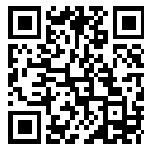

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HYMN
AND POEMS

FOR



LITTLE
FOLKS

ILLUSTRATED



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“BABY BROTHER.” (See p. 320.)

MANS AND FOR THE

LITTLE BOY

OF THE FUTURE

OF THE FUTURE

OF THE FUTURE

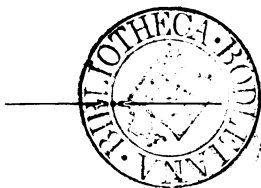


HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE FOLKS.

With over One Hundred and Fifty Full-page Illustrations.



CASSELL PETER & GALPIN:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

280 . n . 900
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HYMNS AND POEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

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 flipping :
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.

C. L. M.



TRUTHFUL DOTTIE.

OUR BABY IS ILL.

STEP about softly,
 Baby is ill ;
 Ah ! do not wake her,
 Lying so still.
 Poor little Totty !
 Her face is all white ;
 And ma is quite weary
 With watching last night.

Speak in a whisper,
 Totty is sick ;
 Here is the doctor ;
 Run away quick !

Ma has been weeping,
 Her eyes are quite red ;
 Doctor looks mournful,
 Shaking his head.

Ma dear, dear mamma,
 While Totty is ill
 We will give you no care,
 But be good and quite still.
 We love both so dearly,
 Sweet Totty and you ;
 We will ask God to spare you,
 And bring Totty through.

THE MARTIN'S NEST.

THERE are one, two, three, four, five—
 Five baby-birds and their mother—
 All in a row and alive,
 Peeping out close to each other,
 From a soft-lined cradle-bed,
 With an ivy screen before,
 And under it, rosebuds red—
 'Tis the martin's nest over our door.

There are five little downy balls,
 With bright round gems of eyes ;
 In a twitter of hunger each calls
 For fresh-caught juicy flies ;
 Five orange-tipped beaks open wide,
 Ten wings are outspreading for more
 From the feathery feeders outside
 The martin's nest over our door.



"HERE IS THE DOCTOR!"

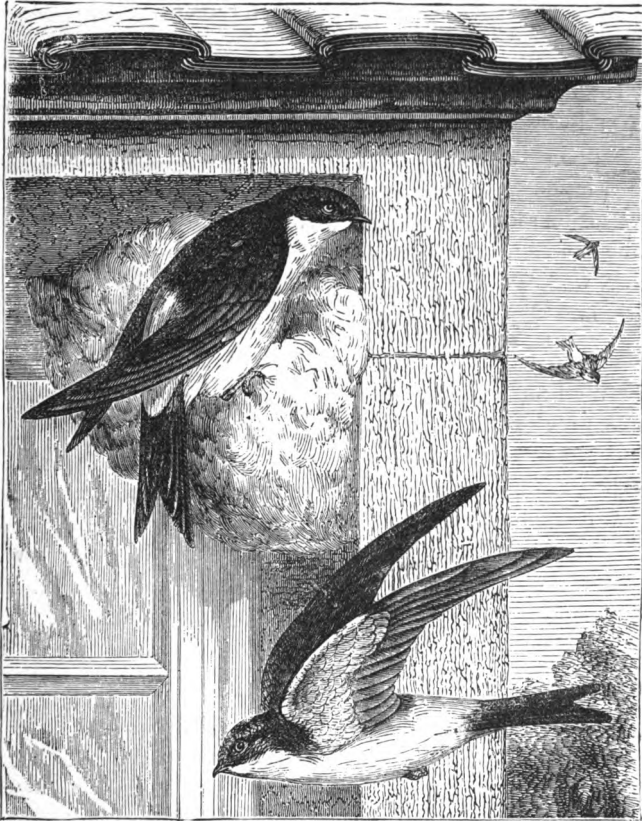
I see five small white-barred throats,
All swelling with eager joy
To mimic their mother's notes—
So merry, half-pert, half-coy,
So pretty, and plump, and droll,
In their cradle-bed, ivied o'er ;
There is something to gladden the soul,
In our martin's nest over the door.

Look ! ten slender birds' feet stand
Side by side on their cradle's brink ;
Now ten tiny winglets expand,
And flutter, and tremble, and shrink,
Until by the sweet summer air
Made bolder than ever before,
They try what wee pinions can bear
From the martin's nest over our door.

And fast through this bright summer day
They wheel to and fro in the blue,
Or perched on a leaf-covered spray
Till twilight comes, showering dew
From the heart of her silvery urn,
On Nature's broad beautiful floor,
And five weary nestlings return
To our martin's nest over the door.

Oh, image of infancy's home,
And motherhood tender and strong,
And young spirits eager to roam
In a world that shall weary ere long ;
And type of that Providence clear,
Whose wisdom divine evermore
Finds rest, His worn children to cheer,
Like the martin's nest over our door.

JANE DIXON.



'TIS THE MARTIN'S NEST OVER OUR DOOR.'

BENNY.

I.

BENNY is a crippled boy,
 Pale, and sad, and wan ;
 Won't you go and cheer him up,
 Gladly, if you can ?
 In his chair he sadly sits
 All the summer day,
 Listening, while the other boys
 Laugh, and shout, and play.

Benny cannot move alone,
 Cannot walk or run ;
 Never wandered by the brook
 Sparkling in the sun ;
 Never sat upon a gate,
 Never had a swing ;
 Never knew the luxury
 Of knife and ball of string ;

Never climbed a leafy tree,
 Seeking for a switch ;
 Never scrambled through a hedge,
 Never jumped a ditch ;
 Never rode a rocking-horse,
 Never learned to slide ;
 Never had a tiny ship
 Floating on the tide,

Never owned a bat or ball,
 Never had a top ;
 Doesn't care for squirts or guns,
 Loudly though they pop ;
 Never, with a pile of pence,
 Lingered in a shop,
 Eating tarts all full of jam,
 Till he longed to stop.

II.

There he sits, so dull and sad ;
 Don't you long to try
 If you cannot make him smile,
 When you pass him by ?
 Haven't you a picture-book
 You could bring and show ?
 Tales of wild and sunny lands
 Bonny likes to know.

Only just a little time
 Spared from walk or play ;
 Benny will remember it
 When you are away.
 He who is the kindest boy
 Makes the greatest man—
 Greatness earned in truest sense,
 Helping those you can !

REA.



" BENNY IS A CRIPPLED BOY."

IN THE SUNSET.

GRANDPAPA sat in his easy chair
By the ancient garden gate ;
The breeze was lifting his hoary hair,
And the sunbeams lingered late.
The summer beams—they were flashing so
In his dreamy, soul-filled eyes !
And the rippling brooklet was chanting low
To his heart's fond memories.

The merry children were playing round,
Near grandpa's chosen seat ;
Dancing that eve on the daisied ground
Were their tiny, restless feet ;
And his thoughts went back to the days which were,
As the zephyr fanned his brow,
When, a joyous boy, he had frolicked there,
As the children frolicked now.

In thought he played on the grassy sod,
In the sunlight of the day ;
And knelt to thank the all-gracious God,
With the last faint sunset ray.
Again at his mother's side he prayed,
And she whispered soft and fond ;
'Till he thought of a mound in the churchyard's shade,
And then of the life beyond.

So grandpa sat in his easy chair,
In the sunset's crimson glow,
Thinking of those in the country fair
Where the living waters flow.
And though his eyes were with moisture rife,
It was not the tear of pain,
For soon in the land of endless life
He would find his youth again.



B

“GRANDFATHER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR.”

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can ;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice :

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !



He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close :
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW.

—◆—

THE ANT.—INDUSTRY,

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern ;
 Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school
 There's many a sluggard and many a fool
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time ;
 When death and old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !



Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey ;
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

WATTS.

THE 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, blest 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,
We reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG.



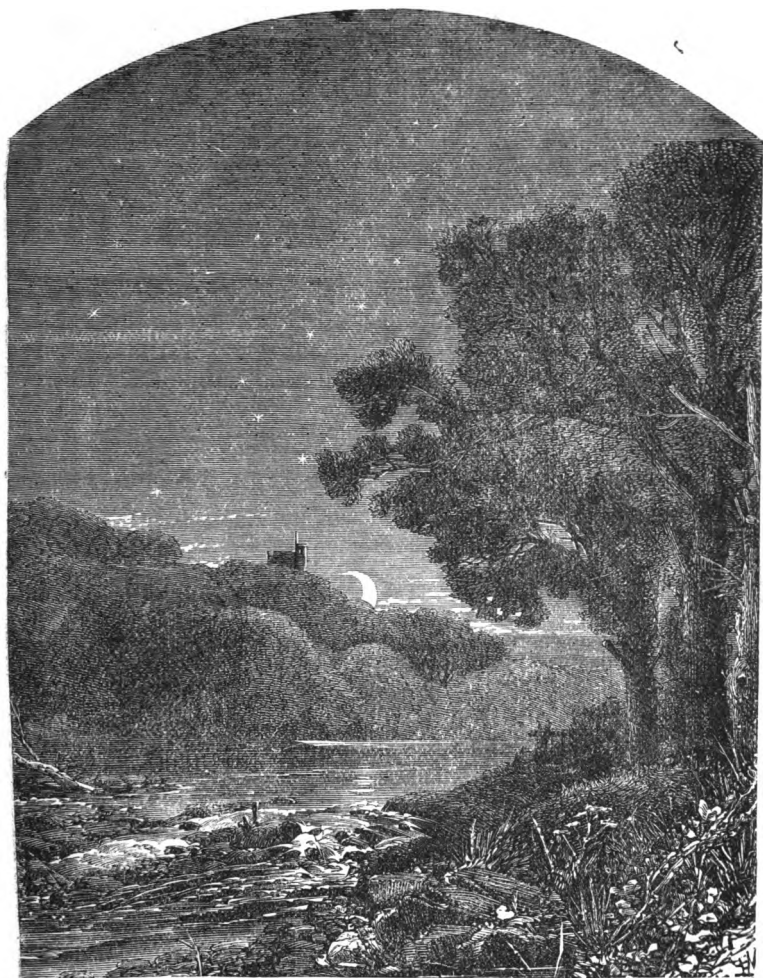
"WORTHY IS OUR SAVIOUR KING."

HOME AT NIGHTFALL.

HOME the weary birds are flying,
On their quivering, beating wings ;
Hiding in the rustling ivy
That about our window clings.
There is One who makes the shelter
For the wild birds as for all ;
Not a sparrow drops from Heaven
But our Father marks its fall.
Canst thou feed the birds that toil not,
Care for them, forgetting me ?
No ! and as the birds fly homeward,
Helpless too, I fly to Thee.

Father, in the darkening meadows,
In the long grass hidden deep,
Thou hast closed the wild-flower blossoms,
And the daisies are asleep.
I may gather them to-morrow,
We may crush them in our play,
Yet thou clothest these in beauty—
These that perish in a day.
Let me sleep as they are sleeping,
In the darkness safe with Thee ;
Who would fear, thus breathing, living
In Thy blest immensity ?

And the far-off stars are watching
Worlds too distant for our thought,
All the shining countless myriads
Thy Almighty hands have wrought ;
Yet with this wild world around me,
And the wondrous worlds above,
Thou dost think of me, yea, love me,
With a real and boundless love.



"THOU HAST CLOSED THE WILD-FLOWER BLOSSOMS."

And the hearts of little children
Are more precious in Thy sight,
Than the thousand stars of Heaven
In their glory and their light.

E. A.



THE LITTLE BIRD.

COME tell me now, sweet little bird,
Who decked thy wings with gold?
Who fashioned so thy tiny form,
And bade thy wings unfold?

Who taught thee such enchanting power
To soothe this aching heart,
And with thy note of harmony,
To mock the reach of art?

Thou fly'st away! who bade thee soar?
Who bade thee seek the sky,
And wander through yon silver cloud,
A speck to mortal eye?

Oh, had I but thy wings, sweet bird,
I'd mount where angels be,
And leave behind this world of sin,
A little thing like thee!

I'd mount where golden harps proclaim
Emmanuel's dying love,
And gladly hail th' eternal rest
Of that pure realm above.



“WHO FASHIONED SO THY TINY FORM?”

WEE JANIE.

WEE Janie is but five years old,
A light-winged gossamer,
With glancing beauties manifold;
And thus I sing to her :—

My fairy, fitting blithe and bright
Among the flowers of June,
Her eyes reflecting sunny light,
Her heart with all in tune !

God grant her days be long and clear,
Her nights be peaceful rest ;
And ever may her place be near
The shelter of His breast.

It makes me sad to think that years
Must bring their cold and rain,
And dim those laughing eyes with tears,
And fill that heart with pain.

Her thoughtless happiness will go,
As others' joys have gone ;
Her heart, through sorrow, learn to know
Each heart lives most alone.

But, fairy, dance thy best to-day,
In ignorance of sorrow ;
Laugh while thy heart is fresh and gay,
And leave with God the morrow.



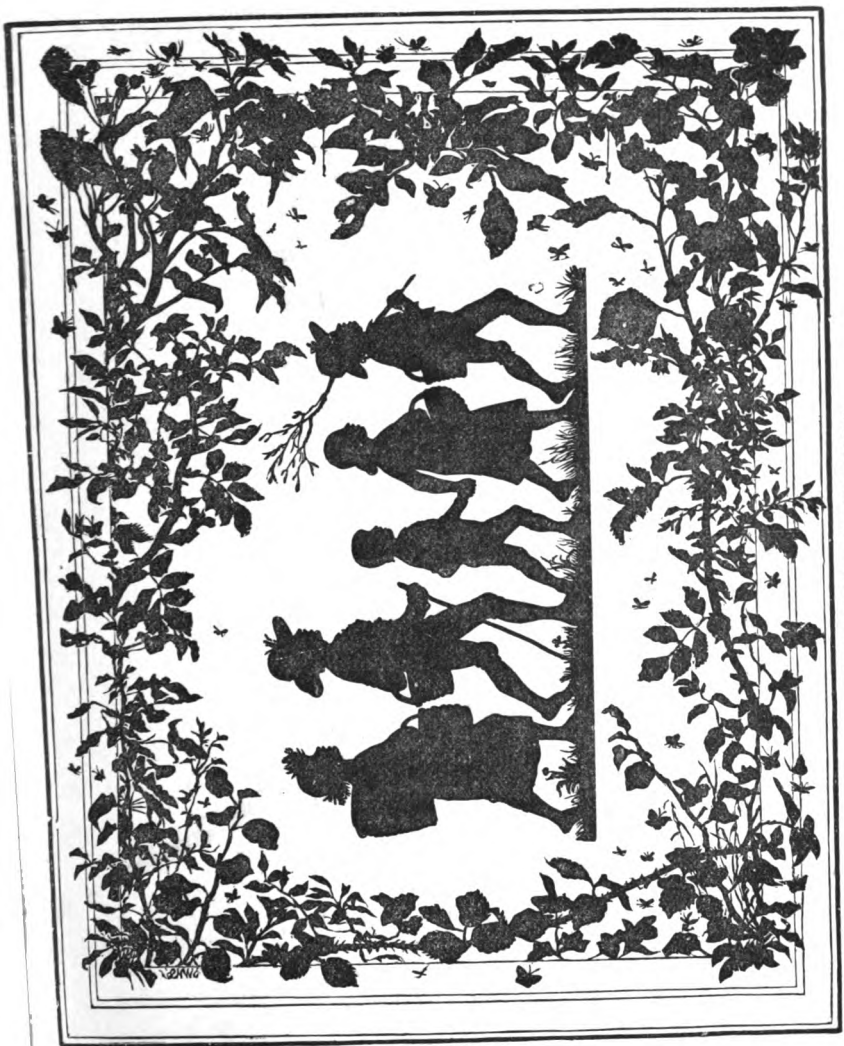
“AMONG THE FLOWERS.”

OFF TO THE CORN-FIELDS.

OH, come now with us to the corn-fields so gay,
Where the grain nods its rich golden crest,
And we'll pluck the bright flowers, and merrily play,
Till the sun slowly sinks in the West.

Oh come; then, and list to the reapers' glad song,
To the birds trilling lays in the trees,
To the clear babbling brook as it hurries along,
Singing sweet with the soft southern breeze.

Come, let us be blithe while we have the glad sun,
And as through lanes and meadows we roam ;
Then at eve, when the reapers their labours have done,
We will join in their glad "Harvest Home."



OFF TO THE CORN-FIELDS.

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.



"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 !



“SICK.”

THREE ANSWERS TO THE SWALLOW.

(The Child speaks.)

“TWEET, tweet, tweet !”
 The birds cry out of the sky.
 Tweet, tweet, tweet,
 Mother, I want to fly,
 Up and up, and up above the poplars tall.
 Mother, if I had wings
 I would fly and never fall.

(The Mother speaks.)

“Sweet, sweet, sweet !”
 So the swallows are here again,
 Wheeling over the village street
 And out to the open plain.
 “Sweet, sweet, sweet !”
 As they cried three springs ago,
 When Hans led me through the fields,
 Down to the church below.
 Sweet, sweet, sweet ! through warm summer and winter cold,
 I have carried the grass from the field,
 And led the cattle to fold ;
 Three years have come and gone,
 And my child is just two years old,
 And the swallows are crying again, “Sweet, sweet !”
 And my tale is told.

(The Grandmother muses.)

“Fleet, fleet, fleet !”
 Are those the swallows I hear ?
 The sound came sudden and sweet,
 And this is the spring of the year.
 To my dim eyes they seem
 But a sudden light as they pass,
 But I know how they skim o’er the stream,
 And over the churchyard grass.



“MOTHER, I WANT TO FLY.”

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Their wings are a sudden light,
My time will not be long,
For my spirit is nearer its flight
Than that of the young and the strong.
Fleet, fleet, fleet !
The days are wearing fast,
I hear them cry, far out of the sky,
" There are wings for the soul at last !"

AGNES MACDONELL.

EARLY RISING.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed,
May my freed spirit, too, awake
With heavenly strength endued.

Lord, when Thy day of dread account
For squandered hours shall come,
Oh, let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I dying shall esteem,
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all Thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.



"MY POWERS ARE ALL RENEWED."

CHARLIE.

His mother's sick, his father's lame,
And Charlie bravely finds a basket ;
Something he'll do to help at home,
He does not wait for them to ask it.
"What can I sell ? what can I try ?
What will the people readiest buy ?"
Then suddenly, amid his guesses,
He thinks of crisp green watercresses.

So in the morning, ere 'tis light,
Poor Charlie rises brisk and bright,
He buttons fast his jacket torn,
Laces his boots so old and worn ;
Then to the market off he goes,
Showing us all his bare pink toes ;
He little thinks of handsome dresses—
His mind is filled with watercresses.

While some young people, snug in bed,
Can scarcely lift their sleepy head,
And try to think the dawning light
Is still the middle of the night,
In bunches small his store is tied,
And through the town 'tis loudly cried ;
Then Charlie homeward quickly presses —
He has sold all his watercresses.

CLARA.



"GREEN WATERCRESSES."

MY MOTHER.

"Honour thy father and thy mother."

FATHER and mother ! sacred names and dear ;
The sweetest music to the infant ear,
And dearer still to those, a joyous band,
Who sport in childhood's bright enchanted land.

And when, as years roll on, night follows day,
The young wax old, and loved ones pass away,
Through mists of time yet holier and more dear,
" Father and mother " sound to memory's ear.

The days, the hours, the moments, as they speed,
Each crowned by loving thought, or word, or deed ;
Oh, heart's long suffering, self-denying ! sure
Earth holds no love more true, and none so pure.

Thou happy child, whom a good God hath given
A parents' shelt'ring home, that earthly heaven,
Where ceaseless care, where tireless love and true,
Nurse thy young life as flowers are nursed by dew.

E'en as the flowers, for the dear debt they owe,
Bloom, and sweet odours in rich meed bestow,
Let the fair blossoms of thy love and duty
Cluster about thy home in fragrant beauty.

Never from eye or lip be seen or heard
The sullen glance, or the rebellious word ;
And never wilfully or heedless pain
The tender hearts that cannot wound again ;

But fond caress, sweet smile, and loving tone,
Obedience prompt, and glad be thine alone ;
For filial love, like mercy, is twice blest ;
While to the parent of earth's joys the best,
Richer than treasures of the land or sea,
It wins God's blessing, oh, my child, for thee !

E. F. FRANCIS.



"HAPPY CHILD."

A DREAM ABOUT THE OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

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, diccory 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?"

M. H. F. D.



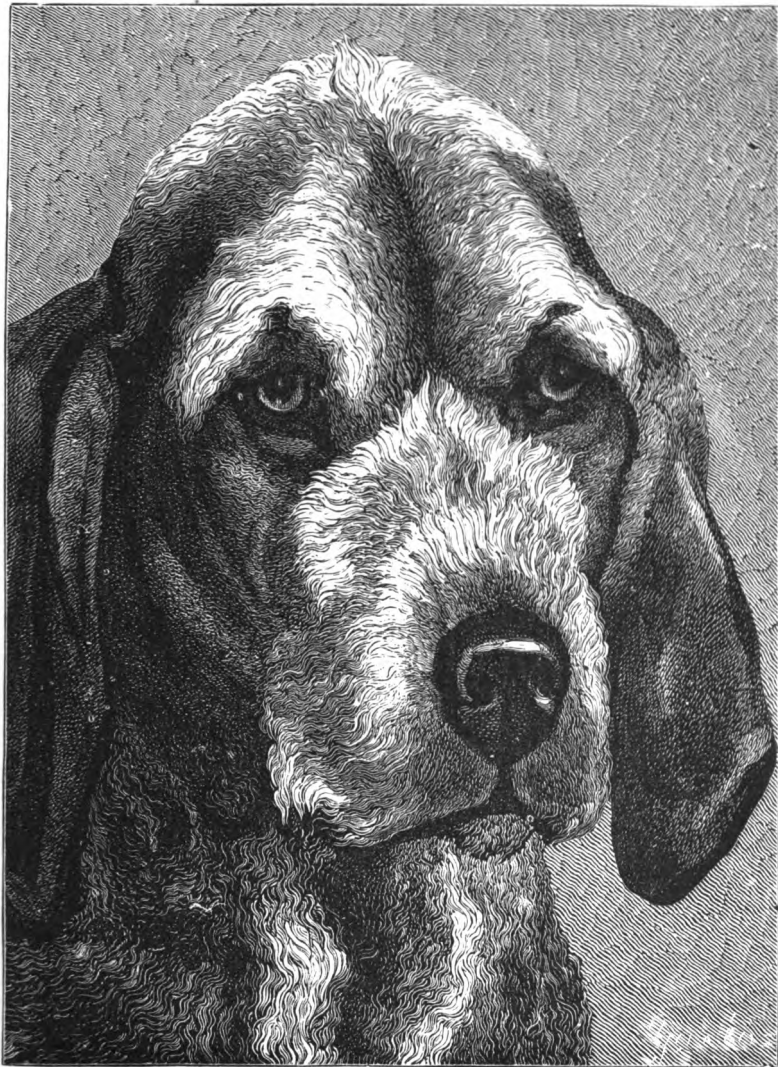
"WITH JUST MY EYES CLOSING."

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OUR ROVER.

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.



ROVER.

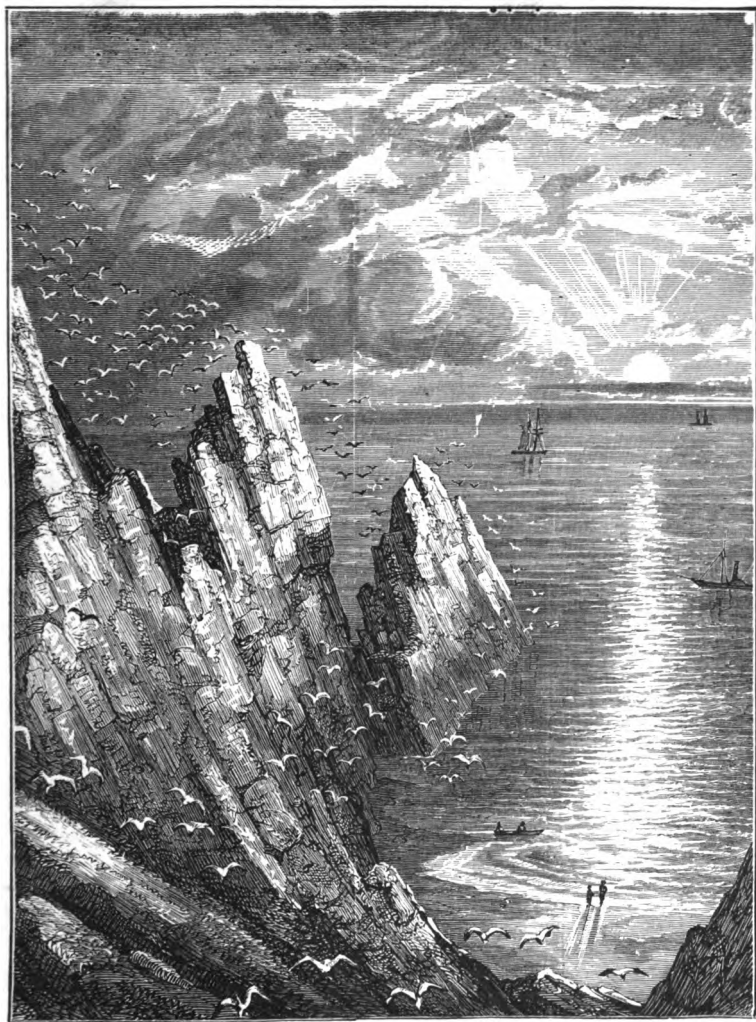
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THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

LONG the sun hath gone to rest,
Dimmed is now the deep'ning west ;
And the sky hath lost the hue
That the rich clouds o'er it threw.
Lonely on the pale blue sky
Gleam faint streaks of crimson dye ;
Gloriously the evening star
Looks upon us from afar ;
Aid us o'er the changeful deep,
 God of power ;
Bless the sailor's ocean sleep,
 At midnight's hour.

