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George and Rover, p. 52.

# FRESH FLOWERS

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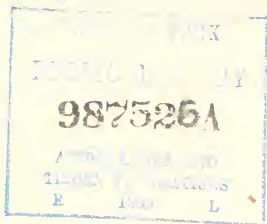
MY CHILDREN.

~~~~~  
BY A MOTHER.  
~~~~~

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. SIMPKINS.

1842.



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## P R E F A C E .

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THE author of this little book would assure her youthful readers, that the songs and ballads of which it is composed, all have the charm of truth. They were written on various occasions for the amusement and instruction of her own children, whom they have so much interested, that she is induced to give them a wider range, hoping that many young hearts may receive from them the same pleasant influences.

BOSTON, December, 1841.



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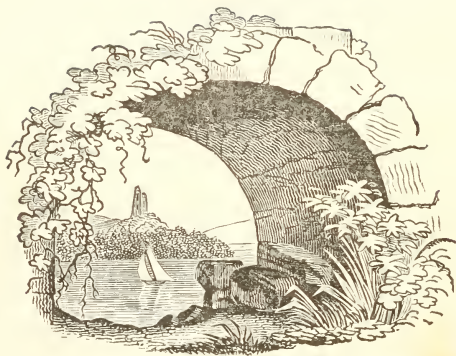
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# FRESH FLOWERS.

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## THE DROP OF WATER.

I AM a drop of water ; pray look at me,  
For I have been over the land and the sea.  
I am small, but I 'm clear as a gem, and as pure ;  
I 'm bright as a diamond, and worth more, I 'm sure ;  
Because, were myself and a diamond to be  
Placed by a dying man, he would choose me.  
Shall I tell you my life ? It will teach you that all  
Can aid and be useful, though ever so small.  
I was born on a flower, a bright drop of dew,  
I heightened its fragrance and brightened its hue ;  
Then the sun caught me up in the high blue air,  
To help make a cloud that was floating there ;

I added myself to its feathery train,  
Never once thinking of falling in rain.  
We were swept along by the evening breeze,  
That was cooling the earth and waving the trees,  
Hiding the moon and the stars in our flight,  
And gathering and blackening throughout the night.  
Then the wind, like a banner, our cloud unfurled,  
And we came down in rain-drops upon the world.

I sunk in the earth, to its deepest springs,  
And O, I could tell you of hidden things,  
That are ever at work, where no human eyes  
Can look down upon these busy mysteries.  
It was then that I met with a thousand rills  
That are running and trickling within the hills,  
And I mingled myself with my kindred there,  
In the cold, dark earth ; but I 'd nothing to fear ;  
I knew, though in shadow and darkness then,  
I should soon appear in the sunshine again ;  
And in wandering through the treasures, that hide  
In the earth's dark bosom, I 'm purified,  
And made more fit to dwell with the flowers,  
And glide through the wild-wood in sunny hours.

Then I joined myself to a stream, that had found  
Its serpentine way from under the ground.  
We met with a brook, that was dashing along,  
Cheered by the sun and the wild-bird's song.  
Onward we went in our gladness together,  
Pleased by the daylight and sweet summer weather.  
As each drop passed on, we knew we were giving  
Greenness and beauty to all things living.  
The grass waved towards us, the flowers grew bright,  
And the trees bent over us in their delight.  
Sweet was the music we gave to them all,  
As we glided o'er pebbles and rocks in our fall.  
And thus we rejoiced, till we came to a river ;  
Then parted in sadness, alas ! and forever.

Still onward I swept, feeling very sublime,  
Yet hoping to aid and assist all the time.  
I made myself useful, by helping to bear  
The boats and the vessels that came to us there.  
And as through the forests and cities we passed,  
I felt that o'er all was my influence cast.  
I aided in giving cool air and soft showers,  
I helped to give moisture to land, trees and flowers.

The moon poured upon us her light from afar,  
And how happy I was to reflect a bright star.  
And thus in our majesty, onward we rolled,  
Till we came to the ocean, so grand and so bold.  
I was only a drop, but I knew it was made  
Of drops just like me, so I felt not afraid ;  
And I rushed on with others to help form a wave,  
That was trying a boat-full of people to save.  
We wafted them on, toward a friendly shore,  
Then dashed ourselves down with a terrible roar ;  
And I found myself low in the coral caves,  
Where sea-monsters bask, deep under the waves.  
Ever moving and restless I came up again,  
And foaming, I fear that I dared to be vain.  
Sometimes I was green. sometimes I was white,  
And sometimes I sparkled like stars in the night.  
Then when the fair sky, with cerulean hue,  
Hung cloudlessly o'er me, my color was blue.  
I was beauty itself, in my various forms,  
In calm and in sunshine, in darkness and storms.  
Around me was grandeur and greatness and might,  
In the depth of the sea, or the billowy height.



I made part of this grandeur, this marvel sublime,  
That has ever rolled on, and will roll through all time ;  
And I wished I might never be destined to fill  
A lowlier station in fountain or rill.

But alas for my vanity ! soon did my fate  
Teach me, “ Peace will not always be found with the  
great ;”

Now foaming and raging and tossed o’er the main,  
I sighed to be lowly and gentle again.

In such constant motion, and never at rest,  
I wept for the vale and the brook I loved best.  
Then the sun in his pity, drew me to the sky,  
And again has a cloud let me fall from on high,  
And here from this rose who received me in love,  
I would wish in my happiness never to move,  
But dwell in her bosom, and strengthen and aid,  
And cherish her leaves, lest the heat make them fade.  
Now after this story we both need repose,  
I leave you to think, while I hide in my rose.



## LOVE.

“My Father, what is Love ?” said a fair child,  
As she looked in the face of him she thought  
Could tell her all things, “tell me, what is Love ?”

“It is a principle, my child, that should be sought,  
And cherished in the heart, even as we cherish life.  
'T is an unfailing guide to all that 's right.

If you would pray for blessings, pray for love.  
It teaches us to bear with others' faults,  
And if we 're injured, injure not again.

If Willie break your playthings, bear it well,  
And speak to him in love, and he with grief  
Will lay them at your feet. It teaches us  
Forgiveness, patience, hope. If unkind words  
Are given you at school, or wrongly you 're accused,  
If you have prayed for love, then it will come

With healing on its wings, and you 'll forgive  
With kindness the offender, and make better, hearts  
That otherwise would look on you with hate.  
For Love has a creating power, and those we love  
*Will* love us back again. Love has no limit,  
And it will extend, far as the mind can think,  
The thoughts can reach. It asks for peace and  
                  happiness  
For all ; the rich, the poor, the wicked and the good.  
It leads us to seek out the sorrowful,  
To “weep with those who weep,” and to rejoice  
With those who do rejoice, and pour the balm  
Of peace into the heart of wretchedness and sin.  
It leads us up to heaven ; for Love is heaven's air  
And element and light ; and all in heaven is Love.



## I HAVE BEEN TO RIDE.

I have been to ride,  
By my father's side ;  
I could ride forever  
By that clear river,  
When the morning breeze  
Waves the leafy trees ;  
Where the birds are singing,  
The sweet flowers springing,  
And the sun is bright,  
As if shade nor blight  
Could in coldness come  
To their blessed home.

But my father says,  
That the river's ways  
Will be filled with frost,  
And the leaves be lost

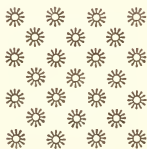
From the beautiful trees,  
And the gentle breeze  
Will stir them no more ;  
That the wind's wild roar  
Will wither the flowers,  
And the sunny hours  
Will be clouded, and shade  
O'er all will be laid.

Yet a land there is,  
Where the balmy breeze,  
Waves unwithering trees ;  
Birds of Paradise are  
Making melody there  
To the sweet flowers,  
Yet fairer than ours ;  
And they never will fade,  
For there is no shade ;  
But all is made bright  
By the Fountain of Light,  
And there the pure river  
Of life flows forever.

## SONG TO THE STARS.

Silent stars ! do you look down  
From your high and azure throne ?  
Earth's mild beauties do you see,  
Mountain, river, rock and tree ?  
Do you hear the various sounds,  
With which our rolling world abounds ?  
The wandering wind of many tones ;  
Now loud it roars, then low it moans !  
Do you hear its music sweet,  
As its breath the young leaves meet,  
Gliding o'er the clustering vine,  
Sweeping through the shadowy pine ?  
O ! its voices are to me  
Sweeter than all minstrelsy !  
Silent stars ! I do not know  
Why I always love you so.

