we laugh, and love to see  
All its ways and fancies!

On the bough beside the sill  
Oft it's found by Mary;  
There it sits until she calls,  
"Time for dinner, Fairy."

Glad am I that sister loves  
Fairy Dick sincerely:  
I am sure that little Dick  
Loves her very dearly.

Who could wrong a little bird?  
Who could use it badly?  
I have heard of naughty men  
Who have plagued them sadly.  
If they had a little child,  
Wonder how they'd like it  
If Dick were to shoot at it  
With a gun, and strike it?

Cousin Jack has promised me,  
When he comes, a polly—  
One that talks and whistles too;  
Oh! won't that be jolly?  
I'll be kind and good to it,  
Never plague or tease it,  
But do everything that's right—  
All I can to please it.

Matthias Barr.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.
A generous tar, who long had been  
In foreign prison pent,  
Released at length, returned again,  
Brimful of merriment.

A man who had some birds to sell  
Was just then passing by;  
Jack glanced at the poor fluttering  
Things  
With sorrowing, pitying eye.

He paused amid the gaping throng  
Before the seller's stall:  
"Now, hark ye, friend, just name your  
Price  
For birds, and cage, and all."

The price was named, the sum was paid;  
The sailor seized the prize,
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

And quickly from the opened door
A young canary flies.

"Stop!" cried the bird-seller, amazed;
"They're all escaping fast."

"That's right," said Jack, and held the door
Till all were gone at last.

"Had you," said Jack, "been doomed,
like me,
In prison long to lie,
You'd better understand, my friend,
The sweets of liberty."

SONG.

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree—
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo!" said the turtle-dove,
"Coo!" said she.
"Oh, I love thee!" said the turtle-dove.
"And I love thee."

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in their nest,
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.

"Coo!" said the little doves.
"Coo!" said she.
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine tree.

In this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest,
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

AUNT EFFE'S RHYMES.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

I know the song that the blue-bird is singing
Out in the apple tree, where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

Very high in the pine tree
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty nursery,
To please her little love.

John Keats.
Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

Emily Huntington Miller.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature! you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about!
Chee, chee, chee.
Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be hard for a gay young fellow like me. Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows, but my mate and I, where our nest and our nestlings lie. Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again. Chee, chee, chee.

When a snow-bird was sitting close by, on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
“Oh, sister, look out of the window!” said she,
“Here’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee;
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
Here’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee.

“Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee!
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee!”

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too;
Good-morning!—Oh who are so happy as we?”
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee;
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. Woodworth.
MY WINTER FRIEND.

The chickadee, the chickadee!
A chosen friend of mine is he.
His head and throat are glossy black,
He wears a great-coat on his back;
His vest is light—'tis almost white,
His eyes are round and clear and bright.

He picks the seeds from withered weeds;
Upon my table-crumbs he feeds;
He comes and goes through falling snows;
The freezing wind around him blows—
He heeds it not: his heart is gay
As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one song,
Though dark the sky may be;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee.

The blue-bird coming in the spring,
The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
The humming-bird that feeds on pinks
And roses, and the bobolinks,
The robins gay, the sparrows gray,—
They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me! they chance to see
A red leaf on the maple tree,
They all cry, "Oh, we dread the snow!"
And spread their wings in haste to go;
And when they all have southward flown,
The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
A friend indeed is he;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by, when the spring-time comes,
I'll build myself a nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me.
Have you less faith than we?

POEMS OF HOME LIFE.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Nay, only look what I have found!
A sparrow's nest upon the ground—
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this—
Not neatly wove with tender care
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together—odds and ends
Picked up from enemies and friends;
See! bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washerwoman's gown,
And here is muslin pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with dainty air,
How the pert sparrow overhead
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!

See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together!

Well, here has hoarding been, and hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these!

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought—
Some man, of men a very gem—
Pray, what could he have done with them?

If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small
That they have scarcely size at all;

"And out of these you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,
Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board;"

How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast!
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen!

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong!
Instinct is more than wisdom strong;
And He who made the sparrow taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
Five little creatures have been blest;
Nor have kings known, in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this,
Poor, simple dwelling as it is!

Mary Howitt.

THE PARROT.

A TRUE STORY.

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land, and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous
screech,
Dropt down, and died!

**THOMAS CAMPBELL.**

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**PUSS AND THE PARROT.**

A parrot that lived at a gentleman's house
Could chatter, and sometimes lie still
as a mouse;
He was hung at the door in a cage
that was gay,
And treated with plenty; one fine
sunny day,
When the cat, through mere envy, was
thus heard to say,
"Pray, sir, do you live on these ex-
cellent things
Because you're a bird, and have feath-
ers and wings?
If a cat is in want of a dinner that's
nice,
She must hunt in the garret or cellar
for mice."
The parrot, observing the cat in a
rage,
Said, "Pray, Miss Puss, are you fond
of a cage?
Should you like to be kept in a prison
like me,
And never permitted your neighbors
to see?
Deprived of all means of assisting
yourself,
Though numberless dainties in sight
on the shelf?
Should you like to be fed at the will
of a master,
And die of neglect or some cruel dis-
aster?

You cannot believe it more happy to be
A parrot encaged, than a cat, and quite
free?"
The cat was convinced that this rea-
soning was true,
And, ashamed of her envy, in silence
withdrew.

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**THE GREAT BROWN OWL.**

The brown owl sits in the ivy-bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her
cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the selfsame
spray
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim gray light it was all too
bright
For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a
merry little bird,
"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though
you're looking at me
With your large, round shining
eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale
white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown owl flew away in
her cowl,
With her large, round shining
eyes.

**AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.**
THE CROW AND THE CHEESE.
A crow, as he flew by a farm windowsill,
A choice piece of cheese carried off in his bill.
Intent on enjoying his banquet alone,
And making the treasure more strictly his own,
He flies to a tree, where the boughs, green and high,
Hold out a broad screen from the curious eye.
A fox, notwithstanding, the choice morsel spies,
And plans his approaches to get at the prize.

"Fair bird," said he, "how I admire thy wing,
And thy musical throat—for I know thou canst sing;
Only yesterday, passing these elm trees, I heard,
Methought, the rich tones of the night-warbling bird;

So softly and sweetly they fell on the ear,
I could but imagine the nightingale near.
Repeat for my pleasure the ravishing strain;
Tune your voice to those notes of enchantment again."

These speeches, delivered with flattering skill,
Prevail with the crow to unfasten her bill;
Down drops on the ground the much coveted cheese,
Which the fox, snapping up, carries off at his ease,
Observing, though much he admired her strains,
No compliment yet could he pass on her brains.

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THE CROW'S CHILDREN.
A huntsman, bearing his gun afield,
Went whistling merrily,
When he heard the blackest of black crows
   Call out from a withered tree:

   "You are going to kill the thievish birds,
      And I would if I were you;
   But you mustn't touch my family,
      Whatever else you do."

   "I'm only going to kill the birds
      That are eating up my crop;
   And if your young ones do such things,
      Be sure they'll have to stop."

   "Oh," said the crow, "my children
      Are the best ones ever born;
   There isn't one among them all
      Would steal a grain of corn."

   "But how shall I know which ones they are?
      Do they resemble you?"
   "Oh no," said the crow; "they're the prettiest birds,
      And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman whistling,
   And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
   Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
   Cawing away in her nook,
For she said, "He'll never kill my birds,
   Since I told him how they look.

   "Now there's the hawk, my neighbor;
      She'll see what she will see soon;
   And that saucy whistling blackbird
      May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter
   Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
   Hanging down his back.

   "Alack! alack!" said the mother,
      "What in the world have you done?
   You promised to spare my pretty birds,
      And you've killed them every one!"

   "Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter;
      "Why, I found them in my corn;
   And besides, they are black and ugly
      As any that ever were born!"

   "Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
      Said the angriest of crows;
   "How good and fair her children are
      There's none but a parent knows!"

   "Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
      "But not as you do, quite;
   It takes a mother to be so blind
      She can't tell black from white!"

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THE RAVEN AND THE OAK.

Underneath an old oak tree
There was of swine a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast,
For that was ripe and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high;
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.

Next came a raven that liked not such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the raven go?
He went high and low;
Over hill, over dale, did the black raven go.
Many autumns, many springs
Travelled he with wandering wings:
Many summers, many winters;
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a she,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree;
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise;
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand; not a word he spoke,
But with many a "Hem!" and a sturdy stroke
At length he brought down the poor raven's old oak;
His young ones were killed, for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever,
And they floated it down on the course of the river;
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.

The ship it was launched, but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast:
The old raven flew round and round, and cawed to the blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thanked him again and again for this treat:
They had taken his all, and revenge was sweet.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

BOY AND LARK.

Who taught you to sing,
My sweet pretty birds?
Who tuned your beautiful throats?
You make all the woods and the valleys to ring,
You bring the first news of the earliest spring,
With your loud and silvery notes.

"It was God," said a lark,
As he rose from the earth;
"He gives us the good we enjoy:"
He painted our wings,
He gave us our voice,
He finds us our food,
He bids us rejoice—
Good-morning, my beautiful boy!"

Lydia H. Sigourney.
THE SINGING-LESSON.
A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
"Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?"

You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

Jean Ingelow.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

"Good-night, Sir Rook," said a little Lark;
"The daylight fades, it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow; good-night, Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams—
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams—
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
And said to myself, What a foolish bird!

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you:
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered; good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice;
"I see no cause to repent my choice. You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweetest minstrelsy?"

TO THE LARK.

In the sun's bright gold,
O'er mountain and wold,
Thy gladsome song doth ring,
As thou fliest free
Through the azure sea,
Cooling thy airy wing.

Where the light cloud soars,
Where the torrent pours,
Canst thou flit o'er the mountain's brow;
Then down at a bound
From the sky to the ground—
Oh, a glorious life hast thou!
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his notes suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark.

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

In vain he gasped his last appeal:
"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"
"Peace!" quoth the captor; "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A hawk surprised him at his meal,
And in a trice poor Sparrow spitted;
In vain he gasped his last appeal:
"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"
"Peace!" quoth the captor; "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A bullet whistled at the word,
And struck him ere his feast was ended;
"Ah, tyrant!" shrieked the dying bird,
"To murder him who ne'er offended!"
"Oh," quoth the sportsman, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

THE CLOCKING HEN.

"Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Oh, thank you!" said the clocking hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs—
I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock!"
Said the clocking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched;
I'll think about it then."
The clocking hen sat on her nest—
She made it in the hay—
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack! went all the eggs—
Out dropt the chickens small.
"Clock!" said the clocking hen ;
"Now I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks!
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hollo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

_**Aunt Effie's Rhymes.**_

*THE CHICKENS.*

See! the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door;
Throw out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them; now how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one!
Eager, busy hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick;
See the hen, with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good!

With what care their steps she leads!
Them, and not herself, she feeds,
Picking here and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.

As she calls they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground;
When their daily labors cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend:
Your almighty Father, Friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er you from on high;
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds,
So by Him your feet are led,
Over you His wings are spread.

_D. A. T._

**KATY'S GUESS.**

With twelve white eggs in a downy nest
The old hen sits in a box in the shed,
And the children yesterday stood and guessed
Of the hopes that hid in her speckled breast,
Of the dreams that danced through her red-crowned head.

"She thinks," said the labor-hating Ned,
"Of a land where weasels are all asleep,
Where the hawks are blind and the dogs are dead,
Where are heaps of corn as high as the shed,
And plenty of earth-worms for her to eat."
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

"She remembers the county fair," says Bess,
"And the prize she took at Hampton town."

"No, no, she don’t," cried James the less—
"She dreams of her little ducks, I guess—
She is wondering yet why they didn’t drown."

"And what say you, little Curly-pate?
I see a thought in your merry eye."

"She fink," says the bright-haired baby Kate,
As she lifts the latch of the garden-gate,
"Vere’ll be tickens to skatch for by and by."

Three cheers for the wisdom of three-years-old!
Who told you the secret, little pet,
That love is better than ease or gold,
That labor for love pays a thousandfold?
"Oo finked it oorself?" Well, don’t forget.

THE POND.
There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too;
About it white daisies and buttercups grew,
And dark weeping-willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there;

Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To talk o’er affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse
I’m sorry I cannot include in my verse,
For, though I’ve oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own ’tis a matter that baffles my learning.
One day a young chicken who lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,
Now standing tail upwards, now diving below—
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too;
And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and e'en try my luck?
For," said she, 'spite of all that her mother had taught her,
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent:
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back,
And by their grave looks, it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

Jane Taylor.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.
The white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead!
How the news through the barnyard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.
E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"
And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,
Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the duck,
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover."
"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms
In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare—for my own
I must care,"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love overbrimming!
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming."
"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,
"And for help they may call upon me too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.
But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but oh don't come to me!"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows—
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, little elves, how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."
She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"

Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining for ever!
And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are thick in,
For aid in your woe, oh beware how you go
To a hen with one chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DAME DUCK'S LECTURE.

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow:
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.
There is a quiet little stream
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest
Of straw and leaves and withered grass,
And down from her own breast;
And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped from out beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back;
"That's very rude," said old Dame Duck:
"Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack!"
'Tis close,” said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill;
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me:
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side—d’ye see?"
"Yes," said the little ones. And then
She went on to explain:
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do: try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on.
"That’s better," said their mother;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight—one behind another."
"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row.
"Now to the pond!” said old Dame Duck.
Splash! splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first,” said old Dame Duck;
"To this side, now to that;
There, snap at those great brown-winged flies:
They make young ducklings fat.
Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread;

"The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

You’d better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case I should use my foot,
And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good
That from that day the other fowls
Got hardly any food.
Thus old Dame Duck brought up her brood
In such a genteel way
That every little waddler kept
Improving every day.

Aunt Effie’s Rhymes.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
“Wink!” said the mother;
“I wink,” said the one:
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
“Swim!” said the mother;
“We swim,” said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother blue-bird
And her little birdies three.
“Sing!” said the mother;
“We sing,” said the three:
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.
Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little ratties four.
“Dive!” said the mother;
“We dive,” said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey-bee
And her little honeys five.
“Buzz!” said the mother;
“We buzz,” said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
“Caw!” said the mother;
“We caw,” said the six:
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
“Chirp!” said the mother;
“We chirp,” said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
“Bask!” said the mother;
“We bask,” said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
“Croak!” said the mother;
“We croak,” said the nine:
So they croaked and they plashed
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
“Spin!” said the mother;
“We spin,” said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother-firefly
And her little flies eleven.
“Shine!” said the mother;
“We shine,” said the eleven:
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother-ant
And her little anties twelve.
“Toil!” said the mother;
“We toil,” said the twelve:
So they toiled, and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

THE TOAD'S GOOD-BYE TO THE CHILDREN.

Good-bye, little children, I'm going away,
In my snug little home all winter to stay;
I seldom get up, once I'm tucked in my bed,
And as it grows colder I cover my head.

I sleep very quietly all winter through,
And really enjoy it; there's nothing to do;
The flies are all gone, so there's nothing to eat,
And I take this time to enjoy a good sleep.

My bed is a nice little hole in the ground,
Where, snug as a bug, in the winter I'm found;
You might think long fasting would make me grow thin,
But no! I stay plump as when I go in.

And, now, little children, good-bye, one and all;
Some warm day, next spring, I shall give you a call:
I'm quite sure to know when to get out of bed—
When I feel the warm sun shining down on my head.

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A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.
A frog he would a-wooing go—
Sing, heigh-ho! says Rowley—
Whether his mother would let him or no;
'With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach;
Heigh-ho! says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera-hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.

And when they came to the mouse's hall,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call:

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind sir; I am sitting to spin."

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer?"

Now, while they were all a-merrymaking,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
So he took up his hat, and he wished them good-night.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.

So there was an end of one, two, and three—
Heigh-ho! says Rowley—
The rat, the mouse, and the little Froggee!
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach;
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool:
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper.

THE FLY.

BABY BYE,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls!
Yet he never falls.
I believe, with six such legs,
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head,
Rainbows on his back are spread!
That small speck
Is his neck:
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist:
I admire his taste.
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets a sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun:
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's a mouth between his feet!
On his back
Is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb;
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.

Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk.

Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.

Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bareheaded home:
But the gnat
Wears a hat:
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we;
So, how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by!

For a secret I can tell:
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay;
Little fly, good-day!

---

THE FLY.

Prithée, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light,
Dazzling, captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true—
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame—vain thing, beware!—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round:
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morn; at daybreak rise;
Danger then you may despise,
Enjoying in the sunny air
The life your caution now may spare.

Lo! my counsel naught avails;
Round and round and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern;
Prithée, tritler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart;
Why persist? I plead in vain—
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this—deny who can—
Is not this a type of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let all apply;
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

———

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
To show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly;
"To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest a while,
I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said
They never, never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed."
Said the cunning spider to the fly,  
"Dear friend, what shall I do  
To prove the warm affection  
I've always felt for you?  
I have within my pantry  
Good store of all that's nice;  
I'm sure you're very welcome—  
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly;  
"Kind sir, that cannot be;  
I've heard what's in your pantry,  
And I do not wish to see."  

"Sweet creature," said the spider,  
"You're witty and you're wise;  
How handsome are your gauzy wings!  
How brilliant are your eyes!  
I have a little looking-glass  
Upon my parlor-shelf;  
If you'll step in one moment, dear,  
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,  
"For what you're pleased to say;  
And, bidding you good-morning now,  
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,  
And went into his den,  
For well he knew the silly fly  
Would soon come back again:  
So he wove a subtle web  
In a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready  
To dine upon the fly.  
Then he came out to his door again,  
And merrily did sing:  
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly  
With the pearl and silver wing;  
Your robes are green and purple,  
There's a crest upon your head;  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,  
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon  
This silly little fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words,  
Came slowly fitting by!  
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,  
Then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,  
And her green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—  
Poor, foolish thing!—At last,  
Up jumped the cunning spider,  
And fiercely held her fast.  
He dragged her up his winding stair,  
Into his dismal den,  
Within his little parlor—  
But she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children,  
Who may this story read,  
To idle, silly, flattering words,  
I pray you, ne'er give heed!  
Unto an evil counsellor  
Close heart and ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale  
Of the spider and the fly.

Mary Howitt.

A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A hungry spider made a web  
Of thread so very fine,  
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel  
The little slender line.  
Round about and round about,  
And round about it spun,  
Straight across, and back again,  
Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty, shining web  
It was when it was done!  
The little flies all came to see  
It hanging in the sun.
Round about and round about,  
And round about they danced,  
Across the web, and back again,  
They darted and they glanced.

The hungry spiders sat and watched  
The happy little flies;  
It saw all round about its head,  
It had so many eyes.  
Round about and round about,  
And round about they go,  
Across the web, and back again,  
Now high—now low.

"I'm hungry, very hungry,"  
Said the spider to a fly.  
"If you were caught within the web  
You very soon should die."

But round about and round about,  
And round about once more,  
Across the web, and back again,  
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise  
To venture near the spider;  
They flapped their little wings, and flew  
In circles rather wider.  
Round about and round about,  
And round about went they,  
Across the web, and back again,  
And then they flew away.

---

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

I am a honey-bee,  
Buzzing away  
Over the blossoms  
The long summer day,  
Now in the lily's cup  
Drinking my fill,  
Now where the roses bloom  
Under the hill.  
Gayly we fly,  
My fellows and I,  
Seeking the honey our hives to supply.

Up in the morning—  
No laggards are we—  
Skimming the clover-tops  
Ripe for the bee,  
Waking the flowers  
At dawning of day,  
Ere the bright sun  
Kiss the dewdrops away.

Merrily singing,  
Busily winging  
Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

No idle moments  
Have we through the day,  
No time to squander  
In sleep or in play.  
Summer is flying,  
And we must be sure  
Food for the winter  
At once to secure.

Bees in a hive  
Are up and alive—  
Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.

Awake, little mortals!  
No harvest for those  
Who waste their best hours  
In slothful repose.

Come out;—to the morning  
All bright things belong—  
And listen a while  
To the honey-bee's song.

Merrily singing,  
Busily winging,  
Industry ever its own reward bring ing.
THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker, is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax;
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy:
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

Then she laughed so loud that the ant
looked up,
And, seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on
At the same industrious pace.
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bird
bent
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow.
Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell;
And what she did in the wintry storm
I am sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side;
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride;
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time
Than be idle and dress in silk.

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE ANT.
The lady-bird sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Marian Douglas.

Lydia H. Sigourney.
“Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yellow.

Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yellow,
A gay little fop and a spruce little fellow!
   A sauntering pair
   In the soft summer air,
With nothing to do, either ancient or new,
But to bask in the sunshine or pleasure pursue,
Or fatten on honey, or tipple on dew;
   And constantly, when
   They're through with it, then
To bask and to eat and to tipple again!

Butterfly Blue and Grasshopper Yellow,
The gay young sprig and the jaunty young fellow!

They're always arrayed in the top of the fashion,
For Butterfly Blue for dress has a passion!
   And Grasshopper Yellow,
   The fast little fellow,
His very long whiskers and legs cuts a dash on!
   And so, as they go,
   They make a fine show,
And each thinks himself a most exquisite beau!

Is there any one here like Butterfly Blue?
Not you, little Laura, nor you, little Sue!
Is there any one here like Grasshopper Yellow?
It couldn't be Jack, the nice little fellow!
And yet I have heard—
I give you my word—
That somewhere are little folks quite as absurd,
Who gaze at their clothes with admiring eyes,
And would rather be showy than useful and wise;
Who love to be idle, and never will think
Of anything else but to eat and to drink!
   Not you, dears; oh no!
   It couldn’t be so;
This moral to some other country must go,
For all of our children are splendid, we know.

Olive A. Wadsworth.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, “Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

“My back shines as bright and yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.”

“Ah, cousin,” the bee said, “’tis all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

“You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there’s one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

“My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I’m a humble and innocent bee.”

From this little story let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved if they’re ever so fair.

THE BUTTERFLY’S BALL.

Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly’s ball and the Grasshopper’s feast;
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening’s amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth in his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his companion did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother, the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to sweeten the feast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree.

Then out came a Spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line:
From one branch to another his cobweb he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh, shocking to tell!
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but, with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring;
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With steps quite majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.
THE BEES.
Oh, mother dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay?
The flowers are gone they feed upon,
So sweet in summer's day.

My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat;
Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
Their food is honey sweet.

Say, mother dear, how came it there?
Did father feed them so?
I see no way in winter's day
That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child; in summer mild
The bees laid up their store
Of honey-drops in little cups,
Till they would want no more.

In cups, you said—how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?
Oh no; they're all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers.

Our summer's day, to work and play,
Is now in mercy given,
And we must strive, long as we live,
To lay up stores in heaven.

Hastings' Nursery Songs.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.
Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck!—and that's all I've to say.

Caroline Bowles Southey.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.
A grasshopper having sung
The summer long,
When the wintry wind blew
Found her comforts few—
No house from the snow and sleet
To guard her;
Not a single bit to eat
In her larder.
Neither worm-chop nor fly-leg; 
The dainty dame must starve or beg. 
Hungry, she goes to her neighbor ant 
With her sad tale of want: 
"Pray lend me from your store, 
Till the winter is o'er: 
On my faith, I will pay 
Round interest, besides the loan."

The ant—bad lender, I must own— 
Doubting much of the pay-day, 
Asks of the borrowing lady, 
"What did you do last summer?"

"Night and day to every comer 
I sang, if you please."

"Sang!—do you say? 
Then finish out your play— 
Dance now at your ease."

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THE SILKWORM.

Silkworm on the mulberry tree, 
Spin a silken robe for me; 
Draw the threads out fine and strong, 
Longer yet—and very long; 
Longer yet—'twill not be done 
Till a thousand more are spun. 
Silkworm, turn this mulberry tree 
Into silken threads for me!

All day long, and many a day, 
Busy silkworms spin away; 
Some are ending, some beginning; 
Nothing thinking of but spinning! 
Well for them! Like silver light, 
All the threads are smooth and bright; 
Pure as day the silk must be, 
Woven from the mulberry tree!

Ye are spinning well and fast; 
'Twill be finished all at last.

Twenty thousand threads are drawn, 
Finer than the finest lawn; 
And as long this silken twine, 
As the equinoctial line! 
What a change! The mulberry tree 
Turneth into silk for me!

Spinning ever! now 'tis done, 
Silken threads enough are spun! 
Spinning, they will spin no more— 
All their little lives are o'er! 
Pile them up—a costly heap!— 
Each in his coffin gone to sleep! 
Silkworm on the mulberry tree, 
Thou hast spun and died for me!

MARY HOWITT.

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THE DRAGON-FLY.

With wings like crystal air, 
Dyed with the rainbow's dye, 
Fluttering here and there, 
Prythee tell me, Dragon-fly, 
Whence thou comest, 
Where thou roamest, 
Art thou of the earth or sky?

'Mongst plumes of meadow-sweet 
I see thee glance and play, 
Or light with airy feet 
Upon a nodding spray, 
Or, sailing slow, 
I see thee go 
In sunshine far away.

Tell me, prythee, Dragon-fly, 
What and whence thou art? 
Whether of the earth or sky, 
Or of flowers a part? 
And who together, 
This fine weather, 
Put thee, glorious as thou art?
He maketh no reply,  
But all things answer loud,  
"Who formed the Dragon-fly  
Formed sun, and sea, and cloud—  
Formed flower and tree,  
Formed me and thee,  
With nobler gifts endowed."  

Save for the Eternal Thought,  
Bright shape, thou hadst not been;  
He from dull matter wrought  
Thy purple and thy green,  
And made thee take,  
E'en for my sake,  
Thy beauty and thy sheen.  

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,  
And started from her nook,  
"That horrid fly is put to hide  
The sharpness of the hook."  

Now, as I've heard, this little trout  
Was young and foolish too,  
And so he thought he'd venture out  
To see if it were true.  

And round about the hook he played  
With many a longing look,  
And, "Dear me!" to himself he said,  
"I'm sure that's not a hook.  
I can but give one little pluck:  
Let's see, and so I will."  
So on he went, and lo! it stuck  
Quite through his little gill.  

And as he faint and fainter grew,  
With hollow voice he cried,  
"Dear mother, had I minded ycu  
I need not now have died."
TREES AND FLOWERS.
Trees and Flowers.

**ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.**

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the Greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.
A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O little flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side,
You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;
O river, you shine clear and bright
To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know—
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm telling you I will not go—
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so—
You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling;
The pretty blossoms nod at me,
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe:
I'll love you through the happy years
Till I'm a nice old lady.
True love, like yours and mine, they say,
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keep steadily increasing.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Uprising day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.
THE WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful
World,
With the wonderful water around you
curled,
And the wonderful grass on your
breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking
the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the
mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the
hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you
go
With the wheat-fields that nod and
the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs,
and isles,
And people upon you for thousands
of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at
all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-
day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot!"

LILLIPUT LECTURES.

THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

"Which is the queen of the roses?
Gardener, can you tell?"
"Oh, the queen of the roses to me,
sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.

"She waters the flowers for me, sir,
She carries them out to sell;
Not one is so bright to me, sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell."
"She works in my garden too, sir;  
She weeds in the shady dell,  
Where the violets and the lilies  
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended  
More years than I can tell;  
Geranium, Sweet Pea, Fuchsia,  
Jessamine, Gentianelle,

"Salvia and China Aster,  
Heliotrope, Heather-Bell;  
My flowers have been my treasures,  
Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the Rose is the queen of the flowers,  
As every one can tell;  
And she is the queen of the roses,  
My own granddaughter Nell."

Mrs. Hawtrey.

OUR FLOWERS.

Oh, Maggie loves the lily fair!  
And Annie loves the rose;  
But John and I, and Willie too,  
Love every flower that blows.

We love the golden buttercup,  
We love the daisy white;  
The violet blooming in the shade,  
And the roses in the light;

The wall-flower and the marigold,  
And the pretty London-bride;  
And the blue-bell hanging down its head,  
Its laughing eye to hide;

And the hollyhock that turns about  
Its head to seek the sun;  
Oh, dearly do we love the flowers,  
And we love them every one.
Far better than our painted toys,
Though gilded bright and gay,
We love the gentle flowers that bloom
In the sunny summer day.

For it is God who made the flowers,
And careth for them all;
And for our heavenly Father's love
There is not one too small.

He fans them with the gentle wind,
He feeds them with the dew;
And the God who loves the little
flowers
Loves little children too.

NEW DRESSES.
New dresses? Ay, this is the season!
For opening day is close by:
Already I know the "Spring fashions"—
Can tell you, I think, if I try.

Of colors, the first thing to mention,
There's a great variety seen;
But that which obtains the most favor
Is surely a very bright green.

True, the elderly portion are plainer,
And choose, both in country and town,
To appear in the shades which are sombre,
And keep on the garments of brown.

Miss Snow-drop, the first of the season,
Comes out in such very good taste—
Pure white, with her pretty green trimmings;
How charming she is! and how chaste!

Miss Crocus, too, shows very early
Her greetings of love for the sun,
And comes in her white, blue, or yellow;
All dresses of hers are home-spun.

And who is this handsome young master,
A friend to Miss Crocus so true?
He comes dressed in purple or yellow,
And sometimes in pink, white, and blue.

In form he is tall and majestic;
Ah! the Spring has just whispered his name:
"Hyacinthus," the beau of the season,
And sweet and widespread is his fame.

Madame Tulip, a dashing gay lady,
Appears in a splendid brocade;
She courts the bright sunbeams, which give her
All colors, of every shade.

