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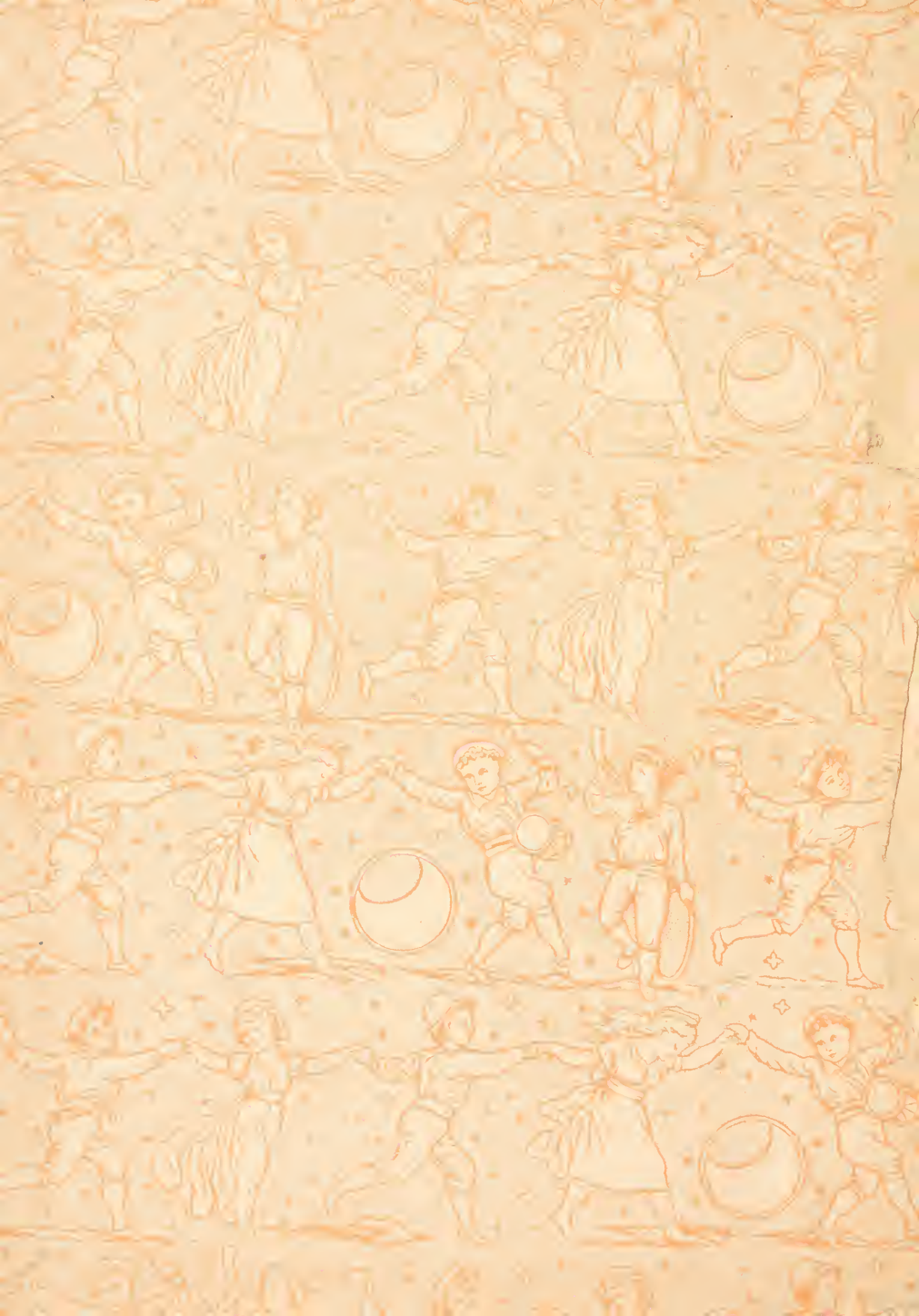
# POEMS AND SONGS

For  
YOUNG  
People



George ROUTLEDGE & SONS









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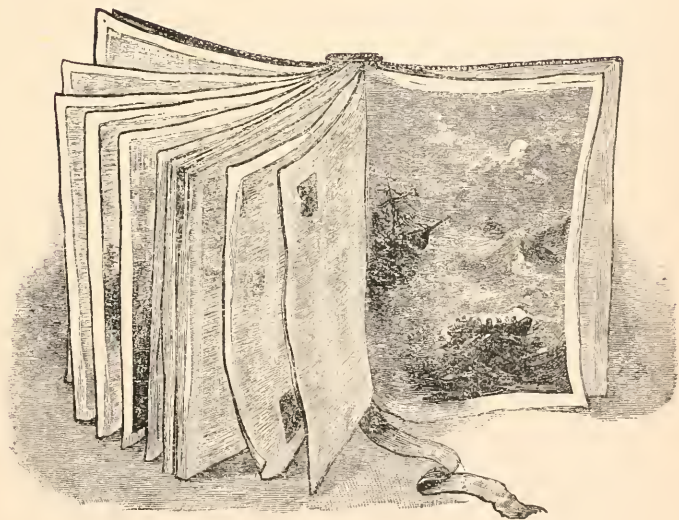
# POEMS AND SONGS

FOR

*YOUNG PEOPLE*

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON

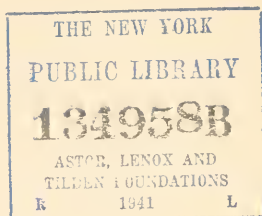


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# POEMS AND SONGS

FOR

## *YOUNG PEOPLE.*

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As I look into the pictured volumes of poems for young people, it seems to me that the fairy-stories of my childhood were not untrue, but only prophetic. The two eyes of my little daughter, while she looks over my shoulder, sparkle as those of little "Two Eyes" must have done when she said:

"Little kid, milk!  
Table, appear!"

and all the dainties the land afforded were spread before her. When I was a little girl, four pictures in a book of poetry made it an unusual treasure; while, as a rule, I had only the frontispiece. I had the rhymes of Jane and Ann Taylor; but what should I have thought at seeing them adorned with Kate Greenaway's quaint and artistic pictures?

And the poetry, too—how the feast has been added to in that respect! There were few men and women of genius who wrote for children. We had to read grown-up poetry, or confine ourselves to a very limited selection. There was no Annie D. Green, nor Mrs. Thaxter, nor Mrs. Dodge, writing whole volumes, not of childish but of youthful poetry—poetry with the freshness and frolic of girls and boys in it. I turned to the old English ballads—"The Child of Elle," "Chevy Chase," and "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green." Poor enough they were, but they told a story, and I understood them. I remember taking my little sister, winter evenings, by the fire in the deserted kitchen, to read to her "The Lady of the Lake." To my dismay, she fell asleep every evening, but I read right on. At last, one night, she happened to be awake when I reached the thrilling lines:

"Midst furs and silks and jewel sheen,  
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
The centre of the glittering ring,—  
And Snowdon's Knight is Scotland's King!"

"What, Fitz-James was the King?" cried my sister. Then I began at the beginning, and read the whole to a most attentive listener.

I well remember when Mr. Finch's "Nathan Hale" first fell upon my ear. It came into school in manuscript, and every pupil copied it. While my elder sister was doing so, I begged her to read it to me carefully. I could not close my eyes that night until I could repeat to myself every line of it. I felt as the old bards used to, before the invention of printing—that paper might tear or burn, and that the memory was the safest receptacle. The hope of having the poem in a printed book was too far distant.

It would seem a pity if the increase of poetry for the young should cause them to commit less to memory; for a poem learned in childhood becomes a portion of the child. Still, it may be that the reverse of the old adage is true, and there is no great gain without some small loss. Certainly it is better to have some acquaintance with poems like Jean Ingelow's true story of "Winstanley," than an intimacy with such ballads as "The Child of Elle."

It seems to me that more practical geniality and morality is conveyed in such poems as "Letting the Old Cat Die," and "What will Become of Me?" than in Mother Goose's Melodies and Watts's Hymns.

One element I have carefully excluded from my collection—the sentimentally sorrowful; although, if human nature is the same that it was less than a hundred years ago, the girls of fourteen may miss it. I remember the period and the poems well, too well, and I hope to do something toward filling it with more wholesome literature. The probability is, that the girls will search stray newspaper corners for the poems they want, and then paste them into a scrap-book. It is the time when they feel that nobody loves them, that they are disagreeably plain, that their schoolmates are false, and even their homes and their mothers less pleasant and kind than those of other girls. At such a time there is no friend like a poem which tells of the hollowness of the world, which treats of unappreciated affection, and uncared-for pain. The poetry that relates an early death-bed scene is copied and repeated with tears. Happily, this period is generally short, and to make it still shorter should be one object of a book like this.

The notes attached to a few of the poems are given because I know how much light they would have thrown for me upon poems which I admired but did not fully comprehend.

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H. K. I.



### THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen ; the poet arose ;  
He passed by the town and out of the street ;  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,  
The snake slipped under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

ALFRED TENNYSON.







JAN 18



## THE CHILD AND THE BOAT- MAN.

“MARTIN, I wonder who makes all the songs.”

“You do, sir?”

“Yes, I wonder how they come.”

“Well, boy, I wonder what you’ll wonder next!”

“But somebody must make them?”

“Sure enough.”

“Does your wife know?”

“She never said she did.”

“You told me that she knew so many things.”

“I said she was a London woman, sir, And a fine scholar, but I never said She knew about the songs.”

“I wish she did.”

“And I wish no such thing; she knows enough,

She knows too much already. Look you now,

This vessel’s off the stocks, a tidy craft.”

“A schooner, Martin?”

“No, boy, no; a brig,

Only she’s a schooner rigged,—a lovely craft.”

“Is she for me? O, thank you, Martin dear.

What shall I call her?”

“Well, sir, what you please.”

“Then write on her, ‘The Eagle.’”

“Bless the child!

“Eagle! why you know naught of eagles, you.

When we lay off the coast, up Canada way,

And chanced to be ashore when twilight fell,

That was the place for eagles; bald they were,

With eyes as yellow as gold.”

Tell me about them.” “O, Martin dear,

“Tell? there’s naught to tell, Only they snored o’ nights and frightened us.”

“Snored?”

“Ay, I tell you, snored; they slept upright

In the great oaks by scores; as true as time,

If I’d had aught upon my mind just then, I would n’t have walked that wood for unknown gold;

It was most awful. When the moon was full,

I’ve seen them fish at night, in the middle watch,

When she got low. I've seen them  
plunge like stones,  
And come up fighting with a fish as long,  
Ay, longer than my arm ; and they would  
sail—  
When they had struck its life out—they  
would sail



Over the deck, and show their fell, fierce  
eyes,  
And croon for pleasure, hug the prey,  
and speed  
Grand as a frigate on the wind.”  
“ My ship,  
She must be called ‘The Eagle’ after these.  
And, Martin, ask your wife about the songs  
When you go in at dinner time.”

“ Not I !”

JEAN INGELOW.

### THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

O THE quietest home on earth had I,  
No thought of trouble, no hint of care ;  
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,  
And Peace had folded her pinions  
there.

But one day there joined in our  
household band

A bald-headed tyrant from No-  
man’s-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of  
night,

And no one ventured to ask him  
why ;

Like slaves we tremble before his  
might,

Our hearts stood still when we  
heard him cry ;

For never a soul could his power  
withstand,

That bald-headed tyrant from No-  
man’s-land.

He ordered us here, and he sent  
us there—

Though never a word could his  
small lips speak—

With his toothless gums and his vacant  
stare,

And his helpless limbs so frail and  
weak,

Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,  
“ Go up, thou bald-head from No-man’s-  
land !”

But his abject slaves they turned on me ;  
Like the bears in Scripture, they’d rend  
me there,

The while they worshipped with bended  
knee

This ruthless wretch with the missing  
hair ;

For he rules them all with relentless hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-  
land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,  
For peace had fled from my dwelling  
now,

Till I finally thought of old Father Time,  
And low before him I made my bow.  
“ Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-  
land ? ”

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,  
And a smile came over his features  
grim.

“ I'll take the tyrant under my care :  
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.  
The veriest humbug that ever was  
planned  
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-  
land. ”

Old Time is doing his work full well—  
Much less of might does the tyrant  
wield ;

But, ah ! with sorrow my heart will swell,  
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.  
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled  
hand,

I would keep the bald-head from No-  
man's-land.

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care ;  
Like other vassals, I've learned, for-  
sooth,

To love the wretch who forgot his hair  
And hurried along without a tooth,  
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-  
land.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

## THE NEW COMER.

Lancashire Dialect.

THA 'rt welcome, little bonny brid,  
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha  
did ;

Toimes are bad.  
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,  
But that, of course, tha didn't know,  
Did ta, lad ?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell  
'At when aw coom i' th world misel  
Trade wur slack ;  
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—  
But aw munna fear thee, iv aw do  
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up ! these toimes 'll awter soon ;  
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—  
One for thee ;  
An', as tha' sich a pratty face,  
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's piace  
On mi knee.

Hush ! hush ! tha munno cry this way,  
But get this sope o' cinder tay  
While it's warm ;  
Mi mother used to give it me,  
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,  
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—  
 Oh, what a temper! dear a me,  
     Heaw tha skroikes!  
 Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee;  
 How'd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee  
     Owt tha loikes

We'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,  
 But cawt o' this tha'll ha' thi share,  
     Never fear.  
 Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,  
 But allus fill thi bally weel  
     While tha 'rt here.

And tho' we'n childer two or three,  
 We'll make a bit o' reawm for thee—  
     Bless thee, lad!  
 Tha 'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest;  
 Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—  
     Aw 'm thi dad.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

### ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,  
     Dropped 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 naught.

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.

MATTHIAS BARR.

### WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby  
 weigh—

Baby who came but a month ago?  
 How many pounds, from the crowning  
 curl

To the rosy point of the restless toe?

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

Softly the echo goes around;  
     The father laughs at the tiny girl,  
 The fair young mother sings the words,  
     While grandmother smooths the gold-  
     en curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,  
     Nestles a kiss within a prayer,  
 Murmuring softly, "Little one,  
     Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
     Or the love that came with the help-  
     less one;



Nobody weighed the threads of care  
From which a woman's life is spun.

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

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

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

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

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

### BABY MAY.

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

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

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

### THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,  
Nae stockings on her feet,  
Her supple ankles white as snaw  
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimpled chin ;  
Her puckered lip and baummy mou',  
With nae ane tooth between.

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

HUGH MILLER.

### CHICKEN LITTLE'S DUTY.

Look and see !  
Underneath the lilac-tree  
Mother Bantam walks with six  
Little downy, yellow chicks :  
O, how pretty ! O, how small !  
This one is the least of all.

Chicken Little, Chicken Little,  
Give to me an answer true :  
What is your idea of duty ?  
How does life appear to you ?

“ Peep, peep, peep,” says Chicken Little,

“ That is what I cannot tell ;  
'Tis for me too hard a question ;  
I am just out of the shell ;  
If I live to be a hen,  
I perhaps can answer then.  
Peep, peep, peep ! you should not ask me,  
All that I can do to-day  
Is to mind my mother Bantam,  
What she tells me to obey.  
Peep, peep, peep ! I know so little !  
Peep, peep, peep ! I am so small !  
What is my idea of duty ?  
I have no ideas at all.”

Chicken Little ! Chicken Little !  
You are small, but you are true :  
Just to mind your mother Bantam,  
Is the best thing you can do ;  
That's the right idea of duty  
For a little chick like you.

“ Cluck, cluck, cluck !” says Mother  
Bantam,  
Underneath the lilac-tree ;  
“ Peep, peep, peep,” says Chicken Little,  
As she hurries off from me.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

### PHILIP, MY KING.

“ Who bears upon his baby brow the round and  
top of sovereignty.”

[The baby for whom this poem was written is now Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet.]

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my King !  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's regal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,  
With love's invisible sceptre laden ;  
I am thine Esther, to command,  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-hand-  
maiden,  
Philip, my King !

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

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy  
brow,

Philip, my King;

Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping  
now,

That may rise like a giant, and make  
men bow

As to one God-throned amidst his peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher  
and fairer,

Let me behold thee in coming years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my King?

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One  
day,

Philip, my King,

Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way  
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and  
gray:

Rebels within thee, and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But go on,  
glorious

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,  
As thou sittest at the feet of God vic-  
torious,

“Philip, the King!”

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

—————  
BABY BYE.

BABY Bye,

Here's a fly;

Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls,

Yet he never falls!

I believe with six such legs

You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes

On his toes,

Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red

Dot his head;

Rainbows on his back are spread;

That small speck

Is his neck;

See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose,

Where to look to find his shoes,—

Three small pairs,

Made of hairs;

These he always wears.

Black and brown

Is his gown;

He can wear it upside down;

It is laced

Round his waist;

I admire his taste.

Yet though tight his clothes are made,

He will lose them, I'm afraid,

If to-night

He gets sight

Of the candle-light.

In the sun

Webs are spun;

What if he gets into one?

When it rains

He complains

On the window-panes.

Tongue to talk have you and I;

God has given the little fly

No such things,

So he sings

With his buzzing wings.

He can eat  
Bread and meat ;  
There's his mouth between his feet.  
On his back  
Is a pack  
Like a peddler's sack.  
Does the baby understand ?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand ;  
Put a crumb  
On her thumb,  
Maybe he will come.

Catch him ? No,  
Let him go,  
Never hurt an insect so ;  
But no doubt  
He flies out  
Just to gad about.  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the baby's milk ;  
Fie, oh fie,  
Foolish fly !  
How will he get dry ?

All wet flies  
Twist their thighs ;  
Thus they wipe their heads and  
eyes ;  
Cats, you know,  
Wash just so,  
Then their whiskers grow.  
Flies have hairs too short to  
comb,  
So they fly bareheaded home ;  
But the gnat  
Wears a hat.  
Do you believe that ?

Flies can see  
More than we.

So how bright their eyes must be !  
Little fly,  
Ope your eye ;  
Spiders are near by.  
For a secret I can tell,—  
Spiders never use flies well.  
Then away,  
Do not stay.  
Little fly, good day.

THEODORE TILTON.

### LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,  
Vot gomes schust to my knee,  
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,  
As efer you dit see.



He runs, und schumps, and schmashes  
dings,  
In all barts off der house,

But vot off dat? He vas mine son,  
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,  
 Und eferyding dat's oudt;

He sills mine glass of lager-bier,  
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,  
 Dot vas der roughest chouse!

I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-pan for a dhrum,  
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo

To make der schticks to beat it mit—  
 Mine cracious, dot vos drue!

I dinks mine hed vos schplit abart,  
 He kicks oup sooch a touse;

But nefer mind, der poys vas few  
 Like dat young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:  
 Who baints mine nose so red?

Who vas it cuts dot schmoorth blace  
 oudt

Vrom der hair ubon mine head?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der  
 lamp,

Vene'er der glim I douse?

How gan I all dese dings eggsblain

To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I shall go vild

Mit sooch a grazy poy,

Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest,

Und beaceful dimes enshoy.

But ven he vas ashleep in ped,

So quiet as a mouse,

I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,

But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss!"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

## LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
 How I wonder what you are!  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,  
 When the grass with dew is wet,  
 Then you show your little light,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
 And often through my curtains peep;  
 For you never shut your eye  
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
 Lights the traveller in the dark,  
 Though I know not what you are,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

## UP IN THE TREE.

WHAT would you see if I took you up  
 My little aerie-stair?

You would see the sky like a clear blue  
 cup

Turned upside down in the air.

What would you do up my aerie-stair,  
 In my little nest on the tree?

My child with cries would trouble the air,  
 To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the  
 tree,

For all your crying and grief?

Not a star would you clutch of all you  
 see—

You could only gather a leaf.



But when you had lost your greedy grief,  
 Content to see from afar,  
 You would find in your hand a withered  
 leaf,  
 In your heart a shining star.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### A CHILD'S TWILIGHT.

CHILD.

THE sun drops down in the deep, deep  
 west  
 As a ball sinks into a cup ;  
 And the moon springs rapidly up from  
 rest  
 As a jack-in-the-box leaps up.

Now falls the shadow and comes the  
 dark,  
 And the face of the world is hid ;  
 Like the men and the beasts in a Noah's  
 ark  
 When they slumber beneath its lid.

So softly—slowly—the silence creeps  
 Over earth and all earthly things,  
 That it leaves mankind like a doll that  
 sleeps,  
 With nothing to touch the springs.

MOTHER.

Ah! would that never the stars might  
 shine—  
 Like Heaven's kaleidoscopes—  
 Upon lids less innocent, love, than thine,  
 Less innocent joys and hopes.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

### NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,  
 I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,  
 "In all the green world there is noth-  
 ing so sweet  
 As my little lammie, with his nimble  
 feet ;  
 With his eye so bright,  
 And his wool so white,  
 Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight !"

And the mother-sheep and her little one  
 Side by side lay down in the sun ;  
 And they went to sleep on the hillside  
 warm,  
 While my little lammie lies here on my  
 arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see  
 But the old gray cat with her kittens  
 three !  
 I heard her whispering soft : said she,  
 "My kittens, with tails so cunningly  
 curled,  
 Are the prettiest things that can be in  
 the world.  
 The bird on the tree,  
 And the old ewe she,  
 May love their babies exceedingly ;  
 But I love my kittens there,  
 Under the rocking-chair.  
 I love my kittens with all my might,  
 I love them at morning, noon, and  
 night.  
 Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties  
 I love,  
 And we'll lie down together beneath the  
 warm stove."



Let the kittens sleep under the stove so  
warm,  
While my little darling lies here on my  
arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen  
Go clucking about with her chickens  
ten;  
She clucked and she scratched and she  
bustled away,  
And what do you think I heard the hen  
say?

I heard her say, "The sun never did  
shine  
On anything like to these chickens of  
mine.

You may hunt the full moon and the  
stars, if you please,  
But you never will find ten such chickens  
as these.

My dear, downy darlings, my sweet  
little things,  
Come, nestle now cozily under my  
wings."

So the hen said,  
And the chickens all sped  
As fast as they could to their nice  
feather bed.

And there let them sleep, in their  
feathers so warm,

While my little chick lies here on my  
arm.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

## CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber ;  
 Holy angels guard thy bed ;  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,  
 House and home, thy friends provide ;

Blessed babe ! what glorious features,  
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright !  
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?  
 How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger,  
 Cursed sinners could afford  
 To receive the heavenly stranger ?  
 Did they thus affront the Lord ?



All without thy care, or payment,  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;  
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
 When his birthplace was a stable,  
 And his softest bed was hay.

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,  
 Though my song might sound too  
 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, [hard ;  
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
 How the Jews abused their King—

How they served the Lord of glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky ;  
Where they sought him, there they found  
him,  
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing ;  
Lovely infant, how he smiled :  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed !  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days ;  
Then go dwell forever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire ;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

THE following poem is founded upon the popular fancy that when a child smiles in its sleep the angels are talking to it. The belief is held especially in Ireland, and Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, wrote a number of poems about these superstitious beliefs, of which this is one of the prettiest.

A BABY was sleeping ;  
Its mother was weeping ;  
For her husband was far on the wild  
raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling ;  
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh  
come back to me !"

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended  
her knee :  
" Oh blest be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering  
with thee.

" And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father !  
For I know that the angels are whispering  
to thee."

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see ;  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, " I knew that the angels were  
whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

AN OLD GAELIC CRADLE-  
SONG.

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,  
 White with foam, white with foam :  
 Father toils amid the din ;  
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,  
 On they come, on they come!  
 Brother seeks the lazy sheep,  
 But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,  
 Where they roam, where they roam :  
 Sister goes to seek the cows ;  
 But baby sleeps at home.

ANONYMOUS.

## LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea!  
 Over the rolling waters go ;  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
 Blow him again to me ;  
 While my little one, while my pretty  
 one, sleeps.

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE LAND OF NODDY.

PUT away the bauble and the bib !  
 Smooth out the pillow in the crib !  
 Softly on the down  
 Lay the baby's crown,  
 Warm around its feet  
 Tuck the little sheet,—  
 Snug as a pea in a pod !  
 With a yawn and a gape,  
 And a dreamy little nap,  
 We will go, we will go,  
 To the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 To the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.

There in the Shadow-Maker's tent,  
 After the twilight's soft descent,  
 We'll lie down to dreams  
 Of milk in flowing streams ;  
 And the Shadow-Maker's baby  
 Will lie down with us, may be,  
 On the soft mossy pillow of the sod.  
 In a drowse and a doze,  
 All asleep from head to toes,  
 We will lie, we will lie,  
 In the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 In the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,  
 Then when the lark awakes,  
 We'll leave the drowsy dreams,  
 And the twinkling starry gleams,  
 We'll leave the little tent,  
 And the wonders in it pent,  
 To return to our own native sod.



With a hop and a skip,  
 And a jump and a flip,  
 We will come, we will come,  
 From the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 From the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

### THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

WHEN Luna drops her pearls of light  
 Between the blossoms of the trees,  
 When Philomela lulls at night

Her baby-birds to sleep and ease,—  
 The Italian mother, fond and fair,  
 Her cradle rocks beneath the skies,  
 And, breathed upon the evening air,  
 Her prayers like angel-tones arise.

“Sleep, sleep, my child! these veiling  
 leaves

From chilling dews protect thy bed,  
 E'en while thy shaded brow receives  
 The kiss of stars above thy head.  
 Hushed by these murmuring waves, sleep  
 well!

Oh, may thy life be pure as they!  
 Like bird and flower, unconscious dwell  
 Of storms that follow childhood's  
 day.”

The drowsy bird on downy nest  
 In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs;  
 Then, rousing, throws from east to west  
 The echoing marvel of his songs.

“Sleep, child! the willow's waving  
 bough  
 Reflects the hovering glow-worm's  
 light;  
 The vigils of my heart allow  
 No dream to mar this blissful night.  
 As round his mother's bending form  
 The Holy Babe shed rays divine,  
 My being in thy smile grows warm,  
 Thy cradle's my horizon-line.”

The drowsy bird on downy nest  
 In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs;  
 Then, rousing, throws from east to west  
 The echoing marvel of his songs.

“Sleep, child! on bush and branch and  
 tree  
 Sweet blossoms open for thy sake;  
 The morning light will brighter be;  
 I watch thy blue eyes till they wake.  
 Though day will bring the sun's bright  
 beam,  
 In thy sweet face my light I seek;  
 Sing softly, birds! dance lightly, stream!  
 I listen lest my baby speak.”

Thus, by a tiny, swaying nest,  
 Whose circlet held her world, her all,  
 With swelling heart and glowing breast  
 A mother did her joy recall.  
 Oh, what can heaven hold of bliss  
 More pure, more deep, more sweet,  
 than this!

ALEXANDRE SOUMET.

Translated by FLORENCE H. KENDRICK.



## CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!  
 Thy father's watching the sheep!  
 Thy mother's shaking the dreamland  
 tree,

And down drops a little dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The large stars are the sheep,  
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
 The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

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

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

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

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

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

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Translation of ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

(German.)

## A SERENADE.

"LULLABY, oh, lullaby!"

Thus I heard a father cry,

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

The brat will never shut an eye;

Hither come, some power divine!  
 Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

What is it that makes him cry?

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Still he stares—I wonder why,  
 Why are not the sons of earth  
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"

Thus I heard the father cry;

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Mary, you must come and try!—

Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—

The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Fie, you little creature, fie!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Is no poppy-sirup nigh?

Give him some, or give him all,

I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Two such nights, and I shall die!

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—

How can I from bedposts keep,

When I'm walking in my sleep!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Sleep his very looks deny—

Lullaby, oh, lullaby;

Nature soon will stupefy—

My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—

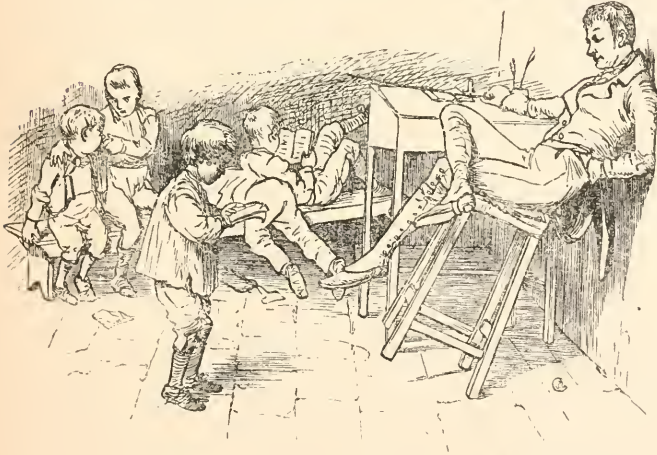
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE TWINS.

IN form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached an awful pitch ;  
For one of us was born a twin  
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed.



And thus you see, by Fate's decree  
(Or rather nurse's whim),  
My brother John got christened *me*,  
And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged—  
For John turned out a fool.

I put this question hopelessly  
To every one I knew,—  
What *would* you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were *you*?

HENRY S. LEIGH.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

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

And shivering on the cor-  
ner stood  
A child of four, or over ;  
No cloak or hat her small,  
soft arms  
And wind-blown curls to  
cover ;  
Her dimpled face was stain-  
ed with tears,  
Her round blue eyes ran  
over ;

She cherished in her wee, cold hand  
A bunch of faded clover.

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

Sobbing, she answered, "I forget;  
The organ made me do it.

I followed down the street because  
That monkey was so funny.



"He came and played at Miller's step,  
The monkey took the money ;

I've walked about a hundred hours,  
From one street to another ;

The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my  
flowers;

Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother's name, and  
what

The street? Now think a minute."

"My mother's name is Mother Dear;

The street—I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house,

Or new—not like the others?"

"I guess you mean my trundle-bed—

Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home

To help him say his prayers—

He's such a baby, he forgets,

And we are both such players;

And there's a bar between, to keep

From pitching on each other,

For Harry rolls when he's asleep;

Oh dear! I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed,  
All muffled, homeward faring.

"You'll have to spend the night with  
me,"

I said, at last, despairing.

I tied a kerchief round her neck:

"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"

"Why, don't you know?" she, smiling,  
said,

And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!

My eyes astonished met it.

"For," said the little one, "you see

I might some time forget it,

And so I wear a little thing

That tells you all about it;

For mother says she's very sure

I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.





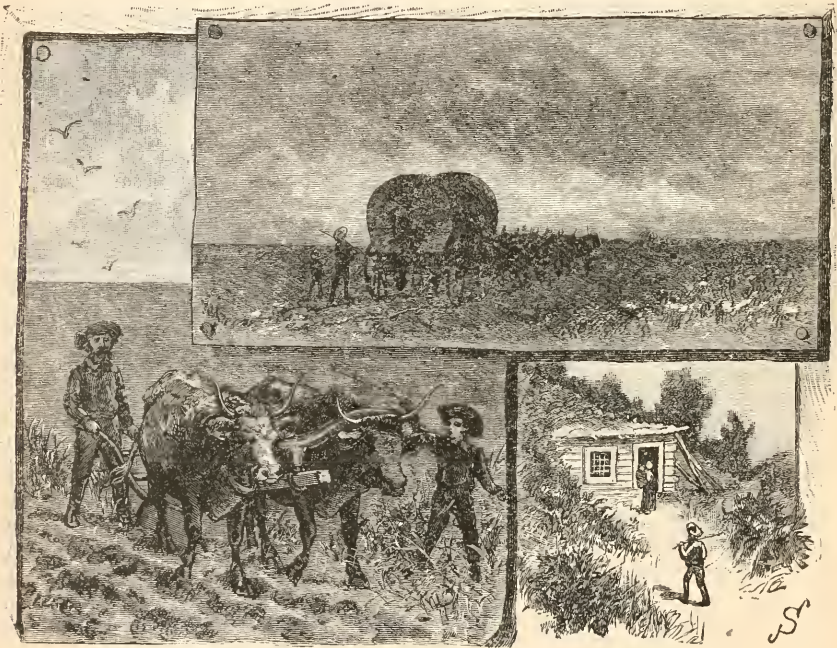
## LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!  
 Lost and gone in the prairie wild;  
 Mad gray wolves from the forest snarling,  
 Snarling for thee, my little child!

Lost, lost! gone forever!  
 Gay snakes rattled and charmed and  
 sung;

Over the grass that rolls, like ocean,  
 On and on to the blue, bent sky,  
 Something comes with a hurried motion,  
 Something calls with a choking cry,—

“Here, here! not dead, but living!”  
 God! Thy goodness—what can I pray?  
 Blessed more in this second giving,  
 Laid in happier arms to-day.



On thy head the sun's fierce fever,  
 Dews of death on thy white lip hung!  
 Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory,  
 Cold and dead by the black oak-tree;  
 Only a small shoe, stained and gory.  
 Blood-red, tattered,—comes home to me.

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!  
 Wolf and snake and the lonely tree  
 Still are rustling, hissing, snarling;  
 Here's my baby come back to me!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



## WILLIE WINKIE.

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

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

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

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

Weary is the mither that has a storic  
wean,  
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin  
his lane,

That has a battle aye wi' sleep before  
he'll close an ee;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies  
strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

## CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night,  
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;  
O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,  
Your father's comin' in.  
They never heed a word I speak;  
I try to gie a froom,  
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,  
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—  
He aye sleeps next the wa'—  
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"  
The rascal starts them a'.  
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,  
They stop awee the soun';  
Then draw the blankets up any cry,  
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab  
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,  
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance—  
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."  
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
He'd bother half the toon:  
But aye I hap them up an' cry,  
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,  
An', as he steeks the door,  
They turn their faces to the wa',  
While Tam pretends to snore.

"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he  
 asks,  
 As he pits off his shoon ;  
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
 An' lang since cuddled doon."  
 An' just afore we bed oorsel',  
 We look at oor wee lambs ;  
 Tam has his airms roun' wee Rab's  
 neck,  
 An' Rab his airms roun' Tam's.  
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,  
 An' as I straik each croon,  
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."  
 The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,  
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;  
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care  
 Will quaten doon their glee.  
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,  
 May he who sits aboon  
 Aye whisper, though their pows be  
 bauld,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

## MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright  
 With rosy light  
 Has waked me from my sleep ;  
 Father, I own  
 Thy love alone  
 Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,  
 I humbly pray,  
 Be thou my guard and guide ;  
 My sins forgive,  
 And let me live,  
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.

O make thy rest  
 Within my breast,  
 Great Spirit of all grace ;  
 Make me like thee,  
 Then I shall be  
 Prepared to see thy face.

ANONYMOUS.

## AN OLD SAW.

A DEAR little maid came skipping out  
In the glad new day, with a merry shout ;  
With dancing feet and flying hair  
She sang with joy in the morning air.

The child paused, trying to understand ;  
But her eyes saw the great world rain-  
bow-spanned :  
Her light little feet hardly touched the  
earth,  
And her soul brimmed over with inno-  
cent mirth.



*“ Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before  
night ! ”*

What a croak to darken the child's de-  
light !

And the stupid old nurse, again and  
again,

Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

“ Never mind,—don't listen, O sweet  
little maid !

Make sure of your morning song,” I  
said ;

“ And if pain must meet you, why, all  
the more

Be glad of the rapture that came before.”

CELIA THAXTER.

## CHIVALRY FOR THE CRADLE.

NO. I. THE ROMAUNT OF HUMPTY-  
DUMPTY.

'Tis midnight, and the moonbeam sleeps  
Upon the garden sward:

Ban yonder ghastly thing, I say ;  
And, look ye, ban it well ;  
By cock and pye, the Humpty's face !"—  
The form turned quickly round ;  
Then tottered from its resting-place—  
That night the corse was found.



My lady in yon turret keeps  
Her tearful watch and ward.  
"Beshrew me!" mutters, turning pale,  
The stalwart seneschal ;  
"What's he that sitteth, clad in mail,  
Upon our castle wall ?  
"Arouse thee, friar of orders gray ;  
What, ho ! bring book and bell !

The King, with hosts of fighting men,  
Rode forth at break of day ;  
Ah ! never gleamed the sun till then  
On such a proud array.  
But all that army, horse and foot,  
Attempted, quite in vain,  
Upon the castle wall to put  
The Humpty up again.



## NO. 2. A LEGEND OF BANBURY CROSS.

Started my lord from a slumber and roared,  
 "Sirrah, go bring me my buckler and sword!  
 Saddle my steed! Ere he next have a feed,  
 I' faith but the brute will be weary indeed:

To see an old woman ride on a white horse.  
 Sir Thomas the Mayor had been heard to declare  
 It was likely to prove an exciting affair.  
 Shouts of acclaim from the multitude came,  
 And clapping of hands for that elderly dame ;



For I and my gray must be off and away  
 To Banbury-Cross at the dawn of the day."

People came down into Banbury-town,  
 In holiday doublet and holiday gown ;  
 They mustered in force, as a matter of course,

Who, as history goes, had the newest of clothes,  
 And rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

*Ting-a-ting, ting ! Ding-a-ding, ding !*

There was never beheld such a wonderful thing.



## NO. 3. THE BALLAD OF BABY BUNTING.

The knight is away in the merry green-  
wood,

Where he hunts the wild rabbit and roe:  
He is fleet in the chase as the late Robin  
Hood—

He is fleeter in quest of the foe.

The nurse is at home in the castle, and  
sings

To the babe that she rocks at her  
breast :

She is crooning of love and of manifold  
things,

And is bidding the little one rest.

“ Oh slumber, my darling ! oh slumber  
apace !

For thy father will shortly be here ;  
And the skin of some rabbit that falls in  
the chase

Shall be thine for a tippet, my dear.”

HENRY S. LEIGH.

## MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,

As quiet as a mouse,

Who does the mischief that is done

In everybody's house.

There's no one ever sees his face ;

And yet we all agree

That every plate we break was cracked

By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,

Who leaves the door ajar ;

He pulls the buttons from our skirts,

And scatters pins afar.

That squeaking door will always squeak ;

For, prithee, don't you see,

We leave the oiling to be done

By Mr. Nobody ?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,

That kettles cannot boil ;

His are the feet that bring in mud,

And all the carpets soil.

The papers always are mislaid :

Who had them last but he ?

There's no one tosses them about

But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors

By none of us are made ;

We never leave the blinds unclosed,

To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill ; the boots

That lying round you see

Are not our boots : they all belong

To Mr. Nobody.

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

## A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !

(But stop—first let me kiss away that  
tear)

Thou tiny image of myself !

(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)

Thou merry, laughing sprite !

With spirits feather-light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by  
sin,

(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing  
a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck,  
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing-bird that wings the  
 air,  
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down  
 the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright  
 a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the  
 boy!  
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth!  
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight  
 pale,  
 In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (The dog will bite him if he pulls its  
 tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting  
 honey  
 From every blossom in the world that  
 blows,  
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever  
 sunny,  
 (Another tumble — that's his precious  
 nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skip-  
 ping-rope!)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from  
 nature's mint,  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!  
 (He'll have that jug off with another  
 shove!)

Dear nursling of the hymeneal  
 nest!  
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)  
 Little epitome of man!  
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his  
 plan!)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of  
 dawning life,  
 (He's got a knife!)  
 Thou enviable being!  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky  
 foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on, my elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him  
 sick!)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-  
 down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque and an-  
 tic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your  
 gown!)

Thou pretty, opening rose!  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe  
 your nose!)

Balmy, and breathing music like the  
 South,  
 (He really brings my heart into my  
 mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its  
 star,  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
 I'll tell you what it is, my love,  
 I cannot write unless he's sent above.

THOMAS HOOD.

## AMONG THE ANIMALS.

ONE rainy morning,  
 Just for a lark,  
 I jumped and stamped  
 On my new Noah's ark ;  
 I crushed an elephant,  
 Smashed a gnu,  
 And snapped a camel  
 Clean in two ;  
 I finished the wolf  
 Without half tryin',  
 And wild hyena  
 And roaring lion ;  
 I knocked down Ham,  
 And Japhet, too,  
 And cracked the legs  
 Of the kangaroo ;  
 I finished, besides,  
 Two pigs and a donkey,  
 A polar bear,  
 Opossum, and monkey ;  
 Also the lions,  
 Tigers, and cats,  
 And dromedaries,  
 And tiny rats.  
 There wasn't a thing  
 That didn't feel,  
 Sooner or later,  
 The weight o' my heel ;  
 I felt as grand  
 As grand could be ;  
 But oh the whipping  
 My mammy gave me !

MARY MAPES DODGE.

## THE NEW SLATE.

SEE my slate ! I dot it new,  
 Cos I b'oke the other,  
 Put my 'ittle foot right froo,  
 Runnin' after mother.  
  
 I tan make you lots o' sings,  
 Fass as you tan tell 'em,  
 T's and B's and big O rings,  
 Only I tan't spell 'em.  
  
 I tan make a funny pig,  
 Wid a turly tail-y,  
 'Ittle eyes, and snout so big,  
 Pokin' in a pail-y.  
  
 I tan make a elephant,  
 Wid his trunk a hangin' ;  
 An' a boy—who says I tan't ?—  
 Wid his dun a bangin'.  
  
 An' the smoke a tummin' out,  
 (Wid my t'umb I do it,  
 Rubbin' all the white about),  
 Sparks a-flyin' froo it.  
  
 I tan make a pretty house,  
 Wid a tree behind it,  
 An' a little mousy-mouse,  
 Runnin' round to find it.  
  
 I tan put my hand out flat  
 On the slate, and draw it,  
 (Ticklin' is the worst of that !)  
 Did you ever saw it ?  
  
 I can draw *me* runnin' 'bout—  
 Mamma's 'ittle posset,  
 Slate's so dusty, rubbin' out,  
 Dess oo'd better wass it.

Now, then, s'all I make a tree,  
 Wid a birdie in it ?  
 All my picturs you s'all see,  
 If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'll make a man,  
 Juss like Uncle Rolly ;  
 See it tummin' fass' it tan !  
 Bet my slate is jolly !

ANONYMOUS.

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

AH, little ranting Johnny,  
 Forever blithe and bonny,  
 And singing nonny, nonny,  
 With hat just thrown upon ye ;  
 Or whistling like the thrushes,  
 With a voice in silver gushes ;  
 Or twisting random posies  
 With daisies, weeds, and roses ;  
 And strutting in and out so,  
 Or dancing all about so ;  
 With cock-up nose so lightsome,  
 And sidelong eyes so brightsome,  
 And checks as ripe as apples,  
 And head as rough as Dapple's,  
 And arms as sunny shining  
 As if their veins they'd wine in,  
 And mouth that smiles so truly  
 Heaven seems to have made it newly—

It breaks into such sweetness  
 With merry-lipped completeness ;  
 Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,  
 As blithe as Laughing Trio !  
 —Sir Richard, too, you rattler,  
 So christened from the Tattler,

My Bacchus in his glory,  
 My little Cor-di-fiori,  
 My tricksome Puck, my Robin,  
 Who in and out come bobbing,  
 As full of feints and frolics as  
 That fibbing rogue Autolycus,  
 And play the graceless robber on  
 Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—  
 Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,  
 How can you, can you be so ?

One cannot turn a minute,  
 But mischief—there you're in it :  
 A-getting at my books, John,  
 With mighty bustling looks, John,  
 Or poking at the roses,  
 In midst of which your nose is ;  
 Or climbing on a table,  
 No matter how unstable,  
 And turning up your quaint eye  
 And half-shut teeth, with " Mayn't I ?"  
 Or else you're off at play, John,  
 Just as you'd be all day, John,  
 With hat or not, as happens ;  
 And there you dance, and clap hands,  
 Or on the grass go rolling,  
 Or plucking flowers, or bowling,  
 And getting me expenses  
 With losing balls o'er fences ;  
 Or, as the constant trade is,  
 Are fondled by the ladies  
 With " What a young rogue this is !"  
 Reforming him with kisses ;  
 Till suddenly you cry out,  
 As if you had an eye out,  
 So desperately tearful,  
 The sound is really fearful ;  
 When lo ! directly after,  
 It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John,  
 Why 'tis we love you so, John?  
 And how it is they let ye  
 Do what you like and pet ye,  
 Though all who look upon ye,  
 Exclaim, "Ah Johnny, Johnny!"  
 It is because you please 'em  
 Still more, John, than you tease 'em;  
 Because, too, when not present,  
 The thought of you is pleasant;  
 Because, though such an elf, John,  
 They think that if yourself, John,  
 Had something to condemn too,  
 You'd be as kind to them too;  
 In short, because you're very  
 Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;  
 And are as quick at giving  
 As easy at receiving;  
 And in the midst of pleasure  
 Are certain to find leisure  
 To think, my boy, of ours,  
 And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;  
 Come, put your hat on rightly,  
 And we'll among the bushes,  
 And hear your friends, the thrushes;  
 And see what flowers the weather  
 Has rendered fit to gather;  
 And, when we home must jog, you  
 Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—  
 Your hat adorned with fine leaves,  
 Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves,  
 And so, with green o'erhead, John,  
 Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

## TO A CHILD.

IF by any device or knowledge  
 The rose-bud its beauty could know,  
 It would stay a rose-bud forever,  
 Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own  
 sweetness,  
 O little one, perfect and sweet,  
 Thou would'st be a child forever,  
 Completer while incomplete.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

## DEAR LITTLE HAND.

DEAR little hand that clasps my own,  
 Embrowned with toil and seamed with  
 strife;

Pink little fingers not yet grown  
 To the poor strength of after-life,—  
 Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine,  
 With the first peep of morning light;  
 Now April-wet with tears, or fine  
 With dews of pity, or laughing bright,  
 Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech  
 All eloquent utterance can transcend;  
 Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach  
 A holier deep than love or friend:  
 Dear little voice!

Dear little life! my care to keep  
 From every spot and stain of sin;  
 Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain.  
 To struggle and—which? to fall or win?  
 Dread mystical life!

LEWIS MORRIS.



## TO HARRY.

HARRY, my little blue-eyed boy,  
 I love to hear thee playing near;  
 There's music in thy shouts of joy  
 To a fond father's ear.

I love to see the lines of mirth  
 Mantle thy cheek and forehead fair,  
 As if all pleasures of the earth  
 Had met to revel there :

For, gazing on thee, do I sigh  
 That these most happy hours will flee,  
 And thy full share of misery  
 Must fall in life on thee !

There is no lasting grief below,  
 My Harry, that flows not from guilt :  
 Thou canst not read my meaning now,—  
 In after times thou wilt.

Thou'lt read it when the church-yard clay  
 Shall lie upon thy father's breast ;  
 And he, though dead, will point the way  
 Thou shalt be always blessed.

They'll tell thee this terrestrial ball,  
 To man for his enjoyment given,  
 Is but a state of sinful thrall  
 To keep the soul from heaven.

My boy ! the verdure-crowned hills,  
 The vale where flowers innumerable  
 blow,  
 The music of ten thousand rills  
 Will tell thee 'tis not so.

God is no tyrant, who would spread  
 Unnumbered dainties to the eyes,  
 Yet teach the hungering child to dread  
 That touching them he dies !

No ! all can do his creatures good  
 He scatters round with hand profuse—  
 The only precept understood,  
 "Enjoy, but not abuse !"

WILLIAM H. TIMROD.

## MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

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

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

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## BABY ARITHMETIC.

ROSEBUD, dainty and fair to see,  
 Flower of the whole round world to me,  
 Come this way on your dancing feet—  
 Say, how much do you love me, sweet?

Red little mouth drawn gravely down,  
 White brow wearing a puzzled frown,  
 Wise little baby Rose is she,  
 Trying to measure her love for me.

“I love you all the day and the night,  
 All the dark and the sunshine bright,  
 All the candy in every store,  
 All my dollars, and more and more,  
 Over the tops of the mountains high,  
 All the world, way up to the sky.”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!  
 Kiss and clasp her neck again,—  
 Hereafter she may have a son  
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
 And mirror back her love for thee,—  
 Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs  
 To meet them when they cannot see.  
 Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow  
 With love that they have often told,—  
 Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,  
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
 Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!

Although it be not silver-gray—  
 Too early Death, led on by Care,  
 May snatch save one dear lock away.  
 Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
 That Heaven may long the stroke  
 defer;  
 For thou mayst live the hour forlorn  
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

A MOTHER SHOWING THE  
 PORTRAIT OF HER CHILD.

LIVING child or pictured cherub  
 Ne'er o'ermatched its baby grace;  
 And the mother, moving nearer,  
 Looked it calmly in the face;  
 Then, with slight and quiet gesture,  
 And with lips that scarcely smiled,  
 Said, “A portrait of my daughter,  
 When she was a child.”

Easy thought was hers to fathom,  
 Nothing hard her glance to read,  
 For it seemed to say, “No praises  
 For this little child I need:  
 If you see, I see far better,  
 And I will not feign to care  
 For a stranger's prompt assurance  
 That the face is fair.”