On me does your beauty shine  
With a harmony divine,  
Through the clear and tranquil air,  
Looking down so pure and fair,  
That I feel you are my friends ;  
And your light a quiet sends  
To my sad and youthful heart,  
That I would not have depart,  
Like a voice of hope and peace,  
Bidding my childhood's sorrows cease.



## THE DEAD SNOW BIRDS.

The winter's sun shone bright and clear,  
The sky was dressed in blue,  
The earth had put her mantle on  
That morning, white and new.

How quietly the snow had come,  
And powdered every tree ;  
The little snow-birds left their home,  
Chirping with joy and glee.

They flew into a garden fair,  
Nor thought of harm or dread,  
Till a deep sound convulsed the air —  
The little birds are dead !



Their happy chirping now is still,  
Their pretty heads droop low ;  
Their little wings are folded close,  
Their feet are cold as snow.

Poor little birds ! just now you sung,  
And floated in the air,  
And pecked the snow, and seemed so glad,  
To see it fresh and fair.

But now you cannot sing again,  
And never can you fly.  
My pretty birds ! you left your woods,  
And came to us to die.



## SONG.

The bee is buzzing round and round,  
Making its low and humming sound,  
Kissing the honey from the flowers,  
Made bright and gay by summer showers ;  
Resting on beds of mignonette,  
Or hiding with the violet.

But if the power were given to me  
To be a busy, humming bee,  
I'd spread my wings and float away,  
Far from the garden bright and gay,  
And seek the meadow and the glade,  
Or wing me to the wild-wood's shade.

Of all the flowers to be caressed,  
I love the simple wild-flower best.  
I'd find the brightest in the land,  
Just as it fell from nature's hand,  
And choose the fairest one that grows.  
Is it the violet, or the rose ?



## THE DISCONTENTED CHILD.

“ The gloomy clouds hang over us,  
There 's not a spot of blue ;  
I know a storm is coming on,  
O dear, what shall I do !

“ I am so disappointed now,  
I cannot go to walk ;  
I shall not see dear Anna Dale,  
Or hear her laugh and talk.

“ Mamma, I wish I was a bird,  
How quickly I would fly  
Above the earth, above the clouds,  
Into the sunny sky.

“ And looking down upon the world,  
How sweetly I would sing !  
I'd float along so happily,  
Forever on the wing.

“ I wish I were a little bird,  
I am not happy here.  
Pray, dear Mamma, a story tell,  
Your little girl to cheer.”

Her mother gravely said to her,  
“ I'll tell you of a child,  
Who had a kind and gentle heart.  
A temper, sweet and mild.

“ She had a pleasant, happy home,  
And health to make her glad ;  
Playthings, and books, and pictures too,  
This little creature had.

“ A father’s and a mother’s love,  
Shone round her, night and day,  
In health or sickness, or in sleep,  
In study or in play.

“ Blessings of every kind were hers,  
That are to childhood given ;  
And above all the rest, she had  
A Father kind, in heaven.

“ And yet this little silly child,  
Perhaps you may have heard,  
Rejected all this happiness,  
And wished she was a bird.”



## THE CHILD WHO LOVED THE SKY.

I knew a little girl who loved the sky,  
In all its changes and variety.  
In a fair garden, would she sit for hours  
On a green bank, among the grass and flowers ;  
And upward look into the air so blue,  
Admiring its clear depths, and azure hue.  
She loved it in its misty morning dress,  
And in its evening robes of gorgeousness.  
The fair young moon was like a friend to her,  
As it sunk downward with the evening star.  
She with delight beheld the rising cloud,  
And saw the flash, and heard the thunder loud ;  
And she would watch it in its majesty,  
As it came darkly rolling o'er the sky.  
But best of all she loved the sky of night,  
When the still stars came forth in troops so bright,

And all the brightest she would fondly name  
For friends she loved the best, when evening came.  
She named one for her Mother, and that star  
Was ever to her a sweet comforter,  
For soon upon her Mother's grave it shone.  
And now, though years have fled, and time has gone,  
And childish fancies all away have passed,  
Yet will this sweet remembrance always last.  
And that pale star is dearer than the rest,  
Because it bore the name of her who loved her best.

---

## TRUTH.

Diamonds are glittering and bright and rare,  
*Truth* is the diamond that I would wear :  
Stars shine with light that is fairer than day,  
*Truth* is the star that shall lighten my way.



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SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

A child was in the garden gay,  
Alone amid the flowers, at play.  
He loved the flowers ; to him they grew  
Like friends and lovers, for but few  
Companions had this little child,  
And they his lonely hours beguiled.  
At last in weariness he laid  
Himself to sleep in the cool shade,  
And brightest dreams came floating o'er  
The sleeping child ; each darling flower  
Poured forth such music sweet and clear,  
He listened with a charmed ear.

Earth is a pleasant home for us,  
And God has placed us here,  
In beauty and in loveliness,  
Our gentle boy to cheer.

We live beneath this sunny sky,  
To bless him ere we fade and die.

Let us unfold to him sweet thoughts,  
To him bright lessons give,  
That he may follow wisdom's light,  
And learn the way to live ;  
And so fulfil his destiny,  
Before like us he fade and die.

The queen-like Rose shall teach him *love* ;  
For unto all she sends  
Her beauty, color, fragrance, forth  
Alike to foes and friends ;  
And thus his kindly deeds must bless  
All in his path with happiness.

Of *time*, so quickly passing, speaks  
The frail Anemone ;  
The everlasting Amaranth,  
Tells of *eternity*.  
The two so linked but by a breath,  
Thus teaching him of life in death.

The Lily's leaves of spotless white,  
Of *purity* shall sing ;  
And the blue lowly Violet  
Is like an angel's wing,  
Lifting the humble soul above,  
To regions fair of light and love.

And Mignonette, the darling flower,  
Pours forth its fragrant breath,  
Even as it droops and fades away,  
Like unto love in death.  
And thus may his affections rest,  
Ever with those who love him best.

We are a book of many leaves,  
That tells of sacred things ;  
And every little plant that grows,  
Its secret lesson brings.  
All those who seek to learn of us,  
We humbly teach, and teaching, bless.

Who is arrayed so glorious ?  
And who hath us arrayed ?  
He, who created this fair child,  
The simple lily made.  
We are his brothers, sisters, friends,  
For o'er us the same Father bends.



DARKNESS.

I'm glad it is not always light,  
And that the day with garment bright,  
Gently leaves us, as the night  
Falls in beauty o'er us.

If evening shadows never came,  
And darkness had not yet a name,  
And all things round us looked the same,  
Shining still before us,

The fairest and the loveliest sky,  
Our wearied eyes would never see ;  
The stars in their bright harmony,  
Still their high watch keeping ;

Nor the sweet moon, whose silver beams  
Are lighting forests, hills and streams,  
And even brightening our dreams,  
All the while we 're sleeping.

Darkness revealeth wondrous things,  
And with her awe and thought she brings,  
As she her mantle o'er us flings,  
Like a curtain closing.

Darkness ! thy coming shall be dear,  
Thy gloomy hue I will not fear,  
But of thy uses love to hear,  
Beneath thy shade reposing.





THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

I always wish the sun to shine,  
The day be fair and clear,  
And not a cloud to stain the sky,  
Or dim the atmosphere.

I love to have it silent too,  
Without a sound or voice,  
Save notes of praise from little birds,  
That carol and rejoice.

Or the low wind among the leaves,  
Or a clear running brook,  
Or any other sound that comes  
From nature's music book.

O holy is this blessed day !  
Let not a thought or word  
Of sin bedim its purity ;  
But let us worship God.

PRAYER.

When the morning, fair and bright,  
Comes to cheer me with its light,  
I will wake and thankfully  
Ask a blessing for the day.

When I am wrong, and know I've been  
Tempted to the path of sin,  
I will kneel, and look to heaven,  
And pray to have that sin forgiven.

When I am happy, good and glad,  
And nothing comes to make me sad,  
I shall love to thank and bless  
God, for all my happiness.

