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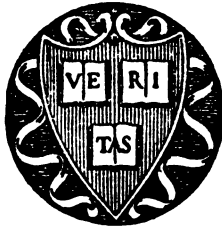


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HOME-SONGS

FOR

H O M E - B I R D S .

GATHERED AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM P. BREED, D. D.



PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
No. 821 CHESTNUT STREET.

juv 1865.50



Christiana Church

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BABIES.

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BABIES.

THE BABY.

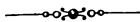


ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid the toil and strife.

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

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

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



BABY SONG.

WHAT does little birdie say,
 In her nest, at peep of day?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away.
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger ;
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies away.

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

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



BABY IDA.



● LITTLE baby, just beginning
Life's old problem, sad and sweet,
You don't know the hearts you're winning
With your tiny hands and feet,

With your little mouth and chin,
 And your dainty rose-leaf skin,
 With your wondrous violet eyes
 When their dreamy lids uprise,
 All your tender helplessness
 Waking Love's most sweet excess.

Almost four weeks old, they say—
 Ah, dear baby! Life is long;
 You'll not know, for many a day,
 How hearts sadden, growing strong.
 Baby's feet are soft and white,
 And they need not travel yet;
 Baby's eyes are blue and bright,
 Seeing nothing to regret.
 As the flowers get sun and dew,
 So your life shall come to you.
 Trust on, sleep on, without fear,
 Angels guard you, baby dear!



THE HOUSEHOLD BABY.

WHAT a joy to human eyes,
 When it laughs, or when it cries;
 What a treasure, what a prize
 Is the household baby!

Be its temper rising, falling,
 Is it cooing, crowing, squalling,

'Tis the same dear precious darling—
Is the household baby!

If the scene without be dreary,
If the heart within grow weary,
Baby wakes, and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Bring that china vase, mamma,
Get "the mirror and the hammer,"
Anything to make a clamour,
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh and shout and play,
And be happy while it may,
Dear mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!



BABY BUNN.

WINSOME baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,

Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyces of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain,
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain—
Drops of blood like purple rain—
Weep, mother, weep.

Winsome baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

OUR BABY.



DID you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,

Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
 Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
 In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
 And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
 As can be—
Not another in the city
 Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her;
 Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering—
Little dancing feet come pattering—
 Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
 If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,
 I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
 As my rose—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
 Till life's close.

MY BOY.

LAUGHING, dancing, prattling, singing,
Tones of joy for ever ringing—
Like the trill of little thrushes
Chirping in the summer bushes;
Parlour, nursery and hall
Echoing to his merry call;
Like some tiny little fairy,
Flitting round us, never weary—
Hath the world a thing of joy
Like to thee, my darling boy?

Cheek the hue of summer roses
When the opening bud unclodes;
Hair like golden sunbeams shining
Through the mist of day's declining;
And that little mouth of his is
Meant for nothing else but kisses;
While his eyes, I think, were even
Stolen from the blue of heaven;
Yet so winsome and so loving
That no shadow of reproving
Ever flecks his path of joy—
God's best gift, my blessed boy!

When at night my little blossom,
With his head upon my bosom,
Tells his childish joys and fears
With the wit of riper years,

And 'mid kissing and caressing,
 Craves his usual good-night blessing,
 Then I thank the God above me
 That I have a child to love me—
 Precious, pure, without alloy,
 Is thy love, my blue-eyed boy.



“BEGINNING TO WALK.”

He's not got his sea legs, the darling;
 He's been in our ship but a year;
 He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
 Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
 And learn the salt taste of the wave,
 One voyage, though short, is sufficient,
 When our ports are the cradle and grave.



THE TWO-YEAR OLD PET.

CHATTERING, smattering, lispings tongue,
 Oh, that little gossiping tongue!
 Never silent through the day,
 All it knows must sing or say;
 Imitating notes and words,
 Like the noisy mocking-birds.

May that tongue be taught in youth,
Hymns of heaven and words of truth!

Clasping, grasping, chubby hands,
Tiny-fingered, dimpled hands;
Oh what little mischiefs they
Perpetrate throughout the day!
Howsoe'er you pat or scold,
Something they must have and hold.
May those hands, as years roll round,
Skilled and diligent be found.

Dancing, prancing, pattering feet,
Dainty-shoed, quick toddling feet,
Mounting to the topmost stair,
Here and there, and everywhere,
Till the sun sinks in the west,
Then the weary feet must rest.
May their steps through life ne'er stray,
From the upward, heavenward way.

Prattling, rattling, gleesome boy,
Pretty little darling boy,
Shedding light where'er he goes,
Like a sunbeam in the house;
Who could be morose or sad,
With a child so fair and glad?
Thanks for little children given,
For of such we know is heaven.

MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

I HAVE a little namesake,
A pet of two years old,
Whose baby-features all were cast
In Beauty's fairest mould.

She is a joyous creature,
As blithe as any bird,
And sweeter prattler all day long
I'm sure I never heard.

She tries to play the "lady,"
And takes her little chair,
And places it beside my own
With such a roguish air.

And with her sweet hands folded,
Her bright eyes fixed on me,
She laughs to have me notice
Her mimic dignity.

But while I pause to praise her,
She's up and tottling round,
And such a busy lady
Can nowhere now be found.

God bless my little namesake,
And guide her from the skies,
Until he sends an angel bright
To close her beaming eyes.

LITTLE FEET.



THERE'S a musical sound—
I hear it oft,
Low and soft,
Following me around.

Is't the rain
On the pane,
Or dropping on the ground,
That I hear,
Low and near?
Ah, no—far, far more sweet:
Here and there
On the stair
Comes the sound of little feet;
'Mid the gloom
Of my room
Cheerily my ear they greet.
Bonnie Annie,
Sweet and canny!
Peeping in with sunny face,
Opes the door,
Walks the floor
In her most unconscious grace,
While her feet
Music sweet
Echoing send throughout the place.

So her footsteps once did fall,
Patter, patter,
With sweet clatter,
Thro' the house and thro' the hall,
Till one day
She went away

Up in the shining way to God;
 But her feet
 Made music sweet
 Up the "shining way" to God.



MY PLAYFELLOW.

WHAT though you're only five years old,
 A little roguish, romping fairy,
 And I'm a man of care and toil—
 We're comrades true, my little Mary!
 We're friends and playmates, close and fond,
 And heedless of the wind and weather;
 Out doors or in, 'tis all the same,
 We leap, and laugh, and run together.

And don't we catch the butterfly,
 With mealy pinions sailing lightly?
 And don't you, when I let him free,
 Gravely decide I acted rightly?
 And don't we teach the dog to beg,
 And little puss to frisk and caper?
 And don't I paint you birds and fish,
 And cut you purses out of paper?

And don't we spin our humming-top
 Together on the parlour table?
 And don't your father call me fool,
 And smile to utter such a fable?

And don't I tell you fairy tales,
At intercession of your mother?
And don't you kiss me when I've done,
And ask me to begin another?

Oh, yes! we're friends and comrades true,
There's not a bit of guile about you;
You shed such light about your path,
I'd think the world was dark without you.
And if to fourscore years I'll live,
However time and fate may vary,
I'll wish no better friend than you,
My little laughing, romping Mary.



THE LITTLE ONES.

A row of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene:
Instead of odour in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.



THE INFANT'S DREAM.

OH, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me that holy strain
Which soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your loving breast,
For I saw a scene when I went to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me your loving eye,
And gaze and gaze till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sigh and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep:

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee;
I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,

And the world I'd give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
We rested under a bough,
When near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew chill with fear, mamma,
And I loudly called for thee,
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the locks of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so sweetly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

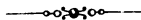
My tears and my fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
Then passed through its long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes in a world of bloom,
And sky of cloudless day.

I mingled with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And I saw, as we roved through the region of
bliss,
The spirits that came from the world's wilderness,
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you think of that poor old man, mamma,
 Who came and called at our door,
 When the night was dark and the storm was loud
 And his heart was weak and his form was bowed,
 And his ragged old mantle became his shroud,
 Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

He was in glory too, mamma,
 As safe as the blest could be;
 He needed no alms in that land of light,
 For he walked with patriarchs clothed in white,
 And no seraph there had a crown more bright
 Or a costlier robe than he.

Let me go again to that land mamma,
 While slumbering on your knee;
 I would live in a land where forms divine
 In the kingdom of glory eternally shine,
 And the world I'd give if the world was mine,
 Again that land to see.



THE LITTLE "TRUNDLE BED."

WE have a fond little treasure,
 Joyous and bright as the morn,
 Loved without stint of measure,
 Ever since it was born.
 'Tis a dear little girl, and her golden hair
 Falls in ringlets bright o'er a forehead fair.

And close by the side of our bed,
 This precious little bundle
 Every night is laid,
 Snug in her little "trundle;"
 Smiling so sweet, that it sometimes seems
 Good angels must talk to the child in her dreams.

And every night she comes,
 Weary of frolic and play,
 Then softly her vesper hums,
 And kneels by her bed to pray—
 And then, as soon as her prayers are said,
 She nestles right down in her "trundle-bed."

The clothes are all folded neat,
 In winter all snugly tucked in,
 The "coverlet," blanket and sheet,
 Drawn under the darling's chin;
 Then all you can see is her baby head,
 As she sleeps for the night in her "trundle-bed."

And often we come to kneel
 Where our little treasure lies,
 And prayers such as parents feel,
 We send up to the skies;
 For we hear of death, and we come to dread
 The loss of our child from her "trundle-bed."

We think—yes, often we think,
 And what if the child should die?

The heart for a moment will sink,
 And a teardrop moisten the eye;
 Fond hearts are now bleeding, as others have bled,
 While they gaze on a vacant but dear little bed.

Affection hath reared her shrine
 By the lowliest things of earth,
 And the holiest things entwine
 'Round the spot that gave us birth;
 Thus we love the place where our baby sleeps,
 And affection her nightly vigil keeps.

'Tis a plain, old-fashioned thing,
 That little baby bed,
 Where love doth her offerings bring,
 And angels lightly tread;
 Yet a chord may be touched by the merest toy,
 That shall deluge the heart with a tide of joy.



TO AN INFANT.

AH, little one, tiny and frail as thou art,
 Thou hast magical power o'er more than one heart:
 There are those who would rather sit by thee and
 trace
 The first faint out-gleamings of soul in thy face,
 Or watch thee when folded in softest repose,
 Than taste any pleasure the gay world bestows.

Already thine innocent smile has become
 The sunbeam that sheds purest light on thy home;
 And oft, in the touch of that soft little hand,
 Lies a spell which no dark sombre thoughts can
 withstand:

The world-wearied heart of its cares is beguiled,
 In the peace-breathing presence of one little child.

God bless thee, dear baby; and even now rest
 The grace of his Spirit within thy young breast,
 That thou may'st be one whom no evil can harm,
 Ever guarded and led by his own mighty arm—
 Safe, holy, and happy for ever to be,
 We cannot wish more, darling baby, for thee.



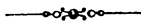
BABY'S COMPLAINT.