Softly clasped and half extended,  
 She her dimpled hands doth lay;  
 So they doubtless placed them, saying,  
 “Little one, you must not play.”

And while yet his work was growing,  
 This the painter's hand hath shown,  
 That the little heart was making  
 Pictures of its own.

Is it warm in that green valley,  
 Vale of childhood, where you dwell?  
 Is it calm in that green valley,  
 Round whose bourns such great hills  
 swell?

Are there giants in the valley—  
 Giants leaving footprints yet?  
 Are there angels in the valley?  
 Tell me—I forget.

Answer, answer, for the lilies,  
 Little one, o'er top you much,  
 And the mealy gold within them  
 You can scarcely reach to touch.  
 Oh, how far their aspect differs,  
 Looking up and looking down!  
 You look up in that green valley—  
 Valley of renown!

Are there voices in the valley,  
 Lying near the heavenly gate?  
 When it opens, do the harp-strings,  
 Touched within, reverberate?  
 When, like shooting-stars, the angels  
 To your couch at nightfall go,  
 Are their swift wings heard to rustle?  
 Tell me, for you know.

Yes, you know—and you are silent;  
 Not a word shall asking win;  
 Little mouth more sweet than rosebud,  
 Fast it locks the secret in.  
 Not a glimpse upon your present  
 You unfold to glad my view;

Ah, what secrets of your future  
 I could tell to you!

Sunny present! thus I read it,  
 By remembrance of my past;  
 Its to-day and its to-morrow  
 Are as lifetimes vague and vast;  
 And each face in that green valley  
 Takes for you an aspect mild,  
 And each voice grows soft in saying,  
 "Kiss me, little child!"

As a boon the kiss is granted:  
 Baby mouth, your touch is sweet;  
 Takes the love without the trouble  
 From those lips that with it meet;  
 Gives the love—O pure! O tender!—  
 Of the valley where it grows,  
 But the baby heart receiveth  
 MORE THAN IT BESTOWS.

Comes the future to the present:  
 "Ah!" she saith, "too blithe of mood;  
 Why that smile which seems to whisper,  
 'I am happy—God is good!'  
 God is good: that truth eternal,  
 Sown for you in happier years,  
 I must tend it in my shadow,  
 Water it with tears.

"Ah, sweet present! I must lead thee  
 By a daylight more subdued;  
 There must teach thee low to whisper,  
 'I am mournful, God is good!'  
 Peace, thou future; clouds are coming,  
 Stooping from the mountain's crest;  
 But that sunshine floods the valley:  
 Let her—let her rest."

Comes the future to the present:  
 "Child," she saith, "and wilt thou  
 rest ?

How long, child, before thy footsteps  
 Fret to reach yon cloudy crest ?  
 Ah, the valley!—angels guard it,  
 But the heights are brave to see ;  
 Looking down were long contentment :  
 Come up, child, to me."

So she speaks, but do not heed her,  
 Little maid, with wondrous eyes,  
 Not afraid, but clear and tender,  
 Blue, and filled with prophecies ;  
 Thou for whom life's veil unlifted  
 Hangs, whom warmest valleys fold,  
 Lift the veil, the charm dissolveth,  
 Climb, but heights are cold.

There are buds that fold within them,  
 Closed and covered from our sight,  
 Many a richly-tinted petal,  
 Never looked on by the light ;  
 Fain to see their shrouded faces,  
 Sun and dew are long at strife,  
 Till at length the sweet buds open—  
 Such a bud is life.

When the rose of thine own being  
 Shall reveal its central fold,  
 Thou shalt look within and marvel,  
 Fearing what thine eyes behold ;  
 What it shows and what it teaches  
 Are not things wherewith to part ;  
 Thorny rose ! that always costeth  
 Beatings at the heart.

Look in fear, for there is dimness ;  
 Ills unshapen float anigh ;

Look in awe, for this same nature  
 Once the Godhead deigned to die.  
 Look in love, for He doth love it,  
 And its tale is best of lore,  
 Still humanity grows dearer,  
 Being learned the more.

Learn, but not the less bethink thee  
 How that all can mingle tears ;  
 But his joy can none discover,  
 Save to them that are his peers.  
 And that they whose lips do utter  
 Language such as bards have sung ;  
 Lo ! their speech shall be to many  
 As an unknown tongue.

Learn, that if to thee the meaning  
 Of all other eyes be shown,  
 Fewer eyes can ever front thee,  
 That are skilled to read thine own ;  
 And that if thy love's deep current  
 Many another's far outflows,  
 Then thy heart must take forever  
 LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.

JEAN INGELOW.

#### THE YOUNG VAN DYCK.

In the gray old Flemish city,  
 Bending o'er her 'broidery frame,  
 At a window's deep embrasure,  
 Sat a fair-haired, comely dame.  
 Round her played her merry children,  
 Twisting fillets for their heads,  
 Pilfered, in their prankish mischief,  
 From her pile of arras threads.

Oft she turned her glance upon them,  
 Softly smiling at their play,

All the while her busy needle  
Pricking in and out its way ;  
Gazing from the open casement,  
Where the landscape lay in view  
Striving from her silken treasures  
Thus to match each varied hue.

“ Nay, I cannot,” sighed she sadly,  
As the threads dropped from her hold—  
“ Cannot mate that steely sapphire,  
Or that line of burnished gold.  
How it sparkles as it stretches  
Straight the deep blue waves across !  
Never hint of such a lustre  
Lives within my richest floss !

“ Ah, that blaze of splendid color !  
I could kneel with folded hands,  
As I watch it slowly fading  
Off the distant pasture lands.  
How it pales my brightest saffrons !  
How it blurs my crimsons o'er !  
Mocking me with bitter tauntings  
That my skill can do no more.”

From their play the children starting,  
Pressed around their mother's knees ;  
“ Why,” they cried, “ in all our Antwerp  
Where are 'broideries such as these ?  
Even the famous master, Rubens,  
Craves the piece we think so rare—  
Asks our father's leave to paint it  
Hanging o'er the emperor's chair.”

“ How ye talk !” she smiled. “ Yet often  
Have my fingers ached to choose  
Brush and pigments for my working,  
Not the fading floss I use.

But—a woman, wife and mother—  
What have *I* to do with art ?  
Are not *ye* my nobler pictures—  
Portraits painted from my heart ?

“ Yet, I think if, 'midst my seven,  
One should show the master's bent—  
One should do the things I dream of—  
All my soul would rest content.”  
Quick the four-year-old Antonio  
On his hand his forehead bowed,  
Whispering, “ *I* will be your painter—  
*I* will make my mother proud !”

Close she clasped this youngest darling,  
Smoothing down his golden hair ;  
Kissing, with a crazy rapture,  
Mouth and cheek and eyes so fair,  
As she cried with sob and laughter.  
“ So ! my baby ! you would like  
To be named with Flemish masters—  
Rembrandt, Rubens and Van Dyck !”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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### TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,  
And curly pate, and merry eye,  
And arm and shoulders round, and sleek,  
And soft, and fair ? thou urchin sly !

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,  
First called thee his, or squire or  
hind ?—  
Since thou in every wight that passes  
Dost now a friendly playmate find.



Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,  
 As fringed eyelids rise and fall,—  
 Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—  
 'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,  
 With mocks and threats, half lisped,  
 half spoken,  
 I feel the pulling at my gown,  
 Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,  
 A mimic warfare with me waging,  
 To make, as wily lovers do,  
 Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,  
 And new-cropped daisies are thy treasure :

I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,  
 To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,  
 Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming  
 When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,  
 The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe  
 Thou know'st not now thy future range ;

Life is a motley, shifting show,  
 And thou a thing of hope and change.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### THE LITTLE COUSIN.

THERE was a little girl, and she had a  
 little cousin,  
 And she said, "Little cousin, don't re-  
 fuse, fuse, fuse,  
 From out your tender mercies, to com-  
 pose me a few verses,  
 Just between little you and little Muse,  
 Muse, Muse,  
 Just between little you and little Muse."

Then her little cousin said, as he stroked  
 her sunny head,  
 "I protest, little cousin, you are nice,  
 nice, nice ;  
 So for aid I'll loudly yell, and if Muse  
 will come and help,  
 I'll compose you a few verses in a trice,  
 trice, trice,  
 I'll compose you a few verses in a trice.

"I am sure if all the ladies between  
 Samarcand and Cadiz  
 Asked a rhyme, my pen would never  
 move a jot, jot, jot,  
 But for you, my pretty cousin, I could  
 write a hundred dozen,  
 Whether Madam Muse assisted me or  
 not, not, not,  
 Whether Madam Muse assisted me or  
 not."

So off her cousin prances, and indites  
 his merry stanzas,  
 Upon his little cousin to bestow 'em,  
 stow 'em, stow 'em,  
 But before he gives them over, gets a  
 vow from "Kitty Clover,"

That to not a single soul she'll ever show  
 'em, show 'em, show 'em,  
 That to not a single soul she'll ever  
 show 'em.

Then he looks upon her face, in its  
 blushing, youthful grace,  
 And the mingled rose and lily of her  
 cheek, cheek, cheek,  
 And her liquid, lustrous eyes, as blue as  
 summer skies,  
 Which the soul of sensibility bespeak,  
 speak, speak,  
 Which the soul of sensibility bespeak.

And he says: "My cousin dear, may  
 never sorrow's tear  
 Dim your eye or stain your cheek, my  
 charming Ella, Ella, Ella;  
 But should e'er your heavens lower,  
 'gainst misfortune's pelting show-  
 er,  
 Be a bright and joyous spirit your um-  
 brella, brella, brella;  
 Be a bright and joyous spirit your  
 umbrella."

A. C. KENDRICK.

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TO LITTLE MARY.

I'm bidden, little Mary,  
 To write verses upon thee;  
 I'd fain obey the bidding,  
 If it rested but with me:  
 But the Mistresses I'm bound to  
 (Nine Ladies hard to please)  
 Of all their stores poetic  
 So closely keep the keys,

It's only now and then—  
 By good luck, as one may say—  
 That a couplet or a rhyme or two  
 Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet  
 As that comes quite in season;  
 But some folks must be satisfied  
 With rhyme in *spite* of reason:  
 So Muses! now befriend me,  
 Albeit of help so chary,  
 To string the pearls of poesie  
 For loveliest little Mary!

And yet, ye pagan Damsels,  
 Not over-fond am I  
 To invoke your haughty favors,  
 Your fount of Castaly:  
 I've sipped a purer fountain,  
 I've decked a holier shrine,  
 I own a mightier Mistress—  
 O Nature! *Thou* art mine;  
 And Feeling's fount than Castaly  
 Yields waters more divine!

And only to that well-head,  
 Sweet Mary, I'll resort,  
 For just an artless verse or two,  
 A simple strain and short,  
 Befitting well a Pilgrim  
 Wayworn with earthly strife,  
 To offer thee, young Traveller!  
 In the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee  
 'Tis all with roses gay—  
 There's many a one will tell thee  
 'Tis thorny all the way:—

Deceivers are they every one,  
 Dear Child, who thus pretend :  
 God's ways are not unequal—  
 Make him thy trusted friend,  
 And many a path of pleasantness  
 He'll clear away for thee,  
 However dark and intricate  
 The labyrinth may be.

I need not wish thee beauty,  
 I need not wish thee grace ;  
 Already both are budding  
 In that infant form and face :  
 I *will* not wish thee grandeur,  
 I *will* not wish thee wealth—  
 But only a contented heart,  
 Peace, competence, and health—  
 Fond friends to love thee dearly,  
 And honest friends to chide,  
 And faithful ones to cleave to thee,  
 Whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary,  
 If better things remain,  
 Unheeded in my blindness,  
 Unnoticed in my strain,—  
 I'll sum them up succinctly  
 In "English undefiled,"  
 My mother-tongue's best benison :  
 God bless thee, precious Child !

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

### CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May  
 Was kissing up the April showers,  
 I saw fair Childhood hard at play  
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers :

Happy—he knew not whence or how,  
 And smiling—who could choose but  
 love him ?  
 For not more glad than Childhood's  
 brow  
 Was the blue heaven that beamed  
 above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,  
 That valley's green repose invaded ;  
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,  
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded.  
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,  
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,  
 That Childhood watched his paper kite,  
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,  
 Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute ;  
 But Childhood's glance of purity  
 Had such a holy spell within it,  
 That the dark demon to the air  
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,  
 And hid his envy and despair,  
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,  
 Pale, cypress-crowned Night's awful  
 daughter,  
 And proffered him a fearful cup,  
 Full to the brim of bitter water.  
 Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,  
 And when the beldame muttered  
 "Sorrow,"  
 He said, "Don't interrupt my game !  
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,  
 And wooed him with the softest num-  
 bers

That ever scattered wealth and fame  
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers.  
 Though sweet the music of the lay,  
 To Childhood it was all a riddle ;  
 And "Oh," he cried, "do send away  
 That noisy woman with the fiddle!"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,  
 And taught him, with most sage endeavor,

Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,  
 And why no toy may last forever :  
 She talked of all the wondrous laws  
 Which Nature's open book discloses ;  
 And Childhood, ere she made a pause,  
 Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—oh, manhood's  
 dreams

Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,  
 Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,  
 Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure ;  
 But to the couch where Childhood lies  
 A more delicious trance is given,  
 Lit up by rays from seraph-eyes,  
 And glimpses of remembered heaven.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

### LITTLE HOME-BODY.

LITTLE Home-body is mother's wee pet,  
 Fairest and sweetest of housekeepers  
 yet ;

Up when the roses in golden light peep,  
 Helping her mother to sew and to sweep.  
 Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,  
 Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown ;  
 Tiniest fingers, and needle so fleet !  
 Pattern of womanhood, down at my  
 feet !

Little Home-body is grave and demure,  
 Weeps when you speak of the wretched  
 and poor,

Though she can laugh in the merriest  
 way

While you are telling a tale that is gay.  
 Lily that blooms in some lone, leafy  
 nook ;

Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook ;  
 Fairies are fine, where the silver dews  
 fall ;

Home-fairies—these are the best of them  
 all.

ANONYMOUS.



TO MY LITTLE SISTER ON HER  
CAT.

[The following poem was written by a young girl, and was intended for a Fourth of July present to her little sister. Having nothing else, she gave this poetry, which she refers to as a mere "scratch."]

I MUSE upon thy dearest pet—  
What fitter theme for me to choose—  
And while my fancy takes its flight  
Thy darling kitty also mews.



Ah! kitty with celestial eye,  
And little feet going to and fro ;  
Thy mistress fondly says "my own,"  
And thou dost fondly say "mi-auo."

Thy kitty is of lustrous hue,  
And like thyself sweet sleep prefers ;

Should fortune flee thee, well I know  
Thy cat would share with thee his  
purrs.

Ah! life is short and peace is sweet,  
Why waste them when I wish to live?  
I pause, and like thy kitty's paws,  
A scratch is all I have to give.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEAD DOLL.

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

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

"My dolly! my own little daughter!  
Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!  
It just makes me sick to think of the  
sound when her poor head went  
whack  
Against that horrible brass thing that  
holds up the little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind  
me? I know that I did it myself!

“I think you must be crazy—you’ll get  
her another head!

What good would forty heads do her? I  
tell you my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn’t quite finished her  
elegant new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last  
night to tie on that horrid cat!

“When my mamma gave me that rib-  
bon—I was playing out in the  
yard—

She said to me, most expressly, ‘Here’s  
a ribbon for Hildegarde.’

And I went and put it on Tabby, and  
Hildegarde saw me do it;

But I said to myself, ‘Oh, never mind, I  
don’t believe she knew it!’

“But I know that she knew it now, and  
I just believe, I do,

That her poor little heart was broken,  
and so her head broke too.

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish  
my head had been hit!

For I’ve hit it over and over, and it  
hasn’t cracked a bit.

“But since the darling is dead, she’ll  
want to be buried, of course:

We will take my little wagon, Nurse,  
and you shall be the horse;

And I’ll walk behind and cry, and we’ll  
put her in this, you see—

This dear little box—and we’ll bury her  
there out under the maple-tree.

“And papa will make me a tombstone,  
like the one he made for my bird;  
And he’ll put what I tell him on it—yes,  
every single word!

I shall say: ‘Here lies Hildegarde, a  
beautiful doll, who is dead;  
She died of a broken heart, and a dread-  
ful crack in her head.’”

MARGARET VANDERGRIFT.

### SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose were red?  
Then wouldn’t it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you’re glad ’twas Dolly’s  
And not your head, that broke?

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

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

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
 And some a coach and pair,  
 Will it tire you less while walking  
 To say, "It isn't fair" ?  
 And wouldn't it be nobler  
 To keep your temper sweet,  
 And in your heart be thankful  
 You can walk upon your feet ?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,  
 Nor the way some people do,  
 Do you think the whole creation  
 Will be altered just for you ?  
 Then isn't it, my boy or girl,  
 The wisest, bravest plan,  
 Whatever comes, or doesn't come,  
 To do the best you can ?

PHOEBE CARY.

### TOPSY-TURVY-WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,  
 And the owl the porcupine ;  
 If churches were built in the sea,  
 And three times one were nine ;  
 If the pony rode his master,  
 If the buttercups ate the cows,  
 If the cat had the dire disaster  
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse ;  
 If mamma, sir, sold the baby  
 To a gypsy for half-a-crown ;  
 If a gentleman, sir, were a lady,—  
 The world would be Upside-Down !  
 If any or all of these wonders  
 Should ever come about,  
 I should not consider them blunders,  
 For I should be Inside-Out !

ANONYMOUS.

### LITTLE NANNIE.

FAWN-FOOTED Nannie,  
 Where have you been ?  
 "Chasing the sunbeams  
 Into the glen ;  
 Plunging through silver lakes  
 After the moon ;  
 Tracking o'er meadows  
 The footsteps of June."

Sunny-eyed Nannie,  
 What did you see ?  
 "Saw the fays sewing  
 Green leaves on a tree ;  
 Saw the waves counting  
 The eyes of the stars ;  
 Saw cloud-lambs sleeping  
 By sunset's red bars."

Listening Nannie,  
 What did you hear ?  
 "Heard the rain asking  
 A rose to appear ;  
 Heard the woods tell  
 When the wind whistled wrong ;  
 Heard the stream flow  
 Where the bird drinks his song."

Nannie, dear Nannie,  
 O take me with you,  
 To run and to listen,  
 And see as you do.  
 "Nay, nay, you must borrow  
 My ear and my eye,  
 Or the beauty will vanish,  
 The music will die."

LUCY LARCOM

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in  
the ase,  
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round  
face ;  
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees  
he there ?  
Ha ! the young dreamer's biggin' castles  
in the air !

His wee chubby face, an' his towzy  
curly pow,  
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin'  
lowe ;  
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe  
his sunny hair,  
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in  
the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the  
moon,  
He sees little sodgers puin' them a' doun ;  
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, blazin'  
wi' a flare,  
Losh ! how he louns, as they glimmer  
in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the  
laddie ken ?  
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony  
mighty men ;  
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing  
mak's us stare—  
There are mair folks than him biggin'  
castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him  
cauld ;  
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon  
mak' him auld ;

His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that  
Daddy Care  
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles  
in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at  
the light ;  
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd  
up by night ;  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a  
glare,  
Hearts are broken—heads are turn'd—  
wi' castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

## LITTLE SORROW.

AMONG the thistles on the hill,  
In tears, sat Little Sorrow :  
“ I see a black cloud in the west,  
'Twill bring a storm to-morrow ;  
And, when it storms, where shall I be ?  
And what will keep the rain from me ?  
Woe's me ! ” said Little Sorrow.

“ But now the air is soft and sweet,  
The sunshine bright,” said Pleasure :  
“ Here is my pipe, if you will dance,  
I'll make my merriest measure ;  
Or, if you choose, we'll sit beneath  
The red-rose tree, and twine a wreath :  
Come, come with me ! ” said Pleasure.

“ Oh, I want neither dance nor flowers ;  
They're not for me,” said Sorrow,  
“ When that black cloud is in the west,  
And it will storm to-morrow !  
And, if it storm, what shall I do ?  
I have no heart to play with you :  
Go, go ! ” said Little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn,  
The clouds were all blown over;  
The lark sprang singing from his nest  
Among the dewy clover;  
And Pleasure called, "Come out and  
dance!

To-day you mourn no evil chance:  
The clouds have all blown over!"

"And if they have, alas, alas!  
Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;  
"For if to-day we miss the storm  
'Twill surely come to-morrow,  
And be the fiercer for delay:  
I am too sore at heart to play.  
Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

---

LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood  
spray:

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What's your name?" quoth he—

"What's your name? Oh stop and  
straight unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of  
gold,"—

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—  
Tossed aside her gleaming golden  
locks—

"Bonny bird," quoth she,

"Sing me your best song before I go."

"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never  
heard

Half so gay a song from any bird—

Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and  
slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below

All the sweetness seemed to grow and  
grow,

And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through  
the glade,

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out the tree

Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void  
of fear,—

While bold blackbird piped that all  
might hear—

"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—

"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—

Golden wood-lights glancing in his  
eyes—

And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July  
sun,

In the little lap dropped one by one—





LITTLE BELL.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the  
fun!

"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the  
glade—

"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare—  
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare ;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates  
twain

Piped and frisked from bough to bough  
again,

'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and  
grow,

And shine out in the happy overflow  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white eot at close of day  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to  
pray—

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused a while to hear—

"What good child is this," the angel  
said,

"That with happy heart, beside her bed,  
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,  
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard  
croft,

"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the  
angel fair

Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'  
care ;

Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and  
kind

Shall watch around and leave good gifts  
behind,

Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUES-  
TION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The  
sparrow, the dove,

The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and  
I love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is  
so strong ;

What it says I don't know, but it sings  
a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms, and  
sunny warm weather,

And singing and loving, all come back  
together ;

Then the lark is so brimful of gladness  
and love,

The green fields below him, the blue  
sky above,

That he sings, and he sings, and forever  
sings he,

"I love my Love, and my Love loves  
me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## NELL AND HER BIRD.

GOOD-BY, little birdie !  
 Fly to the sky,  
 Singing and singing  
 A merry good-by.



Tell all the birdies  
 Flying above,  
 Nell, in the garden,  
 Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,  
 Hurt, in a tree ;  
 Then, when they're wounded,  
 They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,  
 If I could fly ;  
 It must be so beautiful  
 Up in the sky !

Why, little birdie—  
 Why don't you go ?  
 You sit on my finger,  
 And shake your head, " No !"

He's off ! Oh, how quickly  
 And gladly he rose !  
 I know he will love me  
 Wherever he goes.

I know—for he really  
 Seemed trying to say :  
 " My dear little Nelly,  
 I can't go away."

But just then some birdies  
 Came flying along,  
 And sang, as they neared us,  
 A chirruping song ;

And he felt just as I do  
 When girls come and shout  
 Right under the window,  
 " Come, Nelly—come out !"

It's wrong to be sorry ;  
 I ought to be glad ;  
 But he's the best birdie  
 That ever I had.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



## I-HAVE AND O-HAD-I;

OR, A BIRD IN THE HAND IS 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 sad-  
ly.

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 on, "Be cheery, be cheery!"

Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,  
And sweet shall your sleep be when  
weary.

But let an O-had-I but 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 crouching, now  
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 treas-  
ure,

And, when'er an O-Had-I comes flying  
along,

Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

AUGUSTUS LANGEIN (*German*).

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE's no dew left on the daisies and  
clover,

There's no rain left in heaven.

I've said my "seven times" over and  
over,—

Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter;

My birthday lessons are done.

The lambs play always,—they know no  
better;

They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you  
sailing

And shining so round and low.

You were bright—ah, bright—but your  
light is failing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something  
wrong in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?



I hope, if you have, you will soon be  
forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—  
You've powdered your legs with gold.  
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

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

JEAN INGELOW.

### NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

PRAY, where is my hat? It is taken away,  
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot;  
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,  
Though I've hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my atlas upstairs—  
My Æsop is somewhere there too;  
And, sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,  
And, mother, just fasten my shoe.

And, sister, beg father to write an excuse;—

But stop! he will only say "No,"  
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,  
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;  
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;  
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball—  
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town-clock will strike in a minute,  
I fear,  
Then away to the foot I will sink;  
There! look at my Carpenter tumbled down here,  
And my Worcester covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,  
Though the toast and the butter were fine;  
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,  
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,  
And beat on the door with their sticks;  
I suppose they will say *I was dressing too late*;  
To-morrow, *I'll be up at six*.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

I HAVE a lovely poodle, white and sleek—

My mother says he's quite a little scamp.

Aunt Martha gives me twenty cents a week

I'll be six years upon the third of May—

I hope I'll get a pair of roller skates.  
My mother says I'm just a little lamb,  
And gives me biscuits spread with currant jam.

I have a little yellow savings-bank.

I can't go out to play, because it's cool.



To dust the frames and trim the parlor lamp.

We used to live at Harlem in a flat,  
But now we have ten pigeons and a cat.

I had my pictures taken yesterday,

I'm fond of gum-drops, caramels, and dates.

Last week I dropped the kitten in the tank.

Next year I'm going to be sent to school;

I wish that time would hurry up and come.

My brother's eight, and plays upon the drum.

We have a Shanghai, and she loudly  
clucks.

My brother's bought for fifty cents a  
fox.

We now are raising seven orphan ducks ;

We keep them in the kitchen in a box.  
Next month, if warm, I'll see-saw on a  
log,

And in a wagon ride, behind the dog.

Last winter many times I had the croup,  
But haven't since we moved into this  
place.

On Sunday we have pie and chicken  
soup.

My sister uses powder on her face.  
And now good-by ! I'm going off to play ;  
I'll write to you again some other day.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

### LUCY'S LAMB.

Lucy had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow ;  
And everywhere that Lucy went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—  
That was against the rule ;  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about,  
Till Lucy did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, I'm not afraid,  
You'll keep me from all harm.

“What makes the lamb love Lucy so ?”  
The eager children cry.  
“Oh, Lucy loves the lamb, you know,”  
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your will,  
If you are only kind.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

### THE KING'S RIDE.

ABOVE the city of Berlin  
Shines soft the summer day,  
And near the royal palace shout  
The school-boys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates  
Unclasp their portals wide,  
And forth into the sunshine see  
A single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire ;  
No glittering courtiers wait,  
No armed guard attend the steps  
Of Frederick the Great !

The boys have spied him, and with shouts  
The summer breezes ring :  
The merry urchins haste to greet  
Their well-belovéd king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread,  
Presses the joyous train ;

And Prussia's despot frowns his best,  
And shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone  
Are feigned, full well they know;  
They do not fear his stick—that hand  
Ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries.  
"Ho! ho!" the laughers say,  
"A pretty king you not to know  
We've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day,  
These children at his side,  
The symbol of his nation's love,  
Did royal Frederick ride.

O Kings! your thrones are tottering now!  
Dark frowns the brow of Fate!  
When did you ride as rode that day  
King Frederick the Great?

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

#### WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish  
little bonnet,  
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of  
lace upon it;  
And that the other maidens of the little  
town might know it,  
She thought she'd go to meeting the  
next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce  
larger than a dime,  
The getting of it settled proved to be a  
work of time;  
So, when it was fairly tied, all the bells  
had stopped their ringing,

And when she came to meeting, sure  
enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and  
waited at the door,  
And she shook her ruffles out behind,  
and smoothed them down before.

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the  
choir above her head;

"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!"  
were the words she thought they  
said.

This made the little maiden feel so very,  
very cross

That she gave her little mouth a twist  
and her head a little toss,

For she thought the very hymn they  
sang was all about her bonnet,

With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of  
lace upon it.

And she did not wait to listen to the  
sermon or the prayer,

But pattered down the silent street and  
hurried up the stair,

Till she'd reached her little bureau, and  
in a bandbox on it

Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her  
foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that  
each of you will find

In every Sabbath service but an echo of  
your mind;

And the little head that's filled with silly  
airs

Will never get a blessing from sermons  
or from prayers.

MISS HAMMOND.



## NOTHING TO DO.

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

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks  
 Came down with a crash to the floor ;  
 My train of cars ran over the rocks—  
 I'll warrant they'll run no more ;

I have raced with Grip till I'm out of  
 breath ;  
 My slate is broken in two,  
 So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to  
 death  
 Because I have nothing to do.

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

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

After berries. I'm sure they've been out  
 for hours ;

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

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,  
 For he seems so happy and gay,  
 When his wood is chopped and his work  
 all done,  
 With his little half hour of play ;  
 He neither has books nor top nor ball,  
 Yet he's singing the whole day  
 through ;  
 But then he is never tired at all,  
 Because he has nothing to do.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE CLOCK THAT GAINS.

[The following poem was written by Juan de Castro, who was born a slave in the island of Cuba about 1800. At the age of thirty-eight he was liberated by some gentlemen of literary tastes in Havana, whose attention had been attracted to his writings, and who raised eight hundred dollars to purchase him of his master. They also published a volume of his poems. The originals are in Spanish. The one given here is a translation made by Dr. R. R. Madden.]

THE clock's too fast, they say,  
 But what matter how it gains ?  
 Time will not pass away  
 Any faster for its pains.

The tiny hands may race  
 Round the circle, they may range ;  
 The Sun has but one pace,  
 And his course he cannot change.





“ Singing in fields their roundelay,  
Girt with flowers, in bright array,  
Looking as fresh and pure as they,  
Coming from God—what do they say ? ”

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R L

The beams that daily shine  
 On the dial, err not so ;  
 For they're ruled by laws divine,  
 And they vary not, we know.

But though the clock is fast,  
 Yet the moments, I must say,  
 More slowly never passed  
 Than they seemed to pass to-day.

JUAN DE CASTRO.

### PLAYING KING.

Ho ! I'm a king, a king ! A crown is  
 on my head,

A sword is at my side, and regal is my  
 tread ;

Ho, slave ! proclaim my will to all the  
 people round :

The schools are hereby closed ; hence-  
 forth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end ; all slates I order  
 smashed ;

The man who says " Arithmetic," he  
 must be soundly thrashed ;

All grammars shall be burnt ; the spellers  
 we will tear ;

The boy who spells correctly, a fool's  
 cap he shall wear.

No dolls shall be allowed, for dolls are  
 what I hate ;

The girls must give them up, and learn  
 to swim and skate ;

Confectioners must charge only a cent a  
 pound

For all the plums and candy that in the  
 shops are found.

That man who asks a dime for any pear  
 or peach,

I'll have him hung so high that none his  
 feet can reach ;

No baker is allowed hereafter to bake  
 bread—

He must bake only pies and cake and  
 ginger-snaps instead.

All lecturers must quit our realm with-  
 out delay ;

The circus-men and clowns, on pain of  
 death, must stay ;

All folk who frown on fun at once must  
 banished be.

Now, fellow, that you know my will, to  
 its fulfilment see !

ALFRED SELWYN.

### THE NEW MOON.

O MOTHER, how pretty the moon looks to-  
 night !

She was never so cunning before ;  
 Her two little horns are so sharp and so  
 bright !

I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there with you and my  
 friends,

We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;  
 We'd sit in the middle, and hold by both  
 ends :

Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the  
 way,

Lest we should rock over their toes

And then we would rock till the dawn  
of the day,

And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay in the beauti-  
ful skies,

And through the bright clouds we  
would roam ;

We'd see the sun set, and see the sun  
rise,

And on the next rainbow come home.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

### THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

HER blue eyes they beam and they  
twinkle,

Her lips have made smiling more fair ;  
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,  
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller ;  
Just half through the teens is her age ;  
And baby or lady to call her,  
Were something to puzzle a sage !

Her walk is far better than dancing ;  
She speaks as another might sing ;  
And all by an innocent chancing,  
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city,  
She's perfect in natural grace ;  
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,  
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,  
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—  
And oh ! when she comes, in a minute,  
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,  
How many will sigh for her sake !—  
I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
What sort of a wife she would make ?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDPAPA'S spectacles cannot be  
found ;

He has searched all the rooms, high and  
low, round and round ;

Now he calls to the young ones, and  
what does he say ?

“Ten cents for the child who will find  
them to-day.”

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all  
ran,

And a most thorough hunt for the  
glasses began,

And dear little Nell, in her generous  
way,

Said, “I'll look for them, grandpa, with-  
out any pay.”

All through the big Bible she searches  
with care

That lies on the table by grandpapa's  
chair ;

They feel in his pockets, they peep in  
his hat,

They pull out the sofa, they shake out  
the mat.

Then down on all-fours, like two good-  
natured bears,

Go Harry and Ned under tables and  
chairs,

Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard  
to declare

He believes that those glasses are *not any-  
where*.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's  
knee,

Was thinking most earnestly where they  
*could* be,

Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded  
eyes,

And her own shining brown ones grew  
big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands—all her  
dimples came out,—

She turned to the boys with a bright,  
roguish shout :

“ You may leave off your looking, both  
Harry and Ned,

For there are the glasses on grandpapa's  
head !”

ELIZABETH SILL.

#### BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMAMMA sits in her quaint arm-  
chair ;

Never was lady more sweet and fair ;  
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,  
And her own brow its story tells  
Of a gentle life and peaceful even,  
A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away  
In her own low seat, like some winsome  
fay ;

Two doll-babies her kisses share,  
And another one lies by the side of her  
chair ;

May is as fair as the morning dew,  
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

“ Say, grandmamma,” says the pretty elf,  
“ Tell me a story about yourself.

When you were little, what did you play ?  
Were you good or naughty the whole  
long day ?

Was it hundreds and hundreds of years  
ago ?

And what makes your soft hair as white  
as snow ?

“ Did you have a mamma to hug and  
kiss ?

And a dolly like this, and this, and this ?  
Did you have a pussy like my little  
Kate ?

Did you go to bed when the clock struck  
eight ?

Did you have long curls, and beads like  
mine,

And a new silk apron with ribbons fine ?”

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,  
And laying aside her knitting, she said :  
“ Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see ;  
Carefully lift it and bring it to me.”  
So May put her dollies away, and ran,  
Saying, “ I'll be careful as ever I can.”

The grandmamma opened the box, and  
lo !

A beautiful child with throat like snow,  
Lip just tinted like pink shells rare,  
Eyes of hazel and golden hair,  
Hand all dimpled, and teeth like  
pearls,—

Fairest and sweetest of little girls.



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

May looked long at the dimpled  
 grace,  
 And then at the saint-like, fair old  
 face.  
 "How funny!" she cried, with a  
 smile and a kiss,  
 "To have such a dear little grand-  
 ma as this!  
 Still," she added with smiling zest,  
 "I think, dear grandma, I like *you*  
 best."

So May climbed on the silken knee,  
 And grandmamma told her histo-  
 ry—  
 What plays she played, what toys  
 she had,  
 How at times she was naughty, or  
 good, or sad.  
 "But the best thing you did," said  
 May, "don't you see?  
 Was to grow a beautiful grandma  
 for me."

MARY A. DENISON.

### JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRAND- MOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks ;  
 They beat all the aunts in creation ;

They let a chap do as he likes,  
 And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all  
 What a poor feller ever could do  
 For apples, and pennies, and cakes,  
 Without a grandmother or two.



Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"  
 To let a boy have a good time ;  
 Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,  
 T'other way when a boy wants to  
 climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,  
 And pies, a whole row, in the cellar,

And they're apt (if they know it in time)  
To make chicken-pies for a feller.

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

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

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

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

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

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,  
While yet the morning sun was low,  
And rosy with the eastern glow  
The landscape smiled ;

Whilst low'd the newly waken'd herds—  
Sweet as the early song of birds,  
I heard those first delightful words,  
"Thou hast a child !"

Along with that uprising dew  
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,  
To hail a dawning quite as new  
To me, as Time :

It was not sorrow—not annoy—  
But like a happy maid, though coy,  
With grief-like welcome, even Joy  
Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear ! many years,  
In all the bliss that life endears,  
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears  
Too strictly kept :

When first thy infant littleness  
I folded in my fond caress,  
The greatest proof of happiness  
Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

SEWING.

CLOSE by the window there sits to-day,  
A dear little maiden—her name is  
Rose ;  
And her thoughts are out with the birds  
at play,  
And her needle drags through the  
seam she sews.  
The thread provokes her, beyond a  
doubt ;  
It knots and snarls ; and the needle  
tries  
To murder her patience out and out,  
For it pricks her finger. "O, dear !"  
she cries.

I see the trouble she cannot see ;  
 The witches are playing their pranks  
 with Rose ;  
 They dance around her in sportive glee,  
 And, O, how they laugh at her tearful  
 woes !  
 They twitch the thread as it leaves her  
 hand,  
 They knot, and tangle, and twist it  
 wrong ;  
 And poor little Rose cannot understand  
 Why her sewing-hour should be so  
 long.

“ I don't mind sewing on rainy days,”  
 Said the restless Rose, “ but it seems  
 to be

A cruel thing to give up my plays  
 When all out-doors is enticing me !  
 This seam can wait, but my heart rebels,  
 And longs to carry me far away,  
 To the woods, to the beach where I  
 gather shells ;  
 O, how can I work when I want to  
 play !”

A bird leaned hard on the rose's stem,  
 And bent the bud till it fanned her  
 cheek,  
 And Rose, through her tears, looked out  
 at them,  
 And fancied she heard them softly  
 speak.

“ If I were you, little girl,” they said,  
 “ I would hurry and finish what I'd be-  
 gun,  
 “ And keep my mind on that bit of thread,  
 Nor think of play till the work was  
 done !”

She smiled through her tears, and she  
 bent her head,  
 And plied her needle with haste and  
 skill ;  
 “ I'll put my heart in my work,” she  
 said ;  
 “ And that will help me ; I know it  
 will !”

I saw the fairies she could not see ;  
 They polished the needle, and smooth-  
 ed the thread,  
 And danced around her in sportive  
 glee,  
 And the sewing-hour was quickly sped.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

## SWINGING IN THE BARN.

SWING away,  
 From the great cross-beam,  
 Hid in heaps of clover-hay,  
 Scented like a dream.

Higher yet !  
 Up between the eaves,  
 Where the gray doves cooing flit  
 Through the sun-gilt leaves.

Here we go !  
 Whistle, merry wind !  
 'Tis a long day you must blow,  
 Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away !  
 Sweep the rough barn floor ;  
 Looking through an Arcady  
 Framed in by the door !

One, two, three !  
 Quick ! the round red sun,  
 Hid behind yon twisted tree,  
 Means to end the fun.

Swing away,  
 Over husks and grain !  
 Shall we ever be as gay,  
 If we swing again ?

LUCY LARCOM.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

NOT long ago I wandered near  
 A play-ground in the wood,  
 And there heard a thing from youthful  
 lips  
 That I've never understood.

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

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

"The little villain has stoned a cat,  
 Or hung it upon a limb,  
 And left it to die all alone," I said ;  
 "But I'll play the mischief with *him*."

I forced my way between the boughs,  
 The poor old cat to seek ;  
 And what did I find but a swinging  
 child,  
 With her bright hair brushing her  
 cheek !

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

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

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

"*You* letting him die !" I cried aghast ;  
 "Why, where is the cat, my dear ?"  
 And lo ! the laughter that filled the  
 woods  
 Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little  
 maid,  
 The flitting, beautiful elf,  
 "That we call it 'letting the old cat  
 die'  
 When the swing stops all itself ?"

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

MARY MAPES DODGE.

## FINDING ON THE MAP.

[From "The Gate of Tears."]

THE summer-house was old and worn,  
 A Moorish roof of painted pine,  
 On seven slender shafts upborne,  
 Half hidden by a clambering vine,  
 And half in sunlight, while the leaves  
 Of two great maples flecked the  
 floor,  
 With dancing shapes all shadowed  
 o'er,

And rustled round the broken eaves.  
 It stood upon a point of land  
 Far poised above a silver flood,  
 And the deep gulf on either hand  
 By swallow-flights alone was spanned,  
 Or fleecy clouds in flying scud.  
 In fancy I can see it still,  
 As in one dreamy afternoon  
 When Summer's strength was freshly  
 hewn,  
 And Autumn's haze was on the hill.

Then we were children—happy time !  
 For this old world seemed shining  
 new,  
 And life was but a rattling rhyme,  
 And all its pretty tales were true.  
 We played the old familiar games,  
 Until they palled upon the sense,  
 And personated squires and dames,  
 And knaves and knights, in grave  
 pretence,  
 Till Helen, flinging from her lap  
 The autumn leaves, sprang up and  
 cried,  
 "I know a game we have not tried!  
 We'll play at finding on the map?"

She brought the atlas from the house,  
 And spread it on the arbor floor ;  
 We clustered round and conned it  
 o'er,  
 With wary eyes and thoughtful brows.

The turn went round until it fell  
 To Arthur, him of fewest years  
 Among us, and he pondered well,  
 Then bade us find the Gate of Tears.  
 What mighty travels now began—  
 What voyages in unknown seas !  
 We cruised among the Cyclades,  
 And visited the Cingalese,  
 And lingered at the Isle of Man.  
 We crossed the Himalayan slopes,  
 And climbed the Mountains of the  
 Moon ;  
 We trod Peruvian bridge of ropes,  
 And lowland dike, and Danish dune ;  
 We sailed the great Australian Bight,  
 We basked awhile on tropic shores,  
 We pulled the daring whaler's oars,  
 And lost ourselves in Arctic night.

On Orinoco's tangled banks  
 The chattering monkeys mocked our  
 quest ;  
 And in the red man's straggling ranks  
 We thrid the rivers of the West ;  
 We followed up the Niger's course,  
 And all the Dnieper's muddy miles,  
 And where Ontario's waters force  
 St. Lawrence through his Thousand  
 Isles.  
 With vague conjecture, jests, and jeers,  
 We spelled out many a foreign name,  
 But still were baffled by the game,  
 And could not find the Gate of Tears.



“You give it up,” said Arthur—“Good!  
But see how plain it now appears—  
A voyage through the Red Sea’s flood  
Will bring you to the Gate of Tears.”

The Red Sea’s flood, we knew not then,  
We’ve known too well in after years;  
For time and truth have made us men—  
Swift time, stern truths told o’er again—  
And all have found the Gate of Tears.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

### TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,  
So beautiful approve thee,  
So winning light are all thy ways,  
I cannot choose but love thee.  
Thy balmy breath upon my brow  
Is like the summer air,  
As o’er my cheek thou leanest now,  
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound  
Between the child and woman;  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,

And other years, are coming:  
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,  
More precious to the heart;  
But never canst thou be again  
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood  
Of fancy-fed affection;  
And grief shall come with womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection;

Thou’lt learn to toil and watch, and weep  
O’er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun  
Of joyous expectation,  
Ordned to bless the little one,  
The freshling of creation!  
Nor doubt that He who thus doth feed  
Her early lamp with gladness,  
Will be her present help in need,  
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,  
All rich in Nature’s treasure!  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self-renewing pleasure.  
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth, till time shall end it:  
’Tis Nature’s wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it?

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER.

### THE PURPLE DOVE.

WITH trembling heart I followed  
Where Jimmy led the way,  
Up to the highest scaffold  
Among the clover hay;  
There, where the dusty rafters  
Our heads were close above,  
The treasure that we loved the best,  
With rainbow neck and downy breast,  
Stone dead, but faithful to her nest,  
We found the purple dove;  
And “O!” said Jim, and “O!” said I,  
And both of us sat down to cry.

My mood was April's ever,  
 But tears were few with Jim ;  
 It dignified my sorrow,  
 To have it shared by him.  
 He stroked the glossy feathers,  
 And smoothly made them lie ;  
 " 'Twas only yesterday she fed  
 From out my hand, and now she's dead !"  
 " O Jim ! those pretty wings !" I said ;  
 " To think they'll never fly !  
 It is too hard—I cannot love,  
 I never can, another dove !"

And then I wept in earnest,  
 As if my heart would break,  
 As loud in lamentation  
 As mourners at a wake ;  
 While Jim his face, in silence,  
 Hid in the clover hay,  
 And would not once look up, and so  
 We sat, how long I do not know,  
 Till, " Children !" called a voice below  
 We knew we must obey ;  
 And down again we came once more,  
 The dead dove in my pinafore.

The hyacinths in the garden  
 Were blooming pink and white ;  
 We made a grave among them,  
 And buried her from sight.  
 Since then our share of trouble  
 We've had, both Jim and I,—  
 The common pain that comes to all,  
 And special trials great and small—  
 But still, self-pitying, I recall  
 That grief of days gone by,  
 And those hot tears of childish love  
 Which fell upon the purple dove.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## BIRTHDAY BALLAD.

THOU art plucking spring roses, Genie,  
 And a little red rose art thou !  
 Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,  
 Another bright leaf, I trow :  
 But the roses will live and die, Genie,  
 Many and many a time,  
 Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—  
 Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds,  
 Genie ;

But, oh ! do not wish their wing !  
 That would only tempt the fowler,  
 Genie :

Stay thou on earth and sing ;  
 Stay in the nursing nest, Genie ;  
 Be not soon thence beguiled,  
 Thou ne'er wilt find a second, Genie,  
 Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles  
 Genie,  
 Pile them up brave and high,  
 And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,  
 As he wandereth singing by ;  
 But if thy towers fall down, Genie,  
 And if the brown bee is lost,  
 Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,  
 How soon life's schemes are crossed.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,  
 And he calls thee his sweet wee wife,  
 But let not thy little heart think, Genie,  
 Childhood the prophet of life ;  
 It may be life's minstrel, Genie,  
 And sing sweet songs and clear,  
 But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,  
 Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,  
 Alas! shall I live to see?  
 For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,  
 And I am a moss-grown tree:  
 I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,  
 Thou art in blossom sweet;  
 But think of the grave betimes, Genie,  
 Where young and old oft meet.

MARIA JEWSBURY FLETCHER.

### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to  
 their hame  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-  
 dame,  
 Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naeboddy  
 carin' ?  
 Tis the puir doited loonie, the mitherless  
 bairn !  
 The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane  
 bed;  
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his  
 bare head;  
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the  
 airn,  
 An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless  
 bairn.  
 Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams  
 hover there,  
 O' hands that wont kindly to kame his  
 dark hair;  
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless  
 an' stern,  
 That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless  
 bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-  
 rocked bed,  
 Now rests in the mools where her mam-  
 mie is laid;  
 The father toils sair their wee bannock  
 to earn,  
 An' kens na' the wrangs o' his mitherless  
 bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o'  
 his birth,  
 Still watches his wearisome wanderings  
 on earth,  
 Recording in heaven the blessings they  
 earn  
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless  
 bairn !

Oh, speak him na harshly: he trembles  
 the while;  
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses  
 your smile:  
 In their dark hour o' anguish the heart-  
 less shall learn  
 That God deals the blow for the mither-  
 less bairn !

WILLIAM THOM.

### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

“WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle  
 child?  
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and  
 wild,—  
 A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;  
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,  
 Where many an image of marble gleams,  
 And the sunshine of picture forever  
 streams.”

“ Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play  
 Through the long bright hours of the summer's day ;  
 They find the red cup-moss where they climb,  
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,  
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know,  
 Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell ;  
 Here are sweet sounds that thou lovest well :  
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,  
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,  
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird  
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard.”

“ Oh ! my mother sings at the twilight's fall  
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;  
 She sings it under our own green tree  
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;  
 I dreamt last night of that music low,—  
 Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest ;  
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;  
 Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy,  
 no more,

Nor hear her song at the cabin door.  
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,  
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.”

“ Is my mother gone from her home away ?—  
 But I know that my brothers are there at play ;  
 I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,  
 Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ;  
 Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,—  
 Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

“ Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now ;  
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;  
 They have left the fern by the spring's green side,  
 And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.  
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
 For the cabin home is a lonely spot.”

“ Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ?—  
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;  
 And the red deer bound in their gladness free,  
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,  
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—  
 Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go.”

## MY LITTLE COUSINS.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you  
 All life is joyous yet ;  
 Your hearts have all things to pursue,  
 And nothing to regret ;  
 And every flower to you is fair,  
 And every month is May :  
 You've not been introduced to Care—  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long  
 Upon those sunny eyes ;  
 The voice whose every word is song  
 Will set itself to sighs ;  
 Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears  
 Will chase their rest away :  
 To-morrow you'll be shedding tears—  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Oh yes ; if any truth is found  
 In the dull schoolman's theme,  
 If friendship is an empty sound,  
 And love an idle dream,—  
 If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue  
 Too soon on life's long way,  
 At least he'll run with you a league ;—  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright  
 As childhood's hues depart ;  
 You may be lovelier to the sight,  
 And dearer to the heart ;  
 You may be sinless still, and see  
 This earth still green and gay :  
 But what you are you will not be—  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

O'er me have many winters crept,  
 With less of grief than joy !  
 But I have learned, and toiled, and wept ;  
 I am no more a boy !

