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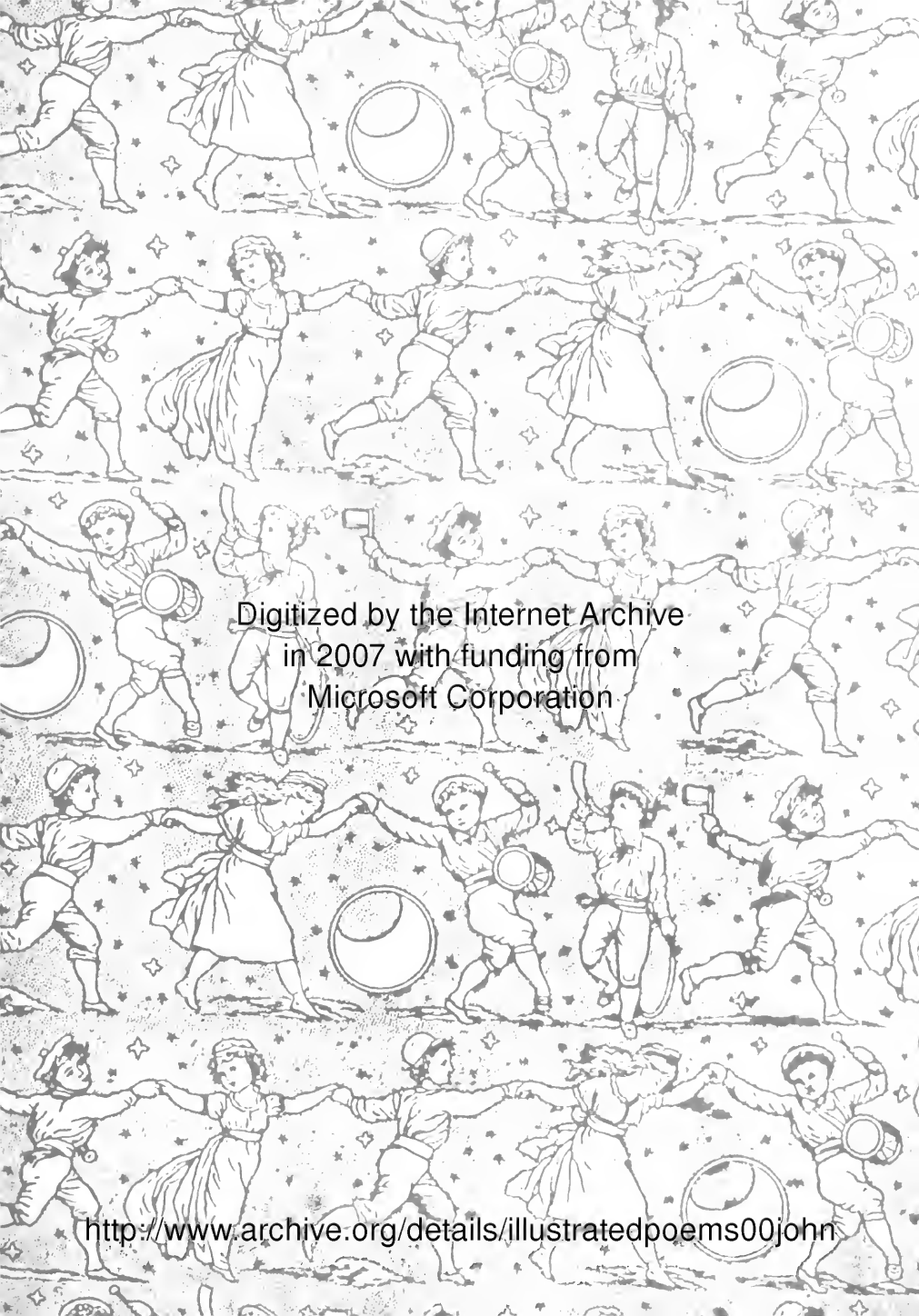
POEMS AND SONGS

For
YOUNG
People



George ROUTLEDGE & SONS





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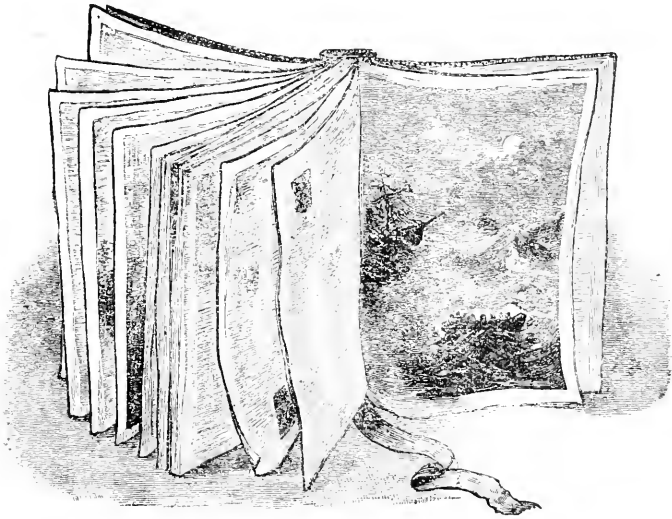
POEMS AND SONGS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED

NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

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POEMS AND SONGS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

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.



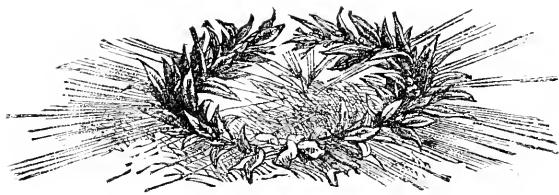
THE POET'S SONG.

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.





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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 Dial-ct.

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 tae,
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 sbills 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 onp 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 schmoodth 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!"

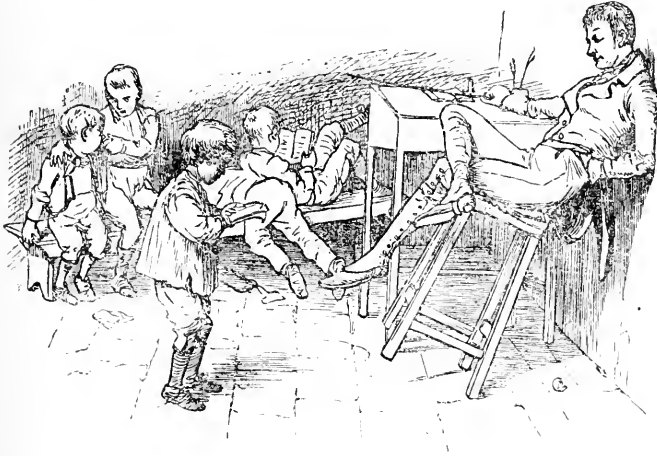
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
 Sleep his very looks deny—
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby;
 Nature soon will stupefy—
 My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
 Who's that fallen—me or him?"

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.



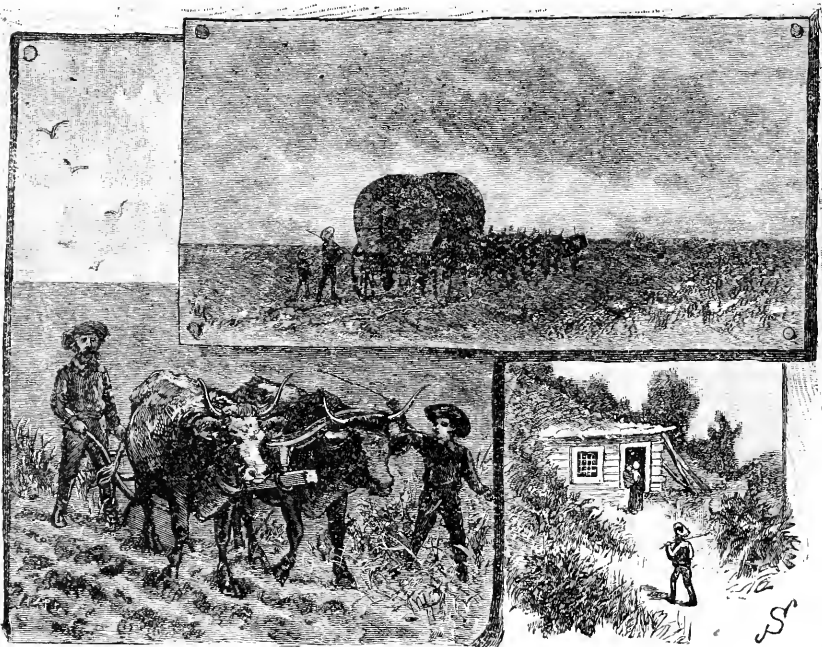
LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

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!—Sec, 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 auce—
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 cheeks 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 Autolyclus,
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'ertop 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.