O, MOTHER, dear mother, no wonder I cry,
 More wonder by far that your baby don't die:
 No matter what ails me—no matter who's here;
 No matter how hungry the poor little dear;
 No matter if full, or all out of breath,
 She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death.

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great
 knee;
 I like all her talks; but woe unto me,
 She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
 And washing and dressing and doing her duty;

And that's very well, I can bear soap and water,
But, mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Oh dear, is that she? Is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in t'other the cup,
And so fast as it's down, she'll just shake it up;
And thumpity thump, with the greatest delight,
Her heel is going from morning till night.
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Trot-trotting! Just think what I'm doomed to
endure.



TO ANNIE.

LIKE the little tinkling rill;
Like the moon so bright and still;
Like the clock, not tired of duty;
Like the rose, not vain of beauty;
Like the gentle, cooing dove,
Full of innocence and love;
Like the modest lily white;
Like the evening star so bright;
Like the gentle, timid fawn,
Like the dewdrop on the lawn;
Like the infant Jesus holy;
Like the violet, meek and lowly,—
In my Annie all combining,
May I see these graces shining.

Like the bee with honied store,
Daily gathering more and more:
So may Annie lay up treasure,
Which will yield her lasting pleasure.



FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet
All the summer night.
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm and soft and white.

But more sweet and quiet -
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft, sweet voices
Sing our hushabies,
While the room grows darker,
And we shut our eyes.

As we play at evening
Around our father's knees,

Birds are not so merry
Singing on the trees;

Lambs are not so happy
'Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

And the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honour too;

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey,

For when in his childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To his mother dear;

And his little children
Must be good as he,
Gentle and submissive
As he used to be.

SONGS FOR "OUR BABY."



I. NIGHT.

THE little sparrows have their nest,
God gives the pretty creatures rest;

He watches o'er the smallest thing
That nightly folds its weary wing.

Sleep! baby, sleep!

The nodding lilies by the stream
With folded petals sweetly dream;
The sleeping daisies in the grass
Are winking as the night winds pass.

Sleep! baby, sleep!

Now drop the fringed and dainty lid
O'er sweetest eyes that e'er were hid,
And leave your darling baby-wiles,
For angel-whispers, dreaming smiles.

Sleep! baby, sleep!

II. MORNING.

Wake! darling, wake!

Aurora's car

Hath sped afar,

And chased the night away;

The skylark springs

Aloft, and sings

This happy morning lay!

Wake! darling, wake!

The katydid

Is slily hid

Behind the trembling brake;

The bobolink

Now stoops to drink

Beside the mimic lake.

Wake! darling, wake!
 The flowers repeat
 Their gossip sweet;
 The morning-glory tells
 Of Zephyrs' bliss,
 Who stole a kiss
 Among the lily-bells.

Wake! darling, wake!
 The winsome face
 Of Baby Grace
 Is dearer far to me
 Than dew to flower,
 Or bird to bower,
 Or blossom to the bee.



WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

MOTHER, watch the little feet
 Climbing o'er the garden wall,
 Bounding through the busy street,
 Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
 Never count the moments lost,
 Never mind the time it costs;
 Little feet will go astray,
 Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
 Picking berries by the way,

Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By thy happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

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

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

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

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

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

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

Do you think, oh, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And mould in dust away.

PLAY THINGS.

39

PLAY THINGS.

THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

A CLEVER old woman,
A funny old woman,
A wonderful woman,
A very uncommon
Good-natured old woman was she;
And the apples she sold,
And the stories she told,
To young and to old,
Through heat and through cold,
Were as funny and nice as could be.

Spring, summer, and autumn,
And winter she brought 'em,
And all the boys bought 'em,
Because they all thought 'em
The cheapest and nicest on earth;
And because 'twas a treat,
While we waited to eat
Her apples so sweet,
To hear her repeat
Her tales, full of humour and mirth.

At the corner of the street,
An old box for a seat,
With a mat for her feet,
And an awning complete,
'Neath a broad-spreading cotton umbrella,
She was there all the day,
Knitting, knitting away,
With a kind word to say
To all who would pay
For her apples so rich and so mellow.

Always early and late,
With her rich, luscious freight,
And her knitting sedate,
On the corner she sate
In all sorts of weather and times;
With old Mother Mack,
Trade never was slack,
Her stock knew no lack,
And she had a strange knack
Of getting our pennies and dimes.

MY HORSE.



MY horse's name is Nimble Jack,
And a right good horse is he,
I can myself get on his back,
And ride him, as you see.

I give him drink and oats and hay,
 And comb his glossy side,
 And where's the man or boy to say,
 I don't know how to ride?



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

THERE are two little songsters well known in the
 land;

Their names are "I-Have," and "Oh-Had-I."
 "I-Have" will come tamely and perch on your
 hand,
 But "Oh-Had-I" will mock you most sadly.

"I-Have," at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
 But his worth is by far more enduring
 Than a thousand "Oh-Had-Is," that sit far and
 high,
 On rocks and on trees so alluring.

Full many a gold-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 "Oh-Had-I" once take your eye,
 And a longing to catch him once seize you,

He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down
hill,

Now lying, now panting, now creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird at his will,
With his bright golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise one who attends to my song
Will count his "I-Have" a choice treasure,
And when'er an "Oh-Had-I" comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.



DICK WYNKYN.

DICK WYNKYN wants to sleep,
Pussy wants to purr,
"Oh my stars," says Wynkyn,
"I can't give up to her."
And so he takes poor Pussy,
And drowns her in a well,—
Then off he goes to sleep again,
As sound as any bell.

But now poor Pussy's drowned,
Here comes the fearless mouse,—
Eating and drinking all the things
In poor Dick Wynkyn's house;

They eat up all his custards,
And nibble all his cheese,
And at last they bite his nose off,
So that Dickey cannot sneeze!



GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw," on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink fox-glove bowed his head;
The violet curtsied, and went to bed;

And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite 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 be-
gun!”

INSECTS.

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INSECTS.

THE FLY.

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
 How he crawls
 Up the walls—
 Yet he never falls!
I believe, with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs!
 There he goes
 On his toes
 Tickling Baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread!
 That small speck
 Is his neck;
 See him nod and beck!
I can show you if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;

Three small pairs
Made of hairs;—
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste;
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's his mouth between his feet!

On his back
Is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the Baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb:
Maybe he will come!

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

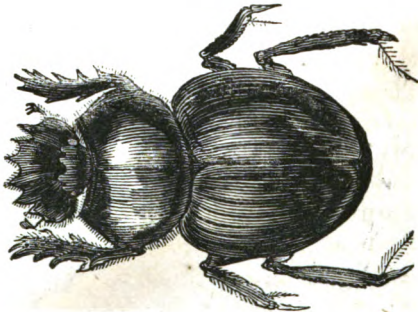
All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bareheaded home;

But the Gnat
Wears a hat;
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little Fly
Ope your eye—
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell,—
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then, away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good day!



UGLY INSECTS.



Oh, term not insects "ugly!"
There never yet was one

Of God's created creatures,
Since earth from chaos sprung,
But that possessed a beauty,
Or proved a purpose wise;
So think of Him who made them,
And ne'er their form despise.

Ants are endowed with instinct
So wonderfully great,
That men, with reason gifted,
Might them their models make,
In various daily matters
Pertaining to this earth;
For industry and foresight
Are traits of sterling worth.

There's beauty in the beetle—
Look at his burnished wing;
And usefulness—he clears the ground
Of many a noisome thing.
And so he aids to till the soil;
Thus we should ne'er condemn
His form—as “ugly,” nor forget
The good he does for men.

The earthworm is not lovely
To look upon, I ween,
But many a serious lesson
We from a worm may glean.
Did we but rightly ponder
That sad, yet true decree—

“The worm, she is thy sister,”
How humble we should be!

Then call not insects “ugly,”
For God has made them all;
The huge, gigantic white ant,
And ladybird so small.
They all possess some virtue,
Are objects of His love,
Who says that not a sparrow falls
Unknown to God above.



THE LITTLE ANTS.

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll:
So he begged of a neighbour he happened to meet,
To help get it into his hole.

I've got my own work to see after, said he;
You must shift for yourself, if you please;
So he crawled off, as selfish and cross as could
be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his neighbour in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load;
For he was a good-natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear
Endeavour to profit by it;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good-natured ant who assisted his brother,
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
Then children most certainly ought.



THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there's one
thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

“My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I’m a humble and innocent bee.”

From this little story let people beware;
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved if they’re ever so fair.



THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.



I AM a honey-bee,
 Buzzing away
Over the blossoms
 The long summer day,
Now in the lily's cup
 Drinking my fill,

Now where the roses bloom
Under the hill.
Gaily we fly,
My fellows and I,
Seeking the honey our hives to supply.

Up in the morning—
No laggards are we—
Skimming the clover-tops
Ripe for the bee,
Waking the flowers
At dawning of day,
Ere the bright sun
Kiss the dewdrops away.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging
Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

No idle moments
Have we through the day,
No time to squander
In sleep or in play.
Summer is flying,
And we must be sure
Food for the winter
At once to secure.
Bees in a hive
Are up and alive—
Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.

Awake, little mortals,
 No harvest for those
 Who waste their best hours
 In slothful repose.
 Come out—to the morning
 All bright things belong—
 And listen a while
 To the honey-bee's song.
 Merrily singing,
 Busily winging,
 Industry ever its own reward bringing.



“THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.” ✓

ON the back of an oak-leaf, so brilliantly green,
 A little transparent excrescence was seen;
 And there a young promising insect did dwell,
 As cosy and snug as a snail in his shell.

He had plenty to eat, and a blanket so warm,
 That he never complained of the frost, or the
 storm;
 But the foolish young grub was determined to
 see
 What the prospect outside of his dwelling might
 be.

So, early one morning, while yet it was dark,
He woke from his slumbers, and rose with the
 lark;
And nibbled so ceaselessly, quickly, and well,
That he soon made a hole in the wall of his
 cell.

How happy he was when his labour was done,
And he lay at his door in the heat of the sun;
And so temptingly green was the foliage about,
That at last he began to creep cautiously out.

He traversed the leaf, and went on down the
 stem,
And the far distant branches; he visited them,
Till the shades of the evening drew gradually
 on,
And our wanderer was tired, and his pleasures
 were gone.

“Oh, what shall I do?” he exclaimed, in his grief;
“Oh, how shall I get to my own little leaf?
It is miles, I believe, to the top of the tree,
And how I’m to reach it, I really can’t see.”

Up, up, still he climbed, in the dim fading light,
Till the leaf where his house was arose to his
 sight;
And finally, weary, and hungry, and sore,
He thankfully entered his own little door.

That night, as he lay on his warm downy bed
And reviewed his adventures, he thoughtfully said,
"It is all very well, in the sunshine to roam,
But in trouble and darkness, there's no place like
home."

BIRDIES.

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BIRDIES.

THE BIRDS.

THE beautiful birds are here again,
They've come over mountain, hill and plain;
Some just from the shores of a far-off isle,
Where myrtle bowers in the sunbeams smile,
And the rippling brooklets sing' all day
To the airs that breathe eternal May,
And the groves a fadeless verdure wear,
And fill with fragrance the morning air.