On the stilly twilight air
We would breathe our solemn prayer--
" Bless the dear ones of our home,
Guide us through the wild waves' foam
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where our heart's best treasure lies ;
To the love in *one* fond breast,
That unchanging home of rest !
Hear her, when at eventide
 She kneels to pray,
That God would bless, defend, and guide
 Those far away.

Now the moon hath touched the sea,
And the waves, all tremblingly,
Throw towards heaven their silvery spray,
Happy in the gladd'ning ray ;
Thus, Redeemer, let Thy love
Shine upon us from above ;



"NOW THE MOON HATH TOUCHED THE SEA."

Touched by Thee our hearts will rise
 Grateful towards the glowing skies ;
 Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord,
 Thou dost not sleep ;
 Still the tempest with Thy word—
 Rule the deep !



LILY'S QUESTION.

Do tell me, little looking-glass,
 Am I now a tidy lass ?
 As they say I should be.

I have rubbed my face with soap—
 All the toffy's off, I hope,
 That our Polly gave me.

Wish I could take off my hair,
 Like Dolly's ; then I do declare,
 'Twould be some fun to brush it,

And stick it on again with glue,
 That would be nice ; but this must do,
 For there's the bell for dinner.



MRS. GOOSEY GAN.

OLD Mrs. Goosey Gan lives on our village green ;
 Such a noisy gabbling thing, dirty, loud, and lean !
 Stretching out her awkward neck, she goes waddling on,
 Making such a deafening sound, which she calls a song.

Round her crowd her goslings, one, two, three, and more—
 Funny little fluffy things as ever yet you saw,



“AM I NOW A TIDY LASS?”

D

Chattering as they pitter-patter in a noisy train,
Each young goosey, like its mother, fussy is, and vain.

Hear her now, as loudly calling, from the other side
Of the pond, where Rob is drinking, though 'tis deep and wide.
"Go away, you common dog! you four-legged ugly thing!
While you make that lapping noise, pray, sir, how can I sing?"

"What! drinking still, when *I* say stop? Perhaps you may go on,
When I tell you that I'm Mrs. Gan, first cousin to the swan!"
The dog looks up, and eyes the dame, who struts the bank beside,
And seems to own the village pond, she eyes it with such pride.

"Go home, go home, good Mrs. Gan, and stay that scolding noise,
'Tis only fit to frighten pigs, or startle girls and boys;
You make far too much cackle, ma'am, to be of any use,
And, like all those who praise themselves, are nothing but a goose!"

DOLLY AND I.

I LOVE my dear dolly;
I'll tell you her name,
I called her "Sweet Polly;"
The day that she came.

My uncle John brought her
From over the sea;
And no one shall part us,
My dolly and me.

She has cheeks like red roses,
And eyes blue and bright,
That open with daylight,
And close with the night.

She cries, and says, "Mam-ma,
Mam-Mam-ma," so well;
That it is not a baby,
You scarcely can tell.

You know, I'm her own ma;
A small one, you'll say,
But just right for dolly,
Who wants nought but play;

No teaching, no training,
Few clothes and no food;
I like being *her* ma,
Because she 's so good!



"MY DEAR DOLLY."

MERRY LITTLE BIRDIE.

WILL you call me, Birdie,
 When the rosy light
 Makes the hill and valley
 Beautiful and bright?
 I shall hear you tapping
 With your little feet—
 Tapping at my window
 Asking crumbs to eat.

Chorus—Merry little birdie,
 On the leafy tree,
 Singing to the brooklets,
 Dancing o'er the lea.

Did our kind Creator
 Make your pretty wing?
 Was it He who taught you
 When to fly and sing?

Let us sing together,
 Birdie, you and I;
 God I know will hear us,
 He is ever nigh.

[*Chorus.*

God is our Creator,
 And He loves us all;
 Little children blessing,
 Marking sparrows fall;
 And He too will find us
 Kneeling at His feet,
 With the bread of heaven
 From the "Mercy Seat."

Chorus—Merry little birdies,
 Carol on in glee;
 Praise the great Creator,
 Who blesses you and me

—♦—

 N O B O D Y .

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
 And all that Nobody's done,
 For I've a passion for Nobody,
 That Nobody else would own.
 I bear the name of Nobody,
 For from Nobody I sprung;
 And I sing the praise of Nobody,
 As Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
 To me was tender and dear;
 And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
 And Nobody was ever near.

I was petted and praised by Nobody,
 And Nobody brought me up,
 And when I was hungry, Nobody
 Gave me to dine or sup.



MERRY LITTLE BIRDIE.

I went to school to Nobody,
 And Nobody taught me to read ;
 I played in the street with Nobody,
 And to Nobody ever gave heed.

I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear ;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn ;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn.
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here 's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now in town,
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.



“GET UP! GET UP IN THE
MORNING !”

By one of the Authors of “ Poems for a Child.”

THE sun gets up in the morning,
And all the earth must wake !
Sleepy skies must ope their eyes,
And give themselves a shake !
The moon is very timid,
She dares not meet the sun ;
With a heigh-ho ! the stars must go
And hide themselves one by one !



“GET UP, GET UP!”

The sun gets up in the morning—
 The world is all alight ;
 Ev'ry tree is full of glee ;
 Every flow'r is bright ;
 Every bird is singing
 A welcome to their king,
 With a " Well done, beautiful sun,
 You glorify everything !"

The sun gets up in the morning—
 Children must get up too !
 Fast asleep you may not keep
 When the sun is calling you !
 You and the birds and blossoms
 Must all your voices raise,
 With a " Hurrah ! how glad we are
 We have got these beautiful days !"



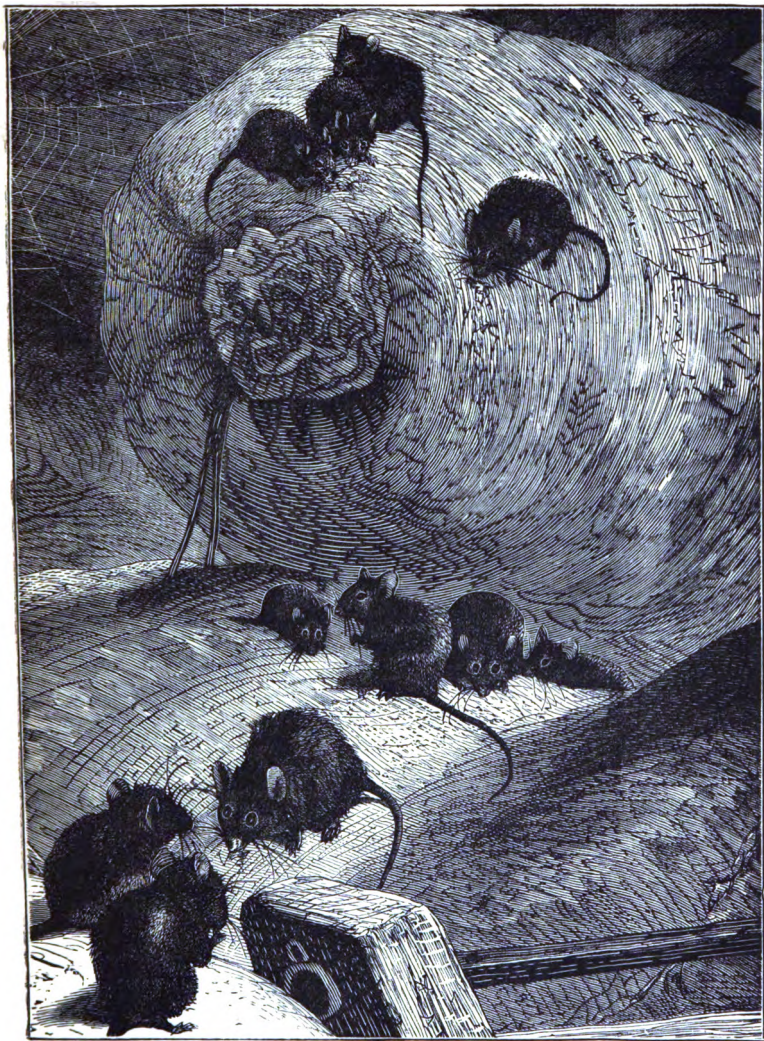
THE DISOBEDIENT MICE :

A LESSON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

ONCE in a rambling country house
 There lived content an old grey mouse ;
 Around her frisked her children dear,
 Nor cat, nor trap, was there to fear.

One day these foolish little mice,
 Began to long for something nice ;
 To go to town they all agreed,
 On cakes and dainties there to feed.

The mother shook her wise old head :
 " Dear children, stay with me," she said ;
 " Too old am I, too frail and weak,
 With you another home to seek."



“UNCHECKED THEY FEAST.”

“ Yon town is full of dangers dire,
And men and beast with craft conspire
Such innocents as ye to mock ;
Oh, leave me not, my beauteous flock !”

Alas, poor mother ! vain her cries,
And vain her sorrow-streaming eyes :
Heedless of all, the giddy group
Off to the town expectant troop.

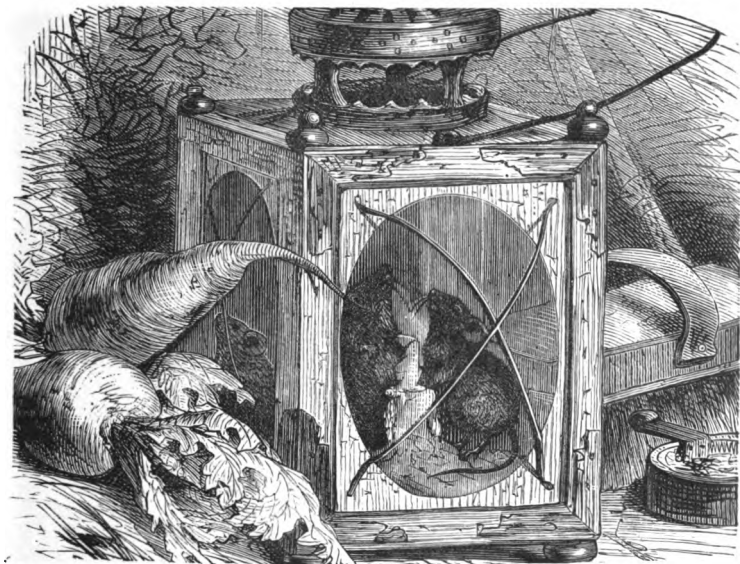
Arrived at Mr. Syrup’s store,
They creep in underneath the door ;
And sweets and fruits in case of deal,
To dazzled eyes their wealth reveal.

Now Syrup loved not *cats* the least,
So for a while unchecked they feast,
Sad havoc made on all they meet,
From Cheshire old to ginger sweet.

But soon the master’s watchful eye
Suspicious traces did espy ;
Quoth he, “ I hate a cat, ’tis true,
But traps shall rid me of this crew.”

Alas, fond mother ! hope in vain
Thine offspring to embrace again.
 That very night,
 With cruel spite,
The traps were set with tempting bait,
And all the luckless, heedless eight
O’erwhelmed in one deservèd fate.

Dear children, learn this lesson wise,
Your mother's counsel ne'er despise ;
For if you do,
You're sure to rue.



“THE TRAPS WERE SET.”

Repentance comes perchance too late,
To save you from some dreadful fate,
Just like the disobedient eight.

E. F. FRANCIS.

"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 am 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'll clasp my hands around my brother.
And say, ' Little children, love one another.'"

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.



READING.

THE POLAR STAR.

THERE shines on high a lonely star,
 To guide the sailor o'er the deep ;
 To lead him home when yet afar,
 And cheer his heart while others sleep.

It is the bright, the Polar Star,
 The faithful beacon of the sky ;
 That speaks of peace when tempests war,
 And swelling billows mount on high.

But yet there is one brighter far,
 That ever beams with holy light,
 And Virtue is that Polar Star,
 To keep our wandering footsteps right.

Then while life's mazy path we tread,
 We'll fear no ill, no boding gloom ;
 Secure and blest by Virtue led,
 We'll look with hope beyond the tomb.



PETER TRIM.

OH, Peter Trim,
 So tall and thin ;
 He lives in a cottage
 Small and prim ;
 With the neatest of maids
 And the blackest of cats,
 And you see for his dinner
 The smallest of rats.
 He cuts and he carves
 The rat into three ;
 " Here's a piece for you,
 And a piece for me,

The rest must be put
 On a shelf ; you'll see,
 There'll be plenty left
 For a very good tea."
 But while he is looking
 Intent at the rat,
 Up on to the table
 Flies that black cat ;
 With a growl at Trim,
 She has cleared the dish
 Of the dinner and tea
 Of that solemn old fish.



"You see for his dinner
The smallest of rats."

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 bevvies 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 am drinking."

MISS GOULD.



THE FROST

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“MILKY” AND “SNOWY;” OR, THE
NAUGHTY PETS.

OH, you naughty, naughty “pussums !”
How can you treat me so ?

As soon as e'er my back is turned,
To the drawing-room you go ;
And there upon the sofa
At ball you have a game,
Jump in the vase, upset the flowers—
Now really it's a shame !

Oh, “Milky,” I am shocked at you !

Fie, fie ! and “Snowy” too !
Were I not afraid 'twould hurt you,
Such a beating I'd give you.
But oh, you darling little pets—
Pets only of a day—
Come here and let me kiss you,
Then run again to play.

A. P.

—◆—
A GOOD NAME.

“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

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 want it when you're old.



"Oh, 'Milky,' I am shocked at you!
Fie, fie! and 'Snowy' too!"

NEVER SAY FAIL!

AMERICAN POETRY.

KEEP pushing—'tis wiser
 Than sitting aside,
 And dreaming and sighing
 And waiting the tide.
 In Life's earnest battle
 They only prevail
 Who daily march onward,
 And never say fail!

With an eye ever open—
 A tongue that's not dumb,
 And a heart that will never
 To sorrow succumb—
 You'll battle and conquer
 Though thousands assail:
 How strong and how mighty,
 Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
 Is active, I know,
 As higher and higher
 In glory they go:

Methinks on bright pinions
 From heaven they sail,
 To cheer and encourage
 Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
 And elbow your way,
 Unheeding the envious,
 And asses that bray;
 All obstacles vanish,
 All enemies quail,
 In the might of their wisdom
 Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
 In manhood's firm pride,
 Let this be the motto
 Your footsteps to guide;
 In storm and in sunshine,
 Whatever assail,—
 We'll onward and conquer,
 And never say fail!

ANONYMOUS.


 THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands! good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
 Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail there! hold the helm fast!
 So—let the vessel wear! there sweeps the blast.



“STEER THY COURSE STEADILY.”

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?

“Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all’s right.”

Be wakeful, be vigilant!—danger may be

At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast? Clean out the hold—

Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold!

There—let the ingots go!—now the ship rights;

Hurrah! the harbour’s near—lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;

Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land;

Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—

Christian! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME.

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.” C. B.

PUSSY'S HIDING-PLACE.

OH, where is my kitten, my little grey kitten ?
 I've hunted the house all around ;
 I've looked in the cradle, and under the table,
 But nowhere can kitty be found.

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.



“PUSSY’S HIDING-PLACE.”

T R U T H.

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye ;
A boy who always spoke the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth !"

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this :
" Because he never tells a lie."



THE BLIND BOY.

THE bird that never tried his wing
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prisoned in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age ;
So I, while never blessed with sight,
Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.
Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.
Parents I have, who love me well ;
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far and absent, I can hear,
In dreams, their music meets my ear.



"OFF TO SCHOOL."

Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one you love?
I never saw my father's face,
Yet on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there—
Left less by time than anxious care—
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brows of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee :
He'd love me less if I could see.
I never saw my mother smile :
Her gentle tones my heart beguile,
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear !
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.
Right merry was I every day ;
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding-place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him I could do it now !
Yet though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh ;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.
Now, since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight ;
And music too—can there be found



"WITH SISTERS, BROTHERS, FRIENDS, AND ALL."

A sight so beautiful as sound ?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,
Am I not like that captive bird ?
I live in song, and peace, and joy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

THE MUFFIN-MAN.

A LITTLE man, who muffins sold
When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for length and size,
His coat-tail touched his heels ;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like wagon-wheels.

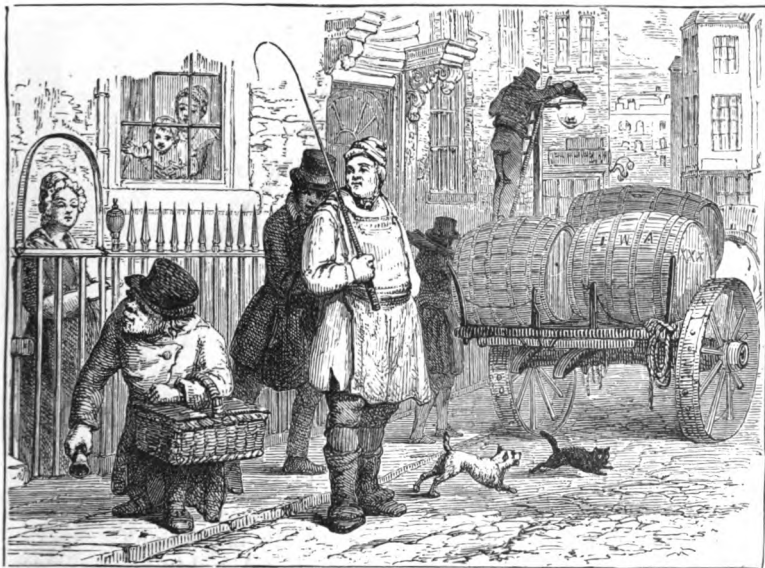
When fallen leaves together flock,
And gusts begin to squall,
And sun goes down at six o'clock,
You hear his muffin-call.

Some thought the monster turned to dew
When muffins ceased to reign,
And lay in buds the summer through,
Till muffin-time again ;

The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folks stared to scoff ;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors and talked with cooks,
While strangers took his span ;
And grimly smiled at childhood's looks
On him, the muffin-man.

When others fled from nipping frost,
And hid from drenching skies,
And when in fogs the street was lost,
You saw his figure rise.



One night his tinkle did not sound,
He failed each 'customed door ;
'Twas first of an eternal round
Of nights he walked no more.

When borne in arms, my infant eye
In restless search began ;
The nursery-maid was wont to cry,
"See, John, the muffin-man "

My path with things familiar spread,
 Death's foot had seldom crossed ;
 And when they said that John was dead,
 I stood in wonder lost.

New muffin-men, from lamp to lamp,
 With careless glance I scan ;
 For none can ever raze thy stamp,
 O John, thou muffin-man !

Thou standest snatched from time and storm,
 A statue of the soul ;
 And round thy carved and goblin form
 Past days—past days unroll !

We will not part—affection dim
 This song shall help to fan,
 And Memory, firmer bound to him,
 Shall keep her muffin-man.

A RUB IN THE TUB.

OUR boy ran away,
 And fell into a gutter ;
 Though he soon scrambled out,
 He was all in a flutter.
 Mud on his heels,
 Mud on his nose ;
 And not fit to be seen
 Were his very best clothes.
 Now list to his highness,
 He 's in the tub ;
 If there 's one thing he hates
 'Tis a soapy rub.
 His father sits by,

And laughs as he sits ;
 You really might think
 Master Alfred in fits.

He chokes and he cries,
 While the water it flies.
 Now an arm, now a leg
 Is seized by old Peg,
 Who scrubs and rubs.
 He kicks and scratches,
 But she does not care ;
 Master Alfred she clutches,
 And keeps him there.



“ HE CHOKES AND HE CRIES.”

F

THE GOOSE-GIRL'S SONG.

“ I'M but a little goose-girl,
 And through the fields I roam,
 I earn my twopence every day
 To help the folks at home.
 White geese, grey geese, they follow when I call ;
 Grey geese, white geese—see, they know me all ;
 With a quack, quack, quack ! and a quaw, quaw, quaw !
 I'm a happy little goose-girl—what can I wish for more ?

“ Look at the little baby things, so fluffy and so yellow ;
 See how their mother 's calling to each sandy little fellow.
 How proud she is, how fond she is, although she 's but a goose,
 And thinks this pretty rivulet was made for their sole use,
 Her neighbours look on with contempt—such frights she never saw.
 With a quack, quack, quack ! with a quaw, quaw, quaw !
 Grey goose, white goose, come here when I call ;
 You belong to Farmer Robins, and I have to count you all.”
 OLD CROW.



A BIRD IN THE HAND 'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters well known in the land,
 Their names are I-have and O-had-I ;
 I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
 But O-had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-have at first sight is less fair to the eye,
 But his worth is by far more enduring
 Than a thousand O-had-I's, that sit far and high
 On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
 And sing you “ Be cheery ! be cheery ! ”
 Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
 And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.



"A HAPPY LITTLE GOOSE-GIRL."

But let an O-had-I once take your eye,
 And a longing to catch him once seize you,
 He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die,
 Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
 Now racing, now panting and creeping ;
 While far overhead, this sweet bird at his will
 With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song,
 Will count his I-have a choice treasure ;
 And when'er an O-had-I comes flying along,
 Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

LANGEEIN.

— — — — —
 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 arboury shed.

They lived, and feathers grew apace
 Where down was spread before,
 Till one bright morn they disappeared—
 I saw my pets no more.



**"Seek not pleasure in the pain
Of any little thing."**

Think if that tender mother bird
 Felt not a parent's pain,
 Would she have sought, and laboured 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 !



MAMMA'S DARLING.

Won't you come and sit on the floor,
 And see my box of bricks ?
 And when we have built a station,
 We will make a train with sticks ;
 You put them in an even line,
 And give a push, and blow
 And puff like a big steam-engine,
 And then the train will go.
 I do not want to learn to read,
 I'm as tired as tired can be ;
 Besides, I am mamma's own darling—
 You mustn't be cross to me.

Do come and see my rocking-horse,
 It's such a funny thing ;
 It cannot trot, and does not jump,
 But goes just like a swing.
 And I have a camp and soldiers,
 And such a great big ball.
 Now have I not a many toys ?
 Mamma she gave me all.
 She did not say I was to learn ;
 Why can't you let me be !
 You know I'm mamma's own darling—
 You mustn't be cross to me.

I've got a little wooden spade,
I think I'll go and dig ;
I do not want to see the books,
At least, not till I'm big.



I do not want to learn to spell,
Besides, I need not yet,
Or by the time I am a man
Of course I shall forget.

I cannot bear my slate and sums,
 I know my one, two, three ;
 Besides, I'm mamma's own darling—
 You mustn't be cross to me.

Mamma she gives me cakes and sweets,
 And often takes me out,
 And when 'tis wet, such funny tales
 She tells me all about.
 Will she be glad if I can spell ?
 Why then of course I'll try ;
 Good-bye, dear toys, we'll have a game—
 Not yet, but by-and-by.
 I'm going to learn my lessons,
 And say my one, two, three,
 Because I am mamma's own darling,
 And she is so kind to me.

REA.



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 gillyflowers ;
 August brings the sheaves of corn,
 Then the harvest home is borne ;



POSIES.

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.

COMMON THINGS.