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.

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 ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This dear little box—and we’ll bury her 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 dreadful 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
R L

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 cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to
pray—

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene

Paused a while to hear—

“What good child is this,” the angel
said,

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

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

“Bell, dear Bell!” crooned he.

“Whom God's creatures love,” the
angel fair

Murmured, “God doth bless with angels'
care ;

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

Shall watch around and leave good gifts
behind,

Little Bell, for thee!”

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,

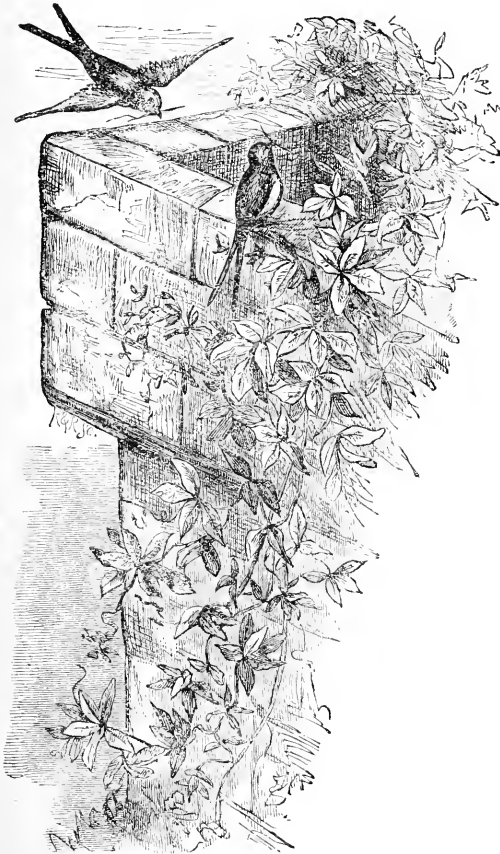
That he sings, and he sings, and forever
sings he,

“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 LANGBEIN (*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 arméd 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 ? "

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 lambskins 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-pics 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 stragglng 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,
Ordained 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*, your
 aunt 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 rocketh 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 entertain-
ment

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 hus-
bandry.

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 swell-
ing.

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

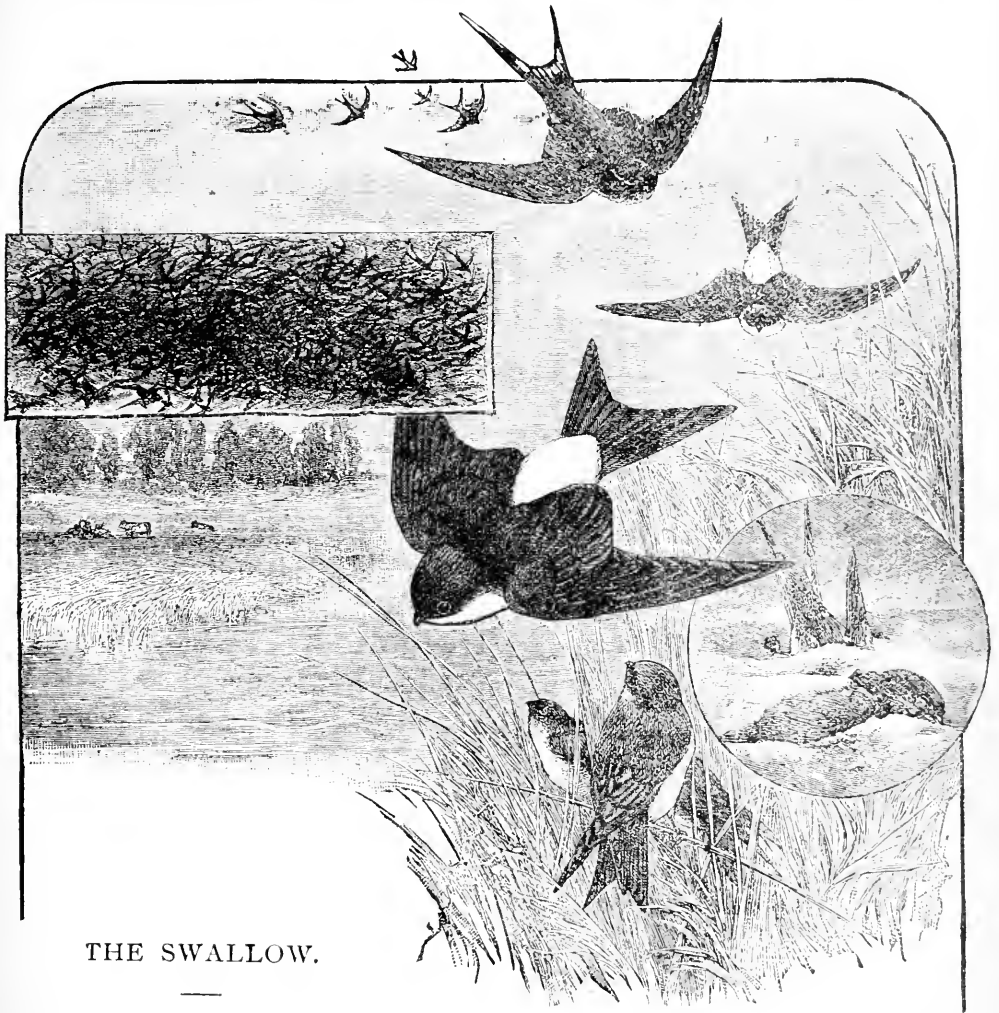
Flings all its leaves; but they return in
May.

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.

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.

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,

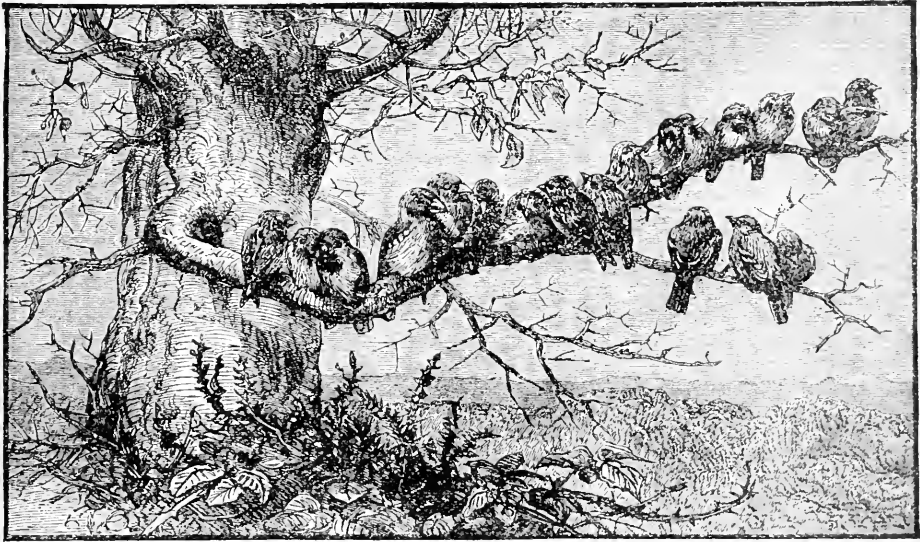
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
 O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
 That man, where'er he walks, may see,
 In every step, the stamp of God ?

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.

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 un-
rolled!
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 de-
light,

As she watched the glory spanning the
gloom,

“Oh, look at the beautiful water-
bloom!”

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.”

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.

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.

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.