There the orange blooms, and the balmy breeze
Sweeps gently through the tasseled trees.
Oh, who would ask why they haunt the shore
Of that fair Southland till winter is o'er?
Now, sweet their lays at the sunrise hour,
Ere the dewdrop leaves the half-blown flower,
They raise the heart that is sunk in gloom,
And awaken hopes to bud and to bloom.

How we love the wood-thrush's mellow lay,
From the forest dim, at the close of day,
The wren that visits the household eaves,
And the groundbird among the violet leaves!

What melody charms with sweeter spell
 Than the robin's song, all love so well?
 And who can but hail their return in spring,
 With the music, and life, and joy they bring?



SINGING AWAY, LITTLE BIRDIE.

SINGING away, little birdie, *
 Singing high up in the tree,
 Though the snow-flakes are falling around thee,
 And the north wind blows drearily.
 Singing away, little birdie,
 Though the branches are leafless and brown
 Rocking high up in the tree top,
 Thy sweet notes come cheerily down.

Singing away, little birdie,
 There is hope and there's joy in thy song;
 It says the cold weather is over,
 And the summer is coming ere long.
 Singing away, little birdie,
 The bright days are coming to thee,
 When with mate and with feathery fledgelings,
 Thou'lt find a soft nest in this tree.

Singing away, little birdie,
 Our Father, Oh teach me to praise,
 When clouds and thick darkness are round me,
 And sorrow o'ershadows my days.

Thy lesson I'm learning, sweet birdie,
As thou singest high up in the tree,
Of faith and of love for our Father,
Who careth for thee and for me.



THE NEST BUILDERS.



OH! beautiful, beautiful things,
How they range at will through the sky;
Dear Mary, if I had their wings,
Like them, too, would I mount on high.

But see how the sweet little creatures
Have each a straw in his beak;

A lesson of duty to teach us,
As plainly as birds can speak.

We think they are only playing,
As they flit to and fro in the sky;
But 'tis as though they were saying,
"Tis not all for pleasure we fly.

"We're building a snug little nest,
In the crotch of the old elm-tree,
We mean it for one of the best,
And busy enough are we.

"We would not live only for play;
And when for a song we take leisure,
We would show in our caroling way,
How duty is wedded to pleasure."



MY BIRDIE VISITORS.

ONE soft spring day, when doors stood wide,
To let the sunbeams inward glide,
I heard a chirp, so glad and free,
That quick I turned my head to see.

A little bird was on the floor,
A yard or so inside the door,
Hopping about for crumbs that Will,
Sweet, careless rogue, would often spill.

I bent low down to pat his head,
In birdie-tongue "good-bye" he said,
And flew to where his timid mate
Was sitting on the garden gate.

But soon again his chirp was near,
And quivering at the door with fear,
Peeped in my birdie's chosen pet,
With soft, brown robe, and wings of jet.

And thus they came, the summer through,
Till autumn winds around me blew,
And then I saw my birds no more,
Though oft I kept an open door.

No more, I mean, that winter drear,
But when glad Spring brought daisies near,
And children danced by dancing brook,
And orchards robes of blossoms took,

My dear, sweet pets, in smooth, new dress,
Came once again for fond caress,
Warbled their notes for careless Will,
And ate of scattered crumbs their fill.

Now in and out the open door,
A dozen times a day, or more,
With chirp and song, they gladden bright
E'en hours the sunshine cannot light.

THE BEE AND THE DOVE.



A LITTLE Bee, one day, her way to the water took,
And carelessly, they say, she drank and fell in the
brook.

A beautiful lone Dove at the sight was filled with
grief,
And out of tender love, she cast in the stream a leaf.

Floated the leaf along, till it touched the poor
Bee's hand,
To it she stoutly clung, and safely she reached the
land.

Upon another day, our Dove sat among the trees,
And thence her soft sad lay was sent on the pass-
ing breeze,
It reached an hunter's ear, and quick to the place
he came,
And standing very near, he was taking deadly
aim.

The Bee on the hunter sprang with a sting most
sharp and hot,
The loaded gun went, "bang," but the Dove es-
caped the shot.

"I thank you for that sting," said the Dove as
she flew away,
"For helping to dry your wing, you have saved
my life to-day."

Then help the very least of sufferers in their need,
For they may prove the best, and the truest friends
indeed.

BIRDS AND BAD THOUGHTS.

If a bird should alight on your head
In a merry and frolicsome way,
You would not be to blame for the trouble she
made,
If you did not invite her to stay.

If a thought from the tempter should come,
And touch for a moment the mind,
It might not be wrong, if you gave it no home,
But drove it away on the wind.

If a bird should alight on your crown,
And you should welcome her there,
You would be to blame if you let her sit down,
And made her a nest in your hair.

If a troublesome thought come along
Returning again and again,
It will be very wrong, if you sing it a song,
And ask it to lodge in your brain.

Then drive away every bad thought,
In your mind let it never have rest,
Or let it be caught, and plainly be taught
That it can't have your head for a nest.

THE BIRDS' SONG---TO-MORROW.



Lo, the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield.
 Hark to nature's lesson, given
 By the blessed birds of heaven.
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy:
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose?

Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we poor citizens of air?
 Barns nor hoarded gains have we,
 Yet we carol merrily:
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
 Pass we blithely then the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
 God provideth for the morrow.



THE LINNET, THE SPARROW, AND THE
 JACKDAW.

“I’M glad that I am not a sparrow”

(A little field-linnet thus spoke,)

“To live in the streets dark and narrow,
 And have my coat spoiled by the smoke.”

“I’M glad that I am not a linnnet”

(The sparrow as pertly replied;)

“In a dull grove, with no people in it,
 I never could bear to reside.”

A jackdaw (who chanced to be present)
 Said, "If you'll be counselled by me,
 You'll try to find any place pleasant
 Where you are appointed to be.

"Sometimes in a high city steeple
 It has been my fortune to dwell;
 Whence I looked down on hundreds of people,
 And cawed to the sound of the bell.

"And sometimes to lone country places
 And old ruined buildings I went;
 But somehow, in both of these cases
 I managed to feel quite content.

"Then listen to what I am telling
 (For that it is truth you will find,)
 Peace does not depend on the dwelling,
 But on your own temper of mind."

The sparrow (convinced in a minute)
 Chirped out, he his foolishness saw;
 "And I am wrong, too," said the linnet.
 "Good-bye, then," croaked Mr. Jackdaw.



THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

A GENEROUS tar, who long had been
 In foreign prison pent,
 Released at length, returned again
 Brimfull of merriment.

A man, who had some birds to sell,
Was just then passing by;
Jack glanced at the poor fluttering things
With sorrowing, pitying eye.

He paused amid the gaping throng
Before the seller's stall:
"Now, harkye, friend, just name your price
For birds, and cage, and all."

The price was named, the sum was paid,
The sailor seized the prize,
And, quickly from the opened door,
A young canary flies.

"Stop," cried the bird-seller, amazed,
"They're all escaping fast."
"That's right," said Jack, and held the door
Till all were gone at last!

"Had you," said Jack, "been doomed, like me,
In prison long to lie,
You'd better understand, my friend,
The sweets of Liberty."

THE BIRD IN THE STORM. 

THE rain was falling, the winds were calling,
 The clouds swept over the sky,
 When, 'mid the alarm of darkness and storm,
 A shower of song swept by.
 Says the little wee bird, "'Tis I."

"Ah, is it not dreary, and are you not weary,
 Poor little wee bird?" I said.
 "How lonely and queer you must feel out here,
 Just under the tempest dread.
 Ah, birdie, you'll soon be dead."

"While the storm is ringing is my time for sing-
 ing,"
 Says the little wee bird to me:
 "Though the clouds be dim, yet I warble my
 hymn,
 And I die not, though cold it be,
 For my name it is Hope," says she.

So the song it is gushing, and seems as if hushing
 The atmosphere tempest-stirred;
 Softly and clear it falls on the ear,
 Through clouds and through darkness heard,
 The song of the sweet wee bird.

THE FROZEN BIRD.

A LITTLE bird came to my window one day,
With the rain beating down on its feathers so gay,
And as I much pitied this poor little pet,
I took it within from the cold and the wet.

The day wore away with its gloom and its dread,
And in the bright west the dark cloud slowly fled,
While my poor little birdie, now tired of home,
Tried hard to be free, o'er the wide world to roam.

“Oh dear little birdie, stay near to my side,
And I will protect you,” I tenderly cried,
But the little bird seemed on departing intent;
So I opened the window, and then—off he went.

A day or two after a storm came again;
The clouds all returned and the hail and the rain,
And when I looked out, the bird that had fled,
Lay outside on the window, quite cold and stark
dead.

So dear little children, when life's dark clouds
come,
Haste to Jesus the Refuge, but ne'er from him
roam,
Keep near him at all times, in sunshine and
shower,
And he will go with you through death's trying
hour.

WHERE IS THE ROBBER? ✓



“To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice warm nest I made!”

“Not I,” said the cow—“Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow—“moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.”

“Bobolink! bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?”

“Not I,” said the dog, “bow-ow!
I couldn’t be so mean, I trow.
I gave hairs, the nest to maké,
But the nest I didn’t take.

Not I," said the dog—"bow-ow;
I couldn't be so mean, I trow."

"Bobolink! bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast?"

"Baa! baa!" said the sheep—"Oh no
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool, the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.

"Baa! baa!" said the sheep—"oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice warm nest I made?"

"Bobolink, bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
Let me speak a word, too.

Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" said the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A birds-nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck! said the hen—
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick!

"We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her or her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen—
"Don't ask me again."

"Chira whirr! chira whirr!
Let us make a great stir—
Let us find out his name,
And cry—"for shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green—
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It's very cruel, too!"
Said little Alice Neal;

“I wonder if he knew
How bad the bird would feel?”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.



THE WINTER KING.

OH, what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing
black;

They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back.
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away.
And what art thou doing, this cold winter day?
“I'm pecking the gum from the old peach-tree;
The storm doesn't trouble me—Pee, dee, dee.”

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare;
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?
“Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves—Pee, dee, dee.”

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
 While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf;
 We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
 And all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
 In summer we faint; in the winter we're chilled,
 With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
 "A very small portion sufficient will be,
 If sweetened with gratitude—Pee, dee, dee."

I thank thee, bright monitor; what thou hast
 taught,
 Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
 We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye
 To Him who reigns over them, changeless and
 high.

And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
 That I may be sure whence my oracle came.
 "Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
 They call me the 'Winter King'—Pee, dee, dee."

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light
 bough

Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now;
 And though there's a vesture, well-fitted and warm,
 Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
 What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
 To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the
 sleet?

"I can draw them right up in my feathers, you
 see,
 To warm them, and fly away—Pee, dee, dee."

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar 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 gaily drest,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest;
 Hear him call in his merry note,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Look what a nice new coat is mine,
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, etc.
 Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chee, chee, etc.

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, etc.
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can, etc.

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, etc.
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about, etc.

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, etc.
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a young fellow like me, etc.