I've never had the gout, 'tis true,  
 My hair is hardly gray ;  
 But now I cannot laugh like you—  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

I used to have as glad a face,  
 As shadowless a brow :  
 I once could run as blithe a race  
 As you are running now ;  
 But never mind how I behave !  
 Don't interrupt your play ;  
 And though I look so very grave,  
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## YOU BID ME TRY.

You bid me try, Blue-eyes, to write  
 A Rondeau. What !—forthwith ?—to-  
 night ?  
 Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true ;  
 But thirteen lines—and rhymed on  
 two—  
 “Refrain,” as well. Ah, hapless plight !  
 Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.  
 These Gallic bonds, I feared, would  
 fright  
 My easy Muse. They did till you—  
 You bid me try !

That makes them nine. The port's in  
 sight ;—  
 'Tis all because your eyes are bright !  
 Now just a pair to end with “oo,”—  
 When maids command, what can't we  
 do !  
 Behold !—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,  
 You bid me try !

AUSTIN DOBSON.



## POEMS BY A CHILD.

[These three little poems were written by an acquaintance of mine, a little girl nine years old.—THE EDITOR.]

## LITTLE PET.

THERE is a little baby ;  
 We have not named her yet,  
 But everybody calls her  
 A cunning little pet.

A little laughing baby,  
 As fair as fair can be,  
 As pretty as a flower  
 This babe is said to be.

And now, what shall we name her,  
 This pretty little thing ?  
 Suppose that we should name her  
 Isabella Wing.

But now suppose we leave her,  
 Though she laughs and plays and  
 crows,  
 And see if we can't find  
 Some pretty piece of prose.

## THE SPARROW'S SONG.

I'm a little sparrow,  
 Shot by bow and arrow—  
 Think no more of me !  
 You can't help me, if you do.  
 If you could, I'd gladly ask you.  
 Think no more of me !  
 I'm a little sparrow,  
 Shot by bow and arrow—  
 Think no more of me !

## SWEET SIXTEEN.

SWEET Sixteen ! Sweet Sixteen !  
 She fools away  
 Her day,  
 In the meadow on the hay.  
 Listening to the sparrow's song  
 All day long,  
 That's the way  
 She fools away her day.  
 Sweet Sixteen ! Sweet Sixteen !

## THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

THE owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea-green boat ;  
 They took some honey, and plenty of  
 money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And sang to a small guitar,  
 "O lovely Pussy ! O Pussy, my love !  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,—  
 You are,  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are !"

PUSSY said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl !  
 How wonderful sweet you sing !  
 O let us be married,—too long we have  
 tarried,—  
 But what shall we do for a ring ?"  
 They sailed away for a year and a day  
 To the land where the Bong-tree  
 grows,  
 And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood,  
 With a ring in the end of his nose,  
 His nose,  
 With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for  
one shilling

Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married  
next day

By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined upon mince and slices of  
quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the  
sand,

They danced by the light of the  
moon,—

The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

### PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook  
her head,

"It is time your morning lesson was  
said."

So her kittens drew near, with footsteps  
slow,

And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,  
"And tell me quick where your noses  
are."

At this all the kittens sniffed the air,  
As if it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now, what do you say when you want  
some drink?"

The kittens waited a moment to think,  
And then the answer came, clear and  
loud—

You ought to have heard how those  
kittens meow'd!

"Very well! 'Tis the same, with a  
sharper tone,

When you want some fish, or a bit of  
bone.

Now what do you say when children are  
good?"

And the kittens purred as soft as they  
could.

"And what do you do when children  
are bad?—

When they tease and pull?" Each kitty  
looked sad.

"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't  
enough;

You must use your claws when children  
are rough.

"And where are your claws? No, no,  
my dear!"

(As she took up a paw), "see, they're  
hidden here."

Then all the kittens crowded about  
To see their sharp little claws brought  
out.

"Now, 'Sptss' as hard as you can," she  
said;

But every kitten hung down its head.

"'Sptss!' I say," cried the mother-cat,  
But they said, "O mamma, we can't do  
that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mam-  
ma:

"What sweet little idiots kittens are!

Ah well! I was once the same, I sup-  
pose,"

And she looked very wise, and rubbed  
her nose.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

## THE ROBBER KITTEN.

A KITTEN once to its mother said,  
 "I'll never more be good ;  
 But I'll go and be a robber fierce,  
 And live in a dreary wood !  
 Wood ! wood ! wood !  
 And live in a dreary wood !"

So off it went to the dreary wood,  
 And there it met a cock,  
 And blew its head, with a pistol, off,  
 Which gave it an awful shock !  
 Shock ! shock ! shock !  
 Which gave it an awful shock !

It climbed a tree, to rob a nest  
 Of young and tender owls ;  
 But the branch broke off, and the kitten  
 fell,  
 With six tremendous howls !  
 Howls ! howls ! howls !  
 With six tremendous howls !

Soon after that it met a cat :  
 " Now, give to me your purse ;  
 Or I'll shoot you through, and stab you  
 too,  
 And kill you, which is worse !  
 Worse ! worse ! worse !  
 And kill you, which is worse !"

One day it met a robber dog,  
 And they sat down to drink ;  
 The dog did joke, and laugh, and sing,  
 Which made the kitten wink !  
 Wink ! wink ! wink !  
 Which made the kitten wink !

At last they quarrelled ; then they fought  
 Beneath the greenwood tree,

Till puss was felled with an awful club,  
 Most terrible to see !  
 See ! see ! see !  
 Most terrible to see !

When puss got up, its eye was shut,  
 And swelled, and black and blue ;  
 Moreover, all its bones were sore ;  
 So it began to mew !  
 Mew ! mew ! mew !  
 So it began to mew !

Then up it rose, and scratched its nose,  
 And went home very sad :  
 " Oh, mother dear ! behold me here,  
 I'll never more be bad !  
 Bad ! bad ! bad !  
 I'll never more be bad !"

ANONYMOUS.

## ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

My little dears, who learn to read, pray  
 early learn to shun  
 That very silly thing indeed which  
 people call a pun.  
 Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found  
 how simple an offence  
 It is to make the selfsame sound afford a  
 double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, you  
*ant* an *ant* may kill,  
 You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill*  
 may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your barque you steer, at  
 Dover it may be  
 A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind,  
 still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say when to a treat good  
 friends accept our greeting,  
 'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat,  
 should eat their *meat* when meeting.  
 Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed  
 although from *boar* prepared,  
 Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul*  
 feeding be declared.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have,  
 however vulgar they,  
 And actors still the harder slave the  
 oftener they play;  
 So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless  
 their tailors choose,  
 While grooms and coachmen not in vain  
 each evening seek the *mews*.

The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life  
 maintains;  
 The glazier, it is known, receives his  
 profits from his *panes*;  
 By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when  
 Spring is in its prime,  
 But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you  
 are *tied* for *time*.

THEODORE HOOK.

### WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,  
 A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the  
 spring!

The stooping bough above me,  
 The wandering bee to love me,  
 The fern and moss to creep across,  
 And the Elm-tree for our king!  
 Nay,—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,  
 A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves  
 gay!

The winds would set them dancing,  
 The sun and moonshine glance in,  
 And birds would house among the  
 boughs,  
 And sweetly sing.

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

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

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those  
 crowded days!

The minutes parting one by one like  
 rays,

That fade upon a summer's eve.  
 But oh! what charm, or magic numbers  
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
 Those weary, happy days did leave?  
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
 And with her blessing took her nightly  
 kiss;

Whatever Time destroys, he cannot  
 this—

E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.





### SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out  
your changes,  
How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as  
he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by  
swelling  
No magical sense conveys,  
And bells have forgotten their old art of  
telling  
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again, once” they  
rang cheerily,  
While a boy listened alone;  
Made his heart yearn again, musing so  
wearily  
All by himself on a stone.





Poor bells! I forgive you; your good  
days are over,

And mine, they are yet to be;  
No listening, no longing shall aught,  
aught discover:  
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green  
matted heather,  
And hangeth her hoods of snow;  
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny  
weather:  
Oh, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would  
go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late;  
And I could grow on like the foxglove  
and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall  
discover,  
While dear hands are laid on my head:  
"The child is a woman, the book may  
close over,  
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot  
sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years,  
O bring it!  
Such as I wish it to be.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S  
NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
By a stream-side on the grass,  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow.  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketeth to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
And the smile she softly uses,  
Fills the silence like a speech,  
While she thinks what shall be done,  
And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile,  
And to *him* I will discover  
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath.  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind;

And the hoofs along the sod  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

“But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,  
When he gazes in my face.  
He will say, ‘O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in,  
And I kneel here for thy grace.’

“Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,  
With the red-roan steed anear him,  
Which shall seem to understand—  
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go!  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

“Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
Wit a *yes* I must not say;  
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’  
I will utter and dissemble—  
‘Light to-morrow with to-day.’

“Then he'll ride among the hills  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong;  
To make straight distorted wills,  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along.

“Three times shall a young foot-page  
Swim the stream and climb the mountain  
And kneel down beside my feet—  
‘Lo, my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's counting!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

“And the first time, I will send  
A white rosebud for a guerdon—  
And the second time a glove;

But the third time—I may bend  
From my pride, and answer, ‘Pardon,  
If he comes to take my love.’

“Then the young foot-page will run,—  
Then my lover will ride faster,  
Till he kneeleth at my knee:  
‘I am a duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master—  
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*’

“He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover  
Through the crowds that praise his  
deeds;  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,  
And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads,—  
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.  
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not! but I know  
She could never show him—never  
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON HIS TRAVELS.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy souls with hooks  
of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.  
Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
And they in France, of the best rank and station,

Are most select and generous, chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all—to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee.

From "Hamlet." WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE CROCUS.

Down in my solitude under the snow,  
Where nothing cheering can reach me,  
Here, without light to see how to grow,  
I'll trust to Nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,  
Enclosed in so gloomy a dwelling ;  
My leaves shall run up, and my roots  
shall run down,  
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed  
From this cold dungeon to free me,  
I will peer up with my little bright head—  
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds  
diverge  
As rays of the sun from their focus ;  
And I from the darkness of earth shall  
emerge,  
A happy and beautiful crocus !

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,  
When to their view I have risen,  
Will they not wonder how one so serene  
Came from so dismal a prison ?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower  
This useful lesson may borrow,—  
Patient to-day through its gloomiest  
hour,  
We come out the brighter to-morrow !

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

## THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is  
singing  
Out in the apple tree, where he is swing-  
ing.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be  
dreary,—  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so  
cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from  
his throat!  
Hark! was there ever so merry a  
note?  
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's  
saying,  
Up in the apple tree swinging and  
swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the  
snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark while I sing you a message of  
cheer!  
Summer is coming, and spring-time is  
here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you  
arise;  
Bright yellow crocus, come open your  
eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and  
gold;  
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you  
hear?—  
Summer is coming! and spring-time is  
here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

FIVE LESSONS FROM  
OLD SCHOOLMASTER NATURE.

TEN years to build a house? The mush-  
room's roof

In one night rises,  
And surprises

The shepherd lout ere crushed beneath  
his hoof.

Years to work one room full of tapestry?

The rose's shoot  
Has grown a foot

Since last night's rain. O Nature's  
majesty!

Three years to fix on canvas a dead saint?

Careless to-day  
Through earth made way

The lily;—dullard, learn from it to subtly  
paint.

Poor prodigal! you toss your gold in  
showers away?

The autumn tree  
As recklessly

Flings all its leaves; but they return in  
May.

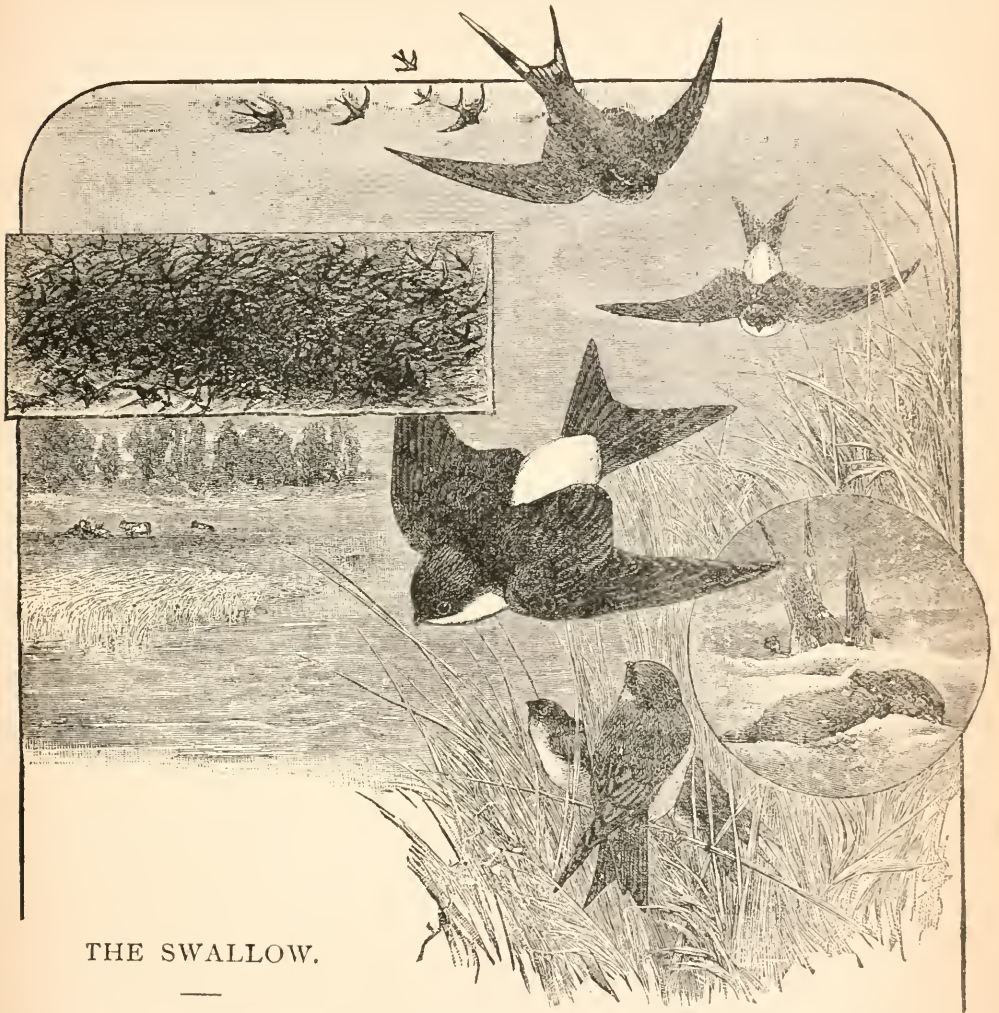
Kind Nature, keep for all of us a gentle  
school.

Even the wise  
Through it may rise

Still wiser. Sorrow and death alone can  
teach the fool.

WALTER THORNBURY.





## THE SWALLOW.

THE little comer's coming, the comer  
o'er the sea,  
The comer of the summer, all the sunny  
days to be;  
How pleasant, through the pleasant  
sleep, thy early twitter heard—  
O swallow by the lattice! glad days be  
thy reward!

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee  
that's out for honey-dew,  
And glowing be the noontide, for the  
grasshopper and you;  
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline,  
the sun to light thee home—  
What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep  
till the morrow come.



The river blue that lapses through the  
 valley, hears thee sing,  
 And murmurs much beneath the touch  
 of thy light, dipping wing ;  
 The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in  
 deeper gloom is seen,  
 When quick relieved it glances to thy  
 bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back,  
 with leading-strings of love,  
 To haunts where first the summer sun  
 fell on thee from above,  
 Shall bind thee more to come aye to the  
 music of our leaves ;  
 For here thy young, where thou hast  
 sprung, shall glad thee in our  
 eaves.

THOMAS AIRD.

### DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY  
 Came up in the cold,  
 Through the brown mould,  
 Although the March breezes  
 Blew keen on her face,  
 Although the white snow  
 Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly  
 Had heard under ground  
 The sweet rushing sound  
 Of the streams, as they broke  
 From their white winter chains,  
 Of the whistling spring winds,  
 And the pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy,  
 Deep down in her heart,  
 "It's time I should start."  
 So she pushed her soft leaves  
 Through the hard frozen ground,  
 Quite up to the surface,  
 And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,  
 Gray clouds overhead ;  
 The trees all looked dead :  
 Then how do you think  
 Poor Daffy-down felt,  
 When the sun would not shine,  
 And the ice would not melt ?

"Cold weather !" thought Daffy,  
 Still working away ;  
 "The earth's hard to-day !  
 There's but a half inch  
 Of my leaves to be seen,  
 And two thirds of that  
 Is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet ;  
 But I'll do what I can :  
 It's well I began !  
 For, unless I can manage  
 To lift up my head,  
 The people will think  
 That the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little,  
 She brought her leaves out,  
 All clustered about ;  
 And then her bright flowers  
 Began to unfold,  
 Till Daffy stood robed  
 In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly,  
 So brave and so true!  
 I wish all were like you!—  
 So ready for duty  
 In all sorts of weather,  
 And loyal to courage  
 And duty together.

ANNA WARNER.

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BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,  
 Oh the pretty flowers!  
 Coming, ere the spring-time,  
 To tell of sunny hours.  
 While the trees are leafless,  
 While the fields are bare,  
 Buttercups and daisies  
 Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,  
 Ere the crocus bold,  
 Ere the early primrose  
 Opes its paly gold,  
 Somewhere on a sunny bank  
 Buttercups are bright,  
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,  
 Like to children poor  
 Playing in their sturdy health  
 By their mother's door,  
 Purple with the north wind,  
 Yet alert and bold,  
 Fearing not, and caring not,  
 Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?  
 What are stormy showers?  
 Buttercups and daisies  
 Are these human flowers!  
 He who gave them hardship  
 And a life of care,  
 Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
 And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!  
 Welcome, daisies white!  
 Ye are in my spirit  
 Visioned a delight,  
 Coming, ere the spring-time,  
 Of sunny hours to tell,  
 Speaking to our hearts of Him  
 Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.

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LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little Dandelion  
 Lights up the meads,  
 Swings on her slender foot,  
 Telleth her beads,  
 Lists to the robin's note  
 Poured from above;  
 Wise little Dandelion  
 Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks  
 Clothed but in green,  
 Where, in the days agone,  
 Bright hues were seen.  
 Wild pinks are slumbering,  
 Violets delay;  
 True little Dandelion  
 Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !  
 Fast falls the snow,  
 Bending the daffodil's  
 Haughty head low.  
 Under that fleecy tent,  
 Careless of cold,  
 Blithe little Dandelion  
 Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion  
 Groweth more fair,  
 Till dies the amber hue  
 Out from her hair.  
 High rides the thirsty sun,  
 Fiercely and high ;  
 Faint little Dandelion  
 Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,  
 In her white shroud,  
 Heareth the angel-breeze  
 Call from the cloud !  
 Tiny plumes fluttering  
 Make no delay ;  
 Little winged Dandelion  
 Soareth away.

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

#### GOD'S CARE OF ANIMALS.

Who taught the bird to build her nest  
 Of wool and hay and moss ?  
 Who taught her how to weave it best,  
 And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly  
 Among the sweetest flowers,

And lay her store of honey by  
 To eat in winter hours ?

Who taught the little ant the way  
 Her narrow hole to bore,  
 And through the pleasant summer day  
 To gather up her store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,  
 And gave their little skill ;  
 He teaches children, when they pray,  
 To do His holy will.

JANE TAYLOR.

#### THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
 Need we to prove a God is here ;  
 The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,  
 Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arched the skies,  
 And pours the day-spring's living  
 flood,  
 Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
 Could raise the daisy's purple bud,

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
 Its fringed border nicely spin,  
 And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
 That, set in silver, gleams within,

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
 O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,  
 That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
 In every step, the stamp of God ?

JOHN MASON GOOD.

THE BUILDING OF THE  
NEST.

THEY'LL come again to the apple-tree,—  
Robin and all the rest,—  
When the orchard branches are fair to  
see  
In the snow of the blossoms dressed ;  
And the prettiest thing in the world will  
be  
The building of the nest.

Ah, mother-bird, you'll have weary days  
When the eggs are under your breast,  
And your mate will fear for wilful ways  
When the wee ones leave the nest ;  
But they'll find their wings in a glad  
amaze,  
And God will see to the rest.  
So come to the trees with all your  
train  
When the apple blossoms blow ;



Weaving it well, so round and trim,  
Hollowing it with care ;  
Nothing too far away for him,  
Nothing for her too fair ;  
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,—  
Their castle in the air.

Through the April shimmer of sun and  
rain  
Go flying to and fro ;  
And sing to our hearts as we watch again  
Your fairy building grow.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## THE ROBIN'S APPEAL.

You won't be so cruel, dear boy—only  
see

My four little yellow-beaks, certainly  
three;

I've fed them a week, every hour in the  
day,—

Oh, what shall I do if you take them  
away!

Chirp! chirp! flutter and fly,  
Don't, don't! or I surely must die.

Remember, my lad, from this tree in the  
wood

We sung you a spring song—the sweet-  
est we could;—

You climb but too well, with strong  
limbs you are blest,

But not for such uses as robbing our  
nest.

Chirp! chirp! he is coming so near:  
Stay, stay—I am crazy with fear.

How busy we labored from morning to  
night,

Till our house in the tree-top was build-  
ed all right;

We fastened it well to the branch, for  
we said—

The winds may blow hard, but no evil  
we'll dread.

Chirp! chirp! never we thought,  
No, no—of this crueller lot.

How bright were my eggs, and how joy-  
ous my mate,

He sang his best songs to me early and  
late,

While patiently sitting in sun or in storm,  
I waited the hatching of each little form.

Chirp! chirp! flutter and wheel,

Boy, boy, can you guess how we feel?

I once saw a cat at the foot of the tree;  
I heard a crow cawing as scared as could  
be;

We know *they* eat eggs, make young rob-  
ins a prey,

If you steal them for nought you are  
worse far than they.

Chirp! chirp! robber, oh! cease;

Pray, pray leave us in peace.

ANONYMOUS.

## A BIRD'S NEST.

OVER my shaded doorway

Two little brown-winged birds

Have chosen to fashion their dwelling

And utter their loving words;

All day they are going and coming

On errands frequent and fleet,

And warbling over and over,

“Sweetest, sweet, sweet, oh sweet!”

Their necks are changeful and shining,

Their eyes are like living gems;

And all day long they are busy

Gathering straws and stems,

Lint, and feathers, and grasses,

And half forgetting to eat,

Yet never failing to warble,

“Sweetest, sweet, sweet, oh sweet!”

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,

And fling them some flossy threads;



They fearlessly gather my bounty,  
 And turn up their graceful heads,  
 And chatter and dance and flutter,  
 And scrape with their tiny feet,  
 Telling me over and over,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, oh sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?  
 What if the rain comes down?  
 They are all dressed to meet it  
 In water-proof suits of brown.  
 They never mope nor languish,  
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,  
 But say, whatever the weather,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, oh sweet!"

Always merry and busy,  
 Dear little brown-winged birds!  
 Teach me the happy magic  
 Hidden in those soft words,  
 Which always in shine or shadow  
 So lovingly you repeat  
 Over and over and over,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, oh sweet!"

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

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### ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
 Near to the nest of his little dame,  
 Over the mountain-side or mead,  
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink;  
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
 Hidden among the summer flowers.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;  
 White are his soulders, and white his  
 crest;

Hear him call in his merry note:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink;  
 Look what a nice new coat is mine,  
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown  
 wings,  
 Passing at home a patient life,  
 Broods in the grass while her husband  
 sings:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink;  
 Brood, kind creature: you need not fear  
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;  
 One weak chirp is her only note;  
 Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,  
 Pouring boasts from his little throat:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink;  
 Never was I afraid of man;  
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
 There as the mother sits all day,  
 Robert is singing with all his might:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife that never goes out,  
 Keeping house while I frolic about.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink,  
 This new life is likely to be  
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
 Sober with work and silent with care ;  
 Off is his holiday garment laid,  
 Half forgotten that merry air :  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Nobody knows but my mate and I  
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie :  
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;  
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink !  
 When you can pipe that merry old  
 strain,  
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
 Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook," said a little  
 Lark ;  
 "The daylight fades, it will soon be  
 dark ;  
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's last  
 ray ;  
 I've sung my hymn to the dying day :  
 So now I haste to my quiet nook  
 In yon dewy meadow. Good-night, Sir  
 Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled  
 friend,  
 With a haughty toss and a distant bend ;  
 "I also go to my rest profound,  
 But not to sleep on the cold, damp  
 ground ;  
 The fittest place for a bird like me  
 Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-  
 tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day,  
 And saw you taking your upward way,  
 Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,—  
 An ugly speck in the sun's bright  
 beams,—  
 Soaring too high to be seen or heard,  
 And said to myself, 'What a foolish bird!'

"I trod the park with a princely air,  
 I filled my crop with the richest fare ;  
 I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,  
 And I made more noise in the world  
 than you ;  
 The sun shone full on my coal-black  
 wing ;  
 I looked and wondered. — Good-night,  
 poor thing !"

“ Good-night, once more,” said the  
 Lark’s sweet voice ;  
 “ I see no cause to repent my choice.  
 You build your nest in the lofty pine ;  
 But is your slumber more soft than  
 mine ?  
 You make more noise in the world than  
 I ;  
 But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy ?”

ANONYMOUS.

### THE SINGING-LESSON.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake ;  
 She sang a few notes out of tune ;  
 Her heart was ready to break,  
 And she hid from the moon.  
 She wrung her claws, poor thing !  
 But was far too proud to weep ;  
 She tucked her head under her wing,  
 And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,  
 Came sauntering up to the place ;  
 The nightingale felt herself blush,  
 Though feathers hid her face.  
 She knew they had heard her song,  
 She felt them snicker and sneer ;  
 She thought this life was too long,  
 And wished she could skip a year.

“ Oh, Nightingale,” cooed a dove—  
 “ Oh, Nightingale, what’s the use ?  
 You bird of beauty and love,  
 Why behave like a goose ?  
 Don’t skulk away from our sight.  
 Like common, contemptible fowl ;  
 You bird of joy and delight,  
 Why behave like an owl ?

“ Only think of all you have done,  
 Only think of all you can do ;  
 A false note is really fun  
 From such a bird as you.  
 Lift up your proud little crest,  
 Open your musical beak ;  
 Other birds have to do their best—  
 You need only to speak.”

The nightingale shyly took  
 Her head from under her wing,  
 And, giving the dove a look,  
 Straightway began to sing.  
 There was never a bird could pass ;  
 The night was divinely calm,  
 And the people stood on the grass  
 To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care ;  
 She only sang to the skies ;  
 Her song ascended there,  
 And there she fixed her eyes.  
 The people that stood below  
 She knew but little about ;  
 And this story’s a moral, I know,  
 If you’ll try to find it out.

JEAN INGELOW.

### THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
 And listened to hear the robin sing.  
 Her grandson, playing at marbles,  
 Stopped,  
 And cruel in sport, as boys will be,  
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
 From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

“Nay!” said the grandmother; “have  
 you not heard,  
 My poor bad boy of the fiery pit,  
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful  
 bird  
 Carries the water that quenches it?”

“He brings cool dew in his little bill  
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
 You can see the mark on his red breast  
 still  
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-  
 burned bird,  
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
 Is he who pities the lost like Him!”

“Amen!” I said to the beautiful myth;  
 “Sing, bird of God, in my heart as  
 well;  
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“Prayers of love like rain-drops fall;  
 Tears of pity are cooling dew;  
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are  
 all  
 Who suffer like Him in the good they  
 do.”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
 With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
 I forget in what campaign,  
 Long besieged in mud and rain  
 Some old frontier town in Flanders,

Up and down the dreary camp,  
 In great boots of Spanish leather,  
 Striding with a measured tramp,  
 These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
 Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the  
 weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,  
 Over upland and through hollow,  
 Giving their impatience vent,  
 Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
 In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
 Built of clay and hair of horses,  
 Mane or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
 Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
 After skirmish of the forces.

“Let no hand the bird molest,”  
 Said the Emperor, “nor hurt her!”  
 Adding then, by way of jest,  
 “Golondrina\* is my guest,  
 'Tis the wife of some deserter!”

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft,  
 Through the camp was spread the  
 rumor,  
 And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
 Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
 At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unarmed and unafraid  
 Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
 Till the constant cannonade  
 Through the walls a breach had made,  
 And the siege was thus concluded.

\* Swallow. Also meaning a deserter.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
 Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
 Only not the Emperor's tent,  
 For he ordered, ere he went,  
 Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
 Loosely flapping, torn, and tattered,  
 Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
 Singing o'er the walls of stone  
 Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE PARABLE OF PETER AND THE CHERRIES.

TOWARD Jericho, at morning-tide,  
 When Christ the Lord, with disciples  
 three;

Peter, who walked by the Master's side,  
 Said, "Lord, what would I not do for  
 Thee?"

And of many things the Master talked,  
 While the sun rose higher, and higher  
 yet,  
 Till it came to pass, as forth they walked,  
 And came to the road at Olivet,

That Jesus saw a horse's shoe,  
 In Peter's path, upon the way,  
 And bade him (what would not Peter  
 do?)

Take up the horseshoe from where it  
 lay.

But he would not stoop for a thing so  
 small,

Gem nor jewel, silver nor gold!  
 So He stooped for it, who is Lord of All,  
 And hid it close in his garment's fold.

And the Lord in the village exchanged  
 the shoe

For a measure of cherries ripe and red,  
 And gathered them up in his garment too,  
 As forth from the village now they  
 sped.

And still, as the sun rose high and higher,  
 Stonier and steeper grew the way,  
 Where the tall white rocks flung back  
 the fire,  
 On the travellers' heads, of the fierce  
 noonday.

And they were weary, the travellers four,  
 Of the dusty road, and the heat and  
 thirst,

And Peter, the bold, who thirsted sore,  
 Walked slow behind, and Jesus first.

Then our loving Lord,—who is Lord of  
 all,

Who hungered and thirsted for our  
 sake,

Who bears with the froward, stoops to  
 the small,

And shuns the bruised reed to break,—

Dropped, one by one, in Peter's way,  
 The little red cherries, cool and moist,  
 And Peter stooped to them where they  
 lay,

And ate them; and his heart rejoiced.

Then Jesus said, with a smile in his eyes,  
 "To little things he who will not bend,  
 Perhaps to matters of smaller size,—  
 Nor silver nor gold, nor jewel prize,—  
 May learn to stoop down before the  
 end."

ANONYMOUS.



## DISCONTENT.

DOWN in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,



Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A Robin who had soared too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a Buttercup

Who wished she were a Daisy ;  
For Daisies grow so trig and tall !  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills around her  
neck,  
In just the Daisies' fashion.  
And Buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color ;  
While Daisies dress in gold and  
white,  
Although their gold is duller.

“Dear Robin,” said this sad  
young flower,  
“Perhaps you'd not mind try-  
ing  
To find a nice white frill for me,  
Some day when you are fly-  
ing ?”

“You silly thing !” the Robin  
said,  
“I think you must be crazy :  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up Daisy.

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

“Though Swallows leave me out  
of sight,  
We'd better keep our places.

Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many Daisies.

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

SARAH O. JEWETT.

BOBOLINK.

THROAT brimful of music—  
 Cannot keep it in ;  
 Bless me! Wouldn't have you try ;  
 'Twould almost be a sin.  
 Should think 'twould choke you, though,  
 sometimes,  
 The aperture's so small  
 That all this noise must struggle  
 through,  
 Or not get out at all.

Swinging on the lily cups,  
 Hiding in the clover,  
 Prince of comic vocalists,  
 Saucy little rover—  
 Give us a gem from Mozart ;  
 A taste of Meyerbeer ;  
 Or a morceau from Rossini,  
 Fit for cultivated ear.

Cannot?—Well, stop trying ;  
 Your own wild notes are best.  
 Stick to the tune you've practised,  
 Never mind the rest ;  
 Stretch your mouth to the utmost ;  
 Pour forth your pearly song  
 Marred by no taint of bygone grief,  
 Or shade of future wrong.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF  
 ME ?

THE buds grew green upon the boughs,  
 the grass upon the hills,  
 The violets began to bud by all the  
 brimming rills ;  
 And a little brown sparrow came over  
 the sea,  
 And another came flying his mate to be ;  
 And they wooed and they wed, and they  
 built a nest,  
 In the place that they thought was the  
 pleasantest.  
 “ Though any spot's a pleasant one that's  
 shared with you,” said he,  
 “ And any place where you may dwell  
 is good enough for me,”  
 Said she,—  
 “ Is good enough for me.”

But when the nest was fairly built, the  
 violets fully blown,  
 A wandering cuckoo chanced that way,  
 and spied the nest alone,  
 And she said to herself, “ In the sunny  
 spring,  
 To brood over a nest is a weary thing ;”  
 So she went on her journey to steal and  
 beg,  
 But behind in the nest left a foundling  
 egg.  
 And when the sparrow-wife came back,  
 the egg, whose could it be ?  
 “ It is not mine,” she said, “ and yet it  
 must belong to me ;”  
 'Tis here,  
 And must belong to me.”

So, full of patient mother-love, beneath  
 her downy breast,  
 As fondly, gently as her own, the  
 speckled egg she pressed,  
 Through the days with their marvelous  
 unseen sights,  
 And the damp and the chill of the spring-  
 time nights,  
 Until two little sparrows had burst the  
 shell,  
 And the cuckoo had wakened to life as  
 well.  
 His breast was bare, his wings were  
 weak, his thoughts were only  
 three:  
 "What do I want? "What can I have?  
 What will become of me?"  
 Cuckoo!  
 What will become of me?"

He opened wide his bill, and cried, and  
 called for food all day,  
 And from his foster-brothers' beaks he  
 snatched their share away.  
 "Were there one, only one, to be warmed  
 and fed,  
 And if *I* were that one," to himself he  
 said,  
 "Then the doting old birds would have  
 nothing to do  
 But to wait and to tend upon me!  
 Cuckoo!  
 In such a close and narrow nest there is  
 no room for three:  
 What do I want? What can I have?  
 What will become of me?"  
 Cuckoo!  
 What will become of me?"

He stretched his neck above the nest, he  
 peered each way about,  
 If none could see, then none could say  
 who pushed the nestlings out;  
 But the cuckoo was left in the nest  
 alone,  
 And the share of his brothers was all his  
 own,  
 And the sparrows were feeding him all  
 day long,  
 And his feathers grew dark, and his  
 wings grew strong.  
 And wearisome became the nest. "A  
 stupid place," said he,  
 "What do I want? What can I have?  
 What will become of me,  
 Cuckoo!  
 What will become of me?"

The old birds called him to the bough,  
 and taught him how to fly,  
 He spread his wings and left them both  
 without a last good-by;  
 And beyond the green meadow-lands wet  
 with dew,  
 And the wood and the river, he passed  
 from view.  
 And amid what scenes he may flit to-  
 day,  
 Or his wings may rest, there is none to  
 say;  
 But wheresoe'er that selfish heart, its  
 thoughts are only three:  
 "What do I want? What can I have?  
 What will become of me?"  
 Cuckoo!  
 What will become of me?"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily  
 Sat by a stone,  
 Drooping and waiting  
 Till the sun shone.  
 Little white Lily  
 Sunshine has fed ;  
 Little white Lily  
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily  
 Said, " It is good,  
 Little white Lily's  
 Clothing and food."  
 Little white Lily,  
 Dressed like a bride,  
 Shining with whiteness,  
 And crownèd beside !

Little white Lily  
 Droopeth with pain,  
 Waiting and waiting  
 For the soft rain.  
 Little white Lily  
 Holdeth her cup ;  
 Rain is fast falling,  
 And filling it up.

Little white Lily  
 Said, " Good again,  
 When I am thirsty  
 To have nice rain ;  
 Now I am stronger,  
 Now I am cool ;  
 Heat cannot burn me,  
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily  
 Smells very sweet ;  
 On her head sunshine,  
 Rain at her feet.  
 Thanks to the sunshine,  
 Thanks to the rain,  
 Little white Lily  
 Is happy again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party,  
 And her little playmates all,  
 Gayly dressed, came in their best  
 To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose  
 Sat and never stirred,  
 And, except in whispers,  
 Did not speak a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia  
 Shone in silk and satin ;  
 Learnèd old Convolvulus  
 Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted  
 Because the room was hot,  
 And went away before the rest  
 With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,  
 Rose with Violet ;  
 Silly Daisy fell in love  
 With pretty Mignonette.



But when they danced the country dance,  
 One could scarcely tell  
 Which of these two danced it best,—  
 Cowslip, or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all  
 Were seated in their places,  
 I thought I'd never seen before  
 So many pretty faces.

But of all the lovely maidens  
 I saw at Lily's ball,  
 Darling Lily was to me  
 The loveliest of them all.

And when the dance was over,  
 They went down stairs to sup,  
 And each had a slice of honey-cake  
 With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away  
 Before the set of sun ;  
 Then Lily said " Good-by !" and gave  
 A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star  
 Was shining overhead,  
 Lily and her little friends  
 Were fast asleep in bed.

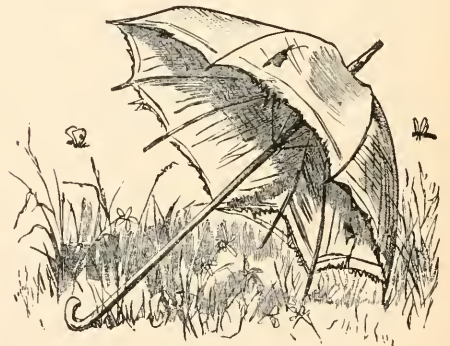
ANONYMOUS.

### THE RAIN.

" OPEN the window and let me in !"  
 Sputters the petulant rain ;  
 " I want to splash down on the carpet,  
 dear,  
 And I can't get through the pane.

" Here I've been tapping outside to  
 you !  
 Why don't you come, if you're there ?  
 The scuttles are shut, or I'd dash right  
 in,  
 And stream down the attic stair.

" I've washed the windows, I've spattered  
 the blinds,  
 And that is not half I've done :  
 I bounced on the steps and the sidewalks  
 too,  
 Till I made the good people run.



" I've sprinkled your plant on the win-  
 dow-sill,  
 So drooping and wan that looks ;  
 And dusty gutters, I've filled them up  
 Till they flow like running brooks.

" I have been out in the country too,  
 For there in glory am I ;  
 The meadows I've swelled, and watered  
 the corn,  
 And floated the fields of rye.



“Out from the earth sweet odors I bring,  
 I fill up the tubs at the spout ;  
 While, eager to dance in the puddles I  
 make,  
 The bareheaded child runs out.

“The puddles are sweet to his naked  
 feet,  
 When the ground is heated through ;  
 If only you'll open the window, dear,  
 I'll make such a puddle for you !”

ANNA M. WELLS.

### THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed  
 A modest violet grew ;  
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
 As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower.  
 Its colors bright and fair !  
 It might have graced a rosy bower,  
 Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
 In modest tints arrayed ;  
 And there diffused its sweet perfume,  
 Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
 This pretty flower to see,  
 That I may also learn to grow  
 In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

### THE WATER-BLOOM.

A CHILD looked up in the summer sky  
 Where a soft, bright shower had just  
 passed by ;  
 Eastward the dusk rain-curtain hung,  
 And swiftly across it the rainbow sprung.



“Papa! papa! what is it?” she cried,  
 As she gazed with her blue eyes opened  
 wide  
 At the wonderful arch that bridged the  
 heaven,  
 Vividly glowing with colors seven.

“Why, that is the rainbow, darling child,”

And the father down on his baby smiled.

“What makes it, papa?” “The sun, my dear,  
That shines on the water-drops so clear.”

Here was a beautiful mystery!  
No more questions to ask had she,  
But she thought the garden’s loveliest flowers  
Had floated upward and caught in the showers—

Rose, violet, orange marigold—  
In a ribbon of light on the clouds unrolled!  
Red of poppy, and green leaves too,  
Sunflower yellow, and larkspur blue.

A great, wide, wondrous, splendid wreath  
It seemed to the little girl beneath;  
How did it grow so fast up there,  
And suddenly blossom, high in the air?

She could not take her eyes from the sight:  
“Oh, look!” she cried in her deep delight,  
As she watched the glory spanning the gloom,  
“Oh, look at the beautiful water-bloom!”

CELIA THAXTER.

## CHIMNEY-TOPS.

“Ah! the morning is gray;  
And what kind of a day  
Is it likely to be?”

“You must look up and see  
What the chimney-tops say.”

“If the smoke from the mouth  
Of the chimney goes south,  
'Tis the north wind, that blows  
From the country of snows:  
Look out for rough weather;  
The cold and the north wind  
Are always together.

“When the smoke pouring forth  
From the chimney goes north,  
A mild day it will be,  
A warm time we shall see:  
The south wind is blowing  
From the land where the orange  
And figtrees are growing.

“But if west goes the smoke,  
Get your waterproof cloak  
And umbrella about:  
'Tis the east wind that’s out.  
A wet day you will find it:  
The east wind has always  
A storm close behind it.

“It is east the smoke flies!  
We may look for blue skies!  
Soon the clouds will take flight,  
'Twill be sunny and bright;  
The sweetest and best wind  
Is, surely, that fair-weather  
Bringer, the west wind.”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## SINGING IN THE RAIN.

THE day dawned barren and chilly,  
 An east wind railed at the pane ;  
 Gray fog veiled the leafing chestnut,  
 Where a robin sang in the rain :

Sang in the rain his sweetest—  
 “ Cheer-up, O cheer-up, cheer ;”  
 The eye could not catch the warbler,  
 But his voice rang silvery clear.

Blasts shook the tree by the shoulder,  
 The tree cried out with pain ;  
 But somewhere, high in the leafage,  
 A robin sang in the rain.

He might have sung to the angels,  
 But I think he sang to us here ;  
 The sinless need not the counsel—  
 “ Cheer-up, O cheer-up, cheer.”

To the music pages above him  
 He looked as the blind may look ;  
 No star-notes guided the singer,  
 Cloud fingers had shut the book :

Yet well had he learned the carol,  
 And he sang it out of his heart ;  
 Nor once was it worth his asking  
 When the veil would fall apart.

“ Cheer-up, cheer-up, O cheer-up,”  
 Still the sad leaves among ;  
 His beautiful breast was bubbling  
 A fountain of raptured song.

It never can flow so welcome  
 Under a sky all blue ;  
 What is the lesson he teaches ?  
 I learned it, and so may you.

MRS. E. S. GOODWIN.

## STRAWBERRIES.

LITTLE Pearl Honeydew, six years old,  
 From her bright ear parted the curls of  
 gold,  
 And laid her head on the strawberry-  
 bed,  
 To hear what the red-cheeked Berries  
 said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath  
 was sweet,  
 She could almost hear their little hearts  
 beat ;  
 And the tiniest lispings, whispering  
 sound  
 That ever you heard came up from the  
 ground.

“ Little friends,” she said, “ I wish I  
 knew  
 How it is you thrive on sun and dew !”  
 And this is the story the Berries told  
 To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

“ You wish you knew ? And so do we.  
 But we can't tell you, unless it be  
 That the same kind Power that cares  
 for you  
 Takes care of poor little Berries too.

“ Tucked up snugly, and nestled below  
 Our coverlet of wind-woven snow,  
 We peep and listen all winter long  
 For the first spring day and the blue-  
 bird's song.

“ When the swallows fly home to the old  
 brown shed,  
 And the robins build on the bough over-  
 head,

Then out from the mould, from the  
darkness and cold,  
Blossom and runner and leaf unfold.

“ Good children, then, if they come  
near,  
And hearken a good long while, may  
hear

A wonderful tramping of little feet,  
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

“ Our clocks are the flowers ; and they  
count the hours  
Till we can mellow in suns and showers,  
With warmth of the west wind and heat  
of the south,  
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

“ Apple - blooms whiten, and peach-  
blooms fall,  
And roses are gay by the garden wall,  
Ere the daisy’s dial gives the sign  
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

“ The days are longest, the month is  
June,  
The year is nearing its golden noon,  
The weather is fine, and our feast is  
spread  
With a green cloth and berries red.

“ Just take us betwixt your finger and  
thumb ;  
And quick, oh, quick ! for see ! there  
come  
Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,  
And Margaret, picking as fast as they  
can.

“ Oh, dear ! if you only knew how it  
shocks  
Nice Berries like us to be sold by the  
box,  
And eaten by strangers, and paid for  
with pelf,  
You would surely take pity, and eat us  
yourself.

And this is the story the small lips told  
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,  
When she laid her head on the straw-  
berry-bed  
To hear what the red-cheeked Berries  
said.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

“ How does the water  
Come down at Lodore ?”  
My little boy ask’d me  
Thus, once on a time ;  
And moreover he task’d me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store ;

And 'twas in my vocation  
 For their recreation  
 That so I should sing ;  
 Because I was Laureate  
 To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
 In the tarn on the fell ;  
 From its fountains  
 In the mountains,  
 Its rills and its gills ;  
 Through moss and through brake  
 It runs and it creeps  
 For a while, till it sleeps  
 In its own little lake.  
 And thence at departing,  
 Awakening and starting,  
 It runs through the reeds,  
 And away it proceeds  
 Through meadow and glade,  
 In sun and in shade,  
 And through the wood-shelter,  
 Among crags in its flurry,  
 Helter-skelter,  
 Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
 And there it lies darkling,  
 Now smoking and frothing  
 Its tumult and wrath in,  
 Till in this rapid race  
 On which it is bent,  
 It reaches the place  
 Of its steep descent

The cataract strong  
 Then plunges along,  
 Striking and raging,  
 As if a war waging  
 Its caverns and rocks among ;

Rising and leaping,  
 Sinking and creeping,  
 Swelling and sweeping,  
 Showering and springing,  
 Flying and flinging,  
 Writhing and ringing,  
 Eddying and whisking,  
 Spouting and frisking,  
 Turning and twisting,  
 Around and around  
 With endless rebound ;  
 Smiting and fighting,  
 A sight to delight in ;  
 Confounding, astounding,  
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its  
 sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
 Receding and speeding,  
 And shocking and rocking,  
 And darting and parting,  
 And threading and spreading,  
 And whizzing and hissing,  
 And dripping and skipping,  
 And hitting and splitting,  
 And shining and twining,  
 And rattling and battling,  
 And shaking and quaking,  
 And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing,  
 And flowing and going,  
 And running and stuning,  
 And foaming and roaming,  
 And dinning and spinning,  
 And dropping and hopping,  
 And working and jerking,  
 And guggling and struggling,  
 And heaving and cleaving,



And moaning and groaning ;  
 And glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And whitening and brightening,  
 And quivering and shivering,  
 And hurrying and skurrying,  
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;  
 And so never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And this way the water comes down at  
 at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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UNDER MY WINDOW.

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE BLUEBELL.

THERE is a story I have heard,—  
 A poet learned it of a bird,  
 And kept its music, every word,—

A story of a dim ravine  
 O'er which the towering tree-tops lean,  
 With one blue rift of sky between:

And there, two thousand years ago,  
 A little flower as white as snow  
 Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,  
 The floweret watched the narrow sky,  
 And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by  
 night,  
 One gleaming star would climb the  
 height,  
 And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus watching the blue heavens afar,  
 And the rising of its favorite star,  
 A slow change came,—but not to mar:

For softly o'er its petals white  
 There crept a blueness, like the light  
 Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told,  
 The bonny bell was formed to hold  
 A tiny star, that gleamed like gold.

Now, little people sweet and true,  
 I find a lesson here for you,  
 Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye  
 Strives after all things pure and high  
 Shall take their image by and by.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WATER LILY.

OVER the dark lagoon  
 Boweth the willow tall,  
 And the long black moss from the pine's  
 bare bough  
 Waves like a funeral pall.

Seldom the sunshine fair  
 Pierces that shrouding gloom,  
 And naught is heard save the screech-  
 owl's cry,  
 And the lonely bittern's boom.

As if of this gloom afraid,  
 Or sick of its noisome air,  
 The flowers that prank the meadow's  
 breast  
 Never have ventured there.

But sometimes up from its depths,  
 Out in the morning cool,  
 A beautiful lily, pure and fair,  
 Floats on this stygian pool.

Never a messenger-leaf  
 Cometh before to tell—  
 Never a herald bud peeps first  
 Out of its dreary cell.