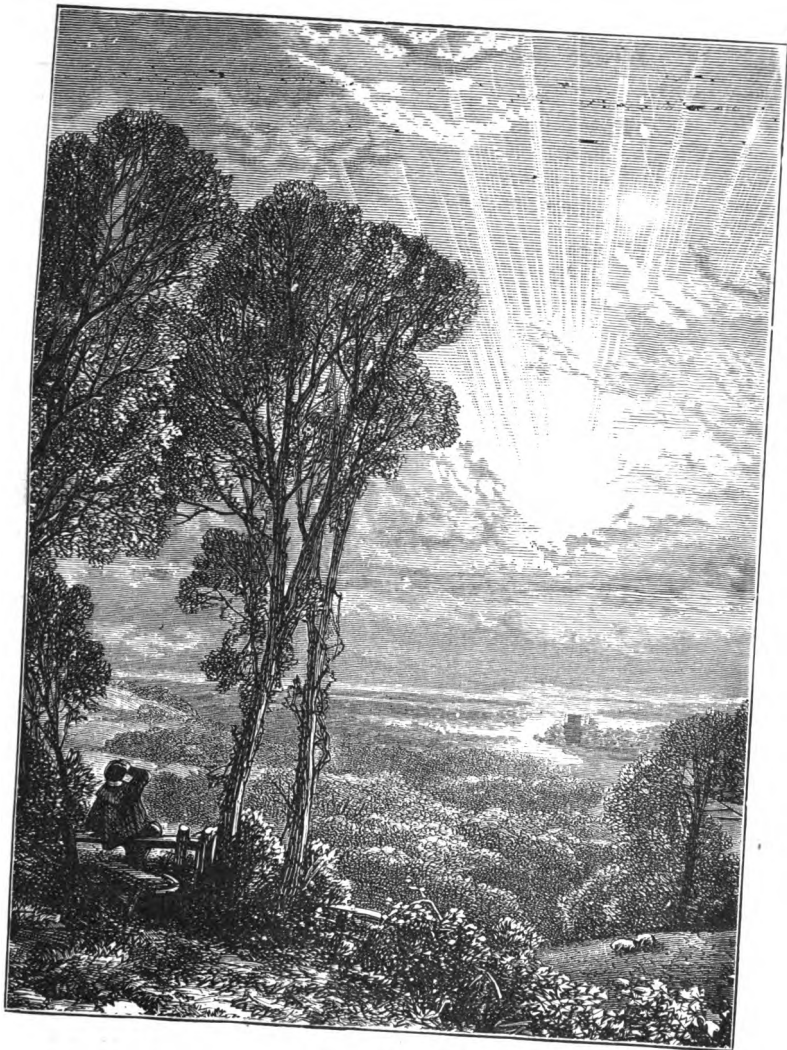
THE sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

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 lovely 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.



SUNSHINE.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
 Beside the cottage door ;
 The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
 Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
 As many pleasant tones,
 For those who sit by cottage hearths,
 As those who sit on thrones !



SUMMER.

I'm coming along with a bounding pace,
 To finish the work that spring begun ;
 I've left them all with a brighter face,
 The flowers in the vales through which I've run.

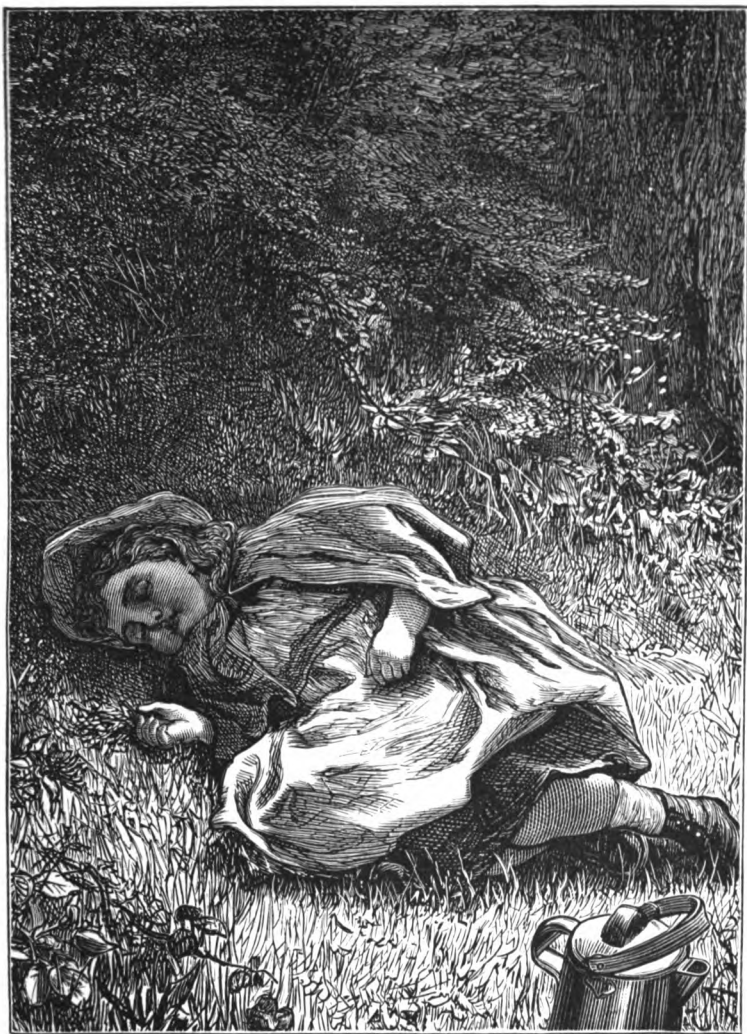
I have hung festoons from laburnum trees,
 And clothed the lilac, the birch, and broom ;
 I've wakened the sound of humming bees,
 And decked all nature in brighter bloom.

I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
 And tired it out in the sunny noon ;
 All nature at my approach hath smiled,
 And I've made fond lovers seek the moon.

For this is my life, my glorious reign,
 And I'll queen it well in my leafy bower ;
 All shall be bright in my rich domain ;
 I'm queen of the leaf, the bud, and the flower.

And I'll reign in triumph till autumn time
 Shall conquer my green and verdant pride ;
 Then I'll hie me to another clime,
 Till I'm called again as a sunny bride.

ANONYMOUS.




“TIRED IT OUT IN THE SUNNY NOON.”

PICTURES IN THE GLASS.

ROSY-FACED, fair-headed
Laughing boy and girl ;
Dolly with the china eyes,
Hair all out of curl ;
Baby in the cradle,
Lamb so fair and white—
'Tis a pretty picture,
'Tis a pleasant sight.

Children sweetly smiling,
Cherubs full of glee,
Very precious darlings
Are you both to me ;
May God keep you ever
In His loving care,
Pure as little angels,
Tender, good, and fair !



PETER AND THE POKER.

POOR Peter was burnt by the poker one day,
When he made it look pretty and red ;
The beautiful sparks made him think it fine play
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happened his finger and thumb
Were dreadfully scorched with the heat ;
So he screamed out aloud for his mother to come,
And stamped on the floor with his feet.

Now if Peter had minded his mother's command,
His fingers would not have been sore ;
So he promised again, as she bound up his hand,
To play with hot pokers no more.



“ LAUGHING BOY AND GIRL ”

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

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

And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

So our little errors
 Lead the soul away

From the paths 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 seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations,
 Far in heathen lands.



THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN oyster, cast upon the shore,
 Was heard, though never heard before,
 Complaining in a speech well worded,
 And worthy thus to be recorded:—
 “Ah, hapless wretch! condemned to dwell
 For ever in my native shell;
 Ordained to move when others please,
 Not for my own content or ease;
 But tossed and buffeted about,
 Now *in* the water, and now *out*.
 ’Twere better to be born a stone,
 Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
 Than with a tenderness like mine,
 And sensibilities so fine!
 I envy that unfeeling shrub,
 Fast rooted against every rub.”
 The plant he meant grew not far off,
 And felt the sneer with scorn enough;



THE MIGHTY OCEAN.

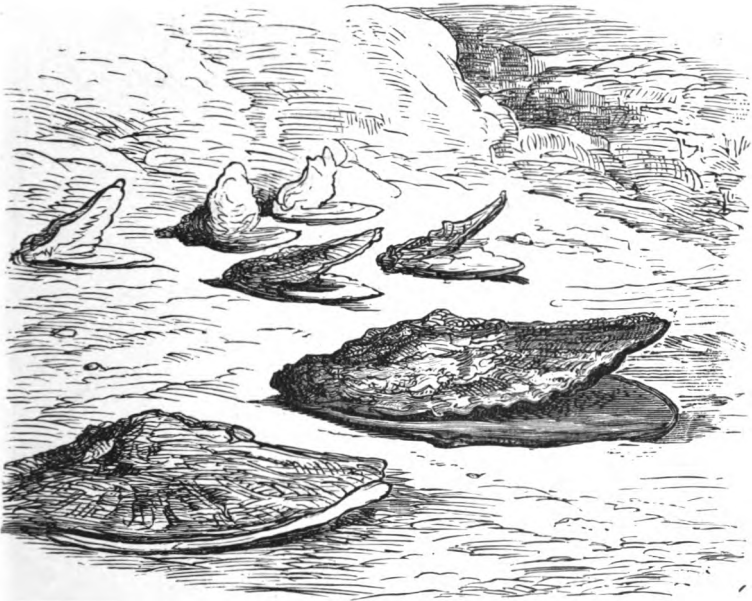
G

Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
 And with asperity replied—
 “ You shapeless nothing in a dish,
 You that are but almost a fish,
 I scorn your coarse insinuation,
 And have most plentiful occasion
 To wish myself the rock I view,
 Or such another dolt as you ;
 For many a grave and learned clerk,
 And many a gay unlettered spark,
 With curious touch examines me,
 If I can feel as well as he ;
 And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
 Says, ‘ Well, tis more than one would think !’
 Thus life is spent (oh, fie upon ’t !)
 In being touched, and crying, ‘ Don’t !’ ”

A poet, in his evening walk,
 O’rheard and checked this idle talk.
 “ And your fine sense,” he said, “ and yours,
 Whatever evil it endures,
 Deserves not, if so soon offended ;
 Much to be pitied or commended.
 Disputes, though short, are far too long,
 Where both alike are in the wrong ;
 Your feelings in their full amount,
 Are all upon your own account.
 You, in your grotto work enclosed ;
 Complain of being thus exposed ;
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,
 Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon every touch a blemish,
 If all the plants, that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow ;

You would not feel at all—not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love :



“CAST UPON THE SHORE.”

These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.”
His censure reached them as he dealt it,
And each, by shrinking, showed he felt it.

COWPER.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides by them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What glad some looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from sabbath hours !

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

MRS. HEMANS.



"THE DEER ACROSS THE GREEN SWARD BOUND."

TEA-TIME :

A POEM FOR A CHILD.

SING, kettle, sing,
 Etty can hear ;
 Your kind song bring
 Nice tea-time near ;
 Nice toast and tea,
 Kettle, I know,
 Not far can be
 When you sing so.

Sing father here,
 Now the room 's bright—
 Bright, snug, and dear,
 With warm firelight.

Sing, bring him home ;
 We always know
 He soon will come
 When you sing so.

Here 's his soft chair,
 Soon you will see
 Us sitting there,
 I on his knee ;
 You, kettle, too,
 Your love must show ;
 What can you do ?
 Sing on just so.

W. C. BENNETT.

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.



“SING, KETTLE, SING.”

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.

LIBERTY.

A BIG brown rat, that lives in town,
 Wrote to a country brother,
 And said, "Come, dear, and stay with me,
 I would not ask another.

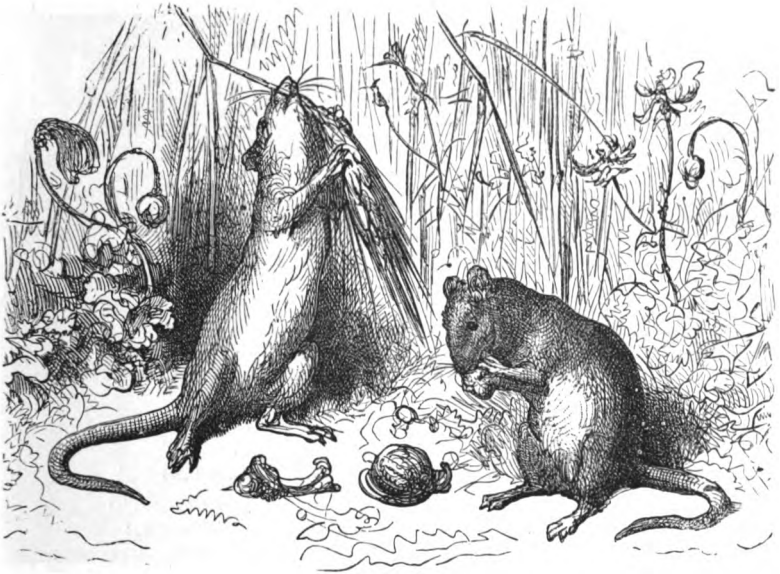
"I wish to show you my grand home,
 My carpets, velvets, silks;
 I do not feed on scraps, like you,
 But live on cakes and milk.

"I shall expect you Monday next
 To see my splendid house;
 I'm sure you'll hate a country life,
 Fit only for a mouse."

When Monday comes, with well-licked coat,
 Rat hurries off to town,

And creeping slowly through a hole,
He meets his friend in brown.

The feast begins—they nibble game,
They drink from silver platter ;



“What do you think of this gay life?”
Asks Brown, amid the clatter.

“It is first-rate,” says country rat,
“I think I’ll join you here,
There’s no compare—Dear me! what’s that?”
He cries, with sudden fear.

For at that door sounds "Bow, wow, wow!"
 And next a handle turns;
 You should see how they scamper now;
 Each heart with terror burns.

Over goes dish, and glass, and fork,
 Over rolls grape and bone;
 To see the fright of country rat
 Would move a heart of stone.

Though safely hidden now, he turns,
 Preparing to depart.
 "Stop!" cried his friend, "don't go for this;
 Think of our food—take heart."

"I'd rather lead a quiet life
 In my poor rick of hay,
 Than share your feasts in constant fear;
 My dear town rat, good day."



OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

OUR Father in Heaven:
 We kneel as we say,
 Thy name be all hallowed
 By night or by day;
 And to Thy bright kingdom,
 That we may all come,
 Let Thy will, as in heaven,
 On this earth be done.
 Oh, give to us children
 The bread that we need,
 For which we ask daily,
 As humbly we plead.

And as true forgiveness
 To others we show,
 Oh, Father in heaven,
 Thy pardon bestow!
 From each day's temptation,
 From evil and wrong,
 Lord keep us and guard us
 Through all our life long:
 For thine is the power,
 The glory, and might,
 That can shield us and guide us
 By day or by night.



“LORD KEEP US AND GUARD US.”

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."

REA.



“AND TO YOU I SING MY SONG.”

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,
 Dropt from the skies ;
 Only a laughing face,
 Two sunny eyes ;
 Only two cherry lips,
 One chubby nose ;
 Only two little hands,
 Ten little toes.
 Only a golden head,
 Curly and soft ;
 Only a tongue that wags
 Loudly and oft ;

Only a little brain,
 Empty of thought ;
 Only a little heart,
 Troubled with nought.
 Only a tender flower
 Sent us to rear ;
 Only a life to love
 While we are here ;
 Only a baby small,
 Never at rest ;
 Small, but how dear to us,
 God knoweth best.



WHAT THE TINY DROP SAID.

As a little rain-drop 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,
 Prithee 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.



“ONLY A LAUGHING FACE.”

“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.”

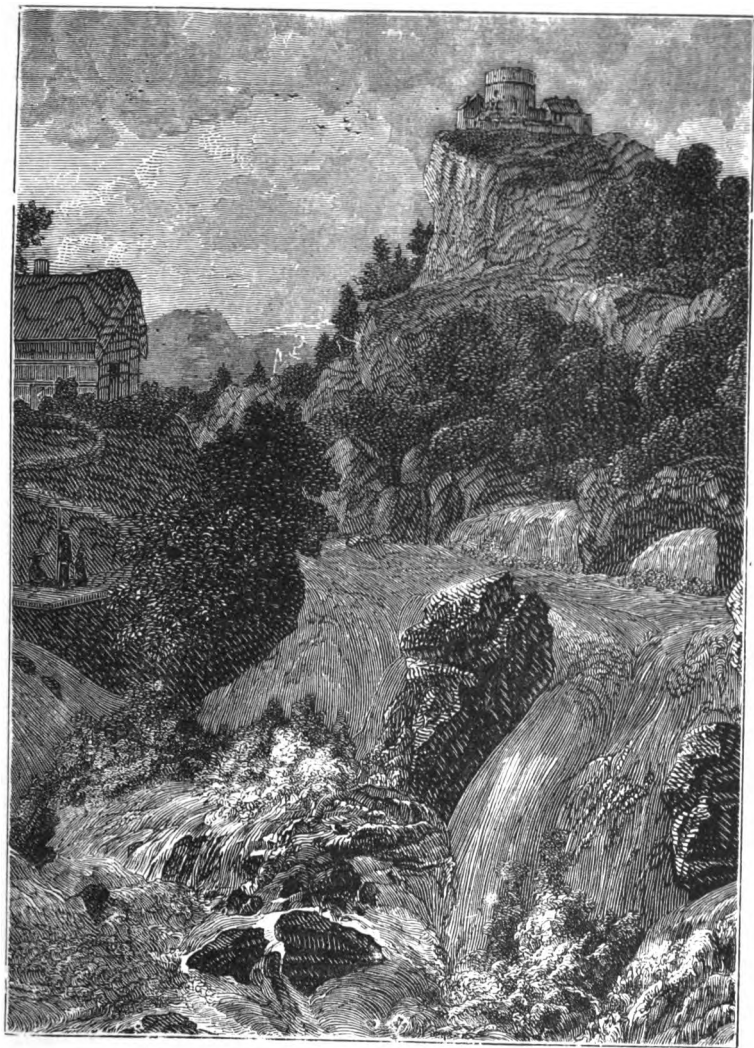
“I know you are a little drop,”
The cloud it whispered low ;
“And yet how sad a thing 'twould be
If every drop said so !

“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.”



“THE FOAMING TIDE.”

H

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
Thro' boundless fields of air,
Lo! all at once, it saw around
Millions of rain-drops 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.



IN THE RAIN.

There, while it joined the anthem deep
Of ocean's surges loud,
A sunbeam raised it up to be
Part of a golden cloud.



THE SPARROW'S MORNING VISIT.

GLAD to see you, little bird ;
'Twas your pretty chirp I heard ;
What did you intend to say—
“ Give us something this cold day ? ”

That I will, and plenty too ;
All these crumbs I saved for you ;
Don't be frightened—here's a treat ;
I will wait and see you eat.

Thomas says you steal his wheat ;
John complains his plums you eat,
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.

Shocking tales I hear of you ;
Chirp, and tell me, are they true ?
Robbing all the summer long.
Don't you think it very wrong ?

Yet you seem an honest bird ;
And I may say I've also heard
That insects, grubs, and worms you eat,
And other things that spoil the wheat.

So I will not try to know
What you did so long ago ;
'There 's your breakfast, eat away,
Come and see me every day.



" ALL THESE CRUMBS I SAVED FOR YOU."

LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

COME hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me !
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven,
And softly say, " I thank Thee, Lord,
For the sleep which Thou hast given.

He must say when he ariseth,
" From evil and from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord;
With thine everlasting arm."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed ;
With closed eyes and humble voice
His holy prayers are said :

And as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
He looketh down, and smileth on
This little child in love.

He goeth from his chamber
To his work or to his play ;
But the prayers that he hath prayed
He must keep in mind all day.

He hath asked to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully,
With a glad mind and will.

If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath asked to be made holy,
So he must strive all day
To yield his will to others' will,
His way to others' way.



“I THANK THEE, LORD!”

No greedy thoughts dishonour
The Christian child at meals;
He eateth what God gives him,
And ever thankful feels.

When no human eye could see him,
He knoweth God is nigh ;
And that darkness cannot cover him
From His all-seeing eye.
Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.
Then his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep ;
God and His angel hosts
Will watch around him keep.
God bless thee, little Christian ;
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent—
A truly Christian child.
God bless thee, little Christian !
And bid thou God bless me !
I've taught thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

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.”



“WITH A GUN AND SWORD.”

“ Ah, my son, if you must battle,
 Be a soldier of the Lord ;
 Let your foe be sin and evil,
 And the Bible be your sword.
 “ Your reward will be the brighter,
 More, my son, than earthly gain :
 Life with Jesus everlasting,
 All of pleasure, nought of pain.”



LOST! LOST! LOST!

IT is a cold and dreary day,
 In a quiet London street,
 When a tiny girlie, four years old,
 Two ladies chance to meet.
 Her pinny's to her eyes,
 Her hair's all wildly tossed ;
 She cries, till all the echoes ring,
 “ Here's mother's darling lost !
 “ Somebody take me home—
 Oh dear ! what *shall* I do ?
 I followed Punch and Judy men,
 With Will, and Joe, and Sue.
 But they went off, and left me here—
 They have all of them gone away.
 Please, *somebody* come and take me home,
 Or what will my mother say ?”
 The ladies take her by the hand,
 And lead her gently home,
 Telling her that after “ Judy ” men
 She never more must roam.
 Her mother, 'midst her anxious tears,
 Is seeking all around,
 When Jenny leaps into her arms—
 “ Here's mother's darling found !



“SOMEBODY TAKE ME HOME.”

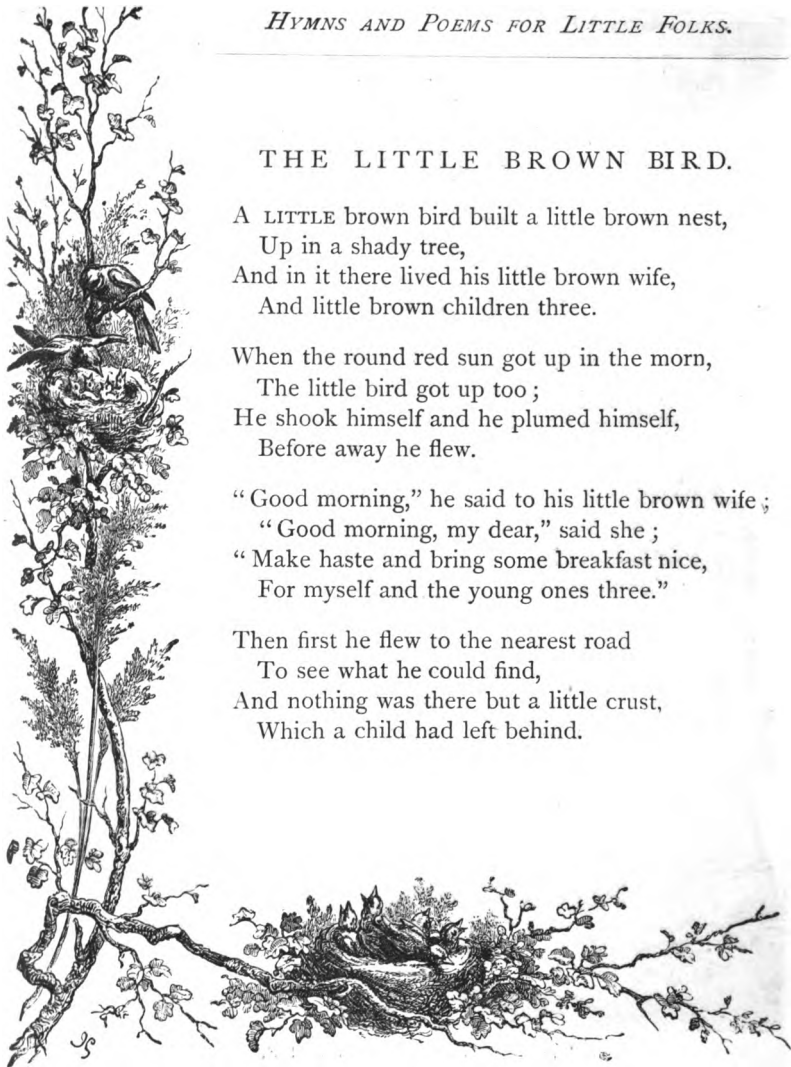
THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

A LITTLE brown bird built a little brown nest,
Up in a shady tree,
And in it there lived his little brown wife,
And little brown children three.

When the round red sun got up in the morn,
The little bird got up too ;
He shook himself and he plumed himself,
Before away he flew.

“ Good morning,” he said to his little brown wife ;
“ Good morning, my dear,” said she ;
“ Make haste and bring some breakfast nice,
For myself and the young ones three.”

Then first he flew to the nearest road
To see what he could find,
And nothing was there but a little crust,
Which a child had left behind.



THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

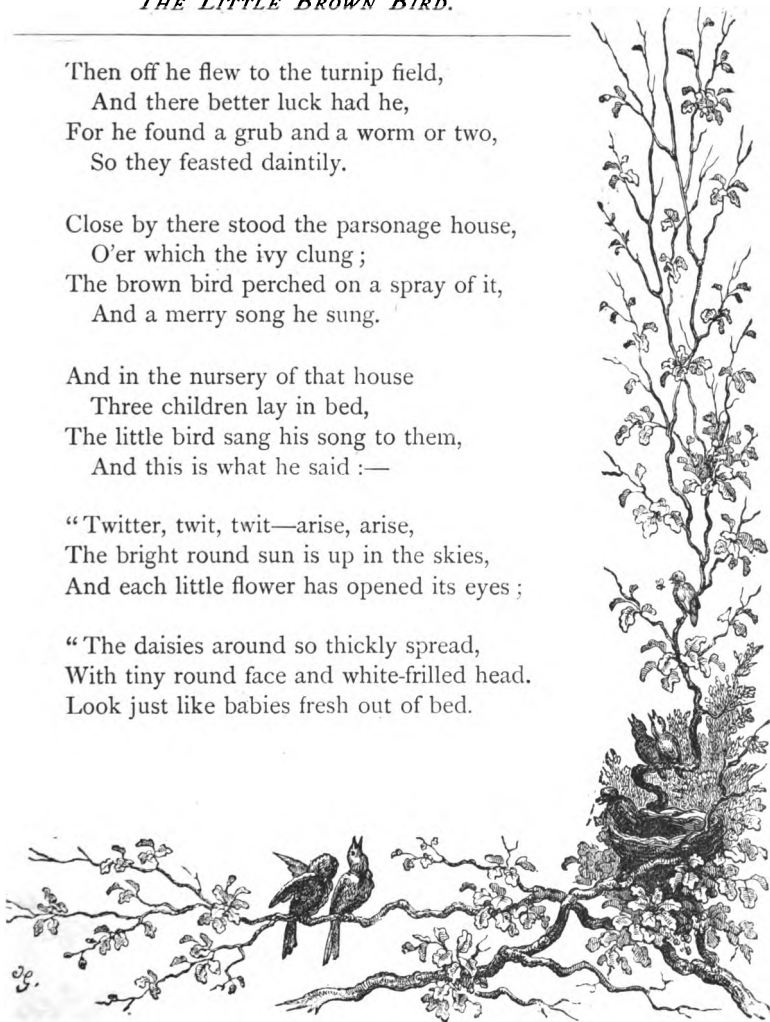
Then off he flew to the turnip field,
And there better luck had he,
For he found a grub and a worm or two,
So they feasted daintily.

Close by there stood the parsonage house,
O'er which the ivy clung ;
The brown bird perched on a spray of it,
And a merry song he sung.

And in the nursery of that house
Three children lay in bed,
The little bird sang his song to them,
And this is what he said :—

“Twitter, twit, twit—arise, arise,
The bright round sun is up in the skies,
And each little flower has opened its eyes ;

“The daisies around so thickly spread,
With tiny round face and white-frilled head.
Look just like babies fresh out of bed.



“ Arise, arise, 'tis a beautiful day,
The mischievous wind is up and at play,
Stealing the sweetbriar's scent away ;

“ And then he shakes the apple-tree,
Till the blossoms fall as thick as can be,
Like a pretty pink cloud—come out and see.

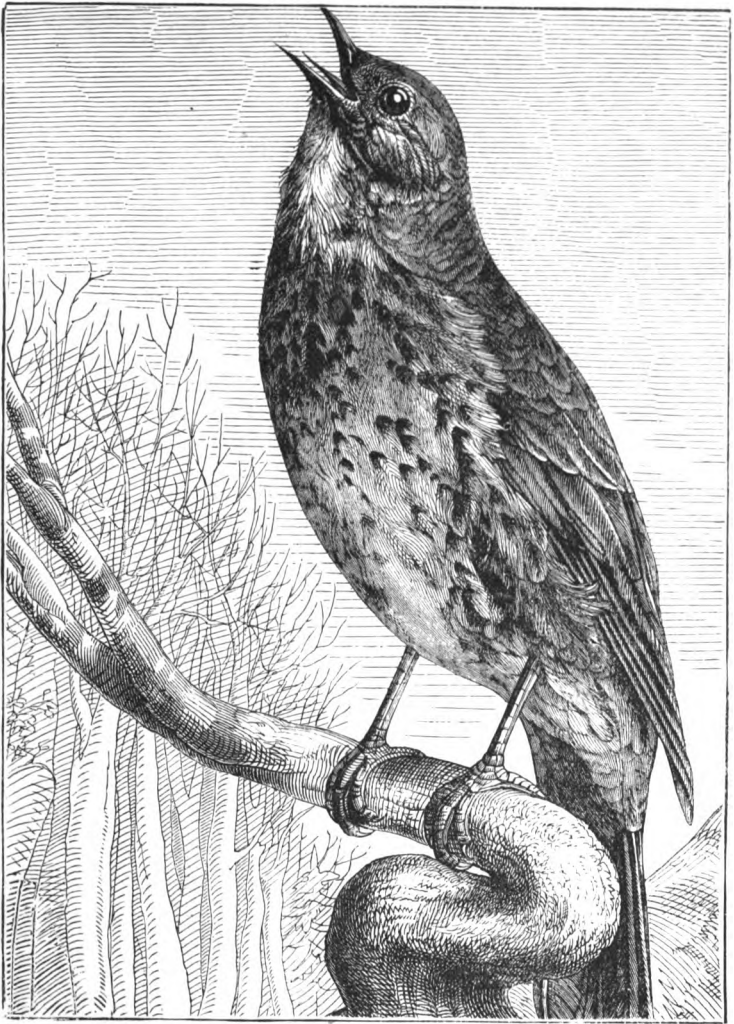
“ Each parent bird from its nest has flown,
The busy bee to his work is gone,
And with heavy wing is hurrying on.

“ Then sleep no more this bright fine day,
For the merry wind has told me to say,
He wants you all to come out to play.”



SELF-EXAMINATION.

DID I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day ?
And did I read His sacred Word,
To make my life therewith accord ?
Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth, and tell a lie ?
Did I my time and thoughts engage
As fits my duty, station, age ?
Did I with care my temper guide,
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride ?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
That might my fellow-creature pain ?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills that all must share ?
For all God's mercies through this day,
Did I my grateful tribute pay ?
And did I, when the day was o'er
God's watchful aid again implore ?



“ARISE, ARISE, 'TIS A BEAUTIFUL DAY.”

"How nice, how beautiful day,
 The zephyrus wind is up and at play,
 Sweeping the sweet-smell's scent away ;
 How nice he shakes the apple-tree,
 The tree-blossoms fall as thick as can be,
 Like a pretty rain-dream—come out and see.
 How nice that bird from his nest has flown,
 The nest-see to his work is gone,
 The bird's every wing is hurrying on.
 How nice no more this bright fine day,
 He the sweet wind has told me to say,
 He wants you all to come out to play."

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Will I, in calm devoutly pray
 For God's assistance through the day ?
 Will I, to read His sacred Word,
 To make my life therewith accord ?
 Will I, for any purpose try
 To make the truth and tell a lie ?
 Will I, my time and thoughts engage
 In idle talk, station, age ?
 Will I, with care my temper guide,
 Checking all humour, anger, pride ?
 Will I, my eyes from aught refrain
 That might my fellow-creature pain ?
 Will I, my heart from all fear



TIFUR, INDIA



THE BETTER LAND.

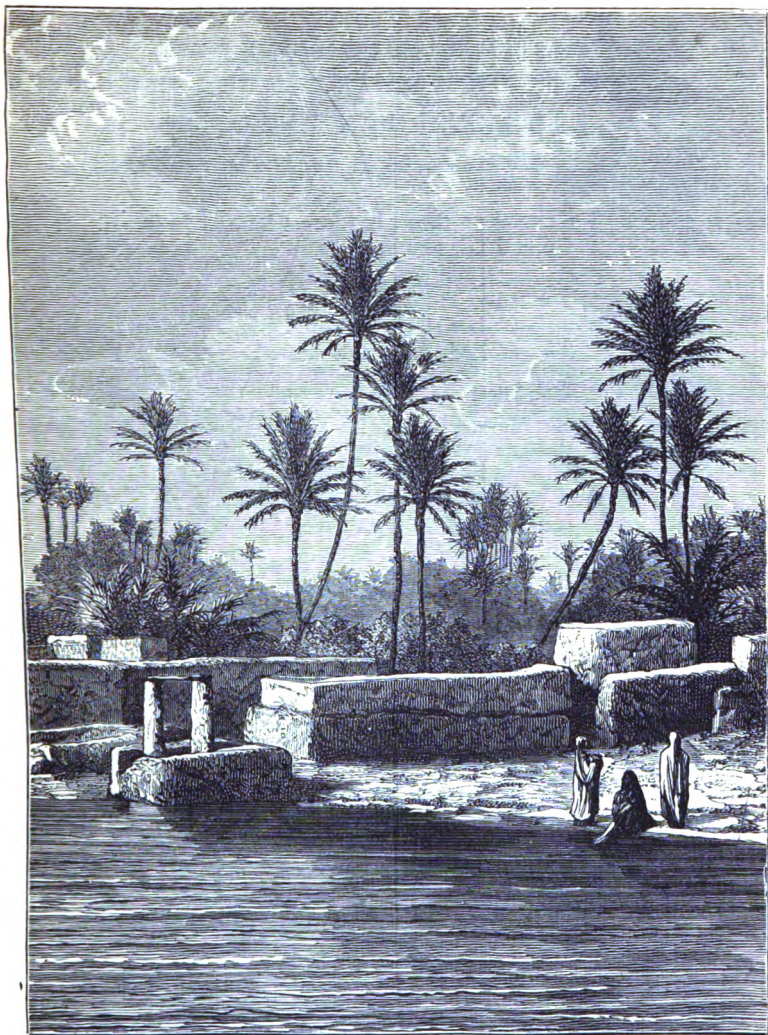
“ I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band :
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore !
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs ? ”
“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ 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 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



“FEATHERY PALM-TREES.”

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

“ In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.”—ST. MATT. xviii. 10.

- I WANDERED through a forest lone,
I met a fair young child.
“ My little one, art not afraid,
The wood is drear and wild ? ”
She shook her sunny waving curls,
And looked at me and smiled.
- “ Nay, but I am not all alone,”
Still reverent answered she,
“ An angel walketh by my side,
Though him I cannot see ;
And he would tell of it in heaven,
If aught should injure me.
- “ He ’s ever near, and tenderly
A loving watch doth keep ;
And with his great white downy wings
He fanneth me to sleep.”
- “ Nay, child, ’tis but the summer wind
That through the trees doth creep.”
- “ When I am wearied out with play,
And sit me down to rest,
My guardian angel lets me lie
So gently on his breast.”
- “ Nay, child, ’tis but the velvet moss
Thy little form hath pressed.”
- “ And when the sunlight quivers fair
Upon each leafy spray,
My angel on his golden harp
Sweet tunes for me doth play.”
- “ Nay, through the woods in summer time
The wild bees hum all day.”

“Or often as I sit and watch
The wild dove on the wing,
I hear my angel's silver voice
A solemn anthem sing.”



Nay, child, 'tis ocean's distant roar
Through the forest murmuring.”

“Nay, nay, through life my mother says
He will be ever nigh,

But I shall never see his face
 Until I come to die,
 And then he'll bear me in his arms
 Unto our God on high."

I turned me from that trusting child,
 Who put my faith to shame,
 And to my heart these ancient words
 Of Holy Scripture came :
 "The angel of the Lord encamps
 Round those that fear his name."

JULIA GODDARD.



S N O W.

Snow, snow everywhere !
 On the ground and in the air,
 In the fields and in the lane,
 On the roof and window-pane.

Snow, snow everywhere !
 Making common things look fair,
 Stones beside the garden walks,
 Broken sticks, and cabbage stalks.

Snow, snow everywhere !
 Dressing up the trees so bare,
 Resting on each fir-tree bough,
 Till it bends, a plume of snow.

Snow, snow everywhere !
 Covering up young roots with care,
 Keeping them so safe and warm,
 Jack Frost cannot do them harm.

Snow, snow everywhere !
 We are glad to see it here ;
 Snowball-making will be fun
 When to-morrow's work is done !



SNOWBALL-MAKING.

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,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never a-weary ;

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.

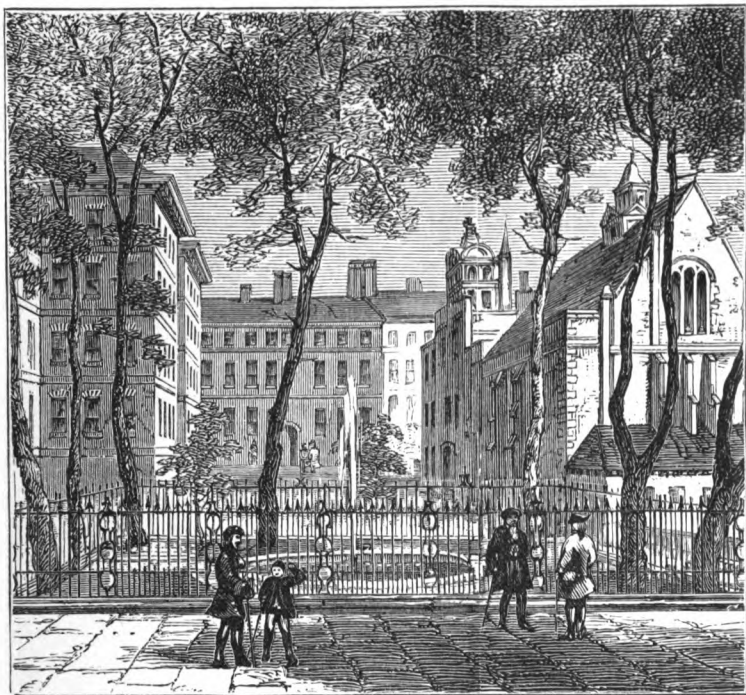
Glorious fountain !
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee !

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had ta'en 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 the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear the 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.

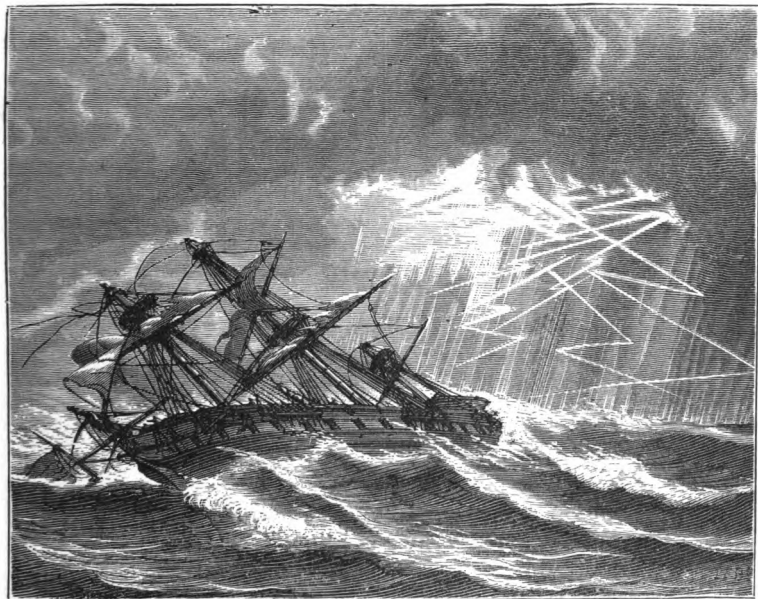
“Oh, father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
Oh say what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

“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 gleaming 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 waves
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
T'wards 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 sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

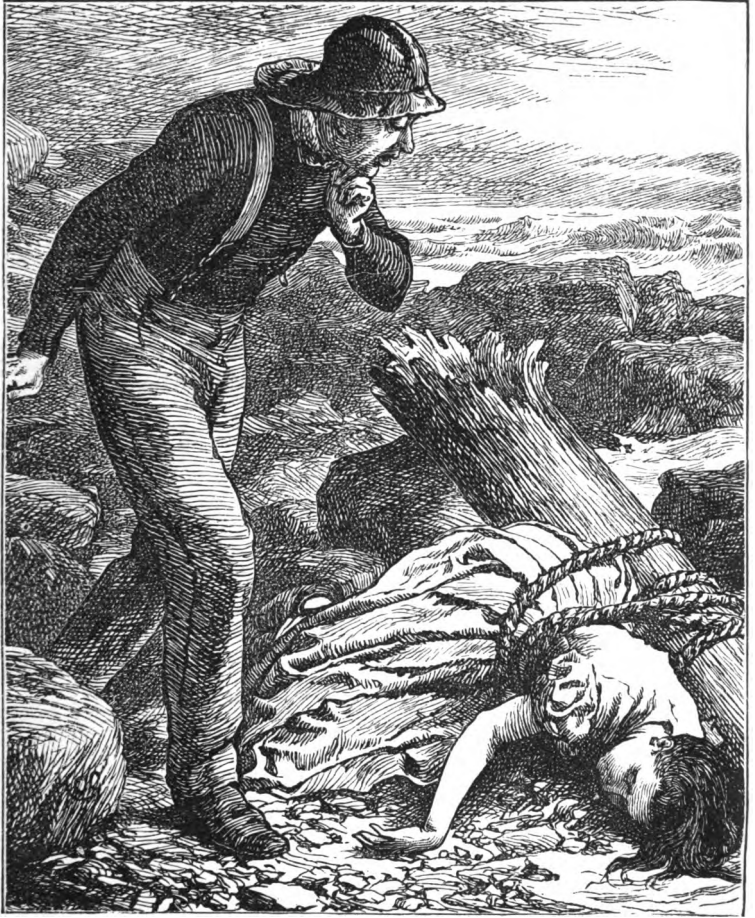
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
" Ho ! ho ! " the breakers roared.

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 ;
Heav'n save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



" A FISHERMAN STOOD AGHAST."

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*."

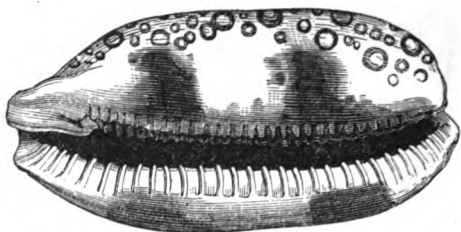
So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall :
"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep,"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"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.



“CAUGHT!”



THE SEA SHELL.

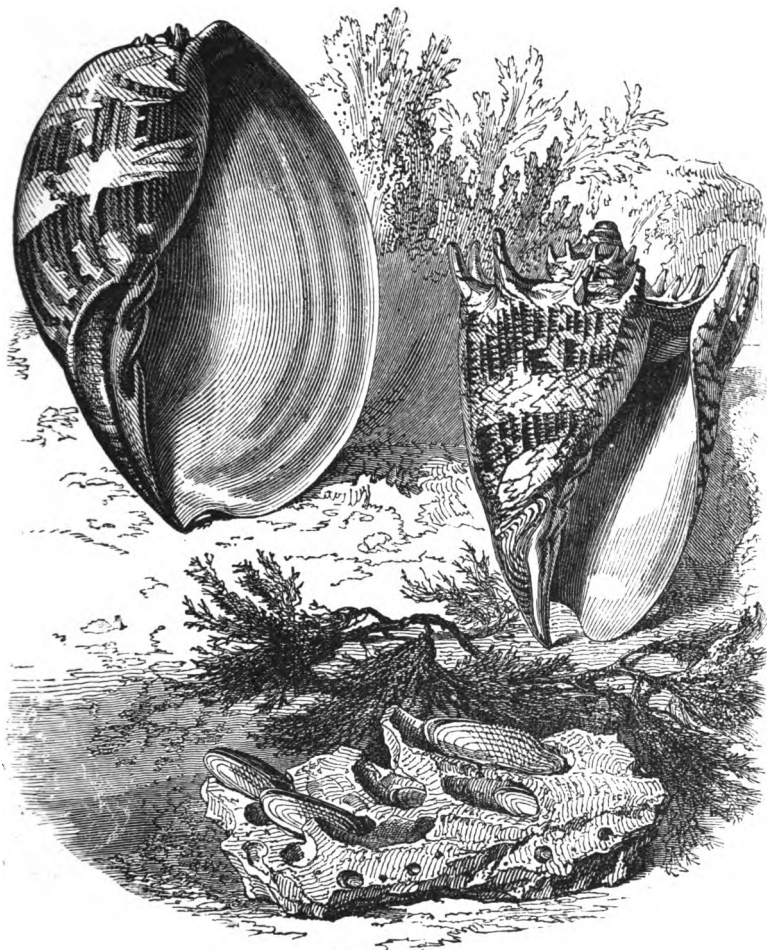
HAST thou heard of a shell on the margin of ocean,
Whose pearly recesses the echoes still keep
Of the music it caught when with tremulous motion
It joined in the concert poured forth by the deep ?

And fables have told us when far inland carried
To the waste sandy desert and dark-ivyed cave,
In its musical chambers some murmurs have tarried
It learnt long before of the wind and the wave.

Oh ! thus should our spirits, which bear many a token
They are not of earth, but are exiles while here,
Preserve in their banishment, pure and unbroken,
Some sweet treasured notes of their own native sphere.

Though the dark clouds of sin may at times hover o'er us,
And the discords of earth may their melody mar ;
Yet to spirits redeemed some faint notes of that chorus
Which is born of the blest will be brought from afar !

BERNARD BARTON.



SEA SHELLS.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow ;
The clouds look black, the glass is low ;
The soot falls down ; the spaniels sleep ;
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky ;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell ;
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack ;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry ;
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws ;
Thro' the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies ;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night ;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still ;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;



“THE BODING SHEPHERD HEAVES A SIGH.”

J

And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
 They imitate the gliding kite,
 And seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball.
 'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. JENNER.

— — — — —
 “ONLY ONE.”

FROM “*only* one word ” many quarrels begin ;
 And “*only* this once ” leads to many a sin ;
 “ Only a penny ” wastes many a pound ;
 “ Only once more,” and the diver was drowned ;
 “ Only one drop ” many drunkards has made ;
 “ Only in play,” many gamblers have said ;
 “ Only a cold ” opens many a grave ;
 “ *Only resist* ” many evils will save.

— — — — —
 PUSS AND THE BEAR.

A FIERCE grizzly bear,
 With shaggy grey 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 !



“ A FIERCE GRIZZLY BEAR.”

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.

BILLIE BUMPITT.

BILLIE Bumpitt
Had a trumpet
Made of tin, and painted ;
And 'midst the boys
Made such a noise,
They thought they would have
fainted.

“ Quick to school, you
Little goose, you ! ”
Cried the angry neighbours ;
“ When you begin
That horrid din,
We can't pursue our labours.”

Billie Bumpitt
Took his trumpet
Where there were but cows and
Sheep, and things
With stings and wings,
And flowers by the thousand.

And he sounded
Such a rounded
Blast, now, from his trumpet,
The cows aroused,
No longer browsed,
But roared, “ The fence ! let 's
jump it ! ”

Oh, the leap and
Rush of sheep and
Lambs at his alarum !
All the lot
Together got
And scampered harum-scarum.

Said the Bumble
Bee, “ A humble
Horn is this I'm sounding ;
But the blare
Of that thing there
Is really quite astounding ! ”

Bee up-draws his
Horn and pauses ;
Still, Bill never stays his ;
The insect throng
Fall pat among
The buttercups and daisies.

Cried the Lark, “ You
Fellow, hark you !
I could peck your eyes out !
Why, your cheeks
Must ache for weeks,
Blowing all that size out !

“ My young brood 'll
Shame you, noodle,
When they get their voices.
Believe me, boy,
You quite destroy
Our nerves with all those
noises ! ”

Billie Bumpitt
Broke his trumpet ;
Jeers—he couldn't stand 'em ;
So, boys, when next
You're that way vext,
Just poke a joke at random.



“MADE SUCH A NOISE.”

THE RAINBOW.

COME, see how fast the weather clears,
The sun is shining now ;
And on the last dark cloud appears
A beauteous-coloured bow.

'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,
And sun to shine again ;
The rainbow is the sign of peace
Between Himself and men.

This lovely bow He stretches forth,
And bends from shore to shore—
His own fair token to the earth
He'll bring a flood no more.

Just such a bow shines brightly round
The throne of God in heaven,
Which shows His mercy has no bound,
And speaks of sins forgiven.



“THIS LOVELY BOW.”

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

ONE day young children were brought in,
That the dear Lord might bless ;
But some were angry when they saw
His show of tenderness :
They bade the little children go,
Nor dare to trouble Jesus so.

The Lord rebuked those who spoke—
He loved such lambs to see ;
“ Suffer the little ones to come,
Forbid them not,” said He :
“ Of such God’s kingdom is on high,
And ye must be as such *or die.*”

“ For who does not God’s offered grace
E’en as a child receive,
As meekly learn, as tenderly,
As lovingly believe,
The same shall never enter in,
Nor tread God’s hallowed courts within.”

Then took He them within His arms,
On each He laid His hand,
And blessed them with such loving words
As they could understand :
Oh, surely each one went away
A happy little child that day !



“HE LOVED SUCH LAMBS TO SEE.”

CHANGING PLACES.

Supposing we were in ;
Supposing they were out.

IF bird and beast could have their way,
How great the change we 'd see !
They would come staring at the cage,
Where *we* for show might be.