When I see the setting sun,  
And the starry night comes on,  
Father ! I will pray to be  
Kept and blessed, and loved by Thee.

THE ANGELS.

“ O where are the angels, mother ?  
Say, where do their bright forms rest ?  
Like us do they love each other,  
Are they always happy and blessed ?”

This said a sweet child one evening,  
As he lay in peace on his bed ;  
And his mother said, “ They are hovering,  
I hope, round my dear boy’s head.

“ The angels are ever around us,  
To guide, and to keep and to aid ;  
Myriads of spirits surround us,  
Whom God in his goodness has made.

“ In heaven they worship and praise Him,  
All clothed in their robes of light,  
They ever are happy and sinless,  
And crowned with a glory bright.”

TO THE MOON.

Pale and cold are your beams, fair moon,  
As they are falling on my bed,  
I can look you in the face, sweet moon,  
Without even raising my head.

Your form is a lovely crescent now,  
Very soon its beauty will change,  
As among the crowds of stars you go,  
And away through the clouds you range.

I do not delight in your full, round face,  
Nor your broad and shining glare,  
But sweet is your present form of grace,  
And your light so soft and fair.

I wonder, as on the city you shine,  
And peep in at our windows so bright,  
If you really look on its houses fine,  
And its children asleep for the night.

I love to watch your way in the sky,  
As behind the church you sink,  
It minds me of shining paths on high,  
And it always leads me to *think*.



WHAT IS IT MAKES ME HAPPIEST ?

What is it makes me happiest ?

Is it my last new play ?

Is it my bounding ball, or hoop

I follow every day ?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks ?

My pleasant *solitaire* ?

My dolls, my kitten, or my books,

My flowers fresh and fair ?

What is it makes me happiest ?

It is not one of these ;

Yet they are treasures dear to me,

And never fail to please.

O, it is looks and tones of love,

From those I love the best,

That follow me *when I do right* ;

These make me happiest !

NURSERY SONG.

I shall be glad when evening comes,  
Papa I then shall see ;  
And he will take me in his arms,  
And sit me on his knee.

The sunset sky he 'll show me,  
And evening's brightest star ;  
I tried to blow it out one night --  
O then, how laughed Papa !

He 'll tell me pretty stories,  
And mend my last new toy,  
And wonder why I broke it ;  
A careless little boy !

If I am good, he 'll kiss me,  
And hear me say my prayers,  
And bid me then a kind good night,  
Before he goes down stairs.

THE STORM.

See the white clouds,  
How fast they fly  
Over the face  
Of the clear blue sky.

They pass the sun,  
And now they are bright,  
Shining like gold,  
In his burning light.

O there are more clouds !  
Come, look again ;  
They are dark and black  
With the bursting rain.

And now the white clouds,  
The sky of blue,  
And the dazzling sun,  
With its golden hue,



Are hid by the storm ;  
    And the wind blows loud,  
As the rain-drops pour  
    From the gloomy cloud.

It makes me think,  
    When my face is bright  
With pleasure and smiles,  
    And my heart is light,

How often the cloud  
    Of ill-humor appears,  
And changes the smile  
    To frowns and to tears.

And now I believe,  
    That never again,  
Will my sunny smiles  
    Be turned to rain.

But I will be good,  
    And do what is right ;  
I then shall be smiling  
    And happy and bright.

MY FATHER.

I bound to meet my father,  
When his coming step I hear,  
For every look and smile of his,  
To me are very dear.

'T is joy for me to love him,  
And never make him sad,  
He always speaks so kindly,  
When I am good and glad.

I will always try to please him,  
And be amiable and mild ;  
And he will kiss me then, and say,  
I am his darling child.

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

I will keep the Sabbath holy,  
The day of sacred rest !  
The brightest day of all the week,  
The day I love the best.

I will keep the Sabbath holy,  
It is the Saviour's day !  
By quietness and meekness too,  
By ceasing from my play.

I will keep the Sabbath holy,  
The day so still and fair !  
By kindly thoughts, and words of love,  
By worship and by prayer.

The Saviour looks from heaven,  
And listens when I pray ;  
He loves all little children,  
Who keep the Sabbath day.

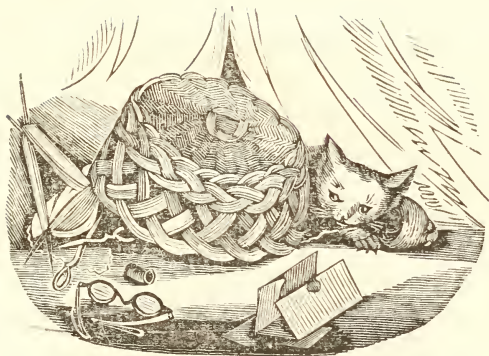
HELEN'S KITTEN.

With glossy, downy, jetty skin,  
And eyes of blue, of frolic mien,  
A roguish look, and playful ways,  
Whose grace one's kindness all repays ;

A form of roundness, tiny feet,  
That pat along its friends to meet,  
Its pretty neck it loves to show,  
Decked with a spot as white as snow ;

A voice of music sweet and new,  
When for mamma it murmurs " mew !"  
Yet from her kiss will wildly start,  
It has so frolicsome a heart.

All these rare beauties do belong  
To our sweet kitten ; but this song  
Is most unworthy in her praise,  
She has so *many* cunning ways.



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THE SNOW.

O pray take your eyes from off your book,  
And come to the window, mamma, and look.  
See the big snow-flakes, how fast they fall,  
O how I wish I could catch them all!  
How many it takes to make up a storm,  
And they all are of different size and form.  
Some look like a star, and some like a flower,  
And some like a cloud, and all like a shower;  
But prettier far than a shower of rain,  
So pure and white, without blemish or stain.  
And O how quiet and noiseless they come,  
As fast as they can from their lofty home,  
Busily clothing the face of the ground,  
And giving it beauty without any sound.  
I leave you, mamma, for away I must go,  
To play with the silent, the beautiful snow.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother ! My kind Mother !  
I hear thy gentle voice,  
It always makes my little heart  
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me,  
And kindly soothes my pain ;  
And when I sleep, then in my dreams,  
It sweetly comes again.

It always makes me happy,  
Whene'er I hear its tone,  
I know it is the voice of love,  
From a heart that is my own.

My Mother ! My dear Mother !  
O may I never be  
Unkind, or disobedient,  
In any way, to thee.



HYMN

Lord, I am ill ! a little child !  
O ! make me gentle, make me mild,  
    And let me patient be ;  
Help me to bear the pain I feel,  
And heal me, if it be thy will,  
    That I may follow thee.

If thou dost wish for me in heaven,  
If thou hast all my sins forgiven,  
    Then let me love to die ;  
For I shall then an angel be,  
Loving to praise and worship thee,  
    Beyond the clear blue sky.

GEORGE AND ROVER.

George was a good and pleasant child,  
He loved each living thing ;  
The cows and lambs, the trees and flowers,  
The birds upon the wing.

But more than all, he liked his dog ;  
And dearly Rover loved  
To follow George in all his walks,  
And play where'er he roved.

He was a shaggy dog, and large ;  
His color, it was black,  
Except a ring of snowy white,  
He wore around his neck.

And George's favorite walk was by  
A river bright and clear,  
And when his dog was with him there,  
His mother had no fear.

She knew if he should fall therein,  
Rover her boy would save ;  
For Rover loved his master well,  
And Rover loved the wave.

And George would stand upon the bridge,  
Above the waters deep,  
And throw a broken bough below,  
And down would Rover leap.

It was a charming picture all,  
For any one to see ;  
The bridge, that spanned the river's banks,  
The river, wild and free,

The happy boy, the playful dog,  
Dashing the waters bright,  
The hill, the school-house and the trees,  
Were all a pleasant sight.

And Rover liked to play at home,  
And often he would run  
And chase the sheep and lambs about,  
And bark at them for fun.

And then the lambs all gleefully  
    Would chase him too in play,  
And he would roll upon the grass,  
    And frolic ; — so would they.

And often, on a summer's night,  
    When sunset shades had come,  
George took his dog and went to find  
    The cows, and drive them home.

The pasture, where they daily went  
    To breakfast and to dine,  
Was large and green, a sunny place,  
    Where grass grew sweet and fine.