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,

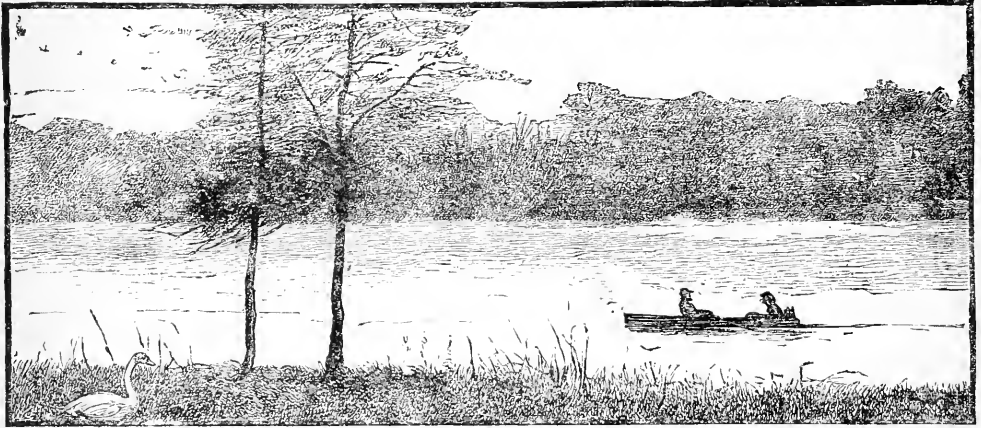
Like a child at play.

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'!”

Lowling, 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.

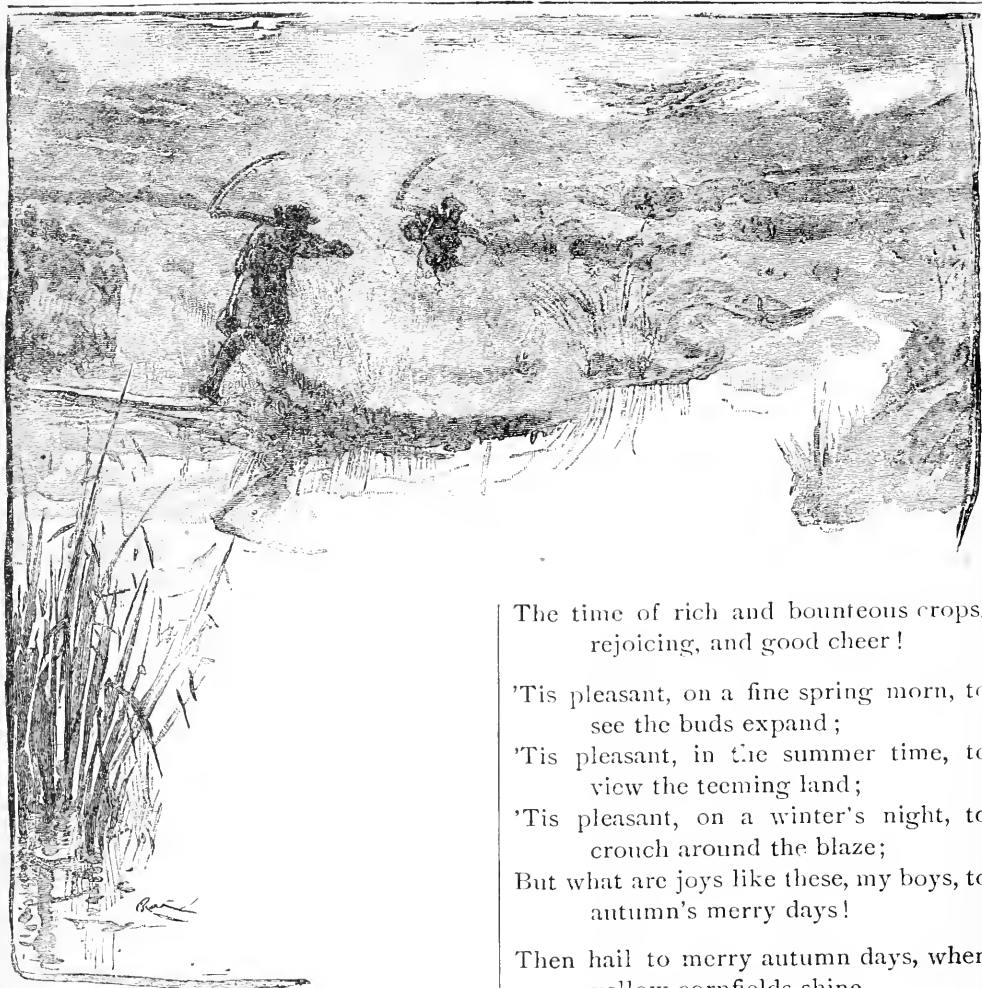
GOOD-BY, daisy, pink, and rose,
And snow-white lily too!
Every pretty flower that grows:
Here's a kiss for you.

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 redder 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.

BYARD 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.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gêlert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood;
 The hound all o'er was smeared with
 gore;
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
 Unused such looks to meet,
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
 And on went Gêlert too;
 And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 With blood-stained covert rent;
 And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied,—
 He searched with terror wild;
 Blood, blood he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee de-
 voured,"

The frantic father cried;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh;
 What words the parent's joy could tell
 To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear;
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

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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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

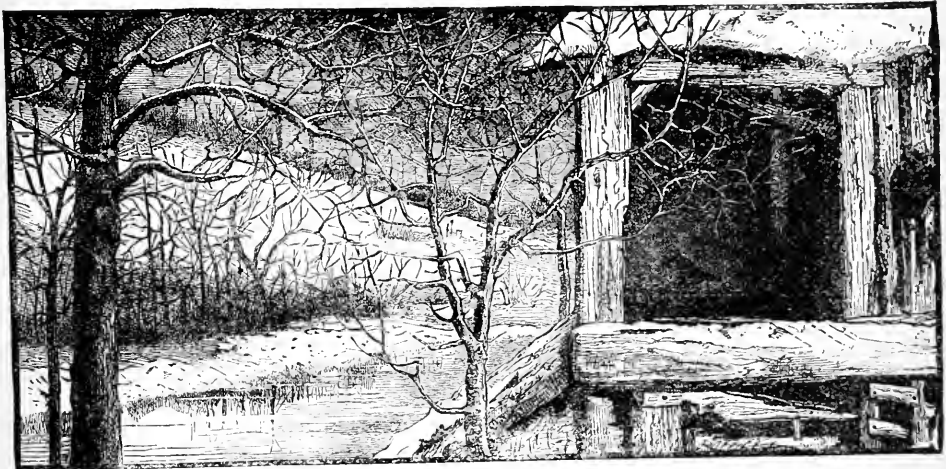
In silence I'll take my way :

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
 stepped,

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! Dunder
 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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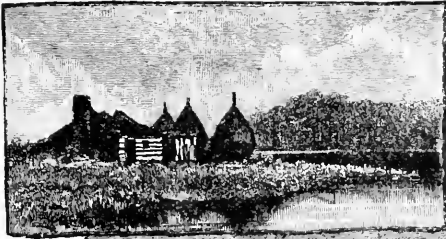
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

*

L

Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

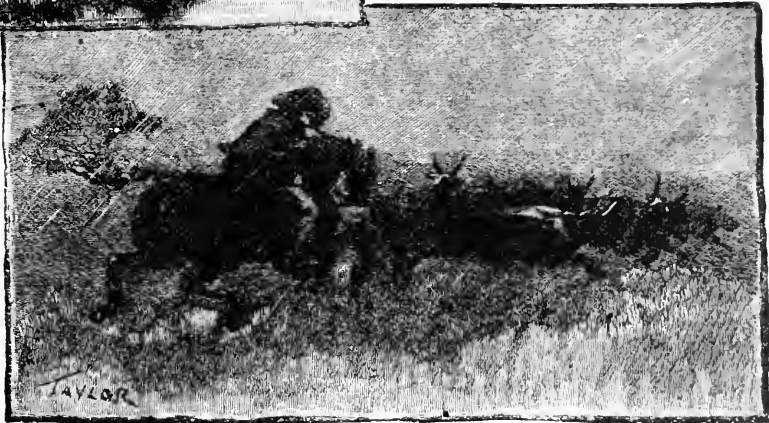
A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share :



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,
 Clapsed 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



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,

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 curtain 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, lifted
 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!

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.