She came to us o'er the wide ocean,
Away from her own native air,
But if she can dress as she chooses,
She can be quite at home anywhere.

Narcissus, a very vain fellow,
Has a place in the Spring fashions too—
Appears in his green, white, and yellow;
In his style, though, there's nothing that's new.

Miss Daisy wears white, with fine fluting;
A sweet little creature is she,
But she loves the broad fields and green meadows,
And cares not town fashions to see.
Another style, pretty and tasteful—
Green, dotted with purple or blue—
Is worn by Miss Myrtle, whose beauty
In shade and retirement grew.

I've borrowed these styles from Dame Nature,
Whose children are always well dressed:
In contrast and blending of colors
She always knows what is the best.

Already her hand is arranging
More elaborate trimmings for May;
In silence unseen it is working,
Accomplishing much every day.

Her “full dress” and festive occasion
Will take place quite early in June,
Ushered in by low notes of sweet music,
Which her song-birds alone can attune.

S. H. Baker.

THE FÊTE-DAY OF THE FLOWERS.
'Twas whispered all about the garden,
One bright summer afternoon,
That Moss Rose would have a fête-day
In the lovely month of June.
Soon came round the invitations,
Brought by zephyrs to each flower;
What commotion and what talking
In each corner, bed, and bower!
Moss Rose looked the Queen of Beauty,
Two sweet daughters by her side,
And her cousin, Rose of Provence,
Dressed in white, a blushing bride.
Proud Lilies came, by Pinks escorted,
Larkspurs flirted with Sweet Peas,
Mignonette and gentle Daisies,
Whom old Monkshood loves to tease;
Coreopsis, gay and cheerful,
Chatted with the Mourning Bride,
And the dismal Love-lies-bleeding
Danced with dashing London Pride.

Sweet Williams watched the pensive Lupines;
Lovely Violets, dressed in blue,
Came with the Lilies-of-the-Valley,
Guarded by sober Sage and Rue.
Asters from China grew quite social,
Dancing with Canterbury Bells;
Indian Pinks and Mountain Laurels
Petted the Gentians from the dells;
In his scarlet hat quite gorgeous
Came the Cardinal Lobelia;
Cross Snap-Dragon saw him whisper
More than once to fair Camellia.
Every Rose that graced the garden—
Wild country ones, and Brier sweet,
From distant lands and over oceans—
Came their lovely queen to greet.
Glorious shone the sun above them,
Winged with pleasure flew the hours;
Edith saw and tells the story
Of the fête-day of the flowers.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, “It is good;
Little white Lily’s
Clothing and food.”
TREES AND FLOWERS.

Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crown'd beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,

The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills.

They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.
They seem to breathe and talk,  
They pour into my ear,  
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,  
A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,  
No choice of regal bower;  
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth  
May claim the fairest flower.

---

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,  
And her little playmates all,  
Gayly drest, came in their best,  
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose  
Sat and never stirred,  
And, except in whispers,  
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia  
Shone in silk and satin;  
Learned old Convolvulus  
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted  
Because the room was hot,  
And went away before the rest  
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,  
Rose with Violet;  
Silly Daisy fell in love  
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,  
One could scarcely tell  
Which of these two danced it best—  
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all  
Were seated in their places,

I thought I'd never seen before  
So many pretty faces.

But, of all the pretty maidens  
I saw at Lily's ball,  
Darling Lily was to me  
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,  
They went down stairs to sup,  
And each had a taste of honey-cake,  
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away  
Before the set of sun;  
And Lily said "Good-bye," and gave  
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star  
Was shining overhead,  
Lily and all her little friends  
Were fast asleep in bed.

---

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

There's a little flow'ret,  
White and pure as snow,  
Hides within the woodland,  
White, snow-white, bending low;  
Modestly it hideth  
In the shady dell,  
But its habitation  
Soon each child can tell;  
For around its dwelling  
There's a fragrance shed,  
So that we can find it,  
Though it hides its head.  
Thus good deeds in secret,  
Acts of quiet worth,  
Though no praise awarded,  
Show their merit forth—  
Like the little flow'ret  
Shed a fragrance round,
**TREES AND FLOWERS.**

Whereby, soon or later,
They are surely found.
Lilies in the valley,
Growing pure and bright,
Fragrant, fresh, and lowly,
Clad in modest white;

Of that good, an emblem
Ye to me afford,
Which still grows in secret,
Seeking no reward.

**Rhyme and Reason.**

**BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.**

Buttercups and Daisies—
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.
Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
Welcome, Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

M. H. HOWITT.

LITTLE DANDELION.

Little bud Dandelion
Hears from her nest,
"Merry heart, starry eye,
Wake from your rest!"
Wide ope the emerald lids;
Robin's above;
Wise little Dandelion
Smiles at his love.

Cold lie the daisy-banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the Mays agone
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay—
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high,—
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Dead little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud.

Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay,
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

H. L. BOSTWICK.

READY FOR DUTY.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams as they burst off their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard-frozen ground
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead,
The trees all looked dead:
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;
"The earth's hard to-day."
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet, but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began,
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you,
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

---

THE VIOLET.
Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spreads its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

---

LITTLE SWEET PEA.
Of all the flowers the summer brings,
Little Sweet Pea with unfolded wings,
And a delicate fragrance that from them springs,
Is sweetest and best to me.

Her sober brown seeds in the ground I place,
Then wait for the sight of her cheery face
And little tendrils with clinging grace,
A pleasant sight to see.

Little Sweet Pea is brave and bold:
Early she lifts her head from the mould;
And, though the winds are searching and cold,
Never a fear has she.

Though April laughs and cries like a child,
And even May can be rude and wild,
She knows that June will be friendly and mild,
So she toils on patiently.
Her neighbors all are at her command,
Glad to offer a helping hand;
"You are young," they whisper, "alone to stand:
"Lean upon me," "And me."

She clasps their fingers upon her way,
And so climbs upward, day by day,
Till June, with a steady, comforting ray,
Cheers the heart of Sweet Pea;

And makes it so glad and happy and light
That she breaks into blossoms fragrant and bright,
Like rosy butterflies ready for flight,
A joy to all who see.

Constant and true is Sweet Pea, and though
Early to come, she is late to go.
She stays till the clouds are heavy with snow,
And all alone is she.

She shivers with cold in the autumn gale,
Her wings are turning purple and pale,
The strength departs from her fingers frail;
"It is time to go," says she.

The loving friends that helped her to rise
Look in her face with sorrowful eyes.
"I will come back again," she cries;
"Good-bye," says little Sweet Pea.

---

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns, and scratched everything 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching, there's few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers were pure white;
But all who came nigh her Were so worried by her
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the violet, over the way;
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty, with even Miss Violet there;

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always is sweet."
The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;
"Oh dear! what a tear!
My gown's spoiled, I declare.
That troublesome Brier!—it has no business there;
Here, John, grub it up, throw it into the fire;"
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

Anna Bache.

---

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Sarah Roberts.

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CORN.

There is a plant you often see
In gardens and in fields;
Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit when young is soft and white,
And closely wrapped in green,
And tassels hang from every ear,
Which children love to glean.
But when the tassels fade away,
The fruit is ripe and old;
It peeps from out the wrapping dry
Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit when young we boil and roast,
When old, we grind it well.
Now think of all the plants you know,
And try its name to tell.

"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown."
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them: all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

**THE TREE.**

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown."
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sang:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.

---

**WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!**

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!
My heart strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

George P. Morris.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.
I'm fond of the good apple tree;
A very good-natured friend is he,
For, knock at his door whene'er you may,
He's always something to give away.

Shake him in winter: on all below
He'll send down a shower of feathery snow;
And when the spring sun is shining bright,
He'll fling down blossoms pink and white.

And when the summer comes so warm;
He shelters the little birds safe from harm;
And shake him in autumn, he will not fail
To send you down apples thick as hail.

Therefore, it cannot a wonder be
That we sing hurrah for the apple tree!

Hastings' Nursery Songs.

THE DISCONTENTED YEW TREE.
A dark-green prickly yew one night
Peeped round on the trees of the forest,
And said, "Their leaves are smooth and bright—
My lot is the worst and poorest.
"I wish I had golden leaves," said the yew;
And lo! when the morning came,
He found his wish had come suddenly true,
For his branches were all aflame.
Now, by came a Jew, with a bag on
his back,
Who cried, "I'll be rich to-day!"
He stripped the boughs, and, filling
his sack
With the yellow leaves, walked
away.

The yew was as vexed as a tree could
be,
And grieved, as a yew tree grieves,
And sighed, "If Heaven would but
pity me,
And grant me crystal leaves!"

Then crystal leaves crept over the
boughs;
Said the yew, "Now am I not gay?"
But a hailstorm hurricane soon arose
And broke every leaf away.

So he mended his wish yet once
again:
"Of my pride I do now repent;
Give me fresh, green leaves, quite
smooth and plain,
And I will be content."

In the morning he woke in smooth
green leaf,
Saying, "This is a sensible plan;
The storm will not bring my beauty
to grief,
Or the greediness of man."

But the world has goats as well as
men,
And one came snuffing past.
Which ate of the green leaves a mil-
lion and ten,
Not having broken his fast.

Oh then the yew tree groaned aloud:
"What folly was mine, alack!
I was discontented, and I was proud—
Oh give me my old leaves back!"

So when daylight broke he was dark,
dark green,
And prickly as before.
The other trees mocked: "Such a
sight to be seen!
To be near him makes one sore."

The south wind whispered his leaves
between,
"Be thankful, and change no more.
The thing you are is always the thing
That you had better be."
But the north wind said, with a gal-
lant fling,
"The foolish, weak yew tree!
"What if he blundered twice or
thrice?
There's a turn to the longest lane;
And everything must have its price—
Poor faulterer, try again!"

Lilliput Levee.
THE MONTHS.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow;
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again;
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil;
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet;
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams;
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies;
Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gilliowers;
August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne;
Warm September brings the fruit,—
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot;

Fresh October brings the pheasant,—
Then to gather nuts is pleasant;
Dull November brings the blast,—
Then the leaves are whirling fast;
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge.

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Sara Coleridge.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

SPRING day! happy day!
God hath made the earth so gay!
Every little flower He waketh,
Every herb to grow He maketh.
When the pretty lambs are springing,
When the little birds are singing,
Child, forget not God to praise,
Who hath sent such happy days.

SUMMER.

Summer day! sultry day!
Hotly burns the noontide ray;
Gentle drops of summer showers
Fall on thirsty trees and flowers;
On the cornfield rain doth pour,
Ripening grain for winter store.
Child, to God thy thanks should be,
Who in summer thinks of thee.

AUTUMN.

Autumn day! fruitful day!
See what God hath given away!
Orchard trees with fruit are bending,
Harvest wains are homeward wending,
And the Lord all o'er the land
Opens wide His bounteous hand.
Children, gathering fruits that fall,
Think of God, who gives them all.

On the earth the snow He sheddeth,
O'er the lamb a fleece He spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather
To protect it from the weather,
Gives the children home and food—
Let us praise Him—God is good!

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THE SEASONS.

How sweet is a morning in spring,
When the earth has been watered with showers,
And the air all around is perfumed
With the fragrance of opening flowers!

How sweet is the merry lark's song
Which he cheerily warbles on high,
As he mounts o'er the trees on the hill,
And presses his wing on the sky!

How sweet are the bright summer months,
When the garden with herbage is filled,
And the fields are all covered with corn,
Which the ploughman so lately had tilled!

At noon, when the flocks and the herds,
All languid and panting with heat,
Creep under the wide spreading boughs
To enjoy a cool mid-day retreat,

How sweet on a bank to recline
In the shade of a green willow tree,
And list to the musical stream
As it ripples away to the sea!

When autumn has spread her rich store
How sweet in the orchard to walk,
And catch the ripe fruit as it falls,
So mellow and plump, from the stalk!
When winter has stripped all the trees,
And fettered the rivulets’ flow,
How sweetly he covers them all
With a garment of delicate snow!

When the winds to soft silence are hushèd,
So gently descends the white shower
That it bends not the tenderest vine
Which lifts its young arms to the bower.

At night, when the bright beaming stars
Shed their clustering glories around,
And the moon, as she sails o’er the earth,
Cast her silvery beams on the ground,

How pleasant to gaze on the sky,
To such a vast distance outspread,
And think that a million of worlds
In splendor roll over my head!

When I look on this beautiful earth,
When my eyes to the heavens I raise,
How can I forbear to exclaim
In the rapturous language of praise,

“How mighty, how kind is our God!
How great are His goodness and power!
So delightful a dwelling to build
For creatures who love Him no more!”

“Oh Father of heaven and earth,
Let every fair object I see
Fill my bosom with wonder and love,
And bind my affections to Thee.

“From Thy bountiful hand I received
Every member and power that is mine;
Be my childhood, my youth, my old age,
And my life, to eternity, Thine!”

I love them all.

The Spring has many charms for me,
And many pleasant hours
To ramble, unrestrained and free,
Among her blooming flowers.

And Summer, when she visits earth,
In leafy garb arrayed,
I bless her for her cooling showers,
Her sunshine and her shade.

And Autumn, laden with the fruits
Of diligence and toil,
Is welcome as the sky that glows
Above the sunny soil.

The Winter, too, has many joys
The cheerful only know,
For love and hope and happiness
May bloom amid the snow.

I love the seasons as they pass,
God’s blessings as they fall,
The joys that sparkle in life’s glass—I love, I love them all.

The Four Seasons.

Birds are in the woodland, buds are on the tree,
Merry spring is coming; ope the pane and see.
Then come sportive breezes, fields with flowers are gay,
In the woods we're singing through the summer day.

Fruits are ripe in autumn, leaves are sere and red,
Then we glean the cornfield, thanking God for bread.

Then at last comes winter; fields are cold and lorn,
But there's happy Christmas, when our Lord was born.

Thus as years roll onward merrily we sing,
Thankful for the blessings all the seasons bring.

WHAT WAY DOES THE WIND COME?
What way does the wind come? what way does he go?
He rides over the water and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale, and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight.

He tosses about in every fair tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see; But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.
He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum; but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow, 
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk, 
And softer than if it were covered with silk. 
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock, 
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock; 
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place? 
Nothing but silence and empty space, 
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves 
That he's left for a bed to beggars or thieves. 

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow with me 
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see 
That he has been there and made a great rout, 
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about. 

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig 
That looked up at the sky so proud and big 
All last summer, as well you know, 
Studded with apples, a beautiful show! 

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause, 
And growls as if he would fix his claws 
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle 
Drive them down, like men in a battle; 
But let him range round: he does us no harm; 
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm; 
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright, 
And burns with a clear and steady light.
Books have we to read—but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
Come now, we'll to bed; and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be—
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

By a Sister of William Wordsworth.

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CHIMNEY-TOPS.

"Ah! the morning is gray;
And what kind of a day
Is it likely to be?"
"You must look up and see
What the chimney-pots say.

"If the smoke from the mouth
Of the chimney goes south,
'Tis the north wind, that blows
From the country of snows:
Look out for rough weather;
The cold and the north wind
Are always together.

"When the smoke pouring forth
From the chimney goes north,
A mild day it will be,
A warm time we shall see:
The south wind is blowing
From the land where the orange
And fig trees are growing.

"But if west goes the smoke,
Get your waterproof cloak
And umbrella about:
'Tis the east wind that's out.
A wet day you will find it:
The east wind has always
A storm close behind it.

"It is east the smoke flies!
We may look for blue skies!
Soon the clouds will take flight,
'Twill be sunny and bright;
The sweetest and best wind
Is, surely, that fair-weather
Bringer, the west wind."

MARJORY'S ALMANAC.

Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch,
Don't you think May time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one,
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;

Beams of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think Summer's
Pleasanter than May?
Roger in the corn-patch
  Whistling negro-songs,
Pussy by the hearthside
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
  Bursting through the rind;

Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;

Mother "doing peaches"
  All the afternoon—
Don't you think Autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
  Dancing in the blue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
  Shadows come and go,
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
  (Pussy's got the ball!)—
Don't you think Winter's
  Pleasantest of all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!  

Like an army defeated,  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plough-boy is whooping anon, anon.  

There's joy in the mountains,  
There's life in the fountains!  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!  

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,  
Down they came fluttering, one and all;  
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs that they knew.  

"Cricket, good-bye; we've been friends so long!  
Little brook, sing us your farewell song:  
Say you are sorry to see us go;  
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know:  

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,  
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;  
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;  
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"  

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went:  
Winter had called them, and they were content.  
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,  
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.  

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.  

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.  

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day—  
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold—  
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."  

GEORGE COOPER.
THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,  
And tossed the colts’ manes all over their brows;  
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,  
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river’s banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the king’s highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;  
’Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke  
With the doctor’s wig or the gentleman’s cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, “Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I’ll make you bow!”  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,  
Striking their dwellings with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm:  
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;

The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane.  
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;  
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood  
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,  
And now it was far on the billowy sea,  
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,  
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest  
On the sea-bird’s rock in the gleaming west,  
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,  
How little of mischief it had done.

THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

Rain! rain! April rain!  
Bring the flowers back again;  
Yellow cowslip and violet blue,  
Buttercups and daisies too.

Wind! wind! autumn wind!  
He the leafless trees has thinned;  
He the leafless trees has thinned.
Snow! snow! pure white snow!  
O'er the fields thy covering strow;  
Cover up the seed so warm,  
Through the winter safe from harm.  
Snow! snow! pure white snow!  
O'er the fields thy covering strow.

Rain! wind! snow! all three,  
Each in turn, shall welcome be:  
Each and all in turn are sent  
On the earth with good intent.  
Rain, wind, snow, all three,  
Each in turn shall welcome be.

Rhyme and Reason.

WHAT THE TINY DROP SAID.

As a little raindrop clung  
To the bosom of a cloud,  
Much it trembled ere it fell,  
And it sobbed and wept aloud.

"Such a tiny drop as I!  
Prithie do not let me go;  
My humble work were nothing  
On the great round world below.

"If the tender blades are parched,  
Or the corn is very dry,  
There is nothing I can do—  
Such a tiny thing as I.

"I cannot swell a river,  
Or e'en fill a lily's bell,  
And should be lost for ever  
In the forest if I fell.

"I pray thee let me tarry  
In the blue and sunny sky,  
Disporting in the sunbeams—  
Such a tiny drop as I!"

"I know you are a little drop,"  
The cloud it whispered low;  
"And yet how sad a thing 'twould be  
If every drop said so!

"Alone you cannot clothe the mead  
With fresh and living green,  
But each its little work must do  
The little blades between.

"You cannot form the smallest rill,  
Much less the foaming tide,  
But you may join and form a sea  
With others by your side.

"In all the great and glorious works  
The mighty Lord has done,  
There is a post of duty fixed  
For every little one.

"Each has its humble sphere to fill,  
Each has its lot assigned;  
Each must its little burden bear  
With firm and willing mind."
WHAT THE TINY DROP DID.

The cloud then gently disengaged
Its child, and let it go,
And bade it do its duty well
In the great world below.

And as it floated gently down
Through boundless fields of air,
Lo! all at once it saw around
Millions of raindrops there.

Each one of all that myriad throng
Had left its mother's breast,
Resolved, whatever might befall,
To try to do his best.

All fear was banished, hope prevailed,
Joy glanced from every eye,
And all these diamond glistenings made
A rainbow in the sky.

Down, down, they float incessantly
On forest, field, and flower,
Till not a leaf or blade is seen
Unfreshened by the shower.

Still down, and down, from out the air,
On hill and dale and moor,
On garden, waste, and wilderness,
Incessantly they pour.

The verdure lifts its drooping head,
The flowers in rapture glow,
The babbling brooks and rivulets
With leaping waters flow.

These swell the mighty river's tide,
Which rolls in majesty,
Until our tiny drop becomes
Part of the wide, wide sea.

There, while it joined the anthem deep
Of Ocean's surges loud,
A sunbeam raised it up to be
Part of a golden cloud.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

What if a drop of rain should plead,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
I'll tarry in the sky"?

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

APRIL'S TRICK.

When April still was young,
And full of her tricks and wiles,
Sometimes frowning and sad,
Again all grace and smiles,
One day young April said,
"I will feign that I am dead.
"The sun and the wind will mourn,
For they love me well, I know:
I will hear what they say of me
In my drapery of snow."
So, silently, in the night,
She clothed herself in white.

The sun rose up in the morn,
And looked from east to west,
And April lay still and white;
Then he called the wind from his rest.
"Sigh and lament," he said,
"Sweet April, the child, is dead.
"She that was always fair,
Behold how white she lies!
Cover the golden hair,
Close down the beaming eyes."
One last time let us kiss thee,
Sweet April; we shall miss thee!

The sun touched his lips to her cheeks,
And the color returned in a glow;
The wind laid his hand on her hair,
And it glistened under the snow,
As, laughing aloud in glee,
Sweet April shook herself free.

R. P. Utter.

THE RAIN.

"Open the window and let me in,"
Sputters the petulant rain;
"I want to splash down on the carpet, dear,
And I can’t get through the pane.

"Here I’ve been tapping outside to you;
Why don’t you come, if you’re there?
The scuttles are shut, or I’d dash right in
And stream down the attic stair.

"I’ve washed the windows, I’ve spattered the blinds;
And that is not half I’ve done:
I bounced on the steps and the sidewalks too,
Till I made the good people run.

"I’ve sprinkled your plant on the window-sill,
So drooping and wan that looks,
And dusty gutters, I’ve filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

"I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I’ve swelled, and watered the corn,
And floated the fields of rye.

Out from the earth sweet odors I bring,
I fill up the tubs at the spout;
While, eager to dance in the puddles I make,
The bare-headed child runs out.

"The puddles are sweet to his naked feet
When the ground is heated through;
If only you’ll open the window, dear,
I’ll make such a puddle for you."

Mrs. Wells.

THE RAIN.

Up in the ancient roof-tree,
Hiding among the leaves,
Toying with swaying branches,
Dancing in mossy eaves—
Making the softest music,
Kissing the window-pane,—
These are some of the frolics
Of the gently-falling rain.

Rushing down in a torrent,
Wetting the farmer’s hay
Just as the boys are trying
To save and stow it away;
Tearing to earth the vinelets
Climbing the cottage wall,—
These are some of the mischiefs
When the heavy raindrops fall.

Filling up the cisterns,
Making the rivers flow,
Blessing the drooping corn-field,
And the patch where the melons grow;
Waking a bud of beauty
Where a withered leaf had been,—
Doing each little duty
With no thought of murmuring;
Raindrops, blessed raindrops!
Come ye fast or slow,
Bringing to our vision
  Oft the promised bow,
Gift of the great All-Father,
  Sent the world to cheer,
Hearts were sad without you,
  Earth were dry and sere.

Mrs. E. A. Harriman.

THE RAIN.

Like a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Swifter now the streams are flowing,
Gladder waves the grain;
Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation;
All around, about, above us,
Things we love and things that love
  us
Bless the gentle rain.

Children's voices now are ringing,
Some are shouting, some are singing,
  On the way to school;
And the beaming eye shines brighter,
And the bounding pulse beats lighter,
As the little feet grow whiter,
  Paddling in the pool;
Oh the rain! it is a blessing,
Sweeter than the sun's caressing,
Softer, gentler—yea, in seeming,
Gladder than the sunlight gleaming,
To the children shouting, singing,
With the voices clear and ringing,
  Going to the school.

Beautiful and still and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'Tis a fount of joy, distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling
With a music low and thrilling,
  Swelling to a strain;
Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom;
To her very soul 'tis stealing,
All the springs of life unsealing;
Singing stream and rushing river
Drink it in, and praise the Giver
  Of the blessed rain.

Lo! the clouds are slowly parting,
Sudden gleams of light are darting
  Through the falling rain;
Bluer now the sky is beaming,
Softer now the light is streaming,
With its shining fingers gleaming
  'Mid the golden grain;
Greener now the grass is springing,
Sweeter now the birds are singing,
Clearer now the shout is ringing;
Earth, the purified, rejoices
With her silver-sounding voices,
Sparkling, flashing like a prism,
In the beautiful baptism
  Of the blessed rain.

Lura Anna Boies.

THE RAIN-SONG.

When woods were still and smoky,
  And roads with dust were white,
And daily the red sun came up,
  With never a cloud in sight,
And the hillside brook had hardly
  strength
To journey down to the plain,
A welcome sound it was to hear
The robins' song of rain.

"Lily, Fuchsia, Pansy,"
The robins sang in the town
To the thirsty garden flowers, that stood
With delicate heads bowed down,
"Listen, we bring you a message:
Your doubts and fears are vain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain.

"Golden-rod, Aster, Gentian,"
They sang in field and wood,
"We whose homes are near to the sky
Have brought you tidings good.
Lift up your heads and listen,
Forget your thirst and pain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain."

Far and wide they sang it,
Till grove and garden knew;
The green trees stirred at the joyful word,
Till the sunset clouds looked through.
Each told the news to his neighbor,
Each neighbor passed it along,
Till the lowliest flower in the quiet wood
Had heard of the robins' song.

Dear little feathered prophets!
Your message was not in vain,
For in the silence of the night
Came the footsteps of the rain.

LITTLE NED AND THE SHOWER.

Dear me! it never rains so hard
As when I want to play;
There are my playthings in the yard,
And there they'll have to stay.

"It is too bad, I do declare!"
Said angry little Ned;

"We'd such a lot of nice things there,
All piled up in the shed!

"And now this hateful rain comes down
To spoil our splendid fun!"
And Ned's bright face put on a frown—
Oh, what an ugly one!
"My boy, what did you say just then
About the hateful rain?
You surely have forgotten when
We longed for showers again.

"'Twas yesterday, I think, you said
The brook had run away,
And when your rosebush hung its head,
You wished for rain to-day.

"It grieves me much, my child, to see
Such temper as you show;
Come here and take this seat by me,
And let your playthings go.

"Remember, He who sends the rain
To bless the fading flowers,
Sees every naughty look with pain,
And hears each word of ours.

"And when his angel in the book
Writes down the words you say,
I fear 'twill be with saddened look
He'll think of those to-day.

"Then always try to guard your tongue
From such impatience wild,
And when you're tempted to do wrong,
Just stop and think, my child.

"And ask your heavenly Father kind
To keep you in His way;
Whene'er to stray you feel inclined
Ask pardon—watch—and pray."

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LITTLE RAINDROPS.
Oh, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings,
Because I broke them all;
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak;
But "pitter-patter pat"
Means, "We can play on this side;
Why can't you play on that?"

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A FEW STRAY SUNBEAMS.

Little daintysunbeams!
Listen when you please,
You'll not hear their tiny feet
Dancing in the trees:
All so light and delicate
Is their golden thread,
Not a single flower-leaf
Such a step may dread.

Merry, laughing sunbeams,
Playing here and there,
Passing through the rose-leaves,
Flashing everywhere;
Through the cottage window,
In the cottage door,
Past the green, entangled vines,
On the cottage floor.

Lovely little sunbeams,
Laughing as they played
Through the flying ringlets
Of the cottage maid;
Staying but to flush her cheek,
Darting in their glee
Down the darkened forest-path,
O' er the open lea,
Through the castle window
Where, in curtained gloom,
Sat its lovely mistress
In her splendid bloom.

Oh, ye saucy sunbeams!
Could ye dare to spy
Time's annoying footmarks
Near a lady's eye?
Dare ye flash around her,
Every line to see,
Lighting each stray wrinkle up
In your cruel glee?

See! the witching sunbeams,
With the wand they hold,
Turn the earth to emerald
And the skies to gold;
All the streams are silver
'Neath their magic rare,
All the black tears Night hath shed
Gems for kings to wear.

Beautiful is moonlight,
Like to Nature's mind,
Purely white and brilliant,
Coldly, calmly kind:
Beautiful thy burning stars,
Like to Nature's soul,
Rapturous that ever gaze
Heavenward as they roll.

But oh, the human sunlight,
Flooding earth in glee,
Nature's living, laughing, loving,
Gladsome heart for me!

TO A SUNBEAM.

Thou ling'rest not in the monarch's hall;
Thou hast beams of gladness for one and all;
Thou art full as bright in the peasant's cot
As when shining upon earth's loveliest spot.

Thou art glancing down in thy beauty fair,
Through the soft green leaves on the waters clear,
Changing the lake, so blue and cold,
Into molten glass and burnished gold.

Thou hast shone in love on the youthful head;
Thou hast touched with beauty the shrouded dead;
Thou hast brightened those shining silken curls,
And over that form strewed fairy pearls.

Thou hast gilded the mountains and slept on the waves;
Thou hast rested like peace on lonely graves;
Thou art of that faith an emblem given
That toucheth all things with hues of heaven.
SPRING VOICES.

"Caw! caw!" says the Crow,
"Spring has come again I know;
For, as sure as I am born,
There's a farmer planting corn:
I shall breakfast there, I trow,
Long before his corn can grow."

"Quack, quack!" says the Duck,
"Was there ever such good luck!
Spring has cleared the pond of ice,
And the day is warm and nice,
Just as I and Goodman Drake
Thought we'd like a swim to take."

"Croak, croak!" says the Frog,
As he leaps out from the bog;
"Spring is near, I do declare,
For the earth is warm and fair:
Croak! croak! croak! I love the spring,
When the little birdsies sing."

COMMON THINGS.
The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's.iminted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing;
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams:

It shines upon the fisher's boat
Out on the lonely sea,
Or where the little lambkins lie
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass;

The village children brush them off
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

IN THE CORN-FIELD.

We've ploughed our land, and with even hand
The seed o'er the field we've strown;
But sunshine and rain, to ripen the grain,
Can be given by God alone.