Yet, under the waters black,  
 Mayhap with the gloom at strife,  
 That sweet fair blossom had dwelt, till  
 dawned  
 The morn of its higher life.

Thus out from the slough of sin  
 A fair white soul may rise—  
 And, parting the waves of its misery,  
 Look up to heaven's clear skies!

For the unseen spirit there,  
 With his almighty power  
 Wakens to life, and hope, and joy  
 A never-fading flower.

Ye who have marked with fear  
 The tide of crime's fierce flood,  
 Take courage! the blackest bosom holds  
 The hidden germs of good.

Go forth! in patience—work;  
 And with your love illumine  
 The heart o'ershadowed by sin and woe,  
 Till the flower uplifts its bloom.

ANNE G. HALE

### A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,  
 You could not do without me;  
 O little birds that come and go,  
 You sing sweet songs about me;  
 O little moss, observed by few,  
 That round the tree is creeping,  
 You like my head to rest on you  
 When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side,  
 You bow when I come near you;  
 O fish, you leap about with pride,  
 Because you think I hear you;  
 O river, you shine clear and bright  
 To tempt me to look in you;  
 O water-lilies, pure and white,  
 You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,  
 I see I must not leave you;  
 You'd find it very dull, I know—  
 I should not like to grieve you.  
 Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;  
 My flowers, you need not shiver;  
 My little buds, don't look so cross;  
 Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm *telling* you I will not go—  
 It's foolish to feel slighted;  
 It's rude to interrupt me so—  
 You ought to be delighted.  
 Ah! now you're growing good, I see,  
 Though anger is beguiling:  
 The pretty blossoms nod at me,  
 I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,  
 That will content you, maybe :  
 I'll love you through the happy years  
 Till I'm a nice old lady.  
 True love, like yours and mine, they say,  
 Can never think of ceasing,  
 But year by year, and day by day,  
 Keeps steadily increasing.

ANONYMOUS.

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### A CHILD TO A ROSE.

WHITE Rose, talk to me ;  
 I don't know what to do.  
 Why do you say no word to me,  
 Who say so much to you ?  
 I'm bringing you a little rain ;  
 And I shall be so proud,  
 If, when you feel it on your face,  
 You take me for a cloud.  
 Here I come so softly,  
 You cannot hear me walking :  
 If I take you by surprise,  
 I may catch you talking.

White Rose, are you tired  
 Of staying in one place ?  
 Do you ever wish to see  
 The wild flowers face to face ?  
 Do you know the woodbines,  
 And the big brown crested reeds ?  
 Do you wonder how they live  
 So friendly with the weeds ?  
 Have you any work to do  
 When you've finished growing ?  
 Shall you teach your little buds  
 Pretty ways of blowing ?

Do you ever go to sleep ?  
 Once I woke by night  
 And looked out of the window,  
 And there you stood moon-white—  
 Moon-white in a mist of darkness—  
 With never a word to say ;  
 But you seemed to move a little,  
 And then I ran away.  
 I should have felt no wonder  
 After I hid my head,  
 If I had found you standing  
 Moon-white beside my bed.

White Rose, do you love me ?  
 I only wish you'd say.  
 I would work hard to please you,  
 If I but knew the way.  
 It seems so hard to be loving,  
 And not a sign to see  
 But the silence and the sweetness  
 For all as well as me.  
 I think you nearly perfect,  
 In spite of all your scorns ;  
 But, White Rose, if I were you,  
 I wouldn't have those thorns.

ANONYMOUS.

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### THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

A FAIR young child went wandering out,  
 One glorious day in June ;  
 Flirting with bees that were humming  
 about,  
 Kissing red buds with a rival pout,  
 And mocking the cuckoo's tune.  
 For a moment his tiny hand was lost  
 'Mid rushes that fringed the stream ;

Then it came forth, and white lilies were  
tossed

After the golden perch, that crossed  
In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loitered along in the dusky shade,  
Where spicy cones were spread.  
He gathered them up, till a lamb at play  
Came close beside, then down he lay,  
Hugging its innocent head.

A pair of glittering wings went by,  
And the child flew after the moth;  
Till a fluttering nestling caught his eye,  
And he chased the bird, but he gave no  
sigh  
When he saw he had lost them both

He found himself in a dazzling place,  
Where Flora had been crowned;  
Where perfume, color, light, and grace,  
Pure as the flush on his own young face,  
Were flung over bower and mound.

He stood like an elf in fairy lands,  
With a wide and wistful stare;  
As a maiden over her casket stands,  
With heaps of jewels beneath her hands,  
Uncertain which to wear.

He went with delight through the brill-  
iant maze,  
For some trophy to carry away;  
To the tulip-bed, the acacia-sprays,  
To the borders illumed with the peony's  
blaze;  
Not knowing where to stay.

At last the child was seen to pass  
With one sweet opening rose,

And a blade of the white-streaked ribbon-  
grass,—

The beautiful things, in the gorgeous  
mass,  
That his untaught spirit chose.

He rambled on through another gay  
hour,  
With a young heart's revelling mirth;  
But he still preserved the grass and the  
flower,  
As though they formed the richest dower  
That he could inherit from earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept,  
Guarding the rose from ill;  
He lolled on the bank of a meadow and  
slept,  
Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously  
kept  
The rose and the ribbon-leaf still.

He strolled to the sea-beach, bleak and  
bare;  
And climbed to a jutting spot;  
And the child was wooing his idols there,  
Nursing the flower and grass with care;  
All else in the world forgot.

A dense, dark cloud rolled over the sky,  
Like a vast triumphal car;  
The child looked up as it thickened on  
high,  
And watched its thundering storm-  
wheels fly  
Through the blue arch fast and far.

He knelt with the trophies he held so  
dear,  
And its beaming head was bowed;



As he murmured, with mingled trust and  
fear,  
"I'll twine them together and leave them  
here,  
For the God who made that cloud."

Worshipping child, thou wert doing then  
What all below should do ;  
We hear it taught by the prophet men ;  
We see it traced by the prophet pen ;  
By the holy, the wise, the true.

We must lay down the flowers we bear,  
Held close in doting pride !  
We must be ready to willingly spare  
On life's altar-rock the things most  
fair—  
And loved beyond all beside.

Worshipping child, may the tempest  
hour  
Find me with my spirit as bowed !  
As thou didst give the grass and the  
flower,  
May I yield what I love best to the power  
Of Him who makes the cloud.

ELIZA COOK.

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE  
ANT.

THE lady-bird sat in the rose's heart,  
And smiled with pride and scorn  
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by  
With a heavy grain of corn.  
So she drew the curtains of damask  
round,  
And adjusted her silken vest,

Making her glass of a drop of dew  
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant  
looked up,  
And, seeing her haughty face,  
Took no more notice, but travelled on  
At the same industrious pace.  
But a sudden blast of autumn came,  
And rudely swept the ground,  
And down the rose with the lady-bird  
bent  
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much  
amazed,  
For she knew not where to go,  
And hoarse November's early blast  
Had brought with it rain and snow.  
Her wings were chilled and her feet were  
cold,  
And she wished for the ant's warm  
cell ;  
And what she did in the wintry storm  
I am sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,  
With her little ones by her side ;  
She taught them all like herself to toil,  
Nor mind the sneer of pride ;  
And I thought, as I sat at the close of  
day,  
Eating my bread and milk,  
It was wiser to work and improve my  
time  
Than be idle and dress in silk.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

## THE PIPER.

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

So I sang the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.  
 "Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book, that all may read."



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

So he vanished from my sight ;  
 And I plucked a hollow reed,  
 And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stained the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



## A CHILD'S WISH.

"BE my fairy, mother,  
Give me a wish a day;  
Something, as well in sunshine  
As when the rain-drops play."

"And if I were a fairy,  
With but one wish to spare,

"To run right under the window,  
And sing me fast asleep;  
With soft steps and a tender sound  
Over the grass to creep.

"Make it run down the hill, mother,  
With a leap like a tinkling bell—



What should I give thee, darling,  
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,  
All for my very own,  
To laugh all day among the trees,  
And shine on the mossy stone ;

So fast I never can catch the leaf  
That into its fountain fell.

"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,  
As crazy as a bee,  
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh—  
That's the brook for me!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## THE RIVER.

RIVER! River! little River!

Bright you sparkle on your way,  
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,  
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,

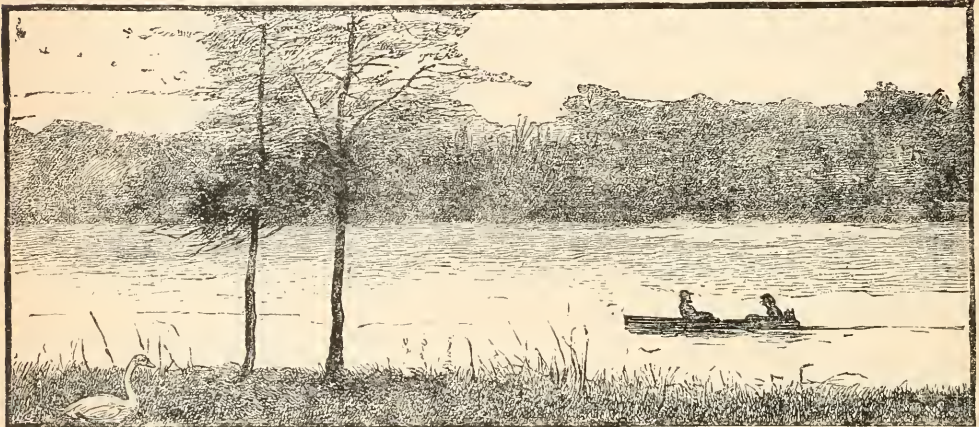
Like a child at play.

Through a channel dark and narrow,  
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!

Down you dash into the sea;  
Sea, that line hath never sounded,  
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,  
Like eternity.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.



River! River! swelling River!

On you rush o'er rough and smooth—  
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping  
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,  
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!

Broad and deep and *still* as Time;  
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,  
Tending onward to the ocean,  
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!

Swifter now you slip away;  
Swift and silent as an arrow,

## STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

“STOP, stop, pretty water!”  
Said Mary one day,  
To a frolicsome brook  
That was running away;

“You run on so fast!  
I wish you would stay;  
My boat and my flowers  
You will carry away.

“But I will run after;  
Mother says that I may;  
For I would know where  
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on,  
 But I have heard say  
 'That she never could find  
 Where the brook ran away.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

### THE YELLOW CLOUD.

"Look up! There's just one cloud in  
 sight,—

A yellow cloud as sunshine bright,  
 That, like a little golden boat.  
 Across the clear blue seems to float.  
 Oh, how I wish that cloud were ours,  
 The color of the cowslip-flowers,  
 And, sitting on it, you and I  
 Were gayly sailing round the sky!  
 Oh, wouldn't it be pleasant?

Oh, shouldn't we be proud  
 If we could only own it,—  
 That little yellow cloud?

"As free as birds we then could go  
 Whatever way the wind might blow,—  
 Above the rivers gleaming bright,  
 Above the hills with snow drifts white,  
 Upon the tree-tops looking down,  
 Upon the steeples of the town.  
 We should hear far below us  
 The great bells ringing loud.  
 Oh, don't you wish we owned it,—  
 That little yellow cloud?"

"Why wish for what will never be?  
 That little cloud is not for me;  
 But if it were, and you and I  
 Were on it sailing round the sky,  
 Who knows? we might be wishing then,  
 'Oh, if we could get down again!'

'Tis better to be humble,  
 By far, than to be proud;  
 And on the ground we're safer  
 Than sailing on a cloud."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

### LADY-BIRD, LADY-BIRD.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird! fly away home!  
 The field-mouse has gone to her nest,  
 The daisies have shut up their sleepy red  
 eyes,  
 And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!  
 The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,  
 The dew's falling fast, and your fine  
 speckled wings  
 Will flag with the close clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!  
 Good luck if you reach it at last!  
 The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on  
 the roam,  
 Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!  
 The fairy bells tinkle afar!  
 Make haste, or they'll catch you, and  
 harness you fast  
 With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird, lady bird! fly away home!  
 To your house in the old willow tree,  
 Where your children so dear have invit-  
 ed the ant  
 And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!  
 And if not gobbled up by the way,  
 Nor yoked to the fairies to Oberon's car,  
 You're in luck!—and that's all I've to say!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.



GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORN-  
ING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;  
Then smoothed her work and folded it  
right,  
And said, " Dear work, good-night,  
good-night !"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat !" came over  
the road ;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet de-  
light,  
" Good little girl, good-night, good-  
night !"

She did not say to the sun, " Good-  
night !"  
Though she saw him there like a ball of  
light ;  
For she knew he had God's time to  
keep  
All over the world, and never could  
sleep.

Such a number of rooks came over her  
head,  
Crying " Caw ! caw !" on their way to  
bed,  
She said, as she watched their curious  
flight,  
" Little black things, good-night, good-  
night !"

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head ;  
The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;

And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite  
prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly  
lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was  
day ;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
" Good-morning, good-morning ! our  
work is begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax !  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.



"THEY SAT ALONE BY THE BRIGHT WOOD FIRE."

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## SONG OF SUMMER.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,  
 High in the blue sky, far, all around,  
 Near by, and everywhere, creatures are  
 living ;  
 God in his bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,  
 High in the blue sky, far, all around,  
 Near by, and everywhere, creatures are  
 striving ;  
 Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,  
 High in the blue sky, far, all around,  
 Near by, and everywhere, singing and  
 humming,  
 Busily, joyfully, summer is coming !

MARY MAPES DODGE.

## FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hills the farm-boy goes,  
 His shadow lengthened along the land,  
 A giant staff in a giant hand ;  
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,  
 The katydid begins to sing ;  
 The early dews are falling ;—  
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;  
 The swallows skim the river's brink ;  
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling,—

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!  
 co'!”

Farther, farther, over the hill,  
 Faintly calling, calling still,—

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

Into the yard the farmer goes,  
 With grateful heart, at the close of day :  
 Harness and chain are hung away ;  
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and  
 plough ;  
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the  
 mow,  
 The cooling dews are falling ;—

While still the cow-boy, far away,  
 Goes seeking those that have gone  
 astray,—

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,  
 The cattle come crowding through the  
 gate,



The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,  
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,  
 The whinnying mare her master knows,  
 When into the yard the farmer goes,  
 His cattle calling,—  
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!  
 co'!”

Lowing, pushing, little and great ;  
 About the trough, by the farm-yard  
 pump,  
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,  
 While the pleasant dews are fall-  
 ing ;  
 The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,



But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;  
And the white stream into the bright  
pail flows,

When to her task the milkmaid goes,  
Soothingly calling,—

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,  
Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

To supper at last the farmer goes,  
The apples are pared, the paper read,  
The stories are told, then all to bed.  
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song  
Makes shrill the silence all night long;  
The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the  
lock :

Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;  
The household sinks to deep repose ;  
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes  
Singing, calling,—

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!  
co'!”

And oft the milkmaid in her dreams  
Drums in the pail with the flashing  
streams,  
Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

### THE PLANTING.

PLANT it safe and sure, my child,  
Then cease watching and cease weep-  
ing ;

You have done your utmost part ;  
Leave it with a quiet heart :  
It will grow while you are sleeping.

“But, O father,” says the child,  
With a troubled face up-creeping,  
“How can I but think and grieve  
When the fierce wind comes at eve,  
Tearing it—and I lie sleeping?”

“I have loved my young tree so!  
In each bud seen leaf and floweret,  
Watered it each day with prayers,  
Guarded it with many cares,  
Lest some canker should devour it.

“O, good father,” sobs the child,  
“If I come in summer's shining  
And my pretty tree be dead,  
How the sun will scorch my head,  
How I shall sit lorn, repining!”

“Rather let me, evermore,  
An incessant watch thus keeping,  
Bear the cold, the storm, the frost,  
That my treasure be not lost—  
Ay, bear aught—but idle sleeping.”

Sternly said the father then,  
“Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?  
Canst thou send the balmy dews,  
Or the rich sap interfuse  
Through the dead trunk, inly living?”

“Canst thou bid the heavens restrain  
Natural tempests for thy praying?  
Canst thou bend one tender shoot,  
Urge the growth of one frail root,  
Keep one leaflet from decaying?”

“If it live to bloom all fair,  
Will it praise *thee* for its blossom?”

If it die, will any plaints  
Reach thee, as with kings and saints  
Drops it to the cold earth's bosom ?

" Plant it—all thou canst !—with prayers,  
It is safe 'neath His skies' folding,  
Who the whole earth compasses,  
Whether we watch more or less,  
His wide eye all things beholding.

" Should He need a goodly tree  
For the shelter of the nations,  
He will make it grow ; if not,  
Never yet His love forgot  
Human love, and faith, and patience.

" Leave thy treasure in His hand—  
Cease all watching and all weeping ;  
Years hence, men its shade may crave,  
And its mighty branches wave  
Beautiful above thy sleeping."

If his hope, tear-sown, that child  
Garnered after joyful reaping,  
Know I not ; yet unawares  
Gleams this truth through many cares,  
It will grow while thou art sleeping."

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

### THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.  
Cleave the tough greensward with the  
spade ;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
And press it o'er them tenderly,

As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;  
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson  
breast,

Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;  
We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
To load the May wind's restless wings,  
When, from the orchard row, he pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors ;  
A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,  
And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
That fan the blue September sky,  
While children come, with cries of  
glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,  
The winter stars are quivering bright,

And winds go howling through the  
 night,  
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with  
 mirth,  
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,  
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine  
 And golden orange of the Line,  
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree  
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
 Where men shall wonder at the view,  
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;  
 And sojourners beyond the sea  
 Shall think of childhood's careless day  
 And long, long hours of summer play,  
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker  
 shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we  
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree,  
 O, when its aged branches throw  
 Thin shadows on the ground below,  
 Shall fraud and force and iron will  
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?  
 What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
 Of those who live when length of years  
 Is wasting this apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"  
 The children of that distant day  
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;  
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :  
 "A poet of the land was he,  
 Born in the rude but good old times ;  
 'Tis said he made some quaint old  
 rhymes  
 On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE TREE.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting  
 their brown :  
 "Shall I take them away?" said the  
 Frost, sweeping down.  
 "No, leave them alone  
 Till the blossoms have grown,"  
 Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from  
 rootlet to crown.  
 The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the  
 birds sung :  
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind  
 as he swung.  
 "No, leave them alone  
 Till the berries have grown,"  
 Said the Tree, while his leaflets quiver-  
 ing hung.  
 The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer  
 glow :  
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries  
 now ?  
 "Yes, all thou canst see ;  
 Take them : all are for thee,"  
 Said the Tree, while he bent down his  
 laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood  
 long!  
 Here's health and renown to his broad  
 green crown,

When the storms through his branches  
 shout.  
 Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone;  
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone.



And his fifty arms so strong.  
 There is fear in his frown when the sun  
 goes down,  
 And the fire in the west fades out,  
 And he showeth his might on a wild mid-  
 night,

He saw the rare times when the Christ-  
 mas chimes  
 Were a merry sound to hear,  
 And the 'squire's wide hall and the cot-  
 tage small  
 Were full of English cheer;



And all the day, to the rebeck gay,  
 They carolled with gladsome swains.  
 They are gone, they are dead, in the  
 churchyard laid,  
 But the brave tree still remains.  
 Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone ;  
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

### WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

[The tree, which the woodman really did spare, stood in the northern part of New York City, near to the Bloomingdale Road.]

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now.  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot ;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea—  
 And wouldst thou hew it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;  
 Oh, spare that aged oak,  
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
 I sought its grateful shade ;  
 In all their gushing joy  
 Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here,  
 My father pressed my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling  
 Close as thy bark, old friend !  
 Here shall the wild bird sing,  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !  
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;  
 While I've a hand to save,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

### THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through this world am I,  
 From place to place I wander by ;  
 Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,  
 For Christ's sweet sake and charity !  
 A little of thy steadfastness,  
 Rounded with leafy gracefulness,  
 Old oak, give me,—  
 That the world's blasts may round me  
 blow,  
 And I yield gently to and fro,  
 While my stout-hearted trunk below,  
 And firm-set roots, unmovèd be.  
 Some of thy stern, unyielding might,  
 Enduring still through day and night  
 Rude tempest-shock and withering  
 blight,—  
 That I may keep at bay  
 The changeful April sky of chance,  
 And the strong tide of circumstance,—  
 Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,  
 Some of the never-dying green,  
 Put in this scrip of mine,—  
 That grief may fall like snow-flakes  
 light,

And deck me in a robe of white,  
 Ready to be an angel bright,—  
 O sweetly mournful pine!

A little of thy merriment,  
 Of thy sparkling, light content,  
 Give me, my cheerful brook,—  
 That I may still be full of glee  
 And gladness, where'er I be,  
 Though fickle fate hath prisoned me  
 In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good  
 To me, since I have been in the wood;  
 Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;  
 But good-by, kind friends, every one,  
 I've far to go ere set of sun:  
 Of all good things I would have part,  
 The day was high ere I could start,  
 And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget  
 To beg of thee, dear violet?  
 Some of thy modesty,  
 That flowers here as well, unseen,  
 As if before the world thou'dst been,  
 Oh, give, to strengthen me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young Cricket, accustomed to  
 sing  
 Through the warm sunny months of the  
 summer and spring,

Began to complain when he found that  
 at home  
 His cupboard was empty, and winter was  
 come.

Not a crumb to be found  
 On the snow-covered ground;  
 Not a flower could he see,  
 Not a leaf on a tree:

"Oh! what will become," said the  
 Cricket, "of me?"

At last, by starvation and famine made  
 bold,  
 All dripping with wet, and trembling  
 with cold,

Away he set off to a miserly Ant,  
 To see if, to keep him alive, he would  
 grant

A shelter from rain,  
 And a mouthful of grain.  
 He wished only to borrow,  
 And repay it to-morrow;

If not, he must die of starvation and  
 sorrow.

Said the Ant to the Cricket, "I'm your  
 servant and friend;

But we ants never borrow, we ants never  
 lend.

But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing  
 by

When the weather was warm?" Said the  
 Cricket, "Not I!

My heart was so light  
 That I sang day and night,  
 For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?"

Go then," said the Ant, "and dance  
 winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily opened the wicket,  
And out of the door turned the poor little Cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good :  
If you live without work, you will go without food.

ANONYMOUS.

### ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer !  
For summer's nearly done ;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun.  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away ;  
But Robin's here, with coat of brown,  
And ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year !

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts ;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;  
The scanty pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough :  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And what will this poor Robin do ?  
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheat-stack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house.  
The frosty twigs like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow,—  
Alas ! in winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go ?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### A LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD-BY.

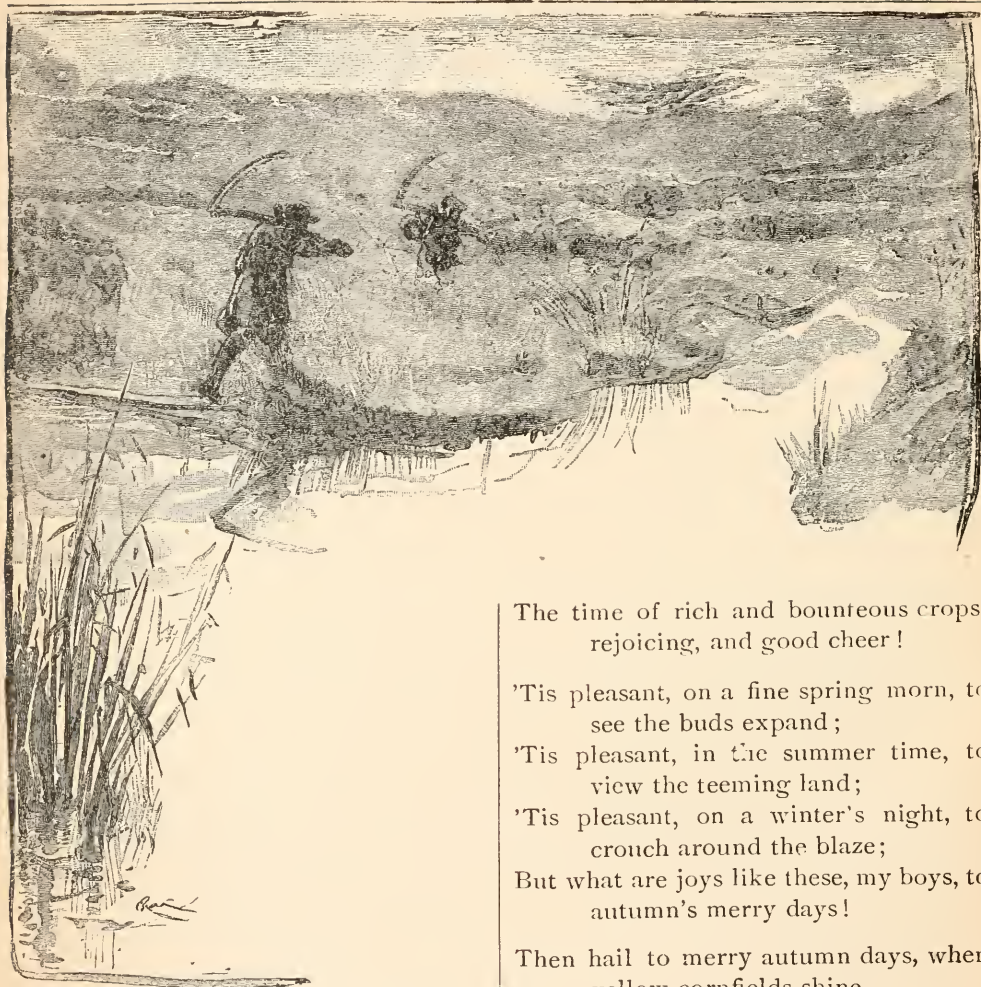
GOOD-BY, daisy, pink, and rose,  
And snow-white lily too !  
Every pretty flower that grows :  
Here's a kiss for you.

Good-by, merry bird and bee !  
And take this tiny song  
For the one you sang to me  
All the summer long.

Good-by, mossy little rill,  
That shivers in the cold !  
Leaves that fall on vale and hill  
Cover you with gold.

A sweet good-by to birds that roam,  
And rills, and flowers and bees ;  
But when winter's gone, come home  
As early as you please.

GEORGE COOPER.



A SONG OF HARVEST HOME.

HAIL to the merry autumn days, when  
 yellow cornfields shine  
 Far brighter than the costly cup that  
 holds the monarch's wine!  
 Hail to the merry harvest time, the gay-  
 est of the year,

The time of rich and bounteous crops,  
 rejoicing, and good cheer!

'Tis pleasant, on a fine spring morn, to  
 see the buds expand;

'Tis pleasant, in the summer time, to  
 view the teeming land;

'Tis pleasant, on a winter's night, to  
 crouch around the blaze;

But what are joys like these, my boys, to  
 autumn's merry days!

Then hail to merry autumn days, when  
 yellow cornfields shine

Far brighter than the costly cup that  
 holds the monarch's wine!

And hail to merry harvest time, the gay-  
 est of the year,

The time of rich and bounteous crops,  
 rejoicing, and good cheer!

CHARLES DICKENS.



WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?  
The North-Wind, Freddy, and all the  
snow;

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?  
The South-Wind, Katy; and corn will  
grow,  
And peaches redden for you to eat,  
When the South begins to blow.



And the sheep will scamper into the  
fold  
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?  
The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers  
know

That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the  
flowers?

The West-Wind, Bessy; and soft and  
low

The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the West begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

ROBINS in the tree-tops,  
Blossoms in the grass,

Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine tree and willow tree,  
Fringed elm and larch,  
Don't you think May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,  
Mellowing one by one,  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;



Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,

Beams of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day,—  
Don't you think summer's  
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch  
 Whistling negro-songs,  
 Pussy by the hearthside  
 Romping with the tongs ;  
 Chestnuts in the ashes,  
 Bursting through the rind ;  
 Red leaf and gold leaf  
 Rustling down the wind ;  
 Mother "doing peaches"  
 All the afternoon—  
 Don't you think autumn's  
 Pleasanter than June ?

Little fairy snowflakes  
 Dancing in the flue ;  
 Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
 What is keeping you ?  
 Twilight and firelight  
 Shadows come and go,  
 Merry chime of sleigh-bells  
 Tinkling through the snow ;  
 Mother knitting stockings  
 (Pussy's got the ball!)—  
 Don't you think winter's  
 Pleasantest of all ?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

#### A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

LITTLE one, come to my knee !  
 Hark, how the rain is pouring  
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night !  
 And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
 Then pay for the story with kisses ;  
 Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
 In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,  
 Where the wild men watched and wait-  
 ed ;  
 Wolves in the forest, and bears in the  
 bush,  
 And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together  
 Came down, and the wind came after,  
 Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
 And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,  
 Stunned, and bruised, and blinded,—  
 Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
 And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining.  
 Crouching, I sought to hide me :  
 Something rustled, two green eyes  
 shone—  
 And a wolf lay down beside me !

Little one, be not frightened :  
 I and the wolf together,  
 Side by side, through the long, long night,  
 Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;  
 Each of us warmed the other ;  
 Each of us felt in the stormy dark  
 That beast and man were brother.

And, when the falling forest  
 No longer crashed in warning,  
 Each of us went from our hiding-place  
 Forth in the wild wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment,  
 Hark ! how the wind is roaring !  
 Father's house is a better place  
 When the stormy rain is pouring.

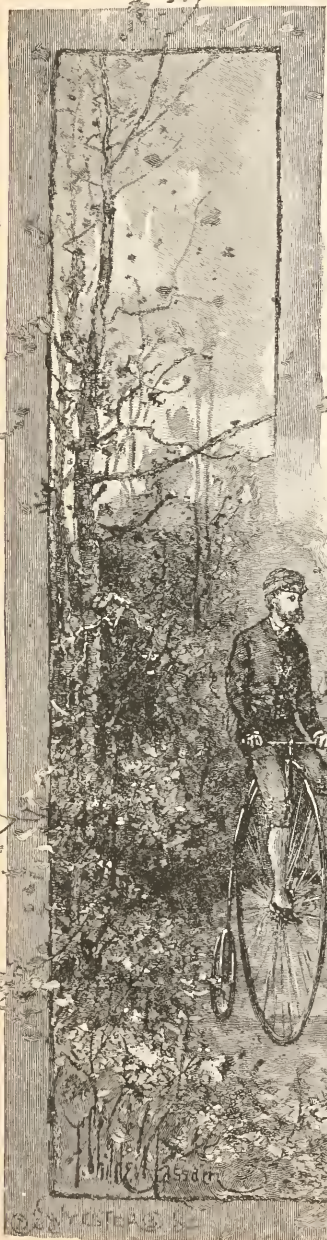
BAYARD TAYLOR.



## 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 gilliflowers ;  
 August brings the sheaves of corn,  
 Then the harvest home is borne ;  
 Warm September brings the fruit,—  
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot ;  
 Fresh October brings the pheasant,—  
 Then to gather nuts is pleasant ;  
 Dull November brings the blast,—  
 Then the leaves are whirling fast ;  
 Chill December brings the sleet,  
 Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.





## BETH GÊLERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
 And cheerily smiled the morn;  
 And many a brach, and many a bound,  
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
 And gave a lustier cheer,  
 "Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last  
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,  
 The flower of all his race;  
 So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John;  
 But now no Gêlert could be found,  
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved  
 The chase of hart and hare;  
 And scant and small the booty proved,  
 For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewelyn homeward hied,  
 When, near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gêlert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood;  
 The hound all o'er was smeared with  
 gore;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;  
 Unused such looks to meet,  
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,  
 And on went Gêlert too;  
 And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
 Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
 With blood-stain'd covert rent;  
 And all around the walls and ground  
 With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child,—no voice replied,—  
 He search'd with terror wild;  
 Blood, blood he found on every side,  
 But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee de-  
 voured,"  
 The frantic father cried;  
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
 He plung'd in Gêlert's side.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,  
 Some slumberer waken'd nigh;  
 What words the parent's joy could tell  
 To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap  
 His hurried search had miss'd,  
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
 The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had lie, nor harm, nor dread,  
 But, the same couch beneath,  
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
 For now the truth was clear;  
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

## WINTER.

Old Winter is a sturdy one,  
 And lasting stuff he's made of ;  
 His flesh is firm as iron-stone ;  
 There's nothing he's afraid of.

Of flowers that bloom, or birds that  
 sing,  
 Full little cares or knows he ;  
 He hates the fire, and hates the Spring,  
 And all that's warm and cosey.



He spreads his coat, upon the heath,  
 Nor yet to warm it lingers ;  
 He scouts the thought of aching teeth,  
 Or chilblains on his fingers.

But when the foxes bark aloud  
 On frozen hill and river,  
 When round the fire the people crowd,  
 And rub their hands, and shiver,



WINTER.

Old Winter is a sturdy one,  
And lasting stuff he's made of ;  
His flesh is firm as iron-stone,  
There's nothing he's afraid of.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
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When frost is splitting stone and wall,  
 And trees come crashing after,—  
 That hates he not, he loves it all,—  
 Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,  
 Where earth and sea are frozen ;  
 His summer-house, we understand,  
 In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied  
 To show his strength and power ;

So through the valley and over the  
 height

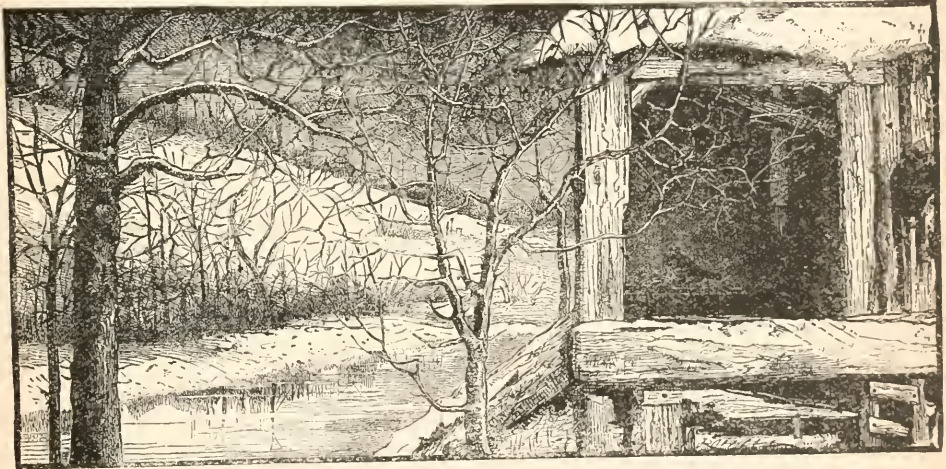
In silence I'll take my way :

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."



And, when he comes, we stand aside,  
 And look at him, and cower.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still clear  
 night,  
 And whispered, "Now I shall be out of  
 sight ;

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  
 slept,

By the light of the moon were seen  
 Most beautiful things: there were flow-  
 ers and trees;  
 There were beavies 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 pre-  
 pare—

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,  
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,  
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,  
 And the glass of water they’ve left for  
 me

Shall ‘tchick!’ to tell them I’m drink-  
 ing.”

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

#### A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

’Twas the night before Christmas, when  
 all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
 mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chim-  
 ney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would  
 be there;

The children were nestled all snug in  
 their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in  
 their heads;

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in  
 my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long  
 winter’s nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such  
 a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was  
 the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
 sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-  
 fallen snow,

Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects be-  
 low;

When, what to my wondering eyes should  
 appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny  
 reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and  
 quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
 came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called  
 them by name:

“Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now,  
 Prancer and Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder  
 and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of  
 the wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away  
 all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurri-  
cane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount  
to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the coursers they  
flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St.  
Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the  
roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little  
hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning  
around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came  
with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head  
to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with  
ashes and soot ;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his  
back,  
And he looked like a peddler just open-  
ing his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled ! his  
dimples how merry ;  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like  
a cherry ;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like  
a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white  
as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like  
a wreath.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly  
old elf ;

And I laughed when I saw him in spite  
of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his  
head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to  
dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight  
to his work,  
And filled all the stockings ; then turned  
with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he  
rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave  
a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of  
a thistle ;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove  
out of sight,  
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
good-night ! ”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

#### HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

THE sun was sinking out of sight :  
“ Bessie,” said Herbert, “ have you  
heard ?  
It’s really true, upon my word !  
This year is going away to-night !  
It’s time is up, they say, and so  
At midnight it will have to go.  
And right away another year  
Will come along, a real new year,  
As soft as any mouse, —  
So soft, we’ll hardly hear it creep,—  
Yes, come right to this very house,  
While every one’s asleep ! ”

Now Bessie's eyes grew wide to hear.

"Let's keep awake," she cried, "and so

We'll see one come and see one go.

Two years at once! Won't that be queer?

Let's tell the New Year it is bad,

We want the one we've always had,

With birds and flowers and things, you know,

And funny ice and pretty snow.

It had my birthday, too, in May,

And yours—when was it? and you know

How it had Fourth o' July one day,  
And Christmas. Oh, it *mustn't* go!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Herbert. "What a Bess!

This year was new when first it came;

The next one will be just the same

As this that's going now, I guess.

—That's nothing. But what bothers me

Is how the change is going to be.

I can't see how one year can go

And one can come at midnight, so

All in a minute: *that's* the bother!

I've heard them say, 'the rolling year:'

You'd think they'd roll on one another,

Unless they knew just how to steer."

The speck of time 'twixt night and day

Was close at hand. Herbert and Bess

Had won their parents' smiling "yes"

To watch the old year go away.

Nurse on the lounge found easy rest

Till Bess should come to be undrest:

All but the children were asleep,

And years might roll, or years might creep,

For all they cared; while Bess and Bert,

Who never stirred, and scarcely spoke,

Watched the great clock, awake, alert,

All breathless for the coming stroke.

Soon Bessie whispered, "Moll don't care."

Moll was her doll. And Herbert said,

"The clock's so far up overhead

It makes me wink to watch it there,

The great tall thing! Let's look inside."

And so its door they opened wide.

Tick-a-tick! How loud it sounded!

Bessie's heart with wonder bounded.

How the great round thing that hung

Down the middle swung and swung!

*Tick, a-tick, a-tick, a-tick,—*

Dear how loud it was, and quick!

*Tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, tick-a!*

Surely it was growing quicker!

While the swinging thing kept on,

Back and forth, and never done.

There! It's coming! Loud and clear

Each ringing stroke the night alarms.

Bess, screaming, hid in Herbert's arms.

"The year!" he cried, "the year! the year!"

"Where?" faltered Bessie, "which? where 'bouts?"

But still "The year!" glad Herbert shouts;

And still the steady strokes rang on

Until the banished year was gone.



"We've seen the Old Year out —  
hurrah!"

"Oh, oh!" sobbed Bessie, "call mam-  
ma.

I don't like years to racket so:  
It frightens me to hear 'em go."  
But Herbert kissed away her tears,  
And, gently soothing all her fears,  
He heard the New Year coming  
quick, —  
*Tick, a-tick, a tick, a-tick.*

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BABY LAPP'S RIDE.

"Now give us a wrap,"  
Says the father Lapp,  
"And I'll take baby a ride to-day:  
Swiftly we'll go  
Over the snow,  
Ever and ever so far away!"

So up in a wrap  
They tuck little Lapp,  
Till all you can see is baby's nose;  
And safe from harm,  
On father's arm,  
How loud and merrily baby crows!

For they're all the same,  
Whatever their name,  
Or whether at North or South they grow;  
They love to ride  
By father's side  
Whenever the ground is white with  
snow.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

[The Commune, a provisional government which took possession of Paris at the close of the Franco-German war (1870-71), was treated as an insurrection; and after its defeat and the capture of the city, large numbers of the Communists were marched out (a few dozen every day), stood up by a wall, and shot.]

"GARÇON! You, you  
Snared along with this cursèd crew?  
(Only a child, and yet so bold,  
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)  
Do you hear! do you know  
Why the *gens d'armes* put you there, in  
the row,  
You with those commune wretches  
tall,  
With your face to the wall?"

"*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?  
We're here to be shot;  
And there by the pillar's the very spot,  
Fighting for France, my father fell:  
Ah, well! —  
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,  
With my *back* to the wall!"

"(Sacre! Fair, open fight, I say,  
Is something right gallant in its way,  
And fine for warming the blood; but  
who  
Wants wolfish work like this to do?  
Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*  
(The boy is beckoning to me now:  
I knew that this poor child's heart  
would fail,  
. . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)  
Quick! say your say, for don't you see

When the church-clock yonder tolls out

*Three,*

You are all to be shot ?

—*What ?*

'Excuse you one moment ?' Oh, ho, ho !  
Do you think to fool a *gen d'arme* so ?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend,  
one day,

(My father's friend) just over the way,  
Lent me; and if you'll let me free—  
It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*—  
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,  
Straight back into line, when my errand's  
done."

"Ha, ha ! No doubt of it ! Off ! Be-  
gone !

(Now, good St. Denis, speed him on !  
The work will be easier since *he's* saved ;  
For I hardly see how I *could* have braved  
The ardor of that innocent eye,

As he stood and heard,

While I gave the word,

Dooming him like a dog to die.)"

"In time ? Well, thanks, that my desire  
Was granted; and now I'm ready:—  
Fire !

One word !—that's all !

—You'll let me turn my *back* to the  
wall ?"

"Parbleu ! Come out of the line, I say,  
Come out ! (Who said that his name was  
Ney ?)

Ha ! France will hear of him yet, one  
day !"

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

## SLEIGH-SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh !  
As it swiftly scuds along,  
Hear the burst of happy song,  
See the gleam of glances bright  
Flashing o'er the pathway white !  
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,  
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—  
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,  
Little heeding whom they wound ;  
See them, with capricious pranks,  
Ploughing now the drifted banks :  
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee,  
Who among them cares for me ?  
Jingle, jingle, on they go,  
Capes and bonnets white with snow.  
Not a single robe they fold  
To protect them from the cold ;  
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,  
Fun and frolic keep them warm ;  
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,  
O'er the meadows, past the mills ;  
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast :  
Winter will not always last.  
Jingle, jingle, clear the way !  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

GEORGE W. PETTEE.

## GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,  
And bards have sung them well :  
I of George Nidiver  
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains,  
A hunter bold was he :



SLEIGHING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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Keen his eye and sure his aim  
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy  
Followed him everywhere,  
Eager to share the hunter's joy,  
The hunter's meal to share :



They see two grizzly bears,  
With hunger fierce and fell,  
Rush at them unawares,  
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,  
And ran with terror wild :  
One of the pair of savage beasts  
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,—  
He knew *one* charge was all,—  
And through the boy's pursuing foe  
He sent his only ball.

And when the bird or deer  
Fell by the hunter's skill,  
The boy was always near  
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft  
Between two mountains steep,  
Shut in both right and left,  
Their questing way they keep,

The other bear, now furious,  
Came on with dreadful pace ;  
The hunter stood unarmed,  
And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood :  
Against those frightful paws,  
For rifle butt or club of wood,  
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,  
 And looked him in the face;  
 The wild beast stopped amazed,  
 Then came with slacking pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,  
 Although his heart beat high;  
 Again the creature stopped,  
 And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,  
 Nor yet an inch gave way;  
 The bear turned slowly round  
 And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind  
 It would be hard to spell;  
 What thoughts were in George Nidiver's  
 I rather guess than tell.

Be sure that rifle's aim,  
 Swift choice of generous part,  
 Showed, in its passing gleam,  
 The depths of a brave heart.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

[Mr. Dobson's poem probably refers to a real incident which was told in the Boston *Advertiser* several years ago. A "baby violinist," six years old, was compelled to play evening after evening to large audiences. One day he looked so pale that the manager told him to stay at home. That night as he lay in bed his father heard him say, "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow," and before morning he died.]

HE had played for his lordship's levee,  
 He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
 Till the poor little head was heavy,  
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
 And the large eyes strange and bright,  
 And they said—too late—"He is weary!  
 He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking  
 As they watched in the silent room,  
 With a sound of a strained cord breaking,  
 A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
 And they heard him stir in bed—  
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,  
 Kind God!" was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

### LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.

[The brave boy, only ten years old, whose fate is the subject of the following verses, was employed in one of the Pittston mines. When the shaft caught fire, he, with a comrade, tried to escape. Suddenly he remembered that some men who were busy in a further chamber of the mine must be unaware of their danger. There was but one outlet, but one chance. He left both to his little mate, and darted back into the mine. He reached the men, warned them, and fled back to the shaft, to find that hope was gone. He turned and hurried through the galleries once more, that he might die with those for whom he gave his life. They had builded with desperate haste a wall between themselves and the deadly gases and vapors which rolled thickening toward them. Even their chance of surviving was slight. To let him in was to admit certain death, so they refused his prayer. They heard him sob and walk falteringly away. He was afterward found quite dead, a little board beside him, on which, with a piece of chalk, he had written the names of loved ones.]

A CHILD looks up the ragged shaft,  
 A boy, whose meagre frame  
 Shrinks as he hears the roaring draught  
 That feeds the eager flame.

He has a single chance; the stakes  
 Of life show death at bay  
 One moment—then his comrade takes  
 The hope he casts away.

For while his trembling hand is raised,  
 And while his sweet eyes shine,  
 There swells above the love of life  
 The rush of love divine—  
 The thought of those unwarned, to whom  
 Death steals along the mine.

The while he speeds that darksome  
 way,  
 Hope paints upon his fears  
 Soft visions of the light of day ;  
 Faint songs of birds he hears ;  
 In summer breeze his tangled curls  
 Are blown about his ears.

He sees the men ; he warns ; and now,  
 His duty bravely done,  
 Sweet hope may paint the fairest scene  
 That spreads beneath the sun.

Back to the burning shaft he flies ;  
 There bounding pulses fail ;  
 The light forsakes his lifted eyes ;  
 The glowing cheek is pale.

With wheeling, whirling, hungry flame  
 The seething shaft is rife ;  
 Where solid chains drip liquid fire,  
 What chance for human life.

To die with those he hoped to save,  
 Back, back, through heat and gloom—  
 To find a wall ! and Death and he  
 Shut in the larger tomb !

He pleaded to be taken in,  
 As closer rolled the smoke ;  
 In deathful vapors they could hear

His piteous accents choke ;  
 And they, with shaking voice, refused—  
 And then the young heart broke.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

O love of life ! God made it strong,  
 And knows how close it pressed—  
 And Death to those who love life least  
 Is scarce a welcome guest.

One thought of the poor wife, whose  
 head  
 Last night lay on his breast ;  
 A quiver runs through lips that morn  
 By children's lips caressed.

These things—the sweet, strong thoughts  
 of home,  
 Though but a wretched place,  
 To which the sad-eyed miners come  
 With labor's laggard pace—  
 Remembered in the cavern gloom,  
 Illume the haggard face.

Illumed their faces, steeled each heart—  
 O God ! what mysteries  
 Of brave and base make sum and part  
 Of human histories !  
 What will not thy poor creatures do  
 To buy an hour of breath !  
 Well for us all some souls are true  
 Above the fear of death !  
 \* \* \* \* \*

He wept a little, for they heard  
 The sound of sobs, the sighs  
 That breathed of martyrdom complete,  
 Unseen of mortal eyes :  
 And then, no longer swift, his feet  
 Passed down the galleries.

He crept and crouched beside his mule,  
 Led by its dying moan ;  
 He touched it feebly with a hand  
 That shook like palsy's own.  
 God grant the touch had power to make  
 The child feel less alone !

Who knoweth every heart, He knows  
 What moved the boyish mind ;  
 What longings grew to passion-throes  
 For dear ones left behind ;  
 How hardly youth and youth's desires  
 Their hold of life resigned.

Death leaned upon him heavily,  
 But Love, more mighty still—  
 She lent him slender lease of life  
 To work her tender will.

He felt with sightless, sentient hand  
 Along the wall and ground,  
 And there the rude and simple page  
 For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,  
 Clasped to his little side,  
 Dim eyes the wooden record read  
 Hours after he had died.

Thus, from all knowledge of his kind,  
 In darkness lone and vast,  
 From life to death, from death to life,  
 The little hero passed.

And while they listened for the feet  
 That would return no more,  
 Far off they fell in music sweet  
 Upon another shore.

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

[The Alma is a small stream in the Crimea, on whose southern bank was fought, Sept. 20, 1854, a great battle between the English, with their allies, and the Russians. It resulted in victory for the English and the opening up the road to Sebastopol.]