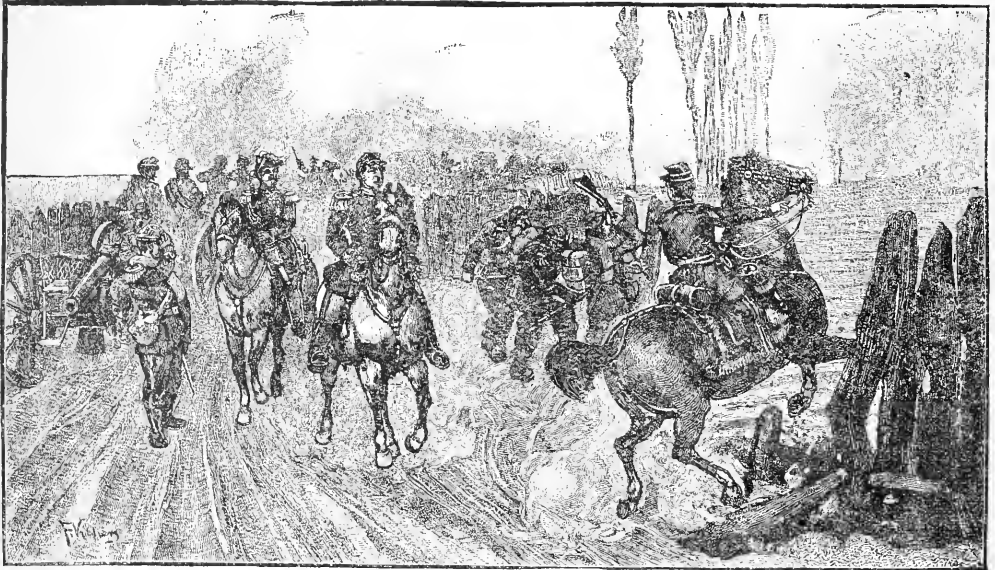
"But, Father, grant that when the glori-
ous fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of
freemen swell,

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.

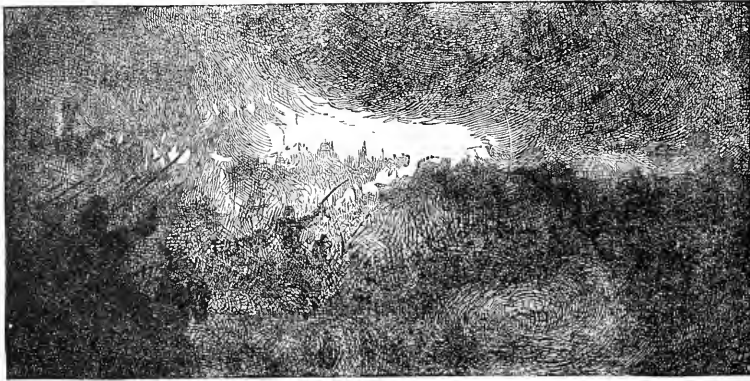
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
 He lies where pearls lie deep;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

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.

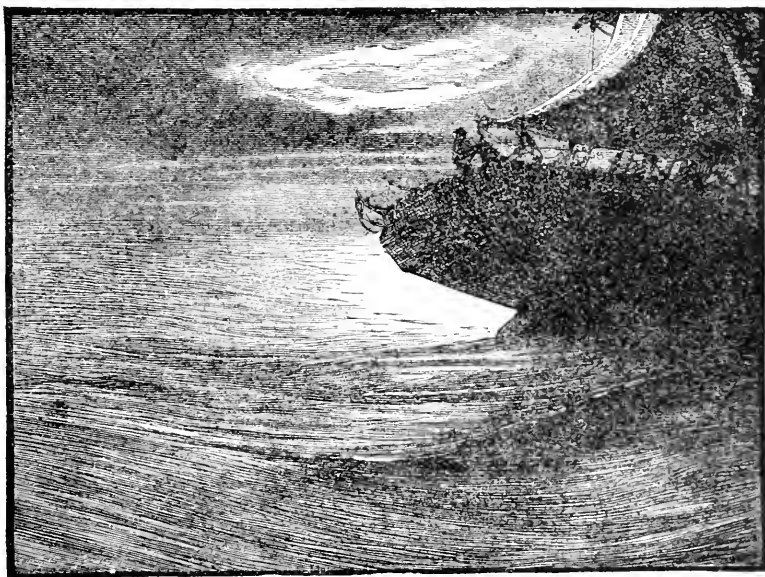
He dreamed of his home, of his dear na-
 tive bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's
 merry morn,
 While Memory stood sideways, half cov-
 ered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted
 its thorn.
 Then Fancy her magical pinions spread
 wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in
 ecstasy 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 imperled 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.

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 ;

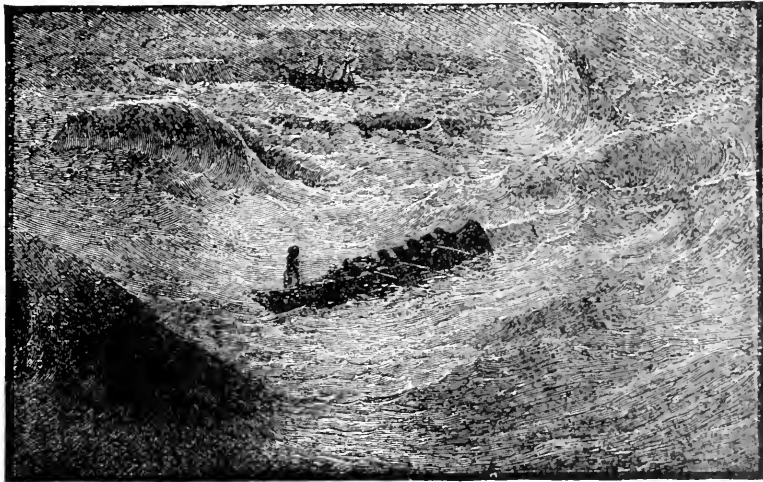
The ship sailed straight into the sun,
 Half of a ball of gold—
 Onward it went till it touched the sun—
 I saw the ship take hold !

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.

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.

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 23, 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.

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.



“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 ;

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
 strewed 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
pleugh,” 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

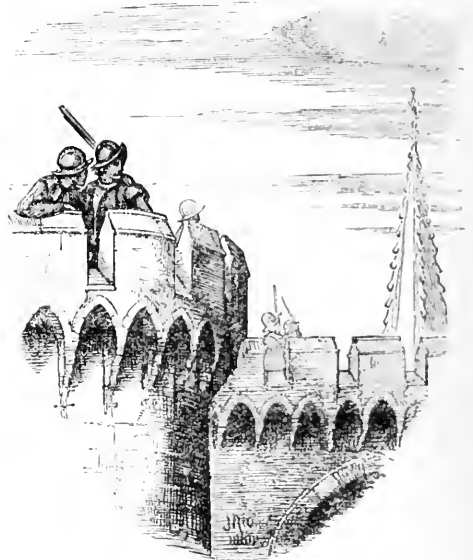
That bore to look on torture, and dare
not look on war.

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.

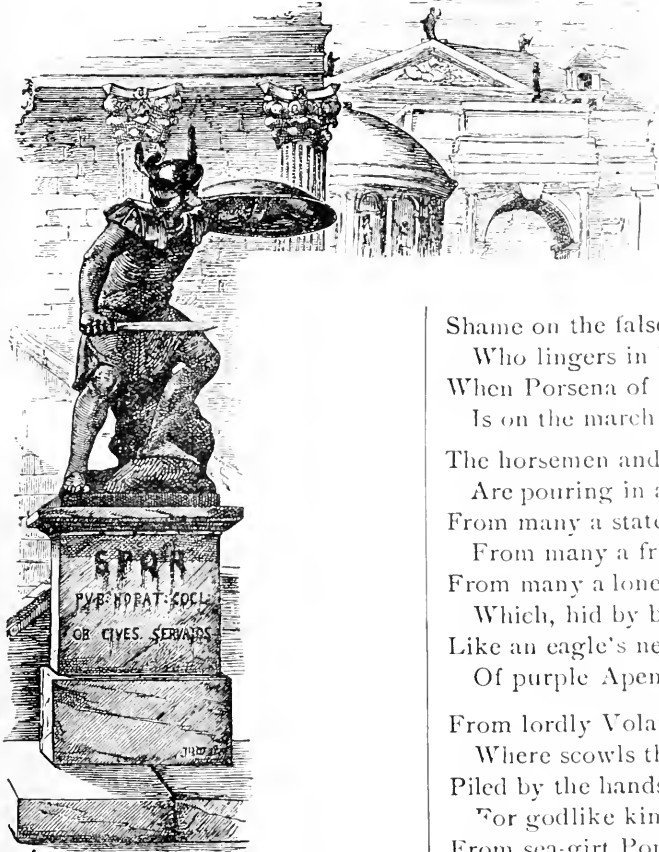
HORATIUS.