The seed that springs, and the bird that sings,
And the shining summer sun,
The tiny bee and the mighty sea,—
God made them every one.

Then thankful we'll be, for shall not He
Who gives to each bird a nest,
To each bee a flower for its little hour,
Give His children food and rest?

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

From out his hive there came a bee:
"Has spring-time come or not?" said he.

Alone within a garden-bed
A small, pale snowdrop raised its head:
"'Tis March, this tells me," said the bee;

"The hive is still the place for me.
The day is chill, although 'tis sunny,
And icy cold this snowdrop's honey."
Again came humming forth the bee:
“What month is with us now?” said he.
Gray crocus-blossoms, blue and white
And yellow, opened to the light.
“It must be April,” said the bee,
“And April’s scarce the month for me.
I’ll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),
But wait before I gather honey.”

Once more came out the waiting bee:
“Tis come: I smell the spring!” said he.
The violets were all in bloom,
The lilac tossed a purple plume,
The daff’dil wore a yellow crown,
The cherry tree a snow-white gown,
And by the brookside, wet with dew,
The early wild wake-robins grew.
“It is the May-time!” said the bee,
“The queen of all the months for me.
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny:
’Tis now my time to gather honey.”

SPRING AND THE FLOWERS.
In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly:
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.
Then she answers, “He is going,
Going on his way.

Poor old Winter does not love you,
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last.”

SPRING.
The bleak winds of winter are past,
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green liversies on.

And now if you look in the lane,
And along the warm bank, may be found
The violet in blossom again,
And shedding her perfume around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
And the fields are with daisies all gay,
While butterflies, flitting about,
Are glad in the sunshine to play.

The goldfinch, and blackbird, and thrush,
Are brimful of music and glee;
They have each got a nest in some bush,
And the rook has built his on a tree.

The lark’s home is hid in the corn,
But he springs from it often on high,
And warbles his welcome to morn,
Till he looks like a speck in the sky.

Oh, who would be sleeping in bed
When the skies with such melody ring,
And the bright earth beneath him is spread
With the beauty and fragrance of spring?

Bernard Barton.
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder-branch dipped in the brook;
We wondered why it moved, and found
A silken-haired smooth water-rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

Where daisies opened to the sun
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.
Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turned up
There came a sweet refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
 Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
Upon a mouldering castle-wall,
And then we watched the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm trees tall.

And, leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie,
And through the gloomy arches watched
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And tried to find it, but the sky
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a pheasant’s wings go “whir;”
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across ’em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I’m sure that it would take me hours;

For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

Thomas Miller.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I’m very glad the spring is come—the sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight.
The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambkins sport and play,
And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,
The primrose and the cowslip too, and every pretty flower;
I like to see the butterfly fluttering her painted wing,
And all things seem just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up on high,
The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the sky;
The rooks are building up their nests upon the great tall tree,
And everything’s as busy and as happy as can be.

There’s not a cloud upon the sky, there’s nothing dark or sad;
I jump and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad.
God must be very good indeed, who made each pretty thing:
I’m sure we ought to love Him much for bringing back the spring.

M. A. Stodart.
BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbirds sing the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea;
That's the way for Billy and me.

EARLY RISING.

Get up, little sister: the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening; the dew's on the flower:
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look,
under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please;

And by all those rings on the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.
The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing
To get honey from every flower of spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.
The lark's singing gayly; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we do not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up; for when all things are merry and glad
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark and may work like the bee.

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT,
WHO WOULDN'T COME HOME.

When are you coming? the flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
In the dim woods, where the cool mosses are,
Gleams the anemone's little, light star;
Tenderly, timidly down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell:
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises—why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play—
You are more graceful and lovely than they;
Birds in the branches sing all the day long—
When are you coming to join in their song?
Fairer than flowers and fresher than dew,
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

Why don't you come? We’ve welcomed the rose;
Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,
Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the South, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling; 'mid the dark trees
"Like a lute" murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours.
Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true,
Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

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SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

Wake, sister, wake, for the sun is up;
How can you be thus delaying?
The dew is still in the harebell's cup,
And 'tis time to go a-Maying.

I'll throw up the window; the air is sweet
As the breath of a rose just born;
And see how the hills and meadows greet
The smiles of the first May morn.

I'm dressed and ready—come, sister dear,
For the birds are carolling loud;
And the sky is soft, and blue, and clear,
And there isn't a speck of a cloud.

And hark! I hear from their chamber-door
Our brothers come slyly creeping;
But I'll tell them I was up before,
And you have just done sleeping.

Look! There they stand at the gate below,
And only for us are staying.
Are you ready yet? Oh, now we'll go
In the pleasant fields a-Maying!

SUMMER.

'Tis June—the merry, smiling June—
'Tis blushing summer now,
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
Amid the clustering vine;
The rustic seat is in the porch,
Where honeysuckles twine.
The rosy, raggedurchinsplay
Beneath the glowingsky;
They scoopthe sand,orgaily chase
The bee that buzzesby.

The household spaniel
flings his length
Beneath the sheltering wall;
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
The bean-flowers’ fragrant maze;
Or, basking, throws her dappled form
To catch the warmest rays.

The opened casements, flinging wide,
Geraniums giveto view;
With choicest posies ranged between,
Still wet with morning dew.

The mower whistles o’er his toil,
The emerald grassmust yield;
The scythe isout, the swarth is down;
There’s incense in the field.

Oh, how I love to calmly muse,
In such an hour as this,
To nurse the joy creation
gives
In purity and bliss!

ElizaCook.

WHAT SO SWEET?

What so sweet as summer,
When the sky is blue,
And the sunbeams’ arrows
Pierce the green earth through?

What so sweet as birds are,
Putting into trills
The perfume of the wild rose,
The murmur of the rills?

What so sweet as flowers,
Clovers white and red,
Where the brown bee-chemist
Finds its daily bread?

What so sweet as sun-showers,
When the big cloud passes,
And the fairy rainbow
Seems to touch the grasses?

What so sweet as winds are,
Blowing from the woods,
Hinting in their music
Of dreamy solitudes?

Rain, and song, and flower,
When the summer’s shine
Makes the green earth’s beauty
Seem a thing divine.

MaryN. Prescott.
A DREAM OF SUMMER.

West wind and sunshine
Braided together;
What is the one sign
But pleasant weather?

Birds in the cherry trees,
Bees in the clover;
Who half so gay as these
All the world over?

Violets among the grass,
Roses regretting
How soon the summer'll pass
Next year forgetting.

Buds sighing in their sleep,
"Summer, pray grant us
Youth, that its bloom will keep
Fragrance to haunt us!"

Rivulets that shine and sign,
Sunbeams abetting,

No more remembering
Their frozen fretting.

Sweet music in the wind,
Sun in the showers;
All these we're sure to find
In summer hours.

MARY N. PRESHCOTT.

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,—
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.
There grows the four-leaved plant,
   "true love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
   And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
   Unscared by lawless men:
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
   And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
   The timid and the bold,
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
   It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
   Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
   The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
   Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
   And freely drink their fill;

And dash about and splash about,
   The merry little things,
And look askance with bright black eyes,
   And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—
   Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
   A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
   As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things,
   "Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
   I saw that all was good,
And that we might clean up delight
   All round us, if we would.

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
   Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
   Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
   And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
   'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
   And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
   Beneath the greenwood tree.

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THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.
Mother, mother, the winds are at play;
Prithée let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And Pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flutters he;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
The humdrum grasshopper droning near;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
But I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

COME INTO THE MEADOWS.

Come into the meadows,
Beautiful and green;
Primroses and cowslips
Blooming there are seen;
Buttercups and daisies
Springing everywhere,
Violets and cuckoo-flowers
Peeping here and there.

Come into the meadows;
Greet the lark at morn,
Rising from the clover-field
Or the springing corn;
Join his notes of gladness,
Rosy clouds among;
Follow him, oh, follow him,
With a merry song.

Come into the meadows,
Where the lambkins play;
Skip with them all merry
Through the summer day;

CAROLINE GILMAN.
Down the dells and valleys,
Up the banks, now run;
Sport amid the shadows,
Gambol in the sun.

But now are coming frost and storm,
And flee for shelter man and worm;
The little seed can't run away,
But in the wintry field must stay.

Come into the meadows;
Meet the merry bee,
Sauntering 'mid the wild thyme,
Full of happy glee;
As he sippeth honey
From the sweet blue-bell,
Lessons of rich wisdom
He will to thee tell.

And yet it does not come to harm;
Falls from the sky a mantle warm,
And, folded in its cloak of snow,
It sleeps through all the winds that blow.

Come into the meadows
At the cooling hour,
When the dewdrops glisten
On the closing flower;
When the stars are twinkling
Through the vapors dim,
Think of thy Creator,
Sing a song to Him.

When once stern Winter's past and gone,
The lark sings loud and wakes the corn,
For Spring brings flowers and blossom-sheen,
And decks the mead with freshest green.

And soon, with corn-ears slim and tall,
The pleasant fields are covered all;
And, like the green sea, to and fro
They wave with all the winds that blow.

Then hotly from the sky at noon
The sultry Summer's sun looks down,
Till all the blooming earth beneath
Lies crowned with beauteous harvest-wreath.

The reapers come, the sickle sounds,
The sheaves are piled, and upward mounts
The song of joy, at night and morn,
For Heaven's best gift to man—the corn.
AUTUMN.

Golden Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain;
Gifts for man and bird and brute
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Through the lanes where bind-weed weaves
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves
Singing loud their harvest-song
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gayly, old and young:

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will;
Only drones need hunger still.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gayly all in red;

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedgerow twinkles bright;

Still the "traveller's joy" is seen,
Snowy white o'er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen;

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Mrs. Hawtrey

CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

The birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone,
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
Their naked branches swing;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.
Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face;
And these his simple words:
"Father, how cold it blows!
What comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"
"They fly far, far away
From storms, and snows, and rain;
But, Charley dear, next May
They'll all come back again."
"And will my flowers come too?"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new
That now looks cold and dead?"
"Oh yes, dear; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."
"Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go,
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?"
"And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"
"My son, there is a Power
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.
"He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way;
And we, too, are His care—
He guards us day by day."

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charley's eye:
"Will they, dear father, say?"
"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy,
There in our heavenly home
To meet in endless joy."
Upon his father's knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

THE FROST.
The Frost looked forth one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."
Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.
He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

Hannah F. Gould.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

OLD Winter is coming; alack, alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy-white sack,
The trees he has laden till ready to crack:
He whistles his trills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree.
A funny old fellow is Winter, I trow,
A merry old fellow for glee;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue,
He counts all our fingers, and pinches them too;
Our toes he gets hold of through stocking and shoe,
For a funny old fellow is he.

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree;
From morning till night he will sing us his song,
Now moaning and short, now boldly and long;
His voice it is loud, for his lungs are so strong,
And a merry old fellow is he.

Old Winter's a rough old chap to some,
As rough as ever you'll see.
"I wither the flowers whenever I come,
I quiet the brook that went laughing along,
I drive all the birds off to find a new home;
I'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say—
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in the crevices day by day
to see how we're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings from sober to gay;
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

NURSE WINTER.

BABY in the window stood,
Leaving all her play,
And, with pouting lips and frown,
Thus I heard her say:

"Naughty, naughty Winter!
Will you never go?
All the pretty walks are spoiled,
Covered up with snow.

"All the birds are scared away
But the chick-a-dees;
And they shiver as they sit
In the cold, bare trees.

"Not a single flower is left
In my garden there;
Not a single blade of grass;
Oh, how bad you are!"

Then behind the curtain I crept, and thus replied,
Baby listening, with blue eyes very round and wide:

"Naughty baby; to call names,
Stupid baby, you;
Kind old Nursey Winter
Is your nursey too—

"Nurse as well to all the flowers;
They were glad to creep
Underneath my bedclothes white
For a good long sleep.

"All the trees put off their clothes,
Brave and bright of hue,
Standing up to take their naps,
As the horses do.

"All the birdies left their nests
In my watch and care,
While they flew off to the south
For a change of air.

"I am nurse to one and all—
Babies, too, you know:
Don't I kiss their soft, round cheeks
Till they brighter grow?—
"Brighten all their sunny eyes,
   Curl their pretty hair,
Put a dance into their blood
   With my dancing air?

"When the birds and flowers come back,
   Bright and strong and glad,
Will you not be sorry then
   That you called me bad?"

As I ended, baby sprang
   With a merry shout,
Plucked the curtain wide, and called,
   "Ah! I've found you out!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WINTER JEWELS.
A million little diamonds
   Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
   "A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
   To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
   And stole them all away.

THE SNOWFALL.
Old Winter comes forth in his robe of white,
He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight,
He robs the trees of their green leaves quite,
   And freezes the pond and the river;
He has spoiled the butterfly's pretty vest,
And ordered the birds not to build their nest,
And banished the frog to a four months' rest,
   And makes all the children shiver.

Yet he does some good with his icy tread,
For he keeps the corn-seeds warm in their bed,
He dries up the damp which the rain had spread,
   And renders the air more healthy;
He taught the boys to slide, and he flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and young,
And when cries for food from the poor were wrung,
   He opened the purse of the wealthy.

We like the Spring with its fine fresh air;
We like the Summer with flowers so fair;
We like the fruits we in Autumn share,
   And we like, too, old Winter's greeting:
His touch is cold, but his heart is warm;
So, though he brings to us snow and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
   And ours is a gladsome meeting.

IT SNOWS.
It snows! it snows! From out the sky
The feathered flakes how fast they fly!
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! A merry play
Is o'er us in the air to-day.
As dancers in an airy hall
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then thick and swift.
They drive along to form the drift,
That waving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of white.

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud.
It spreads, it curls, it mounts and whirls:
At length a mighty wing unfurls,
And then, away!—but where, none knows,
Or ever will. It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then out will come the golden sun;
And we shall see upon the run,
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus with life it ever goes!
'Tis shade and shine! It snows! it snows!

The sleepy eyes droop, and each little head
Is glad to lie down in the warm cozy bed.

Then up in the morning as soon as 'tis light
They run to the window. Oh wondrous sight!
White, white are the garden, the lawn, and the hill,
And downward the light flakes are fluttering still.

They tie on their caps and their mittens so warm,
And are out in a twinkling to laugh at the storm!
They run and they jump, they frolic and shout,
Such fun in the snow-drifts to tumble about!

They come in to breakfast with checks all aglow,
Their locks and their jackets besprinkled with snow;
"Cold?"—"Not a bit, mamma; the cold we don't fear;
We wish 'twould be winter the whole of the year."

THE SNOW-STORM.

Two wistful young faces are watching the sky.
A snow-flake! another, goes scurrying by.
"'Tis snowing! 'Tis snowing! Oh, mamma, just see!
The ground will be covered! how glad we shall be!"

But the night hastens on, and the shadows grow gray,
Shutting out all the light of the short wintry day;

Hannah F. Gould.

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy; "hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While, swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
As he gathers his treasures of snow.
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the invalid; "ah!"
and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;

He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveller; "ho!"
and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay — through leagues intervened he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared, And his wife with her babes at her knee; Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour, That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the belle; "dear, how lucky!" and turns From her mirror to watch the flakes fall; Like the first rose of summer her dimpled cheek burns, While musing on sleigh-ride and ball: There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth Floating over each drear winter's day; But the tintings of hope on this storm-beaten earth Will melt like the snow-flakes away: Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss— That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow; "O God!" and her sighs Have stifled the voice of her prayer; Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes, On her cheek sunk with fasting and care. 'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread, But "He gives the young ravens their food,"

And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread, And she lays on her last chip of wood. Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows; 'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!

SKATING.

Over the ice, so smooth and bright, How we skim along! This is one of the merriest sports Which to hardy boys belong. Hurrah! hurrah! for the ice and snow; Our blood is warm and fresh, you know.
The ice is as strong as strong can be, And what have we to fear? It looks like a solid crystal lake, So beautifully clear. Hurrah! hurrah! though winter it is, There's nothing in summer so fine as this.

Up again quickly, my gallant friend, And don't lie groaning there: You had better be moving as fast as you can, Or you'll feel the biting air. Hurrah! hurrah! let it blow—let it blow! For our limbs are strong and fleet, you know.

Come hither, come hither, both young and old, Nor sit all day by the fire; Come, stir about; you will soon feel warm, If that is your heart's desire.
Hurrah! hurrah! who would not be here
On the lake of ice so strong and clear?

This is the sport for men and boys;
The girls in the house may stay:
But better for them it would be, I'm sure,
In the clear cold air to play.
Hurrah! hurrah! there is nothing, we know,
Which can give to beauty a lovelier glow.

Come one, come all, come great and small,
This is the pleasure that never grows tame;
At morning and evening, and every hour,
And year after year it is ever the same.
Hurrah! hurrah! may it ever be so!
Then we shall never grow old, you know.

Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

Susan Jewett.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away;

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on,
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away

James Russell Lowell.

Eliza Follen.
A WISH.

"Be my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish to-day—
Something as well in sunshine
As when the raindrops play."

"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone;"

"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound
Over the grass to creep."
“Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell—
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

“Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby’s funny
    laugh—
That’s the brook for me!”

THE COUNTRY LAD AND THE RIVER.

A country lad with honest air
Stood by the river-side;
He put his basket calmly down,
And gazed upon the tide.

Across the river’s rapid flood
He saw the village well;
’Twas there he meant to see his aunt,
And there his turnips sell.

The stream was full with recent rain,
And flowed so swiftly by,
He thought he would with patience
    wait,
And it would soon be dry.

For many hours he waited there,
But still the stream flowed on;
And when he sadly turned away,
The summer day was gone.

His turnips might have gone to seed,
His aunt have pined away,
For still the stream kept flowing on,
Nor has it stopped to-day.

THE BROOK.

A little brook, within a meadow,
Went winding through the grass;
So calmly flowed its crystal waters
They looked like shining glass.
I come from haunts of coot and hern:
   I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
   To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
   Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
   And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
   To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
   But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
   In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
   I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
   By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
   With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
   To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
   But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
   With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
   And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
   Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
   Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
   To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
   But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
   I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
   That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
   Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
   Against my sandy shallows.
I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.
A little brook went surging
O'er golden sands along,
And as I listened to it
It whispered in its song.

"Beneath the steady mountain,"
I thought I heard it say,
"My crystal waters started
Upon their winding way."
"I fondly hoped that flowers
Would bloom upon each side,
And sunshine always cheer me
Wherever I might glide.

"Through grassy meadows flowing,
And birds on every tree,
I hoped that each hour passing
Would pleasure bring to me.

"But hopes once bright have perished;
But rarely have I seen
The lovely birds and flowers,
The meadows soft and green.

"Through barren heaths and lonely
My way has often led,
Where golden sunshine never
Has cheered my gloomy bed.

"O'er rocks I've had to travel;
O'er precipices steep

I onward have been driven,
And madly made to leap.

"The winds have sighed around me,
The clouds in darkness hung,
And sadness has been mingled
With music I have sung.

"But still, wherever running,
My life has not been vain;
I've helped to grow the forests
That wave across the plain.

"The forests build the cities,
And ships that sail the sea,
And the mighty forests gather
Their nourishment from me.

"So onward! onward ever!
With singing I will go,
However dark and dreary
The scenes through which I flow."

A higher law than pleasure
Should guide me in my way;
Thus 'mid the rocks and forests
Comes music every day.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S ADDRESS TO THE RIVER.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Tell us, whither do you glide
Through the green and sunny meadows,
With your sweetly-murmuring tide?

You for many a mile must wander,
Many a lovely prospect see;
Gentle river, gentle river,
Oh, how happy you must be!
Tell us, if you can remember,
   Where your happy life began,
When at first from some high moun-
   Like a silver thread you ran.

Say, how many little streamlets
   Gave their mite your depths to
Coming each from different sources,
   Had they each a tale to tell?

When, a playful brook, you gam-
   And the sunshine o'er you smiled,
On your banks did children loiter,
   Looking for the spring flowers wild?

Gentle river, gentle river,
    Do you hear a word we say?
I am sure you ought to love us,
    For we come here every day.

Oh, I pray you wait a moment,
    And a message bear from me
To a darling little cousin
    We should dearly love to see.

You will know her, if you see her,
    By her clear and laughing eyes,
For they sparkle like your waters
   'Neath the bright blue summer
   skies.

She's a pretty, playful creature,
    Light of heart and footstep too;
I am sure you must have seen her,
    For she often speaks of you.

Oh, do tell her, gentle river,
    That we think of her each day—
That we have not ceased to miss her
    Ever since she went away.

Say to her that brother Willie,
   Who is sitting by our side,
That sweet rose she gave at parting
   Cherished fondly till it died.

Tell her too that mother wishes
   She could hear her voice once more.
See her eyes, as bright as sunshine,
   Peeping at the parlor door.

Say we will a token send her,
   Which upon your waves we'll fling—
Flowers from out our little garden,
   Fragrant with the breath of spring.

Gentle river, gentle river,
    Though you stop not to reply,
Yet you seem to smile upon us
    As you quickly pass us by.

Soon will come the lovely twilight,
   Lingering brightly in the west,
And each little bird for shelter
   Soon will seek its shady nest;

And the stars will rise above you,
   Shining all the livelong night,
Yet you ask nor rest nor slumber,
   Singing still with free delight.

Year by year the same sweet story
   You to other ears will tell;
Now we leave you, yet we love you:
   Gentle river, fare you well!

THE STREAMLET.
I saw a little streamlet flow
   Along a peaceful vale;
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
   It wandered down the dale.
Just to do good it seemed to move,
   Directed by the hand of Love.
The valley smiled in living green;
   A tree, which near it gave
From noontide heat a friendly screen,
   Drank from its limpid wave.
The swallow brushed it with her wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known:
Its gentle murmur far was heard;
   A friend's familiar tone!

It glided by the cotter's door,
   It blessed the labor of the poor.
And would that I could thus be found,
   While travelling life's brief way,
A humble friend to all around,
   Where'er my footsteps stray;
Like that pure stream, with tranquil breast,
   Like it, still blessing and still blest.

M. A. STODART.
THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you run all back again
When you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.
"We must not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule—
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.
Thus freely on the sandy beach
We dash and roll away;
While you, when study-time is o'er,
May come with us and play."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-skurry.  
Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling,  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with  
sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinnini and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding.  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.
THE RAINBOW.

The rainbow, how glorious it is in the sky!
And yet its bright colors are soft to the eye;
There the violet, and blue, and bright yellow are seen,
And orange, and red, and such beautiful green.

Oh, I wonder what paints the bright bow in the sky!
See it spreads out so wide, and it arches so high,
But now at one end 'tis beginning to fade,
And now nothing is seen but a cloud's misty shade.

'Tis God who thus paints the fair heavenly bow,
And sets it on high His great mercy to show;
He bids men look on it, and call then to mind
His promise once graciously made to mankind.

The sea it may swell, and the clouds roll on high,
But God rules the sea and the wild stormy sky;
And ever again shall the sea its bounds know,
Nor o'er the dry land in a wide deluge flow.

Then, when in the sky is the wide spanning bow,
It shall teach me God's goodness and mercy to know,
And that glorious God it shall teach me to love
Who His mercy thus paints in such colors above.

Clayton.
NOW THE SUN IS SINKING.

Now the sun is sinking
In the golden west;
Birds and bees and children
All have gone to rest;
And the merry streamlet,
As it runs along,
With a voice of sweetness
Sings its evening song.

Cowslip, daisy, violet,
In their little beds,
All among the grasses,
Hide their heavy heads;
There they'll all, sweet darlings!
Lie in happy dreams
Till the rosy morning
Wakes them with its beams.

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we
would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

Eliza Follen.
IS THE MOON MADE OF GREEN CHEESE?

"Say, papa, I want you to listen,
So lay down your newspaper, please;
Sister Mary has just been a-saying
That the moon is made out of green cheese.

"I told her 'twould get awful mouldy;
And she said there's a man with a hoe
Who lives there, and scrapes all the mould off;
But I do not believe it is so."

Papa laughed a little at Jennie
As he stroked down the curls on her head:
"And why now, my dear little daughter,
Don't you trust what your sister has said?"

"Because—why, of course she knows nothing
Of the moon, for it's off very far;
There's not any green cheese about it;
Why, of course not—now is there, papa?"

"You must not ask me such hard questions."
Then papa gave Jennie a kiss:
"Now go and find out yourself, Jennie,
Then come and tell me how it is."

Then Jennie went right to her Bible,
Where it tells how the world had its birth,
And she read all about the creation,
How God made the heavens and earth.

And soon she ran laughing to papa,
And her laughter ran all through the house—
"Oh, papa, there's no green cheese in it,
For the moon was made before cows."

Nicholas Nichols.

LADY MOON.

I see the Moon, and the Moon sees me;
God bless the Moon! and God bless me!
Old Rhyme.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Richard Monckton Milnes.
OH, LOOK AT THE MOON!
Oh, look at the moon!
    She is shining up there;
Oh, mother, she looks
    Like a lamp in the air!

Last week she was smaller,
    And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
    And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
    How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
    On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
    And show me their place;
And I love to look up
    At your pretty bright face.
And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

You little twinkling stars that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy,

For I am sent to bed, because
I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did:
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid!
I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak,
But you may twinkle all night long
And play at hide-and-seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies, and through the clouds,
And round about the pole!

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then—how we should float!

Does anybody say, "Be still,"
When you would dance and play?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way?

Oh, tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow!

"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question—when He speaks
We listen and obey."

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THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

"Tell me, my little one, tell me why,
Silent and steadfast, you gaze on high:
What does my darling see?"

"Look, mother, up at that beautiful star,
Shining and glimmering down from afar,
How it watches over me.

"Every night as I fall asleep
In at the window it comes to peep,
White, and clear, and calm.

"Often I think the bright star must be
The eye of our Father looking on me,
Keeping me safe from harm."

"Little one, pretty one, turn where we will,
God in His mercy is guarding us still;
Child, He is everywhere.

"Down in the depths, or up in the sky,
None from His presence away can fly;
By day, by night He is there.

"That brilliant star that is gleaming bright
Is a world like ours of life and light,
Created by His will.

"He dwelleth there as He dwelleth here,
Both far away, and as closely near,
He hears, He sees us still.

"Trustfully rest in thy fancy fair,
Truly thy Father keeps vigil there
Over thee, over us all.

"Innocent little one, gazing above,
Look up for ever in faith and in love,
Whatever in life befall."
THE EYES OF THE ANGELS.

A little girl was disappointed when her mother told her what the stars were. She said, "I thought they were the eyes of the angels."

"Mother, what are those little things that twinkle from the skies?"
"The stars, my child."—"I thought, mother, they were the angels' eyes."

"They look down on me so like yours, as beautiful and mild, when by my crib you used to sit, and watch your feverish child.

"And always, when I shut my eyes, and said my little prayers, I felt so safe, because I knew that they had opened theirs."

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see; then smoothed her work and folded it right, and said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head, crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed, she said, as she watched their curious flight, "Little black things, good-night, good-night!"
The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"
She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep Allover the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.
And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night!" said the plough to the weary old horse;
And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned,
With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart,
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night, from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door;
"Good-night!" answered Fanny;
"come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck; "I wish you all well,
Though I cannot tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered Benny the brave;
"Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night!"
The geese were parading the beautiful green,
But the goslings were wearied out quite;
So, shutting their peepers, from under the wing
They murmured a sleepy "Good-night!"

Now the shades of evening were gathering apace
And fading the last gleam of light;
So to father and mother, both Fanny and Ben
Gave a kiss and a hearty "Good-night!"

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NATURE'S VOICE.

Whatever mine ears can hear,
Whatever mine eyes can see,
In Nature so bright
With beauty and light,
Has a message of love for me.

Glorious clouds! as ye sail
Over the clear blue sky,
Ye tell of the hour
When the Lord of power
In clouds shall descend from on high!

Ye sheep that on pastures green
Beside the still waters feed,
Ye bring to my mind
The Shepherd so kind
Who supplies all His people's need.

The birds as they soar aloft,
The flowers as they bloom below,
His praises declare
Who made all so fair,—
His wisdom and love they show.

Lord, give me a tongue to praise;
Oh, give me a heart to love!
Till at last I come
To a brighter home,
A still fairer world above!

A. L. O. K.
RELI G I O N.
FOR THE CHILDREN.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along;

The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.
You sit by the fire, little children,  
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;  
But out in the cold of the winter  
Is many a shivering form.  
There are mothers that wander for shelter,  
And babes that are pining for bread;  
Oh! thank the dear Lord, little children,  
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,  
And tell me, through all the long day  
Have you thought of the Father above us,  
Who guarded from evil our way?  
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,  
And careth for great and for small;  
In life and in death, little children,  
His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,  
And over your innocent sleep,  
Unseen by your vision, the angels  
Their watch through the darkness shall keep;  
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth  
The lambs that He loveth so well  
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,  
Beside the still waters to dwell.

WHAT GOD SEES.

When the winter snow-flakes fall,  
God in heaven can count them all;  
When the stars are shining bright,  
Out upon a frosty night,  
God can tell them all the same,  
God can give each star its name.  
God in heaven can also see  
Children in their play agree,  
Never rude, or cross, or wild,  
Always kind, forbearing, mild.  
Angels from their homes of light  
Gladly look on such a sight.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high;  
But if you look above the pines  
You cannot see our God; and why?  
And if you dig down in the mines,  
You never see Him in the gold,  
Though, from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold  
Of heaven and earth across His face,  
Like secrets kept for love untold.  
But still I feel that His embrace  
Slides down by thrills through all things made,  
Through sight and sound of every place;

As if my tender mother laid  
On my shut lips her kisses’ pressure,  
Half waking me at night, and said,  
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"  
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
RELIGION.

Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good!"

Hear the mountain-streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Joyous birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

Bring, my heart, thy tribute—
Songs of gratitude—
While all Nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

THE HEAVENLY FATHER.

Can you count the stars that brightly
Twinkle in the midnight sky?
Can you count the clouds so lightly
O'er the meadows floating by?
God the Lord doth mark their number
With his eyes, that never slumber;
He hath made them, every one.

Can you count the insects playing
In the summer sun's bright beam?
Can you count the fishes straying,
Darting through the silver stream?
Unto each, by God in heaven,
Life and food and strength are given:
He doth watch them, every one.

Do you know how many children
Rise each morning blithe and gay?
Can you count the little voices
Singing sweetly day by day?

GOD IS GOOD.

See the shining dew-drops
On the flowerets strewned,
Proving, as they sparkle,
"God is ever good!"

See the morning sun-beams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good!"

Hear the mountain-streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"
God hears all the little voices,
In their infant songs rejoices;
He doth love them, every one.

THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O God! who wert my childhood’s love,
My boyhood’s pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,
Oh let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O’er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed;
And yet more like a mother’s ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt;
I knew that Thou wert near—
A silence tingling in the room;
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past
How fondly memory clings!
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee;
What picture I had made
Of that Eternal Majesty
To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake
And tremble at the shape

Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,
Yet never spoke of Thee;
The nights we spent together, Lord!
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct.
Yet which did intertwine:
One was my mother’s—it is gone—
The other, Lord! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord!
But sinned before Thy face;
Yet now, on looking back, my sins
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,
More glorious than before;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year
Each breadth of life to meet;
I scarce can think Thou art the same,
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present
charms
Thy past ones only prove;
Oh make my heart more strong to bear
This newness of Thy love!

These novelties of love!—when will
Thy goodness find an end?
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord,
Incredibly extend?

Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face,
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thyself more space!

Frederick W. Faber.
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

PART I.

THE STORY WANTED.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin!

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The " early dew " of morning
Has passed away at noon!

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"
Listen and I will tell you;
    God help both you and me,
And make the "old, old story"
    His message unto thee!

Once in a pleasant garden
    God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
    And all around was fair,
But oh, they disobeyed Him!
    The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted;
    They ate it, and—they died!
Yet, in His love and pity
    At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
    Might after all be spared.
For one of Eve's descendants,
    Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
    And man be saved and blest.
He should be son of Adam,
    But Son of God as well,
And bring a full salvation
    From sin, and death, and hell.

Hundreds of years were over,
    Adam and Eve had died,
The following generation,
    And many more beside.
At last, some shepherds, watching
    Beside their flocks at night,
Were startled in the darkness
    By strange and heavenly light.
One of the holy angels
    Had come from heaven above
To tell the true, true story
    Of Jesus and His love.

He came to bring glad tidings:
    "You need not, must not, fear;
For Christ, your new-born Saviour,
    Lies in the village near!"
And many other angels
    Took up the story then:
"To God on high be glory,
    Good-will, and peace to men."
And was it true, that story?
    They went at once to see,
And found Him in a manger,
    And knew that it was He.
He whom the Father promised,
    So many ages past,
Had come to save poor sinners;
    Yes, He had come at last!
He was "content to do it,"
    To seek and save the lost,
Although He knew beforehand—
    Knew all that it would cost.
He lived a life most holy;
    His every thought was love,
And every action showed it,
    To man, and God above.
His path in life was lowly,
    He was a "working man."
Who knows the poor man's trials
    So well as Jesus can?
His last three years were lovely;
    He could no more be hid;
And time and strength would fail me
    To tell the good He did.
He gave away no money,  
For He had none to give;  
But He had power of healing,  
And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly,  
It seemed His heart's delight  
To make poor people happy  
From morning until night.
He always seemed at leisure
For every one who came;
However tired or busy,
They found Him just "the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear,
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear.

He was a "Man of Sorrows,"
And when He gave relief,
He gave it like a brother,
Acquainted with the "grief."

Such was the man "Christ Jesus,"
The Friend of sinful man! . . . .
But hush! the tale grows sadder:
I'll tell it—if I can.

This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified, and slain.

Look! look! if you can bear it—
Look at your dying Lord;
Stand near the cross and watch Him;
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

His hands and feet are pierced,
He cannot hide His face;
And cruel men "stand staring"
In crowds about the place.

They laugh at Him and mock Him!
They tell Him to "come down,"
And leave that cross of suffering;
And change it for a crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He "the mighty God"?
And could He have destroyed them
With one almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it;
But let me tell you why
He would not use his power,
But chose to stay and die.

He had become our "Surety;"
And what we could not pay,
He paid instead, and for us,
On that one dreadful day.

For our sins He suffered,
For our sins He died;
And "not for ours only,"
But "all the world's" beside!

And now the work is "finished!"
The sinner's debt is paid,
Because on "Christ the righteous"
The sin of all was laid.

O wonderful redemption!
God's remedy for sin,
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in,

For God released our "Surety"
To show the work was done,
And Jesus' resurrection
Declared the victory won.

And now He has ascended,*
And sits upon the throne,
"To be a Prince and Saviour,"
And claim us for His own.

But when He left His people,
He promised them to send
"The Comforter," to teach them
And guide them to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit
Is with us to this day,
And ready now to teach us
The “new and living Way.”

This is the old, old story:
Say, do you take it in—
This wonderful redemption,
God’s remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it’s true,
And meant for every sinner,
And therefore meant for you?

Then take this “great salvation,”
For Jesus loves to give;
Believe, and you receive it,
Believe, and you shall live!

And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you,
Make known “the old, old story,”
For others need it too.

Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made you free,
And if it sets them longing,
Say, “Jesus died for thee.”

Soon, soon our eyes shall see Him,
And in our home above
We’ll sing “the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.”

I love to tell the story,
Because I know it’s true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story:
’Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God’s own holy Word.

I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.

And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song,
’Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long!

THE CHILD’S DESIRE.

I think, when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear! Lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou’rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features!
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard:
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept His mother’s blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed:
Peace, my darling, here’s no danger:
There’s no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear
Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,

Then go dwell for ever near Him:
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses!
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!

Isaac Watts.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME."

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng
Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."
"If He lay His hand on the children
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mid the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,—
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hand on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Julia Gill.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Jesus says that we must love Him;
Helpless as the lambs are we,
But He very kindly tells us
That our Shepherd He will be.

Heavenly Shepherd I please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who, like lambs, too often stray.

We are always prone to wander:
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise Thee
For Thy kindness and Thy care.

THE NEAREST FRIEND.

Dear Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.
Jesus Sees You.

Little child, when you're at play,
Do you know that Jesus sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds, and flowers, to please you.
Oh then thank Him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you're afraid,
Do you know that Christ is by you?
Seek His care then! He has said,
"Ask, and I will not deny you."
And He never fails to hear;
He will keep you—do not fear.

Little child, when you are bad,
Do you think that Jesus knows it?
Yes! and oh, it makes Him glad
When you're sorry and disclose it.
Oh, then, tell Him quick, and pray
To grow better every day.

Prayer for a Little Child.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Oh supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

Hymn of a Child.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!
Make me gentle as Thou art,  
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,  
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days  
Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see  
Christ, the holy Child, in me!

Charles Wesley.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD.  
Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take;  
And this I beg for Jesus' sake.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.  
The day is gone, the night is come,  
The night for quiet rest,  
And every little bird has flown  
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go;  
Upon the leafless bough  
He sang his evening hymn to God,  
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive;  
Shut is the daisy's eye;  
The stars alone are peeping forth  
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone; for God  
Has heard what I have said;  
His eye looks on His little child,  
Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank Him now  
For all that He has given—  
For friends, and books, and clothes,  
And food;  
But most of all for heaven—

Where I shall go when I am dead,  
If truly I do right;  
Where I shall meet all those I love  
As angels pure and bright.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

JESUS, SEE A LITTLE CHILD.  
Jesus, see a little child,  
Kneeling at its mother's knee;  
Meekly pleading at Thy feet,  
Lifting up its hands to Thee.  
Saviour, guide my little steps,  
Never let them halt or stray;  
Wash me with Thy precious blood;  
Jesus, take my sins away!

Make me gentle, make me good,  
Let no evil fill my breast;  
Never leave me night or day,  
Watch me when I play or rest.  
Jesus, Saviour of the world,  
Look with pity down on me;  
Though I'm but a little child,  
Teach me how to pray to Thee!

MATTHIAS BARB.

EVENING HYMN.  
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:  
Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;  
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me when I die to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.
The morning bright
With rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep.
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide.
My sins forgive,
And let me live.
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.
Oh, make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee;
Then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face.

And oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep:" "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added;
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still, "My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voices softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

GOOD-NIGHT.

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good-night,"
And give a kiss all round.

Good-night, my father, mother dear;
Now kiss your little son;
Good-night, my friends, both far and near,
Good-night to every one.

Good-night, ye merry, merry birds!
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words
You would have said "Good-night."

To all my pretty flowers good-night;
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

Eliza Follen.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night, dear mamma," a little girl said,
"I'm going to sleep in my trundle-bed;
Good-night, dear papa, little brother and sis!"
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.

"Good-night, little darling," her fond mother said;
"But remember, before you lie down
in your bed,
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, dear child."

"Oh yes, dear mother!" said the child,
with a nod,
"I love, oh I love to say good-night to God!"

Kneeling down, "My Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for giving me this nice little bed;
For though mamma told me she bought it for me,
She says that everything good comes from Thee;
I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day;
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray;"
Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,
"Good-night, my dear Father, my Maker, and God;
Should I never again on earth open mine eyes,
I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies!"

'Twas an exquisite sight as she meekly knelt there,
With her eyes raised to heaven, her hands clasped in prayer;
And I thought of the time when the Saviour, in love,
Said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven above;"
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while
Might be cleansed of its bitterness, freed from its guile.
Then she crept into bed, that beautiful child,
And was soon lost in slumber, so calm and so mild
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.
GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, my dear mother—dear mother, good-night;
You may take out the lamp, and shut the door tight:
Your dear little Ellen will not be afraid,
Though left quite alone in her own quiet bed.

Afraid, my dear mother? afraid when I know
God watches on high, while you watch below?
And though the thick darkness all round me is spread,
I know that from Him I can never be hid.

You say, my dear mother, whenever I pray,
Although He's in heaven, He'll hear what I say;
And so, if I should have some foolish fears rise,
I'll pray in my heart when I shut up my eyes.

Good-night, my dear mother—dear mother, good-night;
Please take out the candle, and shut the door tight:
Your dear little daughter will not be afraid
When left quite alone in her own little bed.

GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed;

"Tis morning, bright morning; good-morning, papa;
Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning, mamma;
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good-morning to Mary!
The sun is just peeping straight into my eyes—
Good-morning to you, Mister Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl;"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl;
"Happy you can be, but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod,
"Mamma, may I say 'Good-morning' to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may;
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands, that were folded together,
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother:
"Good-morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the
dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful
light.
Oh keep me from naughtiness all the
long day,
Dear Saviour, who taught little chil-
dren to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine
and smiled,
But she saw not the angel, that beau-
tiful child.  

MARY T. HAMLIN.

HYMN.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
For I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that it may of me be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace
And make me like to Thee!

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

And Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

My health, my friends, and parents
dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant
care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey!

CONVALESCENT.

I prayed to God; He heard my prayer,
And made a little child His care:
When I was sick He healed my pain,
And gave me health and strength
again.
Oh, let me now His grace implore,
And love and praise Him evermore.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory.

But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky!

Oh, then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly chorus,
And praise Him day and night.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;

But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky!

Oh, then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly chorus,
And praise Him day and night.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.
EXOD. CHAP. XX.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me;
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parent's honor due:
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean,
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.
THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land—
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blест for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land:
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"
"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!
Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!”

Mrs. Hemans.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN’S SONG.

Among the night-watchmen of Germany a singular custom prevails of chanting devotional hymns, as well as songs of a national, and sometimes of an amusing, character during the night. Here is one of the more serious cast, the verses of which are chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced by the watchman in his rounds:

HARK! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Eight now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Eight souls alone from death were kept
When God the earth with the Deluge swept.

CHORUS.
Human watch from harm can’t ward us:
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night!

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Nine now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Nine lepers cleansed returned not;
Be not thy blessings, O man, forgot!

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Ten now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Eleven now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Eleven apostles, of holy mind,
Proclaimed the gospel to mankind.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
Twelve now sounds on the belfry-bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered reproach for the Saviour’s name.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell:
One now sounds on the belfry-bell!
One God above; one Lord, indeed,
Who ever protects in the hour of need.

Cho.—Human, etc.
Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell: 
Two now sounds on the belfry-bell! 
Two paths before mankind are free: 
Be sure and choose the best for thee.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell: 
Three now sounds on the belfry-bell: 
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host, 
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cho.—Human, etc.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell: 
Four now sounds on the belfry-bell! 
Four seasonscrown the farmer's care: 
Thy heart with equal toil prepare.

CHORUS.

Up now! awake! nor slumber on; 
The morn approaches—night is gone. 
Thank God, who by His love and might 
Has watched and kept us through the night.
Rouse to the duties of the day, 
And serve Him faithfully alway.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once 
A widow dwelt, 'tis said, 
So poor, alas! her children asked 
One night in vain for bread. 
But this poor woman loved the Lord, 
And knew that He was good; 
So, with her little ones around, 
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child, 
A boy of eight years old, 
Said softly, "In the Holy Book, 
Dear mother, we are told

How God, with food by ravens brought, 
Supplied His prophet's need." 
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son, 
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again 
What He has done before; 
And so, to let the birds fly in, 
I will unclose the door." 
Then little Dirk, in simple faith, 
Threw ope the door full wide, 
So that the radiance of the lamp 
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed, 
And, noticing the light, 
Paused to inquire why the door 
Was open so at night. 
"My little Dirk has done it, sir," 
The widow, smiling, said, 
"That ravens might fly in to bring 
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried: 
"Then here's a raven, lad; 
Come to my home, and you shall see 
Where bread may soon be had." 
Along the street to his own house 
He quickly led the boy, 
And sent him back with food that filled 
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk 
Went to the open door, 
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" 
Then shut it fast once more. 
For, though no bird had entered in, 
He knew that God on high 
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer, 
And sent this full supply.
LITTLE SAMUEL.

When little Samuel woke,
   And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
   How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

If God would speak to me,
   And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be!
   Oh how should I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear
If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak?
   Oh yes; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
   The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.
SUNDAY.

God on high to man did speak:  
Seven days are in the week—  
Six of these to you I give;  
Ye must work that ye may live—  
But the seventh day shall be  
Always set apart for Me,  
That My servants may have rest  
And may learn of My behest,  
That the voice of praise and prayer  
May be lifted ev’rywhere.  

Think, dear child, what God doth say  
Of His holy Sabbath Day.

A GOOD SABBATH.

A Sabbath well spent  
Brings a week of content,  
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned,  
Whatever is gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

I WILL NOT BE AFRAID.

God can see us everywhere  
In the very darkest night;  
So I will not be afraid,  
Even though I have no light.

When alone awake I lie,  
Then my pretty hymn I’ll say;  
God can hear the smallest voice,  
And He listens night and day.

Well He loves each little child  
With a Father’s tender love;  
All the time we sleep or play,  
He is watching from above.

So I will not be afraid,  
Even though I have no light;  
God can see us everywhere,  
In the very darkest night.

FAITH IN GOD.

I knew a widow very poor,  
Who four small children had:  
The oldest was but six years old,  
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled  
To feed her children four;  
A noble heart the mother had,  
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,  
For children must be fed;  
And glad was she when she could buy  
A shilling’s worth of bread.

And this was all the children had  
On any day to eat:  
They drank their water, ate their bread,  
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast  
And piercing was the air,  
I thought that I would go and see  
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,  
’Twas searched by every breeze—  
When, going in, the eldest child  
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy;  
He never raised his head,  
But still went on, and said, “Give us  
This day our daily bread.”
I waited till the child was done,  
Still listening as he prayed;  
And when he rose I asked him why  
That prayer he then had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning,  
when  
My mother went away,  
She wept because she said she had  
No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,  
Our father being dead;  
And then I told her not to cry,  
For I could get some bread.

"'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,  
Which made me think that He,  
As we have no kind father here,  
Would our kind Father be.

"And then you know, sir, that the prayer  
Asks God for bread each day;  
So in the corner, sir, I went;  
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,  
And went with fleeting feet,  
And very soon was back again  
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy.  
I answered with a nod;  
I could not speak, but much I thought  
Of that boy's faith in God.

LITTLE HARRY'S LETTER:

A postman stood with puzzled brow  
And in his hands turned o'er and o'er  
A letter with address so strange  
As he had never seen before.

The writing cramped, the letters small,  
And by a boy's rough hand engraved.

The words ran thus: "To Jesus Christ,"  
And underneath inscribed, "In Heaven."

The postman paused; full well he knew  
No mail on earth this note could take;  
And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,  
And posted for the dear Lord's sake.

With careful hand he broke the seal,  
And reverently the letter read;  
'Twas short, and very simple too,  
For this was all the writer said:

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,  
I've lately lost my father dear;  
Mother is very, very poor,  
And life to her is sad and drear.  
Yet Thou hast promised in Thy Word  
That none can ever ask in vain  
For what they need of earthly store,  
If only asked in Jesus' name.

"And so I write you in His name,  
To ask that you will kindly send  
Some money down; what you can spare,  
And what is right for us to spend."
I want so much to go to school;  
While father lived I always went;  
But he had little, Lord, to leave,  
And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be  
Ere this can reach the golden gate;  
But I will try and patient be,  
And for the answer gladly wait."

The tidings reached that far-off land,  
Although the letter did not go,  
And straight the King an angel sent  
To help the little boy below.

Oft to his mother he would say,  
"I knew the Lord would answer  
When He had read my letter through,  
Which I had sent for Jesus's sake."

Ah, happy boy! could you but teach  
Our hearts to trust our Father's love,  
And to believe where aught's denied  
'Tis only done our faith to prove!

LITTLE LUCY.

A little child, six summers old,  
So thoughtful and so fair  
There seemed about her pleasant ways  
A more than childish air,

Was sitting on a summer's eve  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
Intent upon an ancient book  
That lay upon her knee.

She turned each page with careful hand,  
And strained her sight to see,  
Until the drowsy shadows slept  
Upon the grassy lea;

Then closed the book, and upward looked,  
And straight began to sing  
A simple verse of hopeful love—  
This very childish thing:

"While here below how sweet to know  
His wondrous love and story  
And then, through grace, to see His face,  
And live with Him in glory!"

That little child, one dreary night  
Of winter wind and storm,  
Was tossing on a weary couch  
Her weak and wasted form;

And in her pain, and in its pause,  
But clasped her hand in prayer—  
Strange that we had no thoughts of heaven,  
While hers were only there—

Until she said, "Oh, mother dear,  
How sad you seem to be!  
Have you forgotten that He said,  
'Let children come to Me?'

Dear mother, bring the blessed Book;  
Come, mother, let us sing."

And then again, with faltering tongue,  
She sang that childish thing:  
"While here below how sweet to know  
His wondrous love and story,  
And then, through grace, to see His face,  
And live with Him in glory!"

Underneath a spreading tree  
A narrow mound is seen,  
Which first was covered by the snow,  
Then blossomed into green.

Here first I heard that childish voice,  
That sings on earth no more;  
In heaven it hath a richer tone,  
And sweeter than before:

"For those who know His love below"—  
So runs the wondrous story—  
"In heaven, through grace, shall see His face,  
And dwell with Him in glory!"

A. D. F. Randolph.
A FOREST SCENE IN THE DAYS OF WICKLiffe.

A little child she read a book
Beside an open door:
And as she read page after page
She wondered more and more.

Her little fingers carefully
Went pointing out the place;
Her golden locks hung drooping down,
And shadowed half her face.

The open book lay on her knee,
Her eyes on it were bent;
And as she read page after page
Her color came and went.

She sat upon a mossy stone
An open door beside;
And round, for miles, on every hand,
Stretched out a forest wide.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade;
And overhead the singing birds
Their pleasant clamor made.

There was no garden round the house,
And it was low and small,—
The forest sward grew to the door;
The lichens on the wall.

There was no garden round about,
Yet flowers were growing free—
The cowslip and the daffodil
Upon the forest lea.

"Why sit you here, my little maid?"
An aged pilgrim spake;
The child looked upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair,
And solemn was her look,
As thus she answered, witlessly,
"Oh, sir, I read this book!"
"And what is there within that book
   To win a child like thee?
Up! join thy mates, the merry birds,
   And frolic with the bee!"

"Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book;
   I love it more than play;
I've read all legends, but this one
   Ne'er saw I till this day.

"And there is something in this book
That makes all care begone,—
And yet I weep, I know not why,
   As I go reading on."

"Who art thou, child, that thou
   shouldst read
A book with mickle heed?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
   Hath much ado to read."

"My father is a forester—
   A bowman keen and good;
He keeps the deer within their bound,
   And worketh in the wood.

"My mother died in Candlemas—
   The flowers are all in blow
Upon her grave at Allonby,
   Down in the dale below."

This said, unto her book she turned
As steadfast as before;
"Nay," said the pilgrim, "nay, not yet,
   And you must tell me more.

"Who was it taught you thus to read?"
"Ah, sir, it was my mother;
She taught me both to read and spell—
   And so she taught my brother.

"My brother dwells at Allonby,
   With the good monks alway;
And this new book he brought to me,
   But only for one day.

"Oh, sir, it is a wondrous book,
   Better than Charlemagne,—
And, be you pleased to leave me now,
   I'll read in it again."

"Nay, read to me," the pilgrim said;
   And the little child went on
To read of Christ, as was set forth
   In the Gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
   Adown her cheeks did slide;
The pilgrim sat with bended head,
   And he wept at her side.

"I've heard," said he, "the archbishop,
   I've heard the pope of Rome,
But never did their spoken words
   Thus to my spirit come.

"The book, it is a blessed book!
   Its name, what may it be?"
Said she, "They are the words of Christ
   That I have read to thee,
Now done into the English tongue
   For folks unlearned as we."

"Sancta Maria!" said the man,
   "Our canons have decreed
That this is an unholy book
   For simple folks to read.

"Sancta Maria! Blessed be God!
   Had this good book been mine,
I needn't have gone on pilgrimage
   To holy Palestine.

"Give me the book, and let me read!
   My soul is strangely stirred:—
They are such words of love and truth
   As ne'er before I heard."

The little girl gave up the book,
   And the pilgrim, old and brown,
With reverend lips did kiss the page,
   Then on the stone sat down.

And aye he read, page after page;
   Page after page he turned;
And as he read their blessed words
   His heart within him burned.

Still, still the book the old man read
   As he would ne'er have done;
From the hour of noon he read the book,
   Until the set of the sun.

The little child she brought him out
   A cake of wheaten bread;
But it lay unbroke at eventide,
   Nor did he raise his head
Until he every written page
   Within the book had read.

Then came the sturdy forester
   Along the homeward track,
Whistling aloud a hunting-tune,
   With a slain deer on his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
   Unto the pilgrim poor;
The old man rose with thoughtful brow,
   And entered at the door.

The two had sat them down to meat,
   And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had eaten on Olivet,
   And drank at Jacob's Well.

And then he told how he had knelt
   Where'er our Lord had prayed—
How he had in the garden been,
   And the tomb where He was laid;

And then he turned unto the book,
   And read, in English plain,
How Christ had died on Calvary;
   And all His comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
   He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parchèd soil,
   As to the hungry bread,
So fell upon the woodman's soul
   Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they read
   Until the dawn of day;
And then came in the woodman's son
   To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
   His face was pale with dread,
For he said, "The king hath made a law
   That the book must not be read—
For it was such a fearful heresy,
   The holy abbot said."

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KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

Sir John and Sir Bevis were knights of old
   Who went to the Holy Land;
Each had a spirit free and bold,
   Each had a firm, strong hand;
Each showed by the cross upon his vest
   He had chosen the Christian's part;
'Tis one thing to wear it upon the breast,
   Another, within the heart.
Wise in counsel and bold in fight,
   Tell me which was the Christian knight?

Sir John he prized the wine-cup well,
   And sat at the banquet long;
He loved the boastful tale to tell,
   And to sing the boisterous song.
He slew the foe who for mercy cried,
   And burned his castle down;
He wasted the country far and wide,
   And won what he called renown;
But his deeds were hateful in Heaven's sight—
Let no one call him a Christian knight.

Sir Bevis supported the widow's cause
   And upheld the orphan's claim—
Did good, but never for man's applause,
   For little he sought for fame.
When his most bitter foe he found
   Bleeding upon the plain,
His thirst he quenched and his wounds he bound,
   And brought him to life again.
Gentle in peace as brave in fight,
   Was not Sir Bevis a Christian knight?

Those warlike times, they have passed away—
   Knights wear the Red Cross no more;
But contrasts exist in modern day
   Great as in days of yore.
Gentle, generous, true, and kind,
   E'en in the child we see
That he may be of a chivalrous mind,
   Though but of a low degree;
Guarding the weak and loving the right,
   Be each British boy as a Christian knight.

"If it please thee, I will abide;
   To thee my knee shall bend;
Only unto the greatest kings
   Can giants condescend."

Right glad the king the giant took
   Into his service then,
For since Goliath's mighty days
   No man so big was seen.
Well pleased the giant too to serve
   The greatest king on earth;
He served him well, in peace, in war,
   In sorrow, and in mirth,
Till came a wandering minstrel by,
   One day, who played and sang
Wild songs, through which the devil's name
   Profanely, loudly rang.

Astonished then, the giant saw
   The king look sore afraid;
At mention of the devil's name
   The cross's sign he made.
"How now, my master? Why dost thou
   Make on thy breast this sign?"
He said. "It is a spell," replied
   The king— "a spell divine,
"Which shall the devil circumvent,
   And keep me safe and whole
From all the wicked arts he tries
   To slay my precious soul."
"Oh ho, my master! then he is
   More powerful than thou!
They lied who called thee greatest king;
   I leave thy service now,
"And seek the devil; him will I
   My master call henceforth,"
The giant cried, and strode away,
   Contemptuous and wroth.
He found the devil soon. I ween
The devil waited near,
Well pleased to have this mighty man
Within his ranks appear.

They journeyed on full many a day,
And now the giant deemed
At last he had a master found
Who was the king he seemed.

But lo! one day they came apace
To where four roadways met,
And at the meeting of the roads
A cross of stone was set.

The devil trembled and fell back,
And said, "We go around."
"Now tell me," fierce the giant cried,
"Why fearest thou this ground?"

The devil would not answer. "Then
I leave thee, master mine,"
The giant said. "Of something wrong
This mystery is sign."

Then answered him the fiend, ashamed:
"'Twas there Christ Jesus died;
Wherever stands a cross like that
I may not, dare not, abide."

"Ho, ho!" the giant cried again,
Surprised again, perplexed;
"Then Jesus is the greatest king,—
I seek and serve Him next."

The king named Jesus, far and near,
The weary giant sought;
His name was everywhere proclaimed,
His image sold and bought,
His power vaunted, and His laws
Upheld by sword and fire;
But Him the giant sought in vain,
Until he cried in ire,

One winter eve, as late he came
Upon a hermit's cell:
"Now by my troth, tell me, good saint,
Where doth thy master dwell?"

"For I have sought him far and wide,
By leagues of land and sea;
I seek to be his servant true,
In honest fealty.

"I have such strength as kings desire,
State to their state to lend;
But only to the greatest king
Can giants condescend."

Then said the hermit, pale and wan:
"Oh, giant man! indeed
The King thou seekest doth all kings
In glorious power exceed;

"But they who see Him face to face,
In full communion clear,
Crowned with His kingdom's splendor bright,
Must buy the vision dear.

"Dwell here, oh brother, and thy lot
With ours contented cast;
And first, that flesh be well subdued,
For days and nights thou'lt fast!"

"I fast!" the giant cried, amazed.
"Good saint, I'll no such thing.
My strength would fail; without that, I
Were fit to serve no king!"

"Then thou must pray," the hermit said;
"We kneel on yonder stone,
And tell these beads, and for each bead
A prayer, one by one."

The giant flung the beads away,
Laughing in scornful pride.
"I will not wear my knees on stones;
I know no prayers," he cried.
Then said the hermit: "Giant, since
Thou canst not fast nor pray,
I know not if our Master will
Save thee some other way.

"But go down to yon river deep,
Where pilgrims daily sink,
And build for thee a little hut
Close on the river's brink,

"And carry travellers back and forth
Across the raging stream;
Perchance this service to our King,
A worthy one will seem."

"Now that is good," the giant cried;
"That work I understand;
A joyous task 'twill be to bear
Poor souls from land to land,

"Who, but for me, would sink and
drown.
Good'saint, thou hast at length
Made mention of a work which is
Fit for a giant's strength."

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went,

And on his giant shoulders bore
All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor—
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.

One night, as wrapped in sleep he
lay,
He sudden heard a call:
"Oh, Christopher, come carry me!"
He sprang, looked out, but all
Was dark and silent on the shore.
"It must be that I dreamed."
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry:
"Oh, come and carry me!"
Again he sprang, and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive
voice,
Like infant's soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child
He found—a piteous sight—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with
babes,
And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright;
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land,

And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ his King,
Until the infant spoke and said,
"Oh, Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served!
Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen and noted well
Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good
A token thou shalt see.