WILLIE, fold your little hands ;  
 Let it drop, that "soldier" toy :  
 Look where father's picture stands,  
 Father, who here kissed his boy  
 Not two months since—father kind,  
 Who this night may— Never mind  
 Mother's sob, my Willie dear,  
 Call aloud that He may hear  
 Who is God of battles,—say,  
 "Oh, keep father safe this day  
 By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child. Never heed  
 Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,  
 Right of nations or of creed,  
 Chance-poised victory's bloody work :  
 Any flag i' the wind may roll  
 On thy heights, Sebastopol!  
 Willie, all to you and me  
 Is that spot, where'er it be,  
 Where he stands—no other word !  
*Stands*—God sure the child's prayer heard  
 By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells  
 Ringing through the town to-day.  
 That's for victory. Ah, no knells  
 For the many swept away—  
 Hundreds—thousands ! Let us weep,  
 We, who need not—just to keep  
 Reason steady in my brain  
 Till the morning comes again ;



Till the third dread morning tell  
Who they were that fought and fell  
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;  
Poor the bed is, poor and hard;  
Yet thy father, far exiled,  
Sleeps upon the open sward,  
Dreaming of us two at home:  
Or beneath the starry dome  
Digs out trenches in the dark,  
Where he buries—Willie, mark—  
Where *he buries* those who died

When I need not shrink to meet  
Those dread placards in the street,  
Which for weeks will ghastly stare  
In some eyes— Child, say thy prayer  
Once again; a different one;  
Say, "O God, thy will be done  
By the Alma River."

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

### CLARIBEL'S PRAYER

THE day, with cold, gray feet, clung  
shivering to the hills,

And o'er the valley still  
night's rain-fringed cur-  
tain fell.

But, waking, Blue-eyes  
smiled, "'Tis ever as  
God wills,

He knoweth best, and be  
it rain or shine, 'tis well!  
Amen!" cried always little  
Claribel.

Then sank she on her  
knees; with eager, lift-  
ed hands

Her parted lips made haste  
some dear request to  
tell.

"Oh, Father, smile, and  
save this fairest of all  
bands,

And make us free, whatever hearts rebel.  
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"But, Father," still arose another plead-  
ing prayer,

"O save my brother in the rain of shot  
and shell!



Fighting bravely at his side  
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep;  
God will keep us, O my boy;  
He will make the dull hours creep  
Faster, and send news of joy,

Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid,  
streaming hair,  
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love  
so well.

Praise God!" cried trembling little Clar-  
ibel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glori-  
ous fight is done,  
And up the crimson sky the shouts of  
freemen swell,

When cold gray day shook hands with  
grayer night,

The heavy air was thrilled with clangor  
of a bell.

"O shout!" the herald cried, his worn  
eyes brimmed with light,

"'Tis victory! O what glorious news to  
tell!"

"Praise God!" cried sobbing little Clar-  
ibel.



Grant that there be no nobler victor  
'neath the sun

Than he whose golden hair I love so  
well.

Praise God! praise God!" cried little  
Claribel.

"But, pray you, herald, was my brother  
in the fight?

And in the fiery rain, oh, fought he brave  
and well?"

"Dear child," the herald said, "there  
was no fairer sight

Than his young form, so brave 'mid shot  
and shell."

"Praise God! He heard my prayer,"  
cried Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes  
of red,

While trumpets, golden throats his com-  
ing steps foretell?"

The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child,"  
he softly said,

"Thy brother evermore with conquerors  
shall dwell."

"Amen! Praise God!" cried little Clar-  
ibel.

"With victors wearing crowns and bear-  
ing palms," he said.

And snow of sudden fear upon the rose-  
lips fell.

"O sweetest herald, say my brother  
lives," she plead.

"Dear child, he walks with angels who  
in strength excel.

Praise God who gave this glory, Clari-  
bel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the  
weary hills,

And bitter wailing on the night-wind  
rose and fell.

"Dear child," the herald said, "'tis as  
the dear Lord wills.

He knoweth best, and be it life or death,  
'tis well!"

"Amen! Praise God!" moaned little  
Claribel.

ANONYMOUS.

### 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 betrays 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!"

THOMAS MOORE.

### SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

Two children stood at their father's  
gate,—

Two girls, with golden hair;  
And their eyes were bright, and their  
voices glad,

Because the morn was fair.  
For they said, "We will take that long,  
long walk

To the hawthorn copse to-day,  
And gather great bunches of lovely  
flowers

From off the scented May;  
And oh! we shall be so happy there,  
'Twill be sorrow to come away."



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

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

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

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

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

Just then that little cloud was sent,—  
 That shower in mercy given;  
 And, as a bird before the breeze,  
 Their bark was landward driven,  
 Now, some few mornings after,  
 When the children met once more,  
 And their brother told the story,  
 They knew it was the hour  
 When they had wished for sunshine,  
 And God had sent the shower.

ANONYMOUS.

### SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,  
 Where the dead and dying lay,  
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
 Somebody's Darling was borne one  
 day—  
 Somebody's Darling, so young and so  
 brave,  
 Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's  
 grace.  
 Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
 Kissing the snow of that fair young  
 brow;  
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
 Somebody's Darling is dying now.



Back from his beautiful blue-veined  
brow

Brush all the wandering waves of gold,  
Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;  
One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
They were somebody's pride, you  
know :

Somebody's hand had rested there,—  
Was it a mother's soft and white ?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
Somebody wafted his name above  
Night and morn on the wings of  
prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and  
grand ;

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for  
him—  
Yearning to hold him again to the  
heart ;

And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—  
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm !  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud though childlike form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word :  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : " Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done !"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone !"  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father ! must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—  
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea,—  
 With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
 But the noblest thing which perished  
 there  
 Was that young faithful heart !

FELICIA HEMANS.

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee ;  
 Their graves are severed far and wide  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are  
 dressed

Above the noble slain ;  
 He wrapped his colors round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;  
 She faded 'mid Italian flowers,  
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree,



The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'mid the forests of the West,  
 By a dark stream is laid ;

Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent-knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth—  
 Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
 And naught beyond, O Earth !

FELICIA HEMANS.

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war proved so destructive that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso then offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo gave up the strongholds, with all the captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. When he saw his father approaching he exclaimed, "Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"

"Look where he is," replied the King.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and  
tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his  
long-imprisoned sire :

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I  
bring my captive train,  
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!  
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes,  
a ransomed man this day!

Mount thy good horse; and thou and I  
will meet him on his way.

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and  
bounded on the steed,

And urged, as if with lance in rest, the  
charger's foamy speed.

And, lo, from far, as on they pressed,  
there came a glittering band,

With one that midst them stately rode,  
as a leader in the land :

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,  
in very truth, is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart hath  
yearned so long to see.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast  
heaved, his cheek's hue came and  
went ;

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's  
side, and there, dismounting, bent ;  
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his fa-  
ther's hand he took,—

What was there in its touch that all his  
fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—  
it dropped from his like lead !

He looked up to the face above,—the  
face was of the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—  
the brow was fixed and white ;

He met, at last, his father's eyes,—but  
in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;  
but who could paint that gaze ?

They hushed their very hearts that saw  
its horror and amaze ;

They might have chained him, as before  
that stony form he stood ;

For the power was stricken from his  
arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length, he murmured low,  
and wept like childhood then :

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the  
tears of warlike men !

He thought on all his glorious hopes,  
and all his young renown ;

He flung his falchion from his side, and  
in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved  
hands his darkly mournful brow,—

"No more, there is no more," he said,  
 "to lift the sword for now ;  
 My king is false,—my hope betrayed !  
 My father,—O the worth,  
 The glory, and the loveliness are passed  
 away from earth !

"I thought to stand where banners  
 waved, my sire, beside thee, yet ;  
 I would that there our kindred blood on  
 Spain's free soil had met !  
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit,  
 then ; for thee my fields were  
 won ;  
 And thou hast perished in thy chains, as  
 though thou hadst no son !"

Then, starting from the ground once  
 more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
 Amidst the pale and wildered looks of  
 all the courtier train ;  
 And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,  
 the rearing war-horse led,  
 And sternly set them face to face,—the  
 king before the dead :

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge,  
 my father's hand to kiss ?  
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king !  
 and tell me what is this ?  
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,  
 —give answer, where are they ?  
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,  
 send life through this cold clay ;

"Into these glassy eyes put light ;—be  
 still ! keep down thine ire !  
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—  
 this earth is not my sire :

Give me back him for whom I strove,—  
 for whom my blood was shed.  
 Thou canst not ?—and a king !—his dust  
 be mountains on thy head !"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell ;  
 upon the silent face  
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look,  
 then turned from that sad place.  
 His hope was crushed, his after fate un-  
 told in martial strain :  
 His banner led the spears no more amidst  
 the hills of Spain.

FELICIA HEMANS.

#### THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy  
 lay,  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport  
 of the wind ;  
 But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew  
 away,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er  
 his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear na-  
 tive bowers,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's  
 merry morn,  
 While Memory stood sideways, half cov-  
 ered with flowers,  
 And restored every rose, but secreted  
 its thorn.  
 Then Fancy her magical pinions spread  
 wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in  
 ecstasy rise ;

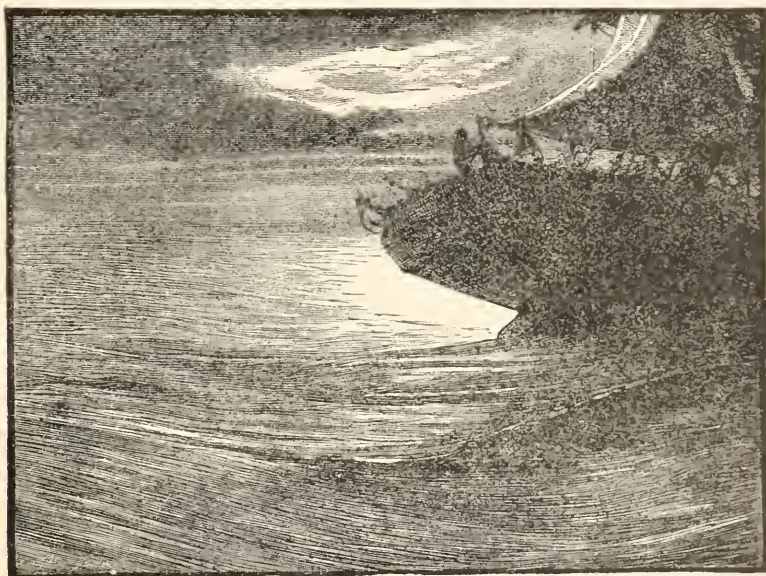


Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;  
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er ;



All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,

And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—  
“Kind Fate, thou hast blest me ! I ask for no more.”

Ah ! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?  
Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear ?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting  
 hell on the sky,  
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the  
 groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock, he flies  
 to the deck—  
 Amazement confronts him with im-  
 ages dire ;  
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the  
 vessel a wreck—  
 The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds  
 are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendous-  
 ly swell ;  
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy  
 to save ;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his  
 knell ;  
 And the death-angel flaps his broad  
 wing o'er the wave !

O sailor boy ! woe to thy dream of de-  
 light !  
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-  
 work of bliss ;

Where now is the picture that Fancy  
 touched bright,  
 Thy parents' soft pressure, and love's  
 honeyed kiss ?

O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again  
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wish-  
 es repay ;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in  
 the main,  
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall  
 decay,

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance  
 for thee,  
 Or redeem form or frame from the  
 merciless surge ;  
 But the white foam of waves shall thy  
 winding-sheet be,  
 And winds, in the midnight of winter,  
 thy dirge !

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs  
 shall be laid,  
 Around thy white bones the red coral  
 shall grow ;  
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of am-  
 ber be made,  
 And every part suit to thy mansion  
 below.

Days, month, years, and ages shall circle  
 away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee  
 shall roll ;  
 Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye !  
 O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to  
 thy soul !

WILLIAM DIMOND.

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### THE SHIP THAT SAILED INTO THE SUN.

THEY said my brother's ship went down,  
 Down into the sea,  
 Because a storm came on to drown  
 The biggest ships that be ;  
 But I saw the ship, when he went away ;  
 I saw it pass, and pass ;  
 The tide was low, I went out to play,  
 The sea was all like glass ;

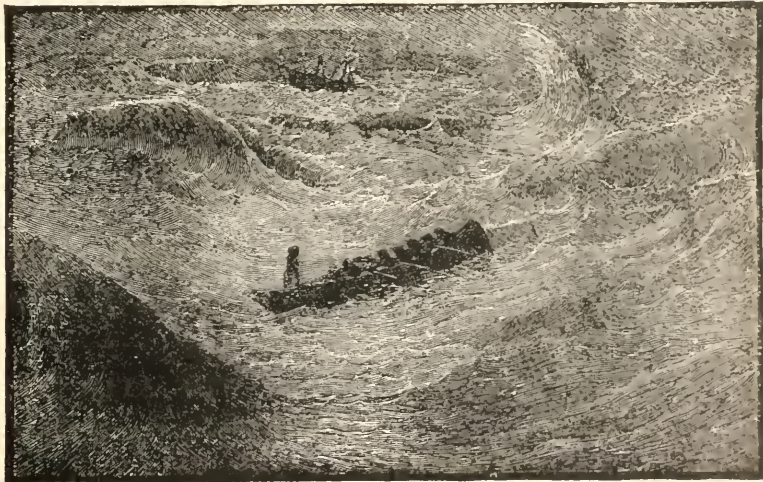
The ship sailed straight into the sun,  
 Half a ball of gold—  
 Onward it went till it touched the sun—  
 I saw the ship take hold !

But soon I saw them both no more,  
 The sun and the ship' together,  
 For the wind began to hoot and to roar,  
 And there was stormy weather.  
 Yet every day the golden ball  
 Rests on the edge of the sky ;  
 The sun it is, with the ship and all,  
 For the ship sailed into the golden ball  
 Across the edge of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave ;  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave.  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.



### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,  
 That guard our native seas ;  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below,—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow ;

When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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### THE ATLANTIC.

How in Heaven's name did Columbus  
get over,

Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,—  
Cabot and Raleigh too, that well-read  
rover,

Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the  
rest :

Bad enough all the same,  
For them that after came ;  
But, in great Heaven's name,  
How he should ever think  
That, on the other brink

Of this wild waste, Terra Firma should be,  
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get  
thither,

E'en if he knew there was another  
side !

But to suppose he should come any-  
whither,

Sailing straight on into chaos untried,  
In spite of the motion,  
Across the whole ocean,  
To stick to the notion  
That in some nook or bend  
Of a sea without end,  
He should find North and South America,  
Was a pure madness, indeed I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as  
Ptolemy,  
Judged that the earth, like an orange,  
was round ;  
None of them ever said, Come along,  
follow me,  
Sail to the West, and the East will be  
found.

Many a day before  
Ever they'd come ashore,  
Sadder and wiser men,  
They'd have turned back again ;  
And that *he* did not, and did cross the  
sea,  
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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### THE ATLANTIC.

O, how I enjoy the romantic  
Atlantic,  
When all the fair sea is a sleeping,  
And keeping  
Our bark on its bosom abiding,  
There riding.  
A beautiful brooch that now sparkles,  
Now darkles,  
As Luna uplifts her bright torches,  
And searches



For each fleecy truant that ambles  
 And rambles,  
 Or chases her flock o'er the meadow  
 In shadow,  
 While they dance about their resplendent  
 Attendant!  
 O, then is the foam phosphorescent  
 Incessant ;

The robe of the shepherdess scatters  
 In tatters,  
 And rends all the radiant fleeces  
 To pieces,  
 And sets the unsteady old ocean  
 In motion,  
 I can not as well like the antic  
 Atlantic.



We catch in each ripple that dashes  
 Bright flashes,  
 In all of the sea's creamy wrinkles  
 The twinkles—  
 What fairy that evening can measure  
 The pleasure?  
 But ah! when old Boreas teases  
 The breezes,

For Neptune's white horse in the valley  
 Will rally,  
 Like that one that bore Tam O'Shanter  
 A-canter.  
 He screams, and with terror advances ;  
 He prances,  
 And plunging with spirit terrific—  
 Magnifique!—

Leaps over the hills with a clangor  
 Of anger,  
 And breaks the black morning asunder  
 In thunder!  
 Obscured by the hurricane's curtain  
 Uncertain,  
 We toss to the sky, but the vessel  
 We guess 'll  
 Survive it, for nothing can happen  
 The Cap'n,  
 The favorite of Fate, and a stranger  
 To danger.

O, turn of the screw! I am near it,  
 And hear it!  
 O, trough of the sea! How abysmal,  
 And dismal!  
 O, dip of the ship! How abhorrent  
 The torrent!  
 This going abroad is delightful,  
 But frightful!  
 To stay upon land I will ever  
 Endeavor;  
 I do not approve of the frantic  
 Atlantic.

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.

### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
 And the woods against a stormy sky  
 Their giant branches tossed;  
 And the heavy night hung dark,  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When a band of exiles moored their  
 bark  
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,  
 They, the true-hearted, came;  
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear,—  
 They shook the depths of the desert  
 gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard, and the sea,  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim  
 woods rang  
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white wave's  
 foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest  
 roared—  
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band:  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely  
 high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod ;  
 They have left unstained what there  
 they found—  
 Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NATHAN HALE.

[Nathan Hale is known in our history as "the patriot spy." He was born in Connecticut, was graduated at Yale College, and was teaching in his native State when the Revolutionary War broke out. He enlisted as a lieutenant, and was soon made captain. On a September midnight, in 1776, he captured a British sloop loaded with provisions, from under the guns of a frigate. At an important crisis Washington called for an officer who would undertake a dangerous and difficult mission—to enter the British lines at New York and learn the strength and position of the enemy. Hale volunteered, and, disguised, he succeeded in passing the guards and making full notes and drawings. He was discovered on his retreat, and was hanged the next morning. Letters to his father and sister were destroyed, a Bible and a clergyman denied him ; but his last words have been saved to us : " I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."]

To drum-beat and heart-beat  
 A soldier marches by ;  
 There is color in his cheek,  
 There is courage in his eye ;  
 Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat  
 In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight  
 He seeks the Briton's camp,  
 And he hears the rustling flag  
 And the armèd sentry's tramp,  
 And the starlight and moonlight  
 His silent wanderings' lamp.

With slow tread and still tread  
 He scans the tented line,  
 And he counts the battery guns  
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;  
 And his slow tread and still tread  
 Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,  
 It meets his eager glance,  
 And it sparkles 'neath the stars  
 Like the glimmer of a lance ;  
 The dark wave, the plumed wave,  
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,  
 And terror in the sound,  
 For the sentry, falcon-eyed,  
 In the camp a spy hath found ;  
 With a sharp clang, a steel clang,  
 The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, with steady brow,  
 He robes him for the tomb ;  
 In his look there is no fear,  
 Nor a shadow trace of gloom ;  
 But with calm brow, with steady brow,  
 He robes him for the tomb.

Through the long night, the still night,  
 He kneels upon the sod,  
 And the brutal guards withhold  
 E'en the solemn word of God ;  
 Through the long night, the still night,  
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

In the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
 He dies upon the tree,  
 And he mourns that he can lose

But one life for liberty ;  
In the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,  
They burn, lest friendly eye  
Should read how proud and calm  
A patriot could die ;  
With his last words, his message words,  
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,  
From monument and urn,  
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,  
His tragic fate shall learn,  
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf  
The name of Hale shall burn.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

### SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

[There are few more romantic stories connected with our Revolution than that which can be truthfully told of the character and exploits of Gen. Francis Marion, of South Carolina. Stories of how he lived in almost inaccessible forests, slept for months without a blanket, and marched without a hat ; how he lived upon corn and potatoes, and had no drink but vinegar and water, and yet was so full of patriotism and cheerful disregard of discomforts that he inspired with his own spirit a body of men who followed him through privation and danger, often to death, but oftener to victory. He seemed to be everywhere where there was an enemy to outwit by skilful ambuscade or to face with daring bravery.

Nobler even than these are the tales of his humanity—of how he prevented Lee from hanging his prisoners ; how, when he saw that peace was near, he refused to strike a single unnecessary blow, but disbanded his brigade with a tender farewell, and in poverty resumed his occupation of farming. But the State had need to serve itself and honor him. He was called to her councils, in which he was as wise as he had been warlike.]

OUR band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold ;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree ;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea ;  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near !  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear ;  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again ;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil ;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodlands ring with laugh and  
shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads,—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.



'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
 Across the moonlit plain ;  
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
 That lifts its tossing mane.  
 A moment in the British camp,—  
 A moment,—and away !  
 Back to the pathless forest,  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers.  
 And lovely ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcoming,  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear these trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the Briton,  
 Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### OLD IRONSIDES.

[In the war of 1812-14 between the United States and England, the American frigate *Constitution*, from her repeated victories, gained the nickname of "Old Ironsides." Twenty years later it was proposed to break her up, as she was no longer seaworthy, but the publication of this vigorous poem is said to have caused the countermanding of the order.]

Av, tear her tattered ensign down !  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to see  
 That banner in the sky ;  
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar ;  
 The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the  
 flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee ;—  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave ;  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave ;  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### BANNOCKBURN.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

[The village of Bannockburn, three miles from Stirling Castle, was named from the "burn" or stream that runs through it, and the bannocks (oaten cakes) for which the place was noted. Here was fought, June 24, 1314, a battle between the Scots under Robert Bruce, and the English under Edward II., which resulted in making Scotland independent, and seating Robert Bruce firmly on his throne. Robert Burns was riding through the lonely moor, in view of an approaching storm, when the memory of the famous charge rose before him, and he composed the following imaginary address.]

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
 See the front o' battle lower :  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha would fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?  
 Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

### WARREN'S ADDRESS.

[Gen. Joseph Warren, an American patriot, fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. This address, which the poet supposes him to make to his men just before the battle, was of course suggested by the preceding poem of "Bannockburn."]

STAND! the ground's your own, my  
 braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?  
 Will ye look for greener graves?  
 Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?  
 Hear it in that battle-peal!  
 Read it on yon bristling steel!  
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
 Will ye to your *homes* retire?  
 Look behind you!—they're afire!  
 And, before you, see  
 Who have done it! From the vale  
 On they come!—and will ye quail?  
 Leaden rain and iron hail  
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
 Die we may,—and die we must:  
 But, O, where can dust to dust  
 Be consigned so well,  
 As where heaven its dews shall shed  
 On the martyred patriot's bed,  
 And the rocks shall raise their head,  
 Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

### A NATIONAL HYMN.

OUR past is bright and grand  
 In the purpling tints of time,  
 And the present of our land  
 Points to glories more sublime.  
 For our destiny is won,  
 And 'tis ours to lead the van  
 Of the nations marching on,  
 Of the moving hosts of Man.

*Yes, the Starry Flag alone  
 Shall wave above the van  
 Of the nations sweeping on,  
 Of the moving hosts of man!*

We are sprung from noble sires  
 As were ever sung in song;  
 We are bold with Freedom's fires,  
 We are rich, and wise, and strong.

On us are freely showered  
The gifts of every clime,  
And we're the richest dowered  
Of all the heirs of Time.

*Brothers then, in Union strong,  
We shall ever lead the van,  
As the nations sweep along  
To fulfil the hopes of Man!*

We are brothers, and we know  
That our Union is a tower,  
When the fiercest whirlwinds blow,  
And the darkest tempests lower.  
We shall sweep the land and sea  
While we march in Union great—  
Thirty millions of the free,  
With the steady step of fate.

*Brothers then, in Union strong,  
Let us ever lead the van,  
As the nations sweep along  
To fulfil the hopes of Man!*

See our prairies, sky-surrounded!  
See our sunlit mountain chains!  
See our waving woods unbounded!  
And our cities on the plains!  
See the oceans kiss our strand,  
Oceans stretched from pole to pole!  
See our mighty lakes expand!  
And our giant rivers roll!

*Such a land, and such alone,  
Should be leader of the van,  
As the nations sweep along  
To fulfil the hopes of Man!*

Yes, the spirit of our land,  
The young giant of the West,  
With the waters in his hand,

With the forests for his crest,  
To our hearts' quick, proud pulsations,  
To our shouts that still increase,  
Shall yet lead on the nations  
To their brotherhood of peace!

*Yes, Columbia, great and strong,  
Shall forever lead the van,  
As the nations sweep along  
To fulfil the hopes of Man!*

1861.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!  
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—  
Follow with unflinching tread  
Where the noble fathers led.

Craft and subtle treachery,  
Gallant youth! are not for thee;  
Follow thou in word and deeds  
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty with steady eye,  
Truth and pure simplicity,  
Love that gently winneth hearts,—  
These shall be thy only arts:

Prudent in the council train,  
Dauntless on the battle-plain,  
Ready at the country's need  
For her glorious cause to bleed!

Where the dews of night distil  
Upon Vernon's holy hill;  
Where above it, gleaming far,  
Freedom lights her guiding star:

Thither turn the steady eye,  
Flashing with a purpose high ;  
Thither, with devotion meet,  
Often turn the pilgrim feet !

Let the noble motto be,  
God—the Country—Liberty !  
Planted on Religion's rock,  
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger far or near !  
Spurn at baseness—spurn at fear !

Happy if celestial favor  
Smile upon the high endeavor ;  
Happy if it be thy call  
In the holy cause to fall.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT,

BADAJOS

'Twas at Badajos one evening, one even-  
ing in May,  
That we turned to rest ourselves after a  
bloody day ;



Still, with persevering might,  
Speak the truth, and do the right.

So shall Peace, a charming guest,  
Dove-like in thy bosom rest ;  
So shall Honor's steady blaze  
Beam upon thy closing days.

For the cannon had ceased roaring, and  
the battle-cry was still,  
And though beneath a Spanish sky, the  
air was keen and chill.

That day there had been meeting, fierce  
meeting on the plain,



That day full many an eye had closed to  
 open not again ;  
 But now the battle-cry was still, the trumpet  
 had rung out,  
 And the British banner flapped above  
 each fortified redoubt.

Then we turned ourselves in gladness,  
 we turned unto our board,  
 And each man put off his helmet, his  
 musket, and his sword ;  
 Then we called our muster over, but one  
 answered not the call,—  
 'Twas the youngest and the bravest and  
 the noblest of us all.

He had gone forth at morning with the  
 bugle's first shrill sound ;  
 He had gone forth at morning with a  
 smile and with a bound,  
 As he took his sabre from the wall and  
 waved it in the air ;  
 But at night his place was empty, and  
 untenanted his chair.

By torchlight then we sought him, we  
 sought him on the plain  
 (God grant that I may never look on  
 such a sight again),  
 'Mid the moaning and the tortured and  
 the dying and the dead,  
 Who were lying, heaped together, on  
 their green and grassy bed.

But at last we stumbled o'er him (for the  
 stars were waxing pale,  
 And our torches flared and flickered in  
 the breathings of the gale).  
 Ten paces from his comrades he was  
 lying all alone,  
 Half shrouded in the colors, with his  
 head upon a stone.

We lifted him, we carried him, it was  
 a weary track,  
 And we laid him down all tenderly with-  
 in our bivouac.  
 He was dead long ere we laid him, ere  
 we laid him on the ground ;  
 But perhaps he had not suffered, for he  
 died without a sound.

Then we turned ourselves in sadness, we  
 turned unto our board,  
 And each man put off his helmet, his  
 musket, and his sword ;  
 And with the dead before us, by the blaze  
 of the red pine,  
 We strove to pass the wine-cup, and to  
 drain the ruby wine.

But our revel was a sad one ; so awhile  
 in prayer we kneeled,  
 Then slumbered till the morning called  
 us forth unto the field.  
 Then we called our muster over, but one  
 answered not the call,—  
 'Twas the youngest and the bravest and  
 the noblest of us all.

ANONYMOUS.

## A CRIMEAN EPISODE.

“GIVE us a song,” the soldier cried,  
 The outer trenches guarding,  
 When the heated guns of the camp allied  
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
 Lay grim and threatening under,  
 And the tawny mound of Malakoff  
 No longer belched its thunder.



“Give us a song,” the Guardsmen say,  
 “We storm the forts to-morrow;  
 Sing while we may, another day  
 Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,  
 Below the smoking cannon;

Brave hearts from Severn and the Clyde,  
 And from the banks of Shannon!

They sang of love, and not of fame,  
 Forgot was Britain’s glory—  
 Each heart recalled a different name,  
 But all sang Annie Laurie!

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
 Until its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem rich and strong,  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned  
 The bloody sunset embers;  
 And the Crimean valley learned  
 How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell  
 Rained on the Russian quarters—

With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes were dim,  
For a singer dumb and gory,  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest  
Your love and glory bearing,—  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion  
Lay dying in Algiers;  
There was lack of woman's nursing,  
There was dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him,  
While his life-blood ebbed away,  
And bent with pitying glances  
To hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered  
As he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land;  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine;  
For I was born at Bingen,  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,  
When they meet and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story  
In the pleasant vineyard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely,  
And when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale  
Beneath the setting sun;  
And 'mid the dead and dying  
Were some grown old in wars,



The death-wound on their gallant  
breasts,  
The last of many scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly  
Beheld life's morn decline;  
And one had come from Bingen,  
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons  
 Shall comfort her old age,  
 And I was aye a truant bird  
 That thought his home a cage ;  
 For my father was a soldier,  
 And, even as a child,  
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell  
 Of struggles fierce and wild ;  
 And when he died, and left us  
 To divide his scanty hoard,  
 I let them take what e'er they would,  
 But kept my father's sword ;  
 And with boyish love I hung it  
 Where the bright light used to shine,  
 On the cottage wall at Bingen,  
 Calm Bingen on the Rhine !

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,  
 And sob with drooping head,  
 When the troops are marching home  
 again,  
 With glad and gallant tread ;  
 But to look upon them proudly,  
 With a calm and steadfast eye,  
 For her brother was a soldier,  
 And not afraid to die.  
 And if a comrade seek her love,  
 I ask her in my name,  
 To listen to him kindly,  
 Without regret or shame,  
 And hang the old sword in its place,  
 (My father's sword and mine)  
 For the honor of old Bingen,  
 Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister—  
 In the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment  
 That sparkled in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry,  
 Too fond for idle scorning—  
 Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart  
 Makes sometimes heaviest mourning !  
 Tell her the last night of my life—  
 For ere the morn be risen  
 My body will be out of pain,  
 My soul be out of prison—  
 I dreamed that I stood with her  
 And saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ;  
 I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 The German songs we used to sing,  
 In chorus sweet and clear ;  
 And down the pleasant river,  
 And up the slanting hill  
 That echoing chorus sounded  
 Through the evening calm and still ;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me,  
 As we passed with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore,  
 And well-remembered walk ;  
 And her little hand lay lightly,  
 Confidingly in mine—  
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen,  
 Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,  
 His grasp was childish weak,  
 His eyes put on a dying look,  
 He sighed, and ceased to speak ;  
 His comrade bent to lift him,  
 But the spark of life had fled—  
 The soldier of the Legion  
 In a foreign land was dead !



And the soft moon rose up slowly,  
 And calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field,  
 With bloody corscs strewn—  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene  
 Her pale light seemed to shine  
 As it shone on distant Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

CAROLINE NORTON.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

[When Charles Edward, pretender to the throne of England, set up his standard in Scotland in 1745, Lochiel, head of the Highland clan of Camerons, joined him reluctantly, believing the cause to be almost hopeless. In a bloody battle fought on Culloden moor, near Inverness, April 16, 1746, they were defeated and scattered by the English army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. According to a Scottish superstition, certain persons have the gift of "second sight"—that is, they can see things that are invisible to others, and foretell the future. The Wizard of the poem is one of these.]

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in  
 battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my  
 sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered  
 in fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom  
 and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them  
 down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting  
 the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod  
 to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing light-  
 ning of war  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and  
 far?  
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride  
 shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night  
 at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is  
 there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of  
 despair.  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity  
 led—  
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number  
 the dead;  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall  
 wave,  
 Culloden that reeks with the blood of  
 the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-  
 telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering  
 sight  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of  
 fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
 scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume  
 shall be torn!  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly  
 forth  
 From his home in the dark rolling clouds  
 of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding,  
 he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction  
 abroad ;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc  
 on high !  
 Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler  
 is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot  
 to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament  
 cast ?  
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully  
 driven  
 From his cyrie, that beacons the darkness  
 of heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in  
 might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements'  
 height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and  
 to burn ;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely  
 return !  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark  
 where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her  
 famishing brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled  
 my clan ;  
 Their swords are a thousand, their  
 bosoms are one !  
 They are true to the last of their blood  
 and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest  
 of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to  
 the shock!  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave  
 on the rock !  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his  
 cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly  
 draws ;  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory  
 crowd,  
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the  
 proud,  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan  
 array—

## WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I  
 may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would  
 reveal ;  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical  
 lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows  
 before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall  
 ring  
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy  
 fugitive king.  
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials  
 of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate  
 path!  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps  
 from my sight :  
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover  
 his flight !

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed  
 on the moors ;  
 Culloden is lost, and my country de-  
 plores.  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ?  
 where ?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in  
 despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished,  
 forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleed-  
 ing and torn ?  
 Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is  
 the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling. Oh ! mercy,  
 dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to  
 tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering  
 limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony  
 swims,  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his  
 feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it  
 ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison  
 the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not  
 the tale !  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with re-  
 treat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be  
 screwed in their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-  
 beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom  
 remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid  
 low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to  
 the foe !  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his  
 name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-  
 bed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

[In 1857 the British garrison of seventeen hundred men in Lucknow, India, were besieged by ten thousand mutinous natives. They defended the place twelve weeks, suffering from cholera, small-pox, fevers, and scanty food, almost as much as from the fire of the enemy. They lost their commander, Sir Henry Lawrence, and were just about to surrender in despair when General Havelock fought his way through and came to their relief.]

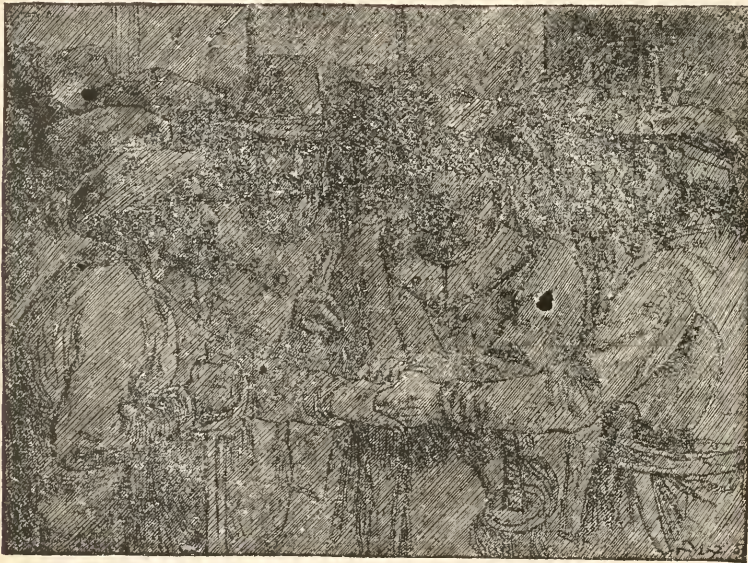
OH, that last day in Lucknow fort !  
 We knew that it was the last ;  
 That the enemy's lines crept surely on,  
 And the end was coming fast.  
 To yield to that foe meant worse than  
 death ;  
 And the men and we all worked on ;  
 It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
 And then it would all be done.  
 There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
 A fair, young, gentle thing,  
 Wasted with fever in the siege,  
 And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish  
plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
“When my father comes hame frae the  
plough,” she said,  
“Oh! then please wauken me.”

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the open  
door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden;—but one wild  
scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face; and she caught my  
hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—



It was smoke and roar and powder-  
stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired  
child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

“The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa?  
The McGregors. Oh! I ken it weel;  
It's the grandest o' them a'!  
“God bless the bonny Hielanders!  
We're saved! we're saved!” she cried;



And fell on her knees; and thanks to  
 God  
 Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
 Had fallen among the men,  
 And they started back;—they were there  
 to die;  
 But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire  
 Far off, and the far-off roar,  
 Were all; and the colonel shook his head,  
 And they turned to their guns once  
 more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;  
 But winna ye hear it noo,  
*The Campbells are comin'*? it's no a dream;  
 Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
 But the pipes we could not hear;  
 So the men plied their work of hopeless  
 war,  
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—  
 A thrilling, ceaseless sound:  
 It was no noise from the strife afar,  
 Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!  
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.  
 It came to our men like the voice of  
 God,  
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's  
 hands,  
 And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
 And every one knelt down where he  
 stood,  
 And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed  
 them,  
 Our men put Jessie first;  
 And the general gave her his hand, and  
 cheers  
 Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan  
 streamed,  
 Marching round and round our line,  
 And our joyful cheers were broken with  
 tears,  
 As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL.

### MARCO BOZZARIS.

[Marco Bozzaris, the Greek patriot, came of a long line of heroes and warriors. He was renowned for modesty no less than for patriotism and bravery. He fell in 1823, in a night attack on the Turkish camp, in which the Greeks were victorious. He died saying, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain." He was but thirty-three years old.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance  
 bent,  
 Should tremble at his power;  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he  
 bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;

Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a  
     king ;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
 True as the steel of their tried blades,  
     Heroes in heart and hand.  
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
 There had the glad earth drunk their  
     blood  
 On old Plataea's day ;  
 And now there breathed that haunted air  
 The sons of sires who conquered there,  
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
     As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :  
 That bright dream was his last ;  
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
 “ To arms !—they come ! the Greek ! the  
     Greek ! ”  
 He woke—to die 'mid flame, and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
     Bozzaris cheer his band :  
 “ Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
 Strike—for the green graves of your  
     sires ;  
 God—and your native land ! ”

They fought—like brave men, long and  
     well ;

‘ They piled that ground with Moslem  
     slain ;  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
     Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud hur-  
     rah,  
 And the red field was won ;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
 Calmly as to a night's repose,  
     Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
 Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's  
     breath ;—  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean-  
     storm ;  
 Come when the heart beats high and  
     warm  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and  
     wine ;  
 And thou art terrible !—the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
     Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
     The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Come when his task of fame is wrought ;  
 Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought ;  
 Come in her crowning hour,—and then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
 To him is welcome as the sight  
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men ;  
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
 Of brother in a foreign land ;  
 Thy summons welcome as the cry  
 That told the Indian isles were nigh  
 To the world-seeking Genoese,  
 When the land-wind, from woods of  
 palm,  
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,  
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee ; there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.  
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its  
 plume,  
 Like torn branch from death's leafless  
 tree,  
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.  
 But she remembers thee as one  
 Long loved, and for a season gone.  
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music  
 breathed ;  
 For thee she rings the birthday bells ;  
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;  
 For thine her evening prayer is said  
 At palace couch and cottage bed.  
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
 His plighted maiden, when she fears  
 For him, the joy of her young years,  
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
 The memory of her buried joys,—  
 And even she who gave thee birth,—  
 Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and  
 Fame's—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die !

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

NASEBY.

[The battle of Naseby, between the royal forces commanded by Charles I. in person, and the Parliamentary troops commanded by Lord Fairfax, was fought June 14th, 1645, near the village of Naseby, Northamptonshire, England. After a bloody contest the royalists were decisively defeated, and Charles only escaped capture by flight.]

OH ! wherefore come ye forth in tri-  
 umph from the north,  
 With your hands and your feet and your  
 raiment all red ?  
 And wherefore doth your rout, send  
 forth a joyous shout ?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-  
 press that ye tread ?  
 Oh ! evil was the root, and bitter was  
 the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage  
 that we trod ;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the  
 haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places and slew  
 the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day  
 of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and  
 their cuirasses shine,  
 And the man of blood was there, with  
 his long essenced hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and  
 Rupert of the Rhine.

Among the godless horsemen upon the  
 tyrant's right.  
 And hark! like the roar of the billows  
 on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charg-  
 ing line:  
 "For God! for the cause! for the  
 Church! for the laws!



Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bi-  
 ble and his sword,  
 The general rode along us to form us for  
 the fight;  
 When a murmuring sound broke out,  
 and swelled into a shout

For Charles, King of England, and Ru-  
 pert of the Rhine!"  
 The furious German comes, with his  
 clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoes of Alastia and pages of  
 Whitehall;



They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp  
your pikes! Close your ranks!  
For Rupert never comes, but to conquer,  
or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are  
broken—we are gone—  
Our left is borne before them like stub-  
ble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord,  
defend the right!  
Stand back to back, in God's name! and  
fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre  
hath given ground.

Hark! hark! what means the trampling  
of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banners do I see, boys? 'Tis he!  
thank God! 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver  
is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their  
points all in a row:

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a del-  
uge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst the ranks of  
the accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest  
of his pikes.

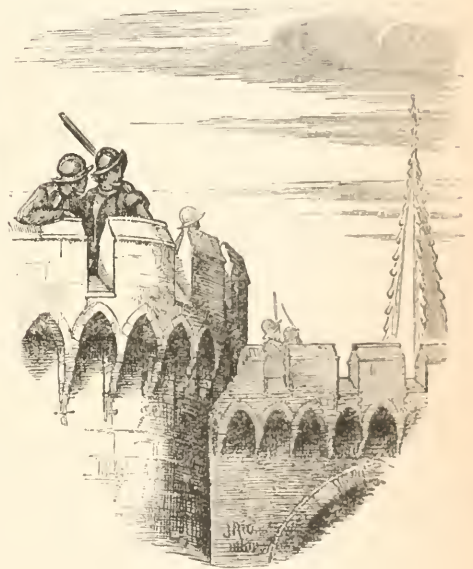
Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe  
nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot  
on Temple Bar;

And h—he turns! he flies! shame on  
those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare  
not look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere  
ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your  
search secure;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets  
their broad-pieces and lockets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder  
of the poor.



Fools! your doublets shone with gold,  
and your hearts were gay and  
bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to  
your lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her  
chambers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above  
the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked  
 at heaven and hell and fate?  
 And the fingers that once were so busy  
 with your blades?  
 Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches,  
 and your oaths?  
 Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your  
 diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the  
 mitre and the crown!  
 With the Belial of the court, and the  
 Mammon of the Pope!  
 There is woe in Oxford halls, there is  
 wail in Durham's stalls;  
 The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop  
 rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn  
 her children's ills,  
 And tremble when she thinks on the  
 edge of England's sword;  
 And the kings of earth in fear shall  
 shudder when they hear  
 What the hand of God hath wrought for  
 the houses and the word!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned  
 To take a last fond look,  
 Of the valley and the village church  
 And the cottage by the brook;  
 He listened to the sounds,  
 So familiar to his ear,  
 And the soldier leaned upon his sword  
 And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch  
 A girl was on her knees,  
 She held aloft a snowy scarf,  
 Which fluttered in the breeze;  
 She breathed a prayer for him,  
 A prayer he could not hear,  
 But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,  
 And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,  
 Oh, do not deem him weak;  
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
 Though tears were on his cheek.  
 Go watch the foremost rank  
 In danger's dark career,  
 Be sure the hand most daring there  
 Has wiped away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

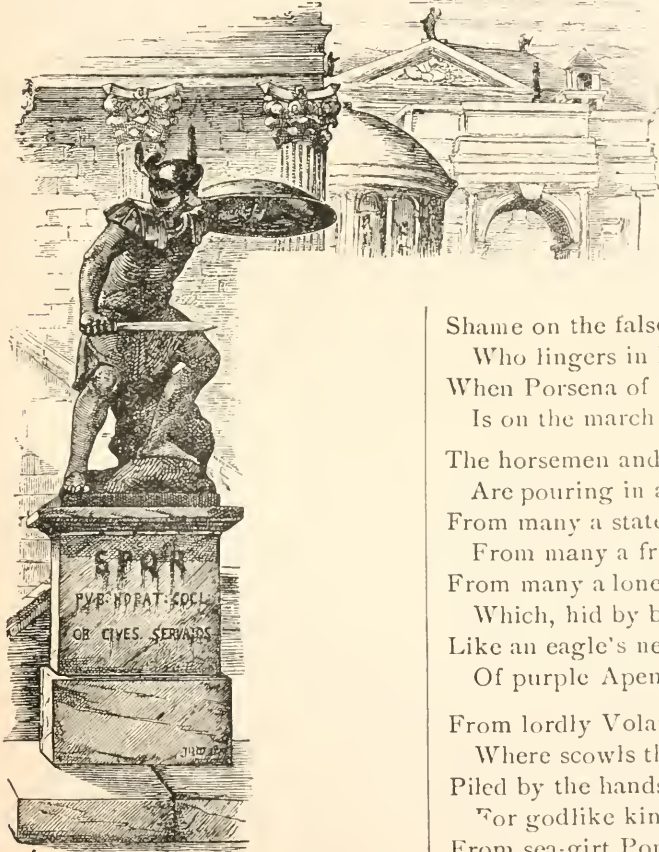
## HORATIUS.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.

East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.



By the nine gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,

Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome!  
The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain,  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine ;

From lordly Volaterrae,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old ;  
From sea-girt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky ;

From the proud mart of Pisae,  
 Queen of the western waves,  
 Where ride Massilia's triremes,  
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
 From where sweet Clanis wanders  
 Through corn and vines and flowers,  
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
 Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;  
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
 Of the Ciminian hill;  
 Beyond all streams, Clitumnus  
 Is to the herdsman dear;  
 Best of all pools the fowler loves  
 The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman  
 Is heard by Auser's rill;  
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
 Up the Ciminian hill;  
 Unwatched along Clitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer;  
 Unharmed the water-fowl may dip  
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand.

Evening and morn the thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—  
 Go forth, beloved of heaven!  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome,  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;  
 And with a mighty following,  
 To join the muster, came  
 The Tusculan Manilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright;  
 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city  
 The throng stopped up the ways;  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days.



And droves of mules and asses  
Laden with skins of wine,

And endless trains of wagons,  
That creaked beneath the weight



And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
And endless herds of kine,

Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The fathers of the city,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,  
 In Crustumerium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain ;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.



I wis, in all the senate  
 There was no heart so bold  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the consul,  
 Up rose the fathers all ;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing  
 Before the river-gate ;  
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
 For musing or debate.  
 Out spake the consul roundly :  
 "The bridge must straight go down ;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear :  
 "To arms ! to arms ! sir consul—  
 Lars Porsena is here."  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The consul fixed his eye,  
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;  
 And louder still, and still more loud,  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,  
 The trampling and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
 Above that glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was highest of them all—  
 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

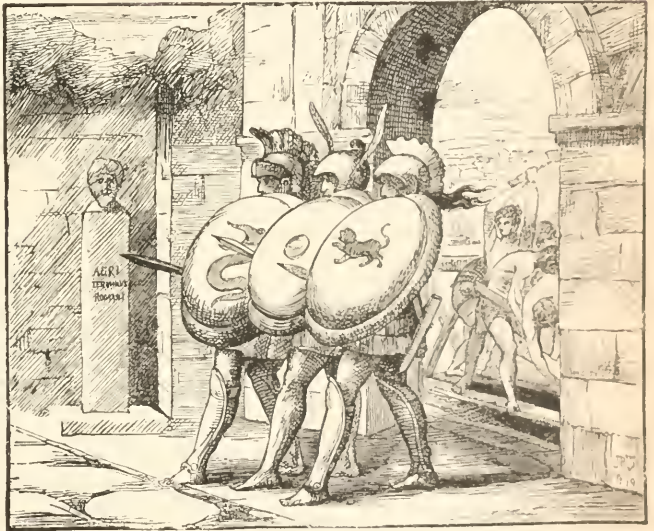
And plainly and more plainly  
 Now might the burghers know,  
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
 Each warlike Lucumo :  
 There Cilnius of Arretium  
 On his fleet roan was seen ;  
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
 Girt with the brand none else may wield ;  
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
 And dark Verbenna from the hold  
 By reedy Thrasyment.

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war.  
 Lars Porsena of Clusium  
 Sat in his ivory car.  
 By the right wheel rode  
 Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian  
 name ;  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed  
 of shame.

But when the face of  
 Sextus  
 Was seen among the  
 foes,  
 A yell that rent the firm-  
 ament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the housetops was no woman  
 But spat towards him and hissed,  
 No child but screamed out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.  
 But the consul's brow was sad,  
 And the consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe :  
 " Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down ;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The captain of the gate :  
 " To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late



And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds  
 For the ashes of his fathers,  
 And the temples of his gods ?  
 " And for the tender mother  
 Who dandled him to rest,  
 And for the wife who nurses  
 His baby at her breast.