And through it ran a little brook,  
    Where oft the cows would drink,  
And lay them down upon the flowers,  
    That grew upon the brink.

They liked to lie beneath the trees,  
    All shaded by the boughs,  
Whene'er the noontide heat came on —  
    And they were happy cows.

And oft at night, when George would come,  
Quite weary with his race,  
The cows would be among the oaks,  
In a far distant place.

Then he would wait, and Rover call ;  
Away would Rover go,  
And leave his master at the gate,  
With nothing there to do.

With dignity, he 'd seek the cows,  
And make them walk before,  
Nor stop till he had got them safe,  
Beside the cottage door.

Yet often would they linger near  
The nice green tufts of grass,  
And vainly try to get a bite,  
As they along would pass.

But Rover would not suffer them  
To lounge and idle there,  
He gave them gentle hints, that they  
Were all beneath his care.

And Rover was eccentric too ;  
Puss was his dearest friend ;  
Sometimes in weariness he 'd lay,  
And all his paws extend.

Then puss would run and lay her down,  
And fondly lean her head  
Upon his breast, and go to sleep,  
Delighted with her bed.

And Rover was a friend to all  
That lived about the farm ;  
He took good care of hens and pigs,  
And never did them harm.

And every day when it was time  
For them to eat their food,  
He always went to find them all,  
In kind and gentle mood.

And many other useful things,  
Would faithful Rover do ; -  
No wonder George was kind to him,  
And always loved him so.

Poor Rover ! His was a sad fate ! One morning his young master, seeing him lay dull and sleepy in the sun, called him to come and play. Instead of bounding toward him as usual, he scarcely noticed his calls or caresses. But George persisted in rousing him, and was kindly patting his head, when he sprang suddenly and caught George's hand in his mouth, and bit him severely, covering it, at the same time, with a white froth. George cried out with astonishment and pain. Fortunately, the dog's teeth did not pierce the skin. If they had, fatal and dreadful consequences must have followed. Deep purple marks were to be seen for several days after the bite, on George's hand. Rover was taken and secured in the barn, and discovered such violent and decided signs of hydrophobia, that it was thought best to have him shot. Poor George was inconsolable at the thought, but his father told him it was far better to put an end to his existence, than to suffer him to live in agony and endanger the lives of all the neighbourhood. So Rover, the sagacious and affectionate Rover, was shot. He was lamented by all the family.

One of George's and Rover's favorite resorts was a grove of oaks, back of the house where George's father lived; in this grove was a clear and beautiful spring of water. It was a pleasant and shady spot, and there George made Rover's grave; and many lonely and sad hours has he spent there since, thinking of his lost and faithful dog.





THE PET LAMB.

One chilly morning in the spring,  
When all was still and calm,  
George listened, for he thought he heard  
The bleating of a lamb.

Rover was with him at the time ;  
'T was plain he heard it too,  
He looked so earnest, pricked his ears,  
As dogs will always do.

'T was not the usual tone of lambs,  
But sorrowful and weak ;  
And George ran quickly to the fold,  
The moaning one to seek.

There stood a little shivering lamb,  
Close where his mother laid ;  
She could not hear her lambkin cry,  
Alas, for she was dead !

George took the poor, forsaken thing,  
And bade him fear no harm,  
And carried him into the house,  
And tried to make him warm.

He gave him nice sweet milk to eat,  
And told him to be good ;  
And Rover gave him kindly looks,  
While Georgie gave him food.

At last the lamb laid down to sleep,  
And Rover by him kept,  
And watched him close, as if he feared  
Some danger, while he slept.

And what the little guileless lamb,  
As he slept sweetly there,  
Was dreaming of, we cannot tell —  
Perhaps of his mamma.

And when he woke, he was refreshed,  
And soon began to play,  
And trustingly in George's hands,  
His little head would lay,

And Georgie loved him very much,  
He was so mild and tame,  
And kept him from the meadows damp,  
Till summer breezes came.

He followed him within the house,  
About the garden too,  
And round his white and woolly neck,  
George tied a ribbon blue.

And when into the grassy field  
They sent him far away,  
Thinking he 'd like with other lambs,  
To frisk about and play,

He seemed so sad and sorrowful,  
With melancholy air,  
That Rover would beside him stay  
To make him happy there.

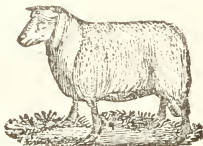
But soon as Rover turned to go,  
And homeward bend his way,  
The lamb would look at him and bleat,  
And beg him still to stay.

Then he would follow Rover home,  
And seem in ecstasy,  
When George caressed and patted him,  
As full of joy as he.

And time went on, and I could tell  
How fast the lambkin grew,  
And that he still continued fond  
Of George and Rover too.

And in the pleasant summer time,  
They were together hours,  
In field and meadow, by the brook,  
Among the grass and flowers.

My story 's done. May you be like  
The lamb, so meek and mild,  
As grateful and affectionate ;  
A pure and spotless child.



MY ROBIN.

I will tell you of my robin ;  
A pretty bird was he,  
As gay and full of mirthfulness,  
As any bird could be.

Perhaps his plumage was not gay,  
As some fine birds are dressed,  
But then his eyes were bright as stars,  
And red his downy breast.

Upon my shoulder he would sit,  
And hop around my feet ;  
Confiding and affectionate,  
He from my hand would eat.

As soon as the bright morning dawned,  
His song you 'd always hear,  
And then at night, his vesper hymn,  
So musical and clear.

He filled the house with melody,  
He filled my heart with glee,  
He was a plaything, and a pet,  
A happiness to me.

But O, I lost my gentle bird !  
His fate was dark and sad ;  
I wept for hours, and felt as if  
I never could be glad.

I always shall remember him,  
While thought and memory last ;  
He is one of my bright pictures  
Of a childhood that has passed.

---

One pleasant summer's day, I went to ride with my Uncle Robert. As we were passing through a wood where

“ Wild birds were singing,  
And sweet flowers were springing,”

my uncle stopped his horse that he might hear more distinctly the various voices that came from the forest. While we sat listening to these sweet sounds, we saw a little bird fall from a tree quite near us. It was a young robin making its first attempt to fly; the mother-bird was fluttering round, trying to teach it, I suppose; but the little one had not strength, and it fell to the ground. "O, I wish I had that dear little bird," said I. "Just step out of the chaise and get it," said my uncle. "Quick, quick, before Ranger comes." Ranger was a dog, who always accompanied us on our drives, running on before the horse, sometimes suddenly disappearing in the woods, and then as suddenly bounding along the road again. I often envied Ranger the liberty he had of going just where he chose.

My uncle thought I should not be quick enough, and springing from the chaise himself, caught the bird, just as Ranger came up, and put it safely into my hands. Poor Robin! How frightened he was, and how I pitied him! I held him as gently as I could, and as soon as we reached home, my uncle purchased me a cage, and Bobbie was lord of his own mansion. A most undesirable situation for a bird. I very well knew that they like to fly through the pure blue air, upward and

downward, and make the forest ring with their clear sweet voices, and I wonder now, how I could have been so thoughtless and so selfish as to deprive a wild bird of its freedom.

Bobbie seemed lonely at first, but he never refused food and water, and he soon became so tame and confiding that he would eat from my hand. We often opened the door of his cage, and let him hop about the room, and peck crumbs from the breakfast table. He had no opportunity of hearing the notes of other birds, so my uncle thought he would teach him to sing. He whistled to him every day, then Bob would whistle and imitate his notes correctly. At last Bob learned to whistle the tune of Yankee Doodle, and a part of another tune. I do not remember how long he was in becoming so accomplished, but I remember that he did become so, and he was the wonder of the neighborhood, and the delight of my heart.