"Plant firmly here upon this bank
Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit
This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank with luscious dates
His stout pine staff bent down.

For many a year St. Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and church's walls;
And peasants used to say,
To look on good St. Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then—
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men—

The lesson of St. Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!

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THE BED-TIME STORY.

Two little girls in their night-gowns,
As white as the newest snow,
And Ted in his little flannel suit,
Like a fur-clad Esquimaux,

Beg just for a single story
Before they creep to bed;
So, while the room is summer warm,
And the coal-grate cheery red,

I huddle them close and cozy
As a little flock of sheep,
Which I, their shepherd, strive to lead
Into the fold of sleep,

And tell them about the daughter
Of Pharaoh the king,
Who went to bathe at the river-side,
And saw such a curious thing

'Mong the water-flags half hidden,
And just at the brink afloat;
It was neither drifting trunk nor bough,
Nor yet was an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded,
Inside, a soft green braid;
'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,
In which a babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens
To fetch it to her side;
And when she opened the little ark,
Behold! the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrews' children,"
With pitying voice she said,
And perhaps a tender tear was dropped
Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,
Who had waited near to see
That harm came not, and she trembling asked,
"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse." And the mother
Was brought—the very one
Who had made the cradle of bulrushes
To save her little son.
And the princess called him Moses.  
 God saved him thus to bless  
 His chosen people as their guide  
 Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood,  
 And saw their wrongs and woes,  
 Filled with the courage of the Lord,  
 His mighty spirit rose,

And with faith and love and patience,  
 And power to command,  
 He placed their homeless, weary feet  
 At last in the promised land.

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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab  
 over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab  
 There lies a lonely grave.

And no man knows that sepulchre,  
 And no man saw it e'er,  
 For the angels of God upturned the sod  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
 That ever passed on earth;  
 But no man heard the trampling,  
 Or saw the train go forth—

Noiselessly as the daylight  
 Comes back when night is done,  
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
 Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
 Her crown of verdure weaves,  
 And all the trees on all the hills  
 Open their thousand leaves ;

So without sound of music,  
 Or voice of them that wept,  
 Silently down from the mountain's crown  
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
 On gray Beth-peor's height,  
 Out of his lonely eyrie  
 Looked on the wondrous sight;  
 Perchance the lion stalking  
 Still shuns that hallowed spot,  
 For beast and bird have seen and heard  
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
 His comrades in the war,  
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
 Follow his funeral car;  
 They show the banners taken,  
 They tell his battles won,  
 And after him lead his masterless steed,  
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
 We lay the sage to rest,  
 And give the bard an honored place,  
 With costly marble drest,  
 In the great minster transept  
 Where lights like glories fall,  
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings  
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior  
 That ever buckled sword,  
 This the most gifted poet  
 That ever breathed a word;  
 And never earth’s philosopher  
 Traced with his golden pen,  
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
 As he wrote down for men.
And had he not high honor,—
   The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
   With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing
   Over his bier to wave,
plumes,
And God’s own hand, in that lonely
   To lay him in the grave?
land,

In that strange grave without a
   Whence his uncoffined clay
name,
Shall break again, O wondrous
   Before the judgment day,
thought!
   And stand with glory wrapt around
Before the judgment day,
   On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our
   And God’s own hand, in that lonely
life
   To lay him in the grave?
land,

O lonely grave in Moab’s land!
   O dark Beth-peor’s hill!
O lonely grave in Moab’s land!
   O dark Beth-peor’s hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of
   And teach them to be still.
ours,
   God hath His mysteries of grace,
And speak of the strife that won our
   Ways that we cannot tell;
life
   He hides them deep, like the hidden
And speak of the strife that won our
   Of him He loved so well.
life
   With the Incarnate Son of God.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland’s icy mountains,
   From India’s coral strand,
From Greenland’s icy mountains,
   Where Afric’s sunny fountains
From India’s coral strand,
   Roll down their golden sand;
From India’s coral strand,
   From many an ancient river,
From many an ancient river,
   From many a palmy plain,
From many an ancient river,
   They call us to deliver
From many an ancient river,
   Their land from error’s chain.
From many an ancient river,

What though the spicy breezes
   Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;
What though the spicy breezes
   Though every prospect pleases,
What though the spicy breezes
   And only man is vile;
What though the spicy breezes
   In vain with lavish kindness
What though the spicy breezes
   The gifts of God are strown;
What though the spicy breezes
   The heathen in his blindness
What though the spicy breezes
   Bows down to wood and stone.
What though the spicy breezes

Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   Can we to men benighted
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   The lamp of life deny?
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   Salvation! O salvation!
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   The joyful sound proclaim,
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   Till each remotest nation
Can we, whose souls are lighted
   Has learnt Messiah’s Name.
Can we, whose souls are lighted

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   And you, ye waters, roll,
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   Till like a sea of glory
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   It spreads from pole to pole;
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   Till o’er our ransomed nature
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   The Lamb for sinners slain,
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   Redeemer, King, Creator,
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   In bliss returns to reign.
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

Hurrah! we've got him—the Christmas tree,
That all the children love to see;
He stood forlorn in the copse below,
And his outstretched arms, they were stiff with snow.

I should like to know what presents bright
Will hang on his branchesto-morrow night;
But hush! we won't ask any questions yet:
To-morrow will show what each will get.

Hurrah! the fields are all white with snow,
But green as ever his branches glow;
In winter or summer no change knows he—
He's always our dear old Christmas tree!

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking:
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;

But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby.
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe.

LITTLE CORPORAL.

393
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

Clement C. Moore.
THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY.

THE TOUR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER I.

Concerning St. Nicholas and his astonishing castle, and the beautiful presents he prepares for children who deserve them.

Beyond the ocean many a mile,
And many a year ago,
There lived a wonderful, queer old man,
In a wonderful house of snow.
And every little boy and girl,
As Christmas Eves arrive,

No doubt will be very glad to hear
This old man is still alive.

In his house on the top of a hill,
And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many elves at work,
All working with all their might,
To make a million of pretty things—
Cakes, sugar-plums, and toys—
To fill the stockings hung up, you know,
By the little girls and boys.

By the little girls and boys.
It would be a capital treat, be sure,
A glimpse of his wondrous shop;
But the queer old man, when a stranger comes,
Orders every elf to stop!
And the house and work and workmen all
Instantly take a twist,
And just as you may think you're there,
They are off in a frosty mist.

But upon a time a cunning boy
Saw this sign upon the gate:
"Nobody ever can enter here
Who lies abed too late.
Let all who expect a good stocking full
Not spend too much time in play—
Keep book and work all the while in mind,
And be up by the peep of day."

A holiday morning would scarce suffice
To tell what was making there:
Wagons and dolls and whistles, birds,
And sugar-plums most rare;
Little monkeys dressed like little men,
And dogs that could almost bark;
Watches that, if they only had wheels,
Might beat the old clock in the Park;

Whole armies of little soldier-folks,
All marching in grand review,
And turning up their eyes at the girls,
As the city soldiers do;
Engines fast hurrying to a fire,
And many a little fool
A-trudging after them through the streets,
Instead of going to school;

Tin fiddles, and trumpets made of wood,
That will play as good a tune
As the wandering piper could perform
From New Year's Day till June;
Horses with riders upon their backs,
Coaches and carts and gigs,
Each trying its best to win the race,
Like the Democrats and Whigs;

Some little fellows turning a crank,
And others beating a drum;
Little pianos so exact
You can almost hear them thrum;
Tea-sets and tables, quite complete,
With ladies sitting around,
Chatting as older ladies do,
But a little more profound;

Steamboats made to sail in a tub,
And fishing-smacks ahoy,
And boats and skiffs, with oars and sails—
A fleet for a sailor-boy;
Ships of the line, equipped for sea,
With officers and crew,
Each with a red cap on his head,
And a jacket painted blue;

Bold pewter men, with pistols armed,
About twenty rods apart,
Each one wickedly taking aim
At his little comrade's heart;
And dancing-jacks, with supple joints,
That when you pull a string
Will give you a right fair specimen
Of cutting a "pigeon-wing;"

Ugly old women, put in a box
(As some younger ones ought to be),
Which, when the cover is lifted off,
Fly out most spitefully;
Ripe wooden pears like real fruit,  
Somehow made with a screw;  
Kittens, with mice sewed to their mouths,  
And tabby-cats crying "mew."

But it were a bootless task to tell  
The length that the list extends,  
Of the curious gifts that the queer old man  
Prepares for his Christmas friends.  
Belike, you are guessing who he is,  
And the country whence he came—  
Why, he was born in Germany,  
And St. Nicholas is his name.

CHAPTER II.

How St. Nicholas got all his packages ready toward evening, in order to start at sunrise upon his long journey, and how he went to Amsterdam, Paris, London, and St. Peters burg, and the presents he left in those cities.

December's four-and-twentieth day  
Through its course was almost run:  
St. Nicholas stood at his castle-door  
Awaiting the setting sun.

His goods were packed in a great balloon,  
Near by were his horse and sleigh;  
He had his skates upon his feet,  
And a ship getting under weigh.

For he was to travel by sea and land,  
And sometimes through the air,  
And then to skim on the rivers smooth  
When the ice his weight could bear.

The wind blew keen, and snow fell fast,  
But never a whit cared he,  
For he knew a myriad little hearts  
Were beating that night to see.

Away he flew to Amsterdam  
As soon as the sun went down,  
And left whole bushels of playthings there  
For every child in town.

Then he tried his skates on the Zuyder Zee,  
South-west to Dover's Strait;  
Then southward; with his horse and sleigh  
He was soon at Paris gate.

The king and queen in the Tuileries sat;  
The children had all retired,  
And every stocking was hanging up,  
As St. Nicholas desired.

In one he put a sceptre and crown,  
In another a guillotine,  
And a little man without a head,  
Who king of the French had been.

Then down he drove on the river Seine,  
And on the Biscay bay  
Took ship for famous London town,  
And Dublin on his way.

In Dublin, what do you think he left  
For the hearty Irish boys?  
Why, bags of potatoes instead of cakes,  
And shillalahs instead of toys.

In London he gave them rounds of beef,  
And two plum-puddings apiece,  
Then stepped to Windsor Palace, of course,  
To see his royal niece;  
He gave her a little Parliament  
Discussing a knotty bill,  
With two or three nuts for them to crack,  
And a birch to keep them still.

"And now," said he, "for St. Peters burg!  
Over the cold North Sea;"  
And up the Baltic he sped in haste,  
And was there when the clock struck three.
He hied to the palace of the czar,
    And clambered in at the dome;
A great many stockings were hung
    around,
But the folks were not at home.

He gave them little Siberian mines,
    With little men in chains,
Who strove to avenge their country's
    wrongs,
And were sent there for their pains.

He left the emperor a map,
    With Russia cut in four—
As much to say, "Good namesake Nick,
    Your sway will soon be o'er."

Then down he drove for fair Italy,
    To call at the Vatican,
Forgetting until he just arrived
    That the pope is a bachelor man;
But he looked in at St. Peter's church,
    And saw the whole town at prayer,
So he left a basket full at the door
    For all the good children there.

Upon the Mediterranean Sea
    He boarded his ship again,
And hoisted sail and steered west
    For the maiden queen of Spain,
To give her a legion of leaden men,
    Equipped from foot to nose,
And a troop of wooden horsemen too,
    The rebels to oppose.

CHAPTER III.

St. Nicholas hurry's away from Spain, and sets sail for America. He becomes melancholy on seeing the great alterations that have been made in New York.

O'er the Cantabrian mountains wild
    He sped him to the strand,
To meet his gallant little ship,
    There waiting his command.
He showered beautiful presents down
    As he went flying past,
Then put his trumpet to his lips,
    And blew a rousing blast:

"Up, up, my little sailors brave!
    Swiftly your anchor weigh;
The wind is fair, and we are off
    For far America."
By wind and steam for New Amsterdam,
    Three thousand miles an hour,
Onward he drove his elfin ship
    With a thousand-fairy power!

Down at the Battery he moored,
    And gave a great salute
From cannon charged with sugar-plums,
    And powder made to suit.
Then he hoisted out a score of baies
    Of his cakes and nuts and wares;
It would have delighted you to see
    The heaps on the ferry-stairs.

"All's well! to bed!" the watchman cried—
    "St. Nicholas is here!
How charming many a stocking full
    In the morning will appear!
Now all good little boys and girls
    Shall have a noble treat,
With lots of pretty things to make
    The holidays complete."

Upon the spire of old St. Paul's
    The watchman saw him stand,
Reading his list of ancient friends,
    With his leather bags in hand.
'Tis said that he dropt a frozen tear
    As he looked on the street below,
And thought what a mournful change
    had come
Since Christmas, years ago.
Those brave old times, when great mince-pies
Were piled on every shelf,
And every Knickerbocker boy
Could go and help himself—
When Broadway was a path for cows,
And all the streets were lanes,
And the little houses were so snug,
With their little bull's-eye panes;

And good, old-fashioned doorways, where
The upper parts swung in,
Where a Dutchman could his elbows lean,
And smoke his pipe and grin.
The doughnuts were all good to eat,
And made as big as bricks,
And 'twas not thought unmannerly
To eat as much as six.

But long before all this was said
The stockings were all filled,
And the queer old man was skating home,
With his nose a little chilled.
He whistled as he skimmed along,
Till the day began to dawn,
Then, giving a whirl in the frosty air,
Saint Nicholas was gone!

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OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now he who knows Old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon the earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes anigh the door
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him in the old arm-chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean;

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale-barrel,
And bring out wine and meat;
And thus have all things ready
Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon the time wears round;
The good old carle we see
Coming anear, for a creditor
Less punctual is than he.

He comes with a cordial voice,
That does one good to hear;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone—
Jack, Kate, and little Annie;
He remembers every one.

What a fine old fellow he is,
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light,
As a man in his fortieth year!

---

What a fine old fellow, in troth!
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts
For the great ones and the small;
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

With a present for every servant—
For in giving he does not tire—
From the red-faced, jovial butler
To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main;
And we talk of the old man's visit
Till the day that he comes again.

Oh, he is a kind old fellow,
For, though the beef is dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a year.

And all the workhouse children,
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum-pudding,
And twopence apiece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came oft and tarried long.

He must be a rich old fellow:
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto Old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing!
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crowned king.

CHRISTMAS.

Hark! they say 'tis Christmas-tide,
Merry Christmas comes again—
Comes to tell the world so wide
Who was born the world to gain.

Men and women, children, babes,
Joyful wake—'tis Christmas Day!
Birds, sing out your sweetest songs;
Sun, shine forth your brightest ray.

Let all hearts with gladness bound,
Let all hearts be good and true;
"Peace on earth, good-will around,"
Be our motto, ever new.

And let those who thus rejoice
Christmas carols gladly raise,
Joining heart, and soul, and voice
In our Christmas hymns of praise.

MRS. HAWTREY.

CHRISTMAS.

Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!

His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows,
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.

He is the old folks' Christmas;
He warms their hearts like wine;
He thaws their winter into spring,
And makes their faces shine.

Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm:
As softly as the falling flakes
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd-boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.
He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender
thought,
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child,
All innocence and joy,
And bearing gifts in either hand
For every girl and boy.
He tells the tender story
About the Holy Maid,
And Jesus in the manger
Before the oxen laid.
Like any little winter bird
He singeth this sweetest song,
Till all the cherubs in the sky
To hear his carol throng.
He is the children's Christmas;
They come without a call,
To gather round the gracious Child,
Who bringeth joy to all.

But who shall bring their Christmas
Who wrestle still with life?
Not grandsires, youths, or little folks,
But they who wage the strife—
The fathers and the mothers
Who fight for homes and bread,
Who watch and ward the living,
And bury all the dead?
Ah ! by their side at Christmas-tide
The Lord of Christmas stands:
He smooths the furrows from their brow
With strong and tender hands.

"I take my Christmas gift," He saith,
"From thee, tired soul, and he
Who giveth to My little ones
Gives also unto Me."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WHO WAS SANTA CLAUS?
All the children in the parlor
Were busy at their play,
And the mother listens earnestly
To what her children say.

Oh, the Christmas Day is coming!
It will very soon be here;
And merry times we always have
At Christmas and New Year!
We will hang our biggest stockings
Outside the nursery door,
And good Santa Claus will fill them
Till they touch upon the floor.

Julia "wants another dolly,
Dress, hat, shoes, muff, and all,
And a nice new book of stories,
A pretty cup and ball;
"Such a cunning little bedstead,
Where the dollies all may sleep!
And some tiny cups and saucers,
And a darling little sheep."

Poh! Sammy "don't want baby-
things
Or lots of little toys,
But a first-rate sled, and handsome
skates,
Just like the other boys."

Willie "would like a rocking-horse,
With a glorious long tail;
A paint-box, and a story-book,
And a little boat to sail."
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

But Annie "chose a writing-desk,
   All furnished, very neat;
A work-box, and a little chair,
   Would make her room complete."

Now, merry Christmas came at last,
   And at the nursery door
The stockings all were crowded full,
   And round upon the floor
Stood rocking-horse and writing-desk,
   Work-box, and first-rate sled,
Skates, little chair, Miss Dolly, too,
   And darling Dolly's bed.

The happy children wondered much
How Santa Claus should know
Just what they all were wishing for;
"How could he send them so?"

It seemed to puzzle little heads,
None wiser than the other;
Till Julia clapped her hands and cried,
"Oh, Santa Claus, was mother!"

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing—
Ringing through the frosty air—
Happiness to each one bringing,
And release from toil and care.

How the merry peal is swelling
From the gray old crumbling tower,
To the simplest creature telling
Of Almighty love and power!
Ankle-deep the snow is lying,
    Every spray is clothed in white,
Yet abroad the folk are hieing,
    Brisk and busy, gay and light.

Now fresh helps and aids are offered
    To the aged and the poor,
And rare love-exchanges proffered
    At the lowliest cottage door.

Neighbors shaking hands and greeting,
    No one sorrowing, no one sad,
Children loving parents meeting,
    Young and old alike made glad.

Then while Christmas bells are ringing,
    Rich and poor, your voices raise,
And—your simple carol singing—
    Waft to heaven your grateful praise.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.
'Twas the eve before Christmas.
    "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.

There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of at eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been;

And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly toss'd on their soft, downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast as sleep?"

"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'

Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she ask'd Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why tan't we p'ay, dustas mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"

"I've been thinking so too,"—and without a word more [floor,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasp'd close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait very still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.—
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he:
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

"P'ease, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight;
I want he s'ood div' me a nice 'ittle s'ed,
Wid b'ight shinin 'unners, and all painted 'ed;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thric-asked-for kiss.

But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door—
To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange! strange! I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh."
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses;
books pleasing to see;
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

Now, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he’d amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I’ve been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down stairs, retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick, and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted!), and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed dust as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf!)
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself)."

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

KITTIE TO KRISS.
Jolly old Kriss, what a fellow you are!
Riding all over the world in the air;
Sliding down chimneys through ashes and smoke;
Fur-covered Kriss, you're a regular joke.

How do you manage to carry such loads?
How do you manage to keep the right roads?
How do you know all the good girls and boys?
Why don't we wake with your clatter and noise?

How can you guess what we would all like best?
How can you please all the birds in the nest?
Kriss, don't you ever get mixed on the toys,
And fill the girls' stockings with play-things for boys?

Oh, what a hurry you have to be in
As soon as your labors of Christmas begin!
What are you doing the rest of the year?
Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little reindeer.

Oh, how I'd like to know, true, if you look
Jolly and fat like the one in the book:
I'd keep awake, but I know that you stay,
When children are watching, quite out of the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round
with a whirl,
Don't forget Bessie, the washwoman's girl;
Bring something pretty, for last year, you know,
That was a chimney where Kriss didn’t go.

How does it happen you like the rich best,
Giving them much, and forgetting the rest?
Kriss, that’s all wrong, and it isn’t the way;
All should be equal on Santa Claus’ day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I’m afraid you’ll be mad.
I was just joking; don’t put me down bad.
If Bessie’s ma’s chimney is crooked or small,
Never mind going to Bessie’s at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them with mine,
Tied with a separate paper and twine.
As soon as it’s day poor sick Bessie I’ll see,
And give her the package you leave here with me.

---

**BENNY.**

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.

“But we’ll be good; won’t we, moder?”
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty eggnog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me
With his white paw, nothing loath,
Sat, by way of entertainment
Slapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny’s blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
All a baby’s sense of right.

“Come back, Harney!” called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
“You s’all have my candy wabbit!”
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as from a sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
“Santa C’aus! come down de chimney;
Make my moder ’have herse’f!”
“I will be a good girl, Benny,”
Said I, feeling the reproof,
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
“God b’ess fader! God b’ess moder!
God b’ess sister!” then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, “God b’ess Santa C’aus!”

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman’s crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

THE STRANGE CHILD’S CHRISTMAS.
There went a stranger child,
As Christmas Eve closed in,
Through the streets of a town, whose
Windows shone
With a warmth, and light within.

It stopped at every house,
The Christmas trees to see,
On that festive night, when they shone
So bright—
And it sighed right bitterley.

Then wept the child, and said,
“This night hath ev’ry one
A Christmas tree, that he glad may be,
And I alone have none.

“Ah! when I lived at home,
From brother’s and sister’s hand
I had my share, but there’s none to
care
For me in the stranger’s land.

“Will no one let me in?
No presents I would crave—
But to see the light, and the tree all
bright,
And the gifts that others have.”

At shutter, and door, and gate
It knocks with timid hand,
But none will mark where alone in
the dark
That little child doth stand.

Each father brings home gifts,
Each mother, kind and mild;
There is joy for all, but none will call
And welcome that lonely child.

“Mother and father are dead—
O Jesus, kind and dear,
I’ve no one now, there is none but
Thou,
For I am forgotten here!”

The poor child rubs its hands,
All frozen and numbed with cold,
And draws round its head, with
shrinking dread,
Its garment worn and old.

But see! Another child
Comes gliding through the street,
And its robe is white, in its hands a
light,
It speaks, and its voice is sweet:

“Once on this earth a child
I lived, as thou livest yet—
Though all turn away from thee to-
day,
Yet I will not forget.”
"Each child, with equal love,
I hold beneath my care,
In the street's dull gloom, in the
lighted room,
I am with them ev'rywhere.

"Here, in the darkness dim,
I'll show thee, child, thy tree—
Those that spread their light through
the chambers bright
So lovely scarce can be."

And with its white hand points
The Christ-child to the sky—
And lo! afar, with each lamp a star,
A tree gleamed there on high.

So far, and yet so near,
The lights shone overhead,
And all was well, for the child could
tell
For whom that tree was spread.

It gazed as in a dream,
And angels bent and smiled,
And with outstretched hand to that
brighter land
They carried the stranger child.

And the little one went home,
With its Saviour Christ to stay,
All the hunger and cold, and the pain
of old,
Forgotten, and past away.

--

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

LITTLE GRETCHEN, little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street:
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north;
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The Old Year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggar's in the street

With the little box of matches
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin, tattered mantle
The wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom:
There are parents sitting snugly
By firelight in the room;

And groups of busy children,
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against the bursting lips,

With grave and earnest faces
Are whispering each other,
Of presents for the New Year made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak;
No breath of little whispers
Comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her;
Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings
    Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling
    Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
    To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones,
    And bounty to His poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
    Goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her,
    There's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate;
    No smile, no food, no fire;
But children clamorous for bread,
    And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle
    Where two great houses meet,
And she curl eth up beneath her,
    For warmth, her little feet.

And she looketh on the cold wall,
    And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
    Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly
    Up in a far church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
    Telling the midnight hour;

And she thought, as she sat lonely
    And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
    To hear in olden time.

And she remembered her of tales
    Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang
    When summer's twilight fell;

Of good men and of angels,
    And of the Holy Child
Who was cradled in a manger
    When winter was most wild;

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
    And desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told her
    He was ever with His own.

And all the poor, and hungry
    And forsaken ones are His:
"How good of Him to look on me
    In such a place as this!"

Colder it grows, and colder,
    But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart
    And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
    On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
    And see if He was there.

The single match was kindled,
    And by the light it threw
It seemed to, little Gretchen
    The wall was rent in two;

And she could see the room within—
    The room all warm and bright—
With the fire-glow red and dusky,
    And the tapers all alight;

And there were kindred gathered
    Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
    Red wine and pleasant bread;

She could smell the fragrant savor,
    She could hear what they did say;
Then all was darkness once again—
    The match had burnt away.
She struck another hastily;  
And now she seemed to see,  
Within the same warm chamber,  
A glorious Christmas tree; 

The branches were all laden  
With such things as children prize—  
Bright gifts for boy and maiden;  
She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them,  
And to join the welcome shout,  
When darkness fell around her,  
For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she  
Has tried; they will not light,  
Till all her little store she took,  
And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place  
Was lighted with the glare,  
And lo! there hung a little Child  
Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on His forehead,  
And a spear-wound in His side,  
And cruel nail-prints in His feet,  
And in His hands spread wide;

And He looked upon her gently;  
And she felt that He had known  
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—  
Ay, equal to her own;

And He pointed to the laden board,  
And to the Christmas tree,  
Then up to the cold sky, and said,  
"Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail,  
She felt her eyeballs swim;  
And a ringing sound was in her ears,  
Like her dead mother's hymn.

---

And she folded both her thin white hands,  
And turned from that bright board,  
And from the golden gifts, and said,  
"With Thee, with Thee, O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning  
Breaks up in the dull skies,  
On the city wrapped in vapor,  
On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was cold and stormy,  
The morn is cold and gray;  
The good church-bells are ringing  
Christ's Circumcision Day.

In her scant and tattered garment,  
With her back against the wall,  
She sitteth cold and rigid—  
She answers not their call.

They have lifted her up fearfully;  
They shuddered as they said,  
"It was a bitter, bitter night—  
The child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting  
For one more redeemed from sin;  
Men said, "It was a bitter night;  
Would no one let her in?"

And they shuddered as they spoke of her,  
And sighed. They could not see  
How much of happiness there was  
With so much misery.

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THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas Christmas-time: a dreary night;  
The snow fell thick and fast,  
And o'er the country swept the wind,  
A keen and wintry blast.

Hans Christian Andersen.
The little ones were all in bed,
Crouching beneath the clothes,
Half trembling at the angry wind,
Which wildly fell and rose.

Old Jem the sexton rubbed his leg,
For he had got the gout;
He said he thought it wondrous hard
That he must sally out.

Not far from Jem’s another house,
Of different size and form,
Raised high its head, defying well
The fierce and pelting storm.

It was the Judge’s stately home—
A rare, upright Judge was he,
As brave and true a gentleman
As any one could see.

The Judge’s lady and himself
Sat cozily together,
When suddenly he roused himself
To see the kind of weather.

Lifting the shutters’ ponderous bar,
He threw them open wide,
And very dark and cold and drear
He thought it looked outside.

Ah, Judge! little do you think
A trembling beggar’s near,
Although his form you do not see,
His voice you do not hear.

Yes, there he stands—so very close,
He taps the window-pane,
And when he sees you turn away,
He feebly taps again.

But all in vain! the heavy bar
Was fastened as before;
The Judge’s portly form retraced
His highly-polished floor.

Now, is there any one who thinks
It cannot be worth while
To write about a robin’s fate,
And treat it with a smile?

If so, I bid them to their mind
Those words of Scripture call
Which say that not without God’s will
E’en little birds can fall.

Our Robin’s history simple was,
There is not much to tell—
A little happy singing-bird,
Born in a neighboring dell;

And through the summer, in the wood,
Life went on merrily,
But winter came, and then he found
More full of care was he.

For food grew scarce; so, having spied
Some holly-berries red
Within the rectory garden-grounds,
Thither our hero fled.

One evening everything was dull,
The clouds looked very black,
The wind ran howling through the sky,
And then came grumbling back.

The robin early went to bed,
Puffed out just like a ball;
He slept all night on one small leg,
Yet managed not to fall.

When morning came he left the tree,
But stared in great surprise
Upon the strange, unusual scene
That lay before his eyes.
It seemed as if a great white sheet
Were flung all o'er the lawn;
The flower-beds, the paths, the trees,
And all the shrubs were gone.

His little feet grew sadly cold,
And felt all slippery too;
He stumbled when he hopped along,
As folks on ice will do.

And yet he had not learnt the worst
Of this new state of things—
He'd still to feel the gnawing pangs
That cruel hunger brings.

No food to-day had touched his beak,
And not a chance had he
Of ever touching it again,
As far as he could see.

At length, by way of passing time,
He tried to take a nap,
But started up when on his head
He felt a gentle tap.

'Twas but a snowflake, after all!
Yet, in his wretched plight,
The smallest thing could frighten him,
And make him take his flight.

But soon he found he must not hope
From these soft flakes to fly:
Down they came feathering on his head,
His back, his tail, his eye!

No gardeners appeared that day.
The Rector's step came by,
And Robin fluttered o'er the snow
To try and catch his eye.

But being Christmas Eve, perhaps
His sermons filled his mind,
For on he walked, and never heard
The little chirp behind.

Half blinded, on and on he roamed,
Quite through the Judge's park;
At last he stood before the house,
But all was cold and dark.

Now suddenly his heart beats high!
He sees a brilliant glare,
Shutters unfold before his eyes—
A sturdy form stands there!

He almost frantic grew, poor bird!
Fluttered, and tapped the pane,
Pressed hard his breast against the glass,
And chirped, but all in vain!

So on he went, and, as it chanced,
He passed into a lane,
And once again he saw a light
Inside a window-pane.