And for the holy maidens  
 Who feed the eternal flame—  
 To save them from false Sextus  
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

“Hew down the bridge, sir consul,  
 With all the speed ye may ;  
 I, with two more to help me,  
 Will hold the foe in play—  
 In yon strait path a thousand  
 May well be stopped by three.  
 Now who will stand on either hand,  
 And keep the bridge with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—  
 A Ramnian proud was he :  
 “Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
 And keep the bridge with thee.”  
 And out spake strong Herminius—  
 Of Titian blood was he :  
 “I will abide on thy left side,  
 And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the consul,  
 “As thou sayest, so let it be.”  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless three.  
 For Romans in Rome’s quarrel  
 Spared neither land nor gold,  
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party—  
 Then all were for the state ;  
 Then the great man helped the poor,  
 And the poor man loved the great ;  
 Then lands were fairly portioned !  
 Then spoils were fairly sold :  
 The Romans were like brothers  
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
 More hateful than a foe,  
 And the tribunes beard the high,  
 And the fathers grind the low.  
 As we wax hot in faction,  
 In battle we wax cold ;  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 The consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe ;  
 And fathers, mixed with commons,  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s  
 head,  
 Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose ;  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array ;



To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the hill of vines ;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;



And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that gray crag where, girt with  
towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath ;

Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth ;  
At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust,  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman three ;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea ;  
And Aruns of Volsinim,  
Who slew the great wild boar—  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow :  
“ Lie there,” he cried, “ fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark ;  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns, when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail !”

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes ;  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :  
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
 And the great lord of Luna  
 Comes with his stately stride.  
 Upon his ample shoulders

Stand savagely at bay ;  
 But will ye dare to follow,  
 If Astur clears the way ?”  
 Then, whirling up his broadsword  
 With both hands to the height,



Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
 And in his hand he shakes the brand  
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
 A smile serene and high ;  
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
 And scorn was in his eye.  
 Quoth he, “ The she-wolf’s litter

He rushed against Horatius,  
 And smote with all his might.  
 With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turned the blow.  
 The blow, though turned, came yet too  
 nigh,  
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
 He leaned one breathing space—  
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth  
 out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Avernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged  
 amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here!  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled with wrath, and shame, and  
 dread,

Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless three;  
 And from the ghastly entrance,  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank—like boys who, unaware,  
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack;  
 But those behind cried "Forward!"  
 And those before cried "Back!"  
 And backward now, and forward,  
 Wavers the deep array;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standards reel,  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd;

Well known was he to all the three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud:  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
 Now welcome to thy home!  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
 Loud cried the fathers all,—  
 "Back, Lartius, back, Herminius!  
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,—  
 Herminius darted back;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream;  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane,  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free;  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement and plank and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind,—  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.  
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face;  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see;  
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus naught spake he;



But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home ;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day ! ”  
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And, with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide !

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank,  
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank ;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain,  
 And fast his blood was flowing ;  
 And he was sore in pain,  
 And heavy with his armor,  
 And spent with changing blows ;

And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
 In such an evil case,  
 Struggle through such a raging flood  
 Safe to the landing-place ;  
 But his limbs were born up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good Father Tiber  
 Bare bravely up his chin.

“ Curse on him ! ” quoth false Sextus—  
 “ Will not the villain drown ?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day,  
 We should have sacked the town ! ”  
 “ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Por-  
 sena,  
 “ And bring him safe to shore ;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;  
 Now on dry earth he stands ;  
 Now round him throng the fathers  
 To press his gory hands ;  
 And now, with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the river-gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

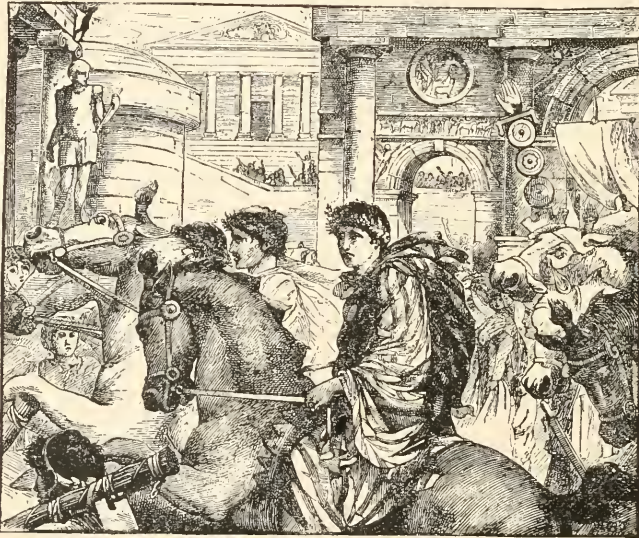
They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plough from morn till night ;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high—  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see,—  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee ;

And wives still pray to Juno  
 For boys with hearts as bold  
 As his who kept the bridge so well  
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the cold north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the wolves  
 Is heard amidst the snow ;  
 When round the lonely cottage  
 Roars loud the tempest's din,



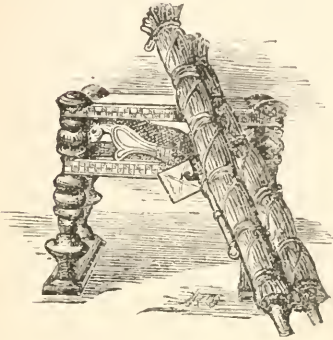
And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
 Unto the men of Rome,  
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
 To charge the Volscian home ;

And the good logs of Algidus  
 Roar louder yet within :

When the oldest cask is opened,  
 And the largest lamp is lit ;  
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 And the kid turns on the spit ;  
 When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close ;

When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;



When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### A TRIUMPH.

LITTLE Roger up the long slope rushing  
Through the rustling corn,  
Showers of dew-drops from the broad  
leaves brushing  
In the early morn,

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing,  
For a banner gay,  
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring  
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunrise flushing  
O'er him in his race,  
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing  
On his radiant face;

If he can but set his standard glorions  
On the hill-top low,  
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky vic-  
torious,  
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,  
Almost at the top!  
Hasten, Roger! Does the way grow  
harder?  
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the corn-stalks tall and  
slender  
Comes a plaintive cry;  
Turns he for an instant from the splendor  
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then goes flying toward the hol-  
low,  
Calling loud and clear,  
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you  
follow?  
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;  
"Little sister sweet,  
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises  
Baby on her feet.

Guides her tiny steps with kindness  
tender,  
Cheerfully and gay,  
All his courage and his strength would  
lend her  
Up the uneven way,

Till they front the blazing east together  
 But the sun has rolled  
 Up the sky in the still summer weather,  
 Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,  
 Low the standard lies,  
 Still they stand, and gaze—a sweeter  
 vision  
 Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was  
 glorious,  
 Thus to help the weak ;  
 Better than to plant your flag victorious  
 On earth's highest peak !

CELIA THAXTER.

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### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,—  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage-door  
 Was sitting in the sun ;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet,  
 In playing there, had found ;  
 She came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head,

And, with a natural sigh,—  
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many hereabout ;  
 And often, when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out ;  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes—  
 "Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
 "Who put the French to rout ;  
 But what they fought each other for  
 I could not well make out ;  
 But everybody said," quoth he,  
 "That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by ;  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly ;  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide ;  
 And many a childing mother then  
 And new-born baby died ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.



“They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won,—  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun ;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

“Great praise the duke of Marlbro’  
 won,  
 And our good prince Eugene.”

“Why ’twas a very wicked thing !”  
 Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay, nay, my little girl !” quoth he,  
 “It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the duke  
 Who this great fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last ?”  
 Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;  
 “But ’twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

### THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

“OLD man, God bless you ! does your  
 pipe taste sweetly ?

A beauty, by my soul !  
 A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold  
 so neatly !

What ask you for the bowl ?”

“O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not  
 part with ;

A brave man gave it me,  
 Who won it—now what think you ?—of a  
 bashaw  
 At Belgrade’s victory.

“There, sir, ah ! there was booty worth  
 the showing,—  
 Long life to Prince Eugene !  
 Like after-grass you might have seen us  
 mowing  
 The Turkish ranks down clean.”

“Another time I’ll hear your story ;—  
 Come, old man, be no fool ;  
 Take these two ducats, — gold for  
 glory, —  
 And let me have the bowl !”

“I’m a poor churl, as you may say, sir ;  
 My pension’s all I’m worth :  
 Yet I’d not give that bowl away, sir,  
 For all the gold on earth.

“Just hear now ! Once, as we hussars,  
 all merry,  
 Hard on the foe’s rear pressed,  
 A blundering rascal of a janizary  
 Shot through our captain’s breast.

“At once across my horse I love him,—  
 The same would he have done,—  
 And from the smoke and tumult drove  
 him  
 Safe to a nobleman.

“I nursed him, and, before his end, be-  
 queathing  
 His money and this bowl  
 To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased  
 his breathing,  
 And so he died, brave soul !

“The money thou must give mine host,  
 —so thought I,—  
 Three plunderings suffered he :

And, in remembrance of my old friend,  
brought I  
The pipe away with me.

“Henceforth in all campaigns with me I  
bore it,  
In flight or in pursuit ;  
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it  
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

“This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,  
Under the walls of Prague :  
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I  
caught, sir,  
And then picked up my leg.”

“You move me even to tears, old sire :  
What was the brave man’s name ?  
Tell me, that I, too, may admire,  
And venerate his fame.”

“They called him only the brave Walter ;  
His farm lay near the Rhine.”—  
“God bless your old eyes ! ’twas my  
father,  
And that same farm is mine.

“Come, friend, you’ve seen some stormy  
weather,  
With me is now your bed ;  
We’ll drink of Walter’s grapes together,  
And eat of Walter’s bread.”

“Now,—done ! I march in, then, to  
morrow ;  
You’re his true heir, I see ;  
And when I die, your thanks, kind mas-  
ter,  
The Turkish pipe shall be.”

GOTTLIEB PFEFFEL.

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## WINSTANLEY.

WINSTANLEY’S deed, you kindly folk,  
With it I fill my lay,  
And a nobler man ne’er walked the  
world,  
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship Snowdrop tarried long ;  
Up at the vane looked he ;  
“Belike,” he said, for the wind had  
dropped,  
“She lieth becalmed at sea.”

The lovely ladies flocked within,  
And still would each one say,  
“Good mercer, be the ships come up ?”—  
But still he answered, “Nay.”

Then stepped two mariners down the  
street,  
With looks of grief and fear,  
“Now, if Winstanley be your name,  
We bring you evil cheer !

“For the good ship Snowdrop struck,—  
she struck  
On the rock,—the Eddystone,  
And down she went with threescore men,  
We two being left alone.

“Down in the deep with freight and  
crew,  
Past any help she lies,  
And never a bale has come to shore  
Of all thy merchandise.”

“For cloth o’ gold and comely frieze,”  
Winstanley said and sighed,  
“For velvet coif, or costly coat,  
They fathoms deep may bide.

“O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind,  
O mariners, bold and true,  
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I.  
A-thinking of yours and you.

“Many long days Winstanley’s breast  
Shall feel a weight within,  
For a waft of wind he shall be ’feared,  
And trading count but sin.”

He little thought o’ New Year’s night,  
So jolly as he sat then,  
While drank the toast and praised the  
roast  
The round-faced Aldermen,—

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,  
With every rising tide,  
How the wave washed in his sailor lads,  
And laid them side by side.



“To him no more it shall be joy  
To pace the cheerful town,  
And see the lovely ladies gay  
Step on in velvet gown.”

The Snowdrop sank at Lammas tide,  
All under the yeasty spray;  
On Christmas Eve the brig Content  
Was also cast away.

There stepped a stranger to the board :  
“Now, stranger, who be ye?”  
He looked to right, he looked to left,  
And “Rest you merry,” quoth he ;

“For you did not see the brig go down,  
Or ever a storm had blown ;  
For you did not see the white wave rear  
At the rock,—the Eddystone.

“She drave at the rock with sternsails  
set ;  
Crash went the masts in twain ;  
She staggered back with her mortal blow,  
Then leaped at it again.

“There rose a great cry, bitter and  
strong ;  
The misty moon looked out !  
And the water swarmed with seamen’s  
heads,  
And the wreck was strewed about.

“I saw her mainsail lash the sea,  
As I clung to the rock alone ;  
Then she heeled over, and down she  
went,  
And sank like any stone.

“She was a fair ship, but all’s one !  
For naught could bide the shock.”—  
“I will take horse,” Winstanley said,  
“And see this deadly rock.

“For never again shall bark o’ mine  
Sail o’er the windy sea,  
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this  
Be found a remedy.”

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town  
All in the sleet and the snow ;  
And he looked around on shore and  
sound,  
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,  
And shot up its stately head,  
Reared, and fell over, and reared again :  
“Tis the rock ! the rock !” he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his  
way :

“Good Master Mayor,” quoth he,  
“I am a mercer of London town,  
And owner of vessels three.

“But for your rock of dark renown,  
I had five to track the main.”—  
“You are one of many,” the old Mayor  
said,  
“That of the rock complain.

“An ill rock, mercer ! your words ring  
right,  
Well with my thoughts they chime,  
For my two sons to the world to come  
It sent before their time.”

“Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,  
And a score of shipwrights free ;  
For I think to raise a lantern tower  
On this rock o’ destiny.”

The old Mayor laughed, but sighed also :  
“Ah, youth,” quoth he, “is rash ;  
Sooner, young man, thou’lt root it out  
From the sea that doth it lash.

“Who sails too near its jagged teeth,  
He shall have evil lot ;  
For the calmest seas that tumble there  
Froth like a boiling pot.

“And the heavier seas few look on  
nigh,  
But straight they lay him dead ;  
A seventy-gun-ship, sir !—they’ll shoot  
Higher than her mast-head.



“ Oh, beacons sighted in the dark,  
They are right welcome things,  
And pitch-pots flaming on the shore  
Show fair as angel wings.

“ Hast gold in hand? then light the land,  
It 'longs to thee and me;  
But let alone the deadly rock  
In God Almighty's sea.”

Yet said he, “ Nay,—I must away,  
On the rock to set my feet;  
My debts are paid, my will I made,  
Or ever I did thee greet.

“ If I must die, then let me die  
By the rock, and not elsewhere;  
If I may live, oh let me live  
To mount my lighthouse stair.”

The old Mayor looked him in the face,  
And answered, “ Have thy way;  
Thy heart is stout, as if round about  
It was braced with an iron stay:

“ Have thy will, mercer! choose thy  
men,  
Put off from the storm-rid shore;  
God with thee be, or I shall see  
Thy face and theirs no more.”

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,  
And foam flew up the lea;  
Morning and even the drifted snow  
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;  
He said, “ My time I waste,”  
For the seas ran seething up the shore,  
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,  
Pacing the strand alone,  
Or ever he sat his manly foot  
On the rock,—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,  
And worked with power and might;  
Whatever the man reared up by day  
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,  
He sailed to shore at flow;  
And at his side, by that same tide,  
Came bar and beam also.

“ Give in, give in,” the old Mayor cried,  
“ Or thou wilt rue the day.”—  
“ Yonder he goes,” the townsfolk sighed,  
“ But the rock will have its way.

“ For all his looks that are so stout,  
And his speeches brave and fair,  
He may wait on the wind, wait on the  
wave,  
But he'll build no lighthouse there.”

In fine weather and foul weather  
The rock his arts did flout,  
Through the long days and the short  
days,  
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather  
Another year came in;  
“ To take his wage,” the workmen said,  
“ We almost count a sin.”

Now March was gone, came April in,  
 And a sea-fog settled down,  
 And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,  
 He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,  
 As he was wont to do:  
 They showed in the fog like ghosts full  
 faint,—  
 A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed alway,  
 For a long eight days and more;  
 "God help our men," quoth the women  
 then;  
 "For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread;  
 "Where may our mariners be?"  
 But the brooding fog lay soft as down  
 Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the  
 port,  
 The thirteenth day at e'en;  
 "As I am a man," the captain  
 cried,  
 "A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard,  
 my masters all,  
 At sea, in the fog and the rain,  
 Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,  
 Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,  
 Through a rift on the vessel's lea;  
 What manner of creatures may be those  
 That build upon the sea?"

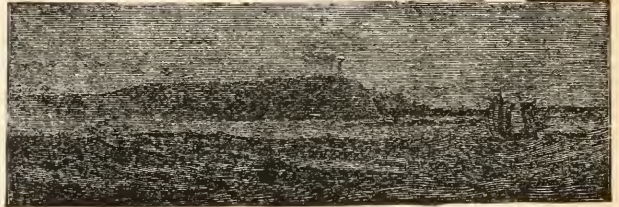
Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be  
 praised!"

And they flocked to the shore amain:  
 All over the Hoe that livelong night,  
 Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased; and the red sun reared his  
 head,  
 And the rolling fog did flee;  
 And, lo! in the offing faint and far  
 Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer  
 The stately tower uprose;  
 In foul weather with hunger and cold  
 They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,  
 To fire the wick afar;  
 And Plymouth in the silent night  
 Looked out and saw her star.



Winstanley set his foot ashore;  
 Said he, "My work is done;  
 I hold it strong to last as long  
 As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,  
 Borne down with ruin and rout,  
 Another than I shall rear it high,  
 And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain;  
And though I were dead," Winstanley  
said,

"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere good,  
Amid their tremulous stirs,  
To count each stroke when the mad  
waves broke,  
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,  
That I should with it fall;  
Since, for my part, I have built my heart  
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,  
And left the rock renowned,  
And summer and winter his pilot star  
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,  
That he would put to sea,  
To scan once more his lighthouse tower  
On the rock o'destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm  
broke,  
And wrecks came plunging in;

None in the town that night lay down  
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling  
graves,  
And each flung up its dead;  
The seething flow was white below,  
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,  
Broke on the trembling town,  
And men looked south to the harbor  
mouth,  
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,  
Who made it shine afar,  
And then in the night that drowned its  
light,  
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms  
At Westminster they show;  
The brave and the great lie there in state;  
Winstanley lieth low.

JEAN INGELOW.

## THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

A TRUE STORY.

THE merry boats of Brixham  
Go out to search the seas;  
A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,  
Who love a swinging breeze;  
And before the woods of Devon,  
And the silver cliffs of Wales,  
You may see, when summer evenings fall,  
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,  
 And gray winds hunt the foam,  
 They go back to little Brixham  
 And ply their toils at home ;  
 And so it chanced, one winter's day,  
 When the wind began to roar,  
 That all the men were out at sea,  
 And all the wives on shore.

The wind, like an assassin,  
 Went on its secret way,  
 And struck a hundred barks adrift  
 To reel about the bay ;  
 They meet ! they crash !—God keep the  
 men !  
 God give a moment's light !  
 There is nothing but the tumult,  
 And the tempest, and the night.



Then, as the storm grew fiercer,  
 The women's cheeks grew white ;  
 It was fiercer through the twilight,  
 And fiercest in the night ;  
 The strong clouds set themselves like ice,  
 With not a star to melt,  
 And the blackness of the darkness  
 Was something to be felt.

The men on shore were trembling,  
 They grieved for what they knew ;  
 What do you think the women did ?  
 Love taught them what to do :  
 Up spoke a wife : “ We've beds at home—  
 We'll burn them for a light ;  
 Give us the men and the bare ground—  
 We want no more to-night.”



They took the grandame's blanket,  
 Who shivered and bade them go ;  
 They took the baby's pillow,  
 Who could not say them no ;  
 And they heaped a great fire on the pier,  
 And knew not all the while  
 If they were heaping a bonfire,  
 Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame  
 Shone bravely on the black,  
 Till a cry went through the people,  
 " A boat is coming back !"  
 Staggering dimly through the fog,  
 They see, and then they doubt,  
 But when the first prow strikes the pier,  
 Cannot you hear them shout ?

Then all along the breadth of flame  
 Dark figures shrieked and ran,  
 With, " Child, here comes your father !"  
 Or, " Wife, is this your man ?"  
 And faint feet touch the welcome stone  
 And stay a little while,  
 And kisses drop from frozen lips,  
 Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,  
 All that the sea would spare ;  
 We will not reckon through our tears  
 The names that were not there ;  
 But some went home without a bed,  
 When all the tale was told,  
 Who were too cold with sorrow  
 To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do  
 Who work in wind and foam,  
 And this is what the women bear  
 Who watch for them at home :  
 So, when you see a Brixham boat  
 Go out to meet the gales,  
 Think of the love that travels  
 Like light upon her sails.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

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HELVELLYN.

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[The following poem was written to commemorate the memory of a young student who lost his way and perished on the mountain, Helvellyn, in Cumberland, England. He was attended only by his dog, which was found, three months after his master's death, still guarding his remains.]

---

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty  
 Helvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me  
 gleamed misty and wide :  
 All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle  
 was yelling,  
 And starting around me the echoes  
 replied.  
 On the right, Striden Edge round the  
 Red Tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was de-  
 fending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the front  
 was ascending,  
 When I marked the sad spot where  
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown  
 mountain heather,  
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay  
 stretched in decay,  
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned  
 to weather,  
 Till the mountain winds wasted the  
 tenantless clay.  
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely  
 extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute favorite  
 attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her master  
 defended,  
 And chased the hill fox and the ra-  
 ven away.

How long didst thou think that his si-  
 lence was slumber?  
 When the wind waved his garment,  
 how oft didst thou start?  
 How many long days and long nights  
 didst thou number  
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend  
 of thy heart?  
 And oh, was it meet that—no requiem  
 read o'er him,  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to de-  
 plore him,  
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched  
 before him—  
 Unhonored the Pilgrim from life  
 should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant  
 has yielded,  
 The tapestry waves dark round the  
 dim-lighted hall,  
 With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is  
 shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the canopied  
 pall:  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight,  
 the torches are gleaming;  
 In the proudly arched chapel the banners  
 are beaming;  
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is  
 streaming,  
 Lamenting a chief of the people should  
 fall.

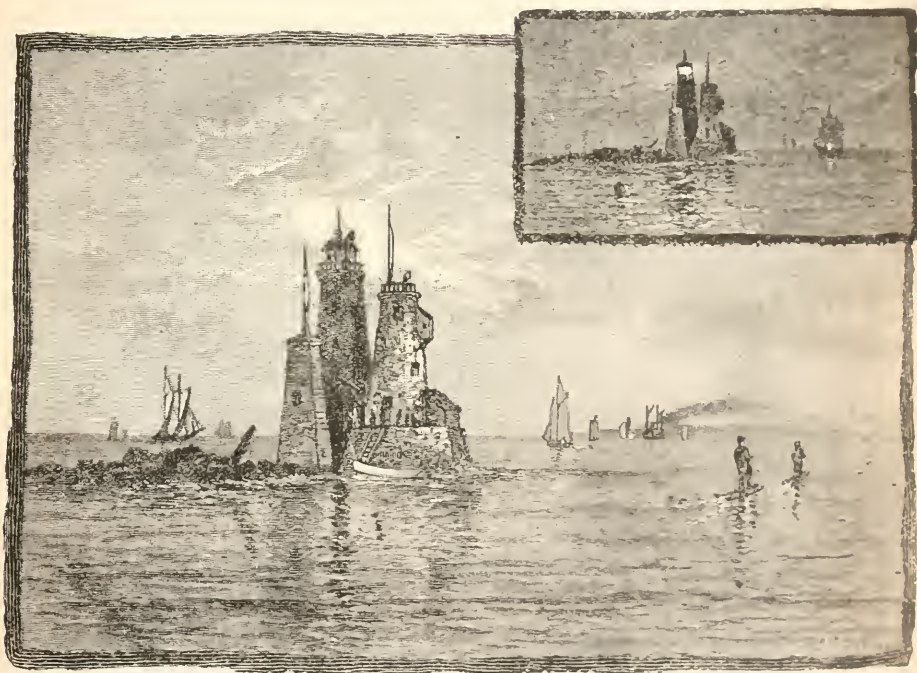
But meeter for thee, gentle lover of na-  
 ture,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek  
 mountain lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from some  
 cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last sob by the side of  
 his dam.  
 And more stately thy couch by this  
 desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover  
 flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness  
 thy dying,  
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catche-  
 dicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

DARKNESS was deepening o'er the seas,  
 And still the hulk drove on ;  
 No sail to answer to the breeze,—  
 Her masts and cordage gone :  
 Gloomy and drear her course of fear,—  
 Each looked but for a grave,—  
 When, full in sight, the beacon-light  
 Came streaming o'er the wave.

As, full in sight, the beacon-light  
 Came streaming o'er the wave.  
 And gayly of the tale they told,  
 When they were safe on shore ;  
 How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown  
 cold,  
 Amid the billow's roar ;  
 When not a star had shone from far,—  
 By its pale beam to save,



Then wildly rose the gladdening shout  
 Of all that hardy crew ;  
 Boldly they put the helm about,  
 And through the surf they flew.  
 Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,  
 And loud the cheer they gave,

Then, full in sight, the beacon-light  
 Came streaming o'er the wave.  
 Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,  
 When sorrow bows the heart,  
 When cheering hopes no more illumine,  
 And comforts all depart ;

Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star,  
 With cheering light to save ;  
 And, full in sight, its beacon-light  
 Comes streaming o'er the grave.

JULIA PARDOE.

### THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILD was the night ; yet a wilder night  
 Hung round the soldier's pillow ;  
 In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight  
 Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling  
 by,

The few that his stern heart cherished ;  
 They knew, by his glazed and unearthly  
 eye,

That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,  
 By the order hastily spoken,  
 That he dreamed of days when the na-  
 tions shook,

And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword  
 still slew,

And triumphed the Frenchman's  
 "eagle";

And the struggling Austrian fled anew,  
 Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,  
 The Prussian's camp was routed,  
 And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,  
 His mighty armies shouted.

O'er Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,  
 At the pyramids, at the mountain,  
 Where the wave of the lordly Danub  
 flows,  
 And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where the mountain  
 streams

Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,  
 He led again, in his dying dreams,  
 His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,  
 And Jena's bloody battle ;  
 Again the world was overrun,  
 Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day  
 A day that shall live in story :  
 In the rocky land they placed his clay,  
 "And left him alone with his glory."

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;  
 Oft I marked him sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape, like a page, perus-  
 ing ;

Poor, unknown,  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brim-  
 med hat ;

Coat as ancient as the form 't was fold-  
 ing ;  
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped  
 cravat ;



Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding :  
 There he sat!  
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brim-  
 med hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
 No one sympathizing, no one heeding,

It was summer, and we went to school,  
 Dapper country lads and little  
 maidens ;  
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's  
 stool,"—  
 Its grave import still my fancy  
 ladens,—



None to love him for his thin gray  
 hair,  
 And the furrows all so mutely pleading  
 Age and care :  
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

“ Here's a fool !”  
 It was summer, and we went to school.  
 When the stranger seemed to mark our  
 play,

Some of us were joyous, some sad-  
hearted,  
I remember well, too well, that day!  
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started  
Would not stay  
When the stranger seemed to mark our  
play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,  
Oh, to me her name was always  
Heaven!  
She besought him all his grief to tell,  
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)  
Isabel!  
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;  
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told.”  
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sor-  
row,  
Down it rolled!

‘Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old;

“I have tottered here to look once  
more  
On the pleasant scene where I de-  
lighted  
In the careless, happy days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was  
blighted  
To the core:  
I have tottered here to look once more.

“All the picture now to me how dear!  
E’en this gray old rock where I am  
seated  
Is a jewel worth my journey here;

Ah that such a scene must be com-  
pleted

With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

“Old stone schoolhouse!—it is still the  
same;

There’s the very step I so oft mounted;  
There’s the window creaking in its  
frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted  
For the game.

Old stone schoolhouse, it is still the  
same.

“In the cottage yonder I was born;  
Long my happy home, that humble  
dwelling;  
There the fields of clover, wheat, and  
corn;  
There the spring with limpid nectar  
swelling;  
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

“Those two gateway sycamores you  
see  
Then were planted just so far asunder  
That long well-pole from the path to free,  
And the wagon to pass safely under;  
Ninety-three!  
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

“There’s the orchard where we used to  
climb  
When my mates and I were boys to-  
gether,  
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,

Fearing naught but work and rainy  
weather ;  
    Past its prime !  
There's the orchard where we used to  
climb,

“ There the rude, three-cornered chest-  
nut-rails,  
    Round the pasture where the flocks  
    were grazing,  
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails  
    In the crops of buckwheat we were  
    raising ;  
    Traps and trails !  
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-  
rails.

“ There's the mill that ground our yellow  
    grain ;  
    Pond and river still serenely flow-  
    ing ;  
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,  
    Where the lily of my heart was blow-  
    ing.  
    Mary Jane !

There's the mill that ground our yellow  
    grain.

There's the gate on which I used to  
    swing,  
    Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old  
    red stable ;  
But alas ! no more the morn shall bring  
    That dear group around my father's  
    table ;  
    Taken wing !

There's the gate on which I used to  
    swing.

“ I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.  
    Yon green meadow was our place for  
    playing ;  
That old tree can tell of sweet things  
    said

    When around it Jane and I were stray-  
    ing ;  
    She is dead !  
I am fleeing.—all I loved have fled.

“ Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
    Tracing silently life's changeful story,  
So familiar to my dim old eye,  
    Points me to seven that are now in  
    glory  
    There on high !  
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

“ Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,  
    Guided thither by an angel mother ;  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod ;  
    Sire and sisters, and my little brother,  
    Gone to God !  
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

“ There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant  
    ways ;  
    Bless the holy lesson !—but, ah, never  
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,  
    Those sweet voices silent now forever !  
    Peaceful days !  
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant  
    ways.

“ There my Mary blest me with her hand  
    When our souls drank in the nuptial  
    blessing,  
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,

Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing  
 Broken band !  
 There my Mary blest me with her hand.

“I have come to see that grave once  
 more,

And the sacred place where we de-  
 lighted,  
 Where we worshipped in the days of yore,  
 Ere the garden of my heart was  
 blighted

To the core !

I have come to see that grave once more.

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old ;  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
 Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.”

In his eye another pearl of sorrow,  
 Down it rolled !

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old.”

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing,  
 Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape, like a page, perus-  
 ing ;

Poor, unknown !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

### THE PARROT.

A TRUE STORY.

THE deep affections of the breast,  
 That Heaven to living things imparts,  
 Are not exclusively possessed  
 By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,  
 Full young and early caged, came  
 o'er  
 With bright wings to the bleak do-  
 main  
 Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won  
 His plumage of resplendent hue,  
 His native fruits, and skies, and sun,  
 He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of  
 turf,  
 A heathery land, and misty sky,  
 And turned on rocks and raging surf  
 His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,  
 He lived and chattered many a day,  
 Until, with age, from green and gold  
 His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,  
 He scolded, laughed, and spoke no  
 more,  
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
 To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech ;  
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
 Flapped round the cage with joyous  
 screech,  
 Dropt down, and died !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?—

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,  
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,



And trembled with fear at your  
frown.  
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben  
Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have fitted a slab of the granite so  
gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday  
shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill.  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben  
Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet that crawls round the walls  
as you gaze  
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben  
Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood?  
And the button-ball tree with its motley  
limbs,  
Which nigh to the doorstep stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest  
stood,  
Grow grass and the golden grain.  
And don't you remember the school,  
Ben Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim?  
And the shaded nook by the running  
brook,  
Where the children went to swim?

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben  
Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys who were school-  
mates then,  
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved,  
Ben Bolt,  
They have changed from the old to the  
new;  
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the  
truth  
There never was change in you.  
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben  
Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a  
truth,  
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

### A PICTURE.

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

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

The house-dog lay stretched out on the  
 floor,  
 Where the shade after noon used to  
 steal ;  
 The busy old wife, by the open door,  
 Was turning the spinning-wheel ;  
 And the old brass clock on the mantel-  
 tree  
 Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
 While close to his heaving breast  
 The moistened brow and the cheek so  
 fair  
 Of his sweet grandchild were pressed !  
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair  
 lay :  
 Fast asleep were they both that summer  
 day !

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

### OUR SHIPS.

In those bright summer mornings when  
 I row  
 Up from the bay upon the broad  
 Maumee,  
 Amid the stately boats that come and  
 go,  
 I meet the toy ships going out to  
 sea—  
 Each ship a board propelled by paper  
 sails,  
 And given with shouts to billows and to  
 gales.

Ah, happy boys ! that launch your ships  
 away,  
 Playing the merchant long before  
 your time,  
 We men are like you to our dying day,  
 Still sending ships to every distant  
 clime ;  
 And some men's ships come back to  
 their own shore,  
 And some men's ships come back to  
 them no more.

In youth our ships to fetch us love we  
 sent,  
 (Long since they went in those glad  
 days of old),  
 Some went for fame, and some for power  
 went,  
 And then we sent whole fleets to bring  
 us gold ;  
 And of all ships we sent across the  
 main,  
 Not one in thousands came to us again.

But I believe our ships are gone be-  
 fore—  
 Gone to some Better Land, to which  
 we go ;  
 There one by one they gather on the  
 shore,  
 Blown stately in by all the winds that  
 blow,  
 And we shall find them on some happy  
 day,  
 Moored fast, and waiting at the Golden  
 Quay.

ANONYMOUS.

## STANZAS.

I LOVE the memory of that hour  
 When first in youth I found thee ;  
 For infant beauty gently threw  
 A morning freshness round thee ;  
 A single star was rising there,  
 With mild and lovely motion ;  
 And scarce the zephyr's gentle breath  
 Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—  
 It wakes a pensive feeling,  
 As when, within the winding shell,  
 The playful winds are stealing ;  
 It tells my heart of those bright years  
 Ere hope went down in sorrow ;  
 When all the joys of yesterday  
 Were painted in to-morrow.

Where art thou now? thy once loved  
 flowers  
 Their yellow leaves are twining  
 And bright and beautiful again  
 That single star is shining ;  
 But where art thou? the bended grass  
 A dewy stone discloses ;  
 And love's light footsteps print the  
 ground  
 Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! my tears were not for thee ;  
 'Twere weakness to deplore thee,  
 Or vainly mourn thine absence here,  
 While angels half adore thee ;  
 Thy days were few, and quickly told ;  
 Thy short and mournful story  
 Hath ended like the morning star,  
 That melts in deeper glory.

O. W. B. PEABODY.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
 my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them  
 to view!  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tan-  
 gled wildwood,  
 And every loved spot which my in-  
 fancy knew:  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
 which stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the  
 cataract fell ;  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house  
 nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung  
 in the well!  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
 bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung  
 in the well!  
 That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treas-  
 ure ;  
 For often, at noon, when returned from  
 the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite  
 pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that Nature  
 can yield,  
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
 were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
 it fell ;  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-  
 flowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose  
 from the well ;



The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
 bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the  
 well.

How sweet from the green mossy  
 brim to receive it,  
 As poised on the curb it inclined  
 to my lips!  
 Not a full blushing goblet could  
 tempt me to leave it,  
 Though filled with the nectar that  
 Jupiter sips.  
 And now, far removed from that  
 loved situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively  
 swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's  
 plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which  
 hangs in the well;  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron  
 bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which  
 hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

### INDIAN NAMES.

YE say they have all passed away,  
 That noble race and brave,  
 That their light canoes have vanished  
 From off the crested wave,  
 That 'mid the forests where they roamed  
 There rings no hunter's shout,  
 But their name is on your waters,  
 Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow,  
 Like ocean's surge is curled,  
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
 The echo of the world;



Where red Missouri bringeth  
 Rich tribute from the west,  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
 That clustered o'er the vale,  
 Have fled away like withered leaves  
 Before the autumn gale;  
 But their memory liveth on your hills,  
 Their baptism on your shore,  
 Your everlasting rivers speak  
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
 Within her lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it  
 Amid his young renown;  
 Connecticut hath wreathed it  
 Where her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
 Within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart;  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
 Doth seal the sacred trust;  
 Your mountains build their monument,  
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren  
 The insects of an hour,  
 Crushed like the noteless worm amid  
 The regions of their power;  
 Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,  
 Ye break of faith the seal,  
 But can ye from the court of Heaven  
 Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,  
 With toilsome step and slow,

On through the trackless desert pass,  
 A caravan of woe;  
 Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf,  
 His sleepless vision dim?  
 Think ye the soul's blood may not cry  
 From that far land to him?

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

### DRIVING THE COW.

THE grass is green on Billy's grave,  
 The snow is on my brow,  
 But I remember still the night  
 When we two drove the cow!  
 The buttercup, and tangled weeds,  
 The goldfinch pecking thistle seeds,  
 The small green snake amid the brake,  
 The white flowers on the bough,  
 And Billy with his keen gray eyes—  
 I seem to see them now!

Oh, Billy was my first of friends;  
 Our hearts were warm and light;  
 The darkest of November rains  
 Had, shared with him, seemed bright;  
 And far too brief for boyish play  
 Had been the summer's longest day,  
 But powerless fell Love's magic spell—  
 Its charm was lost that night;  
 It needed but one word, and we  
 Were both in for a fight!

One word! 'twas Billy spoke that word;  
 But, sore at heart, I know  
 It was another hand than his  
 That dealt the earliest blow.  
 He touched my forehead's longest curl,  
 And said, "Ha! John! my pretty  
 girl!"



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A jest or not, my blood was hot,  
 My cheek was all aglow ;  
 "Take that ! Take that ! Say, could a  
 girl,  
 A girl have struck you so ?"

But Billy was as stout as I ;  
 The scar upon my brow  
 The memory of his prowess keeps  
 Before me even now !  
 His furious blows fell thick and fast ;  
 But just as I had thought, at last,  
 That yield I must, a skilful thrust  
 I gave, I know not how,  
 And, a triumphant conqueror,  
 I went on for my cow !

We never were firm friends again ;  
 Before the spring-time air  
 Again the graveyard flowers made sweet,  
 Poor Billy rested there !  
 And I since then have wandered wide,  
 And seen the world on every side  
 By land and sea, and learned—ah, me !—  
 That warm, true hearts are rare ;  
 And he who best is loved on earth  
 Has not one friend to spare !

The grass is green on Billy's grave,  
 My brow is white with snow .  
 I never can win back again  
 The love I used to know !  
 The past is past ; but, though for me  
 Its joys are sweet in memory,  
 'Tis only pain to call again  
 The fends of long ago,  
 And worse to feel that in a fight  
 I dealt the earliest blow !

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## THE PET NAME.

I HAVE a name, a little name,  
 Uncadenced for the ear,  
 Unhonored by ancestral claim,  
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm  
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove  
 For gay romance, belong.  
 It never dedicate did move  
 As "Sacharissa," unto love.  
 "Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read  
 Upon the leaves of none,  
 And afterward, when I am dead,  
 Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,  
 Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call  
 Perhaps your smile may win.  
 Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall  
 Over mine eyes, and feel withal  
 The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows  
 Where summer meadows bloom,  
 But gathereth the winter snows,  
 And changeth to the hue of those,  
 If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,  
 But time encrusteth round  
 With sad associate thoughts the same ?  
 And, so to me my very name  
 Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me  
 When we were children twain,—

When names acquired baptismally  
 Were hard to utter, as to see  
 That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one  
 Of chestnuts from the hill,—  
 And through the wood our laugh did run  
 As part thereof. The mirth being done,  
 He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it  
 What none of you can hear,—  
 The talk upon the willow seat,  
 The bird and wind that did repeat  
 Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,  
 My sisters' woodland glee,—  
 My father's praise I did not miss,  
 When, stooping down, he cared to kiss  
 The poet at his knee,—

And voices which, to name me, aye  
 Their tenderest tones were keeping,—  
 To some I nevermore can say  
 An answer, till God wipes away  
 In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;  
 No murmurs cross my mind.  
 Now God be thanked for these thick  
 tears,  
 Which show, of those departed years,  
 Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years en-  
 wrought  
 With love which softens yet.  
 Now God be thanked for every thought  
 Which is so tender it has caught  
 Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth's sadness never shall remove,  
 Affections purely given ;  
 And e'er that mortal grief shall prove  
 The immortality of love,  
 And heighten it with heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

THEY sat alone by the bright wood fire,  
 The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,  
 Dreaming of days gone by ;  
 The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled  
 cheek,  
 They both had thoughts they could not  
 speak,  
 As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried  
 Three little chairs, placed side by side,  
 Against the sitting-room wall ;  
 Old fashioned enough as there they stood,  
 Their seats of flag and their frames of  
 wood,  
 With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,  
 And with trembling voice he gently  
 said,—

“Mother, those empty chairs !  
 They bring us such sad, sad thoughts  
 to-night,  
 We'll put them forever out of sight,  
 In the small, dark room up stairs.”

But she answered, “Father, no, not yet,  
 For I look at them and I forget  
 That the children went away ;

The boys come back, and our Mary, too,  
With her apron on of checkered blue,  
And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,  
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,  
While Mary her patchwork sews ;  
At evening-time three childish prayers  
Go up to God from those little chairs,  
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billowy  
deep,  
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,  
To say a good-night to me ;  
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,  
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,  
And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty  
now,  
And every time when alone we bow  
At the Father's throne to pray,  
We'll ask to meet the children above,  
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,  
Where no child goeth away."

ANONYMOUS.

### I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wished the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
How my childhood fled by.—  
The mirth of its December,  
And the warmth of its July ;  
On my brow. love, on my brow. love.  
There are no signs of care ;  
But my pleasures are not now, love,  
What childhood's pleasures were.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,  
 Were blithe as blithe could be ;  
 And all their radiant flowers  
 Were coronals for me :  
 Gems to-night, love—gems to-night,  
 love,  
 Are gleaming in my hair ;  
 But they are not half so bright, love,  
 As childhood's roses were.

I was singing—I was singing,  
 And my songs were idle words ;  
 But from my heart was springing  
 Wild music like a bird's ;  
 Now I sing, love,—now I sing, love,  
 A fine Italian air ;  
 But it's not so glad a thing, love,  
 As childhood's ballads were !

I was merry—I was merry,  
 When my little lovers came,  
 With a lily, or a cherry,  
 Or a new invented game ;  
 Now I've you, love—now I've you, love,  
 To kneel before me there ;  
 But you know you're not so true, love,  
 As childhood's lovers were !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

### THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

WHATEVER else to the night has gone—  
 The night that never shall know a  
 dawn—  
 It stands undimmed in my memory still,  
 The old brown schoolhouse on the hill.  
 The corner brick on the chimney lies,  
 Just as it did in my boyish eyes ;

And in dreams I throw the stones again  
 That I threw at the toppling brick in vain.

The names on the weather-boards are part  
 Of the sacred treasure of my heart ;  
 Some yet a place with the earth-sounds  
 keep,  
 And some in the holds of silence sleep.

I see the briars beside the door,  
 The rocks where we played at keeping  
 store,  
 The steps we dug in the bank below,  
 And the bear-track trod in the winter  
 snow.

I hear the growl, from his central lair,  
 Of the swiftest boy, who stood for bear,  
 And the song brings back the joy and  
 glow  
 Of the chase around the ring of snow.

Often again in thought I slide  
 On the stone-boat down the long hillside ;  
 The breathless speed, and the dizzy reel,  
 And the wind in my lifted hair I feel.

Ah me ! There are spots that hold my  
 dead  
 In a sleep unstirred by Memory's tread ;  
 And many a scene of life's triumph lies  
 Deep in the mists that never rise.

And things of rapture and things of tears  
 Are hidden within the veil of years ;  
 But the old brown schoolhouse on the  
 hill,

It stands undimmed in my memory still.

ANONYMOUS.



## IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on the wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting,  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITIER.

## THE DAME-SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil  
and pain,  
The low vestibule of learning's fane:  
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the  
way,  
Though sometimes toilsome, many a  
sweet display.  
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated  
morn,  
When I was first to school reluctant  
borne;  
Severe I thought the dame, though oft  
she tried  
To soothe my swelling spirits when I  
sighed;  
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I  
wept,  
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,  
And thought of tender home, where an-  
ger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,  
Alert I met the dame with jocund  
smiles ;

First at the form, my task for ever true,  
A little favorite rapidly I grew :  
And oft she stroked my head with fond  
delight,

Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight ;  
And as she gave my diligence its praise,  
Talked of the honors of my future days.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

But when the fifteenth round I'd run,  
I thought none old till twenty-one.

Then oddly, when I'd reached that age,  
I held that thirty made folks sage,

But when my thirtieth year was told,  
I said, " At twoscore men grow old,"

Yet twoscore came and found me thrifty,  
And so I drew the line at fifty.



### GROWING OLD.

At six—I well remember when—  
I fancied all folks old at ten.

But when I turned my first decade,  
Fifteen appeared more truly staid.

But when I reached that age, I swore  
None could be old until threescore.

And here I am at sixty now,  
As young as when at six, I trow.

'Tis true, my hair is somewhat gray,  
And that I use a cane to-day ;

'Tis true, these rogues about my knee  
Say "Grandpa" when they speak to me ;

But, bless your soul ! I'm young as when  
I thought all people old at ten.

Perhaps a little wiser grown ;  
Perhaps some old illusions flown ;

But wondering still, while years have  
rolled,

When is it that a man grows old !

MARC COOK.

### JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way ;

But never, never can forget

The luv o' life's young day !

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,

May weel be black gin Yule ;

But blacker fa' awaits the heart

Where first fond luv grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison.

The thochts o' bygone years

Still fling their shadows ower my path,

And blind my een wi' tears :

They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,

And sair and sick I pine,

As memory idly summons up

The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ithar weel,

'Twas then we twa did part ;

Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at  
scule,

Twa bairns, and but ae heart !

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,

To leir ilk ithar lear ;

And tones, and looks, and smiles were  
shed,

Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,

When sitting on that bink,

Cheek tonchin' cheek, loof locked in  
loof,

What our wee heads could think.

When baith bent down ower ae braid  
page,

Wi' ae buik on our knee,

Thy lips were on thy lesson, but

My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,

How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said

We cleeked thegither hame ?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays

(The scule then scail't at noon),

When we ran off to speel the braes,—

The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about—

My heart flows like a sea,

As ane by ane the thochts rush back

O' scule time and o' thee.

O mornin' life ! O mornin' luv !

O lightsome days and lang,

When hinnied hopes around our hearts

Like sinner blossoms sprang !

Oh, mind ye, luv, how aft we left

The deavin' dinsome town,

To wander by the green burnside,

And hear its waters croon ?

The simmer leaves hung ower our  
heads,

The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees—  
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies ;  
And on the knowe abune the burn  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trinkled doun your cheek  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak !  
That was a time, a blessèd time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me ?  
Oh, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine !  
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I've borne a weary lot ;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way,  
And channels deeper as it rins,  
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Sin' we were sindered young,  
I ve never seen your face, nor heard  
The music o' your tongue ;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygone days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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## TWO PICTURES.

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

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

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





LANGLEY LANE.

In all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place as pleasant and  
sweet

As Langley Lane in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and  
street?

Little white cottages all in a row,  
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,  
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
And up above the still blue sky,  
Where the woolly white clouds go sail-  
ing by.—

I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
The distant murmur of street and square,



And the swallows and sparrows chirp-  
ing near;  
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
Comes running many a time each day  
With her little hand's touch so warm  
and kind,  
And I smile and talk, with the sun on  
my cheek,  
And the little live hand seems to stir  
and speak—  
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes  
clear,  
And I am older by summers three—  
Why should we hold one another so  
dear?  
Because she cannot utter a word,  
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,  
The water-cart's splash or the milk-  
man's call!  
Because I have never seen the sky,  
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—  
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
The bees and the blueflies murmur low,  
And I hear the water-cart go by,  
With its cool splash-splash down the  
dusty row;  
And the little one close at my side  
perceives  
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,  
Where birds are chirping in summer  
shine,  
And I hear, though I cannot look, and  
she,

Though she cannot hear, can the singers  
see—  
And the little soft fingers flutter in  
mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
When it stirs on my palm for the love  
of me?