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 Ausur'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 Ausur'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 Thrasymene.

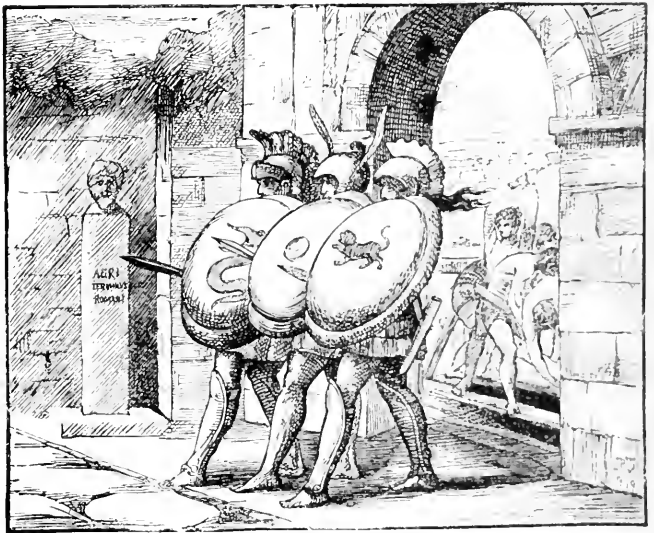
Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war.
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode
 Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian
 name ;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed
 of shame.

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 you 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 Rannian 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.

Annus, 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 Annus
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 Volsinium,
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,



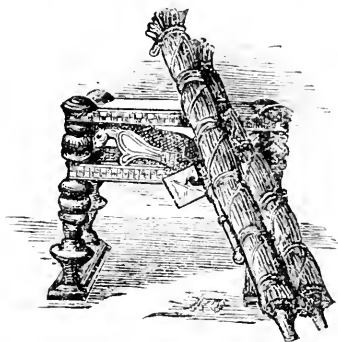
And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

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 glorious
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.

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 SOUTHBY.

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 townfolk 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 away,
 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.

HELVELLYN.

[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 Cattedicam 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.

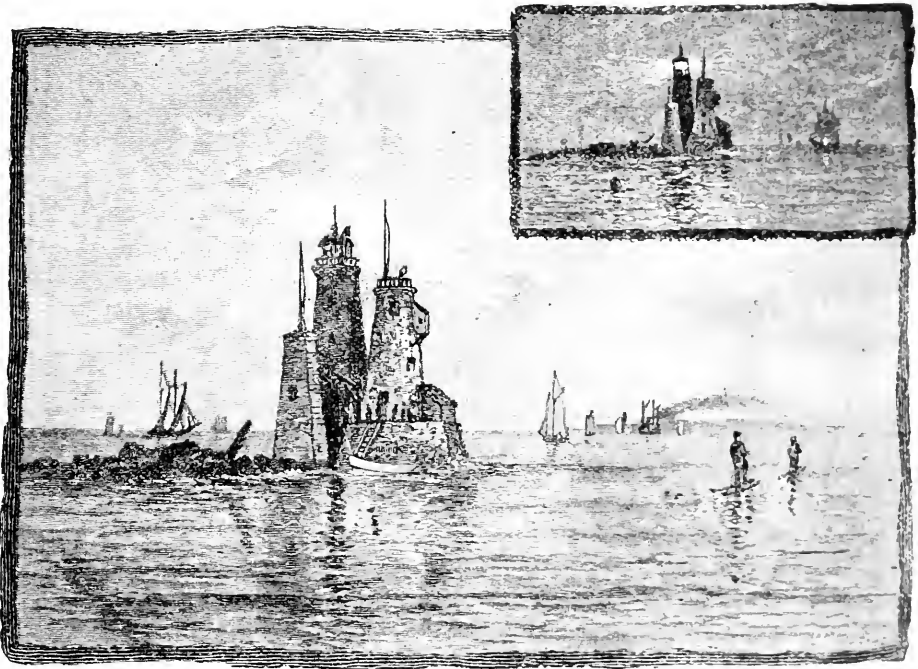
But meeter for thee, gentle lover of na-
 ture,
 To lay down thy head like the meek
 mountain lamb,
 When, wildered, he drops from some
 cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of
 his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this
 desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover
 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.

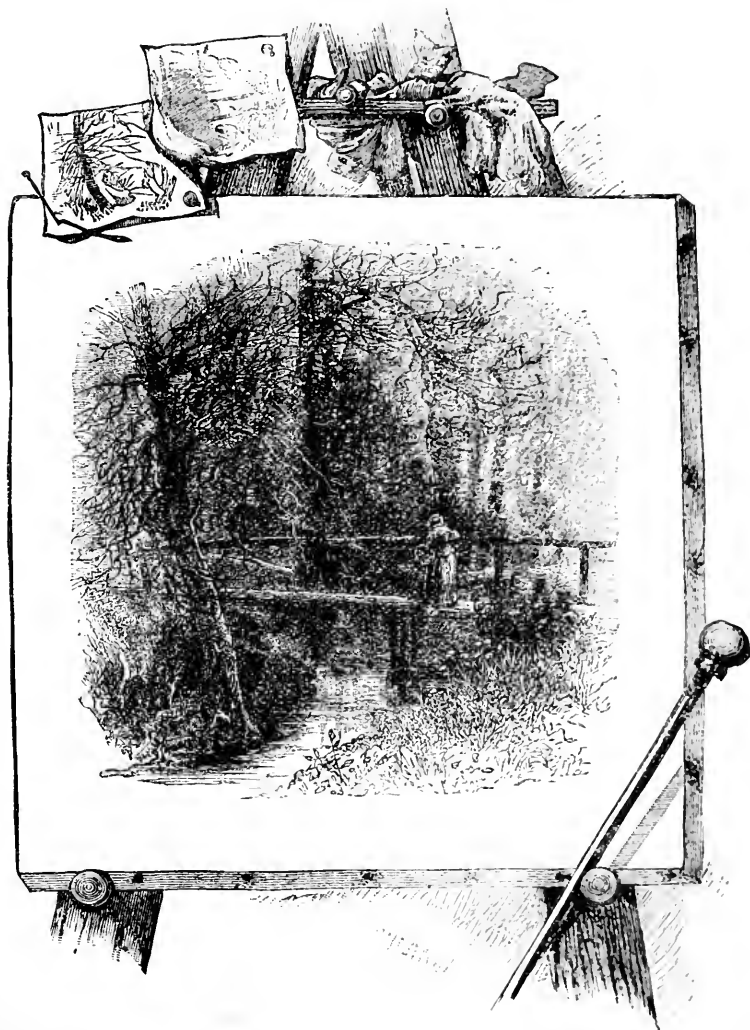
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech ;
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,
 Flapped round the cage with joyous
 screech,
 Dropt down, and died !

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 have 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?