Chanced, did we say?—let no such word
Upon our page appear:
Not chance, but watchful Providence,
Has led poor Robin here.

'Twas Jem the sexton's house from which
Shone forth that cheering light,
For Jem had drawn the curtain back
To gaze upon the night.

And now, with lantern in his hand,
He hobbles down the lane,
Muttering and grumbling to himself,
Because his foot's in pain.

He gains the church, then for the key
Within his pocket feels,
And as he puts it in the door
Robin is at his heels.

Jem thought, when entering the church,
That he was all alone,
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Nor dreamed a little stranger bird
Had to its refuge flown.

The stove had not burnt very low,
But still was warm and bright,
And round the spot whereon it stood
Threw forth a cheerful light.

Jem lost no time: he flung on coals,
And raked the ashes out,
Then hurried off to go to bed,
Still grumbling at his gout.

Now Robin from a corner hopped
Within the fire's light;
Shivering and cold, it was to him
A most enchanting sight.

But he is almost starved, poor bird!
Food he must have, or die;
Useless it seems, alas! for that
Within these walls to try.

Yet, see! he makes a sudden dart:
His searching eye has found
The greatest treasure he could have—
Some bread-crumbs on the ground.

Perhaps 'tis thought by those who read
Too doubtful to be true,
That just when they were wanted so
Some hand should bread-crumbs strew.

But this is how it came to pass:
An ancient dame had said
Her legacy unto the poor
Should all be spent in bread;

So every week twelve wheaten loaves
The sexton brought himself;
And crumbs had doubtless fallen when
He placed them on the shelf.

Enough there were for quite a feast,
Robin was glad to find;
The hungry fellow ate them all,
Nor left one crumb behind.

He soon was quite himself again,
And it must be confessed
His first thought, being warmed and fed,
Was all about his breast.

To smooth its scarlet feathers down
Our hero did not fail,
And when he'd made it smart, he then
Attended to his tail!

Worn though he was with sheer fatigue
And being up so late,
He did not like to go to bed
In such a rumpled state.

His toilet done, he went to sleep,
And never once awoke
Till, coming in on Christmas morn,
Jem gave the stove a poke.

Then in alarm he flew away
Along the middle aisle,
And perching on the pulpit-top
He rested there a while.

But what an unexpected sight
Is this that meets his eyes!
The church is dressed with holly green,
To him so great a prize;

For 'mongst the leaves the berries hung,
Inviting him to eat;
On every side were hundreds more—
A rich and endless treat.
He could not know that Christian folks
   Had brought the holly green,
That so their joy for Jesu's birth
  Might in this way be seen.

Now, very soon a little troop
   Of children entered in:
They came to practise Christmas songs
  Ere service should begin.

The Rector followed them himself,
   To help the young ones on,
And teach their voices how to sing
  In tune their Christmas song.

And first he charged them all to try
   And feel the words they sang;
Then reading from his open book,
He thus the hymn began:

"Glory to God from all
   To whom He's given breath;
Glory to God from all
   Whom He has saved from death."

Now, when the Rector's voice had ceased,
   The children, led by him,
Were just about, with earnest voice,
   The verse of praise to sing,

When suddenly, from high above,
   Another song they hear,
And all look up in hushed amaze,
   At notes so sweet and clear.

'Twas Robin, sitting on a spray
   Of twisted holly bright;
His light weight swayed it as he sang
   His song with all his might.

His heart was full of happiness,
   And this it was that drew

Praise to his Maker in the way—
  The only way—he knew.

It seemed as though he understood
   The words he just had heard,
As if he felt they suited him,
   Though but a little bird.

The Rector's finger, lifted up,
   Kept all the children still,
Their eyes uplifted to the bird
   Singing with open bill.

They scarcely breathed, lest they should lose
   One note of that sweet strain;
And Robin scarcely paused before
   He took it up again.

Now, when he ceased, the Rector thought
   That he would say a word,
For Robin's tale had in his breast
   A strong emotion stirred.

"Children," said he, "that little voice
   A lesson should have taught:
It seems to me the robin's song
   Is with instruction fraught.

"He was, no doubt, in great distress:
   Deep snow was all around;
He might have starved, but coming here
   Both food and shelter found.

"Seek God, my children, and when times
   Of storm and trouble come,
He'll guide you as He did the bird,
   And safely lead you home.

"Another lesson we may learn
   From those sweet notes we heard,
That God has given voice of praise
   To that unconscious bird;"
"But unto us His love bestows
A far more glorious gift,
For we have reason, and our souls,
As well as voice, can lift."

The Rector paused, for now rang forth
The merry Christmas chime,
And warned them all that it was near
The usual service-time.

And we must close the robin’s tale:
’Twill be a blessed thing
Should it have taught but one young voice
To praise as well as sing.

THE DOGS’ CHRISTMAS DINNER.
The church-bells rang out one Christ-
mas morn
Merrily on the clear, cold air;
They seemed to say, “Our Christ is born:
Come worship Him here, both young and fair.”

And by and by, when they slowly tolled,
A little fairy with golden hair
Walked up the steps with her grandsire old,
And paused in a pew near the chancel-stair.

Her golden locks floated softly down,
Just kissed by a band of ribbon blue,
Which held it back, with a knot on the crown,
And left her bright eyes peeping through.

“The least of these,” the old priest said;
And Bessie whispered, “The least of these,”
While she bowed her light-crowned golden head,
And whispered “Our Father” on bended knees.

At last, when the people went their way
With words of kindly greeting and cheer,
Little bright-eyed Bess was heard to say,
“’Tis the Christ-child makes us happy here.”

And again, when the feasters were happy at home,
And grace had been said for bounty given,
Little Bess said softly, “The poor have none,
But Christmas will wait for them up in heaven.”

At the feast they missed the thoughtful child;
And, searching without and within, they found
Little Bess on the steps, where she sat and smiled,
While the dogs of the household gathered round.

There was Hero the hunter, brave in the chase,
And Lion the fearless, and poor, ugly Pug,
And grizzly Touser fleet in the race,
And dear little Snip who lived on a rug.
From a plate in her lap the little queen gave
Each doggie a morsel of Christmas cheer,
While over her head sat pussy-cat Dave,
Half ready to die with envy and fear.

All over the steps the holly-sprays fell,
Even down to the feet of the little queen,
Who watched her loving subjects well,
And declared "such a dinner never was seen."

They found her there; and an artist drew
The pictures at once, dear readers, for you;
And little Bess said, "Papa, if you please,
Aren't our dear doggies 'the least of these'?"

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The Last Day of the Year.

Come, bairns, come all to the frolic play,
To-morrow, you know, is New Year's Day;
The cold winds blow,
And down falls the snow,
But merrily, merrily dance away.

---

There's Johnny Frost with his head so white,
Would fain be in the warm firelight;
But if he should try,
Up the chimney he'd fly,
And thaw full quickly out of our sight!

He's stopped the streamlet's noisy brawl,
Hung frost-work o'er the waterfall;
The flowers are all dead,
And the wee birds fled,
But they'll all be back at the sweet Spring's call.

We'll not sleep a wink till the year comes in,
Till the clock strikes twelve and the fun begin;
And then with a cheer
To the new-born year,
How the streets will ring with the roaring din!

A blithe new year we wish you all,
And many returns to bless you all,
And may each one you see
Aye merrier be,
While round the fire we greet you all.

So, bairns, come all to the frolic play,
To-morrow, you know, is New Year's Day;
Though the cold winds blow,
And down falls the snow,
Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

---

Kate Tannatt Woods.

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Alexander Smart.
OLD TALES AND BALLADS.
A DREAM ABOUT THE OLD NURSERY

Oh, that day last December!
Well, well I remember
How tired I felt after school,
On the sofa reposing,
With just my eyes closing,
While puss went to sleep on a stool!

Sure! could I be sleeping
When something came creeping
So lightly, like pussy's soft paw?
And then little Bo-peep,
Come to look for her sheep,
Quite close to the pillow I saw!

And I heard, "Ding-dong, bell;
See poor puss in the well;"
And then, "Diccory, d ICCory dock."
Quick I looked round to see
What it ever could be,
When a little mouse ran up the clock.

Next I saw Mother Hubbard
Go up to her cupboard,
And grumble to find it so bare;
And that poor Simple Simon
Walk up to the pieman,
And beg for a taste of his ware.

And I heard mamma tell
What each piggy befell,
And I saw baby dance up and down;
And the fair Queen of Hearts
Busy making her tarts,
With, oh dear! such a glittering crown.

And the bird that went hop,
And the girl that cried "Shop!"
And the children that lived in a shoe;
And the woman who found
Sixpence down on the ground,
And the youth who that maiden did woo.

I saw Mary's bright fellow,
With feathers so yellow,
And Red Riding-Hood off to the wood,
And the maid with the clothes,
And Miss Netticoat's nose,
Who grew shorter the longer she stood.

And I saw poor Miss Muffet
Jump up from her tuffet,
And the spider that frightened her too;
And just then rustled by,
On her way to the sky,
The old dame on a broomstick that flew.
I saw little Miss Mary, 
So very contrary, 
  Who walks where the purple bells 
   grow, 
And the man with the drum, 
Just as big as your thumb, 
  And the old cock beginning to crow. 

Oh, that day last December! 
Whene'er I remember, 
  Other days dull and stupid all seem. 
Oh, that wonderful day! 
But why will they all say, 
 "It was nothing at all but a dream"? 

OLD STORY-BOOKS. 
Old story-books! old story-books! we 
  owe ye much, old friends— 
Bright-colored threads in memory’s 
warp, of which Death holds the 
ends. 
Who can forget ye?—who can spurn 
the ministers of joy 
That waited on the lisping girl and 
petticoated boy? 
I know that ye could win my heart 
when every bribe and threat 
Failed to allay my stamping rage or 
break my sullen pet; 
A "promised story" was enough—I 
turned with eager smile 
To learn about the naughty "Pig that 
would not mount the stile." 

There was a spot in days of yore 
whereon I used to stand 
With mighty questions in my head 
and penny in my hand; 
Where motley sweets and crinkled 
cakes made up a goodly show, 
And "story-books" upon a string ap- 
ppeared in brilliant row. 

What should I have? The peppermint was incense in my nose, 
But I had heard of "Hero Jack" who 
slew his giant foes: 
My lonely coin was balanced long be- 
fore the tempting stall, 
'Twixt book and bull's-eye, but, forsooth! "Jack" got it after all. 

Talk of your "vellum, gold-embossed," 
"morocco," "roan" and "calf!" 
The blue and yellow wraps of old 
were prettier by half; 
And as to pictures! well we know that 
never one was made 
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings 
aloft his wife-destroying blade. 
"Hume’s England!" Pshaw! what 
history of battles, states, and men 
Can vie with memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny Wren"? 
And what are all the wonders that 
e’er struck a nation dumb 
To those recorded as performed by 
"Master Thomas Thumb"?

"Miss Riding-Hood," poor luckless 
child! my heart grew big with 
dread 
When the grim "wolf," in grandmam- 
ma’s best bonnet, showed his head; 
I shuddered when, in innocence, she 
meekly peeped beneath, 
And made remarks about "great eyes" 
and wondered at "great teeth." 
And then the "House that Jack 
built," and the "Bean-stalk Jack 
cut down," 
And "Jack’s eleven brothers" on their 
travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head ensured him lyric fame!
These, these, methinks made vulgar "Jack" a rather classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but better still the bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and care;
I lingered spellbound o'er the page, though eventide wore late,
And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's" fate.

Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were they;
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may.
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore me on
Through Sherwood's dewy forest-paths, close after "Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their reigning powers,
Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying hours;
And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he! allured me on his track,
And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his back.
And oh! that tale—that matchless tale, that made me dream at night
Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death-spurred flight;
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions, see
The savage dancer on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old story-books! old story-books! I doubt if "Reason's feast"
Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the Beast;"
I doubt if all the ledger-leaves that bear a sterling sum
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's plum."
Old story-books! old story-books! I never pass ye by
Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis sly;
And fair suspicion may arise that yet my spirit grieves
For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

Eliza Cook.

THE WONDERFUL HOUSE.

A wonderful house is Little-doll Hall,
With toys and dollies, and sweetmeats, and all;
Up in the attic, a goodly show,
There are three lady-dolls, all in a row.

Old Mother Hubbard and old Dame Trot
Are busy a-washing the linen;
And Princess Prettypet, down below,
Sits in the garden spinning;
Behind, the Maid, a very old maid,
Is carrying out the clothes:
I don't know if there's a blackbird near
Prepared to snap off her nose;
And there stands the little maid by the well,
And a little doll sits on the brink;
Her name is Belinda Dorothy Ann,
And that's a fine name, I think!
A little bird sits on the garden pale,
And his voice is clear and good,—
He's one of the robins who covered up,
With leaves of the berries on which they did sup,
The Children in the Wood.
Jack Sprat lives there also, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
And Jack the Giant-killer,
And Humpty-Dumpty and Puss in Boots,
Likewise the Jolly Miller;
The White Cat also—she wanders about
On every sunshiny day,
And the saucy mice come creeping out
Whenever that cat's away!
And the nice little man who had a small gun,
Whose bullets were made of lead,
He used to live there, but is not there now,
Because, poor fellow! he's dead!

All these might you see as plain as could be,
And many a fairy wight;
But this cannot be, because—don't you see?—
They're every one out of sight!

And all that you find there, children and mother,
Have been in some fairy-tale or other;
And therefore the good little children all
Are fond of going to Little-doll Hall;
And if you're a good child, I and you
On some fine day will go there too.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
A king and a queen had a beautiful daughter,
A sweet little babe I'm sure you'd have thought her;
And they to her christening the fairies invited,
By notes on pink paper, with gold pens indited.
"Our daughter shall learn music, drawing, and French; On Latin, and Greek, and high Dutch she shall trench; She shall dance like a gadfly, and walk like a beadle; But never, oh never, shall she touch a needle!"
Accomplished, sweet, lovely, the young princess grew,
When she met a girl stitching the wood going through;
She borrowed her needle, but held it so badly—
You see, she'd not learnt—that she scratched herself sadly.

She shrieked, and fell into that long fatal sleep
The fairies foretold, and her bed had to keep.
To sleep went her servants, and up grew a wood,
And buried them all for a hundred years good.
We thus learn the danger that comes when we shirk
From teaching our daughters with needles to work;
If not handy and willing, mere learning will steep
Them morally in a condition like sleep.

Well! the hundred years passed—
hundred years and a day—
When a prince out a-hunting came riding that way;
The trees, interwoven so long, opened wide;
He entered the palace, and stood by the side
Of the princess. That moment she opened her eyes,
And so long she had slept that she waked up quite wise.
"To be useful we all were intended I find,"
Said she, "and to work I have made up my mind."
Said the prince, "What! so lovely, so young, and so wise,
And here charmed in this wood! I am seized with surprise!
But see, all your courtiers and maidens are waking,
And there is a banquet spread for our partaking;
Your cooks are aroused, and your minstrels are singing,
And here at your feet I myself must be flinging;
Your friends are all gone—I daren't leave you alone
In a wood; pray come with me, and share crown and throne."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.
The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes from the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn;
The fountain to his place returns,
   Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
   On the half-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
   The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:
   In these, in those, the life is stayed.
The mantles from the golden pegs
       Droop sleepily: no sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings.
       More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
       That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
   Between his knees, half drained;
and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
   The maid-of-honor blooming fair;
The page has caught her hand in his:
   Her lips are severed as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
   The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
   The beams that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
   And beaker brimmed with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
   Grave faces gathered in a ring:
His state the king reposing keeps:
   He must have been a jovial king.

All creeping plants; a wall of green
Close-matted, burr and brake and brier,
And glimpeing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
   And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
   Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
   As all were ordered ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
   And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,
   She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
   The maiden’s jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her trance’d form
   Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
   And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid
   Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
Languidly ever; and amid
   Her full black ringlets downward rolled,
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm
   With bracelets of the diamond bright:
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.
She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace-chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred,
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly pressed:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth,
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies,
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass
Are withered in the thorny close,
Or scattered Blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead:
"They perished in their daring deeds."
This proverb flashes through his head:
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks;
He breaks the hedge: he enters there:
The color flies into his cheeks—
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near

With words of promise in his walk,
And whispered voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind:
The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark;
He stoops to kiss her on his knee.
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept;
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martins flew,
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace banged and buzzed and clacked,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke:
"By holy rood, a royal beard!"
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mentioned half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh wake for ever, love!" she hears;
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind, was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark,
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"Oh seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world, she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist—
Come, taste my fragrant meal!
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower;
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past—
I borrowed the mill an hour.

The miller he's a worldly man,
And maun hae double fee;
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

One elf goes chasing the wild bat's wing,
And one the white owl's horn;
One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,
And we winna hae him till morn.
One idle fay, with the glow-worm's ray,
Runs glimmering 'mong the mosses;
Another goes tramp wi' the will-o'-wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.
Oh haste, my brown elf; bring me corn
From bonnie Blackwood plains;
Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
From green Dalgonia mains;
But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
Fair is the corn and fatter;
Taste, fairies, taste! a gallanter grist
Has never been wet with water.

Hilloah! my hopper is heaped high;
Hark to the well-hung wheels!
They sing for joy; the dusty roof
It clatters and it reels.
Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain-burn—
Bring streams that shine like siller;
The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
And I maun grind my miller.

Ha! bravely done, my wanton elves,
That is a foaming stream;
See how the dust from the mill flies,
And chokes the cold moonbeam.
Haste, fairies; fleet come baptized feet;
Come sack and sweep up clean,
And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon,
In thy green vale, Dalreen.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

I.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it feathly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark—
Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chan-ticleer
Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

II.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Ding-dong,
Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

NOT A TRUE STORY.

"Arise! my maiden Mabel,"
Her mother said: "arise!
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise! my little Mabel,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This live-long summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
And this little flask of wine.
"And tell the dear old body
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yester-morn,
And he has not come home.

"And more than all this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me with this fever-pain
The little child will die.

"And thou canst help thy grandmoth-er;
The table thou canst spread,
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen
To milk the mother-ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the Lady-well hard by;
And, thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

"But listen now, my Mabel:
This is Midsummer Day,
When all the fairy people
From Elfland come away.

"And when thou art in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry-flow-er,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy-folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lovest us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when unto the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down;

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence;

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there, myself,
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."
"Now all this I will heed, mother,  
Will no word disobey,  
And wait upon the grandmother  
The live-long summer day."

**PART SECOND.**

Away tripped little Mabel,  
With her wheaten cake so fine,  
With the new-made pat of butter,  
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot  
And summer mist had cleared,  
Beside the good old grandmother  
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message  
She told with right good will—  
How that the father was away,  
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,  
And then the table spread,  
And next she fed the dog and bird,  
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,  
"Ten paces down the dell,  
And bring in water for the day—  
Thou know'st the Lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went  
Nothing at all saw she,  
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,  
Upon a leafy tree.

The next time that good Mabel went  
There sat a lady bright  
Beside the well, a lady small,  
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsey low made Mabel,  
And then she stooped to fill  
Her pitcher from the sparkling spring,  
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"  
The fairy lady said;  
"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet  
The fairest stream troubled.

"And for this thing which thou hast done,  
Yet may'st not understand,  
I give to thee a better gift  
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,  
As thou hast done this day—  
Shalt have the will and power to please,  
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,  
And naught could Mabel see  
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,  
Upon the leafy tree.

**PART THIRD.**

"And now go," said the grandmother,  
"And fetch in fagots dry;  
All in the neighboring fir-wood,  
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel  
Into the fir-wood near,  
Where all the ground was dry and brown,  
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,  
Nor yet a live branch pull,  
But steadily of the fallen boughs  
She picked her apron full.

And when the wildwood brownies  
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat!"
Said one; "twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe!"

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path
A boon for her this day,
Seeing she broke no living bough,
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy penny good,
And with her fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever dear,
'Twill buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year."

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew—
Go down unto the lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe."

All down into the lonesome glen
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as a midge's wing,
That spake aloud: "A human child
Is here, yet mark this thing!
"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en:
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake," said one;
"Grant her a wish," said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

PART FOURTH.
Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus it happened to Mabel,
On that Midsummer Day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

Mary Howitt.

MINNA IN WONDERLAND.

Poor little Minna! she knew, I wot,
The grief of a motherless orphan's lot—
That a step-dame cruel, step-sister rude,
Are bitterness worse than solitude.
Anger and railing, malice and spite,
Wearied and grieved her from morn till night.

At the door with Trulla she sat to spin,
While her step-dame bustled and scolded within;
Swiftly she labored, with fingers fine,
While Trulla drew slowly a clumsy twine,
Till the idle girl's spindle slipped and fell,
Clattering down in the old dry well.

"Minna," she ordered rudely then,
"Fetch my spindle to me again;
Down in the dry well quickly go,
And hunt for it there in the stories below!"

Cheerfully, quickly the gentle maid
Did as her haughty sister bade.

Down she clambered with nimble tread,
Found the spindle and wound the thread;
Trulla looked down with malicious grin,
Shut the well-lid, and fastened her in;
There she left her to sit and weep—
Darkness around her and silence deep.

But a dim light glimmered, unseen before,
And she saw in the well-side a little door,
Narrow and low; but she ventured in
Hoping freedom that way to win.
Rocky and dark was the passage there,
But it spread to a pathway green and fair.

High banks fenced it on either edge,
And across towered a Bramble hedge.
Minna looked with a sad dismay
On the thorns which bristled to bar the way;
Then a keen little rustling voice was heard,
Shaping itself to a spoken word:

"Pass through safely, and fear not, thou,
If thou shake no blossom and break no bough."

Was it only the branches' stir,
Or did the Bramble hedge speak to her?
Softly, gently, she ventured in,
And never a prickle grazed her skin.
Thankfully wondering, on went she
Till she came to a broad green Apple
tree.
Ripe fruit dangled from every stem:
Hungry and thirsty, she longed for
them.
Then a broad full murmur ran through
the tree
As the boughs drooped over her ten-
derly.

"Pluck my apples and rest in my
shade
Safely, daughter," the deep voice said;
"Pluck from my branches the burden-
ing fruit,
Pile them neatly about my root."
Gratefully Minna made haste to obey,
Gathered, and ate, and went her way.

Farther on stood a White Cow, switch-
ing her tail;
From her horns hung a golden milk-
ing-pail.
"Come," she called with a friendly
low,
"Milk me, maiden, before you go;
Freely drink what you will, and then
Hang up my golden pail again."

Quickly she heeded the friendly Cow,
Deeply she drank of the warm milk's
flow;
Hung up the pail when all was done,
Thanked the good creature, and jour-
neyed on,
Till she came to a lonely valley, where
stood
A little brown cottage beside a wood.
Out from the cottage a woman came,
Ugly and wrinkled, bowed and lame;
Her cunning eyes with an evil glow
Peered at Minna, who curtseyed low;

Looked up with her innocent eyes, and
said,
"Good dame, will you hire a servan-
tmaid?"

"You!" said the beldame; "what work
can you do?"
"Whatever, good madam, you wish me
to."
"That," grinned the crone, "I will
quickly try;"
And she took down a sieve from the
wall hard by:
"Take this riddle, and quickly bring
Water for supper from yonder spring."

By the spring the shadows spread broad
and cool,
And wild flowers bloomed by the tran-
quill pool;
Sounded the birds' songs, clear and
glad,
Yet Minna sat silently, dull and sad,
For in this first task she must surely
fail
With only a sieve for a water-pail.

The birds flew nearer, from bough to
bough,
And what is that they are singing
now?
Robin and blue-bird, thrush and wren,
Chirped and sang it again and again,
Each in its fashion trying to say,
"Stop it with mud! stop it with clay!
"Stop it with mud and daub it with
clay,
And carry a riddleful away;"
Through her love for all living things
she knew
What the kind little voices bade her
do;
She daubed each crevice with mud and clay,
Filled the vessel, and bore it away.

But the old dame glared with her blackest frown
As Minna the brimming sieve laid down,
And grimly she uttered, "Well, I wot
This wisdom your own wit taught you not;
Be off to the milking-stable now;
Neatly clean it, and milk the cow."

By an empty manger an old cow stood,
Meekly and patiently chewing the cud;
"Poor Brindle!" said Minna, "you must be fed
Or ever I clean the milking-shed."
She plucked from the meadow the grasses deep,
And piled for Brindle the fragrant heap.

Then she busily strove, with fork and broom,
To clear the floor of the littered room,
But the faster she labored her work to do,
Deeper and deeper the litter grew;
First to her ankle, then to her knee,
Till Minna stood frightened the sight to see.

Softly lowing, old Brindle raised her head:
"Turn them; turn them; turn them," she said.
Loving of heart and quick of wit,
Minna soon guessed what was meant by it;
She turned the besom, she turned the fork,
And quickly, easily finished the work.

And soon to her mistress her light steps run
To tell that her second task is done;
But the crone sprang fiercely from where she sat—
"Witch that you are, who taught you that?
Off from my dwelling at once," quoth she,
"Or you'll rue the hour you came to me!
"But stay. By all earthly rules, I know,
You must have your wages before you go.
In one of these caskets you'll find your due;
Which do you choose, the red or the blue?"
She spoke, and watched with a crafty look
To see which casket the maiden took.

Bright shone the red in its glitter and hue,
But paler and plainer the sober blue.
She turned to the red, but paused in doubt,
For a word of warning was heard without.
The Cock crowed loudly beside the door,
And "Choose the blu-u-e!" was the sound it bore.

She trusted the warning kind and true,
Left the red casket and took the blue.
Scowling, the old witch saw her go;
"She shall not keep it," she muttered low.
"Safe with that casket held in her hand,
She never shall pass through Wonderland."
As Minna ran on she paused in fear,
For she felt that some evil thing drew near.
She looked for a helper, nor looked in vain,
For the White Cow stood by her path again.
"Come hither," it called, "and have no fear;
She shall not harm you while I am here."

Low in the shadow she crouched, to hide
By the kindly creature's sheltering side,
As up the pathway the old witch came,
Eagerly asking, with eyes aflame,

"Which way went the girl who has just passed by?"
"None has passed," was the calm reply.

"Tell me, then, for you surely know,
What other path could the maiden go?"
"Nay, ask for help from some evil hand,
And not from the creatures of Wonderland."
Baffled and angry, the witch turned back,
And Minna sped on her homeward track.
But soon, as she followed the broad green path,
She heard in the distance a scream of wrath.
“She is on my track,” cried the maiden then,
“And where shall I look for help again?”
Dark green branches drooped over her head;
“I will help thee,” the Apple tree said.

Thick boughs stooped till they reached the ground,
Closely they wrapped the maiden round;
Hid in their shelter, she heard her foe
Asking the Tree which way to go.
“From my topmost branches,” murmured the Tree,
“I look, but the maiden I cannot see.”

So evil of heart, but so dull of brain,
Baffled, she turned from the path again.
But not in safety might Minna stand
Till she crossed the borders of Wonderland.
Again came the witch on her path, fast, fast!
But the Bramble hedges she had reached at last.

Back from her path bent each bristling stem,
Making a way to pass through them;
Then clashed together the thorn-points keen,
So that no creature could pass between.

And the angry witch, as she eyed them, knew
That the maiden was safe—and the casket, too.

But Minna rushed through the narrow dell,
Crept through the doorway into the well,
Fancying, even in that dark den,
That she heard the foe on her track again;
But the well-lid was open, and soon, once more,
She stood by her step-mother’s open door.

But, alas! instead of a welcoming word
Angry reproaches were all she heard,
Till the mother’s scolding and Trulla’s jeers
Forced from Minna the silent tears.
Cried her step-dame, “No longer this girl I’ll brook!
I hate the sight of her whining look！”

“Go spin your task, since in idle play
You have wasted so many hours today:
In the empty hut where the swine were fed
Go work with your spindle and make your bed.”
“At least,” thought the maid, “I shall there be free
From the bitter railings that harass me.”

In the dark low hut where the swine once fed
She drew from her distaff the shining thread,
And still, as it twirled in her nimble hand,
She thought of the marvels of Wonderland.
"When my task is done I will look," quoth she,
"In the casket the old dame gave to me."

The glow of sunset was fading fast
As she opened the casket's lid at last,
But a light flashed out through the evening gloom
And brightened the walls of her narrow room,
And a troop of wonderful figures pour
From the open lid to the earthen floor.

Tiny footmen with fairy grace
Begin to furnish and deck the place;
Carpets where wonderful flowers glow
Cover the cold bare earth below;
Windows open where walls had been,
To let the light of the sunset in.

Curtains are hung with skilful hand;
Chairs and tables in order stand;
A cook with white apron, round as a pot,
Sets a dainty supper all smoking hot;
A brisk little maid brings garments fair,
Dresses Minna and decks her hair.
Now, the step-dame, knowing she must be fed,  
Sent her for supper some mouldy bread,  
And at Trulla's coming the fairy train  
Into the casket sprang again.  
In the door stood the girl, with a stupid stare,  
Gaping round on the wonders there.  
Loud to her mother did Trulla bawl,  
Who came with speed at her daughter's call.  
With envy and anger and spite she burned  
To see the sty to a palace turned;  
But she saw the casket and guessed right well  
What was the source of the magic spell.  
With a glare like an evil beast of prey  
She strove to seize and to bear it away;  
But soon, with a scream of fright and pain,  
She dropped the casket to earth again,  
With a fiery scar on the thievish hand  
Which had clutched the treasure from Wonderland.  
Then, forced to loosen her covetous hold,  
She listened while Minna her story told;  
Then vowed that Trulla should straight be sent  
The selfsame way that her sister went— Should serve the witch in a better way,  
And bring back treasures more rich and gay.  