Do I not know she is pretty and young?  
Hath not my soul an eye to see?—  
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,  
To wonder how things appear to her,  
That I only hear as they pass around;  
And as long as we sit in the music and  
light,  
*She* is happy to keep God's sight,  
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am  
blind—

I made it of music long ago:  
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined  
Round the pensive light of a brow of  
snow:

And when I sit by my little one,  
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,  
And hear the music that haunts the  
place,  
I know she is raising her eyes to me,  
And guessing how gentle my voice must  
be,  
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant  
me a prayer,  
(I know the fancy is only vain,)  
I should pray,—just once, when the  
weather is fair,—  
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane,

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to  
 hear  
 The voice of the friend that she holds so  
 dear,  
 The song of the birds, the hum of the  
 street—  
 It is better to be as we have been—  
 Each keeping up something, unheard,  
 unseen,  
 To make God's heaven more strange  
 and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!  
 There is always something sweet to  
 hear,  
 Chirping of birds or patter of rain!  
 And Fanny, my little one, always  
 near!  
 And though I am weakly, and can't live  
 long,  
 And Fanny, my darling, is far from  
 strong,  
 And though we can never married  
 be—  
 What then?—since we hold one another  
 so dear,  
 For the sake of the pleasure one cannot  
 hear,  
 And the pleasure that only one can  
 see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
 Of wild and careless play,  
 And persuade myself that I am not old,  
 And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's  
 heart,  
 And makes his pulses fly,  
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore  
 years,  
 And they say that I am old—  
 That my heart is ripe for the reaper  
 Death,  
 And my years are wellnigh told.  
 It is very true—it is very true—  
 I am old, and I "bide my time";  
 But my heart will leap at a scene like  
 this,  
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,  
 In the midst of your merry ring;  
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
 And the rush of the breathless swing.  
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
 And I whoop the smothered call,  
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall  
 come.  
 And I shall be glad to go—  
 For the world, at best, is a weary place,  
 And my pulse is getting low;  
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will  
 fail  
 In treading its gloomy way;  
 And it wiles my heart from its dreari-  
 ness  
 To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH  
DAD.

WHEN I was a boy—I'm an old man  
now ;

Look at the lines across my brow ;  
Old Time has furrowed them there.  
My back is bent and my eyes are dim ;  
He has placed his finger on every limb,  
And pulled out most of my hair.

But if life has reached December,  
I'm not too old to remember  
When I went fishing with dad.

We would each of us shoulder his part  
of the load,

And joyfully start along the road—  
But dad's was the heaviest share.

Out of the village about a mile,  
Over a meadow, across a stile,  
And then we were almost there.

Dear old brook, I can see it still,  
The mossy bank and the old gray  
mill,  
Where I went fishing with dad.

We would wander about for a little  
space

To find the cosiest, shadiest place,  
Before we went to work.

Then dad would arrange his rod and  
line,

And tell me just how to manage mine  
When the fish began to jerk.

If I only could feel as I used to then !  
If the days could only come back  
again,

When I went fishing with dad !

We armed our hooks with the wriggling  
bait,

Then seated ourselves on the bank to  
wait

And see if the fish would bite.

Sometimes they would only take a look,  
As if they thought there might be a hook,  
But couldn't be certain quite.

There was one old perch that I used  
to think

Would always look at the line and  
wink,

When I went fishing with dad.

And so we fished till the sun was high,  
And the morning hours were all gone  
by,

And the village clock struck one.

“I am hungry, Jim,” then dad would  
say ;

“Let's give the fishes a chance to play  
Until our lunch is done.”

Oh, nothing has ever tasted so sweet  
As the big sandwiches I used to eat  
When I went fishing with dad.

Then dad and I would lie on the grass  
And wait for the heat of the day to pass :  
How happy I used to feel !

And what wonderful stories he would  
tell

To the eager boy that he loved so well,  
After our mid-day meal !

And how I would nestle close to his  
side

To hear of the world so big and  
wide,

When I went fishing with dad !



For I eagerly listened to every word ;  
 And then among men of whom I heard  
     How I longed to play a part !  
 What wonderful dreams of the future  
     came,  
 What visions of wealth and an honored  
     name,  
 To fill my boyish heart !  
     There is no dream like the old  
     dream,  
     There is no stream like the old  
     stream  
     Where I went fishing with dad.

Then back again to our sport we'd go,  
 And fish till the sunset's crimson glow  
     Lit up the dying day ;  
 Then dad would call to me, " Jim, we'll  
     stop ;  
 The basket is full to the very top ;  
     It's time we were on our way."  
     There are no ways like the old ways,  
     There are no days like the old days  
     When I went fishing with dad.

Then we took our way through the  
     meadow-land,  
 And I clung so tight to his wrinkled  
     hand,  
     As happy as I could be.  
 And when the old house came in sight,  
 The smile on his old face grew so bright  
     As he looked down at me.  
     And no one smiles as he used to  
     smile ;  
 And, oh, it seems such a long, long  
     while  
     Since I went fishing with dad.

It is 'way, 'way back in the weary years  
 That with aching heart and falling  
     tears

I watched dad go away.  
 His aged head lay on my breast  
 When the angels called him home to  
     rest —

He was too old to stay,  
     And I dug a grave 'neath the very  
     sod  
     That my boyish feet so often trod  
     When I went fishing with dad.

The world has given me wealth and  
     fame,  
 Fulfilled my dreams of an honored name,  
     And now I am weak and old ;  
 The land is mine wherever I look ;  
 I can catch my fish with a silver hook ;  
     But my days are almost told.  
     Uncheered by the love of child or  
     wife,  
     I would spend the end of my lonely  
     life  
     Where I went fishing with dad.

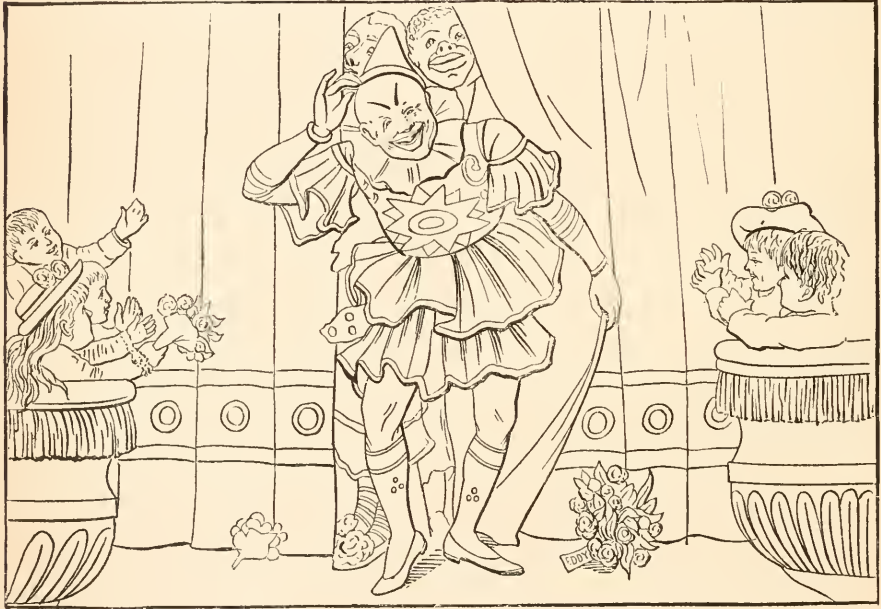
My limbs are weary, my eyes are dim ;  
 I shall tell them to lay me close by  
     him,  
     Whenever I come to die ;  
 And side by side, it will be my wish,  
 That there by the stream where they used  
     to fish,  
     They will let the old men lie.  
     Close by him I would like to be,  
     Buried beneath the old oak-tree,  
     Where I sat and fished with dad.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

## A CIRCUS MEMORY.

I WENT to the circus the other day  
 With this youngster here—he is six  
 years old,  
 And we're royal friends, though my  
 head is gray,  
 While his, you observe, is the color of  
 gold.

'Twas the same old performance you saw  
 in your youth,  
 Every movement familiar through  
 thirty long years;  
 But to watch my boy's pleasure would  
 move you, in truth,  
 To a laugh that would help you to  
 stifle your tears.



You ought to have seen the look of sur-  
 prise—  
 Alas that surprise should wither and  
 fade—  
 That brightened and gladdened and  
 moistened his eyes,  
 When appeared the bespangled, an-  
 tique cavalcade.

And somehow my fancies went wander-  
 ing by  
 Into realms half forgotten, as fancies  
 will flow,  
 To the day when my brother—poor  
 Johnny—and I,  
 With a shilling between us, set out for  
 the show.

We knew, when we started, that one  
must stay out

While the other went in, and we tossed  
up a cent—

One agonized moment of longing and  
doubt,

And it fell in his favor—I stayed, and  
he went.

For two mortal hours, with never a  
pause,

I stood by the tent and tried hard not  
to cry ;

I followed the music and heard the ap-  
plause,

Half angry, half happy. Ah, well,  
was that I ?

Was it I who awaited my brother's re-  
turn,

And found in his eyes a warm, pitying  
glow,

When he said, "Never mind, the next  
shilling we earn

Shall, be yours, every cent till you go  
to a show."

This golden-haired youngster has  
brought it all back,

A picture of sunshine and sympathy  
blent,—

The love of two brothers, a background  
of black ;

For his summons came early—I stayed,  
and he went.

The circus, I take it, is always the same,  
But only the vision of boyhood can see

Its marvellous wonders, which put to the  
shame

The dull comprehension of graybeards  
like me.

My little companion revives an old pain  
By his innocent pleasure, his happy  
surprise.

Come here, you young rascal! I'll take  
you again.

Heigh-ho! what is this? There are  
tears in his eyes!

MARC COOK.

### POLITICS.

BILL MORE and I, in days gone by,  
Were friends the long year through,  
Save when, above the melting snow,  
Wild March his trumpet blew.

Outspoken foes we then arose ;  
Each chose a different way ;  
For March, to our New Hampshire hills,  
Brings back town-meeting day.

Its gingerbread and oranges,  
Alike on Bill and me,  
That day bestowed, but only one  
Could share its victory.

For what was victory? We had  
Opposing views of that,  
For Billy was an Old Line Whig,  
And I a Democrat.

The tide of politics ran high  
Among the village boys,  
And those were truest patriots  
Who made the greatest noise.

And who could higher toss his cap,  
Or louder shout than I?  
Till all the mountain echoes learnt  
My party battle-cry!

One time—it was election morn,—  
Beside the town-house door,  
Among a troop of cheering boys,  
I came on Billy More.

“Cheer on!” I called; “I would not  
give  
For your hurrahs a fig;  
But say, what do the Whigs believe?  
Speak, Billy! you’re a Whig.”

And Bill said: “I don’t know or care;  
You needn’t ask me that;  
You’d better tell me if you can,  
Why you’re a Democrat.”

And I commenced in bold disdain,  
What? tell you if I can?  
I? Why my father’s candidate  
For second selectman.

“And he knows—I know—he knows—  
he—  
I think—I feel—I—I—  
I—I—I am a Democrat,—  
And *that’s* the reason why.”

“Ha! ha!” the mocking shout that  
rose,—  
I seem to hear it now,  
And feel the hot, tumultuous blood  
That crimsoned cheek and brow!

I might have spared my blushes then,  
I should have kept my shame  
For men, grown men, who fight to-day  
For just a party name!

This side or that they cast their votes,  
And pledge their faith, and why?  
Go ask, and you will find them wise  
As Billy More and I!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

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THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF  
AGASSIZ.

’Twas fifty years ago,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying, “Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee.”

“Come, wander with me,” she said,  
“Into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God.”

And he wandered away and away,  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.



So she keeps him still a child,  
 And will not let him go,  
 Though at times his heart beats wild  
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;  
 Though at times he hears in his dreams  
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,

## GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA'S hair is very white,  
 And grandpapa walks but slow ;  
 He likes to sit still in his easy-chair  
 While the children come and go.



And the rush of mountain streams  
 From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, " Hark !  
 For his voice I listen and yearn :  
 It is growing late and dark,  
 And my boy does not return ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

" Hush ! play quietly," says mamma :  
 " Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa. "

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,  
 It has worked hard all his days, —  
 A strong right hand, and an honest hand,  
 That has won all good men's praise.  
 " Kiss it tenderly," says mamma ;  
 " Let every one honor grandpapa. "

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim,  
 They have looked on sorrow and  
 death ;  
 But the love-light never went out of them,  
 Nor the courage and the faith.  
 " You, children, all of you," says mamma,  
 " Have need to look up to dear grand-  
 papa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,  
 But he leaves a blessing behind,—  
 A good life lived and a good fight fought,  
 True heart and equal mind.  
 " Remember, my children," says mamma,  
 " You bear the name of your grandpapa."

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

### AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

AMONG the beautiful pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall,  
 Is one of a dim old forest,  
 That seemeth best of all ;  
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
 Dark with the mistletoe ;  
 Not for the violets golden  
 That sprinkle the vale below ;  
 Not for the milk-white lilies  
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,  
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
 And stealing their golden edge ;  
 Not for the vines on the upland,  
 Where the bright red berries rest ;  
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cow-  
 slip,  
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother  
 With eyes that were dark and deep ;  
 In the lap of that old dim forest  
 He lieth in peace asleep ;  
 Light as the down of the thistle,  
 Free as the winds that blow,  
 We roved there the beautiful summers,  
 The summers of long ago ;  
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
 And one of the autumn eves  
 I made for my little brother  
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
 My neck in a meek embrace,  
 As the light of immortal beauty  
 Silently covered his face ;  
 And when the arrows of sunset  
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
 Asleep by the gates of light.  
 Therefore, of all the pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall,  
 The one of the dim old forest  
 Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

IMPATIENT of his childhood,  
 " Ah me !" exclaims young Arthur,  
 Whilst roving in the wild wood,  
 " I wish I were my father !"  
 Meanwhile, to see his Arthur  
 So skip, and play, and run,  
 " Ah me !" exclaims the father,  
 " I wish I were my son !"

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray, and the  
 shore is steep,  
 And the waters below look dark and  
 deep,  
 Where the rugged pine, in its lonely  
 pride,  
 Leans gloomily over the murky tide;  
 Where the reeds and rushes are long  
 and rank,  
 And the weeds grow thick on the wind-  
 ing bank;  
 Where the shadow is heavy the whole  
 day through,  
 Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,  
 Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm  
 has lopped,  
 And crossed on the railing one o'er one,  
 Like the folded hands when the work is  
 done;  
 While busily back and forth between  
 The spider stretches his silvery screen,  
 And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-  
 hoo,"  
 Settles down on the side of the old  
 canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,  
 Rots slowly away in its living grave,  
 And the green moss creeps o'er its dull  
 decay,  
 Hiding the mouldering dust away,  
 Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb  
 a flower,  
 Or the ivy that mantles the falling  
 tower;

While many a blossom of loveliest hue  
 Springs up o'er the stern of the old  
 canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and  
 still—  
 But the light wind plays with the boat  
 at will,  
 And lazily in and out again  
 It floats the length of its rusty chain,  
 Like the weary march of the hands of  
 time,  
 That meet and part at the noontide  
 chime,  
 And the shore is kissed at each turn  
 anew  
 By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,  
 I have pushed it away from the pebbly  
 strand,  
 And paddled it down where the stream  
 runs quick—  
 Where the whirls are wild and the ed-  
 dies are thick—  
 And laughed as I leaned o'er the rock-  
 ing side,  
 And looked below in the broken tide,  
 To see that the faces and boats were two  
 That were mirrored back from the old  
 canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling  
 side,  
 And look below in the sluggish tide,  
 The face that I see there is graver grown,  
 And the laugh that I hear has a soberer  
 tone,

And the hands that lent to the light skiff  
wings  
Have grown familiar with sterner things,  
But I love to think of the hours that  
flew  
As I rocked where the whirls their white  
spray threw,  
Ere the blossom waved, or the green  
grass grew,  
O'er the mouldering stern of the old  
canoe.

EMILY REBECCA PAGE

OH, THE PLEASANT DAYS OF  
OLD!

Oh, the pleasant days of old, which so  
often people praise!  
True, they wanted all the luxuries that  
grace our modern days:  
Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the  
walls let in the cold;  
Oh, how they must have shivered in those  
pleasant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how mag-  
nificent they were!  
They threw down and imprisoned kings,  
—to thwart them who might dare;  
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they  
took from Jews their gold,—  
Above both law and equity were those  
great lords of old!

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their  
valor so renowned!  
With sword and lance and armor strong  
they scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they  
met by wood or wold,  
By right of sword they seized the prize,  
—those gallant knights of old!

Oh, the gentle dames of old! who, quite  
free from fear or pain,  
Could gaze on joust and tournament,  
and see their champion slain;  
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale,  
which made them strong and  
bold,—  
Oh, more like men than women were  
those gentle dames of old!

Oh, those mighty towers of old! with  
their turrets, moat, and keep,  
Their battlements and bastions, their  
dungeons dark and deep.  
Full many a baron held his court within  
the castle hold,  
And many a captive languished there,  
in those strong towers of old.

Oh, the troubadours of old! with the  
gentle minstrelsie  
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, which-  
e'er their lot might be;  
For years they served their ladye-love,  
ere they their passions told—  
Oh, wondrous patience must have had  
those troubadours of old!

Oh, those blessed times of old, with their  
chivalry and state!  
I love to read their chronicles, which  
such brave deeds relate;



I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to  
hear their legends told,—  
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in  
those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWNE.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger ;  
We'll win our battle by its aid ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord  
In the good time coming,  
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,  
And be acknowledged stronger :  
The proper impulse has been given ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity  
In the good time coming.  
Nations shall not quarrel then,  
To prove which is the stronger ;  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming ;  
Hateful rivalries of creed  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
In the good time coming.  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger ;  
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
And a poor man's family  
Shall not be his misery  
In the good time coming.  
Every child shall be a help  
To make his right arm stronger ;  
The happier he, the more he has ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming ;  
Little children shall not toil  
Under, or above, the soil  
In the good time coming ;  
But shall play in healthful fields,  
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;  
And every one shall read and write ;—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
The people shall be temperate,  
And shall love instead of hate,  
In the good time coming.  
They shall use, and not abuse,  
And make all virtue stronger ;  
The reformation has begun ;—  
Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

## A GOOD TIME GOING!

—  
 ADDRESSED TO CHARLES MACKAY, ON HIS  
 DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA.  
 —

BRAVE singer of the coming time,  
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
 Crowned with the noblest wreath of  
 rhyme,

The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,  
 Good-by! Good-by!—Our hearts and  
 hands,

Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
 Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
 His feet among the English daisies!

'Tis here we part;—for other eyes  
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,  
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,  
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,  
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,  
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,  
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,  
 With heaven above and home before  
 him!

His home!—the Western giant smiles,  
 And twirls the spotty globe to find  
 it;—

This little speck the British Isles?  
 'Tis but a freckle,—never mind it!  
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,  
 Each gurgling cataract roars and  
 chuckles,  
 And ridges stretched from pole to pole  
 Heave till they crack their iron  
 knuckles!

But Memory blushes at the sneer,  
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,

And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
 Laughs louder than the laughing  
 giant:

"An islet is a world," she said,  
 "When glory with its dust has blend-  
 ed,  
 And Britain keeps her noble dead  
 Till earth and seas and skies are rend-  
 ed!"

Beneath each swinging forest-bough  
 Some arm as stout in death reposes,—  
 From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed  
 brow

Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;  
 Nay, let our brothers of the West  
 Write smiling in their florid pages,  
 One half her soil has walked the rest  
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,  
 From sea-weed fringe to mountain  
 heather,

The British oak with rooted grasp  
 Her slender handful holds together;—  
 With cliffs of white and bowers of green,  
 And Ocean narrowing to caress her,  
 And hills and threaded streams be-  
 tween,—

Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,  
 Fanned by the eastern gales that  
 brought us,

We hold the missal in our hand,  
 Bright with the lines our Mother  
 taught us;

Where'er its blazoned page betrays  
 The glistening links of gilded fetters

Behold, the half-turned leaf displays  
Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend  
'Tis vain alike to speak and listen;—  
Yet stay,—these feeble accents blend  
With rays of light from eyes that  
glisten.

Good-by! once more,—and kindly tell  
In words of peace the young world's  
story,—

And say, besides, we love too well  
Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE SEA.

[The spirited lyric which follows was set to a melody so suited to it that it should be revived for our musical boys. A famous English tenor named Henry Phillips was to sing at a fine concert, and this song had been written for him. He heard the composer sing it, and was impressed that it was to be a failure. But when the orchestra played the prelude, he caught the real spirit of the piece, and said, "I felt suddenly inspired, sang it with all my energy, and gained a vociferous encore." Chevalier Neukomm, who composed it, wrote a great quantity of music, including oratorios, but nothing of his now lives except this song.]

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the  
skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.

If a storm should come, and awake the  
deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's  
nest;  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise  
rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of  
gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry  
wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend, and a power to  
range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for  
change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

## 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 greensward bound,  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the  
 sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light !

Solemn yet sweet the church bells' chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn ;  
 All other sounds in that still time,  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !  
 By thousands on her plains  
 They're smiling o'er the silv'ry 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 bird beneath their eaves.




There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
 Or childish tale is told,  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !  
 How softly on their bowers  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from sabbath hours !

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 forever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God !

FELICIA HEMANS.





# The Ballad of the Thrush

Across the noisy street,  
I hear him careless throw  
One warning utterance sweet;  
Then, faint at first, and low,  
The full notes closer grow—  
Hark! what a torrent-gush!  
They pour, they overflow—  
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

What trick, what dreams deceit  
Has fooled his fancy, so  
To scorn of dust and heat!  
I, prisoned here below,  
Feel the fresh breezes blow,  
And see, thro' flag and rush,  
Cool water sliding slow—  
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Sing on, What though thou beat  
On that dull bar, thy foe!  
Somewhere the green boughs meet  
Beyond the roofs a-row,  
Somewhere the blue skies show,  
Somewhere no black walls crush  
Poor hearts with helpless woe—  
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Bird, though they come, we know,  
The empty cage, the hush;  
Still, ere the brief day go,  
Sing on, — sing on, O Thrush!

Austin Dobson  
IN THE  
MAGAZINE OF ART



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## VERSES.

[Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his abode on the island of Juan Fernandez. He was a Scottish sailor, and spent four years and four months (1704-1709) alone on the island. The common belief that Defoe stole his story for "Robinson Crusoe" is probably erroneous.]

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute ;  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference see ;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man,  
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again !  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word !  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
 Compared with the speed of its flight  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there ;  
 But alas ! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought !  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's right  
 The Bruce his part had played,  
 In five successive fields of fight  
 Been conquered and dismayed ;

Once more against the English host  
 His band he led, and once more lost  
 The meed for which he fought ;  
 And now from battle, faint and worn,  
 The homeless fugitive forlorn  
 A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place  
 For him who claimed a throne :  
 His canopy, devoid of grace,  
 The rude, rough beams alone ;  
 The heather couch his only bed,—  
 Yet well I ween had slumber fled  
 From couch of eider-down !  
 Through darksome night till dawn of  
 day,  
 Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay  
 Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam  
 Fell on that hapless bed,  
 And tinged with light each shapeless  
 beam  
 Which roofed the lowly shed ;  
 When, looking up with wistful eye,  
 The Bruce beheld a spider try  
 His filmy thread to fling  
 From beam to beam of that rude cot ;  
 And well the insect's toilsome lot  
 Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread  
 The wary spider threw ;  
 In vain the filmy line was sped,  
 For powerless or untrue  
 Each aim appeared, and back recoiled  
 The patient insect, six times foiled,  
 And yet unconquered still ;  
 And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,

Saw him prepare once more to try  
 His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last !  
 The hero hailed the sign !  
 And on the wished-for beam hung fast  
 That slender, silken line ;  
 Slight as it was, his spirit caught  
 The more than omen, for his thought  
 The lesson well could trace,  
 Which even " he who runs may read,"  
 That Perseverance gains its meed,  
 And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

#### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

" Will you walk into my parlor ?"  
 Said a spider to a fly ;

" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor  
 That ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor  
 Is up a winding stair,

And I have many pretty things  
 To show when you are there."

" O no, no," said the little fly,

" To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stairs,  
 Can ne'er come down again."

" I'm sure you must be weary  
 With soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?"  
 Said the spider to the fly.

" There are pretty curtains drawn around,  
 The sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest a while,  
 I'll snugly tuck you in."





THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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“O no, no,” said the little fly,  
 “For I’ve often heard it said,  
 They never, never wake again,  
 Who sleep upon your bed.”

Said the cunning spider to the fly,  
 “Dear friend, what shall I do,  
 To prove the warm affection  
 I’ve always felt for you?”

“Sweet creature,” said the spider,  
 “You’re witty and you’re wise;  
 How handsome are your gauzy wings,  
 How brilliant are your eyes.  
 I have a little looking-glass  
 Upon my parlor shelf:  
 If you’ll step in one moment, dear,  
 You shall behold yourself.”



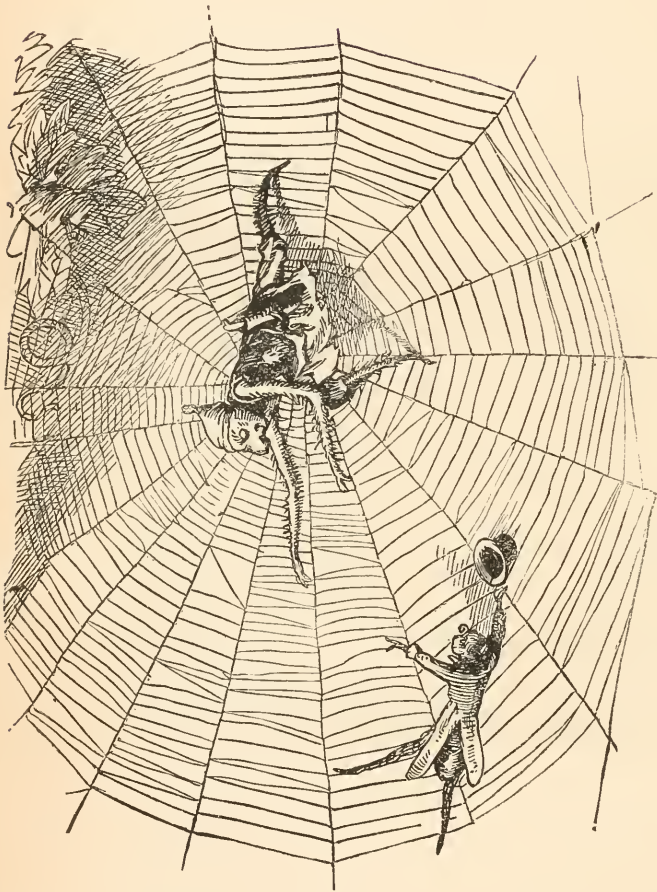
I have, within my pantry,  
 Good store of all that’s nice;  
 I’m sure you’re very welcome—  
 Will you please to take a slice?”  
 “O no, no,” said the little fly,  
 “Kind sir, that cannot be;  
 I’ve heard what’s in your pantry,  
 And I do not wish to see.”

“I thank you, gentle sir,” she said,  
 “For what you’re pleased to say,  
 And bidding you good-morning now,  
 I’ll call another day.”  
 The spider turned him round about,  
 And went into his den,  
 For well he knew the silly fly  
 Would soon be back again;



So he wove a subtle web,  
 In a little corner sly,  
 And set his table ready  
 To dine upon the fly.

Your robes are green and purple,  
 There's a crest upon your head ;  
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright,  
 But mine are dull as lead."



He went out to his door again,  
 And merrily did sing,  
 "Come hither, hither, pretty fly,  
 With pearl and silver wing ;

Alas, alas! how very soon  
 This silly little fly,  
 Hearing his wily, flattering  
 words,  
 Came slowly flitting by :  
 With buzzing wings she  
 hung aloft,  
 Then near and nearer  
 drew—  
 Thought only of her brilli-  
 ant eyes,  
 And green and purple  
 hue ;  
 Thought only of her crest-  
 ed head—  
 Poor foolish thing ! At  
 last  
 Up jumped the cunning  
 spider,  
 And fiercely held her  
 fast.

He dragged her up his  
 winding stair  
 Into his dismal den  
 Within his little parlor—  
 but  
 She ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children  
 Who may this story read,  
 To idle, silly, flattering words,  
 I pray you, ne'er give heed :



Unto an evil counsellor  
Close heart and ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale  
Of the spider and the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

### THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

ONCE in his shop a workman wrought,  
With languid head and listless thought,  
When, through the open window's space,  
Behold, a camel thrust his face!  
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;  
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,  
In came the nose, in came the head:  
As sure as sermon follows text,  
The long and scraggy neck came next;  
And then, as falls the threatening storm,  
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,  
And on the rude invader frowned,  
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,  
There was no room for such a guest;  
Yet more astonished, heard him say,  
"If thou art troubled, go away,  
For in this place I choose to stay."

O youthful hearts to gladness born,  
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!  
To evil habits' earliest wile  
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile;  
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,  
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose!

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

### THAT CALF.

To the yard by the barn came the farmer  
one morn,  
And, calling the cattle, he said,  
While they trembled with fright, "Now  
which of you last night  
Shut the barn-door while I was abed?"  
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down  
in the lot;  
And the way the rest talked was a  
shame;  
For no one, night before, saw her shut  
up the door;  
But they said that she did, all the same,  
For they always made her take the  
blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not  
up that way  
Last night, as I now recollect;"  
And the bull, passing by, tossed his  
horns very high,  
And said, "Let who may here object,  
I say 'tis that calf I suspect!"

Then out spoke the cow: "It is terrible  
now  
To accuse honest folks of such tricks,"  
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure  
'twasn't me;"

And the sheep all cried, "Bali!" (there  
were six),  
"Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

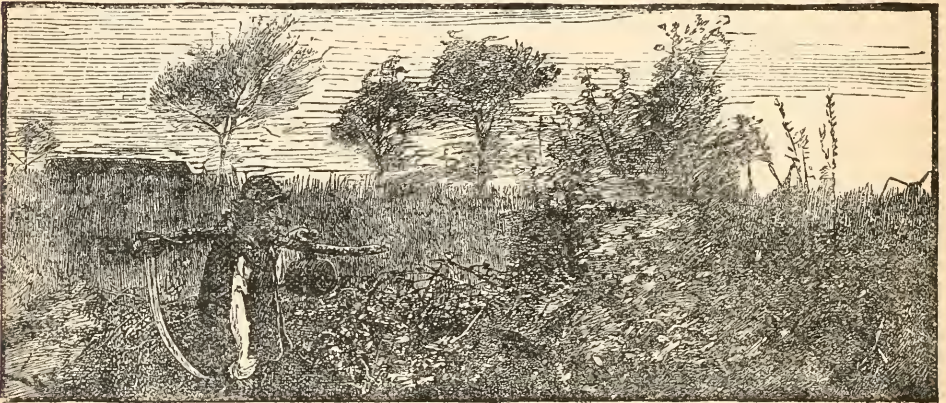
"Why, of course we all knew 'twas the  
wrong thing to do,"  
Said the chickens. "Of course," said  
the cat;

“I suppose,” cried the mule, “some  
folks think me a fool,  
But I’m not quite so simple as that ;  
The poor calf never knows what she’s  
at.”

Just that moment the calf, who was al-  
ways the laugh  
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.  
“Did you shut my barn-door?” asked  
the farmer once more.

You have done what I cannot repay,  
And your fortune is made from to-day.

“For a wonder, last night I forgot the  
door quite,  
And if you had not shut it so neat  
All my colts had slipped in, and gone  
right to the bin,  
And got what they ought not to eat —  
They’d have foundered themselves  
upon wheat.”



“I did, sir ; I closed it last night,”  
Said the calf ; “and I thought that  
was right.”

Then each one shook his head. “She  
will catch it,” they said ;  
“Serve her right for her meddlesome  
way !”  
Said the farmer, “Come here, little  
bossy, my dear ;

Then each hoof of them all began loudly  
to bawl ;  
The very mule smiled ; the cock crew.  
“Little Spotty, my dear, you’re a fa-  
vorite here,”  
They cried. “We all said it was you ;  
We were so glad to give you your  
due !”  
And the calf answered, knowingly,  
“Boo !”

PHOEBE CARY.

## THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

THE white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead!

How the news through the barnyard went flying!

Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,

And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail

As a suitable symbol of sorrow,

And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,

Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?

And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,

Who above them will watchfully hover?"

"Two each night *I* will tuck 'neath my wings," said the duck,

"Though I've eight of my own I must cover."

"I have *so much* to do! For the bugs and the worms

In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';

I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"

Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,

For my heart is with love overbrimming!

The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine

Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming."

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,

"And for help they may call upon me too,

Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,

And a great deal of trouble to see to.

But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings.

And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"

"Very hard it may be, but oh don't come to me!"

Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows—

I'm the most overburdened of mothers!

They must learn, little elves, how to scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck

Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"

Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,

You will find, are complaining for ever!

And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,

And when troubles your pathway are thick in,

For aid in your woe, oh beware how you go

To a hen with one chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



## THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my  
knee ;  
As white as the snow or the lilies is she ;  
She wakes up with a purr  
When I stroke her soft fur :  
Was there ever another white kitten like  
her ?

But night has come down when I hear a  
loud " Mew,"  
I open the door and my kitten comes  
through ;  
My white kitten ! ah me !  
Can it really be she,—  
This ill-looking and beggar-like cat that  
I see ?



My little white kitten now wants to go  
out  
And frolic with no one to watch her  
about ;  
" Little Kitten," I say ,  
" Just an hour you may stay,  
And be careful in choosing your places  
to play."

What ugly gray streaks on her side and  
her back  
Her nose, once as pink as a rose-bud, is  
black !  
O, I very well know,  
Though she does not say so,  
She has been where white kittens ought  
never to go.

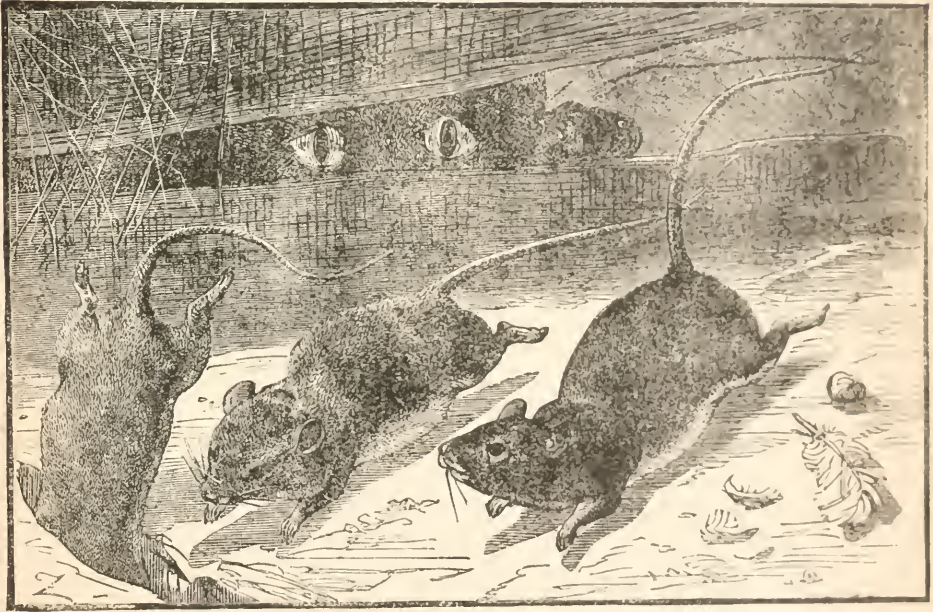


If little good children intend to do  
right,  
If little white kittens would keep them-  
selves white,  
It is needful that they  
Should this counsel obey,  
And be careful in choosing their places  
to play.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

They were desperate: something more  
be done,  
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said,  
"It might prove a possible thing  
To set the trap which they set for n—  
That one with the awful spring!"  
The suggestion was applauded  
Loudly, by one and all,



### CATCHING THE CAT.

THE mice had met in council;  
They all looked haggard and worn,  
For the state of affairs was too terrible  
To be any longer borne.  
Not a family out of mourning—  
There was crape on every hat.

Till somebody squeaked, "That trap  
would be  
About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—  
A little under his breath—  
They should confiscate the very first  
mouse

That died a natural death ;  
 And he'd undertake to poison the cat,  
 If they'd let him prepare that mouse.  
 "There's not been a natural death,"  
 they shrieked,  
 "Since the cat came into the house !"

The smallest mouse in the council  
 Arose with a solemn air,  
 And, by way of increasing his stature,  
 Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.  
 He waited until there was silence  
 All along the pantry-shelf,  
 And then he said with dignity,  
 "I will catch the cat myself !"

"When next I hear her coming,  
 Instead of running away,  
 I shall turn and face her boldly,  
 And pretend to be at play :  
 She will not see her danger,  
 Poor creature ! I suppose ;  
 But as she stoops to catch *me*,  
 I shall catch *her* by the nose !"

The mice began to look hopeful,  
 Yes, even the old ones, when  
 A gray-haired sage said slowly,  
 "And what will you do with her  
 then ?"

The champion, disconcerted,  
 Replied with dignity, "Well,  
 I think, if you'll all excuse me,  
 'Twould be wiser not to tell.

"We all have our inspirations—"  
 This produced a general smirk—  
 "But we are not all at liberty  
 To explain just how they'll work.

I ask you, then, to trust me :  
 You need have no further fears—  
 Consider our enemy done for !"  
 The council gave three cheers,

"I do believe she's coming !"  
 Said a small mouse, nervously.  
 "Run, if you like," said the champion,  
 "But *I* shall wait and see !"  
 And sure enough she was coming ;  
 The mice all scampered away  
 Except the noble champion  
 Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith—of course they  
 had—  
 They were all of them noble souls,  
 But a sort of general feeling  
 Kept them safely in their holes  
 Until some time in the evening ;  
 Then the boldest ventured out,  
 And saw, happily in the distance,  
 The cat prance gayly about !

There was dreadful consternation,  
 Till some one at last said, "Oh,  
 He's not had time to do it—  
 Let us not prejudge him so !"  
 "I believe in him, of course I do,"  
 Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,  
 "But the cat looks uncommonly happy,  
 And I wish I *did* know why !"

The cat, I regret to mention,  
 Still prances about that house,  
 And no message, letter, or telegram  
 Has come from the champion mouse.

The mice are a little discouraged;  
 The demand for crape goes on;  
 They feel they'd be happier if they  
 knew  
 Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—  
 It is very short, you see,  
 So no one, of course, will skip it,  
 For fear of offending me.  
 It is well to be courageous,  
 And valiant, and all that,  
 But—if you are mice—you'd better think  
 twice  
 Before you catch the cat.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

### THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,  
 Kindle fires to warm it!  
 Let their comfort hide from view  
 Winters that deform it.  
 Hearts as frozen as your own  
 To that radiance gather.  
 You will soon forget to moan,  
 "Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
 Go, build houses in it!  
 Will it help your loneliness  
 On the winds to din it?  
 Raise a hut, however slight;  
 Weeds and brambles smother;  
 And to roof and meal invite  
 Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,  
 Smile, till rainbows span it!  
 Breathe the love that life endears,  
 Clear of clouds to fan it.  
 Of your gladness lend a gleam  
 Unto souls that shiver;  
 Show them how dark Sorrow's stream  
 Blend with Hope's bright river.

LUCY LARCOM.

### NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange con-  
 test arose;  
 The spectacles set them unhappily  
 wrong;  
 The point in dispute was, as all the  
 world knows,  
 To which the said spectacles ought to  
 belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and ar-  
 gued the cause  
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig  
 full of learning;  
 While Chief-justice Ear sat to balance  
 the laws,  
 So famed for his talent in nicely dis-  
 cerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly  
 appear,  
 And your lordship," he said, "will  
 undoubtedly find,  
 That the Nose has had spectacles al-  
 ways in wear,—  
 Which amounts to possession time out  
 of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the  
court,—

“Your lordship observes they are  
made with a straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in  
short,

Designed to sit close to it, just like a  
saddle.

“Again, would your lordship a moment  
suppose

(’Tis a case that has happened, and  
may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not  
a Nose,

Pray who would or who could wear  
spectacles then?

“On the whole it appears, and my ar-  
gument shows,

With a reasoning the court will never  
condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for  
the Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended  
for them.”

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer  
knows how,

He pleaded again in behalf of the  
Eyes;

But what were his arguments few people  
know,

For the court did not think they were  
equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave,  
solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or  
*but*,—

That whenever the Nose put his spec-  
tacles on,

By daylight or candlelight, Eyes  
should be shut.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there,  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
The work of the noble, good, and true,  
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another’s woe  
Through summer’s heat or winter’s  
snow.

Beautiful children of rich or poor,  
Who walk the pathway sweet and pure  
That leads to the mansions strong and  
sure.

ANONYMOUS.

### TO ALICE.

CHILD of the pure unclouded brow,  
And dreaming eyes of wonder!  
Though time be fleet, and I and thou  
Are half a life asunder,  
Thy loving smile will surely hail  
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,  
Nor heard thy silver laughter;  
No thought of me shall find a place  
In thy young life’s hereafter—



Enough that now thou wilt not fail  
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days,  
When summer suns were glowing—  
A simple chime, that served to time  
The rhythm of our rowing—  
Whose echoes live in memory yet,  
Though envious years would say "forget."

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,  
With bitter tidings laden,  
Shall summon to unwelcome bed  
A melancholy maiden!  
We are but older children, dear,  
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,  
The storm-wind's moody madness;  
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow,  
And childhood's nest of gladness.  
The magic words shall hold thee fast:  
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh  
May tremble through the story,  
For "happy summer days" gone by,  
And vanished summer glory—  
It shall not touch with breath of vale  
The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

### THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE SUN was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—

And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry,  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us?"  
The Walrus did beseech.  
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
 But never a word he said :  
 The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
 And shook his heavy head—  
 Meaning to say he did not choose  
 To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
 All eager for the treat :  
 Their coats were brushed, their faces  
 washed,  
 Their shoes were clean and neat—  
 And this was odd, because, you know,  
 They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
 And yet another four ;  
 And thick and fast they came at last,  
 And more, and more, and more—  
 All hopping through the frothy waves,  
 And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
 Walked on a mile or so,  
 And then they rested on a rock  
 Conveniently low :  
 And all the little Oysters stood  
 And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,  
 “To talk of many things :  
 Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
 Of cabbages—and kings—  
 And why the sea is boiling hot—  
 And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,  
 Before we have our chat ;

For some of us are out of breath,  
 And all of us are fat !”  
 “No hurry,” said the Carpenter,  
 They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,  
 “Is what we chiefly need :  
 Pepper and vinegar besides  
 Are very good indeed—  
 Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
 We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us !” the Oysters cried,  
 Turning a little blue.  
 “After such kindness, that would be  
 A dismal thing to do !”  
 “The night is fine,” the Walrus said,  
 “Do you admire the view ?

“It was so kind of you to come !  
 And you are very nice !”  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 “Cut us another slice :  
 I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
 I've had to ask you twice !”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
 “To play them such a trick,  
 After we've brought them out so far,  
 And made them trot so quick !”  
 The Carpenter said nothing but  
 “The butter's spread too thick.”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said :  
 “I deeply sympathize”  
 With sobs and tears he sorted out  
 Those of the largest size,  
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
 Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,  
 “You’ve had a pleasant run!  
 Shall we be trotting home again?”  
 But answer came there none—  
 And this was scarcely odd, because  
 They’d eaten every one.

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

### THE JUMBLIES.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;  
 In a sieve they went to sea;  
 In spite of all their friends could say,  
 On a winter’s morn, on a stormy day,  
 In a sieve they went to sea.

And when the sieve turned round and  
 round,  
 And every one cried, “You’ll all be  
 drowned!”

They called aloud, “Our sieve ain’t big;  
 But we don’t care a button; we don’t  
 care a fig:

In a sieve we’ll go to sea!

*Far and few, far and few,*

*Are the lands where the Jumbles live:*

*Their heads are green, and their hands are  
 blue,*

*And they went to sea in a sieve.*

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,

In a sieve they sailed so fast,

With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,

To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

And every one said who saw them go,

“Oh, won’t they soon be upset, you  
 know!

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,  
 And, happen what may, it’s extremely  
 wrong

In a sieve to sail so fast.”

The water it soon came in, it did;

The water it soon came in.

So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their  
 feet

In a pinky paper all folded neat,

And they fastened it down with a pin.

And they passed the night in a crockery  
 jar,

And each of them said, “How wise we  
 are!

Though the sky be dark, and the voyage  
 be long,

Yet we never can think we were rash or  
 wrong,

While round in our sieve we spin.”

And all night long they sailed away;

And, when the sun went down,

They whistled and warbled a moony song,

To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,

In the shade of the mountains brown;

“O Timballoo! How happy we are

When we live in a sieve and a crockery  
 jar!

And all night long, in the moonlight  
 pale,

We sail away with a pea-green sail,

In the shade of the mountains brown.”

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,

To a land all covered with trees;

And they bought an owl, and a useful  
 cart,

And a pound of rice, and a cranberry  
tart,  
And a hive of silvery bees ;  
And they bought a pig, and some green  
jackdaws,  
And a lovely monkey, with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,  
And no end of Stilton cheese.

And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more ;  
And every one said, " How tall they've  
grown,  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the  
Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
And they drank their health, and gave  
them a feast,

Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast ;  
And every one said, " If we only live,  
We too will go to sea in a sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

*Far and few, far and few,*

*Are the lands where the Jumblies live :  
Their heads are green, and their hands are  
blue,*

*And they went to sea in a sieve.*

EDWARD LEAR.

### FERN-SEED.

SHE filled her shoes with fern-seed,  
This foolish little Nell,  
And in the summer sunshine  
Went dancing down the dell.  
For whoso treads on fern-seed,—  
So fairy stories tell,—  
Becomes invisible at once,  
So potent is its spell.

A frog mused by the brook-side :  
" Can you see me ?" she cried ;  
He leaped across the water,  
A flying leap and wide.  
" Oh that's because I asked him !  
I must not speak," she thought,  
And skipping o'er the meadow,  
The shady wood she sought.

The squirrel chattered on the bough,  
Nor noticed her at all,  
The birds sang high, the birds sang low,  
With many a cry and call.  
The rabbit nibbled in the grass,  
The snake basked in the sun,  
The butterflies, like floating flowers,  
Wavered and gleamed and shone.

The spider in his hammock swung,  
The gay grasshoppers danced ;  
And now and then a cricket sung,  
And shining beetles glanced.

'Twas all because the pretty child  
So softly, softly trod,—  
You could not hear a footfall  
Upon the yielding sod.

But she was filled with such delight—  
This foolish little Nell !  
And with her fern-seed laden shoes,  
Danced back across the dell !  
" I'll find my mother now," she thought ;  
" What fun 'twill be to call  
' Mamma ! Mamma !' while she can see  
No little girl at all !"

She peeped in through the window,  
Mamma sat in a dream :  
About the quiet sun-steeped house  
All things asleep did seem.



She stept across the threshold ;  
 So lightly had she crept,  
 The dog upon the mat lay still,  
 And still the kitty slept.

Patient beside her mother's knee  
 To try her wondrous spell  
 Waiting she stood, till all at once,  
 Waking, mamma cried, "Nell!  
 Where have you been? why do you gaze  
 At me with such strange eyes?"  
 "But can you see me, mother dear?"  
 Poor Nelly, faltering, cries.

"See you? why not, my little girl?  
 Why should mamma be blind?"  
 And pretty Nell unties her shoes,  
 With fairy fern-seed lined;  
 She tosses up into the air  
 A little powdery cloud,  
 And frowns upon it as it falls,  
 And murmurs half aloud,  
 "It wasn't true, a word of it,  
 About the magic spell!  
 I never will believe again  
 What fairy stories tell!"

CELIA THAXTER.

## THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

[We see mountains in our American moon, and a man's laughing face beams upon us when it is full; but in Scandinavia the people fancy that they see two children carrying water-pails that are hung from a pole laid across their shoulders.]

HEarken, child, unto a story,  
 For the moon is in the sky,  
 And across her shield of silver  
 See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,  
 As across the light they pass:  
 Seem they not to have the figures  
 Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders  
 Lies a little pole; and lo!  
 Yonder speck is just the bucket  
 Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said these little children,  
 Many and many a summer night,  
 To a little well, far northward,  
 Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,  
 Filled their little buckets there;  
 And the moon-man, looking downward,  
 Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky  
 Looks the little rosy boy!  
 But the little handsome maiden  
 Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedge-row  
 Trot the little lad and maiden;  
 From the well behind the hedge-row  
 Now the little pail is laden.

"How they please me! how they tempt  
 me!  
 Shall I snatch them up to-night?  
 Snatch them, set them here forever,  
 In the middle of my light?"

"Children, ay, and children's children,  
 Should behold my babes on high;  
 And my babes should smile forever,  
 Calling others to the sky!"

Thus the philosophic moon-man  
Muttered many years ago ;  
Set the babes with pole and bucket,  
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty ;  
Never are the children old ;  
Ever when the moon is shining  
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,  
Ever sweet and ever fair !  
When thou art a man, my darling,  
Still the children will be there.

Ever young and ever little,  
They will smile when thou art old ;  
When thy locks are thin and silver,  
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt thee from their heaven,  
Softly beckoning down the gloom ;  
Smiling in eternal sweetness  
On thy cradle, on thy tomb !