I had another pet; it was Bessie the cat. One of my favorite amusements had been to play with and tease poor Bessie. I did not mean to tease her, but very young children rarely play with a cat without hurting her sometimes. Bessie was not beautiful; she was



grey, and very long and thin, with yellow eyes that looked kindly upon me. She had a sedate face and manner, and rarely condescended to play herself, though she so willingly allowed me to use her as a plaything. But she was old, and I was young, and that made the difference in our tastes. Yet there were times when she was as animated as cat could be. If she heard a mysterious sound like the nibbling of a mouse, or the stealthy footstep of a rat, who was more excited than Bess! In the garden, too, she would look longingly after the birds, and in the house she became Bobbie's declared enemy. Once with extended claws she sprung upon his cage, and so frightened him, that we feared he would die. One day we thought we had lost him; by some means the door of the cage came open, and he flew forth into the garden. Upward he soared, delighted with his new power, then he rested upon a spreading elm, and sung Yankee Doodle. We called him by all tender and endearing names, sweet Bobbie! pretty Bobbie! dear Bobbie! but he regarded us from afar with a most independent air. Then my uncle whistled all the familiar notes they had so often whistled together, and beseechingly held out his hands. Bobbie seemed to hesitate, but at last an irresistible impulse

brought him down to us, and he alighted in all love and faith on my uncle's fore-finger. It was a glad moment for us all. Dear Bobbie ! how I loved him. I dread to tell his fate.

After this he lived on happily enough, seeming as contented with his narrow wiry abode, as he did before he soared into the regions of freedom. Bessie was still a favorite, and allowed me my usual liberties with her ears and tail, without a murmur. One night I left Bobbie fast asleep, with

“ His head under his wing,  
Poor thing ! ”

and in the morning when I went to his cage, I found it empty. In alarm I hurried from the room, and in the passage leading to the garden I saw on the floor a bird's wing and several feathers scattered along ; they were Bobbie's ! I sat down and cried bitterly. Bessie came along and rubbed against me ; “ O Bessie, did you do this ? ” said I ; she looked innocently in my face, and walked away.

During the night, by some unknown means, she had gained access to his cage, and had killed him. He was

dead. My beautiful bird, who had sung to me, and loved me, and made me happy. My uncle tried to console me, but he felt the loss of Bobbie nearly as much as myself. What remained of Bobbie I took to the garden, and under a cherry tree, from which I had often gathered cherries for him, I buried the wing and the feathers.

Bessie was punished by unkind words from all, and it was long before she found the house a pleasant home ; but we forgave her, because we knew she was not aware of the extent of her offence. I never loved her quite so well again ; how could I ? She seemed to forget all about it, and lived on unconcerned for years, growing more and more stupid and dull every day, till at last she died comfortably and peacefully of old age.



THE SOUTH WIND.

South wind softly blowing,  
Balmy is thy breath,  
Gentle as a spirit,  
Stealing o'er the earth.

Thou hast passed o'er flowers,  
Blooming in the spring,  
Bearing with thee odors  
On thy cloudy wing.

Of green fields thou mind'st me,  
Of the forest tree ;  
Of all buds and blossoms,  
Talkest thou to me.

Dim the stars are shining ;  
Softly o'er the air  
Floats a misty vapor,  
Telling thou art there,

Bathing all things living,  
That thou breathest on ;  
Making low, sweet music,  
With thy gentle tone.

South wind ! I do love thee,  
For thou bring'st to me  
Music, beauty, gladness ;  
And I welcome thee.



MARY'S DREAM.

I will sit by you, my mother,  
And tell you of a dream,  
That to your darling Mary,  
Last night so sweetly came.

I was sitting by the rose-bush,  
And thinking of its flowers ;  
And how with little Emma,  
I had played by it for hours.

I was thinking of the day she died,  
And of the rose-bud fair,  
I laid within her little hand,  
And left it withering there.

And then there shone around me,  
A pale and holy light ;  
I wondered why I was so glad,  
And why it was so bright.

And soon amid the brightness  
I saw an angel-child ;  
She gave me such a look of love,  
And beautifully smiled.

And then I knew 't was Emma,  
All clothed in robes of white ;  
Her words, they were all music,  
Her form seemed made of light.

She said in tones of melody,  
“ Sweet sister, do not fear ;  
I come to you, my Mary,  
To comfort and to cheer.

“ To tell you words of beauty,  
Of my new and glorious home,  
Where roses never fade or droop,  
Where shade can never come.

“ I am ever round you, Mary,  
With these celestial flowers ;  
I lay them in your path-way,  
I hang them on your bowers.

“ You cannot see their beauty now,  
But they will joy impart,  
And keep unkind and sinful thoughts  
Away from Mary's heart.

“ The brightest in my wreath is *Truth*,  
The sweetest is called *Love*,  
The fairest is *Humility*,  
Fresh from the fields above.

“ O, it is dear and sweet to me,  
To minister to you ;  
To weave you fair immortal crowns,  
Of blossoms bright and true.

“ To be the winged messenger  
Of blessings from afar ;  
To guide and aid you in all good,  
Till you an angel are.

“ And then to bear you up to heaven,  
All glorious and bright,  
And lead you to the feet of **HIM**,  
The fountain of all light.”



And saying this, she sweetly smiled,  
And faded from my view.  
I woke, and found it was a dream ;  
Yet O, it must be true !

My mother, I am *not* alone !  
I know a form of light,  
A blessed guardian angel  
Is round me day and night.

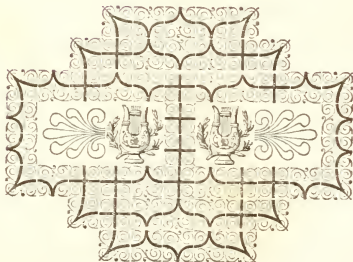


THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,  
By its fountains and its rills,  
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,  
And o'er the vine-clad hills,  
Once lived and roved the fairest child  
That ever blessed the earth ;  
The happiest, the holiest,  
That e'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was !  
Harmless and undefiled ;  
O, dear to his young mother's heart  
Was this pure, sinless child !  
Kindly in all his deeds and words,  
And gentle as the dove ;  
Obedient, affectionate,  
*His very soul was Love.*

O, is it not a blessed thought,  
Children of human birth !  
That once the Saviour was a child,  
And lived upon the earth.



SPRING THOUGHTS.

The Spring, the Spring, the joyous Spring !  
Myriads of beauties does it bring !  
Things, gladdening to heart and eye,  
Above us and around us lie.

The tinted cloud, the gentle shower,  
The leafy bud, the springing flower,  
The birds with notes so sweet and glad,  
The little streams in sunshine clad ;

They all come forth as from the dead,  
As soon as Winter's ice has fled,  
Filling the world with music sweet,  
As all their sounds together meet.

Like childhood is the sunny spring,  
As new, as fresh, as sweet a thing,  
With buds of hope and destiny ;  
Some are to blossom, some to die.

MORNING HYMN.

The morning shines, the sun is up,  
The birds are singing forth their glee ;  
All things are fresh and full of hope,  
Willing to worship God with me.

Creator of the glorious earth !  
The sun, the cloud, the morning sky ;  
Who givest all things life and birth,  
And liftest up my heart on high !

I come with many thanks to thee,  
For peace and safety through the night ;  
Thy wing of love o'ershadowed me,  
I sweetly slept till morning light.

I am a weak and sinful child,  
O ! keep and aid me through the day ;  
Make me obedient, lowly, mild,  
Nor let my soul be led astray.

Bless me, my Father ! Keep and bless  
All whom I love, and all who live ;  
Make us to know and feel thy grace,  
And unto us thy spirit give.



EVENING HYMN.

To all that I love, good-night, good-night !  
For I know, by the day's departing light,  
    That I must away to sleep ;  
On my pillow, I 'll lay me down to rest,  
For the sun has hidden himself in the west,  
    The stars are beginning to peep.

And now I will kneel by the side of my bed,  
And clasp my hands, and bow my head,  
    And remember that God is near ;  
For the child that earnestly loves to pray,  
And seek for his care, at the close of the day,  
    He is ever ready to hear.

I 'll ask his forgiveness for all I have done,  
That was sinful and wrong, since the rising sun,  
    And pray to be guided aright.  
I will ask him to bless me, and all I hold dear,  
And beseech him my simple prayer to hear,  
    And then close my eyes for the night.





THE SUNSET.

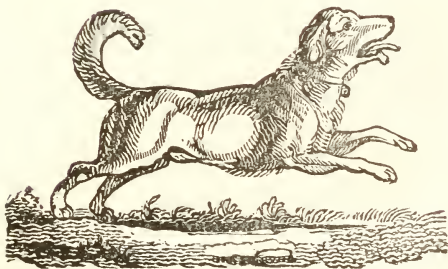
'T was sunset, and a summer's night ;  
The evening sky was gay and bright,  
Clouds of all forms and colors, were  
Sailing and shining through the air.  
And many a child's delighted eye  
Was fixed upon that evening sky,  
Wondering if angels bright and fair,  
Dwelt not amid the glories there.