And so, on the morrow, with grunt and frown,  
Trulla went clumsily clambering down;  
Found in the well-side the little door,  
Even as Minna had done before;  
Passed through the narrow and rocky ledge,  
And came to the path and the Bramble hedge.  
Her dull ear heard not the small voice keen  
That shrilled and quivered the thorns between;  
Rudely she burst through the boughs with speed,  
Scowling at scratches which made her bleed;  
Branches and blossoms broken lay  
Scattered around as she went her way.  
In the Apple tree's shadow she paused, indeed,  
But took of its kindly words no heed.  
The apples she pelted with stick and stone,  
Till with fruit and branches the ground was strewn;  
Greedily ate, and then went on  
Till she came where the White Cow stood alone.  
Though not for the creature's asking, still  
She milked, and drank from the pail her fill;  
Threw the gold milk-pail clattering down,  
And went her way to the cottage brown;  
Met the witch in the pine-wood's shade,  
And offered herself for a serving-maid.
"Another?" the old crone muttered low:
"Shall I try her also, or bid her go?"
Yet she gave her the sieve, and bade her bring
Water in that from the forest spring.
And Trulla went, with a stare of doubt,
In the pathway her mistress pointed out.

She dipped in vain, for she would not hear
The words which the birds sang loud and clear.
From the bank beside her she plucked a stone
And threw it with force at the nearest one.
"A tit-bit rare would that fellow be,
Roasted for supper to-night," quoth she.

She failed, but the evil wishes remain
to harden her heart and to dull her brain.
Lazily lounging along the track,
She carried the empty riddle back;
The old woman muttered and shook her head,
But sent her to clean the milking-shed.

She lifted the fork, and the besom too,
But stopped when the litter deeper grew.
To turn them her wits were far too slow,
And she listened not to old Brindle's low,
But left her standing, untended, unfed,
And hastened away from the milking-shed.

Scowling, her mistress called her "Dunce;"
Fiercely she bade her begone at once;
But Trulla sullenly answered, "No: I will have my wages, or will not go."
"Then look," said the witch, "on these caskets two,
And choose for your wages the Red or the Blue."

"Choose the Blue!" crowed the Cock without,
But not a moment she paused in doubt;
The glittering scarlet caught her eye,
And she seized the Red casket greedily;
She gave no thanks and she made no stay,
But ran from the cottage-door away.
The old woman grinned, saying, "Yes, begone,
And take the wages you well have won."
No one followed on Trulla's track;
None sought to tempt or to drag her back;
For evil and foul was the thing she bore,
As the evil heart that she had before.

But at least on her way she was made to feel
The weight of the White Cow's spurning heel;
From the Apple tree fell on her head a stone
Which she herself in the boughs had thrown;
In the Bramble hedge she was pierced and torn
By the point of every vengeful thorn.
But little she thought of her toil and pain
As she clambered out of the well again,
And proudly paused in the open door
To show to her mother the prize she bore;
And quickly they opened, with eager hand,
The magic treasure from Wonderland.

Not light, but a stifling vapor, spreads,
Curling blackly, about their heads!
No fairy servants spring gayly out,
But venomous reptiles writhe about!
No magic carpets bedeck their floor,
But over it mud and foulness pour!

They strive, in their wrath, and fright, and pain,
To shut the Red casket, but all in vain;
And then to Minna in rage they run,
Reproaching her with the mischief done;
From her shelter they bade her quick begone,
And they cast her out as the night came on.

In the forest's wide and dreary shade
Homeless wandered the gentle maid;
But a Prince, with his train and torches bright,
Coming late from the hunt that night,
Met her and helped her, showing her grace
For the love of her fair and innocent face.

But a deeper love in his heart soon grew
As he learned her goodness and wisdom too,
Till Minna sat by the Prince's side,
Hailed by the people, his happy bride;
And poor and mean the maiden was not,
Since to own the Blue casket was still her lot.
But what was the fate of the wicked pair
Whom Minna left in the cottage there?
The lot must be hard of those who would
Choose the evil and hate the good;
Without, as within them, trouble and strife—
For "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

M. C. Pyle.

ROLAND AND HIS FRIEND.
Friendless and poor, but with heart content,
Young Roland on through the wide world went.

Through a gloomy wood, in an unknown way,
Seeking his fortune, he passed one day.

Through its sombre shades, as he strode along,
His clear voice rang in a cheerful song:

"The storms may beat and the rains may fall,
But the dear Lord's mercy is over all."

"Well sung!" spoke a voice in his startled ear:
"Do you sing so loudly to banish fear?"
Dark as a shadow, evil-eyed,  
A stranger stalked at the stripling's side.

Harshly he laughed, then spoke again:  
"You have wandered far from the haunts of men:

"Strange chance, to find in this whole wood through  
A friend to guide and to shelter you!

"Here in the forest alone I dwell:  
Come serve me, youth, for I like you well."

Freely young Roland gave consent,  
And on by the stranger's side he went.

Deeper and darker grew the wood:  
In its thickest shadows a castle stood.

Gloomy and still as a prison-cell,  
It seemed but an evil place to dwell.

Yet there did Roland cheerfully stay,  
Serving his Master day by day.

But sometimes, he fancied, a hollow groan  
Thrilled through the hall where they dwelt alone;

And he longed from his inmost heart to go  
Seeking the one who suffered so.

But ever the eyes of his gloomy lord  
Watched every motion and look and word,

And ever he warned him: "Dare to spy  
In my secret chambers, that day you die."

But one morning the Master journeyed away,  
Leaving Roland alone that day.

Again, as he wandered to and fro,  
He heard, or fancied, that groan of woe.

"I must find that mourners and succor give,"  
Said Roland, "whether I die or live."

Through a narrow door of iron he passed  
To another chamber still and vast.

High on the wall, on a golden nail,  
Hung a saddle, a sword, and a coat-of-mail.

Nothing further to aid his task  
But a stone, a rod, and a water-flask.

In the next room nothing his keen glance spied  
But a brazen caldron, deep and wide.

But beyond that room, through an open door,  
Came sounding the hollow groan once more.

Quick to the chamber hastened he  
To succor and save, if that might be;

But he found no man, as his thought had been,  
But a noble black horse stabled within.

No hay, nor barley, nor wholesome food,  
But glowing coals in his manger stood.

Ever he strained with bloodshot eye  
For the water, which out of reach did lie—
Strove and strained at his iron chain,
Then back recoiled with a groan of pain.
Quickly did Roland forward dart,
While pity and anger swelled his heart.
He wrenched the curb from the horse's head,
And quenched and scattered the embers red;
He gave him water and food beside;
He stroked and patted his glossy side.
"Oh, bonny black charger! you shall be free,
If I die for the deed that I do," quoth he.
The eyes of the creature met his own,
And the brute mouth spoke in a human tone.
It said: "For the saving help you give,
Surely you shall not die, but live.
Bring hither the armor, the saddle, and sword,
From the chamber there where they wait their lord.
"It may be your stripling strength may fail
To wield the sword and to wear the mail;
"Then bathe in the caldron, and you shall find
Your arm is strong as your heart is kind."
He could not lift from the golden nail
The mighty sword and the heavy mail.

He sought the caldron, nor paused in dread
Till the waters closed o'er his plunging head—
Dark, bitter waters, that caught his breath,
And chilled his heart like the touch of death.
But when from the depths he sprang again,
His strength was more than the strength of ten.
Higher and fairer rose his head,
Freer and nobler his stately tread.
He girded the armor to breast and thigh,
He brandished the shining sword on high.
He saddled and bridled the black horse well,
And brought him forth from his prison-cell.
"Take the rod, the flask, and the stone," said the steed;
"They will serve us well in our time of need."
Then swiftly with Roland he galloped on,
For the daylight hours were almost gone.
Then far behind them they heard a yell,
Savage and loud, through the forest swell.
"Tis the foe on our track," spoke the flying steed;
"If he reach us now, we are lost indeed."
"Now turn, and behind thee cast the stone—
Its power to help us will soon be shown."

He threw the stone, and a mountain high
Swelled up in the path they had just passed by.

Then with mighty spells must the Wicked One
Burrow a way through the magic stone.
Faster the two friends onward flew,
But fast came the evil Master too.

"Now throw the rod, that a thicket may grow
To bar the path from the coming foe."

Up sprang the thicket, stem to stem,
Thorny and close, to shelter them.

When near them again he followed on
In the east was breaking the light of dawn.

"Courage!" the black horse uttered then;
"When the sun shall rise we are safe again."
"Now empty the water behind us, but see That none of the drops shall sprinkle me."

Hastily Roland fulfilled his task, But his strong hand shattered the crystal flask.

He poured the water along their track, But three drops fell on the charger's back.

A lake swelled round them with rush and roar, Checking the foe on its farther shore,

But rider and horse in its waters swim, Because of the drops which sprinkled him.

At the spell of the Master the waves ebb fast, But the light of morning beams full at last.

The level rays of the rising sun Dissolved the spells of the Evil One,

And back, with a yell of wrath and pain, He turned to his own abode again.

On the forest border stood Roland, freed, With his arm on the neck of his rescued steed.

Down sloped before them a meadow fair, And the roofs of a palace glittered there.

Said the black horse, "Roland, that palace see; It is there that thy future home must be.

"Put by thy armor and sword so keen, And dress thyself like a peasant mean.

"Lowly and poor, in the palace stay, And serve the King in some humble way.

"Thy armor, thy sword, and thy faithful steed Shall be ready here for thy time of need—

"The time foreseen since my woes began, When the Hour for help needs a helping man."

Then Roland went, like a beggar clad, To serve the King as a gardener-lad, Besmirched with mould like a sordid mask, His bright head bent to his homely task.

The rose-garden under a window lay, Whence the King's young daughter looked down each day.

Fair bloomed the roses on every stem, But fairer the face bent down to them.

Looking on Roland, her calm bright eyes Saw the true man through the mean disguise; And ever did Roland in silence glow With love for the lady who watched him so.

"Our goodliest knights by his side were dim," The Princess thought as she looked on him.
Thought Roland, "Gladly my life I'd stake  
To strive in the battle for her dear sake."

And while he paused for such a lot  
The Hour was near, though he knew it not.

From the east and the west, on either hand,  
An army came pouring into the land.

Into the kingdom's heart they came,  
Marking their passage with blood and flame.

The King must hasten to gather his host,  
Or crown and kingdom will both be lost.

Then the sound of arming, the voice of war,  
Swelled through the country near and far.

Only the gardener-lad, unsought,  
Still with the spade in the garden wrought;

For they thought him too mean and vile a one  
For the knightly service that must be done.

Still louder and fiercer swelled the hum,  
And the very day of the fight had come.

Then he spoke to the Princess: "Bid me go  
And join in the battle against the foe."

And she answered, "Go, and this token take,  
And fight for mine and for honor's sake."

He left the palace, he ran with speed  
To claim his armor, his sword, and steed.

Bounding to meet him the black horse came,  
With widespread nostril and eye of flame.

"Arm, Roland, and mount, and ride!" cried he,  
"For the Hour has come for thee and me."

The armies were met and the fight begun,  
When the horse and his rider came dashing on.

And well did the horse and the rider know  
The face of the one who led the foe—

The evil Master whose wicked will  
Had raised that army and wrought that ill.

In the thick of the battle, all unharmed,  
He sought the King, for his life was charmed.

He forced his way through the guards at length,  
And smote at the King with his utmost strength.

But then, like a thunderbolt from above,  
Horse and rider against him drove.
The iron hoofs and the mighty sword
Smote together with one accord.

Though guarded from wounds by
magic spell,
Crushed down by their very weight
he fell.

The fight is over, the rebels flee,
The King's men shout for their vict-
ory;

But the sounds of the joyful tumult
seem
To Roland only a fever-dream.

His evil Master lay lifeless there,
But his horse had vanished like empty
air.

A young man stood in the black steed's
place,
With a noble form and a princely
grace.

The old King sat as if turned to stone,
Then faltered, "'Tis he! my son! my
son!"

For the spell was broken, the Prince
had come
In his former shape to his former
home,

And Roland and he, till life shall end,
Will be to each other brother and
friend.

They were brothers indeed when the
Princess gave
Her hand to Roland, the kind and brave,

Who had brought the lost one, for-
saken of men,
Back to his human shape again.

M. C. Pyle.

Hetty and the Fairies.

Dear Hetty had read in a curious
book
A wonderful story one night,
About the sweet fairies who come to
the earth
And dance in the pale moonlight—
Beautiful creatures, with azure-like
wings,
Who hide in the flowers by the wood-
land springs.

With head full of wonder she went to
her bed;
Not long had dear Hetty been there,
When she opened her eyes and saw by
her side,
Scarce reaching as high as her chair,
A strange little fellow, all ribbons and
lace,
Who bowed most politely and smiled
in her face.

"Ha! ha! pretty miss, you've been
thinking of me,
So I've come to say, How d'ye do?
And ask your permission—now don't
be afraid—
To show you some things that are
new.
Pray get yourself ready; my carriage
and four,
My dearest Miss Hetty, now wait at
the door."

So Hetty went off with the carriage
and four;
They seemed to be flying away;
The strange little gentleman sat by
her side,
But never a word did he say,
Until at a mansion high up on a hill
The carriage and four little horses
stood still.
"My sweet little maiden, please follow me straight;
This palace you see is my own,
And I, too, am king of this wondrous realm,
Where never a mortal is known:
My subjects will think I'm committing a sin,
But still you shall peep at the wonders within."

So he blew on a horn that hung under his cloak—
The doors of the palace flew wide;
And hundreds and hundreds of queer little folks
Within them dear Hetty espied:
Some lay as if sleeping, some danced in a ring,
But none of them seemed half so tall as the king.

"Now, pray, pay attention," the fairy king said;
"Those creatures, so happy and fair,
Are just like the good thoughts that dwell in the heart,
Flinging sunshine around everywhere;}
Wherever they are there are brightness and joy,
No matter how heavy or dull is the sky.

"Those wily black fellows chained up to the wall,
Like bad thoughts we keep them apart;
We never give heed to their slanderous tongues,
Or take them at all to our heart.
The joy in our bosoms would soon fade away
If we were to listen to aught they would say.

"Now, Hetty my dear, when you go back to earth,
You'll think of the sight you have seen;
Let Good be the fairy that dwells in your heart,
And you be his good little queen;
And so you'll be happy—" But here, with a scream,
Dear Hetty woke up; it was all a dream!

Matthias Barr.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.
A Midsummer Legend.

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water,
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller! how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"
And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

'Oh, the poor, blind widow!
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

'Oh, the poor, lame weaver!
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

But, coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be.'

Mauv IIowitt.

THE FAIRIES.
A Child's Song.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.
**High on the hilltop**  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;—  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back  
Between the night and morrow;  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lakes,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

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**ABOUT THE FAIRIES.**

Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,  
That lately bloomed in the wood?  
Why, the little fairies have taken each one,  
And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,  
That waved in the summer breeze?  
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one  
To plant in their gardens, like trees.

And where are the great big blue-bottles gone,  
That buzzed in their busy pride?  
Oh, the fairies have caught them every one,  
And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to light their halls,  
And the crickets to sing them a song,  
And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,  
And they're feasting the whole night long.

But when spring comes back with its mild, soft ray,  
And the ripple of gentle rain,  
The fairies bring back what they've taken away,  
And give it us all again.

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**CINDERELLA.**

You ask for the story, my darling,  
Of the beautiful picture you see:  
'Tis an old fairy-tale, and I'll tell it,  
If here you'll sit down by my knee.
'Tis the story of sweet Cinderella,  
And the little glass slipper she wore,  
Of the ball, and the prince who there met her,  
Of the love to its wearer he bore.  

She was blest with a dear, loving mother;  
She herself was a fond, loving child,  
And in youth, in the home of her childhood,  
Her life was of sorrow beguiled.  

But, alas! sickness seized on that mother,  
And soon to the grave she was borne;  
And the poor sobbing child in bereavement  
Was left to her sorrow alone;  

For soon to the household her father  
A stranger, his second wife, brought;  
And she and her two selfish daughters  
For none but themselves cared or thought.  

So they drove the poor child to the kitchen,  
Where her hands by the cinders were soiled;  
And so "Cinderella" they called her,  
While for them she constantly toiled.  

But a good little fairy watched o'er her  
While toiling in sadness apart,  
For, soiled though her hands were with cinders,  
She true was, and spotless at heart.  

This fairy, her friend, rose before her,  
And in kindest of tones, as she stood,  
Said, "Wouldst thou in the ball find enjoyment?"  
And she eagerly answered, "I would."  

"Thou shalt go; but 'tis only till midnight  
My power has unlimited sway;  
So before that hour shall be striking  
Without fail for thy home be away."  

Then the fairy a golden-hued pumpkin  
Transformed to a chariot of gold,  
And its wheels, which with jewels she covered,  
Flashed back the bright light as they rolled.  

From six mice she made six splendid coursers,  
From a rat she a driver supplied;  
Then some lizards she turned into footmen,  
Behind on the chariot to ride.  

The plain, homespun dress of the maiden  
She changed into silks rich and rare,  
And with jewels of exquisite beauty,  
And flowers, she adorned her dark hair.
Then swiftly, past field, wood, and cottage,
The steeds proudly pranced on their way,
And bore the dear child to the ballroom,
To join there the splendid array.

And there 'mid the crowds that were gathered,
Who boasted their lineage high,
Cinderella eclipsed all in beauty,
And shone as a star in the sky.

And the Prince was so charmed with her graces,
By her modest demeanor so won,
That he eagerly sought, as a treasure,
To win her at once as his own.

But alas! in the midst of his wooing,
Ere the clock-stroke of midnight can sound,
From the crowd she has quietly vanished,
And at home with the fairy is found.

But the little glass slipper, which, flying,
She drops, in her haste, on the floor,
Is a clue to the Prince as he trembles
In fear lest he see her no more.

Then six nobles he speedily sends forth,
To search with most diligent care
In every part of his kingdom
For the one who the slipper can wear.

From province to province they journeyed,
But all their inquiries were vain,
Till at last to the house of our maiden
In the course of their searchings they came.

Here the sisters come eagerly forward,
Each anxious the slipper to try;
But, though squeezing their feet to the utmost,
Their efforts its size doth defy.

"Let me try it," says sweet Cinderella,
While the others amazed stand round;
She tries, and the fit is found perfect—
The owner long sought for is found!

When he hears it, the Prince at once hastens
To claim her in joy and with pride,
And to share both his heart and his kingdom
With her as his fondly-loved bride.

And now, though in lofty position,
She still keeps her meekness and truth,
And never forgets the sad lessons
So bitterly learned in her youth.

To her husband she proves a rich treasure,
More precious than rubies or gold—
To her subjects a queen that they honor;
And now all my story is told.
THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song,—
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;

His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave,
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled;
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncles should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone!"
With that bespake their mother dear:
"Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone
They kissed their children small:
“God bless you both, my children dear!”
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brothers spake
To this sick couple there:
“The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.”

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale:
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London
With one that was his friend.
Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide—
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives’ decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder’s heart relent,
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children’s life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
“Stay here,” quoth he, “I’ll bring you bread
When I come back again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
    They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
    Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
    As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
    Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
    Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
    Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
    His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
    His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
    And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
    Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
    To want and misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
    Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
    Did by this means come out:
The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill
Was for a robbery judged to die—
Such was God's blessed will—
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed:
Their uncle having died in jail,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such-like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Come, gather round me, little ones,
And hearken unto me,
And you shall hear a tale about
A lad that went to sea—

About a lad that ran away,
Oh, many years ago,
And left his home and parents dear—
Young Robinson Crusoe!

Now when this lad grew up a man,
It came about one day
That he was cast upon a rock—
An island far away;

And there to shield him from the storm,
And keep him safe and sound,

He built a house, and thatched it o'er,
And fenced it round and round.

Far off upon a sandy bank
His ship lay all a-wreck;
And oft-times when the sea was low
He got upon the deck;

For many things he there had found
That he could bring ashore
Upon the raft that he had made,
And carry to his store.

Two kittens and a faithful dog,
With powder, guns, and shot,
Three cheeses and a chest of tools,
'Mong other things he got.
And now he bravely went to work,
Made tables, chairs, and stools,
And shelves around his little home
On which to lay his tools.

He set a cross up on the beach,
Lest time should go astray,
And with his knife he cut a notch,
To mark each passing day.

He caught and tamed a little kid,
That trotted at his heels;
And with his dogs and cats at home
It shared his daily meals.

Yet sometimes he grew very sad,
And then he sat him down
Upon the shore, and thought his God
Looked on him with a frown.

And he would gaze upon the sea,
Across the billows wild,
And wring his hands and cry aloud,
And weep like any child.

He thought upon his father's words;
His mother's prayers and tears—
How they would grieve for him, their son,
Away so many years!

Then he would fall upon his knees
And clasp his hands in prayer,
And ask his God, with many tears,
His wicked life to spare.

At times, with gun upon his back,
He roamed the island round,
Where melons, grapes, and sugar-canues
All growing wild he found.
A parrot that some years before
He artfully had caught,
Would hop upon his thumb, and shriek
The lessons it was taught.

And so, to keep it snug, he made
A cage to put it in:
And he made a big umbrella too,
And all his clothes of skin.

I wot he was the strangest sight
That ever you might see;
In jacket, breeches, cap, and shoes,
A hairy man looked he.

With big umbrella o'er his head,
His sword hung at his side,
His gun and axe upon his back,
He rambled far and wide.

Now, on the island herds of goats
Were running wild and free,
But when he tried to catch the things,
Away they all would flee.

And so, to get them in his power,
He dug pits in the ground;

And there one morn, at break of day,
A goat and kids he found.

The goat he let away again,
For it was fierce and strong;
The little kids he tied with strings
And took with him along;

And then, from running wild again
His little flock to keep,
A piece of ground he fenced around,
Where they might feed and sleep.

His crops of barley and of rice
Now rich and ripe had grown;
For seeds he found upon the wreck
He long ago had sown.
The corn he pounded into meal,
   And made it into bread;
The rice he baked in little cakes,
   At times to eat instead.

At length he longed when days were fine
   Upon the waves to float;
So with his tools he went to work,
   And made a little boat.

He set a mast and sail before,
   A rudder, too, behind;
And with his dog and gun on board,
   He sped before the wind.

One summer morning, as he walked
   Abroad, with gun in hand,
He stood aghast as he beheld
   A footprint in the sand!

Though many years had passed away
   Since to that lonely place
He came, yet he had never caught
   A sight of human face.

He thought of dreadful savages,
   All naked, wild, and black,
And paused at every step he took
   To look in terror back.

He dreamt about them in the night,
   And thought of them by day;
He scarce would stir, lest they by chance
   Should come across his way.

At last one day he climbed a hill,
   Where oft he used to lie,
And took with him his telescope,
   To see what he could spy.

And, looking off toward the shore,
   A sight he did behold
That set his very hair on end,
   And made his blood run cold.
A band of painted savages
He saw, to his dismay,
All dancing round a fire, on which
A human body lay.

He saw them kill a helpless man,
And one was standing by
All in an agony of fear,
For he too was to die.

But ere his enemies had time
A hand on him to lay,
He turned and bounded like a roe,
Away—away—away.

Across a stream he swam with speed,
Close followed by his foes;
But he was saved by our good friend,
The man in hairy clothes.

A young and comely man he was,
So timid and so shy,
With tawny skin and hair of jet,
And mild and beaming eye.

And oft he paused and looked around,
And knelt as if in fear;
But Crusoe made him signs to come,
And softly he drew near.

Then Crusoe named him Friday there,
And ever called him so,
Because upon that very day
He saved him from the foe.

And Friday quickly learned to work,
For ready hand had he;
And helped in time to build a boat
And launch it in the sea.

His master taught him many things;
Of God he told him, too,
Who made the sun, and moon, and stars,
And watches all we do.
A touching sight it was to see
Poor Friday kneel to pray—
To hear him cry to God for help
In his poor broken way.

Where'er he was, in house or field,
He ever was the same—
Obeyed his master with a smile,
And feared his Maker's name.

One morning Friday came in haste,
In trembling and in awe,
And told his master three canoes
Upon the beach he saw.

Then Crusoe bade him bring the guns,
And prime without delay;
And soon they beat the savages,
And drove them all away.

In one canoe upon the sands,
Half dead and strongly bound,
All ready for to kill and eat,
A poor old man they found.

When Friday saw his face, he paused
Another look to take,
Then laughed and cried, and sobbed and wept,
As if his heart would break.

He clasped the old man round the neck,
And kissed him o'er and o'er,
And leaped and danced with very joy
To see that face once more.

He gave him food, he brought him drink,
He cut his bonds in twain—

The dear old father that he loved,
Nor thought to see again.

Poor Friday, though his skin was black,
His heart was warm and kind:
My little ones, a lesson this
For all to bear in mind.

Now eight-and-twenty weary years
Had Crusoe been ashore,
Upon his island night and day,
Nor thought to leave it more.

Then oh, what joy was his to see,
One morn, a spreading sail
Come dancing o'er the waters blue,
Before the swelling gale!

He watched with Friday from a hill,
Though distant many a mile,
Until he saw a boat put off,
And row toward the isle.

And now, at last, his trials o'er,
With grateful heart he trod
Once more on board an English ship,
And bowed his thanks to God.

His faithful Friday went with him;
His Friday, true and kind,
Who loved him more than all on earth,
He could not leave behind.

His big umbrella, too, he took,
His hairy cap as well,
And parrot with its noisy tongue,
Of other days to tell.

And then with heavy heart he turned
To bid his home adieu;
And soon, as onward sped the ship,
It faded from his view.
And when old England's shore he saw,
Oh, he shed many tears;
For he had been away in all
Full five-and-thirty years.

VERSEs
Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernández.

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet.
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.
Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's
store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a
day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the
winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and
near;
The great barn was full as it could
hold
Of women and children, and young
and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no
more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they
call,
He set fire to the barn and burned
them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire,"
quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged
to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an inno-
cent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the
wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the
frame.

As he looked there came a man from
his farm—
He had a countenance white with
alarm:
"My lord, I opened your granaries
this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be.
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this
way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,"
replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are
steep,
And the stream is strong and the water
deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without de-
lay,
And reached his tower, and barred
with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes
there.

He laid him down and closed his
eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the scream-
ing came.
He listened and looked; it was only
the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful
for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing
near.

For they have swum over the river so
deep,
And they have climbed the shores so
steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were
sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen
or score;
By thousands they come, and by
myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard
of before,
Such a judgment had never been wit
nessed of yore.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he
tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could
hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the
door,
And through the walls helter-skelter
they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up
through the floor,
From the right and the left, from be
hind and before,
From within and without, from above
and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against
the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every
limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on
him.

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THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern
side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the
cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's
own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday
hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's
a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shock
ing
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you’re old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!

At this the Mayor and Corporation quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“Come in!” the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one, “It’s as my great-grand sire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!”

He advanced to the council-table,
And, “Please your honors,” said he,
“I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same check;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of
gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire
bats;
And, as for what your brain bewil-
ders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guild-
ers?"

"One? fifty thousand!" was the ex-
clamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corpo-
ration.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is
sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grum-
bling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came
tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished,  
Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary,  
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's gripe:  
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast dry saltery!  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me,  
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."  
You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the marketplace,  
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"  
A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,  
So did the Corporation too.  
For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,  
"Our business was done at the river's brink;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver.
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How!" cried the Mayor; "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way,
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opens to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor,
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn,
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

The Little Red Riding-Hood—such was the name
Of a nice little girl who lived ages ago;
But listen, I pray you, and then how she came
Such a title to get you shall speedily know.

She lived in a village not far from a wood,
And her parents were all the relations she had,
Except her old grandmother, gentle and good,
Who to pet her and please her was always most glad.
Her grandmother made her a riding-hood, which
She was always to wear at such times as she could;
'Twas made of red cloth, so the poor and the rich
Used to call the child Little Red Riding-Hood.

Her mother, one day, said, "Your granny is ill;
Go and see her—be sure not to loiter along;
Your basket with cheese-cakes and butter I'll fill—
Now, be sure not to gossip, for that's very wrong.
"If met by a stranger, be cautious, my child;
Do not hold conversation—just curtsey and say,
'I'm sent on an errand.' Do not be beguiled
By strange folks and smooth words from your straight path to stray."

Not far had she gone through the wood, when she met
With a wolf, who most civilly bade her good-day;
He talked so politely, he made her forget
She was not to converse with strange folks on the way.
"To see your dear granny you're going?" said he;
"I have known her some years, so a visit I'll pay;
If what you have told me is true, I shall see;"
And the wolf then ran off without further delay.

The maiden forgot her fond mother's advice;
As some pretty wild flowers she gathered with glee
To take to her granny—she said, "'Twill be nice
If I take them to granny—how pleased she will be!"

The wolf hastened on to the grandmother's cot;
"Who is there?" cried the dame.
"'Tis your grandchild," he said.
"Pull the bobbin!" said she; soon entrance he got,
And devoured the poor helpless dame in her bed.

He scarcely had finished his horrible feast,
When the Little Red Riding-Hood came to the door.
She tapped very gently; the ravenous beast
Cried out, "Oh, I'm so hoarse! oh, my throat is so sore!"

Then Little Red Riding-Hood said,
"Granny dear,
It is I who am knocking, so please let me in."
"Pull the bobbin," the wolf said; "I am glad you are here—
You bring me a supper," he said with a grin.

When Riding-Hood entered the wolf said, "I'm weak;
I have pain in my limbs, and much pain in my head;
Be quiet, dear grandchild; don't ask me to speak,
But undress yourself quickly and come into bed."