They'd say, " What funny creatures these !
Poor things ! they've ne'er a feather,
But wrap their bodies up in clothes,
And their strange feet in leather.

" And see ! the little scraps of fur
In patches round their faces ;
It's worth the money that is charged
To watch their queer grimaces.

" We must come back at feeding-time,
It's only once a day ;
I wouldn't miss it for the world—
They eat in such a way.

" Instead of pecking up their food,
They use a thing called ' fork ; '
I'm told they cannot fly at all,
But always have to walk.

" They're fed on meat, of all odd things—
On mutton, beef, or pork ;
Not raw, you know ; some birds do that,
But cooked. Just hear them talk !

" Just listen, now, what jibber jabber,
How different to our voices ;
The pleasant thought that *we* are birds,
My very heart rejoices.



“FOR SHOW.”

- “ They make a very ugly noise ;
 I wonder what they say !
 Don't go so near—perhaps they bite,
 Although they seem in play.
- “ How they must wish that they had wings
 And beaks, like you or I !
 Come on, dear Ostrich, let us go ;
 Poor ugly things, good-bye ! ”

S C A R E C R O W S .

SUCH a hurry, flitter, flutter,
 Birdies, come and see
 What this strange old creature is
 'Neath the willow-tree ;
 Tall Giles Morgan put it there,
 Chuckling, “ Now all thieves beware.”
 Crow and starling, blackbird, thrush,
 Even rabbits make a rush ;
 “ Stuff ! to think we do not know,
 Farmer from his own scarecrow.”
 A ragged coat, and an old hat,
 Much we birdies care for that,
 Two bent wooden pegs,
 Not at all like a farmer's legs ;
 Dick thinks it will be best
 In the hat to build our nest,
 Save us both a deal of trouble,
 For the brim is almost double,
 Dicky finds, this bright hot weather,
 Odds and ends of wool and feather ;
 And a nest will quickly grow,
 Snugly hid in Giles' scarecrow ;
 Where we soon hope chicks to see
 Pretty darlings, one, two, three.



"Birdies, come and see
What this strange old creature is
'Neath the willow tree."

A SUMMER CALL

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
Trees are green and fields are gay,
While little birds carol on every spray—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Leave your slates, and close your books,
Come explore my pleasant nooks,
And see your shadows in mirroring brooks—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Tread the springy sward again,
Gather hawthorn down the lane,
And link the delicate daisy chain—
Girls and boys come out to play.

Come in quest of violets rare,
Twine the primrose in your hair,
And seek for the hyacinth fresh and fair—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Heed—oh, heed my loving call!
Fly the city's frowning wall,
I've a kiss for the cheek of one and all—
Shall bring the roses into play.

Be ye rich or be ye poor,
Child of gentle, or child of poor,
Alike to you do I open my store,
"So gather your May buds while you may."

JOHN G. WATTS.



“GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY.”

K

THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn,
Are waving o'er the pool,
Moved by the wind that breathes along
So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose's bonny face
I meet it everywhere ;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.

Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall ;
And where its dwelling-place is made,
It straightway hallows all !



"MILK-WHITE BLOSSOMS."

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.

A sudden rush from the stair-way,
A sudden rush 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.

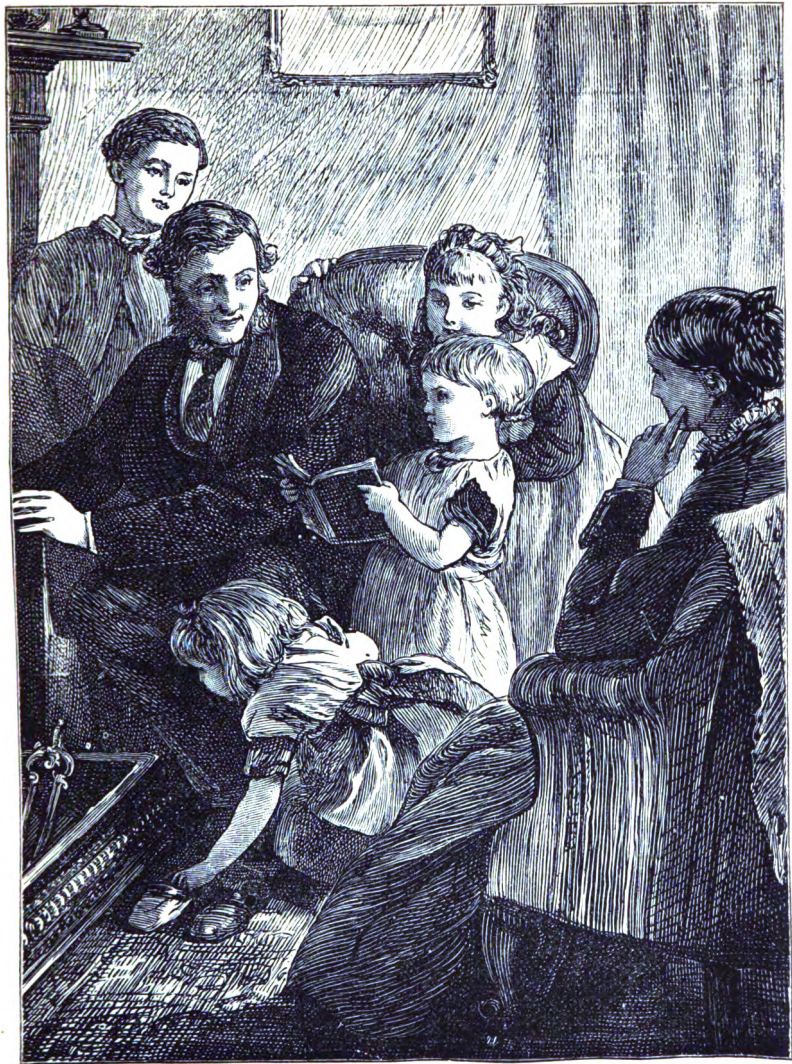
They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
'Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

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 !

LONGFELLOW.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

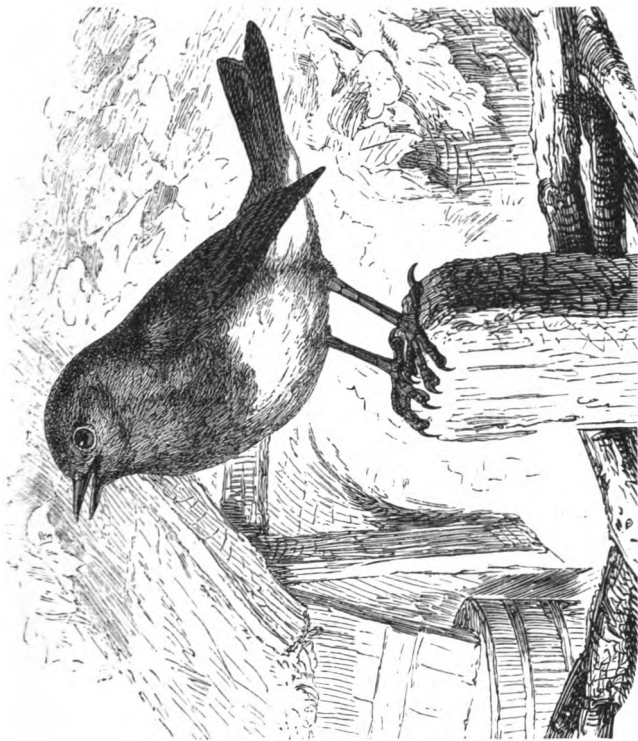
LAMENT OF A LITTLE MOTHER ROBIN.

OH, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of grey,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away?
 They hardly were dressed
 When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens ! have you seen in your travels to-day
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of grey,
Who carried my three little robins away ?
 He had light-coloured hair,
 And his feet were both bare,
Ah me ! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly ! stop just one moment I pray ;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of grey,
Who carried my three little birdies away ?
 He had pretty blue eyes,
 And was small of his size,
Ah, he must be wicked, and not very wise !

O boy with blue eyes dressed in jacket of grey,
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay !
 I'll sing all day long
 My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.



“OH, WHERE IS THE BOY, DRESSED IN JACKET OF GREY.”

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.

M. A. STODART.



THE CONCEITED RABBIT.

By one of the Authors of "Poems written for a Child."

SOME rabbits ran about a heath,
Where never bird or builds or sings—
All grey above, and white beneath,
Such quaint and pretty little things.



"PLAY WHILE YOU PLAY."

They spoke in accents wise and low,
That never man or heeds or hears ;
But man *would* understand you know,
If only he had rabbit's ears.

Frisking about a sandy knoll,
These rabbits formed a special clique.
With dawdling drawl and languid loll,
A smart young buck began to speak.

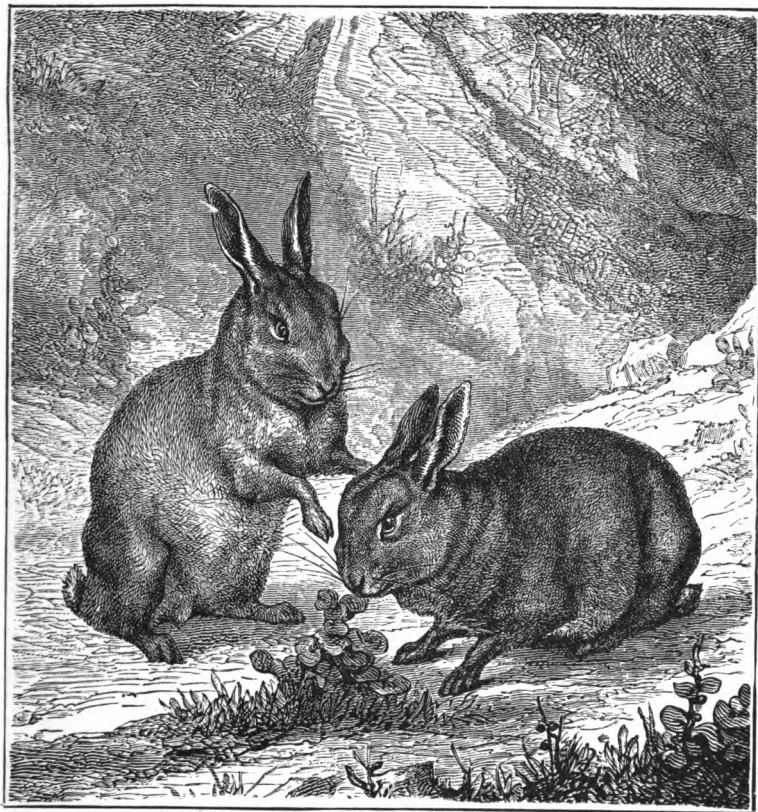
He planned what gardens to invade,
And mentioned open beds with praise ;
Chuckling about the gardener's spade
That buried bulbs for them to raise.

Then pointed to a trap that stood
Gaping, his presence to invite ;
And laughed to scorn the wire and wood,
From which the others shrunk in fright.

“ My friends,” remarked this smart young buck,
“ Observe the folly of their traps ;
A rabbit with a grain of pluck
Can circumvent these two-legged chaps.

“ Observe ”—he raised his fluffy paw—
“ 'Tis here it sinks, it rises here ;
This thing that fills your hearts with awe,
I hold unworthy of a fear.

“ I place my paw with gesture proud
Right in the midst, and call it play——”
He 's caught, and screams in terror loud—
The other rabbits run away !



"SUCH QUAIN'T AND PRETTY LIT'LE THINGS."

OUR POOR HARRY.

WE were six sturdy brothers
When I was a child at home ;
Always in mischief, always at play,
We danced in and out the whole summer day—
All but our youngest, Harry.

He scarcely seemed one of us,
As he sat in his little low chair ;
We had hard red cheeks, like cherries,
And sharp eyes, black as berries ;
He was pale, and had long golden hair—
So we called him the girl, poor Harry.

When we fell out, as boys will do,
Our Harry would set us right.
“Remember you’re brothers, dear lads,” he would say,
“Such quarrels should end with the setting day”—
We never resisted our Harry.

Always rough and ready of speech,
Though fond of each other were we ;
But we never gave him harsh word or thought ;
Whatever was given, whatever was bought,
We shared with our crippled Harry.

There was Sam, and Dick, and curly Tom,
And Jem, and that noisy boy Garry ;
But none of us grumbled when book or toy
Was given to bring a bright flush of joy
On the face of our gentle Harry.



GIVING HARRY A RIDE.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE moon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide ;
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace
That spaniel found for me).

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed 'long
The windings of the stream.



"MY DOG."
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My ramble ended, I returned ;
 Beau trotted far before,
 The floating wreath again discerned,
 And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
 "Shall hear of this thy deed ;
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed ;

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all."

W. COWPER.



TO A YOUNG ASS.

POOR little foal of an oppressèd race !
 I love the languid patience of thy face ;
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head,
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
 And (most unlike the nature of things young),
 That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
 Meek child of misery ! thy future fate ?
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches,
 "Which patient merit of the unworthy takes ?"
 Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
 To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain ?
 An I truly very piteous is her lot,
 Chained to a log within a narrow spot,



"I LOVE THE LANGUID PATIENCE OF THY FACE."

L

Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green.
 Poor ass ! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe ;
 For much I fear me that he liyes like thee,
 Half famished in a land of luxury !
 How askingly its footsteps hither bend !
 It seems to say, “ And have I then one friend ? ”
 Innocent foal ! thou poor, despised, forlorn,
 I hail thee brother spite of the fool’s scorn ;
 And fain would take thee with me in the dell
 Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
 Where toil shall call the charmer health his bride,
 And laughter tickle plenty’s ribless side :
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay !
 Yea, and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
 The aching of pale fashion’s vacant breast.

—◇◇◇—

QUEEN MAB.

DEAR little daisies, do you know
 Who is the fairy queen ?
 “ We felt her tiny feet of snow
 Make deep the grasses green,
 She loved our lives, so light she went,
 To fill yon bowers with richer scent.”

 Gay millions of the elfin tribe
 Travel through field and wood,
 To tempt the blooms with merry bribe
 To doff each winter hood ;
 And Mab’s the monarch of the throng ;
 To her the strongest charms belong.



A FAIRY.

Asked Willie, "Shall I meet them all?
The garden gate is shut;
Our briar hedge is sprouting tall,
Papa must have it cut;
And then perhaps Queen Mab will come
When I've another tiresome sum."

Ah! presently his drowsy head
Was nodding o'er his slate,
He seemed to hear a tripping tread
On the box borders straight;
For fairy steps ne'er touch the ground—
Over warm leaves and flowers they bound.

Then came a lovely lady there,
Saying, "How dull to sleep,
When I have happiness to spare,
And bring you some to keep;
But you must use it after work,
We fairies ne'er our labours shirk."

Said Willie, with a new surprise,
"How nice you are, my queen!"
And she, "My spells are giant size
Though I must scarce be seen;
The fairy truth is truth for you,
Be smaller than the good you do!"

On the next breeze she floated high,
And Willie almost thought
Queen Mab was but a dragon-fly
His waking dream had caught:
Yet oft he ponders to this day
Upon the words of fly—or fay.

ELYS ERLE.



QUEEN MAB'S COURT.

BABY, THE KING!

My country's very small—
 'Tis just a room
 Built by the forest edge,
 Watched by the moon.
 Only two persons in 't!
 I'm one, and sing;
 Baby's the other one—
 Baby, the king!

His crown is golden hair,
 Measuring an inch;
 His sceptre chubby arms,
 Tempting to pinch;
 His robe's a snowy one;
 And I will sing
 Of all the gems that deck
 Baby, the king!

Two very drowsy eyes,
 One funny nose,
 Two little feet that kick,
 Ten pinky toes;
 His law's a cry, but he
 Crows while I sing—
 Now you know all about
 Baby, the king!

Poor dadda went to rest
 One year ago,
 Close by the forest hill,
 Under the snow.
 Baby he left behind;
 What should I do,
 If, in this weary world,
 I had not you?

When you are grown a man!
 Then you will know
 How much of life I hid
 Under the snow—
 Under that snow, my babe!
 E'en as I sing,
 Tears fall upon your robe,
 Baby, my king!

When you are grown a man;
 Ah! should you be
 Careless, or cease to reign
 King over me,
 'Twould be a sorrow far
 Greater to know
 E'en than that hidden one
 Under the snow!

Shame on me, baby boy!
 Shame on my tears!
 How could my foolish heart
 Conjure such fears?
 Baby's his father's son:
 How could he be
 But as his father was—
 King over me!

* * * *

Hush, though the moon is hid,
 Stars watch above—
 I watch by side of you
 Baby I love!
 Close, close your drowsy eyes;
 Softly I sing—
 Sleeps, sleeps my baby boy,
 Baby, my king!

REA.



BABY, THE KING!

THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

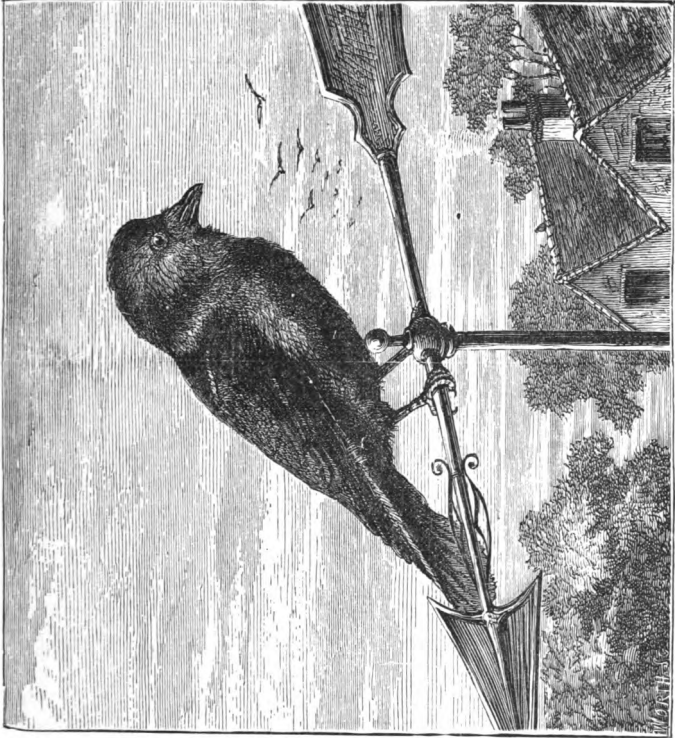
Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns to indicate
From what point blows the weather ;
Look up, your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds ! that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

You think perhaps he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall ;
But not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its pleasures and its businesses,
Are no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—"Caw !"

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
And, sick of seein' 'em,
Would cheerful these limbs resign,
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

WILLIAM COWPER.



“ ABOVE THE STEEPLE.”

THE LITTLE CHILD'S WISH.

- “MAMMA, I want that little star
That 's shining in the sky,
But it is up so very far,
I cannot reach so high.
- “I want it for my very own,
To be with me at night ;
It *would* be nice when left alone ;
To have that pretty light.
- “And then, mamma, I might be told
About that home so fair,
And if on harps of shining gold
The angels play up there.”
- “My child, while in this home below
Be patient, good, and true,
Then at the last you'll surely know
What angels say and do.
- “And like that star whose light pours down,
You (when this life is past),
Within your Heavenly Father's crown,
Will shine a star at last.”



**" My child, while in this home below
Be patient, good, and true."**

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow ;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam ;
When the tired hedger hies him home ;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed ;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh !

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks of me and loves me too ;
I start, and when the vision's flown
I weep, for I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



“ALL ALONE.”

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THE portrait of my darling,
 More beautiful than all
 The children God has left me,
 Hangs on my study wall ;

Hangs where I always see him,
 As I bend above my books,
 Seeming still to smile upon me
 With his strange and winsome
 looks.

In the open drawer beside me
 I keep his broken toys,
 And one bright curl--'tis all I
 have
 Of what was once my boy's.

And through my tears, that por-
 trait
 Still smiling down I see ;
 And, oh ! I try so hard to feel
 My child is still with me.

And then my other darlings,
 With faces beaming bright,
 And boisterous shouts of merri-
 ment,
 Troop in to say, " Good-
 night ! "

And one whose claim is foremost,
 A tiny girl of three,

Pouts her red lips, to gain the
 kiss,
 And climbs upon my knee.

And she, too, sees that portrait
 Shine in its mellowed light,
 And to her angel-brother
 She ever bids good-night.

And, as she leaves my study,
 She still cries, " Brother, dear—
 Good-night, dear little brother ! "
 She *feels* that he is near.

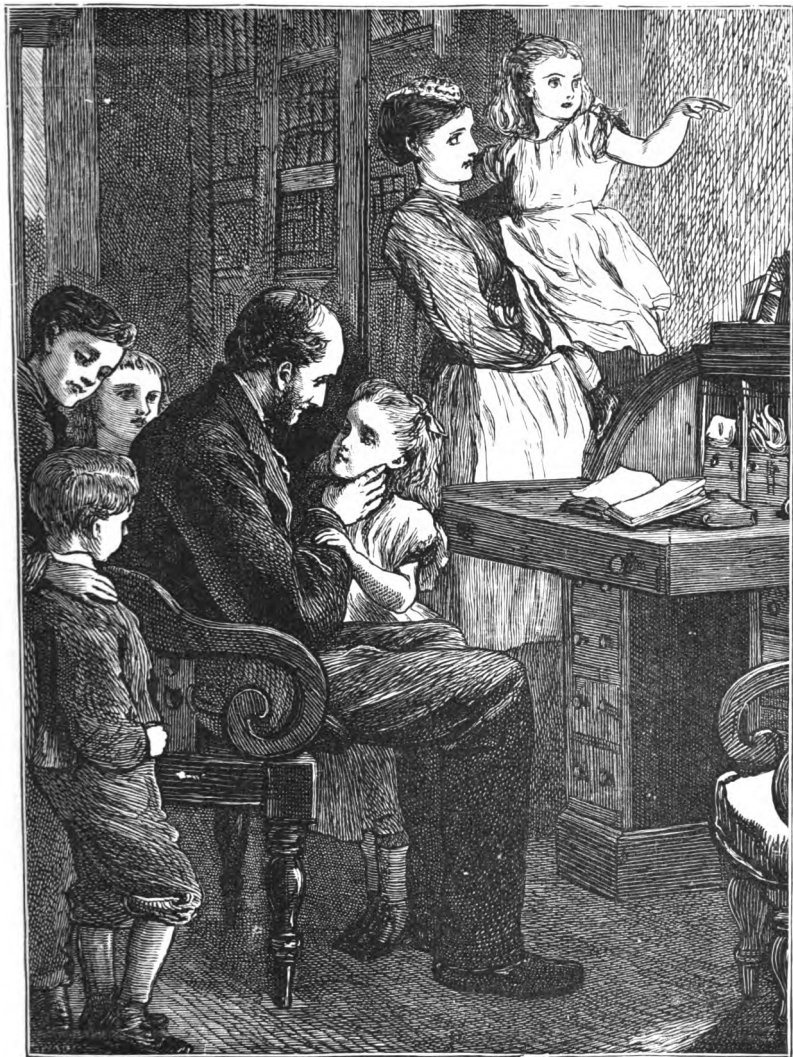
It is a holy lesson
 That infant teaches me ;
 Believing, though not seeing,
 How truly blest is she !

No thought of separation
 Her little mind has crossed ;
 She speaks to him as present—
 Dare I believe him lost ?

She never thinks, as I do,
 Of his grave beneath the sod ;
 She never speaks of him as dead,
 Only as " Gone to God. "

Grand truth of revelation,
 All worldly lore above—
 We must be as little children
 Ere we can believe or love.

C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.



“GOOD-NIGHT.”

SYMPATHY.

Yes, clasp her fondly, child, and kiss
Her gentle lips and tearful eyes ;
Nothing can charm away like this
The sorrow that within them lies.
How many a grief has been beguiled
By kisses from a loving child.

Strange to the little orphan's heart
The formal ways, the measured rule,
And often as she sits apart
Her thoughts fly from the London school ;
Voices that from the playground rise
E'en now bring tender memories.

The old home-garden where she played,
The pigeons flying to her call,
The arbour by the ash-tree made,
How plainly can she see it all !
The orchard where, in childish glee,
She chased her sister merrily.

And then a shadow over all,
Voices all hushed, a darkened room,
A grave close by the chancel wall,
A loved name written on a tomb,
Widow and children say " Farewell !"
And strangers in the rectory dwell.

No wonder that the tear-drops start,
Yet time shall soften sorrow's sting ;
Sunshine shall cheer the poor sad heart,
And flowers shall bloom and birds shall sing,
And a child's love its aid shall lend
The kisses of a little friend.



“ KISSES FROM A LOVING CHILD. ”

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid 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 the 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 !



"GAVE THEE SUCH A TENDER VOICE."

A BLESSING FOR BABY.