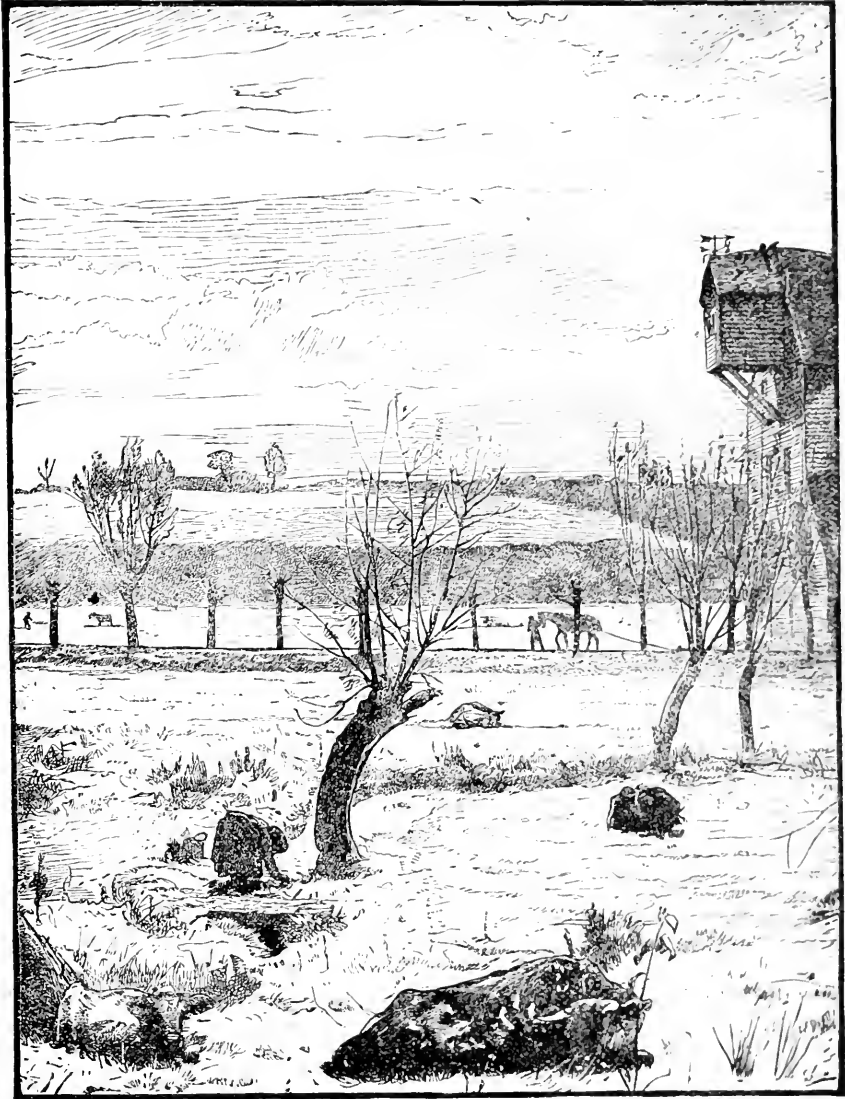
LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

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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R L

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 feuds 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 WILLETTER.

THE DAME-SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil
 and pain,
 The low vestibule of learning's fame:
 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 ither 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 ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' 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 cleecked 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 simmer blossoms sprang !

Oh, mind ye, luv, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burruside,
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 down 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' bygane days and me !

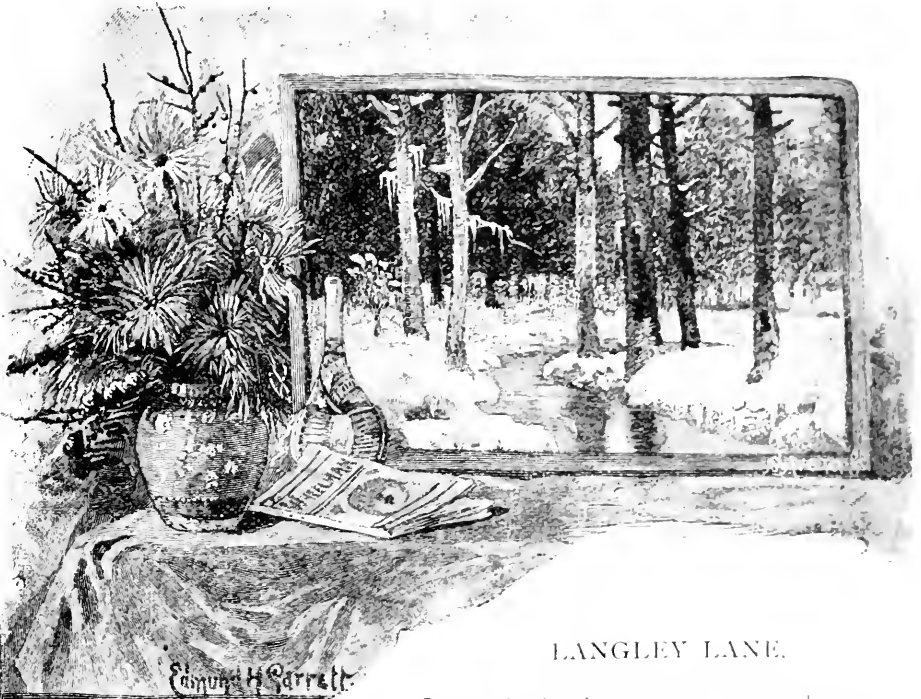
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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.

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—
Start! 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.”

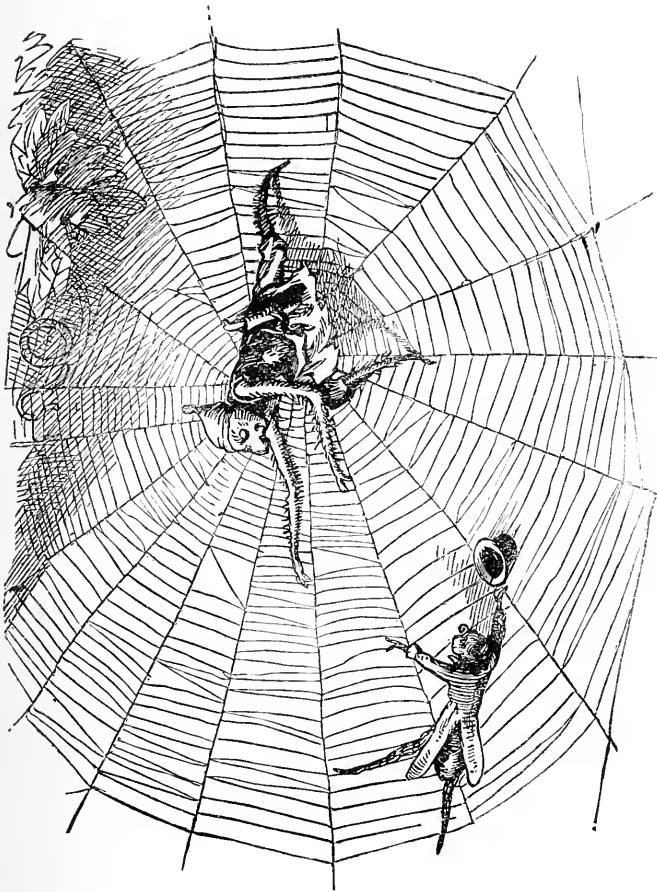


I have, within my pantry,
 Good store of all that’s nice;
 I’m sure you’re very welcome—
 Will you please to take a slice?”
 “O no, no,” said the little fly,
 “Kind sir, that cannot be;
 I’ve heard what’s in your pantry,
 And I do not wish to see.”

“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, "Bah!" (there
 were six),
 "Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

"Why, of course we all knew 'twas the
 wrong thing to do,"
 Said the chickens. "Of course," said
 the cat;

“I suppose,” cried the mule, “some
folks think me a fool,
But I’m not quite so simple as that ;
The poor calf never knows what she’s
at.”

Just that moment the calf, who was 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 meddling
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 must
be done,

And done at once, to the cat.

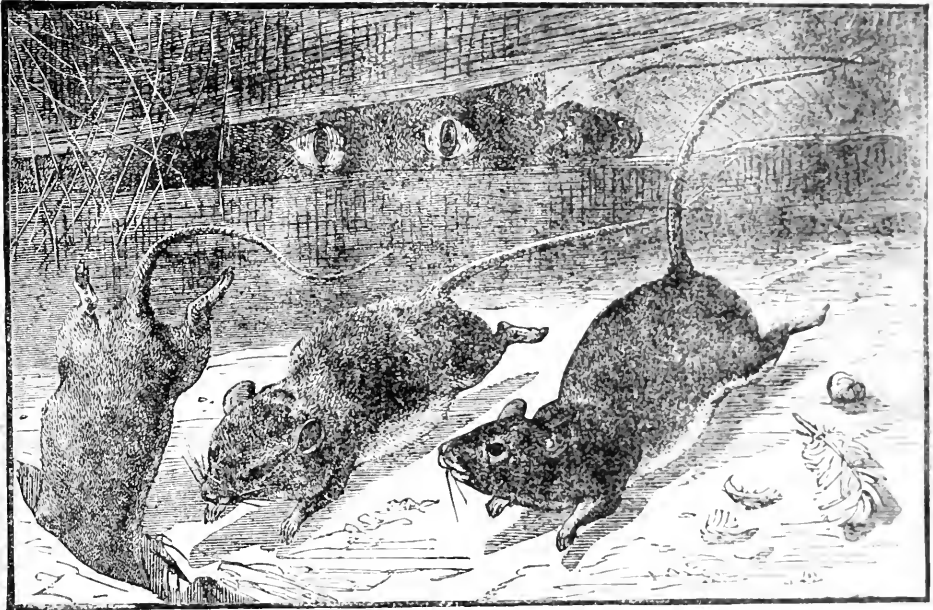
An elderly member rose and said,

"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—

That one with the awful spring!"