She quickly undressed, and she got into bed,
But she could not refrain from expressing her fears.
"Oh, grandmother dear!" the maid timidly said;
"I have never before seen such very large ears!"

"The better to hear you," the wolf then replied;
But Red Riding-Hood heard what he said with surprise,
And, trembling with fear, "Oh my! granny!" she cried,
"You have very large teeth, and what great flashing eyes!"

"The better to see you! The better to bite!
I am not your old granny, I'll soon let you see—
I ate her to-day, and I'll eat you tonight;
By and by you shall make a nice supper for me."

But just as he said so the door open flew,
And in rushed some brave men, who had heard all that passed;
The bloodthirsty wolf then they speedily slew,
And saved Little Red Riding-Hood's life at the last.
Beware of the Wolf.
You never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Riding-Hood's story is only a fable;
I'll give you its moral as well as I'm able.
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy neither gentle nor wise;
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah, Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes;
'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the very large ears,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness! that's like the wolf in the wood
With the very large mouth, ever prowl-ing for food—
That eats so much more than for health can be good—
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could—
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each thus appears
As a wolf with fierce eyes, large mouth, or big ears;
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,
They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble, and tears.
Oh, chase them and cudgel them back to their lair—
Beware of the wolf! little children beware!

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WILLIAM TELL.

Come, list to me and you shall hear
A tale of what befell
A famous man of Switzerland;
His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,
His little flock he led,
By prudent thrift and hardy toil
Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown;
In Uri none was seen
To track the rock-frequenting herd
With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home—
A laughing, fair-haired boy;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.
His father's sheep were all his friends,
The lambs he called by name,
And when they frolicked in the fields
The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour,
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes
Alas! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour
To rule in Austria's name:
A haughty man, of savage mood,
In pomp and pride he came.

One day in wantonness of power
He set his cap on high;
"Bow down, ye slaves!" the order ran;
"Who disobeys shall die!"

It chanced that William Tell that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come;

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

So toward the chamois' haunts they went;
One sang his childish songs,
The other brooded mournfully
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown,
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,
And watched to see him fall;
But never palm tree straighter stood
Than Tell, before them all.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
"To God, and God alone;
My life is in the Austrian's hand—
My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath;
"He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
He dies the traitor's death.

"Yet wait! the Swiss are marksmen true,
So all the world doth say:
That fair-haired stripling hither bring:
We'll try their skill to-day."

Hard by a spreading lime tree stood:
To this the youth was bound;
They placed an apple on his head:
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
Cried Tell in accents wild;
"On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child!"
“I will not harm the pretty boy,”
Said Gesler tauntingly;
“If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

“Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take;
For, know, yon apple is your mark!
Your liberty the stake!”

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd;
The men, they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His cross-bow in his hand,
With lip compressed and flashing eye
Tell firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded earth has been;
But never, since the curse began,
So sad a sight was seen.

The noble boy stood bravely up,
His cheek unblanched with fear;
“Shoot straight,” he cried; “thine aim is sure;
It will not fail thee here.”

“'Tis done, 'tis done! the child is safe!”
Shouted the multitude;
“Man tramples on his brother-man,
But God is ever good.”

For, sure enough, the arrow went
As by an angel guided;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided.

“'Twas bravely done,” the ruler said,
“My plighted word I keep;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son:
Go home and feed your sheep.”

“No thanks I give thee for thy boon,”
The peasant coldly said;
“To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

“Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,
Had I but missed my aim;
Not avenged my child had died,
Thy parting hour the same.

“For see! a second shaft was here
If harm my boy befell;
Now go and bless the heavenly pow-
ers
My first has sped so well.”

God helped the right, God spared the sin;
He brings the proud to shame,
He guards the weak against the strong—
Praise to His holy name!

REV. J. H. GURNEY.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
“Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship of mine?”

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”
Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be't wind or weet, be't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoised their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud
And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie! ye lie! ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,—

And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen.
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.
"Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claih,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o’ the silken claih,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wapped them round that
gude ship’s side,
But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots
lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a’ the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the saem;
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white—
The maidens tore their hair;
A’ for the sake of their true loves—
For them they’ll see nae mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi’ their goud kaims in their hair,
A’ waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they’ll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
’Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befell.

To drive the deer with hound and
horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.
The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
    Well able to endure;  
And all their rear with special care  
    That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
    The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
    An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
    To view the slaughtered deer;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
    This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,  
    No longer would I stay."  
With that, a brave young gentleman  
    Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
    His men in armor bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
    All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
    Fast by the river Tweed."  
"Oh cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
    "And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,  
    Your courage forth advance;  
For there was never champion yet  
    In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,  
    But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
    With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
    Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
    Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
    That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
    And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make  
    Was noble Percy he;  
Who said, "We list not to declare  
    Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood  
    Thy chiepest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
    And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will outbravèd be,  
    One of us two shall die:  
I know thee well, an earl thou art;  
    Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were  
    And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
    For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,  
    And set our men aside."  
"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,  
    "By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth—  
    Witherington was his name—  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
    To Henry our king for shame,

"That e’er my captain fought on foot  
    And I stood looking on.  
You be two earls," said Witherington,  
    "And I a squire alone:
"I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand:  
While I have power to wield my  
sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good;  
As valiant captain all unmoved  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried,  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

To drive the deer with hound and  
horn  
Douglas bade on the bent;  
Two captains, moved with mickle  
might,  
Their spears to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground;

And, throwing straight their bows  
away,  
They grasped their swords so bright,  
And now sharp blows, a heavy  
shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side;  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might:  
Like lions wood, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight:

They fought until they both did  
sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas  
said;  
"In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James our Scottish king:

"Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,  
"Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the  
heart,  
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than  
these,  
"Fight on, my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end;  
Lord Percy sees my fall."
Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.
"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow re-
venge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Since it will no better be!
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he;"

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro,
And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent,
And he must sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' the Scales was callèd he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let naught disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a god's-pen-ny;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board.
He was right glad his land to win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.
"My son, when I am gone," said he,

"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free;

"But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'l never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
And "Come with me, my friends," said he;
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?"
I'll borrow of them all by turns,  
So need I not be ever bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
Another had paid his gold away;  
Another called him thriftless loon,  
And bade him sharply wend his way.

“Now well-a-day,” said the heir of Linne,  
“Now well-a-day, and woe is me;  
For when I had my lands so broad,  
On me they lived right merrily.

“To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a burning shame;  
To rob and steal it were a sin;  
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

“Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend:  
When all the world should frown on me,  
I there should find a trusty friend.”

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne  
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,  
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,  
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,  
In hope some comfort for to win;  
But bare and loathly were the walls.  
“Here's sorry cheer,” quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,  
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;  
No shimmering sun here ever shone,  
No wholesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table he mote spy,  
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,  
Naught save a rope with running noose,  
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,  
These words were written so plain to see:  
“Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,  
And brought thyself to penury?

“All this my boding mind misgave;  
I therefore left this trusty friend:  
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,  
Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;  
His heart, I wis, was near to burst  
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three:  
“This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto me.”

Then round his neck the cord he drew,  
And sprang aloft with his body:  
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,  
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,  
Nor knew if he were live or dead;  
At length he looked, and saw a bill,  
And in it a key of gold so red.
He took the bill, and looked it on,
    Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
    In which there stood three chests in-fer-e.
Two were full of the beaten gold,
    The third was full of white mon-e-y;
And over them in broad letters
    These words were written so plain to see:
"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
    Amend thy life and follies past;
For, but thou amend thee of thy life,
    That rope must be thy end at last."
"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
    "And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
    This rede shall guide me to the end."
Away then went with a merry cheer,
    Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis he neither ceased nor stayed,
    Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.
And when he came to John o' the Scales,
    Up at the speere then looked he;
There sat three lords upon a row,
    Were drinking of the wine so free.
And John himself sat at the board-head,
    Because now Lord of Linne was he.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
    One forty pence for to lend me."
"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
    Away, away, this may not be:
For a curse be on my head," he said,
    "If ever I trust thee one penny."
Then bespake the heir of Linne,
    To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
    I pray for sweet Saint Charity."
"Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
    I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
    The first we would begin with thee."
Then bespake a good fellow,
    Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
    Some time thou wast a well-good lord:
Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
    And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
    And other forty if need be.
"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
    To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
    And a good bargain it was to thee."
Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
    All wood he answered him again:
"Now a curse be on my head," he said,
    "But I did lose by that bargain.
"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he cast him a god’s-penny:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monéy."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe begone was John o’ the Scales,
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I’m again the Lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellòw,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I’ll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o’ the Scales:
"Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I’m but John o’ the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne;
"Farewell now, John o’ the Scales," said he:
"A curse light on me if ever again I bring my lands in jeopardy."

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ADELGITHA.

The Ordeal’s fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha’s love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that’s dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—
He raised his visor,—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

For Scotland’s and for freedom’s right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed:
Once more against the English host
His band he led; and once more lost
    The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
    A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
    For him who claimed a throne:
His canopy, devoid of grace,
    The rude rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
    From couch of eider down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
    Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
    Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
    Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
    The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
    For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
    And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
    His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last!
The hero hailed the sign,
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
    That slender silken line:
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
    The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
    And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.
Some Famous Poems

For the

Older Children.
THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear:
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel—
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again;
For saddletree scarce reached had he,
   His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
   Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
   Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
   Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
   Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down
   "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
   My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
   When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
   Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
   And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
   Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
   To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
   Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
   He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
   Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
   With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
   Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
   Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
   But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
   In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
   Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
   And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
   Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
   Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
   Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
   Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly
   Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
   At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
   The bottles he had slung—
A 'bottle swinging at each side,
   As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
   Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
   As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
   His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
   'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
   'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
   Their gates wide open threw.
And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.
“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here’s the house,”
    They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired:”
    Said Gilpin—“So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
    Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
    Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
    Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
    The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
    And sore against his will,
Till at his friend’s the calender’s
    His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
    His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
    And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
    Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
    Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
    And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
    In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
    And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here;
    They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
    His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
    But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—
    A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
    Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
    Thus showed his ready wit:
“My head is twice as big as yours,
    They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
    That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
    Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,
    And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton
    And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
    “I am in haste to dine;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here—
    You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,
    For which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass
    Did sing most loud and clear;
Whereat his horse did snort, as he
    Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
    As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
    Went Gilpin’s hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
    For why?—they were too big.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
    Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
    She pulled out half a crown;
Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained
slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out
to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as
could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there
is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the
sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us gal-
loping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland
at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting
away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland
its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked
out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own mas-
ter, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes,
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in gal-
loping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned, and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault's
not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck
and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud
in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright
stubble like chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire
sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix
is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a
moment his roan,
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead
as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight
Of the news which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood
to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

R o b e r t B r o w n i n g.

E L E G Y O N T H E D E A T H O F A M A D D O G.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond’rous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene’er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

O l i v e r G o l d s m i t h.

T H E S A N D S O F D E E.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.
"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tree of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing,
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."
Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day,
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

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THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fust by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

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Robert Southey.

William Cowper.
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
  Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
  With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
  "Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
  I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
  Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
  And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
  Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
  Was wasted far and wide;
And many a child in mother then
  And new-born baby died;—
But things like that, you know, must be
  At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
  After the field was won,—
For many thousand bodies here
  Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
  After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
  And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
  Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
  Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
  Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
—Robert Southey.

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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.  
When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade!  
Noble six hundred!  

Alfred Tennyson

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.
The Assyrian came down like the wolf  
on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with  
purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like  
stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on  
deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when sum-  
mer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset  
were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when au-  
tumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered  
and strown.  
For the angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as  
he passed;  

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed  
deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and  
for ever were still.  
And there lay the steed with his nos-  
trils all wide,  
But through them there rolled not the  
breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white  
on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beat-  
ing surf.  
And there lay the rider, distorted and  
pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the  
rust on his mail,  
And the tents were all silent, the ban-  
ners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-  
blown.  

And the widows of Ashur are loud in  
their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple  
of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote  
by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance  
of the Lord!  

Lord Byron.

LOCHINVAR.
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of  
the West,  
Through all the wide Border his steed  
was the best,  
And, save his good broadsword, he  
weapons had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all  
alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless  
in war,  
There never was knight like the young  
Lochinvar.
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word):
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

_SIR WALTER SCOTT._

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**LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.**

_A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound_
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking:

And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting,

_THOMAS CAMPBELL._
THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and
loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat
looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, with the
ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see
that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and
the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled!
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that."

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

*Look now abroad,—another race has filled
Those populous borders; wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled:
The land is full of harvests and green meads.”

BRYANT.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exilesmoored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the rollof the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood’s land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA Dorothea HEMANS.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
"Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Thomas Campbell.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain-height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
FAMOUS POEMS FOR OLDER CHILDREN.

For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls
before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming
o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's
early light
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-
er yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen
shall stand
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made
and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is
our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home
of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.
My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

---

HELLVELLYN.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn.
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopyed pall:
Through the courts at deep midnight
the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the bann-
ers are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music
is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People
should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of
Nature,
To lay down thy head like the
meek mountain-lamb,
When, 'wilder'd, he drops from some
cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side
of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this
desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plo-
er flying,
With one faithful friend but to wit-
ess thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and
Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they
were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away,
I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongues should
list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed,
pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that
I have dropped them in the well,
Oh, what will Muça think of me?—I
cannot, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll
say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold
and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of dia-
mond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with
radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging
gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think—and what to say,
 alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I
loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all
the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand,
among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed
them my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so
beside this marble well
My pearls fell in—and what to say,
alas! I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are
all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to
whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless, luckless well I—
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

(From the Spanish.)

John Gibson Lockhart.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pul off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."
"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropped her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.
Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dressed like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dressed like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
"And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BELLs.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells,—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the dangers sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the
anger of the bells,—
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the
bells!

iv.
Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their
monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their
tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people,—ah, the people,—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman,—
They are neither brute nor human,—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pean of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pean of the bells,—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of
the bells.

THE CHAMELEON.
Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has
been
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop.
The traveller's fool your mouth will
stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen,—and sure I ought to know,"
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other
matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined,
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace, and then its hue,—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?

"Hold, there!" the other quick replies;
"'Tis green,— I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."

"Green!" cries the other in a fury,—
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"

"'Twer no great loss," the friend replies,
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily came by a third,—
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight;
I marked it well—'twas black as jet;
You stare,— but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."— "Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out,
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said, then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

James Merrick.

THE THREE WARNINGS.
The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,—
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!"
"With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go:
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.”

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell.
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, awares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, 'dye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool’s errand,  
With but a secretary’s warrant.  
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;  
But for that loss of time and ease  
I can recover damages.”  

“I know,” cries Death, “that at the best  
I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don’t be captious, friend, at least:  
I little thought you’d still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!”  

“Hold,” says the farmer, “not so fast!  
I have been lame these four years past.”  

“And no great wonder,” Death replies:  
“However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one’s loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends.”  

“Perhaps,” says Dodson, “so it might,  
But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”  

“This is a shocking tale, ’tis true,  
But still there’s comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news.”  

“There’s none,” cries he; “and if there were,  
I’m grown so deaf I could not hear.”  

“Nay, then,” the spectre stern rejoined,  
“These are unwarrantable yearnings;  
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You’ve had your three sufficient warnings;  
So, come along, no more we’ll part;”  
He said, and touched him with his dart.  
And now old Dodson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.  

Hester Thrale Piozzi.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;  
A beehive’s hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willowy brook that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taperspire to heaven.  

Samuel Rogers.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all-sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou.
"Nay, not so."
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.
Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

LEGH HUNT.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils' obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!
You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that:
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.
## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)</strong>...</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A charming present comes from town.........</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A chieftain to the Highlands bound.........</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A child went wandering through a wood......</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A country lad with honest air.............</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A crow, as he flew by a farm window-sill...</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A dark-green prickly yew one night.........</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fair little girl sat under a tree.........</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fearful storm in the British Channel.....</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fierce grizzly bear......................</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet........</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A frog he would a wooing go...............</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A generous tar, who long had been.........</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A grasshopper having sung..................</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Ah! don't you remember 'tis almost December&quot;.......</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Ah! the morning is gray&quot;..................</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A hungry spider made a web.................</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A huntsman bearing his gun afield.........</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A king and a queen had a beautiful daughter...</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A kiss when I wake in the morning.........</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas! little Kitty—do give her your pity!...</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little brook went surging................</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little brook, within a meadow...........</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little child she read a book.............</td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little child six summers old...............</td>
<td>381</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little girl, with a happy look...........</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little gold robin with very red breast...</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All the children in the parlor............</td>
<td>402</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All things bright and beautiful...........</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head.....</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A million little diamonds..................</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And has my darling told a lie?............</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;And wherefore do the poor complain?&quot;.....</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;And where have you been, my Mary&quot;.......</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A nightingale made a mistake..............</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A nightingale that all day long...........</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Nebo's lonely mountain..................</td>
<td>389</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camel, thou art good and mild</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can you count the stars that brightly</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Caw! caw!&quot; says the crow</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheeks as soft as July peaches</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children, choose it</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children, do you love each other?</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come and see my baby dear</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, bairns, come all to the frolic play</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, gather round me, little ones</td>
<td>459</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, here, little Robin, and don't be afraid!</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come into the meadows</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, list to me and you shall hear</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Come, little leaves,&quot; said the wind one day</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come out of your beds, there!</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come stand by my knee, little children</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come unto these yellow sands</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come ye into the summer woods</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousin Jack, the sailor lad</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creep away, my bairnie</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear children, see, I'm old and poor</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear doll, how I love you!</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear grandma, I will try to write</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Hetty had read in a curious book</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Jesus! ever at my side</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear little bare feet</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear little bird, don't make this piteous cry</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear me! It never rains so hard</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear mother, how pretty!</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dear mother,&quot; said a little fish</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dear mother, why do all the girls</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did you ever see our baby</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Donkey, I'll ask you a riddle to-day</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down in a field, one day in June</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down in the green and shady bed</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Edward, come here; how pale you are!</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ere on my bed my limbs I lay</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five minutes late, and the school is begun</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Scotland's and for freedom's right</td>
<td>489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendly and poor, but with heart content</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Greenland's icy mountains</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From morning till night it was Lucy's delight</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From out his hive there came a bee</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full fathom five thy father lies</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full merrily rings the millstone round</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle Jesus, meek and mild</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle river, gentle river</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get up, little sister: the morning is bright</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Give me turkey for my dinner&quot;</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God can see us everywhere</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God might have bade the earth bring forth</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God on high to man did speak</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God prosper long our noble king</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden autumn comes again</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden slumbers kiss your eyes</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good boys and girls should never say</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-bye, good-bye to summer</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-bye, little children, I'm going away</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Good-night, dear mamma,&quot; a little girl said</td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good-night, my dear mother—dear mother—good-night</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Good-night!&quot; said the plough to the weary old horse</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Good-night, Sir Rook,&quot; said a little lark</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good people all, of every sort.</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandmothers are very nice folks</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great events we often find</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half a league, half a league</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamelin Town's in Brunswick</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hang up the baby's stocking</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy the man whose wish and care</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing</td>
<td>403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the merry pealing bells</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark to the thunder!</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell</td>
<td>376</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you heard of a collier of honest renown</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you seen Annie and Kitty</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear the sledges with the bells</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here comes old Father Christmas</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here in this wry prison where I sing</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here lies whom hound did ne'er pursue</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here's a lesson all should heed</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High on a mountain's haughty steep</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho! I'm a king, a king! A crown is on my head</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How does the water&quot;</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How doth the little busy bee</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How many miles to Baby-land?</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How many pounds does the baby weigh</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>228</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>505</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>298</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>393</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>364</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>269</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>465</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>249</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>512</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>336</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>408</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>375</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>379</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>211</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>363</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>293</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>317</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>154</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>315</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>256</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>333</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>373</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>374</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>373</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>274</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>224</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>211</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>310</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>286</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>177</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>485</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>208</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>288</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>367</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>410</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>290</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Little white Lily</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Willie stood under an apple tree old</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look at me with thy large brown eyes</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, I would own Thy tender care</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loving Jesus, meek and mild</td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary had a little lamb</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrily swinging on brier and weed</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine be a cot beside the hill</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mischief-loving Robbie</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Molly, and Maggie, and Alice</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Moo! moo! moody cow, home from the wood</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother, mother, the winds are at play</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mother, what are those little things</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My country, 'tis of thee</td>
<td>511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My dear, do you know</td>
<td>456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My dear little kittens! my five little darlings!</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My dog and I are faithful friends</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My fairest child, I have no song to give you</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My grandmother lives on a farm</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My pretty baby brother</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Napoleon's banners at Boulogne</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nay, only look what I have found!</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nellie and Dottie</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New dresses? Ay, this is the season!</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No dandy dog poor Rover was</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No stir in the air, no stir in the sea</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note</td>
<td>507</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not long ago I wandered near</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Now, children,&quot; said Puss, as she shook her head</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now he who knows Old Christmas</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I lay me down to sleep</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Now I lay&quot;—repeat it, darling</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Now, let's have a game of play</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now ponder well, you parents dear</td>
<td>456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the sun is sinking</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of all the flowers the summer brings</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oft has it been my lot to mark</td>
<td>518</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God! who wet my childhood's love</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Anna, this will never do</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, happy the milkmaid's life</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, here is Miss Pussy</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh, I am so happy!&quot; a little girl said</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh, I've got a plum-cake, and a feast let us make</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh, I've got a plum-cake, and a rare feast I'll make</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, look at the moon</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Maggie loves the lily fair</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, master, no more of your lessons!</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry!</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, mother dear, pray tell me where</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, mother, won't you speak to Kate?</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, naughty puss! you must not play</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, papa! dear papa! we've had such a fine game</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light</td>
<td>511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, say what is that thing called Light</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Susey, stop a moment, dear</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, tell me the form of the soft summer air</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, that day last December</td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the book is a beauty, my darling</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, there's the squirrel perched aloft</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, where do you come from</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, where is my kitten, my little gray kitten</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, who would rob the wee bird's nest</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West</td>
<td>504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old John had an apple tree, healthy and green</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old story-books! old story-books! we owe ye much, old friends</td>
<td>422</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Winter comes forth in his robe of white</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Winter is coming; alas, alas!</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O little flowers, you love me so</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once, as many German princes</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once a trap was baited</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once, in the hope of honest gain</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One stormy night upon the Alps</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One ugly trick has often spoiled</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Linden, when the sun was low</td>
<td>509</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only a baby small</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Open the window and let me in&quot;</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our doll-baby show, it was something quite grand</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over in the meadow</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the hill the farm-boy goes</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the ice, so smooth and bright</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piping down the valleys wild</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pity the sorrows of a poor old man</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Planting the corn and potatoes............. 57
Poor little Minna! she knew, I wot........ 434
Pray, where are the little blue-bells gone.... 452
Pray, where is my hat? It is taken away... 115
Pretty Kit, little Kit..................... 213
Pretty Polly Pansy.......................... 34
Pretty robin, do not go..................... 237
Prithée, little buzzing fly.................. 266
Pussy Cat lives in the servants' hall........ 215
Quoth the boy: "I'll climb that tree.......... 230
Rain! rain! April rain!...................... 306
Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose......... 77
Robbie's sold the baby!...................... 25
Robins in the tree-tops...................... 302
Roll on, roll on, you restless waves......... 241
"Say, papa, I want you to listen............ 346
Scorn not the slightest word or deed........ 138
See! the chickens round the gate............ 258
See the shining dew-drops................... 357
Shining eyes, very blue..................... 41
Silkworm on the mulberry tree.............. 275
Sing, I pray, a little song.................. 40
Sir John and Sir Bevis were knights of old... 384
Sleep, baby, sleep!.......................... 29
Slowly forth from the village church........ 95
Soft of voice and light of hand................ 39
Some children roam the fields and hills...... 133
So now, pretty Robin, you've come to my door... 239
Spring day! happy day!....................... 297
Stand up and listen like a dear old Flo!..... 199
Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake........... 149
"Stop, stop, pretty water!"................... 333
Such fun as we had one rainy day............ 40
Suppose, my little lady..................... 101
Suppose the little cowslip................... 88
Sweet and low, sweet and low.............. 33
"Tell me, my little one, tell me why......... 349
Tell me the old, old story................... 359
Thank you, pretty cow, that made............ 186
That way look, my infant, lo!................. 216
The arching trees above a path.............. 178
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold............. 504
The birds are flown away.................... 325
The bleak winds of winter are past........... 315
The bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the sea............ 77
The boy stood on the burning deck........... 163
The breaking waves dashed high.............. 509
The brown owl sits in the ivy-bush........... 251
The chickadee, the chickadee!............... 248
The chill November day was done............. 68
The church-bells rang out one Christmas morn........... 417
The clock is on the stroke of six............ 66
The cloud then gently disengaged............. 308
The cook is crowing.......................... 303
The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean........... 141
The cottage-work is over..................... 61
The day is gone, the night is come............ 368
The deep affections of the breast............ 250
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink........... 190
The farmer sat in his easy-chair............. 75
The Frost looked forth one still clear night.... 326
The ground was all covered with snow one day........... 247
The king sits in Dunfermline town............ 478
The lady-bird sat in the rose's heart........... 270
The lazy lad! and what's his name?............ 116
The Little Red Riding-Hood—such was the name........... 473
"The Master has come over Jordan"............. 365
The mice had met in council................... 223
The morning bright.......................... 369
The mother looked pale, and her face was sad. 113
The Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded.......... 489
The pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree..... 207
The rainbow, how glorious it is in the sky!.... 344
There came to my window, one morning in spring........... 240
There dwelt a miller hale and bold............ 103
There is a happy land....................... 375
There is a plant you often see................. 291
There once lived in Dogdom a dog of great worth........... 202
There's a little flow'ret...................... 286
There's a poor beggar going by................ 139
There sat a bird on the elder bush............ 230
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover. 76
There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too........... 259
There went a stranger child................... 409
There went two travellers forth one day........ 123
The skylark's nest among the grass............ 231
The sower sows with even hand................. 324
The spearman heard the bugle sound........... 195
The Spring has many charms for me............. 299
"The squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay"........ 208
The summer and autumn had been so wet........ 465
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The sun is hidden from our sight</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sunshine is a glorious thing</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The swirls at the close of day</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The tree of deepest root is found</td>
<td>519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The varying year with blade and sheaf</td>
<td>426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wind one morning sprang up from sleep</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They built a little ship</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They say that God lives very high</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They tell that on St. Bernard's mount</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They've taken away the ball</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoujang'rest not in the monarch's hall</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou shalt have no more gods but me</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three fishers went sailing away to the west</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three little words we often see</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiger! tiger! burning bright</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timely blossom, infant fair</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis June—the merry, smiling June</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis night on the mountain</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis of a little drummer</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis the voice of the sluggard: I heard him complain</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a king's court a giant came</td>
<td>385</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toll for the brave!</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the yard by the barn came the farmer one morn</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch the keys lightly</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'To-wit! to-wit! to-whee!</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas Christmas time: a dreary night</td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas the eve before Christmas. &quot;Good-night,&quot; had been said</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house</td>
<td>394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas when the sea with awful roar</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas whispered all about the garden</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty froggies went to school</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twinkle, twinkle, little star</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two children stood at their father's gate</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two ears and only one mouth have you</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two girls I know—Jeanette and Jo</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two little girls in their night-gowns</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two little kittens one stormy night</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two wistful young faces are watching the sky</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under my window, under my window</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Underneath an old oak tree</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the apple tree, spreading and thick</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up in the ancient roof-tree</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up in the apple tree over the way</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very high in the pine tree</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wake, sister, wake, for the sun is up</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are but minutes—little things</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We had a pleasant walk to-day</td>
<td>316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Well, I think I'll be a soldier</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West wind and sunshine</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We've called our young puss Cleopatra</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We've got a baby! I should like you to come</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We've ploughed our land, and with even hand</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We were crowded in the cabin</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What are you good for, my brave little man?</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What bell-house yonder towers in sight</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What, Charles! returned?&quot; papa exclaimed</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What does little birdie say</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whatever mine ears can hear</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What if a drop of rain should plead</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is it that makes me happiest?</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What is that, mother?&quot;</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What is this pretty little thing</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What! not know our clean Clara?</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What shall we name the darling</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What so sweet as summer</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What was it that Charlie saw to-day</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What way does the wind come? what way does he go?</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When April still was young</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When are you coming? the flowers have come</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where'er I take my walks abroad</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Freedom from her mountain-height</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When little Samuel woke</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the winter snowflakes fall</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When woods were still and smoky</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where did you come from, baby dear?</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Where is my little basket gone?&quot;</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where the bee sucks there suck I</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where the pools are bright and deep</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Which is the queen of the roses?</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While the new years come and the old years go</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who fed me from her gentle breast</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who taught you to sing?</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who was that, dear mamma, who ste</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, here comes old Cato! how smiling he looks</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Will she come to me, little Effie?&quot;</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Will you take a walk with me?&quot;</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Will you walk into my parlor?&quot;</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within a town of Holland once</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With seven years' wages on his back</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDEX OF FIRST LINES.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With twelve white eggs in a downy nest</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With what a lavish hand</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With wings like crystal air</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodman, spare that tree!</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work while you work</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You know we French stormed Ratisbon</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You little twinkling stars that shine</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You'll not learn your lesson by crying, my man</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You must not scratch, dear pussy-cat</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You needn't be trying to comfort me. I tell you my dolly is dead!</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You never need fear, little children, to meet</td>
<td>475</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Jem at noon returned from school</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You see the gentle water</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>