ANONYMOUS.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city ;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
But when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the  
cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's  
own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats.  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking :  
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor"  
a noddy ;

And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with er-  
mine

For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin !  
You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?  
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a rack-  
ing

To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel—  
At length the Mayor broke silence :  
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;  
I wish I were a mile hence !  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !'  
 Just as he said this, what should hap  
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's  
 that ?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,  
 Looking little though wondrous fat ;  
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mu-  
 tinous  
 For a plate of turtle, green and glutin-  
 ous,)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?  
 Anything like the sound of a rat  
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

"Come in !" the Mayor cried, looking  
 bigger ;

And in did come the strangest figure :  
 His queer long coat from heel to head  
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
 And he himself was tall and thin ;  
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin ;  
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin ;  
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 But lips where smiles went out and in—  
 There was no guessing his kith and kin ;  
 And nobody could enough admire  
 The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one, "It's as my great - grandsire,  
 Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,  
 Had walked this way from his painted  
 tombstone !"

He advanced to the council-table :  
 And, "Please your honors," said he,  
 "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
 After me so as you never saw !  
 And I chiefly use my charm  
 On creatures that do people harm—  
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and  
 viper—

And people called me the Pied Piper.''  
 (And here they noticed round his neck  
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
 To match with his coat of the self-same  
 check ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
 straying

As if impatient to be playing  
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;  
 I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;  
 And, as for what your brain bewilders—  
 If I can rid your town of rats,  
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"  
 "One? fifty thousand !"—was the ex-  
 clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-  
 tion.

Into the street the Piper stept,  
 Smiling first a little smile,  
 As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while ;  
 Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes  
 twinkled,  
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
 rumbling ;  
 And out of the houses the rats came  
 tumbling.  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny  
 rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny  
 rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;  
 Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
 Followed the Piper for their lives.  
 From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step for step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser,  
 Wherein all plunged and perished,  
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)  
 To rat-land home his commentary,  
 Which was : “ At the first shrill notes of  
 the pipe,  
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
 Into a cider-press’s gripe—  
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-boards,  
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil  
 flasks,  
 And breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !  
 The world is grown to one vast drysalt-  
 ery !  
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nun-  
 cheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !  
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore  
 me !  
 —I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”  
 You should have heard the Hamelin  
 people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the  
 steeple ;  
 “ Go,” cried the Mayor, “ and get long  
 poles !  
 Poke out the nests and block up the  
 holes !  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats !”—when suddenly, up the  
 face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
 With a “ First, if you please, my thou-  
 sand guilders ! ”  
 A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked  
 blue !  
 So did the Corporation too.



For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,  
Hock :

And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a know-  
ing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's  
brink ;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I  
think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something  
for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your  
poke ;

But, as for the guilders, what we  
spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in  
joke ;

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;  
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
"No trifling ! I can't wait ! beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich  
in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think  
I'll brook

Being worse treated than a cook ?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your  
worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst !"

Once more he stept into the street ;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight  
cane ;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a  
bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and  
hustling ;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues  
chattering,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when  
barley is scattering,

Out came the children running :

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and  
laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council  
stood

As if they were changed into blocks of  
wood.

Unable to move a step, or cry  
 To the children merrily skipping by—  
 And could only follow with the eye  
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
 As the Piper turned from the High  
 Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters  
 Right in the way of their sons and  
 daughters !

However, he turned from South to West,  
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-  
 dressed,  
 And after him the children pressed ;  
 Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top !  
 He's forced to let the piping drop,  
 And we shall see our children stop !”  
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's  
 side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,  
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;  
 And the Piper advanced and the children  
 followed ;

And when all were in, to the very last,  
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
 Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
 And could not dance the whole of the  
 way ;

And in after-years, if you would blame  
 His sadness, he was used to say,—  
 “ It's dull in our town since my play-  
 mates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
 Which the Piper also promised me ;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
 Joining the town and just at hand,  
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees  
 grew,

And flowers put forth of a fairer hue,  
 And every thing was strange and new ;  
 The sparrows were brighter than pea-  
 cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
 And horses were born with eagles'  
 wings ;

And just as I became assured  
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
 The music stopped and I stood still,  
 And found myself outside the Hill,  
 Left alone against my will.

To go now limping as before,  
 And never hear of that country more !”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate  
 A text which says, that Heaven's gate  
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !  
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and  
 South,

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
 If he'd only return the way he went,  
 And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
 And piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
 They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly  
 If, after the day of the month and year,  
 These words did not as well appear,

“ And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six :”

And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the Children's last retreat  
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.  
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;  
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the Great Church window painted

The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away ;  
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbors lay such stress  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterranean prison  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago, in a mighty band,  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick  
land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

So Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially  
pipers ;  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats  
or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us  
keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words which I shall write ;  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light :  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honor far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
No help his life could save ;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possessed one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind ;  
In love they lived, in love they died,  
And left two babes behind—

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old ;  
The other a girl, more young than he,  
And framed in beauty's mould.  
The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid down on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controlled ;  
But if the children chance to die,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth,  
For so the will did run.

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
 “Look to my children dear;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friends else have they here :  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children dear this day ;  
 But little while, be sure, we have  
 Within this world to stay.

“And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward ;  
 But if you otherwise should deal,  
 God will your deeds regard.”  
 With lips as cold as any stone  
 They kissed their children small :  
 “God bless you both, my children dear !”  
 With that the tears did fall.



“You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle all in one ;  
 God knows what will become of them  
 When I am dead and gone ?”  
 With that bespake their mother dear :  
 “Oh, brother kind,” quoth she,  
 “You are the man must bring our babes  
 To wealth or misery.

These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sick couple there :  
 “The keeping of your little ones,  
 Sweet sister, do not fear ;  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children dear,  
 When you are laid in grave.”



Their parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight unto his  
house,

Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But for their wealth he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children  
young,

And slay them in a wood.  
He told his wife an artful tale :  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in fair London  
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that tide—  
Rejoicing with a merry mind  
They should on cock-horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be  
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had  
Made Murder's heart relent,  
And they that undertook the deed  
Full sore did now repent.  
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him  
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,  
So here they fell at strife ;  
With one another they did fight  
About the children's life ;  
And he that was of mildest mood  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood ;  
The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow  
him,  
And lo! they did not cry ;  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain :  
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you  
bread  
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town.  
Their pretty lips with blackberries  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And when they saw the darksome night  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents  
Till death did end their grief ;  
In one another's arms they died,  
As wanting due relief.  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin Redbreast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell;  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt a hell.  
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
 His lands were barren made;  
 His cattle died within the field,  
 And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
 Two of his sons did die;  
 And, to conclude, himself was brought  
 To want and misery.  
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
 Ere seven years came about;  
 And now at length this wicked act  
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robbery judged to die—  
 Such was God's blessed will—  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 As here hath been displayed:  
 Their uncle having died in jail,  
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,  
 And overseers eke,  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek,  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God with such-like misery  
 Your wicked minds requite.

ANONYMOUS.

### MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,  
 Than any story printed in your books,  
 You are so glad? It will not make you  
 gladder;  
 Yet listen, with your pretty restless  
 looks.

“Is it a fairy story?” Well, half fairy—  
 At least it dates far back as fairies do,  
 And seems to me as beautiful and airy;  
 Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is  
 true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,  
 Two very dainty people, rosy white,  
 Sweeter than all things else except each  
 other—  
 Older yet younger—gone from human  
 sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love  
 them ever,  
 And think with yearning tears how  
 each light hand  
 Crept toward bright bloom and berries—  
 I shall never  
 Know how I lost them. Do you un-  
 derstand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I  
 missed them  
 First in some dreamy, piteous, doubt-  
 ful way;  
 But when and where with lingering lips  
 I kissed them,  
 My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have  
perished

In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and  
moss,

Near paths whose very pebbles I have  
cherished,

For their small sakes, since my most  
bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered  
By robins out of apple trees they  
knew,

Whose nursling wings in far home sun-  
shine hovered,

Before the timid world had dropped  
the dew.

Their names were—what yours are. At  
this you wonder,

Their pictures are your own, as you  
have seen ;

And my bird-buried darlings, hidden  
under

Lost leaves—why, it is your dead  
selves I mean !

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

### BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You never need fear, little children, to  
meet

A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the  
street ;

Red Riding-Hood's story is only a  
fable ;

I'll give you its moral as well as I'm  
able.

Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet  
everywhere—

Beware of this wolf! little children,  
beware!

I know of a boy neither gentle nor  
wise ;

If you tell him a fault he gives saucy  
replies ;

If kept from his way, in a fury he  
flies—

Ah, Passion's the wolf with the *very*  
*large eyes* ;

'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and  
tear—

Beware of this wolf! little children,  
beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn  
About things with which she should  
have no concern ;

Such mean curiosity really appears  
To me like the wolf with the *very large*  
*ears*,

All pricked up to listen, each secret to  
share—

Beware of this wolf! little children,  
beware!

And Greediness! that's like the wolf  
in the wood

With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling  
for food—

That eats so much more than for health  
can be good—

That would clear a whole pastry-cook's  
shop if it could—

That never a dainty to others will  
 spare—  
 Beware of this wolf! little children,  
 beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each  
 thus appears  
 As a wolf with fierce eyes, large mouth,  
 or big ears;  
 They bring to our nurseries fighting  
 and fears,  
 They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble,  
 and tears.  
 Oh, chase them and cudgel them back  
 to their lair—  
 Beware of the wolf! little children  
 beware!

CHARLOTTE TUCKER.

### THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

It was six men of Indostan  
 To learning much inclined,  
 Who went to see the Elephant  
 (Though all of them were blind),  
 That each by observation  
 Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,  
 And happening to fall  
 Against his broad and sturdy side,  
 At once began to bawl:  
 "God bless me! but the Elephant  
 Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,  
 Cried, "Ho! what have we here  
 So very round and smooth and sharp?

To me 'tis mighty clear  
 This wonder of an Elephant  
 Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,  
 And happening to take  
 The squirming trunk within his hands,  
 Thus boldly up and spake:  
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
 Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,  
 And felt about the knee.  
 "What most this wondrous beast is like  
 Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
 "'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
 Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch an ear,  
 Said: "E'en the blindest man  
 Can tell what this resembles most;  
 Deny the fact who can,  
 This marvel of an Elephant  
 Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun  
 About the beast to grope,  
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
 That fell within his scope,  
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
 Is very like a rope!"

And so those men of Indostan  
 Disputed loud and long,  
 Each in his own opinion  
 Exceeding stiff and strong,  
 Though each was partly in the right,  
 And all were in the wrong!



## MORAL.

So oft in theologic wars,  
 The disputants, I ween,  
 Rail on in utter ignorance  
 Of what each other mean,  
 And prate about an Elephant  
 Not one of them has seen !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## A PLAIN DIRECTION.

In London once I lost my way  
 In faring to and fro,  
 And asked a little ragged boy  
 The way that I should go :  
 He gave a nod, and then a wink,  
 And told me to get there  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I boxed his little saucy ears,  
 And then away I strode ;  
 But since I've found that weary path  
 Is quite a common road.  
 Utopia is a pleasant place,  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town  
 That drove a famous trade,  
 Where Whittington walked up and  
 found  
 A fortune ready made.  
 The very streets are paved with gold,  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,  
 In some romantic tale,  
 Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive  
 And wicked Giants fail.  
 My wish is great, my shoes are strong,  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,  
 Where every man is free,  
 And none shall lie in bonds for life  
 For want of L. S. D.  
 Oh ! that's the land of Liberty !  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessèd spot,  
 Beneath the blessèd sky,  
 Where Bread and Justice never rise  
 Too dear for folks to buy.  
 It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,  
 As pure as it is old,  
 Where Members always speak their  
 minds,  
 And votes are never sold.  
 I'm fond of all antiquities,  
 But how shall I get there ?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court  
 Maintained in noble state,

Where every able man and good  
 Is certain to be great!  
 I'm very fond of seeing sights,  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,  
 Where Christians come to pray;  
 But canting knaves and hypocrites  
 And bigots keep away.  
 Oh! that's the parish church for me!  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,  
 That's haunted by the dove,  
 Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse  
 The golden light of love—  
 The place must be a paradise,  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous Land  
 For public spirit known—  
 Whose patriots love its interests  
 Much better than their own.  
 The land of Promise sure it is!  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine estate,  
 A Mansion large and strong;  
 A view all over Kent and back,  
 And going for a song.

George Robbins knows the very spot,  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a Company,  
 All formal and enrolled,  
 Will take your smallest silver coin  
 And give it back in gold.  
 Of course the office-door is mobbed,  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant Land,  
 Where omelettes grow on trees,  
 And roasted pigs run crying out,  
 "Come eat me, if you please."  
 My appetite is rather keen,  
 But how shall I get there?  
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
 And all round the Square."

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel  
 Had a quarrel;  
 And the former called the latter "Little  
 Prig;"  
 Bun replied,—  
 'You are doubtless very big;  
 But all sorts of things and weather  
 Must be taken in together  
 To make up a year  
 And a sphere.  
 And I think it no disgrace  
 To occupy my place.

If I'm not so large as you,  
 You are not so small as I.  
 And not half so spry!  
 I'll not deny you make



A very pretty squirrel track.  
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
 Neither can you crack a nut.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDG-  
 MENT-SEAT.

WHERE hast thou been toiling all day,  
 sweet heart,

That thy brow is burdened and  
 sad?  
 The Master's work may make  
 weary feet,  
 But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the  
 mid-night frosts,  
 Or scorched with the mid-day  
 glare?  
 Were thy vines laid low, or thy  
 lilies crushed,  
 That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden-toils were  
 mine,  
 I have sate on the judgment-  
 seat  
 Where the Master sits at eve, and  
 calls  
 The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judg-  
 ment-seat,  
 Sweet heart, who set thee there?  
 'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for  
 thee,  
 And well might fill thee with  
 care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself;  
 I have sate there alone all day,  
 For it grieved me to see the children  
 around,  
 Idling their life away.

“They wasted the Master’s precious  
seed,  
They wasted the precious hours ;  
They trained not the vines, nor gathered  
the fruits,  
And they trampled the sweet meek  
flowers.”

And what didst thou on the judgment-  
seat,  
Sweet heart, what didst thou there ?  
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice ?  
Did the garden mend for thy care !

“Nay, that grieved me more: I called  
and I cried,  
But they left me there forlorn ;  
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,  
Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah! the judgment-seat was not for thee,  
The servants were not thine ;  
And the eyes which fix the praise and  
the blame,  
See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve,  
sweet heart,  
Will not strive or cry to be heard ;  
It will hush the earth, and hush the  
hearts,  
And none will resist its word.

“Should I see the Master’s treasures  
lost,  
The gifts that should feed his poor,  
And *not* lift my voice, (be it weak as it  
may)  
And *not* be grievèd sore ?”

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,  
Wait till the evening falls ;  
The Master is near, and knoweth all—  
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared *thy* garden-plot, sweet  
heart,  
Whilst thou sat’st on the judgment-  
seat ?  
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy  
vines ?  
And kept them from careless feet ?

“Nay, that is saddest of all to me,  
That is saddest of all !  
My vines are trailing, my roses are  
parched,  
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden plot, sweet heart ;  
Go back till the evening falls,  
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,  
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go ! make thy garden fair as thou canst,  
Thou workest never alone ;  
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine  
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,  
Till all grows fair and sweet ;  
And when the Master comes at eve,  
Happy faces his coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,  
In the garden so fair to see,  
In the Master’s words of praise to all,  
In a look of his own for thee !



PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

THE spider wears a plain brown dress,  
 And she is a steady spinner;  
 To see her, quiet as a mouse,  
 Going about her silver house,  
 You would never, never, never guess  
 The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill  
 In all her life had stirred her;  
 But while she moves with careful  
 tread,  
 And while she spins her silken  
 thread,  
 She is planning, planning, planning still  
 The way to do some murder.

My child who reads this simple lay,  
 With eyes down-dropt and tender,  
 Remember the old proverb says  
 That pretty is that pretty does,  
 And that worth does not go or stay  
 For poverty or splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,  
 That makes the saint or sinner,  
 To see the spider sit and spin,  
 Shut with her webs of silver in,  
 You would never, never, never guess  
 The way she gets her dinner.

ALICE CARY.

A SHORT SERMON.

CHILDREN who read my lay,  
 This much I have to say :  
 Each day, and every day,  
 Do what is right, —

Right things in great and small,  
 Then, though the sky should fall,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
 You shall have light.

This further would I say :  
 Be you tempted as you may,  
 Each day, and every day,  
 Speak what is true, —  
 True things in great and small ;  
 Then, though the sky should fall,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
 Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,  
 Do not out of thistles grow ;  
 And, though the blossoms blow  
 While on the tree,  
 Grapes never, never yet  
 On the limbs of thorns were set :  
 So, if you good would get,  
 Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,  
 Speaking what is just and true,  
 Doing what is right to do  
 Unto one and all,  
 When you work and when you play,  
 Each day, and every day, —  
 Then peace shall gild your way,  
 Though the sky should fall.

ALICE CARY.

ATHEISM.

THERE is no God," the wicked saith,  
 "And truly it's a blessing,  
 For what he might have done with us  
 It's better only guessing."

‘There is no God,’ a youngster thinks,  
 “Or really if there may be,  
 He surely did’nt mean a man  
 Always to be a baby.”

“Whether there be,” the rich man thinks,  
 “It matters very little,  
 For I and mine, thank somebody,  
 Are not in want of victual.”

Some others also to themselves,  
 Who searee so much as doubt it,  
 Think there is none, when they are well,  
 And do not think about it.

And almost every one when age,  
 Disease, and sorrow strike him,—  
 Inclines to think there is a God,  
 Or something very like him.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide ;  
 Playing by the water-side ;  
 Wandering o’er the heathy fells ;  
 Down within the woodland dells ;



But country-folks who live beneath  
 The shadow of the steeple ;  
 The parson, and the parson’s wife,  
 And mostly married people ;  
 Youths green and happy in first love,  
 So thankful for illusion ;  
 And men caught out in what the world  
 Calls guilt and first confusion ;

All among the mountains wild,  
 Dwelleth many a little child !  
 In the baron’s hall of pride ;  
 By the poor man’s dull fireside ;  
 ‘Mid the mighty, ‘mid the mean,  
 Little children may be seen,  
 Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
 Bright and countless everywhere !

In the far isles of the main ;  
 In the desert's lone domain ;  
 In the savage mountain-glen,  
 'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;  
 Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;  
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone  
 On a league of peopled ground,  
 Little children may be found !  
 Blessings on them ! they in me  
 Move a kindly sympathy,  
 With their wishes, hopes, and fears ;  
 With their laughter and their tears ;  
 With their wonder so intense,  
 And their small experience !  
 Little children, not alone  
 On the wide earth are ye known,  
 'Mid its labors and its cares,  
 'Mid its sufferings and its snares ;  
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
 In the world of love and life,  
 Where no sinful thing hath trod—  
 In the presence of your God,  
 Spotless, blameless, glorified—  
 Little children, ye abide !

MARY HOWITT.

### A CHILD'S SMILE.

A CHILD's smile,—nothing more ;  
 Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom  
 seen ;  
 Like summer lightning o'er,  
 Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,  
 Thine angel, who did grieve to see how  
 far

Thy childhood is removed  
 From sports that dear to other children  
 are,

On this pale cheek has thrown  
 The brightness of his countenance, and  
 made

A beauty like his own—  
 That, while we see it, we are half afraid,

And marvel, will it stay ?  
 Or, long ere manhood, will that angel  
 fair,

Departing some sad day,  
 Steal the child-smile and leave the shad-  
 ow care ?

Nay, fear not. As is given  
 Unto this child the father watching o'er,  
 His angel up in heaven  
 Beholds our Father's face forevermore,

And he will help him bear  
 His burden, as his father helps him now ;  
 So may he come to wear  
 That happy child-smile on an old man's  
 brow.

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

### THE BETTER LAND.

I HEAR thee speak of a 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 fire-flies glance through the  
 myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees  
 rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny  
 skies?  
 Or midst the green islands of glittering  
 seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the  
 breeze,  
 And strange bright birds on their starry  
 wings  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious  
 things?”  
 “Not there, not there, my child.”

“Is it 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, dear 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 does not breathe on its fadeless  
 bloom,  
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the  
 tomb,  
 It is there, it is there, my child!”

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

—  
 GEORGE III. AND A DYING WOMAN IN WIND-  
 SOR FOREST.  
 —

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade  
 Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,  
 A dying woman lay;  
 Three little children round her stood,  
 And there went up from the greenwood  
 A woeful wail that day.

“O mother!” was the mingled cry,  
 “O mother, mother! do not die,  
 And leave us all alone.”  
 “My blessed babes!” she tried to say,  
 But the faint accents died away  
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,  
 And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
 And up she raised her head;  
 And, peering through the deep wood  
 maze  
 With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
 “Will she not come?” she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
 A little maid's light form was seen,  
 All breathless with her speed;  
 And, following close, a man came on  
 (A portly man to look upon),  
 Who led a panting steed.

“Mother!” the little maiden cried,  
 Or e'er she reached the woman's side,  
 And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—  
 “I have not idled in the town,  
 But long went wandering up and down,  
 The minister to seek.



"They told me here, they told me  
there,—

I think they mocked me everywhere ;

And when I found his home,  
And begged him on my bended knee  
To bring his book and come with me,  
Mother ! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,  
And could not go in peace away  
Without the minister ;  
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,  
But O, my heart was fit to break,—  
Mother ! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,  
I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
To come again to you ;  
And here—close by—this squire I met,  
Who asked (so mild) what made me  
fret ;  
And when I told him true,—

" 'I will go with you, child,' he said,  
'God sends me to this dying bed,'—  
Mother, he's here, hard by."  
While thus the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,  
With quivering flank and trembling  
knee,

Pressed close his bonny bay ;  
A statelier man, a statelier steed,  
Never on greensward paced, I rede,  
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Looked on with glistening eye  
And folded arms, and in his look  
Something that, like a sermon-book,  
Preached,— "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face  
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
He stepped to where she lay ;  
And, kneeling down, bent over her,  
Saying, "I am a minister,  
My sister ! Let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,  
(God's words were printed on his soul !)  
Into the dying ear  
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,  
The things that unto life pertain,  
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
In Christ renewed, regenerate,—  
Of God's most blest decree,  
That not a single soul should die  
Who turns repentant, with the cry  
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
Endured but for a little while  
In patience, faith, and love,—  
Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
Exchanged for an eternity  
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,  
He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
That peaceful it might pass ;

And then—the orphans' sobs alone  
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,  
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
Who reined their coursers back,  
Just as they found the long astray,  
Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,  
And lighted down, as if agreed,  
In silence at his side ;  
And there, uncovered all, they stood,—  
It was a wholesome sight and good  
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band ;  
And, central in the ring,  
By that dead pauper on the ground,  
Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT AND CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

#### THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk that make men better be ;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred  
year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear,  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night,—  
It was the plant and flower of Light :  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measure life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

#### THE NOBLY BORN.

Who counts himself as nobly born  
Is noble in despite of place ;  
And honors are but brands to one  
Who wears them not with nature's  
grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl,  
Nor feel himself disgraced thereby ;  
But he who has but small esteem  
Husbands that little carefully.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,  
Count it still more thou art thine  
own :  
Stand on a larger heraldry  
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls ?  
Those halls have missed a courtly  
guest ;  
That mansion is not privileged,  
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,  
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim ;  
It is not to be destitute,  
To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,  
Disgrace not thy good company ;  
If lowly born, so bear thyself  
That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height  
Of some fair garden's petty wall,  
But climb the open mountain-side,  
Whose summit rises over all.

ANONYMOUS.

## ALICE.

ALICE, Alice, little Alice,  
 My new-christened baby Alice,  
 Can there ever rhyme be found  
 To express my wishes for thee  
 In a silvery flowing, worthy  
 Of that silvery sound?  
 Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice,  
 Sure, this sweetest name must be  
 A true omen to thee, Alice,  
 Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
 Mayst thou prove a golden chalice,  
 Filled with holiness like wine;  
 With rich blessings running o'er,  
 Yet replenished ever more  
 From a fount divine:  
 Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
 When this future comes to thee,  
 In thy young life's brimming chalice  
 Keep some drops of balm for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
 Mayst thou grow a goodly palace,  
 Fitly framed from roof to floors,  
 Pure unto the inmost centre,  
 When high thoughts like angels enter  
 At the open doors;  
 Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
 When this beauteous sight I see,  
 In thy woman-heart's wide palace  
 Keep one nook of love for me.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,—  
 Sure the rhyme halts out of malice  
 To the thoughts it feebly bears,  
 And thy name's soft echoes, ranging,

From quaint rhyme to rhyme are chang-  
 ing  
 Into silent prayers.  
 God be with thee, little Alice;  
 Of His bounteousness may He  
 Fill the chalice, build the palace,  
 Here, unto eternity!

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

## MY PHILOSOPHY.

BRIGHT things can never die,  
 Even though they fade;  
 Beauty and minstrelsy  
 Deathless were made.  
 What though the summer day  
 Passes at eve away?  
 Doth not the moon's soft ray  
 Solace the night?  
 Bright things can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy:  
 Phœbus, while passing by,  
 Leaves us the light.

Kind words can never die:  
 Cherished and blessed,  
 God knows how deep they lie  
 Stored in the breast!  
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
 Said o'er a thousand times,  
 Ay, in all years and climes,  
 Distant and near.  
 Kind words can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy;  
 Deep in the soul they lie,  
 God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die;  
 Wrecks of the past  
 Float o'er the memory,  
 Even to the last.  
 Many a happy thing,  
 Many a daisied spring  
 Float, on Time's ceaseless wing,  
 Far, far away.  
 Childhood can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy;  
 Wrecks of our infancy  
 Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die;  
 They leave behind  
 Some fairy legacy  
 Stored in the mind—  
 Some happy thought or dream,  
 Pure as day's earliest beam  
 Kissing the gentle stream  
 In the lone glade.  
 Yea, though these things pass by,  
 Saith my philosophy,  
 Bright things can never die,  
 Even though they fade.

ANONYMOUS.

#### WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, mother?—  
 The Lark, my child,—  
 The morn has but just looked out, and  
 smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble, grassy  
 nest,  
 And is up and away, with the dew on his  
 breast,

And a hymn in his heart, to you pure,  
 bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.  
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's  
 praise.

What is that, mother?—  
 The Dove, my son,—  
 And that low, sweet voice, like the wid-  
 ow's moan,  
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
 Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,  
 As the wave is poured from some crystal  
 urn,  
 For the distant dear one's quick return.  
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—  
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in  
 love.

What is that, mother?—  
 The Eagle, boy,  
 Proudly careering his course of joy,  
 Firm, in his own mountain vigor rely-  
 ing,  
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt  
 defying;  
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on  
 the sun,  
 He swerves not a hair, but bears on-  
 ward, right on.  
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
 Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—  
 The Swan my love,—  
 He is floating down from his native  
 grove,



No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;  
 He is floating down by himself to die.  
 Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his  
 wings,  
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he  
 sings.  
 Live so, my love, that when death shall  
 come,  
 Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee  
 home.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

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LIFE AND DEATH.

“WHAT is Life, father?”

“A battle, my child,  
 Where the strongest lance may fail,  
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,  
 And the stoutest heart may quail ;  
 Where the foes are gathered on every  
 hand,  
 And rest not day or night,  
 And the feeble little ones must stand  
 In the thickest of the fight.”

“What is Death, father?”

“The rest, my child,  
 When the strife and the toil are o'er ;  
 The angel of God, who, calm and mild,  
 Says we need fight no more ;  
 Who, driving away the demon band,  
 Bids the din of the battle cease ;  
 Takes banner and spear from our failing  
 hand,  
 And proclaims an eternal peace.”

“Let me die, father ! I tremble and fear  
 To yield in that terrible strife !”

“The crown must be won for Heaven,  
 dear,  
 In the battle-field of life ;  
 My child, though thy foes are strong and  
 tried,  
 He loveth the weak and small ;  
 The angels of heaven are on thy side,  
 And God is over all !”

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,  
 But we build the ladder by which we  
 rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
 skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by  
 round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :  
 That a noble deed is a step toward  
 God—  
 Lifting the soul from the common clod  
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our  
 feet ;  
 By what we have mastered of good  
 and gain ;  
 By the pride deposed and the passion  
 slain,  
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly  
 meet

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
 When the morning calls us to life and  
 light,

But our hearts grow weary, and, ere  
the night,  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we  
pray,  
And we think that we mount the air  
on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy  
clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the  
way—  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire,  
and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall  
again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire  
walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision  
falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of  
stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit, round by  
round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

## THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O FAIR bird, singing in the woods,  
To the rising and the setting sun,  
Does ever any throb of pain  
Thrill through thee ere thy song be  
done:

Because the summer fleets so fast;  
Because the autumn fades so soon:  
Because the deadly winter treads  
So closely on the steps of June?

O sweet maid, opening like a rose  
In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,  
Dost think sometimes the day will come  
When thou shalt be no longer fair:  
When Love will leave thee and pass on  
To younger and to brighter eyes;  
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,  
A dull life, only dowered with sighs?

O brave youth, panting for the fight,  
To conquer wrong and win thee fame,  
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,  
And thine a still unhonored name:  
When all thy hopes have come to naught,  
And all thy fair schemes droop and pine;  
And Wrong still lifts her hydra heads  
To fall to stronger arms than thine?

Nay, song and love and lofty aims  
May never be where faith is not;  
Strong souls within the present live;  
The future veiled,—the past forgot:  
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,  
They bend what shall be to their will;  
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,  
The End, for which they are, fulfil.

LEWIS MORRIS.

## TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning another blue  
day !

Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity this new day was born ;  
Into Eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime no eye ever did ;  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue  
day :

Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away ?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## DO GOOD.

AN, child, the stream that brings  
To thirsty lips their drink,  
Is seldom drained : for springs  
Pour water to its brink.

The well-springs that supply  
The streams, are seldom spent ;  
For clouds of rain come by  
To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain  
On lands that yield our food,  
Have water from the main  
To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands  
With streams from every shore ;  
So give with kindly hands,  
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring  
His blessings should be sent,

From living thing to thing,  
But nowhere staid or spent.

And every soul that takes,  
But yields not on again,  
Is so a link that breaks  
In Heaven's love-made chain.

WILLIAM BARNES.

“THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY  
SHALL FIND ME.”

COME, while the blossoms of thy years  
are brightest,

Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery  
maze ;

Come, while the restless heart is bound-  
ing lightest,

And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in  
thy ways ;

Come, while sweet thoughts, like sum-  
mer buds unfolding,

Waken rich feelings in the careless  
breast ;

While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath  
is holding,

Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
And thy free buoyancy of soul be  
flown ;

Pleasure will fold her wing—and friend  
and lover

Will to the embraces of the worm have  
gone !

Those who now love thee will have  
passed forever—

Their looks of kindness will be lost to  
thee ;

Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's  
fever,  
As thy sick heart broods over years  
to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is  
glowing,  
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing  
die;  
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round  
thee throwing,  
Fades like the crimson from a sunset  
sky.  
Life is but shadows—save a promise  
given  
That lights the future with a fadeless  
ray;  
Come, touch the sceptre—win a hope in  
Heaven—  
And turn thy spirit from this world  
away.

Then will the shadows of this brief exist-  
ence  
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent  
soul—  
And, shadowed brightly in the forward  
distance,  
Will, of thy patient race, appear the  
goal;  
Home of the weary, where in glad re-  
posing,  
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,  
While o'er his dust the curtained grave  
is closing:—  
Who would not *early* choose a lot like  
this?

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY  
RILL.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence  
sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

O thou whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with ceaseless virtue  
crowned,  
Were all alike divine!

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own!

REGINALD HEBER.

CHILD-FAITH.

By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,  
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,  
And softly told, with pious air,  
His A, B, C, as evening prayer.

Unseen, the pastor lingered near:  
"My child, what means the sound I  
hear?"



"Where'er the hills and valleys blend,  
The sound of praise and prayer ascend;  
Must I not in the worship share,  
And raise to Heaven my evening pray-  
er?"

"My child, a prayer that ne'er can be :  
You have but said your A, B, C."

"I have no better way to pray,  
But all I know to God I say ;  
I tell the letters on my knees,  
And He'll make words Himself to  
please."

*German.*

Translation of S. W. LANDER.

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## THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O GOD ! who wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night—

Oh, let me speak to Thee, dear God !  
Of those old mercies past,  
O'er which new mercies day by day  
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed,  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly Face  
Which I could almost see ;  
But home and holyday appeared  
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy Hand  
Were underneath my head,  
That I might kiss it, if I lay  
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt,—  
I knew that Thou wert near,  
A silence tingling in the room,  
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past  
How fondly memory clings !  
For then my mother told of Thee  
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee,  
What picture I had made  
Of that eternal Majesty  
To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake,  
And tremble at the shape  
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish  
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,  
Yet never spoke of Thee ;  
The nights we spent together, Lord !  
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,  
Yet which did intertwine :  
One was my mother's—it is gone—  
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !  
But sinned before Thy Face ;  
Yet now on looking back, my sins  
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,  
 More glorious than before ;  
 I feared Thee with a deeper fear,  
 Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year,  
 Each breadth of life to meet :  
 I scarce can think Thou art the same,  
 Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present  
 charms  
 Thy past ones only prove ;  
 Oh, make my heart more strong to bear  
 This newness of Thy love !

These novelties of love !—when will  
 Thy goodness find an end ?  
 Whither will Thy compassions, Lord !  
 Incredibly extend ?

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?  
 A joy all joys above,  
 Something more sacred than a fear,  
 More tender than a love !

With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
 Dear God ! to see Thy Face ;  
 And meanwhile in my narrow heart,  
 Oh, make Thyself more space !

FREDERICK W. FABER.

“SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES  
 TO COME UNTO ME.”

“THE Master has come over Jordan,”  
 Said Hannah the mother one day ;  
 “He is healing the people who throng  
 Him,  
 With a touch of His finger, they say.  
 “And now I shall carry the children,  
 Little Rachel and Samuel and John,

I shall carry the baby Esther,  
 For the Lord to look upon.”

The father looked at her kindly,  
 But he shook his head and smiled :  
 “Now who but a doting mother  
 Would think of a thing so wild ?  
 “If the children were tortured by demons,  
 Or dying of fever, ’twere well ;  
 Or had they the taint of the leper,  
 Like many in Israel.”

“Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan ;  
 I feel such a burden of care,  
 If I carry it to the Master,  
 Perhaps I shall leave it there.

“If He lay His hand on the children,  
 My heart will be lighter, I know,  
 For a blessing for ever and ever  
 Will follow them as they go.”

So over the hills of Judah,  
 Along by the vine-rows green,  
 With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
 And Rachel her brothers between ;

’Mid the people who hung on His teaching,  
 Or waited His touch and His word,—  
 Through the row of proud Pharisees  
 listening,  
 She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

“Now why shouldst thou hinder the  
 Master,”  
 Said Peter, “with children like these ?  
 Seest not how from morning to evening  
 He teacheth, and healeth disease ?”

Then Christ said, “Forbid not the chil-  
 dren ;  
 Permit them to come unto me !”

And He took in His arms little Esther,  
 And Rachel he set on His knee;  
 And the heavy heart of the mother  
 Was lifted all earth-care above,  
 As He laid His hand on the brothers,  
 And blessed them with tenderest love ;

## THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of  
 old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How he called little children as lambs to  
 his fold,



As He said of the babes in His bosom,  
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—  
 And strength for all duty and trial  
 That hour to her spirit was given.

JULIA GILL.

I should like to have been with them  
 then.

I wish that his hands had been placed  
 on my head.

That his arms had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,  
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

But still, to his footstool in prayer I may  
go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to  
prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. LUKE.

### THE NEAREST FRIEND.

DEAR Jesus! ever at my side,  
How loving must Thou be,  
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me, as my mother did  
When I was but a child;

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Fighting with sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.

Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too;  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

### THE PARABLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

[Saint Christopher—Christophoras, “Christ-bearer”—was one of the most famous legendary saints of the early church. His feast is celebrated by the Greek and Roman churches. He was said to have been of gigantic stature and noble birth, to have been baptized by Babylos, Bishop of Antioch, and then to have gone to the desert and taken up his abode near a rapid stream, over which he carried travellers on his back.]

To a king’s court a giant came,—  
“Oh, king, both far and near  
I seek,” he said, “the greatest king;  
And thou art he, I hear.

“If it please thee, I will abide;  
To thee my knee shall bend;  
Only unto the greatest kings  
Can giants condescend.”

Right glad the king the giant took  
Into his service then,  
For since Goliath’s mighty days  
No man so big was seen.

Well pleased the giant too to serve  
The greatest king on earth;  
He served him well, in peace, in war,  
In sorrow, and in mirth,



Till came a wandering minstrel by,  
 One day, who played and sang  
 Wild songs, through which the devil's  
     name  
 Profanely, loudly rang.

Astonished then, the giant saw  
 The king looked sore afraid ;  
 At mention of the devil's name  
 The cross's sign he made.

"How now, my master? Why dost thou  
 Make on thy breast this sign?"  
 He said. "It is a spell," replied  
 The king—"a spell divine,

"Which shall the devil circumvent,  
 And keep me safe and whole  
 From all the wicked arts he tries  
 To slay my precious soul."

"Oh ho, my master! then he is  
 More powerful than thou!  
 They lied who called thee greatest king;  
 I leave thy service now,

"And seek the devil; him will I  
 My master call henceforth,"  
 The giant cried, and strode away,  
 Contemptuous and wroth.

He found the devil soon. I ween  
 The devil waited near,  
 Well pleased to have this mighty man  
 Within his ranks appear.

They journeyed on full many a day,  
 And now the giant deemed  
 At last he had a master found  
 Who was the king he seemed.

But lo! one day they came apace  
 To where four roadways met,  
 And at the meeting of the roads  
 A cross of stone was set.

The devil trembled and fell back,  
 And said, "We go around."  
 "Now tell me," fierce the giant cried,  
 "Why fearest thou this ground?"

The devil would not answer. "Then  
 I leave thee, master mine,"  
 The giant said. "Of something wrong  
 This mystery is sign."

Then answered him the fiend, ashamed:  
 "'Twas there Christ Jesus died;  
 Wherever stands a cross like that  
 I may not, dare not, bide."

"Ho, ho!" the giant cried again,  
 Surprised again, perplexed;  
 "Then Jesus is the greatest king,—  
 I seek and serve Him next."

The king named Jesus, far and near,  
 The weary giant sought;  
 His name was everywhere proclaimed,  
 His image sold and bought,

His power vaunted, and his laws  
 Upheld by sword and fire;  
 But Him the giant sought in vain,  
 Until he cried in ire,

One winter eve, as late he came  
 Upon a hermit's cell:  
 "Now by my troth, tell me, good saint,  
 Where doth thy Master dwell?"

"For I have sought him far and wide  
By leagues of land and sea;  
I seek to be his servant true,  
In honest fealty.

"I have such strength as kings desire,  
State to their state to lend;  
But only to the greatest king  
Can giants condescend."

Then said the hermit, pale and wan:  
"Oh, giant man! indeed  
The King thou seekest doth all kings  
In glorious power exceed;

"But they who see Him face to face,  
In full communion clear,  
Crowned with His kingdom's splendor  
bright,  
Must buy the vision dear.

"Dwell here, oh brother, and thy lot  
With ours contented cast;  
And first, that flesh be well subdued,  
For days and nights thou'lt fast!

"I fast!" the giant cried, amazed.  
"Good saint, I'll no such thing.  
My strength would fail; without that, I  
Were fit to serve no king!"

"Then thou must pray," the hermit said;  
"We kneel on yonder stone,  
And tell these beads, and for each bead  
A prayer, one by one."

The giant flung the beads away,  
Laughing in scornful pride.  
"I will not wear my knees on stones;  
I know no prayers," he cried.

Then said the hermit: "Giant, since  
Thou canst not fast nor pray,  
I know not if our Master will  
Save thee some other way.

"But go down to yon river deep,  
Where pilgrims daily sink,  
And build for thee a little hut  
Close on the river's brink,

"And carry travellers back and forth  
Across the raging stream;  
Perchance this service to our King,  
A worthy one will seem."

"Now that is good," the giant cried;  
"That work I understand;  
A joyous task 'twill be to bear  
Poor souls from land to land,

"Who, but for me, would sink and  
drown.  
Good saint, thou hast at length  
Made mention of a work which is  
Fit for a giant's strength."

For many a year, in lowly hut,  
The giant dwelt content  
Upon the bank, and back and forth  
Across the stream he went,

And on his giant shoulders bore  
All travellers who came,  
By night, by day, or rich or poor—  
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King  
His work would note or know,  
And often with a weary heart  
He waded to and fro,

One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,  
 He sudden heard a call :  
 "Oh, Christopher, come carry me !"  
 He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.  
 "It must be that I dreamed,"  
 He said, and laid him down again ;  
 But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry :  
 "Oh, come and carry me !"  
 Again he sprang, and looked ; again  
 No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,  
 Like infant's soft and weak ;  
 With lantern strode the giant forth,  
 More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child  
 He found—a piteous sight—  
 Who, weeping, earnestly implored  
 To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will he picked him up,  
 And on his neck to ride  
 He tossed him, as men play with babes,  
 And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around  
 His knees, the infant's weight  
 Grew heavier and heavier,  
 Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright ;  
 His staff shook in his hand,  
 His mighty knees bent under him,  
 He barely reached the land,

And, staggering, set the infant down,  
 And turned to scan his face ;  
 When, lo ! he saw a halo bright  
 Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid  
 At marvel of the thing,  
 And dreamed not that it was the face  
 Of Jesus Christ his King,

Until the infant spoke and said,  
 "Oh, Christopher, behold !  
 I am the Lord whom thou hast served !  
 Rise up, be glad and bold !

"For I have seen and noted well  
 Thy works of charity ;  
 And that thou art my servant good  
 A token thou shalt see.

"Plant firmly here upon this bank  
 Thy stalwart staff of pine,  
 And it shall blossom and bear fruit  
 This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.  
 The giant, left alone,  
 Saw on the bank with luscious dates  
 His stout pine staff bent down.

For many a year St. Christopher  
 Served God in many a land ;  
 And master painters drew his face,  
 With loving heart and hand,

On altar fronts and church's walls ;  
 And peasants used to say,  
 To look on good St. Christopher  
 Brought luck for all the day.

I think the lesson is as good  
 To-day as it was then—  
 As good to us called Christians  
 As to the heathen men—

The lesson of St. Christopher,  
 Who spent his strength  
 for others,  
 And saved his soul by  
 working hard  
 To help and save his  
 brothers!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

At last thou art come,  
 little Saviour!  
 And thine angels fill  
 midnight with song;  
 Thou art come to us,  
 gentle Creator!  
 Whom thy creatures  
 have sighed for so  
 long.

Thou art come to thy  
 beautiful Mother;  
 She hath looked on thy  
 marvellous face;  
 Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!  
 And she was thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with thee plentiful  
 pardon,  
 And our souls overflow with delight;  
 Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!  
 With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for thee, Saviour!  
 Art thou come to us, dearest, at last?  
 Oh, bless thee, dear Joy of thy Mother!  
 This is worth all the wearisome past!



Thou art come, thou art come, Child of  
 Mary!

Yet we hardly believe thou art come;—  
 It seems such a wonder to have thee,  
 New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and  
 Maker!



Thou wilt stay with us now evermore :  
We will play with thee, beautiful Brother !

On Eternity's jubilant shore.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[The first two lines of this poem have been sung by the Christmas waits in England for many generations.]

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen ; let  
nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born  
on Christmas day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the  
stars shone through the gray,  
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was  
born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, little children ; let nothing  
you affright,  
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born  
this happy night ;

Along the hills of Galilee the white  
flocks sleeping lay,  
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was  
born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, all good Christians ; upon  
this blessed morn  
The Lord of all good Christians was of  
a woman born :

Now all your sorrows He doth heal,  
your sins He takes away ;  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born  
on Christmas day.

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

### CHRISTMAS SONG.

CALM on the listening ear of night  
Come Heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains ;  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there ;  
And angels with their sparkling lyres  
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The day-spring from on high :  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God !" The lofty strain  
The realm of ether fills :  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills !

"Glory to God !" The sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring :  
"Peace on the earth ; good-will to men.  
From Heaven's eternal King !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
The Saviour now is born :  
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous  
plains

Breaks the first Christmas morn ;  
And brighter on Moriah's brow,  
Crowned with her temple-spires,  
Which first proclaim the new-born light,  
Clothed with its Orient fires.

This day shall Christian lips be mute,  
 And Christian hearts be cold?  
 Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven  
 O'er Judah's mountains rolled!  
 When nightly burst from seraph-harps  
 The high and solemn lay,—  
 "Glory to God! on earth be peace;  
 Salvation comes to-day!"

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

### EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us  
 thine aid!

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclin-  
 ing—  
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all.  
 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devo-  
 tion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
 ocean—  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from  
 the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would His favor se-  
 cure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
 poor.



Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
 laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are  
 shining;  
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of  
 the stall;

Brightest and best of the sons of the  
 morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us  
 thine aid!  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
 laid!

REGINALD HEBER.

## A CHILD PRAYING.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,  
 Bow down at thy mother's knee,  
 Now thy sunny face is fair,  
 Shining through thine auburn hair ;  
 Thine eyes are passion-free ;  
 And pleasant thoughts, like garlands,  
 bind thee  
 Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—  
 Then pray, child, pray !

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,  
 Warbles in its summer nest ;  
 No evil thought, no unkind word,  
 No chilling autumn winds have stirred  
 The beauty of thy rest  
 But winter hastens, and decay  
 Shall waste thy verdant home away—  
 Then pray, child, pray !

Thy bosom is a house of glee,  
 With gladness harping at the door ;  
 While ever, with a joyous shout,  
 Hope, the May queen, dances out,  
 Her lips with music running o'er ;  
 But Time those strings of joy will sever,  
 And hope will not dance on for ever—  
 Then pray, child, pray !

Now, thy mother's arm is spread  
 Beneath thy pillow in the night ;  
 And loving feet creep round thy bed,  
 And o'er thy quiet face is shed  
 The taper's darkened light ;  
 But that fond arm will pass away,  
 By thee no more those feet will stay—  
 Then pray, child pray !

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

## A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give  
 you ;  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
 gray ;  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
 you  
 For every day :—

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
 be clever ;  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all  
 day long ;  
 And so make life, death, and that vast  
 forever  
 One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



### EPILOGUE.

O sweet and strong magician, memory !  
The sudden sounding of some dear old tune ;  
A dream of faces that we ne'er shall see ;  
The misty rising of an autumn moon ;  
The busy humming of a dusty bee ;  
The pregnant odor of a woods in June ;  
The faint far scent of lilac or of heather—  
And once again we're boys and girls together !

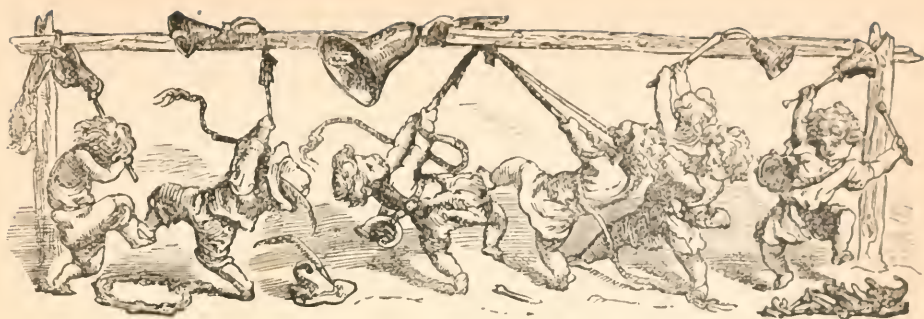
It is the realm of youth, so quaint and new,  
For life is fresh, and feeling still intense,  
Where many an old romancer's tales are true,  
And false the maxims of our riper sense ;  
The circling hills and arching sky, how blue ;  
The cliffs how tall, the shadowy woods how dense ;  
What crash of storms ; what gleams of golden weather—  
For once again we're boys and girls together !

The brow that passing years have wreathed with fame  
Puts laurels off, and takes on boyish grace ;  
This comrade tinged with grief, that touched with shame,  
Are here, glad-voiced and innocent of face ;  
The very loved asleep in graves we claim—  
List for their silver laugh in soft embrace !  
For Time's turned back and flown with sweeping feather,  
And once again we're boys and girls together !

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.







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Short Swallow-flights  
of Song, that dip  
Their wings \* \* \* and skim  
away;