Helen and Kate were standing near  
A river's brink ; the waters clear  
Were calm, and on its bosom, laid  
The sunset scene without a shade.  
Helen and Kate were wild with glee,  
These colors at their feet to see ;

They gambolled round their charmed mother,  
They called loud for their baby brother,  
They wanted all they ever loved,  
To see these bright clouds rest unmoved  
So quietly upon the river,  
A sight to be remembered ever.

A bark was heard, and then a bound,  
The children turned their faces round,  
And there was Brutus, on the run,  
In search of frolic and of fun.  
He was a black and handsome creature,  
And noble, both in form and feature ;  
He rushed amid the quiet clouds,  
Unheeding Kitty's warning words.  
He was her favorite and her pet,  
She hated that he should get wet.  
But he had no such fears in view,  
He loved to swim and frolic too ;  
He liked to plash the waters round,  
And listen to their cooling sound ;  
He made the clouds to change their places,  
He dashed them in a thousand pieces,

And seemed delighted with his play,  
Chasing the radiant scene away.  
Nor he alone, for evening made  
Them gently darken with her shade ;  
How soon all bright things always fade !



DISOBEDIENCE.

“ Mother,” said Henry one beautiful day,  
“ Shall I go to the fields, and find a bouquet,  
Our pretty new vases to fill ?  
“ Yes,” said his mother, “ but Henry, my dear,  
The banks of the pond I would not go near,  
But go to the side of the hill.”

“ Yet the flowers of which you are very fond,  
The brightest and sweetest, grow round the pond ;  
Now pray, mother, do let me go.”  
“ I cannot, my child, it is dangerous there ;  
Others there are in the field, quite as fair —  
And now you have heard me say, no !”

Away ran the boy with his dog by his side,  
For Tiger was oft his protector and guide,  
And loved to take care of the child.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

They found by the hill-side the flowers they sought,  
And Henry had with him a basket brought  
Which he filled with the blossoms wild.

And Tiger and he in the high grass played,  
And on its soft carpet themselves they laid,  
Till 't was time to go away home.

Then Henry looked round toward the pond to see  
If the flowers were there, that he thought would be,  
And longed by the water to roam.

For the scarlet cardinal flowers were there,  
That his mother loved, and the lilies fair ;  
And he thought they would look so bright,  
Mingled with those he had found by the hill,  
That were all of them white as the snow, yet still  
He knew that he should not do right.

He thought to himself, " If mother could know  
How pretty they are, she would let me go,  
And she very little will care."

He forgot her commands, and again he said,  
" My mother is always too much afraid ;"  
And soon he found himself there.

The scarlet blossoms he gathered with ease,  
But the lilies he bent o'er the pond to seize,  
    And stepped upon a rolling stone ;  
In reaching so far as the lilies grew,  
He fell, lost his basket and lilies too,  
    And they floated away every one.

Poor Henry ! the waters closed over him there,  
Alone and unaided, he thought in despair  
    Of his mother's last parting command.  
He cried, and he struggled, and would have been  
    drowned,  
But Tiger plunged in, and the sinking boy found,  
    And brought him quite safely to land.

And there on the grass, as exhausted he lay,  
And saw his sweet flowers all floating away,  
    He cried with vexation and pain.  
And he thought, " I will tell my dear mother of this,  
I will ask her forgiveness, my fault I'll confess,  
    And I'll not disobey her again.



LETTER FROM AN INFANT, TO HER COUSIN  
OF THE SAME AGE.

Cara dear, my baby-cousin,  
I send you kisses by the dozen,  
Hoping they will meet you, love,  
Kind and gentle as the dove.  
Nine months old this day are we,  
A birth-day gift I send to thee,  
That you may think of little me ;  
For it is just like another,  
Bought this day for me by mother,  
Who thought the color was so bright,  
It would find favor in our sight ;  
And little babies, so they say,  
Delight in colors bright and gay.

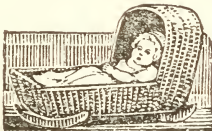
I wish to know what you can do,  
That 's wonderful and strange and new.

I can talk all day and night,  
I can sit and stand and bite,  
I can laugh and I can cry,  
As loud as any large baby.  
They say I am extremely small,  
But that I can't believe at all ;  
I know my soul is very great,  
For I can think and love and hate.  
I have teeth one more than two ;  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?  
And to-day, while I was sleeping,  
Mother saw another peeping  
Through the wound, that Dr. Hale  
Made the day I looked so pale,  
And felt so sadly sick and weak,  
That I could not look up or speak.  
But now I am a good deal better,  
Else I could never write this letter.

I hope that you are well and glad,  
And nothing comes to make you sad ;  
No disappointments and no frights ;  
And that you 're good in the dark nights,

And let your mother sleep in quiet,  
Although *I* often make a riot.  
But O, all others far above,  
I do my mother fondly love ;  
And my dear father, whom I greet,  
*Always*, with a smile most sweet.  
But all strangers, great and small,  
I'm sure I cannot love at all.

And now, my Cara, I must say  
Farewell, I 'll write another day,  
And tell you all about the city,  
And how my heart beats wild with pity  
For country babies, who can see  
Nought but a barn, a cow, or tree ;  
But now adieu, you 'll answer this ;  
Receive my love, my parting kiss.



THE BIRTH DAY.

It is thy birth day, dearest !  
Without a cloud or frown,  
The earth is smiling sweetly,  
As the sunshine cometh down.

All things look bright and happy,  
On this thy natal day,  
And may it be an emblem  
Of thine own earthly way.

Oh ! may thy sky be stainless,  
No sin be written there,  
Then will the sun of gladness  
Be shining everywhere.

On all thy plays and studies,  
On all thy graver hours,  
To childhood, and to manhood,  
It will bring its fruits and flowers.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR  
THEY SHALL SEE GOD.”

O blessed are the pure in heart !  
The spirit free from sin,  
The child, who prayeth but to be  
All holiness within.  
Who has serene and sacred thoughts  
Come o'er him from above,  
Who striveth to do all he can  
To make his nature, love.

O blessed are the pure in heart !  
For they shall live in Heaven,  
And unto them shall spotless robes  
Of purity be given.  
And they shall see their Father's face,  
The God of Holiness !  
And ever in his presence shine,  
Spirits of light and bliss.

## THE LITTLE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

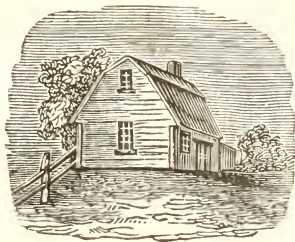
The mother looked pale, and her face was sad,  
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad ;  
She silently sat with tears in her eye,  
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a pleasant, affectionate child,  
His ways were winning, his temper was mild,  
There was joy and love in his soft blue eye ;  
But O, this sweet boy had told a lie !

He stood by the window alone within,  
And he felt that his soul was stained with sin,  
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,  
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and leaned by his mother's side,  
And asked for a kiss, which she denied ;  
He told her, with many a penitent sigh,  
That he *never* would tell another lie.

Then she took his small hands within her own,  
And bade him before her kneel gently down,  
And she kissed his cheek, while he looked on high,  
And prayed to be pardoned for telling the lie.



THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

One day a little playful boy  
Said, " Dear mamma, I wish  
That I could go into the yard,  
And make believe catch fish."

His mother told him that he might,  
And gave him a pin-hook,  
And bade him go to a large tub,  
And think it was a brook.

He took his little rod and line,  
Delighted with his play ;  
But soon he felt quite vexed, that he  
Could catch no fish that way.

And so without his mother's leave,  
He through the garden passed ;  
Out of the gate he found his way,  
Into the street at last.





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“ And now I ’ll go down to the wharf,  
And there I ’ll catch some trout,”  
Said little John ; away he went,  
Nor stopped to look about.

Soon on the wharf he found himself,  
And there he stood alone ;  
That little child of four years old,  
In petticoat and gown !

And when he saw he could not reach  
So very far below,  
He stepped upon a floating log,  
And thought he ’d catch them so.