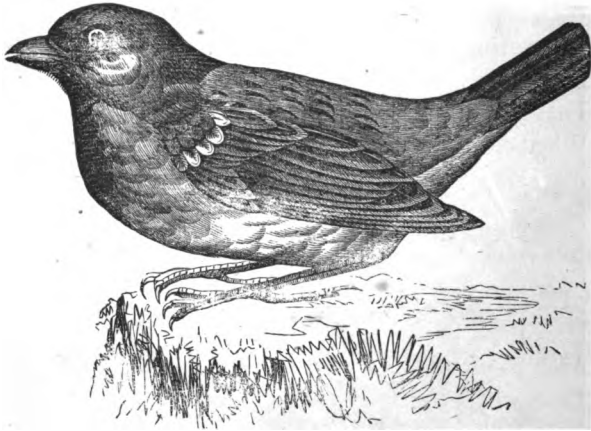
Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air, etc.
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie, etc.

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, etc.
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again, etc.



THE SPARROW.



A LITTLE sparrow sat on a tree,
 Twit-te-te-de!
 The snow was coming down soft and light,
 And covered the branches, so cold and white;
 It lay on the fence, it lay on the lane,
 And to look for a lodging or supper was vain.
 Twit-te-te-de!

The wind was chill as chill could be—
Twit-te-te-de!

It blew from the east, it blew from the west,
And ruffled the sparrow's feathered breast.
There was not a leaf above his head,
And under his feet was ice for a bed.

Twit-te-te-de!

The light was fading silently—
Twit-te-te-de!

The spring had come—but muffled so
In winter's fleecy mantle of snow,
That neither you nor the bird could say
Whether March or December owned the day.

Twit-te-te-de!

The sparrow said to himself, said he,
Twit-te-te-de!

“I'd go to sleep—if I knew where to go!
It will never do to sleep in the snow.
And where shall I find a leafy roof
That will even begin to be waterproof?”

Twit-te-te-de!

He was perplexed exceedingly,
Twit-te-te-de!

But off on the hill could just be seen
The dusky form of an evergreen;
And over the field, so cold and white,
The little brown sparrow took his flight.

Twit-te-te-de!

He hid himself in the old pine tree—

Twit-te-te-de!

When the long and slender pine tree leaves
Answered at once for roof and eaves.

Then tucked his little brown head in his wing,
And went to sleep, and dreamed it was spring.

Twit-te-te-de!



DOCTOR SPARROW.

EVERY morning Doctor Sparrow
To my quiet dwelling comes,
Where he makes a hearty breakfast,
For I give him nice soft crumbs;
In return he often preaches
Little sermons unto me;
And if you could only hear them,
“Words in season” they might be.

Doctor Sparrow is not handsome;
Very plainly is he drest;
Far from home he never travels,
Nor can build a pretty nest.
He is not a skilful songster,
And has fewer friends than foes;
But his life is free from sadness,
And a care he never knows.

And yet Doctor Sparrow daily
 Has his every meal to seek,
 For he cannot on the Monday
 Get enough to last the week;
 And sometimes in depth of winter,
 When the snow is on the ground,
 E'en the needed little morsel
 Is with difficulty found.

Doctor Sparrow's wants are always
 By his Maker's hand supplied;
 And the lark, and thrush, and goldfinch,
 Are provided for beside;
 Oh, if God thus kindly feeds them,
 Keeps them ever in his view,
 Will you not believe, dear reader,
 That he surely cares for you?.

Look at Doctor Sparrow's garments,
 Sober-coloured, but how trim!
 Mark his coat, so smooth and glossy,
 Such a perfect fit for him!
 Twice a year he gets a new one,
 Without any bill to pay;
 Will not He who robes the sparrow,
 Clothe his children day by day?

Smile not at the doctor's lessons,
 Nor be with their teacher vexed;
 For God made the humble sparrow,
 And Christ chose it for his text.

Be contented then, and trustful;
 Look to Heaven in time of need;
 Are you not of much more value
 Than the sparrows God doth feed?



WHAT ARE THEY DOING? ✓

“LITTLE sparrow, come here and say
 What you’re doing all the day.”

“Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find
 A fat little worm, or a fly to my mind;
 And I carry it back to my own pretty nest,
 For the dear little pets that I warm with my
 breast;
 For until I can teach them the way how to fly,
 If I did not feed them, my darlings would die.
 How glad they all are when they see me come
 home,
 And each of them chirps, ‘Give me some! give
 me some!’”

“Little lamb, come here and say
 What you’re doing all the day.”

“Long enough before you wake,
 Breakfast I am glad to take
 In the meadow, eating up
 Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;

Then about the fields I play,
Frisk and scamper all the day.
When I'm thirsty, I can drink
Water at the river's brink;
When at night I go to sleep,
By my mother I must keep:
I am safe enough from cold
At her side within the fold."

"Little bee, come here and say
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day, and all day long,
Among the flowers you hear my song;
I creep in every bud I see,
And all the honey is for me:
I take it to the hive with care,
And give it to my brothers there,
That when the winter time comes on,
And all the flowers are dead and gone,
And the wild wind is cold and rough,
The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I am a gay and merry fly;
I never do anything—no, not I,
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the trees,

On the window-pane or the cupboard shelf,
 And I care for nothing except myself.
 I cannot tell, it is very true,
 When the winter comes what I mean to do;
 And I very much fear, when I'm getting old,
 I shall starve with hunger, or die with cold."



GRADATION.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
 The plumpest fly; all, all unheeded
 Were struggles, cries, and agony,
 As for his life the victim pleaded.
 "Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must die,
 For you are not so strong as I."

A hawk surprised him at his meal,
 And in a trice poor sparrow spitted.
 In vain he gasped his last appeal:
 "What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"
 "Peace!" quoth the captor; "you must die,
 For you are not so strong as I."

Down swooped an eagle, who had spied
 With grim delight the state of matters.
 "Release me, king," the victim cried;
 "You tear my very flesh to tatters."
 "Nay," quoth the eagle, "you must die;
 For you are not so strong as I."

A bullet whistled at the word,
 And struck him ere his feast was ended.
 "Ah! tyrant," shrieked the dying bird,
 "To murder him who ne'er offended."
 "Oh!" quoth the sportsman, "you must die;
 For you are not so strong as I."



THE ROBIN RED-BREASTS. ✓

Two robin red-breasts built their nests
 Within a hollow tree.
 The hen sat quietly at home,
 The cock sang merrily,
 And all the little young ones said,
 "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day—the sun was warm and bright,
 And shining in the sky—
 Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
 'Tis time you learn to fly;"
 And all the little young ones said,
 "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
 I'll tell you by and by,
 When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
 She says, "What for?" and "why?"
 She'd be a better child by far,
 If she would say, "I'll try."

HUMMING-BIRDS.

“AMID the radiant Western isles,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.
Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves
And through the orange tree.
And in the wild and verdant woods
Where stately moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet trumpet flower.
The humming-bird there builds her nest
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.
Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers;
Thou never sawest a leafless tree
Nor earth without its flowers.”



THE ROBIN'S APPEAL.

OH shoot me not, you thoughtless boy,
While singing here in gladsome joy;
'Tis wicked thus to harm me now—
Still let me hop from bough to bough.

Oh shoot me not: life's dear to me
 As 'tis to you; so wild and free—
 Now poised in air, then sailing low—
 How full of glee, we only know.

Oh kill us not: in yonder tree
 My mate and I have younglings three;
 You would not, sure, that these should die
 For want of food, up there so high!

Oh let us live, and day by day
 We'll utter thanks in our own way;
 We'll surely come quite near your door,
 And sweetest songs sing o'er and o'er.



THE MAGPIE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A MERRY and sly
 Little magpie am I;
 (For I will not my faults and my failings deny:)
 My plumage is bright;
 Very keen is my sight;
 And I chatter, and chatter, from morning till night.

For, like girls and boys,
 I am fond of a noise,
 And find in loud talking the chief of my joys.
 It's all very fine,
 As a song-bird to shine,
 But I'd rather by half have a tongue such as mine.

But then when I go
To my work, you must know,
I'm as still as a mouse, or else whisper quite low;
And that is how you
Should endeavour to do;
When your duties are weighty, your words should
be few.

Some folks when they see
My large nest in the tree,
Pronounce it a great deal too spacious for me;
But I should suppose
A magpie best knows
How to fashion the dwelling he wants for repose.

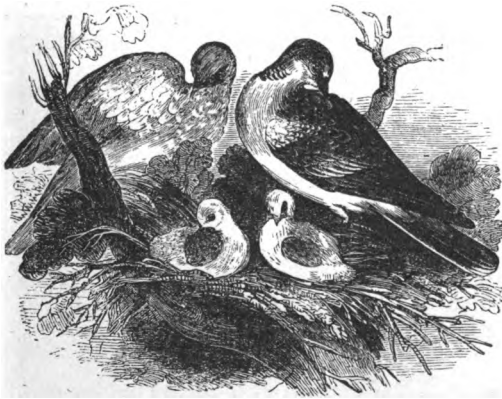
I build mine with sticks,
And thorns round it fix,
In order to keep off the boys with their tricks;
For now if they come,
They are sure to get some
Of these sharp little points in their fingers and
thumb.

Six eggs, or else eight,
Small in size and in weight,
Are laid in the spring by my excellent mate;
And no one can tell
The glad feelings that swell
In our breasts, when our young ones burst forth
from their shell.

A merry and sly
 Little magpie am I,
 Enjoying myself as the moments glide by;
 As happy and free,
 Dear young folks, may you be,
 As I am, and also much "wiser" than me.



THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NURSERY.



VERY high in the pine-tree, the little turtle-dove
 Made a pretty little nursery, to please her little
 love:

In the long shady branches of the dark pine-tree,
 How happy were the doves in their little nursery.

The young turtle-doves never quarrelled in the
nest;

For they dearly loved each other, though they loved
their mother best.

“Coo,” said the little doves; “Coo,” said she;
And they played together kindly in the dark pine-
tree.

Is this nursery of yours, little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove’s nest? Do you love one
another?

Are you kind, are you gentle, as children ought
to be?

Then the happiest of nests is your own nursery.



THE DOVE.

WHEN summer skies were softly fair,
Amid the clustering leaves,
Which hung their drapery of green
Beneath the hanging eaves,

There came a dove with glossy wings,
And low and soothing song,
That charmed my ear and thrilled my heart
All the glad summer long.

And when the autumn winds blew chill,
When winter’s sky grew dim,

That dove beside my window-pane
Murmured her gentle hymn.

The birds that warbled gayer songs,
To summer lands had flown,
And the sweet dove amid the storms,
Now sung her songs alone.

The Spirit of the blessed One
Who gave his life for thee,
Dwelling within thy glad young heart,
The Dove of peace will be.

When fades the light of early hope,
When pleasure plumes her wing,
That Dove within thy sorrowing soul,
Will pause and sweetly sing.



THE CROW AND THE CHEESE.

A CROW, as he flew by a farm window-sill,
A choice piece of cheese carried off in his bill.
Intent on enjoying his banquet alone,
And making the treasure more strictly his own,
He flies to a tree, where the boughs green and
high,
Hold out a broad screen from the curious eye;
A fox, notwithstanding, the choice morsel spies,
And plans his approaches to get at the prize.