BLESS thee, my baby, may life for thee ever
Be bright as a long summer's day ;
May all that is sweetest and all that is dearest
Like sunshine descend on thy way.
May thoughts that are holy like angels attend thee,
May sorrows like shadows depart ;
May love like a blossom unfold in its beauty,
And peace find a home in thy heart.
And, oh ! may the years as they speed fall as lightly
As dew on thy head, baby mine ;
May Time, though he wither the roses we cherish,
Touch never a leaflet of thine.
And yet may the fulness of earthly enjoyment—
The sweetness, the rapture, the love,
Be only as pain to the exquisite gladness
That waits thee in glory above.

M. BARR.



“ BLESS THEE, MY BABY ! ”

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Now only look what I have found,
A little nest upon the ground—
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Fallen from yonder old oak-tree.

And what a medley thing it is !
I never saw a nest like this ;
Not neatly wove, with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair ;

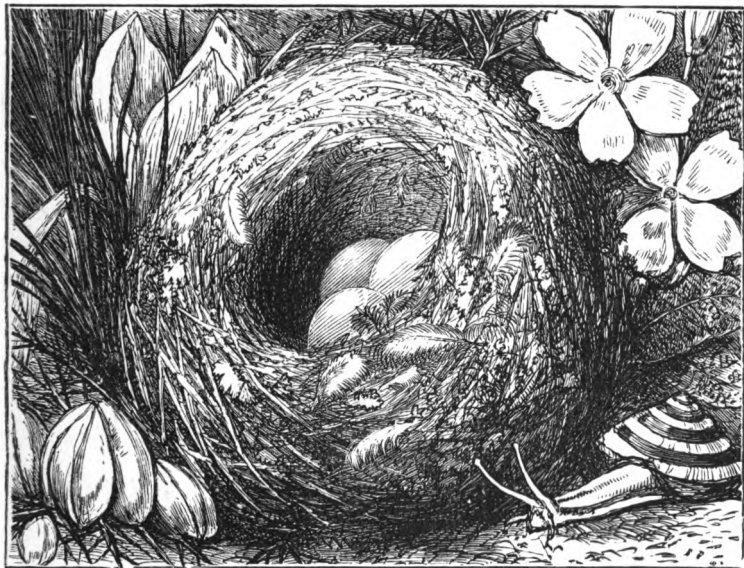
But put together, odds and ends'
Picked up from enemies and friends ;
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish bag.

She never thinks, that lady fair,
As she goes by with mincing air,
How the pert sparrow, overhead,
Has robbed her gown to make his bed.

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,
And ravellings of a worsted mat ;
And threads 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 men renowned for thought,
Some man of men the very gem,
Pray, what could he have done with them ?

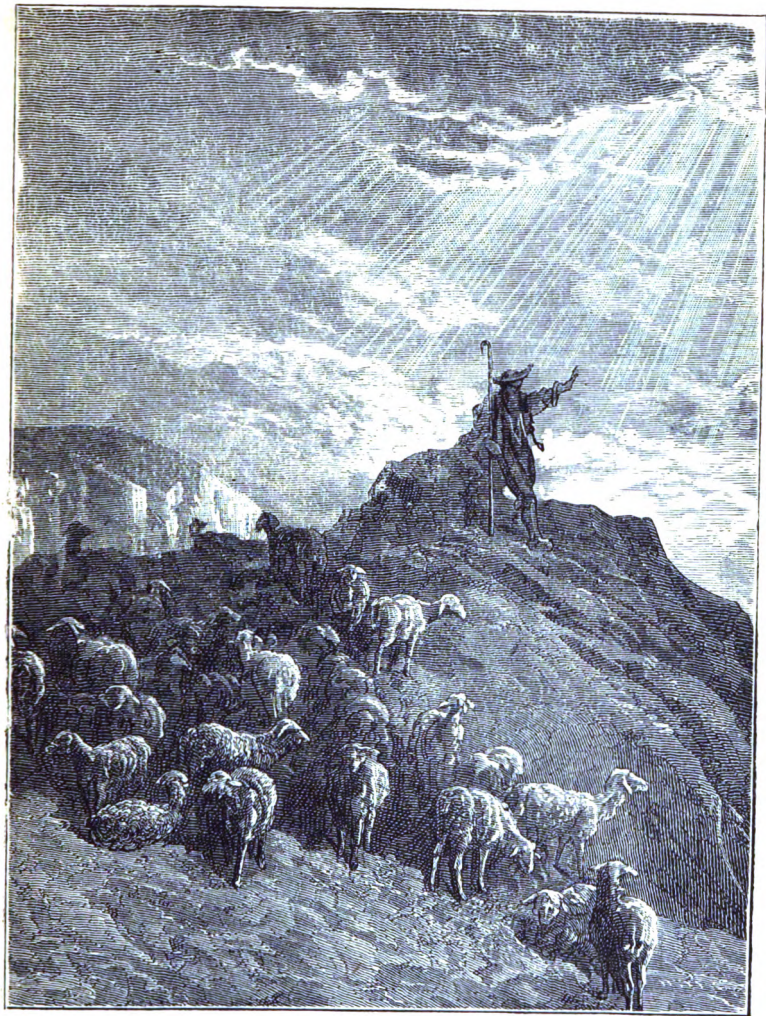


If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a little worthless thing—
Just bits and scraps so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all ;

"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."

UNFOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep—
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through your windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops has run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Brighter with his climbing still—
Up! ye lazy swains, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind;
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lies longest, that she may
Be chidden for untimed delay.
Feed your faithful dogs, and pray
Heaven to keep you from decay
So unfold, and then away.



**"Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames."**

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years
 Or warped, as we
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young
 Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweet heart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed
 Would have this lecture read—

“That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.”

ROBERT HERRICK.



“SUCH PRETTY FLOWERS, LIKE TO ORPHANS YOUNG.”

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 here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on the 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 hardships
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

MARY HOWITT.



“ON THE SUNNY BANK.”

THE CUCKOO.

DELIGHTFUL visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

The school-girl wandering through the woods,
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.
Cuckoo! cuckoo!



“ THE SCHOOL-GIRL.”

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet above-named for the use of his little girl.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say.
 O God, preserve my mother dear
 In strength and health for many a year ;
 And, oh ! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due—
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 'To be my parents' hope and joy.
 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.

READING PUSSY A LESSON.

OH, pussy, will you tell me why
 At all the pretty birds you fly ?
 The little birds that sing so sweet
 You surely would not catch and eat.

All in the bitter frost and snow
 They fly so cheerless to and fro,
 And scarcely even dare to come
 And see if we can spare a crumb.



"ERE ON MY BED MY LIMBS I LAY."

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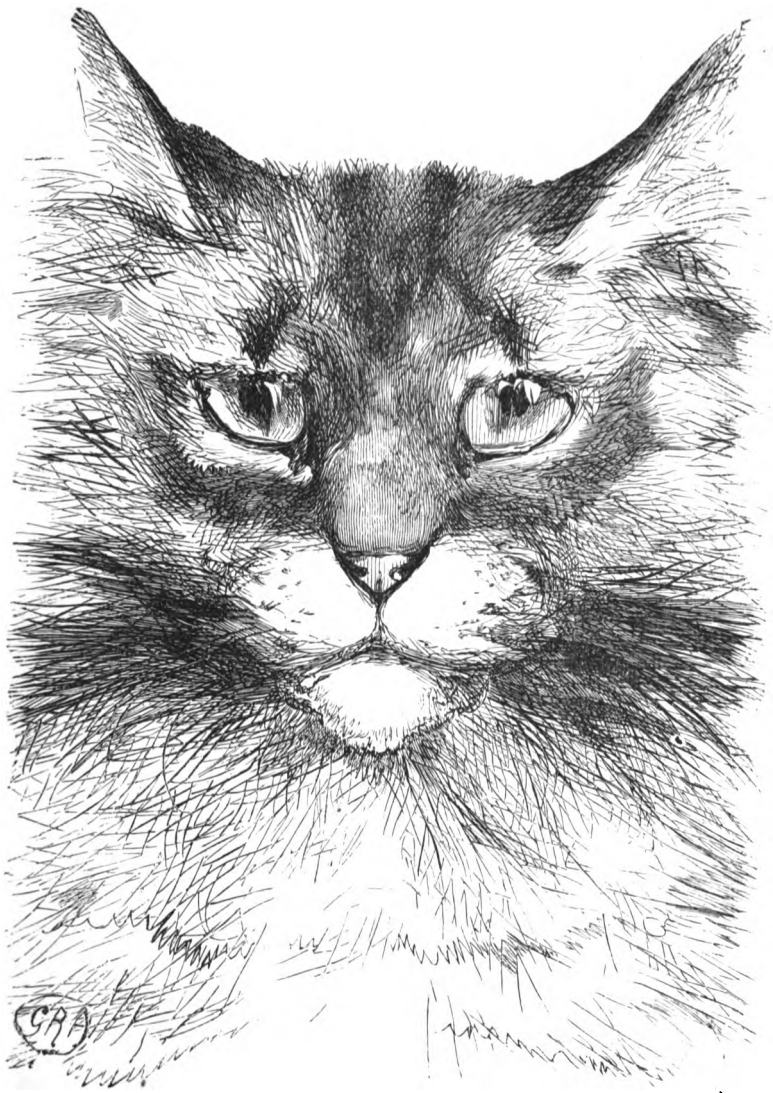
For you are ever kindly fed,
Each day with nicest milk and bread,
And always at my dinner too
I see a lovely bit for you.

At night you sleep so warm and snug
Before the fire upon the rug,
While little birds (as I've been told)
Are often perished with the cold.

Now pussy, dear, attend to me,
And never, *never* cruel be ;
Oh, do not harm the weak and small,
For that's not being good at all.

My dear mamma, so kind and true,
Has often said that we should do
To others as we wish that *they*
Would do to us from day to day.





"HURRAH FOR KING EAGLE!"

KING Eagle sits on his tree of state,
While birds of all colours around him wait—
Little birds, big birds, one and all,
Come to do homage at majesty's call.
King Eagle sits and stares at the sun ;
They stare at his highness, and think it fun.
A pointed crown of glittering gold,
And a necklace bright do their eyes behold.
They hop on the twigs, and cry "How grand !
Hurrah for King Eagle o'er sea and land !"

TO ANNIE.

LIKE the little tinkling rill ;
Like the moon so bright and still ;
Like the clock, ne'er tired of duty ;
Like the rose, not vain of beauty ;
Like the evening star so bright ;
Like the modest lily white ;
Like the gentle timid fawn ;
Like the dewdrop on the lawn ;
Like the gentle cooing dove,
Full of innocence and love ;
Like the infant Jesus, holy ;
Like the violet, meek and lowly.
In my Annie, all combining,
May I see these graces shining ;
Like the bee, with honeyed store,
Daily gathering more and more,
So may Annie lay up treasure
Which shall yield her lasting pleasure.



“KING EAGLE SITS AND STARES AT THE SUN.”

THE TRUANT.

“ Now then, Polly,
Run to school ;
Two o'clock,
You know the rule.”

Truant Polly,
Naughty child,
Through the woods
Goes wandering wild.

“ Oh ! 'tis late
To go to school,
I'd get punished ;
'Tis the rule.

“ Much too hot
To be shut up ;
I'll stay here
Till time is up.

“ Water-lilies
I can see ;
Some of them
Would do for me.”

Off she slips
Her boots and socks ;
In she goes,
With jumps and hops.

Bare pink feet,
Treading light ;
Shiny pebbles,
Round and bright.

Tiny insects,
Flitting fast,
Whirring, whizzing,
Flying past.

An old wasp
Comes buzzing by ;
Polly's frightened
Fit to cry.

Fears he'll sting her,
Thinks he's caught her ;
Truant Polly's
In the water.

Down she stumbles,
Splash and splutter ;
Sharp green pebbles
Scratch and cut her.

Such a sopping,
Head and heels ;
In a shiver
Polly feels.

Out she scrambles
From the pool ;
Wishing now
She'd been to school.

Truants learn
This lesson, pray,
Evil comes
Of one's own way.

OLD CROW.



“WATER-LILIES I CAN SEE.”

N I P.

By one of the Authors of "Poems for a Child."

NIP came out of a snowdrift
To look for an orange pip ;
He went to the hall,
Where they held a ball—
And who was so happy as Nip ?

He watched them hop,
And begin and stop,
With movement of body and
hip ;
But Nip was a scorner,
And safe in his corner
He mimicked them all, did Nip.

He saw the girls,
In muslin and pearls,
And thought them such fairy-like
things ;
He wondered so
Why they sat in a row,
And did not make use of their
wings.

He stared a bit
When he learnt that it
Was improper for girls to ad-
vance,
Till the boys turned polite,
And deigned to invite
These beautiful fairies to dance.

It seemed so hard
They should be debarred
The exquisite pleasure of choice,
He wished very much
That by look or touch
He could give the dear creatures
a voice.

When supper was served
(Which the dancers deserved),
Nip laughed as they scuffled and
ran ;
Each lady did eat
Of solid and sweet,
Nip saw it and pitied each man—

Who had to wait
To hand glass and plate,
To smile and to flirt and to bow ;
"They may here supper get,"
Thought Nip ; "but I bet
They would *like* to be supping
now !"

So, after all,
Life is like a ball,
Boys have one thing, and girls
have another ;
When all is done
It is just six of one
And just half a dozen of t'other.



“ WHO WAS SO HAPPY AS NIP ? ”

ONE OF OUR PETS.

DARLING little Rosie,
 Romping in the lane ;
Gathering a posy,
 As pretty as her name,
To please papa when he comes home at evening.

Wicked little Tinker,
 Underneath her arm,
Who always seems to think her
 The mistress of the farm ;
And would rather do and die than aught should hurt her.

I say, little Rosie,
 What would pussy do,
If she saw, so cosy,
 Tinker and you ?
Would she understand your love for both ?

Well, my little treasure,
 Ma and pa both pray
That you may, in full measure,
 As you go on your way,
Find friends as kind and true as puss and Tinker.



“GATHERING A POSY.”

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

A KING and a queen had a beautiful daughter,
 A sweet little babe I am sure you'd have thought her ;
 And they to her christ'ning the fairies invited,
 By notes on pink paper, with gold pens indited.
 The major domo to the king came and said,
 "Seven fairies there are," and he bowed his fat head.
 "Ask all," said the king, "and let none be left out."
 So a herald was sent off at once, I've no doubt.

A feast was prepared, seven fairies were there,
 And each a good gift to the infant declare ;
 Beauty, and wit, and good temper they give,
 Riches and health where'er she may live.
 But lo ! there is thunder, and down from the skies
 A big fiery dragon with lightning-flash flies ;
 A fairy dismounts, who, howe'er they dissemble,
 Makes the whole court, the king, and fair queen to tremble.

"A meeting of fairies, and *I* uninvited ;
 Not tamely will I thus submit to be slighted !
 Is this your politeness—your courtesy ?—fie !
 From the prick of a needle your baby shall die !"
 "Not die," said a fairy, "although she is harmed ;
 She only shall sleep, for a hundred years, charmed."
 Away went the fairies, some flying, some leaping,
 And left the whole court in a passion of weeping.

"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 ;
You're friends are all gone—I daren't leave you alone
In a wood; pray come with me, and share crown and throne.”





"HE ENTERED THE PALACE, AND STOOD BY HER SIDE."

"SPEAK GENTLY!"

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may not long remain.

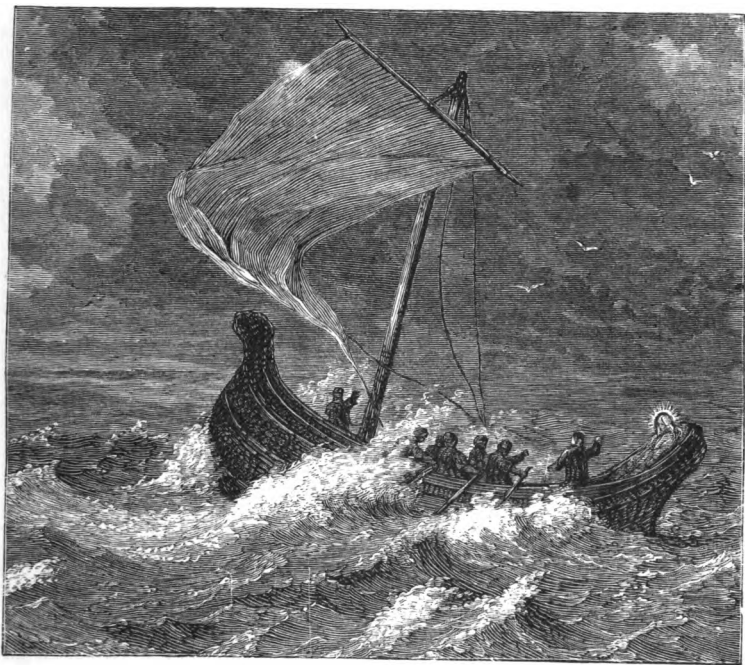
Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they *must* endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toiled in vain:
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently ! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, " Peace, be still !"



Speak gently !—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
 There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years ;
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.



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.

J. W.



WINTER SNOW-FLAKES.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY DAWDLE.

HERE, little folks, listen, I'll tell you a tale—
Though to shock and surprise you I fear it won't fail ;
Of Master John Dawdle my story must be,
Who, I'm sorry to say, is related to me.

And yet, after all, he's a nice little fellow—
His eyes are dark brown, and his hair is pale yellow ;
And, though not very clever, or tall, it is true,
He is better than many, if worse than a few !

But he dawdles at breakfast, he dawdles at tea,
He's the greatest small dawdle that ever could be ;
And when in his bed-room, it is his delight,
To dawdle in dressing at morning and night.

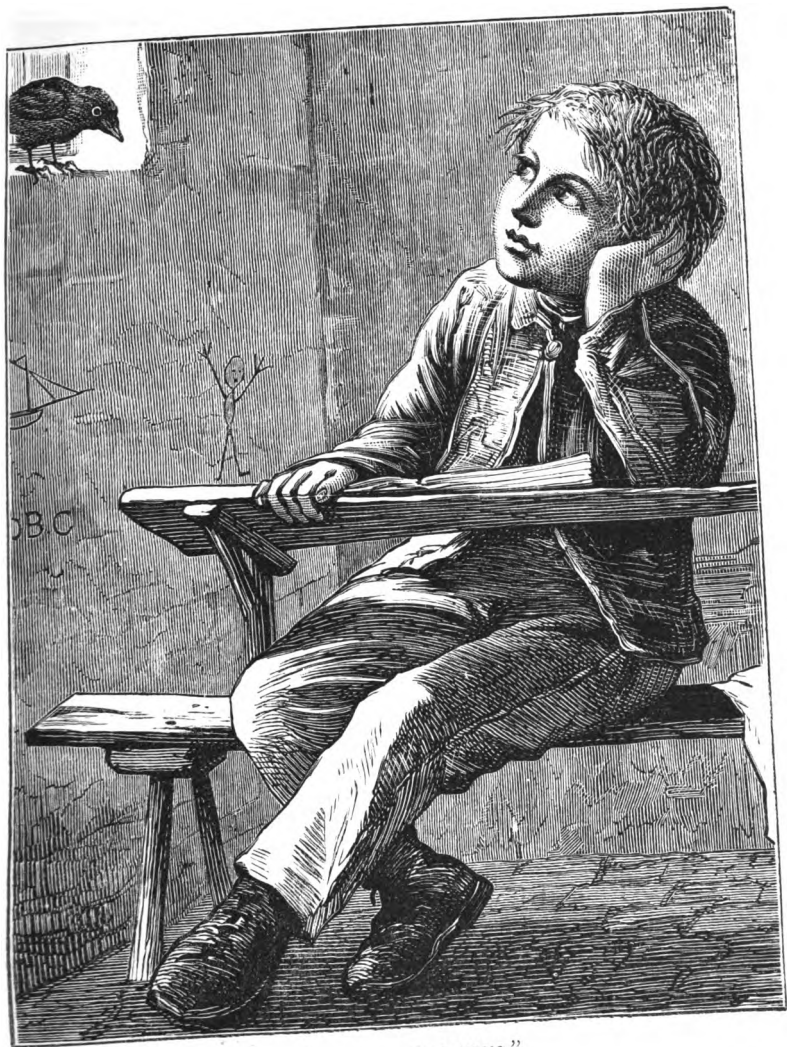
And, oh ! if you saw him sit over a sum,
You'd much wish to pinch him with finger and thumb ;
And then if you scold him, he looks up so meek ;
Dear me ! one would think that he hardly could speak.

Each morning the same he comes tumbling down,
And often enough is received with a frown,
And a terrible warning of something severe,
Unless on the morrow he sooner appear.

But where does he live ? that I'd rather not say,
Though, if truth must be told, I have met him to-day ;
I meant just to pass him with merely a bow,
But he stopped and conversed for a minute or so.

“ Well, where are you going ? ” politely said I,
To which he replied, with a groan and a sigh,
“ I've been doing my Latin from breakfast till dinner,
And pretty hard work that is for a beginner.”

“ But now I suppose you are going to play,
And have pleasure and fun for the rest of the day.”
“ Indeed but I'm not, there's that bothering sum ;
And then there's a tiresome old copy to come.”



“DOING MY LATIN.”

“Dear me !” I replied, and I thought it quite sad
 There should be such hard work for one poor little lad ;
 But just at that moment a lady passed by,
 And her words soon made clear that mistaken was I.

“Now then, Mr. Dawdle, get out of my way,
 I suppose you intended to stop here all day ;
 The bell has done ringing, and yet, I declare,
 Your hands are not washed, nor yet brushed is your hair.”

“Ho, ho !” I exclaimed, “Mr. Dawdle, indeed,”
 And I took myself off with all possible speed ;
 Quite distressed that I should for a moment be seen,
 With one who so lazy and careless had been.

So now, if you please, we will wish him good-bye ;
 And if you should meet him by chance, as did I,
 Just bid him good-morning, and say that a friend
 (Only don't mention names) hopes he soon may amend.

M. H. F. D.



ADVICE FOR ALL.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on ;
 Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.



“SIT OVER A SUM.”

THE ADVENTURES OF MEDDLESOME "JACKO."

THESE pictures we hope will our little folks please,
And also to each one this moral convey :
"Be contented and happy, whatever your lot,
And don't try, as some do, to have your own way."

Master Jacko, you see, had a very snug home,
With plenty to eat that was wholesome and good ;
But still he did not, we are sorry to say,
Behave in a way that a pet monkey should.

For one day he said, "Come, I don't like at all
The life that I lead, and I cannot see why
I should not live just as my own master does ;
This chain is not strong. Can I break it? I'll try."

After some little time Jacko snapped it in two ;
Said he to himself, "Well, now where shall I go?
To the larder, I think ; for my appetite's good,
And I'm sure to find something to eat there, I know."

He entered, and as he was looking about
A lobster just brought from the shop seized his tail,
And pinched him, and nipped him, until our young friend
Jumped about, and set up a most piteous wail.

Next he went to the kitchen, and there he espied
A bottle of something—"Ha, ha, I must taste !"
But he found it was curry, which burnt his poor throat,
So he let drop the bottle, and ran off in haste.

To the dining room then he repaired, and he said,
"Into master's tea-pot the hot water I'll pour ;"
But he upset the kettle, and scalded himself,
And loudly screamed out as he rolled on the floor.



Quoth Jacko, "The house doesn't suit me at all,
 I had better go back to the garden again,
 And gather some peaches, or grapes, or some plums,
 And try to forget all my trouble and pain."

In a corner the rogue saw a bee-hive—"Why, here
 Must be honey! Delicious!" said he, "just the thing!"
 So he put in his hand, but he brought out the bees,
 And they punished poor Jacko with many a sting.

Pinched, scalded, and stung, to his home he returned.
 Reasoned he, "My past folly I shall not regret;
 For I'm sure the misfortunes I've gone through to-day
 Have taught me a lesson I ne'er shall forget."



THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

Translated from the German of Chamisso.

BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
 Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
 Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
 And if you seek for giants there, they are all dead and gone.
 The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,
 And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;
 Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
 To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
 With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood;
 At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she
 stood;
 And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
 Before her wondering eyes appeared—a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground ;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.



“ Oh, pretty plaything ! ” cried the child, “ I ’ ll take thee home with me ; ”

Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough, all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm ;
She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),

And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar ;
 " O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found !
 I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."
 Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
 And smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy child,
 " What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me ?
 Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl ; come, open, let us see."
 She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly, you may deem,
 And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team ;
 And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
 She clapped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.
 But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
 " What hast thou brought me home, my child ?—this is no toy," he
 said ;
 " Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below ;
 The peasant is no plaything, girl—how couldst thou think him so ?
 So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said ;
 " For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread ;
 'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are ;
 The peasant is no plaything, child—no—God forbid he were !"

—◆—

"GOOD-NIGHT, MY DARLING!"

DEAR children, when they go to bed,
 Should fold their hands in prayer,
 And place themselves, and all they love,
 In God's almighty care.