Just then the log began to move,  
And Johnny could not save  
His little self from falling in  
Beneath the rolling wave.

A sailor stood quite near the place,  
The only person there,  
Watching the little thoughtless child,  
And what he next would dare.

He plunged beneath the waters deep,  
And caught the drowning boy,  
And brought him safe to land again,  
With generous-hearted joy.

And then he asked him where he lived,  
And bade him scamper home,  
And never run away again,  
Or near the water come.

And John obeyed, and soon appeared  
Before his dear mamma,  
And cried, and told her he had been  
Down where the waters are.

And as he tumbled in the sea,  
A sailor rushed to save  
Her little boy from drowning there,  
Under the briny wave.

He never disobeyed again,  
And never run away ;  
And now he has grown up a man,  
I see him every day.

And still he loves to fish for trout,  
Yet not upon the sea ;  
But when beside a winding brook,  
A happy man is he.



HYMN.

“ The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.”

To thy pastures green and fair,  
Saviour, let a child repair ;  
I will never stray from thee,  
But thy fold my home shall be.

Like a gentle lamb, I 'll lay  
In the meadows fresh and gay,  
Peaceful and contented there,  
Guarded by my shepherd's care.

By the waters still and clear,  
I shall wander without fear,  
Happy by my shepherd's side,  
All my wants will be supplied.

Lord, my shepherd wilt thou be?  
Help me then to follow thee,  
At thy feet myself I cast,  
Thee to serve, while life shall last.



HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

We do not feel, that thou  
Art taken from us now,  
Without a meaning and a purpose clear ;  
Thy life was brief, but bright ;  
And it has left the light  
Of goodness and of beauty round us here.

God sent thee here to bless,  
With love and gentleness,  
How many hearts, that are with anguish rung !  
And thy young life has passed ;  
O'er *us* the cloud is cast,  
While heaven's glories are around thee flung.

Thou had'st a sweet control  
Over the heart and soul  
Of all who heard the music of thy voice ;



We may not hear again  
From thee, one blessed strain  
Of those loved tones to gladden and rejoice.

O thou art early dead !  
Bright hopes have perished,  
Visions of future years are sunk in night ;  
Yet shall that voice of thine,  
In harmony divine,  
Sing praises for thy spirit's early flight.

For thou art now at rest.  
Among the happiest ;  
A spirit, at thy Saviour's feet forgiven ;  
Thou art forever free,  
No sin can shadow thee,  
Clothed in the white and holy robes of heaven.



RHYMES OF ADVICE.

My little girl, be always kind,  
And cultivate a willing mind ;  
Be ready, by a word or smile,  
The sad or weary to beguile ;  
And by your acts of love, to give  
Pleasure to all with whom you live ;  
Be kind, then you will be polite,  
Your manners simple, graceful, right.

My little girl, be soft and mild ;  
O, be a gentle, docile child !  
Raise not your voice to friend or foe,  
But let your tones be sweet and low.  
Be truthful, open and sincere,  
Be independent without fear ;  
And if you know that you are right,  
Shrink not from ridicule or slight.

Be simple in your taste for dress,  
But clothe your soul in loveliness.  
Be meek ; O, it is sweet to be  
Appareled in humility.  
The faults of others do not seek,  
And of them, do not often speak ;  
But daily search for all your own,  
And strive to banish every one.

There 's an example, sacred, bright,  
That ever should be in your sight ;  
A character all holiness,  
That you should reverence, love and bless.  
Study this picture every day,  
And to be like it, always pray ;  
For JESUS came, that we might be  
Like unto him, in purity.



HYMN.

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

Anger is like a cloud that comes,  
And shades a pleasant sky ;  
No smiling sunbeam shineth o'er  
A storm so dark and high.

And blessed are those children good,  
Who, with a look or tone,  
Bring forth a sweet and sunny smile,  
Where hath been anger's frown.

For anger shadeth every thing,  
That 's beautiful and bright ;  
'T is like a demon on the earth,  
When marching in its might.

O blessed are those children dear,  
Who strive to fill its place,  
By softened words, and mild reproof,  
With the sweet angel, PEACE !

For they are like to Him who spoke  
Those golden words of love ;  
The peace-makers shall blessed be ;  
Children of God above.



“THEN WERE THERE BROUGHT UNTO HIM  
LITTLE CHILDREN.”

How beautiful is Jordan's lowly vale !  
'T was a sweet picture ; the red sun had sunk  
Low in the west behind Judea's hills,  
Shedding a mellow glow o'er earth and sky.  
All sounds were hushed, save the soft evening wind  
That swept along, stirring the willows  
That bent low and hung o'er Jordan's rapid stream.  
Then on the silent air there was the sound  
Of many footsteps, and there came a group  
That sought the quiet coolness of a grove,  
And sat them down beneath the pleasant shade,  
And bared their brows to the cool air  
Of eventide, and seemed at rest.  
'T was Jesus and his followers, that made  
That lovely spot so sacred.

Again was heard the sound of coming feet,  
The short, quick tread of childhood in its joy,  
And the light step of woman met the ear.  
Then bounding o'er the path came a young mother  
With her only boy. Her full, dark eyes were bent  
On his young face, radiant with childhood's beauty,  
And her lips were moving as in prayer; and tears,  
A mother's tears, fell on his high fair brow,  
As he looked upward to her flowing eye,  
And wondered at its earnestness and hope.  
"Will he bless me, my mother?" said the child;  
"'T is all I ask, my boy;" and passing on,  
She sought the feet of Jesus. Others came  
With children beautiful as infancy;  
The noble boy, the fair and playful girl  
Went hand in hand, and babies, clinging to their  
                  mothers' arms,  
Were brought in trust and love.  
But the bright, earnest look of hope and faith,  
That lighted up the mother's face, as 't were  
The face of a bright angel, suddenly  
Was quenched in sorrow, at the stern rebuke

Of the disciples. Then aloud was heard  
The full, deep music of the Saviour's voice,  
" Forbid them not, but suffer all of them  
To come to me." And all of them were blessed.





M. H. W.,

AGED TWO MONTHS.

Sweetest flower of infancy !  
Death has early blighted thee.  
On this dark and dreary earth  
Smiles were lighted at thy birth ;  
Hearts were with affection glowing,  
And with welcome overflowing ;  
Future hopes and visions bright,  
Rainbow-wishes, dreams of light,  
Round thee clustered, but to be  
Buried in the tomb with thee.  
Baby, thou art now at rest !  
And thy home is with the blessed.  
Thine is now an angel's flight,  
Winging through the fields of light ;  
Raptures are to thee unfolding,  
Glories thou art now beholding ;

Sister-cherubs thou wilt meet,  
Bending at thy Saviour's feet.  
Cloudless thy young spirit sees  
Heaven's holiest mysteries.  
We have wished but *Life* for thee,  
Thou hast *Immortality*.



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## THE FOUNTAIN.

Down at the foot of a grassy hill,  
When the sky was blue, and the winds were still,  
From out of the earth a fountain sprung,  
And the trees and hills with its music rung.  
Sweet was its voice, not mournful or sad,  
Its waters were pure, and its waters were glad ;  
Glad were they to play in the sunshine bright,  
And glad were they under the soft starlight.  
Then came the grass and flowers, to grace  
So rich and so sweet a dwelling place ;  
Their greenness and beauty around it throwing,  
While its waters ever are upward flowing.  
And there it lay in that vale so fair,  
Like a diamond set in emeralds rare.  
As years went onward an oak tree grew,  
And its branches over the spring it threw ;

Majestic and graceful, it stands alone,  
On that grassy hill, like a king on his throne ;  
And there will gay children meet and play,  
On the brilliant eve of a summer's day,  
And watch the clear water as it wells up,  
Or bend o'er the spring with an acorn cup,  
Wishing in vain to get more than a taste,  
Of a draught so delicious, all running to waste.  
In plenty the acorns are there to be found,  
For under the tree they are strewed all around,  
They are treasures of value both new and rare,  
To the city child who may wander there.  
And the children will twine the shining leaves  
Of the towering oak, into graceful wreaths,  
And make for the kindest and best a crown,  
Then hasten away as the sun goes down.  
And when at their homes, they earnestly think  
Of the pleasure they had at the fountain's brink.