“Fair bird,” said he, “how I admire thy wing,
And thy musical throat—for I know thou canst
sing;

Only yesterday, passing these elm trees, I heard,
Methought, the rich tones of the night-warbling
bird,

So softly and sweetly they fell on the ear,
I could but imagine the nightingale near.

Repeat, for my pleasure, the ravishing strain;
Tune your voice to those notes of enchantment
again.”

These speeches, delivered with flattering skill,
Prevail with the crow to unfasten her bill.
Down drops, on the ground, the much coveted
cheese,

Which the fox, snapping up, carries off at his ease;
Observing, though much he admired her strains,
No compliment yet could he pass on her brains.

ANIMALS.

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ANIMALS.

EACH MOTHER'S LOVE THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
"In the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet,

With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white;

Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.

The robin, he

That sings on the tree,

Dearly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my own little lambkin more."

So the mother sheep and the little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side 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 all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things there can be in the world.

The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens from morn to night:
Which is the prettiest, I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

So the kittens lie 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;
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she bris-
tled 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.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I
am;

For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on
their knees.

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

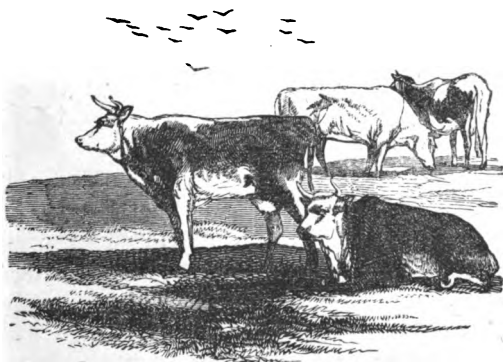
So the hen said

And the chickens sped,

As fast as they could to their warm feather-bed;
And there let them lie, on their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.



THE COWS GOING TO PASTURE.



"To pasture we go; to pasture we go,"
Cries moolly and calf, with echoing low;
"Oh, weary the time of winter and fall,
When snugly pent up in our narrow stall.

"Great Rover no longer shall keep us guard
In the narrow bounds of the old barnyard,

With nothing to do all the livelong day,
But nibble and chew our wisps of hay.
How glad are we now; oh, what can we do,
But shout out our gladness in 'moo-oo-oo?'

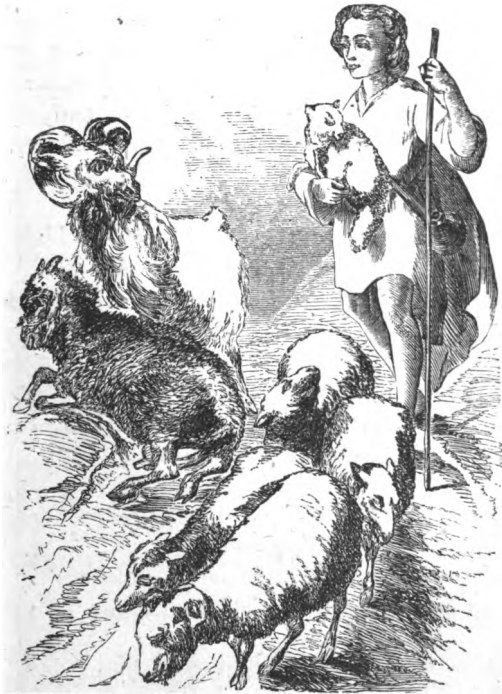
"When we heard the frog at his evening croak,
How plainly it said, the spring hath awoke;
And the tiny grass, on meadow and plain,
Is lifting its head in greenness again,
To the April sun and the dropping rain.

"As we snuff the scent of the opening bud,
We long to have taste of a fresh new cud;
And to eat and nibble the sweet young blades
As fast as they spring in the quiet glades
Beneath the pine and the beech-tree shades.

"We long to drink from the clear flowing rill
That bubbles and gushes from under the hill;
And when there comes on the midsummer heat,
To stand in the pool and bathe our bare feet,
And chew our rich cud in this cool retreat.

"To pasture we go! to pasture, away!
How happy are we on this sunshiny day."
They pricked up their ears and whisked round
their tails,
And nearly upset all the milkmaids' pails,
So thankful were they—how else can cows do,
But sound o'er the fields their glad "moo-oo-oo."

THE ALPINE SHEEP.



AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death,
Like a long twilight, sadd'ning lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

“They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb,

“To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

“But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

“Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

“And in those pastures high and fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.”

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free

O'er frozen brooks, that flock, unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep;
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."



ROVER.

COME hither, good Rover, come hither to me,
Your grave honest face I'm delighted to see;
You seem to have something important to say:
What is it, good Rover? come tell me, I pray.

Have you come to relate your adventures this morn,
With the hen and the chickens, and cow in the
corn?

Do you think, my brave Rover, 'twas doing quite
right,
To give madam Bidy and the chicks such a
fright?

Miss Moolly, not easily driven away,
Thought a breakfast of corn was much better than
hay,
And when at the last you compelled her to yield,
With airs quite indignant she quitted the field.



And now for a frolic all ready you look—
Stop, stop, you bold robber; come back with my
book.

Here, into the water, and bring me this stone—
That's it, my fine fellow, the very same one.

Now lie down a while on the turf at my feet,
And keep very still till my task is complete;
Then good-by to books, we'll be off for a walk,
A while with the birds and the flowers to talk.

When we come to the woods, don't you offer to
bark

At a single woodpecker or robin or lark;
Don't frighten the rabbits or squirrels away,
Or chase the young partridges; mind what I say.

Then when we get home you shall surely be fed
With the nicest of meat, and the sweetest of bread;
And snug in your kennel at coming of night,
You will sleep very sound till the dawning of
light.



MY RABBITS.

“THEIR diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour their maw.

“On twigs of hawthorn they regaled,
Or pippin's russet peel;
And when their juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrots pleased them well.

“A Turkey-carpet was their lawn,
Whereon they loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing their rumps around.”



Little rabbit, I'll treat you well—
If I don't, you cannot tell;
But the great God who lives on high,
He will hear your piteous cry.

Great God made you as well as me—
 I so big, and you so wee—
 And sure am I he loves us too;
 So you love me and I love you.



WHERE KITTY CAME FROM.



LISTEN to me, Jip, I pray;
 Let me tell you how one day

I was joyfully at play,
When I heard a kitten mew.
That little kitten, Jip, was you.
There, before the school-house door,
At nine o'clock, or just before,
Many of us ran to see
What the mournful mew could be.
Lo, before us kittens three,
Little kittens, all alone,
Making a most dismal moan.
Where had the kittens' mother gone?
That's a mystery yet unknown.
Then, Jip, I took you in my arms,
And tried to still your rude alarms;
Mary Abby chose your brother,
Little Tommy caught the other.
Home we took the kittens three,
Fearing our mothers might not be
Pleased the little things to see.
In my apron white and fair
Fast asleep you folded were,
And thus I took you to mamma.
She did not send you from her sight,
But praised your lovely black and white,
Caressed and kindly petted you,
Which you acknowledged with a "mew."
Now many weeks have gone away,
Dear Jip, since that eventful day,
And you have grown to quite a kitty,
A skilful mouser, very pretty;

So loving, and so cunning too,
I bless the day I heard you mew.



OUR LOST KITTEN.

FLORA, Daisy's little kitten,
Having tired herself with play,
By the kitchen fire was sitting,
Very prim, the other day.

One eye opening, one eye closing,
Just as sleepy pussies do;
Sometimes waking, sometimes dozing,
Thus her thoughts at random flew;

"What a tedious life I'm leading!
Crabbie is my only toy;
Nothing to be done but feeding,
Very little fun or joy.

"If the bird-cage were hung lower,
Dickey soon should feel my nail;
If that mousey had run slower,
I had caught him by the tail.

"A delicious world is yonder,
Farther than the garden door;
Are there birds to chase I wonder?
There are crowds of mice I'm sure.

“Who can ever guess the reason
Why the gardener shuts the gate?
But I mean to watch my season,
And slip out some evening late.

“Then what fun, and what enjoyment,
Threads and bobbins, balls and strings;
Chasing mice, my chief employment,
'Mongst a thousand glittering things.

“True, the sounds from thence are rougher,
And men's voices seem more rude;
And the dogs do bark there gruffer
Than our crabbie ever could.

“But I'll try. Good morning, Daisy,
You may stay at home and doze;
You are getting old and lazy;
But your little daughter goes.

“Now you need not fuss and flurry,
I'll be back in two short hours;
None so soft as you and furry,
And no bed so warm as ours.”

Flora then stole out, and, watching
Till the cook came home at night,
As the garden door was latching,
She departed out of sight.

Whether birds were found for chasing,
Ready waiting in her way;

Whether there were mice for racing,
I have never heard them say.

But I know, though long we sought her,
'Midst the boys, and dogs and men,
Little Flora, Daisy's daughter,
Never more was found again.

THE SQUIRREL.



“LITTLE brown squirrel, pray what do you eat?

What had you for dinner to-day?”

“Nuts, beautiful nuts, so nice and so sweet:
I gather them off the tall trees in the wood,
And eat all the kernels I find that are good,
And then throw the hard shells away.”

“Little brown Squirrel, but what do you do
When the season for nuts is o’er?”

“I gather ripe nuts all the long summer through,
And hide them so deep in a hole in the ground,
Then when the dark winter again has come round,
I have plenty still laid up in store.”

Dear little reader, I wonder if you

Are laying in food for your mind?

You should seek what is good, and instructive,
and true;

You should gain all the knowledge that ought to
be known;

That when the bright days of your childhood are
flown,

You may be of some use to mankind.



A FABLE.

THE mountain and the squirrel

Had a quarrel.

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 take it no disgrace

To occupy my place.

If I'm not as large as you,
You are not as 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!"

FLOWERS.

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FLOWERS.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.



EARTH is a pleasant home for us,
And God has placed us here
In beauty and in loveliness,
The little ones to cheer.
We live beneath this sunny sky,
To bless them ere we fade and die.

Let us unfold to them sweet thoughts,
To them bright lessons give,
That they may follow wisdom's light,
And learn the way to live;

And so fulfil their destiny,
Ere they like us shall fade and die.

The queen-like Rose shall teach them love;
For unto all she sends
Her beauty, colour, fragrance forth,
Alike to foes and friends;
And thus their kindly deeds must bless
All in their 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 them 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 higher heights of light and love.

And Mignonette, the modest flower,
Pours forth its fragrant breath,
E'en as it droops and fades away,
Like tender love in death;
And thus their dying love may prove
An earnest of undying love.

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

Who is arrayed so glorious?
 And who hath us arrayed?
 He who the children doth create,
 The simple lily made.
 We are their brothers, sisters, friends,
 For o'er us the same Father bends.



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,
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have 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!"

THE FLOWER OF AN HOUR.

“BRIGHT, fragile flower, Oh tell me why
You wear that purple vest,
And why in those pale yellow robes,
You are at morning dressed?”

“Frail bloomer of a single hour,
Why blossom here at all,
If your bright leaves so soon must fade
And withered round you fall?”