Then they may sleep secure and still
 Through hours of darksome night,
 And with the pretty daisy wake
 In cheerful morning light.



“GOOD-NIGHT.”

NOTHING LIKE THE TRUTH.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord."

WHY should you fear the truth to tell ?
 Does falsehood ever do as well ?
 Can you be satisfied to know
 There 's something wrong to hide below ?
 No ; let your fault be what it may,
 To own it is the happy way.
 So long as you this fault conceal,
 You cannot light or gladsome feel ;
 Your heart will ever be oppressed,
 As if a weight were on your breast ;
 And e'en your mother's eye to meet
 Will tinge your face with shame and heat.
 Then, child, remember in your youth,
 That golden are the words of truth !

 BABY-LAND.

SOMEWHERE out by Dreamland,
 In the world of sleep,
 Lies the land of Infants
 Veiled in mystery deep.

None but babes and angels
 Live in that bright place,
 Brightened with the sunshine
 Of the Father's face.

That is why we sometimes
 Wail, though not in pain ;
 Longing for the realms of
 Baby-land again.

That is why you see us
 Gazing into space,
 Catching far-off glimpses
 Of our native place.

Suns are always shining,
 Skies are always blue,
 And our foster-angels
 Send us thence to you.

When we learn your language,
 Straightway we forget
 That bright home ; for mortals
 May not know it yet.

But when by our coffins
 Tearfully you stand,
 Know that we are angels
 Back in Baby-land ;

Far removed from sorrow,
 Sin, and shame, and vice,
 In the land of Infants,
 Earth-named Paradise.

C. M. DAVIES.



BABY-LAND.

“BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK !”

ALONE in the darkness, 'mid wind and rain,
A gentle sound comes again and again—
A sound not of earth in its tender tone—
A voice that would melt a heart of stone !

A figure stands at a fast-closed door,
With choking weeds and thorns covered o'er ;
The damp night-dews stream down from His hair :
Oh, wherefore stands He so patiently there !

With a sweet sad look on His loving face,
He knocks, in the depth of His matchless grace,
And rising above the night's wild din,
His voice is pleading, “Oh, let me in !”

“O heavenly Knocker ! wherefore hast Thou
That sharp thorn crown twisted round Thy brow ?
Say, wherefore Thy hands are pierced and scarred,
And Thy face with a wondrous sorrow marred ?”

“My child, these scars and this crown of thorn,
For thee, in My heart of love, I have worn ;
I passed through the depth of a woe untold
To bring My wandering lambs to the fold.

“And now I stand and I knock at thy door,
And fain would My feet pass thy threshold o'er.
Without, it is dark, and fierce is the night ;
Behold, I bring with Me a heavenly light.

“Then, open, O child, that I may come in,
And rouse thee from out of thy sleep of sin ;
The night wears on ; behold, I still wait :
When I turn away, it will be too late !”

“O heavenly Stranger, my heart is stirred
To its very depths at each tender word !
With hot loving tears I open wide :
Enter, O Lord, and with me abide !”



“ENTER, O LORD, AND WITH ME ABIDE.”

P

THE TWINS.

Down on the grass, where tall meadow-sweet grows,
Waved by the wind of the West,
Brave little Robin, and dear little Rose,
Happy as birds in a nest,

Gather bright blossoms, and prattle away
Merrily one to the other ;
No pair of linnets chirp sweeter than they—
Loving twin sister and brother !

Rosie's straw hat is all garlanded round
With a delicious festoon ;
Chainwork of daisy-blooms, fresh from the ground ;
Ox-eyes as fair as the moon.

Wind-music seems to be floating along
Over twin-sister and brother,
Like this refrain of a beautiful song—
“ Little ones, love one another ! ”

JANE DIXON.



“HAPPY AS BIRDS IN A NEST.”

OUR DARLING.

BOUNDING like a football,
Kicking at the door ;
Falling from the table-top,
Sprawling on the floor ;
Smashing cups and saucers,
Splitting dolly's head ;
Putting little pussy cat
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,
Spoiling father's hat,
Hiding mother's precious keys
Underneath the mat ;
Jumping on the fender,
Poking at the fire,
Dancing on his little legs—
Legs that never tire.

Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day ;
Aping everything we do,
Every word we say.
Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will,
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still.

Present—bringing sunshine ;
Absent—leaving night ;
That's our precious darling,
That's our heart's delight.

MATTHIAS BARR.



"THAT'S OUR PRECIOUS DARLING."

THE STEP-LADDER.

UPON a bough a sparrow caught
A fly so fat and fine,
And prayers and cries availed her nought;
"On thee I mean to dine,
For thou art weak and I am strong,
Thy time on earth will not be long."

A hawk came passing by that way,
As sparrow feasted on his prey;
Said he, "I'll eat thee in thy turn,
As thou hast eaten many a worm;
For thou art weak and I am strong,
Thy time on earth will not be long."

An eagle from his distant height,
Cast upon earth his glance so bright,
Down on the hawk he swiftly flew,
And tore the murderer right in two;
"For thou art weak and I am strong,
Thy time on earth will not be long."

Just at that moment flew a dart,
And pierced the eagle to the heart;
"Tyrant," he to the huntsman cried,
"Why murder me?" and then he died
"Ah," said the hunter, "mine art thou,
Thou kill'dst the hawk, I have thee now.

B. I.

BOLD BABY BENNY.

OUR Benny in the farmyard the cocks and hens would chase,
And being very fleet of foot, he oft would win the race ;
He used to throw stones at the ducks, and beat them with a stick,
When nobody was near enough to see the cruel trick.



But once King Turkey strutted there, and fiercely turned to fight,
So, cowardly as cruel, Benny ran away in fright ;
But faster ran that bird than he ; his pretty clothes it tore ;
So Benny in the farmyard threw sticks in fun no more.

He does not like to hear the tale, and shakes his curly head,
 And vows if we tell little folks, he will not go to bed.
 But 'tis too late—the postman's gone ; so Benny you must frown,
 For now your foolish doings are all known about the town.



AN EVENING SONG:

A POEM FOR A CHILD.

THE day is done,
 Good-bye, bright sun ;
 God takes the light,
 And brings the night.
 Why should I fear ?
 God still is near ;
 Though dark it be
 Safe He'll keep me.

He hears my prayers,
 He for me cares ;
 And while I sleep
 Kind watch He'll keep.
 Child though I be,
 He loveth me ;
 So for dark night
 I feel no fright.

Pretty stars
 Overhead,
 Looking down
 On my bed,
 Can you be
 God's kind eyes
 Watching me
 From the skies ?

Pretty stars
 Kind watch keep
 Over me
 While I sleep.
 Watch me well,
 Stars, I pray,
 Till I wake
 In bright day.

W. C. BENNETT.



“ HE WILL NOT GO TO BED.”

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."



THE WAR.

THANKFULNESS.

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?

No more than others I deserve,
Yet God has 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 foot,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches 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.



“ How many children in the street
Half-naked I behold.”

Are these Thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And strive to serve Thee best.

CHRISTMAS MORN :

A POEM FOR A CHILD.

On this dear morn
 Our Lord was born,
 In a land, ETTY, far away ;
 Long years ago
 Was born, and so
 For ever blest is Christmas-day.
 Bless God above
 For His great love !
 That babe who in that stable lay,
 That manger bare
 Made holy there,
 Blessed for us is Christmas-day.
 No lips can raise
 Fit voice of praise
 For all our thankful hearts would say,
 To tell what earth
 Won by that birth,
 That holiest makes our Christmas-day.
 All price above,
 His living love
 Is in all good we do and say ;
 Some breath of heaven
 To earth was given
 When Christ made holy Christmas-day.

 THE LITTLE DOG.

I'LL never hurt my little dog,
 But stroke and pat its head ;
 I like to see it wag its tail,
 I like to see it fed.



"I LIKE TO SEE IT WAG ITS TAIL."

THE WONDERFUL HORSE.

I've a tale to relate, such a wonderful tale,
That really I fear my description must fail ;
'Tis about a fine horse who had powers so amazing,
He lived without eating, or drinking, or grazing ;
In fact this fine horse was so "awfully" clever,
That left to himself he'd have lived on for ever.

He stood in a room, with his nose in the air,
And his wide staring eyes looking no one knows where,
His tail undisturbed by the sting of a fly,
One foot slightly raised as if *kicking* he'd try,
This wonderful horse never slept or yet dozed,
At least *if* he did so, his eyes never closed.

All saddled and bridled by night and by day,
He was ready to bear his young master away.
"Now, Dobbin, my wonderful steed," said young Harry,
"I've a mind to see life, and intend you to carry
Me safe on your back far away from this room,
And land me all right with the Man in the Moon.

"Come, gee up, old Dobbin, look sharp, don't you see
I want to be there and get back before tea?"
But this obstinate horse never offered to prance,
Or made an attempt at the slightest advance ;
Harry slashed him so hard, that he slashed off one ear,
Then his mane tumbled off, and poor Dobbin looked queer.

With spur, and with whip, and with terrible blows,
He soon was deprived of one eye, and his nose,
While the slightly-raised foot found a place on the floor,
The tail once so handsome was handsome no more,
And Harry, the tears raining down as he stood,
Cried, "Bother the horse, it is nothing but wood !"



“COME, GEE UP, OLD DOBBIN !”

Q

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

I LOVE, when the evenings are balmy and still,
And summer is smiling on valley and hill,
To see in the garden the little ones there,
All happy and smiling round grandfather's chair.

Such stories he tells them—such tales of delight—
Such wonders to dream of by day and by night ;
It 's little they're thinking of sorrow or care,
Their bright faces beaming round grandfather's chair.

And words, too, of wisdom fall oft from his tongue,
Dear lessons to cherish and treasure while young ;
Bright things to remember when white is their hair,
And some of them sit in a grandfather's chair.

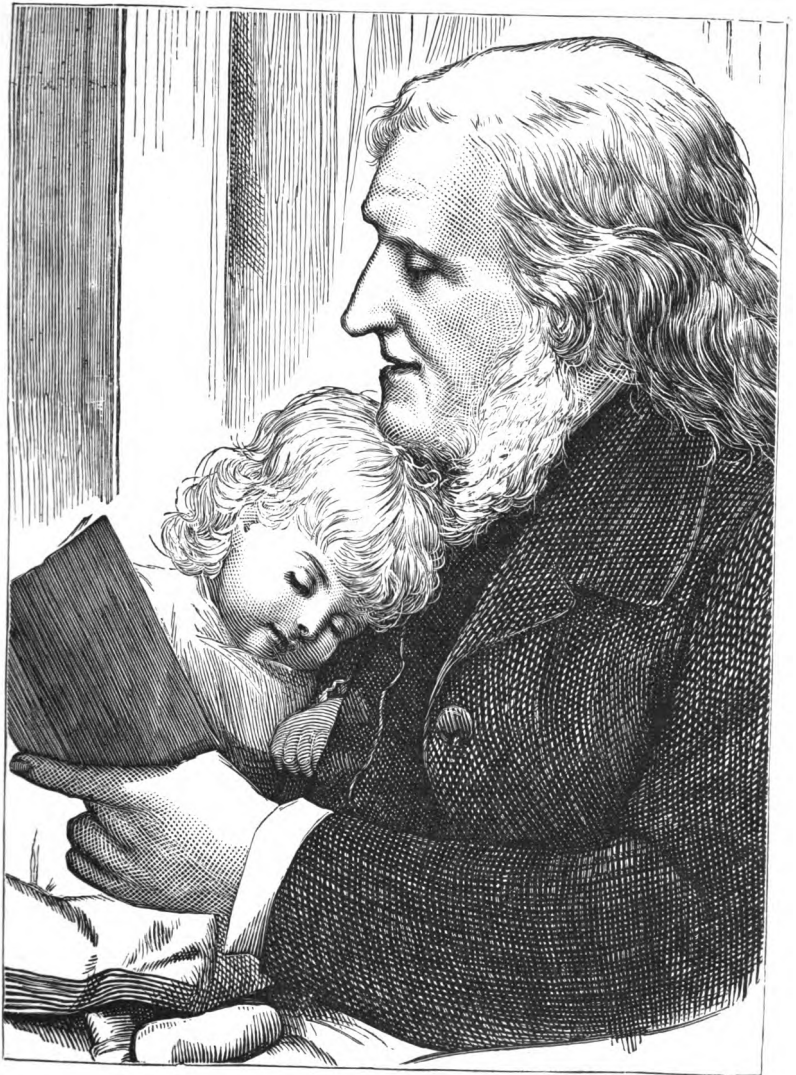
Ah, little ones, love him, be kind while you may,
For swiftly the moments are speeding away ;
Not long the kind looks and the love you may share,
That beam on you now from a grandfather's chair.



WICKED WILLIE.

WILLIE was a wicked boy,
Snubbed his poor old mother ;
Willie was a dreadful boy,
Quarrelled with his brother ;
Willie was a spiteful boy,
Often pinched his sister ;
Once he gave her such a blow,
Raised a great big blister !

Willie was a sulky boy,
Sadly plagued his cousins ;
Often broke folks' window panes,
Throwing stones by dozens ;
Often worried little girls,
Bullied smaller boys ;



“SUCH TALES OF DELIGHT.”

Often broke their biggest dolls,
Jumped upon their toys.

If he smelt a smoking tart,
Willie longed to steal it;
If he saw a pulpy peach,
Willie tried to peel it;
Could he reach a new plum-cake,
Greedy Willie picked it;
If he spied a pot of jam,
Dirty Willie licked it.

If he saw a poor old dog,
Wicked Willie whacked it;
If it had a spot of white,
Silly Willie blacked it;
If he saw a sleeping cat,
Horrid Willie kicked it;
If he caught a pretty moth,
Cruel Willie pricked it.

If his pony would not trot,
Angry Willie thrashed it;
If he saw a clinging snail,
Thoughtless Willie smashed it;
If he found a sparrow's nest,
Unkind Willie hid it.
All the mischief ever done,
Folks knew Willie did it.

No one liked that horrid boy,
Can you wonder at it?
None who saw his ugly head
Ever tried to pat it.
No one took him for a ride—
Folks too gladly skipped him;
No one gave him bats or balls,
No one ever "tipped" him.



“ HE WAS SO LONELY.”

No one taught him how to skate,
Or to play at cricket ;
No one helped him if he stuck
In a prickly thicket.
Oh no ! for the boys all said
Willie loved to tease them,
And that if he had the chance,
Willie would not please them.

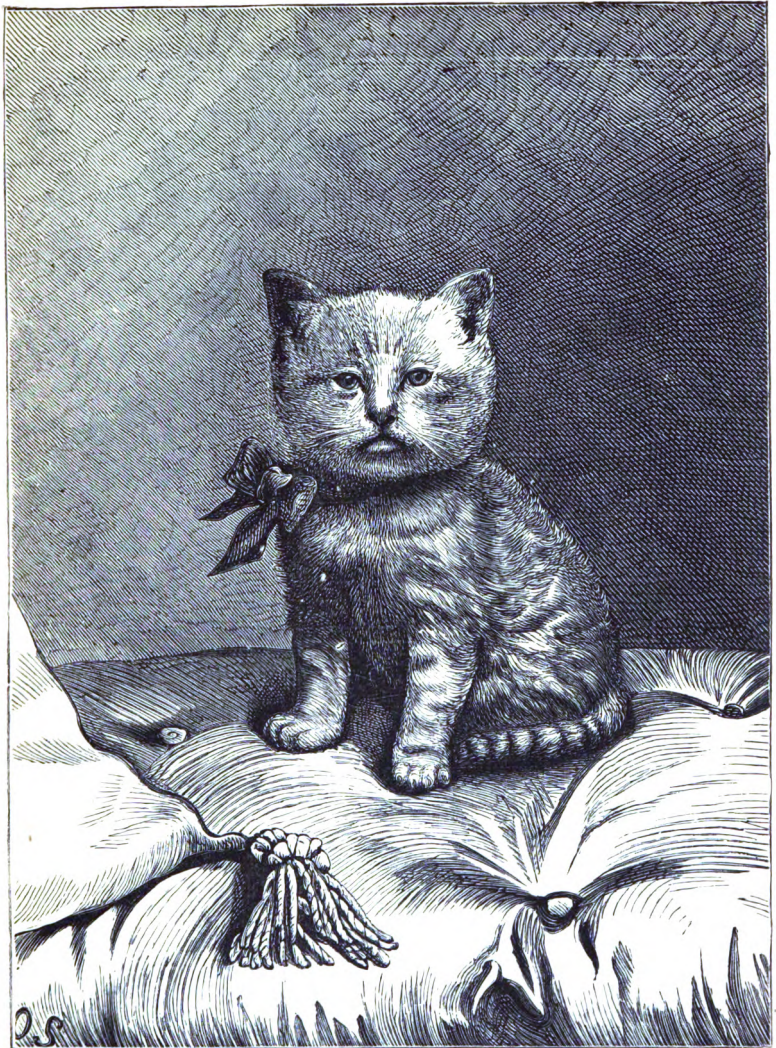
And they shunned him every one,
And they would not know him ;
And their games and picture-books
They would never show him ;
And their tops they would not spin,
If they saw him near them ;
And they treated him with scorn,
Till he learnt to fear them.

They all left him to himself,
And he was so lonely ;
But of course it was his fault,
Willie's own fault only.
If a boy's a wicked boy,
Shy of him folks fight then ;
If it makes him dull and sad,
Why, it serves him right then !

REA.

MY CARROTY CAT,

CARROTY kittens are quite a mistake !
Might I not dye it for charity's sake ?
Tabby and tortoiseshell, ebon and white,
All are so pretty, while this is a fright !



“MY CARROTY CAT.”

How shall I play with it, praise it or pat ?
What can I do *with* a carrotty cat ?

Golden and auburn, and chestnut and fair,
 Brown, black, and white, are the colours for hair ;
 All have admirers, but nothing is said,
 Since hair was hair, for a carrotty head !
 Kittens are judged by the same rule as *that*—
 I'd be ashamed of a carrotty cat !

Why, it 's chasing its tail, I declare !
 Leaping with delicate joy in the air !
 Purring and frisking with light-hearted mew
 Just like a cat of respectable hue !
 Making a bright little heap on the mat—
Must it grow into a carrotty cat ?

If it is innocent, happy, and kind,
 Ought we its carrotty colour to mind ?
 I should be quite in a mess, I suppose,
 If people sneered at a freckly nose !
 Let me remember the rule, tit for tat, }
 Ere I condemn a poor carrotty cat !

Look at its snug little kitteny face !
 Every movement a movement of grace ;
 See it embracing my hands and my feet,
 Playfully tender, engagingly sweet ;
 Round little feather-ball, fluffy and fat—
Am I admiring a carrotty cat ?

Yes, let me honestly own how it is—
 Never a kitten was nicer than this !
 Safe from the least interference from me,
 True to its colours the darling shall be—
 White as a snowdrift or black as a hat,
 None can compare with my carrotty cat !



“ FULL OF PEACE AND JOY.” (See p. 266.)

NOW AND THEN.

PLAYING by the stream,
 Full of peace and joy—
 Life a pleasant dream,
 Happy little boy!
 Tiny hopes afloat,
 In a fairy boat—
 Boat that needs no oar.
 Ah! so near the shore.

Standing by the stream,
 With a care-wrapt brow;
 Life no more a dream,
 But a waking now.
 Hopes, far out of sight,
 Borne with tempest might
 O'er the misty main
 Ne'er to come again.

MATTHIAS BARR.



THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below,
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow.
 Even in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West,
 Emblem, methought, of the departed souls,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.



MOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

DEAR children, do ye seek to know
Where mother hopes for better flow'rs—
Unfading ones—than earth can show ?
Blooms suited for the heavenly bow'rs ?

Though starlings dot the great south lawn,
And lengthening tracks of sunshine lie
Between its mazy patterns, drawn
In flow'rs of gold and crimson dye.

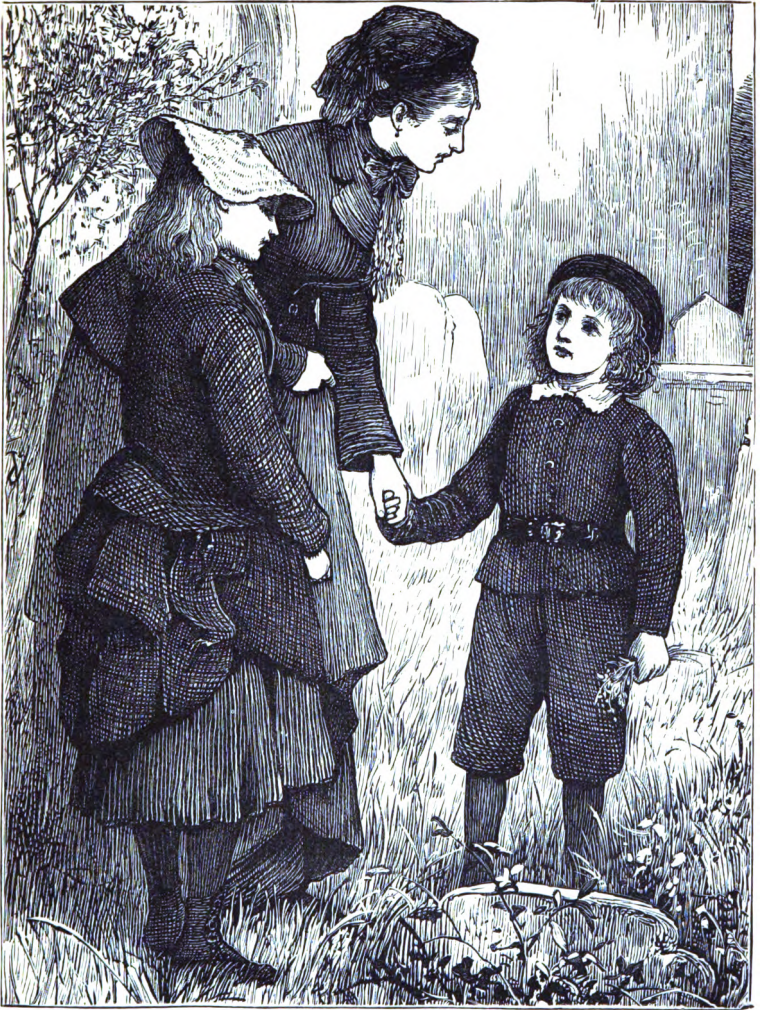
Though midst the wood-walk's dripping wreaths
Of snow, warm blustering zephyrs bare
The primrose from a myriad sheaths,
Still mother's garden is not there !

Nor is it hid in lofty walls,
Where wasps fret Autumn's purple plum,
And blackbird to its fellow calls—
To see its brightness, this way come !

The gate beside that close-clipped bush
Leads onward to the church's bound
Beneath the drooping beeches. Hush !
For where we tread is holy ground !

Pass by the orange-lichened stones,
Which mark where wearied youth and age
Laid down through distant years their bones,
And ceased the Master's strife to wage.

But halt by these small grassy mounds,
Sun-kissed, bedropped with mighty dew ;
Above the thrush's song resounds,
Around are blooms of every hue.



“HOLY GROUND.”

Here mother's garden meets your eyes,
But not this turf, each smiling flow'r,
Beneath these mounds her treasure lies,
And patiently waits Time's last hour.

Waits patiently, good seeds here sown
In faith until God's trumpet sound,
To bid them blossom by His throne,
And round the Lamb be found.



A CHILD OF THE POOR.

THE sunbeams are playing with Bessie's brown hair,
But Bessie has no playful minutes to spare ;
Gay butterflies cannot entice her to stay,
She trips along fast, though she prattles to Tray.

Her father is mowing the five-acre lot,
He is hungry and thirsty, and weary, and hot ;
And Bessie is proud daddy's dinner to take,
In her trim covered basket, by brookside and brake.

But Bessie has trouble to bear in her turn ;
Money often is scarce for all daddy can earn ;
There are young ones at home, and poor mother is weak,
And roses are fading away from her cheek.

She loves the glad ring of the church-going bell ;
And listens to all the good vicar can tell ;
She never despairs of the basket and store,—
Brave Bessy, our God-fearing child of the poor.



“DADDY’S DINNER.”

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted, ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining,
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.



“ FRIENDS IN YOUTH.”

AN OLD MAN'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

THOUGH summer flowers are faded,
And trees are black and bare,
And autumn leaves now lay dead
On earth that was so fair,

It matters not while life and love
Still in our old hearts stay;
Though summer days are sweetest days,
Yet sweet is every day.

Though many a hope has vanished,
And left us sorrowing,
Our tears by time are banished,
And once again we sing,

It matters not while life and love
Still in our old hearts stay;
Though days of hope are sweetest days,
Yet sweet is every day.

Though youth has long been buried,
And age creeps on apace,
And lines both deep and serried
Are found on either face,

It matters not while life and love
Still in our old hearts stay;
Though days of youth are sweetest days,
Yet sweet is every day.