The suggestion was applauded

Loudly, by one and all,



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 Jumblies 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 coppersy 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-grand sire,
 Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted
 tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he,
 "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and
 viper—

And people 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 stepped 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 jostling 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 into 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 infrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow
him,

And look they did not cry ;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain ;
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you
bread
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt a hell.
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made;
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sons did die;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and misery.
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about;
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to die—
 Such was God's blessed will—
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been displayed:
 Their uncle having died in jail,
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such-like misery
 Your wicked minds requite.

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."

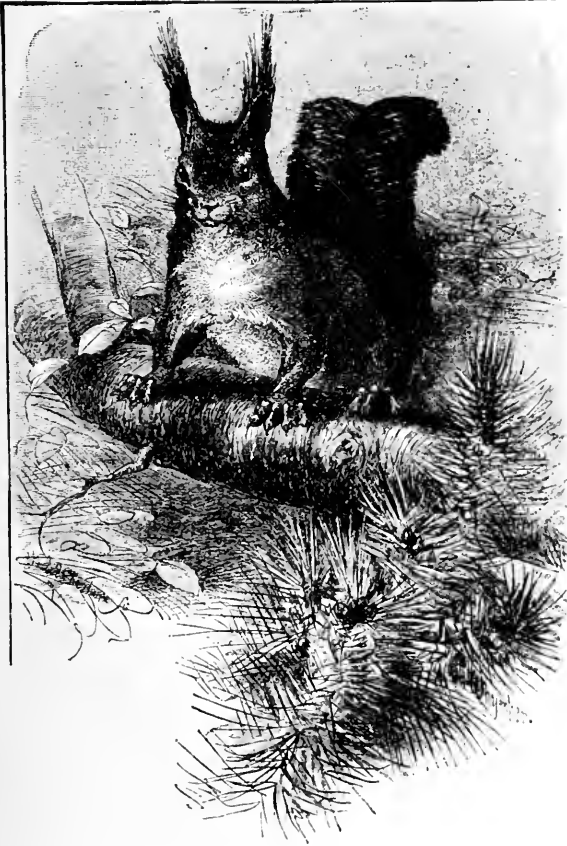
I've heard about a pleasant Land,
 Where omelettes grow on trees,
 And roasted pigs run crying out,
 "Come eat me, if you please."
 My appetite is rather keen,
 But how shall I get there?
 "Straight down the Crooked Lane,
 And all round the Square."

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 JUDGMENT-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 scarce 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,
 Fity 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 yon pure,
 bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's
 praise.

What is that, mother?—

The Dove, my son,—
 And that low, sweet voice, like 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.

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.

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 aforesaid 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.

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 be-set 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 MULOCK 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.