“So said a fair haired child one day,
While bending o’er a flower,
Which blossoms with the rising sun
And droops within an hour!

“Child of mortality, to thee,
In heavenly love I’m sent,”
Seemed whispered from its fragrant cup,
“To you a moment lent.

“Listen, my mission I’ve fulfilled;
One little spot on earth,
Was made more bright and beautiful
The hour that gave me birth.

“I caught the earliest drop of dew—
Of light the rosiest ray;
A little bird that dew drop drank,
And singing flew away.

“Learn thou of me; life’s moments fleet
With gentle deeds to fill,
So that their fragrance when you fade
May linger round you still.

“My beauty is all fading now,
Yet I’ve not lived in vain;
And in the earth a seed I plant
In which I’ll live again.

“Another summer, too, you’ll have,
When from the dust you rise;
Then live so that your folded leaves
May open in the skies.”



READY FOR DUTY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould.
Although the March breezes blew keen on her
face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white
winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering
rains.

“Now then,” thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,

“It’s time I should start!”

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,

Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,—gray clouds overhead,—

The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

“Cold weather!” thought Daffy, still working away:

“The earth’s hard to-day!

There’s but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two thirds of that is more yellow than green!

“I can’t do much yet—but I’ll do what I can.

It’s well I began!

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that Spring herself’s dead.”

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,

All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.



WILL THE FLOWERS COME BACK?



OH see, mamma, my pretty flowers
All withered lie, and dead;
Tell me, will they come back again,
When wintry days are fled?

Yes, my sweet child, with spring's return,
Not these same flowers that died,
But others, beautiful like these,
Shall blossom side by side.

You know the little tiny seeds
We gathered here one day,
I told you, when the warm spring came,
We in the ground should lay;

And from these little seeds would rise
Such lovely, fragrant flowers,
As we have gathered day by day,
Through all the summer hours.

We too, my child, ere long shall die,
And like the flowers shall fade;
Our bodies, like the little seeds,
Will in the ground be laid.

Our priceless souls that live within,
Will never, never die;
But if we love the Saviour here,
Will dwell with him on high.

These bodies too, all purified
From earthly dross and stain,
Shall rise to join our ransomed souls,
When Christ shall come again.



THE CROCUS.

BENEATH the sunny autumn sky,
With gold leaves dropping round,
We sought, my little friend and I,
The consecrated ground,
Where, calm beneath the sacred shrine,
O'ershadowed by sweet skies,
Sleeps tranquilly that youthful form,
Those blue, unclouded eyes.

Around the soft green swelling mound
We scooped the earth away,
And buried deep the crocus bulbs
Against a coming day.

“These roots are dry and brown and sere;
Why plant them here,” he said,
“To leave them all the winter long
So desolate and dead?”

“Dear child, within each sere, dead form
There sleeps a living flower,
And angel-like it shall arise
In spring’s returning hour.”
Ah, deeper down, cold, dark, and chill,
We buried our heart’s flower;
But angel-like shall he arise,
In spring’s immortal hour.

In blue and yellow from its grave
Springs up the crocus fair,
And God shall raise those bright blue eyes,
Those sunny waves of hair,
Not for a fading summer’s morn,
Not for a fleeting hour,
But for an endless age of bliss,
Shall rise our heart’s dear flower.

FLOWERS OF THE SOUL.

IN the first bright gush of spring,
When the sun began to glow,
When the air was fresh and balmy,
And the voice of the winds was low;

In the midst of the tangled wood,
Whence summer's bloom had fled,
Whence summer's birds had departed,
And the voice of song was dead;

Up from the cold, damp ground,
Where the fallen leaves were heaped,
And winter's snows had slumbered,
A tiny floweret peeped ;

Up through the withered leaves,
Up from the damp, cold ground,
Smiling with eyes bright and gentle,
Shedding sweet perfume around.

My heart was filled with gladness,
By the floweret blooming there,
In part by its own gentle beauty,
Yet more by the message it bore:

“Good-bye to old winter's reign,
Hail to the smiling spring,
Hail to its music and flowers,
Hail to the joys they bring!”

Thus, in a cold, dark heart,
In a dead and withering soul,
Forgetful of God and heaven,
Long sunk beneath sin's control:

There springs up a holy thought
(Like a flower) of God and love,
When the life-giving Spirit of God
Sends down his beams from above.

Then God and angels rejoice,
At the budding of such a thought,
Welcome its bloom with gladness,
Because of the promise fraught,

Of a coming spring of the soul,
When the dreary reign of death,
For aye and aye, shall be broken
By the Holy Spirit's breath!



THE GRASS.

I COME creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere,
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise,
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

DROPS AND STREAMS.

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DROPS AND STREAMS.

THE DEW-DROP.

A TEAR-DROP of the morning
Hung on a blade of grass;
A simple bead of water:
A thousand you might pass.
But when the slanting sunbeam
Came down in morning pride,
Then you might see my water-drop
Transfigured, glorified.

I looked: it shone—a diamond,
Bright, sparkling, clear, and keen.
I looked again: an emerald
Hung, pure in vivid green.
Again it gleamed out golden,
A topaz to the view;
Then flamed a ruby, fiery red;
Then sapphire, summer blue.
I saw thus how a water-drop
Is kin to all things fair;
Can give as bright and beautiful hues
As arching rainbows wear;

Can shine with light as radiant,
And show as varied gem
As the city, fresh from glory,
The New Jerusalem.

And I thought how many an action,
Of simplest, lowliest guise,
May yet beneath the beam of heaven
Shine lovely in all eyes;
May show such beauteous motive
As angels will applaud:
Truth, honour, virtue, justice,
Love of men and God.

Two mites, that make a farthing,
Ensured the widow's fame.
A single cup of water
Can buy a deathless name.
The humblest work for Jesus—
The gentle word or look,
The soothing sigh, the cheering smile—
Is written in his book.

Fear not, then, lowly Christian;
Though deep in shade thou dwell,
Thy Lord will mark thy faithfulness,
He will requite thee well.
The dew that waits the dawning
Shall glitter in the ray,
And bright shall shine thy jewelled crown
When Christ shall bring the day!

THE CHILD AND THE RILL.



CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL rill,
Sparkling and bright,
Gliding so still
From morn to night,

Who taught thee to flow,
Who ordered thy course?
And thy fount below,
Who gave it its source?

RILL.

'Twas God, my dear child,
Who gave me my source;
He taught me to flow,
And ordered my course,
'Neath the shade of the trees,
By the side of the hill,
Midst the grass and the flowers,
So gentle and still.

And this is the place
For me to do good;
At the foot of the hill,
In the shade of the wood,
I water the herds;
I refresh the tall trees;
I nurture the flowers,
And cool every breeze.

And if, my dear child,
God e'er fixes your lot
At the foot of the hill,
Come, oh come to this spot.
Hear the beautiful birds
Sing among the thick bowers,

And see the blithe bees
Sipping sweets from the flowers.

See what beauty and love,
And what happiness too,
Spring up by my side,
And your pathway pursue:
Nor sigh to be great
Like the ocean or flood,
But like the small rill,
Be content to do good.



THE CHILD AND THE DEW.

“MOTHER,” said little Isabel,
“While I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep;

“For every morning, when I wake,
The glistening teardrops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flowret’s eye.

“I wonder why the grass and flowers
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad!

“Perhaps ’tis when the sun goes down
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid.

“Mother, if I should go and tell
The pretty grass and flowers
About God’s watchful love and care
Through the dark midnight hours,

“I think they would no longer fear,
But cease at night to weep;
And then, perhaps, would bow their heads,
And gently go to sleep.”

“What seemeth tears to you, my child,
Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down,
Each morn and evening new.

“The glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

“Thus God remembers all the works
That he in love has made;
O’er all his watchfulness and care
Are night and day displayed.”

RAIN-DROPS.

PAT-PAT, PATTER came the rain
Down upon the window pane,
Shall I tell you what it said
As I listened on my bed?

Very little things are we,
Formed in clouds where none can see,
Yet we little drops of rain
Never fall to earth in vain.
Sometimes as silent dew we fall
Noiseless—yet refreshing all,
And then again in gentle showers,
Moistening the grain, cooling the flowers:
And oft, as to-night, we all unite
Our drops, and fall, on one and all,
Lowly cottage, and lordly hall;
And washing the leaves, on all the trees,
Over the hills in sparkling rills,
On—on we go to the river below;
And mounting its dancing waves we ride,
Far out to the ocean deep and wide,
But stay not here—our work is not done
So up on the shining rays of the sun
Away we hie, to our home in the sky,
To wait, till we little drops of rain,
Are needed to water the earth again.

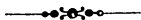
Pat-pat, patter came the rain
Down upon the window pane,

And I asked myself if there might not be,
In the rain-drops' voice, a lesson for me.

Then I thought if a single drop of rain
Never falls to the earth in vain,
If even the kiss of the morning dew
Can make all nature smile anew;
May there not be a work for me?
Though but a child, I will watch and see,
Hoping each day to find (as they say)
"Where there's a will, there's not wanting a
way,"

So I'll try by kind words, or a look or a smile,
Some one's cares to lighten, or sorrows beguile,
And though my childish attempts may seem
Little, and weak, and almost mean,
Yet my Father in heaven will not despise,
My offering of love—in sacrifice.

Pat-pat, patter came the rain
Down upon the window pane,
Little children, do not spurn
A lesson of love, from the rain-drops to learn.



LITTLE NED AND THE SHOWER.

DEAR me! it never rains so hard
As when I want to play,
There are my playthings in the yard,
And there they'll have to stay!

- “It is too bad, I do declare!”
Said angry little Ned,
“We’d such a lot of nice things there,
All piled up in the shed.
- “And now this hateful rain comes down,
To spoil our splendid fun!”
And Ned’s bright face put on a frown,
Oh! what an ugly one!
- “My boy, what did you say just then
About the hateful rain?
You surely have forgotten when
We longed for showers again.
- “’Twas yesterday, I think you said
The brook had run away,
And when your rose bush hung its head,
You wished for rain to-day.
- “It grieves me much, my child, to see
Such temper as you show,
Come here and take this seat by me,
And let your playthings go.
- “Remember, He who sends the rain
To bless the fading flowers,
Sees every naughty look with pain
And hears each word of ours.
- “And when his angel in the book,
Writes down the words you say,

I fear 'twill be with saddened look
He'll think of those to-day.

“Then always try to guard your tongue
From such impatience wild,
And when you're tempted to do wrong
Just stop and think, my child.

“And ask your heavenly Father kind
To keep you in his way,
Whene'er to stray you feel inclined
Ask pardon—watch—and pray.”



THE BROOK.

LITTLE brook, where is your home?
From the mountain do you come?
Truant, have you lost your way,
That so far you seem to stray?

Stealing softly through the grass,
Yet betraying where you pass,
By the soft and lively green
Of your pretty velvet screen.

Peeping from its hiding-place,
Soon is seen your laughing face.
Whither now, so full of glee,
Little brooklet, do you flee?

Down the mossy bank you glide,
 Where the fragrant violets hide,
 Where the gentle summer breeze
 Whispers in the leafy trees;

Where the song of merry bird
 In the shadowy grove is heard,
 As he flits from spray to spray,
 Carolling his joyous lay.