"SWEET IS EVERY DAY."

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the sun is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy o' thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above.
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love !

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With *this* can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer !
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.



"WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH."

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, lift your voices,
For ever round me sing ;
My grey-grown heart rejoices,
Blooms out like meads of spring
When you, singing, flit around me,
Like linnets on the wing.

You are sweet-voiced teachers,
Unknowing bit of art ;
Heaven-inspired preachers
Whose pulpit is the heart ;
Oh, nought of good were left on earth,
Should you from it depart.

Would that sorrow never
Should dim your laughing eyes !
Pity that time ever
Should make you worldly wise,
Bow and bind to earth pure souls,
Whose home is in the skies.

When wee white feet chase me
Round my old arm-chair ;
When white arms embrace me,
And white hands smooth my hair,
I think I hear the angels' wings
A-rustling in the air.

Sing, dear children, ever,
Around my weary feet,
To strengthen my endeavour
To reach Christ's sweet retreat—
The happy Land of Promise,
Where all of us shall meet.



"ROUND MY OLD ARM-CHAIR."

THE SQUIRREL.

SQUIRREL, squirrel, hop and hop,
Up and up, to the green tree top ;
Ah, I can see you up there on that bough,
Sitting right over my head you are now,
What have you there in your little red paws ?
Is it a beech-nut, or acorn, or what ?
Is it a tempting brown filbert you've got ?
Sharp eyes, you bushy tail, chattering up there,
You and your wife live well, up in the air ;
That you know better than I, I suppose ;
Ah, I don't want the shells down on my nose !
Oh, what a jump! don't you fear that you'll fall?
Well done, that's better, and that best of all !
Where do you live ? merry squirrel, tell me,
In some great hollow in this great tree ?
In it, pa says, a nice warm bed you form ;
With moss you stuff it so cosy and warm ;
And that you've stores of nice nuts in holes near,
For breakfasts and dinners when winter is here.
And while I'm talking your bright eyes I see ;
What are you thinking now, squirrel of me ?

W. C. BENNETT.



“ ON THE GREEN TREE TOP.”

THE LITTLE MARCH LAMB.

Blow, blow, March winds, blow;
 Sing a song to my darling;
 Drive away care,
 Blow, breezes fair,
 To bring good gifts to my darling.

Shine, shine, March sun, shine;
 Open the flowers for my darling—
 Hyacinths bright,
 Narcissus white,
 To make a crown for my darling.

Play, play, lambkins, play;
 Whistle, March birds, for my darling;
 Let the bees hum,
 And buttercups come,
 To brighten the meads for my darling.

Gay, gay, be as you may,
 Ye will not compare to my darling—
 My baby fair,
 With golden hair,
 My little March lamb, my darling.



A PLEA FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

ONLY a "beggar child," fair dames!
 Too squalid by far to touch,
 Pass on, with your dainty garments held
 From the soil of her loathsome clutch!

Only a "gutter child," no more!
 Corrupted by want and sin.
 Her home—damp cellar, or railway arch—
 Will you pause and just look within?



"SING A SONG TO MY DARLING."

She lives as she can, in the streets,
But one of a countless throng
Who ne'er have heard of the great God's love,
Or that theft and a lie are wrong !

A "girl of the times," you'll say.
Poor soul, she has never known
The mirthful play and the joyous laugh
Of the darlings you call your own !

She is *starving*—perhaps 'tis well ;
There are plenty more of her kind.
But why has God sent her here, good folks ?
There 's an answer we ought to find !

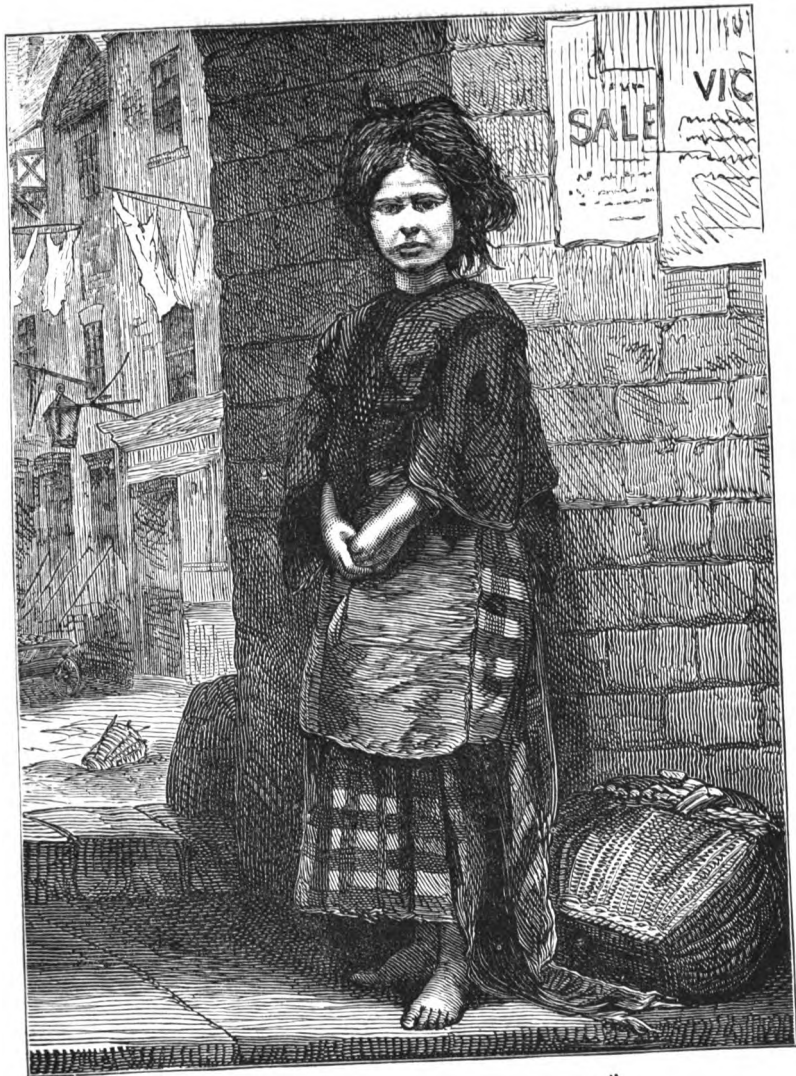
Only an outcast untaught child !
Great God, that such things should be
In this Christian land we laud so much
As the home of the brave and free !

Oh, ye maidens of fair renown !
Oh, matrons whose hearts are warm
With the mother-love that God bestows,
Can you turn from that shrinking form ?

Can you pass on your way in peace,
Secure in your selfish pride,
Nor lend some help to these helpless ones,
When for them the good Lord hath died ?

When for them the Christ-Child was born,
And lived as a Child on earth,
Bidding us learn from His little ones
The things that in heaven have worth ?

Thank God there are many whose hearts
Are yearning to seek and win



"TOO SQUALID BY FAR TO TOUCH."

The outcast lambs to the one true fold,
From the anguish of want and sin.

Let us strengthen their hands with prayer,
And give of our hoarded pelf,
Striving to see in each "beggar child"
But a type of the Lord Himself !



MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?



"THE JOYFUL SOUND PROCLAIM."

Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

HEBER.



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.



“NOW THE SUN IS SHINING.”

S

TO MY SICK BOY.

ART thou weary, my boy, my darling,
Come, rest thee upon my knee ;
Lay thine aching head on my shoulder,
And join in this prayer with me—

“ Lord, send me back the roses,
The health and the strength of youth,
For thine alone is the power,
The glory, the might, and truth.”

Dost remember, child, the story—
In the Book of God 'tis told—
Of a kindly deed and gracious,
Wrought in the days of old,

When the Saviour, our Lord beloved,
To a father his lost son gave,
To teach that for ever and ever
He is mighty and true to save ?

None are too poor or too humble,
He hears the cry of us all,
And He marks the lordly lions,
Or the tiniest sparrow's fall.

Clasp thy weak hands, my darling,
As thou restest on my knee ;
Remember the friend of the children,
So He shall remember thee.



“LAV THINE ACHING HEAD ON MY SHOULDER.”

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SEE the good Shepherd Jesus stands,
And calls His sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

He leads them to the gentle stream
Where living water flows ;
And guides them to the verdant fields
Where sweetest herbage grows.

When wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To seek us when astray.

The weakest lambs amidst the flock,
His tender mercies share,
And folded in the Saviour's arms
Are free from every snare.

Thus may we safely onward go,
Beneath our Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till we shall enter there.



**"Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb."**

ONE DAY OUT :

A PLEA FOR THE POOR TOWN CHILDREN.

- “ LITTLE town children, where are you going,
The rain hurries down, and a cold wind is blowing? ”
- “ To school we are going, through lane, through street,
Through the rain pattering fast, soaking dresses and feet. ”
- “ Little town children, your faces are thin,
Your footsteps are heavy, your blue eyes are dim. ”
- “ Our small homes are crowded, our parents oft sad,
There is nothing to make us poor young ones feel glad. ”
- “ Little town children what are your pleasures?
Tell, what do you do in your holiday leisures? ”
- “ We watch at the window, or play on the stair ;
The back-yard is useful, we cannot play there. ”
- “ Little town children, and have you not heard,
In this bright summer weather the song of a bird? ”
- “ Oh yes, sir! the linnet that frets in its cage,
Or the brown London sparrow, so dingy and sage. ”
- “ Little town children, have soft April showers,
Not nursed for your playthings the sweet summer flowers? ”
- “ Oh yes, sir! for sometimes we linger to greet
The boy who sells wallflowers out in the street. ”
- “ Little town children, are God's skies so blue,
His works and His wonders, all hidden from you? ”
- “ Oh no, sir! for sure, in the year a whole day,
We school-children spend in the country at play ! ”
- “ Little town children no longer we seem,
As we frolic about in the meadows so green ;
And gather pink daisies and buttercups sweet,
Then with loud heartfelt hymns close the joys of our treat. ”



" TO SCHOOL WE ARE GOING."

“ Little town children, our voices we raise,
 For this one day of pleasure our Father we praise;
 The lark springs to heaven, its song like a prayer,
 We hope he is taking our thanks with him there !”

Little town children like these can be found
 In each court and alley of London's wide bound;
 They wither and pine in the shadow and gloom
 Of a close narrow lane, of a crowded back room.

Oh, you who can help them to sunshine and air,
 Can give them one peep at earth's treasures so fair,
 Remember who said, “ Bring the children to me,”
 And holy and blessed your efforts shall be !

A RIGMAROLE ABOUT A TEA PARTY.

MRS. Dyer	Washed the plates,
Stirred the fire,	Nanny Galt
Agnes Stout	Smoothed the salt,
Poked it out,	Dicky Street
Tommy Voles	Fetches the meat,
Fetches the coals,	Sally Strife
Alice Good	Rubbed the knife,
Laid the wood,	Minnie York
Bertie Patch	Found the fork,
Struck the match,	Sophie Silk
Charlotte Hays	Brought the milk,
Made it blaze,	Mrs. Bream
Mrs. Groom	Sent some cream,
Kept the broom,	Susan Head
Katy Moore	Cut the bread,
Swept the floor,	Harry Host
Fanny Froth	Made the toast,
Laid the cloth,	Mrs. Dee
Arthur Grey	Poured out tea,
Brought the tray,	And they all were as happy
Betty Bates	as happy could be.

E. F. S. G.



“WE FROLIC ABOUT IN THE MEADOWS SO GREEN.”

THE GOOD SHIP "NEVER-FAIL."

"WHY don't you launch your boat, my boy?"
I asked the other day,
As strolling idly on the beach
I saw my lads at play;
One blue-eyed rogue shook back his curls,
And held his ship to me,
"I'm giving her a name," he cried,
"Before she goes to sea;
We rigged her out so smart and taut,
With flag and snow-white sail,
And now I'll trust her to the waves,
And call her 'Never-fail.'"

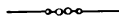
The little ship sailed proudly out,
Through mimic rock and shoal,
The child stood watching on the beach,
His vessel reached its goal;
The wind had risen soft at first,
But wilder soon it blew,
It strained and bent the slender mast,
That still rose straight and true:
"Yet," cried the boy, "my ship is safe,
In spite of wind and gale,
Her sails are strong, her sides are firm,
Her name is 'Never-fail.'"

And presently the wind was lulled,
The little bark came home,
No wreck, although her sails were wet,
Her deck all washed with foam;
And loudly laughed my true boy then,
As at his feet she lay,
And wisely spoke my true boy then,
Although 'twas said in play—



"WHY DON'T YOU LAUNCH YOUR BOAT, MY BOY?"

“ Papa, I thought if mast and sail
And tackle all were true,
With such a name as ‘ Never-fail ’
She’d sail the wide sea through.”



A MORNING HYMN.

KIND God, who watch has kept
Above me while I slept,
Who heard my evening prayer,
And took me to Thy care,
Shall my small lips be dumb
Now a new day has come ?

Waking, to Thee I pray,
Guard me through this new day,
That all I do may be
Such as Thou, God, wouldst see ;
Oh, hear my childish prayer !
Have me in Thy dear care !

Let me by Thee be taught
Kind act, and word, and thought !
Make me obedient, mild,
A loving, gentle child,
One in whom all may see
A heart made good by Thee.



"OH, HEAR MY CHILDISH PRAYER!"

NINE TREASURES.

Yes, neighbour, yes, they all are mine,
These boys and girls at play ;
There's Jack, and Tom, and Caroline—
At any rate they reckon nine—
All joyous as the day.

No, neighbour, no, we are not sad,
So many mouths to fill ;
Each boy is such a noble lad,
Each girl her parents' heart makes glad,
And nought we know of ill.

Yes, neighbour, yes, you well may read
Health glowing in their face ;
And having health, no more they need,
They're pure in heart, they're pure in deed,
By gift of God's good grace.

No, neighbour, no, we do not fear,
No thorny path we dread,
Day after day, year after year,
There's One above who's always near,
And He will give us bread.

Yes, neighbour, yes, He sent these flowers
To light life's weary way,
No gloomy cloud e'er o'er them lowers,
Because they all are His and ours,
And He will be their stay.

No, neighbour, no, we could not part
With either girl or boy ;
They're dearer far unto our heart
Than all the gold in every mart,
These sweets that never cloy.



“ ALL JOYOUS AS THE DAY.”

Yes, neighbour, yes, as in the past,
So in the future time,
Love is our link while life shall last,
No blighting breath that love shall blast,
Till safe in heaven—love's clime.

No, neighbour, no, we'll not repine ;
At best life's but a day,
The children are its bright sunshine
Earth's joys and heaven's in them combine,
And each a God-sent ray.

Yes, neighbour, yes, they all are mine,
These boys and girls at play,
There's Jack, and Tom, and Caroline—
At any rate they reckon nine—
All joyous as the day.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

COME, little birdies,
Come and be fed,
I've brought you a lapful
Of nice crumbled bread.

Then fly away, birdie,
And perch on the tree,
While you sing a sweet song
For dear Alice and me.



"COME AND BE FED."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of that field may then
Be multiplied by ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a millionfold ;
For, mark—a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That bliss could scarce be saved alone ;
Its bliss, I trust, it would make known ;
“ Come,” it would say, “ and you shall see
What great things God has done for me.”

Hundreds the joyful sound might hear—
Hear with the heart as well as ear ;
And these to hundreds more proclaim
Salvation through the only Name.

That only Name, above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
That every tongue and tribe may call
Jesus Christ as Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.



**"A grain of corn an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land."**

THE ELEPHANT AND THE DOCTOR.

Now, little folks all,
Pray come at my call
And listen to what I am going to tell ;
It is all very true,
An example for you,
And I think you will say that it pleases you well.

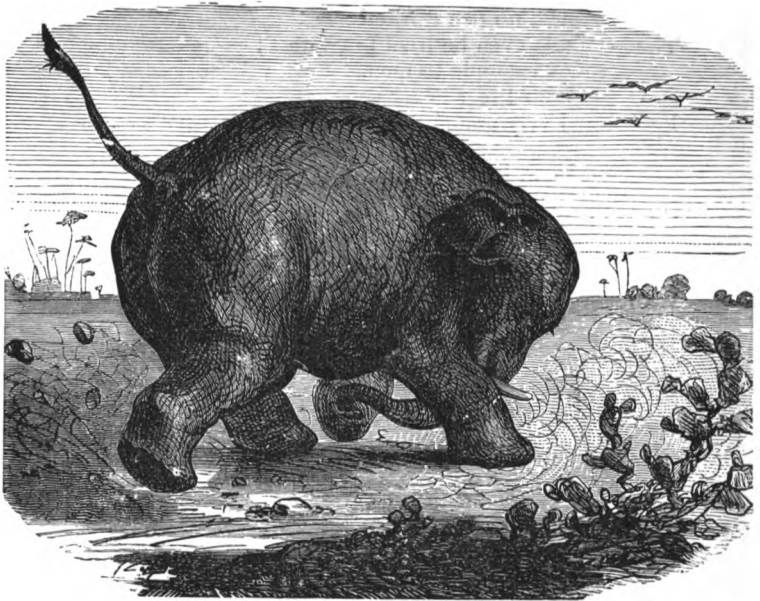
On India's hot shores,
Where the wild tiger roars,
Was an elephant very much petted and tame ;
To his master would run,
With the children have fun
And even would come when they called him by name.

The poor beast got blind ;
And nought could they find
To ease him, though long they most anxiously sought,
Till a visitor came
Who was called Dr. Tame
And who said he could cure him entirely, he thought.

He was laid on the ground,
With ropes firmly bound ;
For an animal cannot so well understand
That there's pain e'en to heal
Which a brute too must feel,
Though the cure may be wrought with a true skilful hand.

Most tremendous the cries
He gave when his eyes
Were touched with the liquid that sight was to bring ;
And had he been free,
Sad mischief would he
Have made with his trunk as around it would swing.

But the medicine wrought
The good that was sought,
The beast the next morning could partially see ;



When the doctor came near,
Without any fear,
The elephant laid himself down at his knee.

He the liquid applies
Again to his eyes,
But ne'er from the creature is heard e'en a sound ;

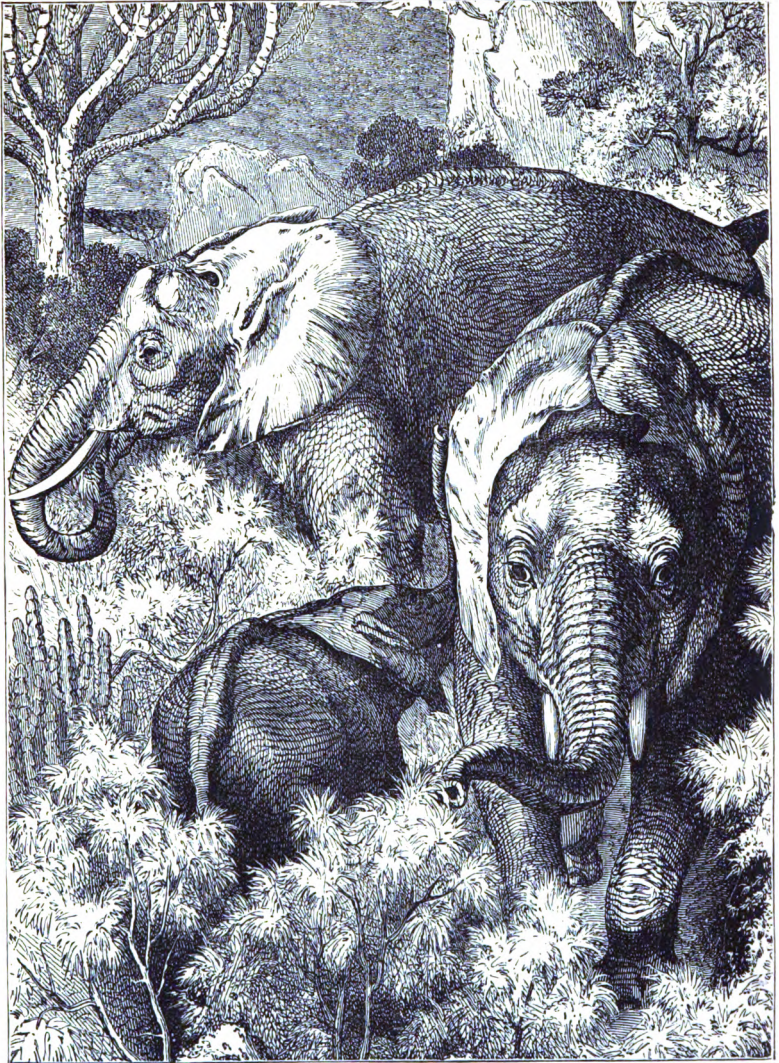
He lies there quite still,
Bending pain to his will,
Till the doctor's voice bids him arise from the ground.

The creature got well,
And no pen can tell
The gratitude even he tried to express ;
As example to men,
Who I fear never can
Be deemed very grateful though he treasures possess.

Now, boys and girls too,
'Tis a lesson for you,
When ill, try with patience your sickness to bear ;
Thus true friends and kind,
You then will oft find,
Who will give you their love —your anxieties share.

AUNT LIZA.





ELEPHANTS.

THE WORD OF GOD.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man, and die,
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them too,
The things that God would have them do,
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death he died !
He was hung up and crucified !
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

And so He died !—and this is why
He came to be a man, and die—
The Bible says, He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

JANE TAYLOR.



**"The Bible says, He came from Heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven."**

SOW THY SEED.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Fear not when they bear it on ;
Thou shalt find it yet returning
After many days are gone.

Broadcast sow the seed of kindness,
Late and early never tire,
Some day thou shalt reap the harvest,
Sweet and rich beyond desire.

Unto some small deed thou doest,
God may give a great increase,
Send it on new hearts enkindling,
Only he knows where to cease.

So the seed that made thy harvest,
Dropping from its fruitful ears,
Shall be raising other harvests
Yet to come for many years.

MARY ELLEN.

B E D - T I M E .

“ FOLD your hands, little Robin, in mine,
And softly say with mother,
‘ God keep my father safe at sea,
And bring him home again to me,
And to my baby-brother.
Fierce is the wild wind, and fierce the wave,
Please God take care of my father brave.’



"AND SOFTLY SAY WITH MOTHER."

LITTLE FOLKS AND LITTLE CHICKENS.

DEAR little chickens
All searching for food ;
Then off to the mother,
Who calls for her brood.

Dear tiny heads,
From her wings peeping out,
Wondering what all
The commotion 's about.

Ah, ah ! Mr. Fox,
There 's no dinner to-day :
Not one little chicken
Has wandered away.

Safe under her feathers,
So soft and so warm,
Hen-mother will nurse them,
And keep them from harm.

In these tender chickens
A pattern you'll see,
Of what, little children,
Like you, dears, should be.

Obeying your mother,
Running quick at her call,
Is the safe and sure way,
Little folks, for you all.



“SEARCHING FOR FOOD.”

THE LITTLE EXILE'S SONG.

OH, Vsabbo! * dear Vsabbo!
 I long so to fly
 Where brave mountain larches
 Hang tassels up high,
 And sunshine laughs ~~through~~ through them
 From Italy's sky!

Oh, Vsabbo! dear Vsabbo!
 I'm pining to show
 The children of cities
 How oranges grow—
 Ripe orange fruits golden
 With blossoms like snow.

Oh, Vsabbo! dear Vsabbo!
 Though far far from me
 Are thy fishing-nets drying,
 Thy boat on the sea,
 The heart of poor Gemma
 Is always with thee.

* Daddy.



**"The heart of poor Gemma
Is always with thee."**

THE ELDEST GIRL.

MARIA is the eldest girl,
And though but ten years old,
Her mother says of her with pride,
"She's worth her weight in gold."

She's thoughtful, kind, industrious ;
She'll never disobey ;
But good example ever sets
At home from day to day.

She'll dust and tidy up the room,
To help and cheer her mother ;
And softly rock the little cot,
To soothe her baby-brother.

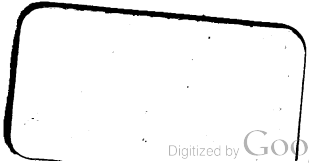
At every sort of needlework
Maria's quick and clever.
For she can sew, and darn, and knit,
And idle she is never.

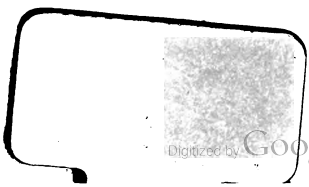
When father comes how glad she is,
For he is mild and tender ;
He knows who pulls his slippers out
To warm beside the fender.

Why is this little girl so good,
Her daily help so ample ?
Because the noblest mark 's her aim,
For Christ is her example.

Ye little girls, when duty calls,
But selfishness enfolds you ;
The Lord who lived, and worked, and died
With pitying love beholds you.

Be faithful to that Master kind,
Through every toil and sorrow,
Then for your brow shall wait a crown,
In heaven's glorious morrow.







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