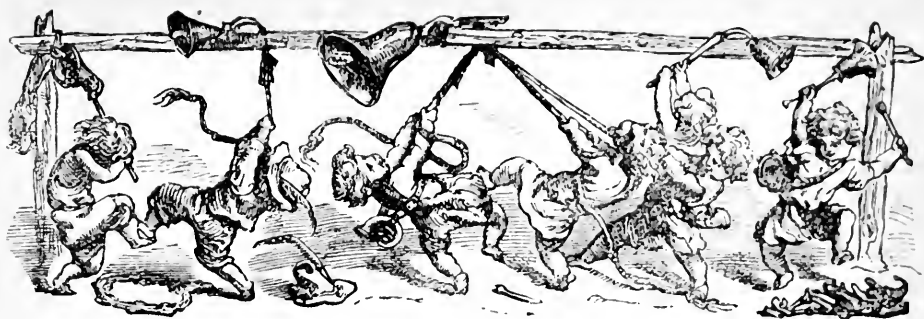
O sweet and strong magician, memory !
The sudden sounding of some dear old tune ;
A dream of faces that we ne'er shall see ;
The misty rising of an autumn moon ;
The busy humming of a dusty bee ;
The pregnant odor of a woods in June ;
The faint far scent of lilac or of heather—
And once again we're boys 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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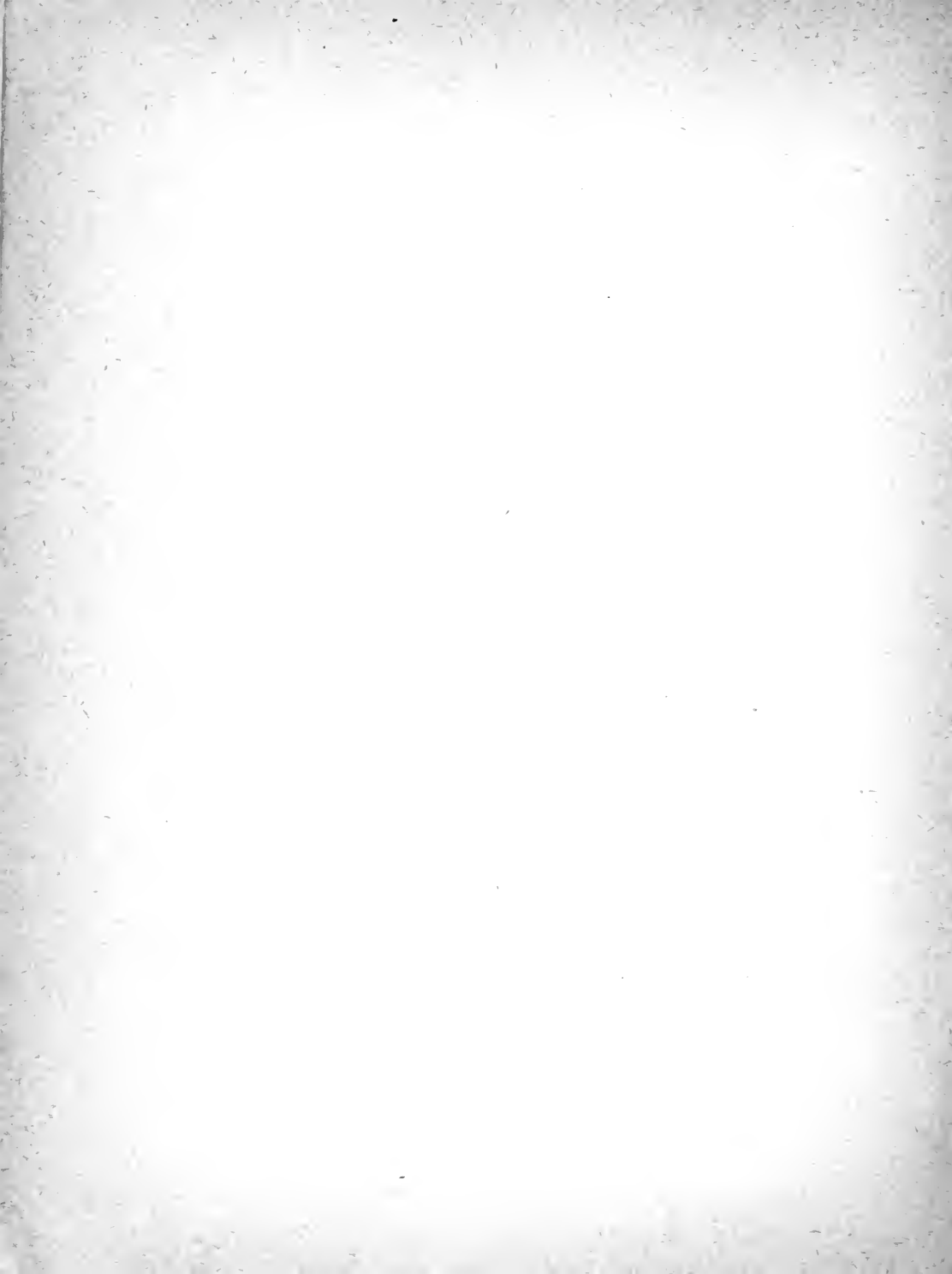
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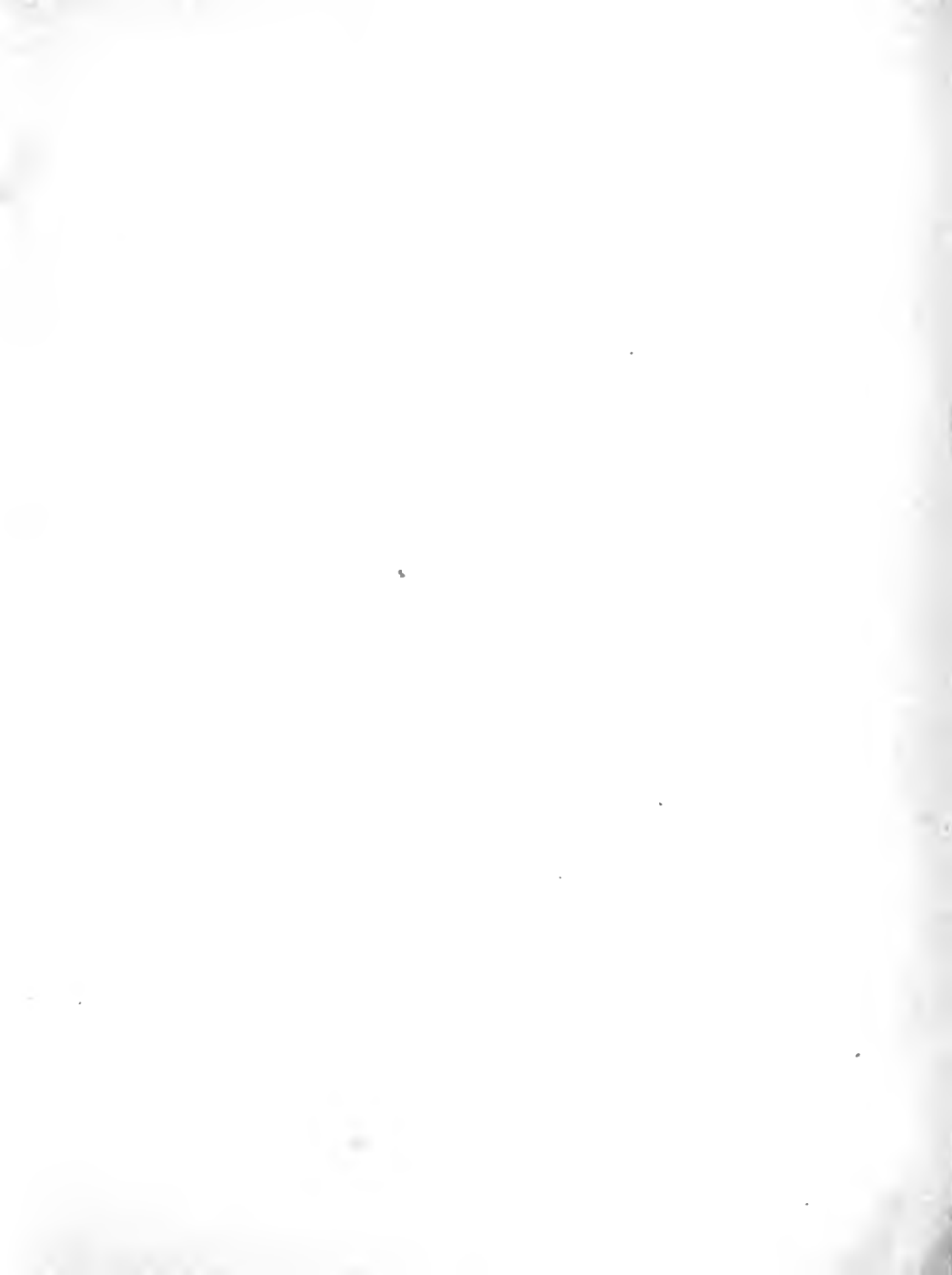
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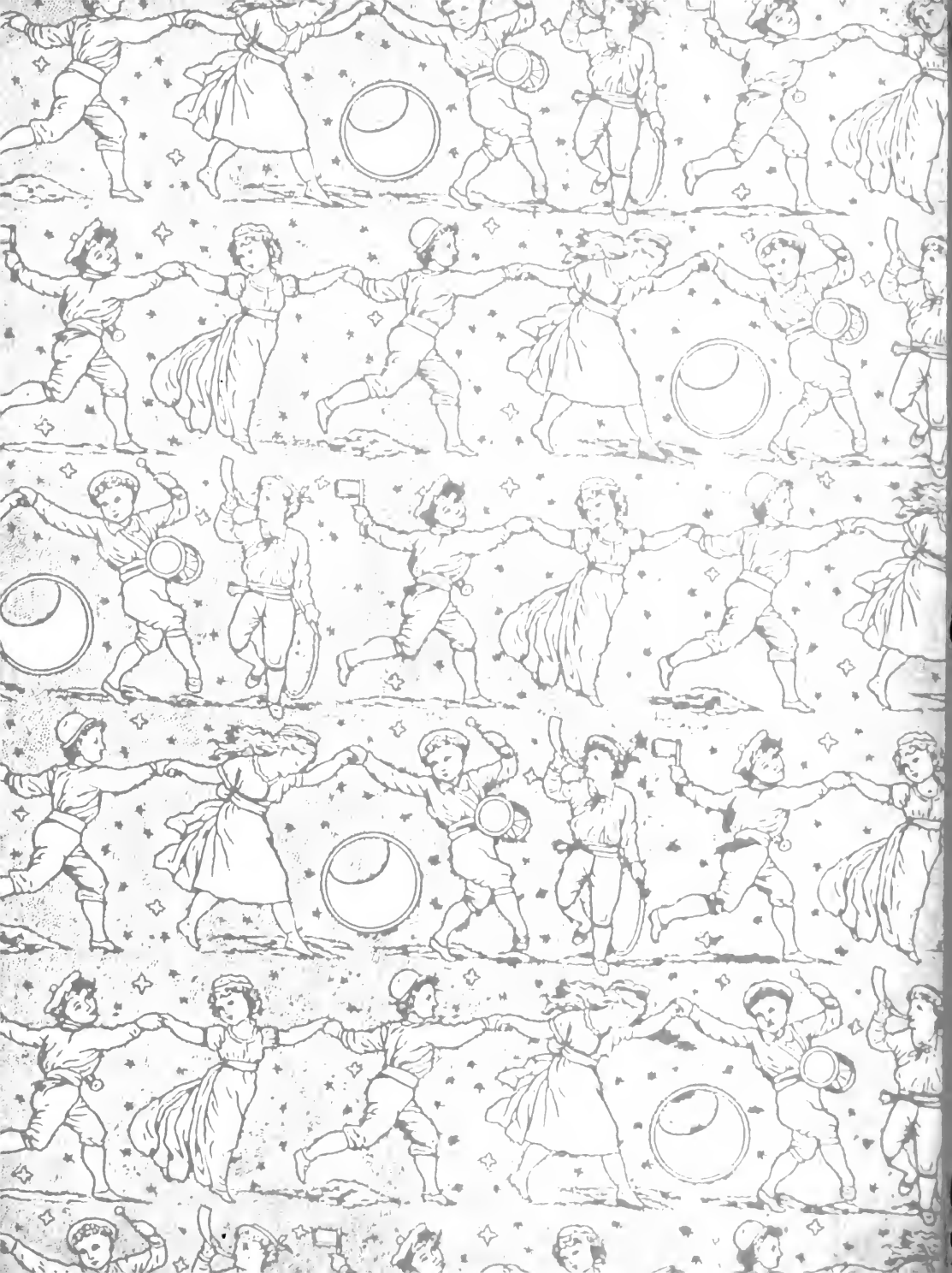
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Short swallow-flights
of song, that dip
Their wings * * * and skim
away;