When the winter's icy chains
 Circle round your leaping veins,
 Pretty brook, your song will cease
 Till the spring your bands release.

Through the fields and meadows gay,
 Then you take your winding way,
 And the little flowers rejoice,
 As they list your silvery voice.



THE RAIN-DROP.

“AH, little rain-drop, I've caught you here,
 In this white lily bell shining so clear.
 And before the sun takes you away,
 I want you just one word to say.

“What do you do up in the sky,
 On those soft clouds so far and high?

I've heard that you make bright rainbows there,
And paint those clouds that float in the air.

“And more pretty things they say you do;
Now, little rain-drop, is it all true?”
A sunbeam peeped in the rain-drop's eye,
And whispered some tale of its home on high.
It glistened a moment, no answer did come,
For on the bright sunbeam the drop ran home.



THE SONG OF THE BROOK.



A LITTLE brook went surging
O'er golden sands along,
And as I listened to it,
It whispered in its song.

Beneath the steady mountain,
I thought I heard it say,
My crystal waters started
Upon their winding way.

I fondly hoped that flowers
Would bloom upon each side,
And sunshine always cheer me
Wherever I might glide.

Through grassy meadows flowing
And birds on every tree,
I hoped that each hour passing
Would pleasure bring to me.

But hopes once bright have perished,
But rarely have I seen
The lovely birds and flowers,
The meadows soft and green.

Through barren heaths and lonely,
My way has often led,
Where golden sunshine never
Has cheered my gloomy bed.

O'er rocks I've had to travel,
O'er precipices steep,
I onward have been driven
And madly made to leap.

The winds have sighed around me,
The clouds in darkness hung,

And sadness has been mingled
With music I have sung.

But still wherever running,
My life has not been vain,
I've helped to grow the forests
That wave across the plain.

The forests build the cities
And ships that sail the sea,
And the mighty forests gather
Their nourishment from me.

So onward! onward ever!
With singing I will go,
However dark and dreary
The scenes through which I flow.

A higher law than pleasure
Should guide me in my way,
Thus mid the rocks and forests
Comes music every day.



THE LITTLE SPRING.

“A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

“A nameless man amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the words of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.”

BREAD CRUMBS.

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BREAD CRUMBS.

A LITTLE GIRL MAY BE USEFUL.



A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know;

Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

I am not strong enough, I know,
To earn my daily bread;
I cannot dig, nor plough, nor sow,
And yet I must be fed;
But if I try, I think I may
Just do a little day by day.

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;

And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try, each day and hour

To act upon this plan:

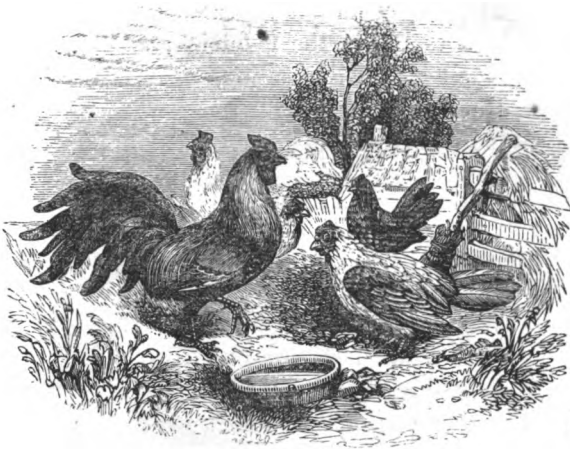
What little good is in my power,

To do it while I can.

If to be useful thus I try,

I may do better by and by.

—o-o-o—
APRIL.



THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising:
 There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the hill;
 The plough-boy is whooping, anon, anon.
 There's joy on the mountains,
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 Winter is over and gone.



WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY

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

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

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

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



THE SORROWFUL GOOD-NIGHT.

SHE went to bed without her mother's kiss;
 This, this is grief—Oh, anything but this!
 The tears were in her eyes, her step was slow:
 She bade good-night with voice so sad and low,
 Like one whose little heart was full of woe.

She had done wrong, and so her mother said
 That she must go without her kiss to bed;
 Oh, how she wished that she had always been
 Good as she ought, and that this stain of sin
 Had never come to soil her heart within.

Sadly and wearily she laid her head
 Upon the pillow of her little bed,
 Without the kiss that always made her glad—
 The kiss that chased away all feelings bad;
 And thus she went to sleep tearful and sad.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."



CHILDREN, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?

Are you careful, day by day,

Not to give offence by actions,

Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,

Never give another pain;

If your brother speak in anger,

Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.



THE MINUTES.

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

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

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

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

PLAY ON.

TIRED little fingers
Quite baffled by a note,
And the pretty brown eyes
With tear drops all afloat;
She cannot stretch the octave,
Cannot make the turn,
Thinks music very hard
For little ones to learn;
Cannot reach the pedals
With the wee, dangling feet,
To make it loud and grand,
And then so soft and sweet;
It don't sound so pretty
As't does when big folks play—
And down the rosy cheeks
The tears begin to stray.
Then brightening up again,
Every halting tone comes,
As though the chubby hands
Were suddenly all thumbs,
Notes skipping out of time,
And chords that disagree—
I wonder if she dreams
They're double toned to me?
Poor, tender, broken air,
And poor uncertain hand;
Poor disappointed heart,
That thought it would "be grand"

Your teacher, darling child,
 Is learning now from you,
 And brushing off the tears,
 Because 'tis sad and true
 That thus her outward life
 Seeks vainly to translate
 The spirit's inward joy
 In the beautiful and great.
 O Father! pleading eyes
 And hands I lift to Thee,
 That I, at last, may learn
 Heaven's perfect harmony.



HONOURING PARENTS.

MY father and mother, how faithful and tender
 To me have they been, ever since I remember!
 I must hear their instructions, and heed what they
 say,
 And all their commands I must strive to obey.



I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

“I WILL be good, dear mother,”
 * I heard a sweet child say;
 “I will be good: now watch me—
 I will be good all day.”

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
 With a soft and pleasing smile;
 Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
 So pure and free from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
 In kneeling down to pray,
 Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
 "Have I been good to-day."

Oh, many, many bitter tears
 'Twould save us, did we say,
 Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
 "I will be good to-day."



MUCH IN LITTLE.

"A GRAIN of wheat an infant's hand
 May plant upon an inch of land,
 Whence twenty stalks might spring and yield
 Enough to stock a little field.

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

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

MUST NOTS.



I MUST not be angry,
Nor snatch rudely away
The playthings from sister,
When we are at play.

I never must quarrel
With boys in the street,

Nor give them occasion
Bad words to repeat.

I must not be angry
When things do not suit,
Or be peevish and cry,
Or sulky and mute.



FIVE THINGS.

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



SNOW-FLAKES.

OH! children, let each snow-flake be
As some kind angel's ministry;
Teaching you, with softer tune
Than all the nightingales of June,
How to live a snow-white life,
Free from jealousy and strife;
Teaching, as the Scriptures teach,
A little lesson unto each.

GOODLY WORDS.



A **LITTLE** word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;

The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
The heart may heal or break.



A NURSERY CAROL.

YOUR very humble servant, Sir,
Pray how do you do to-day?
How are your little chickens, Sir?
And how many eggs do they lay?
I hope your cat is well, Sir,
Her kittens you can sell;
Pray give my compliments to her,
And to your dog as well.



“PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.”

UP this world; and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though weary and worn,
Bereft and forlorn,
Still “paddle your own canoe.”

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,
Or shining a field of blue;
If the bleak wind blows,
Or the sunshine glows,
Still “paddle your own canoe.”

What if breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through:
Move steadily by
With a steadfast eye,
And "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,
And the stars are lost to view,
Glide softly along
With a smile and a song,
But "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come,
Never grow sad and blue;
Never sit down
With a tear and a frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

Daisies spring up along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rosy dyes
In the autumn skies,—
Then "paddle your own canoe."

TABLE MANNERS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
'Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play—nor must I sing.

I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."

The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

DO IT.



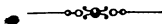
WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
 With sober judgment view it,
 And never idly wish it done;
 Begin at once, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-bye
 Is just as well to do it:"
 But present strength is surest strength;
 Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
 Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
 But bravely try, and strength will come,
 For God will help thee do it.

FAULTS.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
 I've not a vulture's bill
 To peck at every flaw I see,
 And make it wider still.
 It is enough for me to know
 I've follies of my own,
 And on my heart the care bestow,
 And let my friends alone.



A LESSON IN RHYME.

A MAN very lame was a little to blame
 To stray far away from his humble abode;
 Hot, thirsty, bemired, and heartily tired,
 He laid himself down on the road.

While thus he reclined, a man that was blind
 Came by and entreated his aid:
 "Deprived of my sight, unassisted to-night,
 I shall not reach my home, I'm afraid."

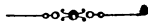
"Intelligence give of the place where you live."
 Said the cripple—"perhaps I may know it;
 In my road it may be, and if you'll carry me
 It will give me much pleasure to show it.

41. "Great strength you have got, which, alas! I have not;

In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
 For the use of your back, for the eyes that you lack,
 My pair shall be much at your service."

5. Said the poor blind man, "What a wonderful plan;

Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
 I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,
 May constantly help one another."



THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
 Do what right and reason tell;
 Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
 Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little though it be
 Dreariness and drudgery;
 They whom Christ apostles made
 "Gathered fragments" when he bade.

Do thy little, never mind
 Though thy brethren be unkind;
 Though the men who ought to smile,
 Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little, never fear
 While thy Saviour standeth near;
 Let the world its javelins throw,
 On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, God has made
 Million leaves for forest shade;
 Smallest stars their glory bring,
 God employeth everything.



HELEN, KNITTING.

LITTLE Helen, on her chair—
 Patiently at work was she;
 And in ringlets fell her hair,
 Lovely did she seem to me;
 She was sitting,
 Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,
 How I love to see your skill!
 I am half inclined to try—
 And I most believe I will!
 She was sitting,
 Knitting, knitting.

In a whirl the fingers fly,
 First one needle, then the next;
 She might with her mother vie;
 But for me, I am perplexed;

She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Then a zigzag, cross this way,
Then a curious whirl again—
How she makes the fingers play;
It's no business for the men!
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Now the curious seam is made;
How to do it I can't tell;
But the skill she has displayed,
Makes me think she does it well;
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Now the toe is closed and done—
What a pretty sock is this!
It is knitting number one!
Go and get your mother's kiss!
She was sitting,
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,
How I love to see your skill!
And the pleasure in her eye
Made my heart with pleasure fill;
Helen sitting
At her knitting.

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said, softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclosethe door."
Then little Dirck, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.

“My little Dirck has done it, sir,”
The widow, smiling, said,
“That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread.”

“Indeed!” the burgomaster cried,
“Then here’s a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had.”
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirck
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, “Many thanks, good Lord,”
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother’s prayer,
And sent this full supply.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S RESOLUTIONS.

OH yes, I will try, for the whole of to-day,
To do what they bid me, and mind what they
say;

And, even before they can say what they want,
I'll be thoughtful to do it, and not say, "I
can't."