To what shall we liken this fountain free,  
Ever flowing and flowing beneath the oak tree ?  
O ! is it not like to the heavenly love,  
That cometh to us from the fountain above ?

This fountain is one of the loveliest spots in the world. If there were Fairies in this country, — but who ever heard of an American Fairy? — this would be the place, above all others, that they would choose for their nightly gambols. Cobweb, Peaseblossom, Mustardseed, and even Titania herself, would delight in it. The grass is greener than any other grass; and the water is sweeter than any other water; clear as crystal, ever boiling up from the sparkling bottom of bright sand. For this reason it is called the Boiling Spring. Two trouts were caught and placed in this spring several years ago, and they seem as contented and happy beneath the deep shadow of the oak as in their own hidden brook that winds through the forest. Pretty creatures! They could not have a more beautiful home.



## THE SISTERS.

Ellen is a timid child,  
Sweet, affectionate and mild,  
Filled with love for all around ;  
Yet her lips express no sound.  
She is gentle, pale and meek,  
And she kindly loves to seek  
That which will make others glad,  
Though her own heart may be sad.  
Strangers call her cold and dull,  
Yet her heart is warm and full ;  
Strangers fill her timid soul  
With a fear beyond control,  
But to those who love her best  
All her face in smiles is dressed.  
Grateful for a kindly word,  
Unresisting, truthful, good.





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Grace is fearless, forward, firm,  
Rosy, fair, and frolicsome ;  
Seeking pleasure everywhere  
That we breathe the blessed air.  
Noisy, heedless, through the day,  
Filled with a desire for play ;  
Yet with calm and sober look,  
Charmed, she 'll linger o'er a book.  
Kind, affectionate and bright,  
Giving those she loves, delight,  
By her words of love and mirth,  
For of words there is no dearth ;  
And she will astonish you,  
By her knowledge, clear and true,  
Of the many passing things,  
Every day so surely brings.  
Grace is mirthful, reckless, wild,  
Yet a kind, obedient child.

## THE FOREST TREES.

Mamma, mamma, pray listen to me,  
While I try to remember each forest tree.  
The Oak comes first, for that is the king,  
Then the Pine, that towers over everything.  
The Hemlock, the Fir and the Cedar are seen,  
Even in winter, appareled in green.  
The Maple and Birch, and the graceful Elm,  
The Chestnut and Beech, I remember them ;  
The Walnut, the Cherry, the Poplar and Lime,  
The Ash, with its berries in autumn-time,  
And the beautiful Larch, whose tassels fling  
Sweetness around in the early spring.  
The Willow, whose branches the waters meet,  
The Locust with flowers so white and sweet,  
And the tall and stately Sycamore,  
I wonder I mentioned it not before.  
And now I can think of no other tree,  
But O, in the forest I long to be !

GOOD NIGHT LITTLE STAR.

Good night, little star,  
I will go to my bed,  
And leave you to burn,  
While I lay down my head  
On my pillow to sleep,  
Till the morning light,  
Then you will be fading,  
And I shall be bright.



A TALK AMONG THE FLOWERS.

“ Do flowers talk ?” said Caroline,  
    “ I never hear  
    Voices from mine ;  
Mamma, you said the flowers told  
Wondrous things, both new and old.”

“ Sweet voices come from every flower,  
    That blooms in garden,  
    Wood or bower ;  
Sweet, silent voices, Caroline,  
Come then and listen, daughter mine.

“ I will to you a story tell,  
    And you must mind  
    The moral well ;  
’T will teach you a bright lesson, child,  
From garden flowers, and blossoms wild.”

---

Not far from the borders of a dark wood, was a bright and cheerful looking garden. Flowers were there, of every hue and form, growing and rejoicing beneath the beams of the summer's sun.

“ Ah, how happy we are !” said the Marigold to the Larkspur.

“ Here we bloom and soar upward almost to the very sun,” said a family of Sunflowers.

“ Yes, and climb as high as the sky,” cried a Convolvulus and Jasmine, who had wound themselves round a tall Princess-feather.

“ How brilliant and stately we are,” said the proud Dahlia. “ We are admired far more than those pale flowers that grow in yonder wood.”

“ I pity the poor faded things,” whispered a bright Coreopsis.

“ I look down upon them,” said a fierce Tiger-lily.

“ The sun loves the garden flowers best,” said a Pansy of great beauty, to some sweet Mignonette ; let us be glad that our home is in this bright place.”

“ I will ring a peal for very happiness,” replied a

gay Canterbury Bell ; “ for how could we exist in the gloom of that forest ? ”

“ Let us be merry and glad that we are not wood flowers,” shouted they all, with a musical laugh that rung through the wood and made the wild-flowers wonder.

A bright Golden-rod, that grew on the edge of the forest, with his friend the Aster, heard this conversation, and felt the injustice of it. Gracefully bowing his yellow plumes, he exclaimed, “ Indeed, you do not know us ; our life is the happiest in the world. In the deep woods, sheltered from the storm and heat, by the towering trees that soar above us like guardian angels, we live in peace and beauty. The sun does not always bathe us in a flood of light as he does the garden flowers, but he darts his beams through green boughs, and they come to us in tenfold beauty, scattered in a golden shower ; and in the still night, the stars look down between the tops of the tall trees, and gaze silently and lovingly upon us.”

The wood-flowers heard the silvery tones of the Golden-rod with glee, as he recounted their blessed sources of delight.



“We have music, too,” said he, “such as never floats through garden airs. We listen to the wind, as it sighs through the pines, and waves the bowery branches of the oak and maple, for each tree is a separate harp, that gives forth its own sweet melodies.”

Then all the flowers that grew by the brook, said, “Hear the music of the waters, as they dash along over the rocks, and look on them as they reflect the sunlight upon us, and make us bright and beautiful.”

And the little Mosses called out from the shades, “O let us always grow in the greenwood, and live in its shadows, and delight in its sweet voices.”

Then the Ferns waved joyfully, and the Clematis clung round the Elder in a close embrace; and they blessed themselves that they lived amid the lights and shades of the forest.

Then spoke the “Lilies of the field” to the little Blue-eyed-grass, that was looking up into the sky; “How merry are we in the meadows, where grows all that is greenest and freshest. Happiness pervades and fills the universe. It is above us with the birds and

the clouds, around us with every flower and green leaf and blade of grass. Let man take a lesson from our kingdom and be wise, for all here are *happiest*, in the place allotted to them by their Creator.”

---

## TO HELEN JOSEPHINE,

FROM A LITTLE FRIEND, ILL WITH WHOOPING COUGH.

Helen, my blue-eyed dove,  
With this I send, my love,  
    A Christmas gift to thee,  
Wishing that this bright day,  
In frolic and in play,  
    To you may happy be.

The sunshine of thy face,  
Thy pretty ways of grace,  
    I'm fated not to see;

So delicate and fair,  
You must not breathe the air,  
That now is breathed by me.

Yet when the soft winds fling  
Round us the buds of spring,  
And the sweet birds have come,  
Then, surely, we shall meet,  
And kindly I shall greet  
My Helen at my home.







'T is not in the paths of the clouded sky,  
It is not in the stars of light,  
Nor in azure depths unknown to the eye,  
That are hidden from human sight.

It is found in the robe of holiness,  
In the life unstained by sin,  
In the narrow way of the pure in heart,  
“ The kingdom of God is within.”

'T is found at the holy shrine of prayer,  
In the peace, the world has not given ;  
'T is found in the spirit that waits for us there,  
THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS HEAVEN.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

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“ My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said and smiled ;  
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.”

---

In the broad fields of heaven,  
Amid undying flowers,  
Dwelling by Life's clear river,  
In the Immortal bowers ;

Myriads of beauteous spirits,  
Fair children of the earth,  
Linked in bright bands celestial,  
Sing of their human birth.

They sing of earth and heaven ;  
Divinest voices rise  
In thanks and praises unto Him,  
Who called them to the skies.

The golden-haired, the blue-eyed,  
That lighted up our life,  
And folded were within our hearts  
From all the world's rude strife.

The blessings of our bosoms,  
The stars upon our sky,  
The flowers springing in our path,  
Too beautiful to die ;

They all are there, in heaven,  
Safe, safe, and sweetly blessed ;  
No cloud of sin can shadow  
Their bright and holy rest.