If any one teazes, I will not be cross,
Nor for something to do need I be at a loss:
I can work in my garden, and play with my
brother,
And go little errands to help my dear mother.

I will not be idle at lessons or work,
Nor disturb busy people with questions and talk.
To be earnest in business, merry at play,
Is the way to go happily through the whole day.

Now, if I can keep resolutions like these,
It will make me more happy and good, and will
please

Not my parents alone, but that Father above,
Who delighted in goodness, and kindness, and
love.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD MAY LOVE.

I LOVE this world so beautiful,
 I love the flowers and trees;
 I love the softly murmuring brook,
 I love the cooling breeze;
 I love the birds that sing so sweet,
 I love the gentle shower;
 I love the little twinkling star,
 I love the twilight hour:
 I love my Saviour best of all,
 I love to sing his praise;
 I love to listen to his call:
 "Ye children, seek my grace;"
 I love to hear of heaven, my home,
 Where all is bright and fair;
 I love to think the time will come
 When I may enter there.



MITES.

Two mites, that make a farthing,
 Insured the widow's fame.
 A single cup of water
 Can buy a deathless name.
 The humble work for Jesus—
 The gentle word or look,
 The soothing sigh, the cheering smile—
 Is written in his book.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.



OH, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few.
Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young
When the voice of friendship faltered.

“Tick,” “tick,” it said—“quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I’ve given warning;
Up, up and go, or else, you know,
You’ll never rise soon in the morning.”

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
“Tick,” “tick,” it said—“quick, out of bed,
For five I’ve given warning;
You’ll never have health, you’ll never get wealth,
Unless you’re up soon in the morning.”

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While the tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever.
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer.
“Tick,” “tick,” it said—“to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning.”

CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor did not want to be richer,
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the
food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully
bear.

“For why should I grumble and murmur?” he
said,
“If I cannot get meat, I’ll be thankful for bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities
deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.”

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain;
Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues where there need
be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was
 humble,
 Passed through this sad world without even a
 grumble;
 And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and
 richer,
 Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.



THE STARS---AND WHAT THEY ARE.

Two little maidens, blithe and gay;
 But pensive on this wintry day—
 This wintry eve which now to rest
 Was sinking in the roseate west,
 Upon the doorstep quiet stand,
 With 'circling arms and clasped hand,
 To watch the last bright lingering ray,
 The parting smile of dying day.

Then thro' the azure dome afar,
 Came twinkling out the evening star,
 And hung her glittering lamp on high,
 The first of thousands in the sky.
 To make the heavens above us glow,
 To sparkle, twinkle, glitter so;
 'Twere hard to think the other side,
 Did more of light or glory hide.

“The stars—I wonder what they are—
I wonder why God put them there;”
Exclaimed the elder of the two,
Still gazing on the ether blue.

“I think they are the jewels bright,
Which angels, in their rapid flight,
Lose from their wings along their way,
They sparkle with such wondrous ray.”

The little one withdrew her glance
A moment from the broad expanse;
And murmured to the other low,
“They are not jewels bright I know.
I’ll tell you what I think they are
That always shine so brightly there,
Stoop down, I’ll whisper in your ear,
For none beside yourself must hear.
Just little holes cut in the blue
For God to let his glory through.”



THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

I LOVE the Sabbath-school,
Where we so often meet,
To learn the way to God,
And worship at his feet.
'Tis there I love to wend my way,
To hear, to read, to sing and pray.

I love at Sabbath-school,
To hear my teacher kind,
Tell how the Saviour came,
The sinner lost to find;
How Jesus suffered, bled, and died,
To raise us to his Father's side!

I love at Sabbath-school,
To read God's holy word;
And think what sweet delight
His promises afford,
To those who learn, in early youth,
To love and serve the God of truth!

I love at Sabbath-school,
To sing my Saviour's praise;
And for his wondrous grace,
A grateful song to raise;
I long to join with saints on high,
And chant his praise above the sky!

I long at Sabbath-school,
To join in humble prayer,
That He who reigns above,
May guard me with his care;
And, when my days on earth are past,
Take me to dwell in heaven at last!

THE MILL.



EVER grinding goes the mill,
By the little quiet rill;
Through the night and in the morn
Crushing both the wheat and corn.
And the miller takes his toll
With his olden wooden bowl.

If the miller fall asleep,
In the enemy will creep,

Steal the wheat and slyly laugh
As he flings in sand and chaff;
Grit he mixes with the meal,
Or throws in blocks to break the wheel;
Then the miller takes no toll
For many days with wooden bowl.

Ah! this mill is but the heart
Made by super-human art;
Man's the miller, and when still,
May hear the throbbing of the rill,
Or when busy he may grind
The words of truth put in the mind;
Man the miller takes his toll
In richest knowledge for the soul.

If he sleep, the watching foe
Wicked thoughts and words will throw
In the mill; and they will spoil
All the gains of mental toil;
Error's grit will be his share,
Broken wheels will need repair;
He will take no truth for toll
'Till the Lord renews his soul.

WILLIE'S TEMPTATION.



LITTLE Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a
bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be
right.

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;'

I shouldn't have thought—now they're hanging
so low,
When I asked for just one, he should answer me
'No.'

He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't
miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful
strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently
played.

And he sung: "Little Willie, beware, oh! beware.
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord
say:
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him and please not
to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

EARLY RISING HYMN.

WAKE! the costly hours are fleeting;
Wake, arise!
Wake, and let light's joyous greeting
Hail thine eyes.
God to thee an angel sendeth:
From the azure heavens descendeth,
Fresh as May,
The new-born day.

On her head a crown she weareth,
With blessings rife;
In her hand a cup she beareth,
A cup of life.
Every drop of its full measure
Is a pearl of heavenly treasure;
Haste; arise!
Claim the prize.

Saviour, rouse me, nerve me, bless me
With strength divine;
Wholly let thy love possess me—
Me and mine.
Let each moment soar above,
Laden with some work of love,
Till we rise
To thy skies;

That thus knit in blessed union,
 Lord, to thee!
 Every act may be communion,
 Lord, with thee!
 And thy presence ever near us
 May o'er each temptation cheer us
 Thus to rise—
 Thus to rise!



WORK AWAY.

BUILD away, little bird; build your house snug
 and neat;
 Make a soft feather-bed for your eggs blue and
 white:
 Never mind weary wings, nor your aching feet;
 Never stop till you've smoothed it and finished it
 quite.
 By and by you shall rest
 In your own little nest,
 With your wife by your side,
 And four dear little things,
 Yellow-mouthed and black-eyed,
 Snuggling under your wings.
 Build away, little bird, build away.

Hum away, little bee; in this garden of ours
 There's plenty of honey that's waiting for you.

You'll find it all hidden away by the flowers
In their sweet little cups of red, purple, and blue.
True, it's hard squeezing in
Through their tubes long and thin,
And it's hard creeping out
With your treasure, no doubt;
But then, never care,
For when winter is here,
You'll sit down to good fare
For the rest of the year.
Hum away, little bee, hum away.

And spin away, spider, that hangs on the wall,
You'll soon make a web if you twist it so fast:
It's dangerous work, and you may get a fall;
But cling tight to your ropes, and you'll conquer
at last.

And then, little spinner,
You'll earn a good dinner;
For there's many a fly
Buzzing round at its ease,
You may catch by and by,
And eat up, if you please.
Then spin, little spider, away.

Work away, little child, with your happiest looks;
For birds, bees, and spiders, are all working too.
Hidden under the covers of all those big books,
There's plenty of knowledge that's waiting for
you.

And Oh, never mind,
Though it is hard to find;
For when school-days are past,
If you've triumphed at last,
In the every-day strife
With hard lessons you've had,
For the rest of your life
You'll sit down and be glad;
So work, little scholar, away.



WHAT WERE THEY MADE FOR?



THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why we're born
But merely to consume the corn,

Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
 And leave behind an empty dish.
 Who eat, and drink, and sleep, and then—
 Why, eat, and drink, and sleep again.



“BY-AND-BY.”

THERE'S a little mischief-making
 Elfin, who is ever nigh,
 Thwarting every undertaking,
 And his name is By-and-by.
 What we ought to do this minute,
 “Will be better done,” he'll cry,
 “If to-morrow we begin it”—
 “Put it off,” says By-and-by.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
 Will his faithless guidance rue:
 What we always put off doing,
 Clearly we shall never do;
 We shall reach what we endeavour
 If on Now we more rely;
 But unto the realms of Never,
 Leads the pilot By-and-by.

THE MAELSTROM.

JUST off the coast of Norway,
Where two tides of ocean sweep,
Is a huge terrific whirlpool,
With vortex fierce and deep.
Inward and inward ever
The circling waves go round,
Swifter and swifter with fearful rush,
They seek the abyss profound.

Oh, woe to the ship unwary,
That enters that treacherous tide;
At first, on the outer circle,
It seems secure to ride;
But now, in the boiling current,
'Tis tossed like a plaything weak,
And the air is rent with the piercing note
Of the mariner's dying shriek.

There lieth a treacherous whirlpool,
Off the coast of human life,
Whose waters are seething and rushing,
Like demons of evil at strife;
Like the Norwegian maelstrom,
The outermost circle seems fair,
But woe to him who is hopelessly plunged
In its vortex of guilt and despair.

Oh, youth beware of the 'current—
 The current of folly and sin,
 Approach not its farthest circle,
 Lest you reach the abyss within;
 For worse than the shriek of the dying,
 That rings from the Norway coast,
 Is the wail of a perishing human soul.
 At last and for ever lost.



SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

It is May, it is May,
 And all earth is gay,
 For at last old winter is quite away;
 He lingered a while on his cloak of snow,
 To see the delicate primrose blow;
 He saw it, and made no longer stay,
 And now it is May, it is May.

It is May, it is May,
 And we bless the day
 When we first delightedly so can say;
 April had beams amidst her showers,
 Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers;
 And her frown would blight, and her smile betray,
 But now it is May, it is May.

It is May, it is May
 And the flowers obey

The beams which above are more bright than they,
 And the birds sing thankfully out on high,
 For there is not a cloud in the clear blue sky;
 The lambs and the cows and the chicks seem to
 say
 With my glad heart, 'Tis May, 'tis May.



SPRING WEATHER.

It shines, it rains,
 Then shines again,
 What does the weather mean?
 It hangs in doubt,
 The sun comes out,
 With drizzling mists between.

Now dark, now light,
 Like day, like night,
 'Tis changing, fickle weather;
 It mists at times,
 Then rains or shines,
 And sometimes all together.

Oh! now I see,
 It is like me,
 A wise head and a dunce;
 I fret, I smile,
 Then cry a while,
 And sometimes all at once.

I pout, I pet,
Well pleased I get,
Both diligent and lazy;
In my own way,
Is such a day,
When rainy, shiny, hazy.



THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

THE blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had!
We led him on his way, mother,
And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rills, mother,
As golden sun-rays played:
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear, blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots

Where periwinkles crept, mother,
 O'er wild forget-me-nots.
 "Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
 As fast as summer showers—
 "It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor, sightless boy, mother,
 He taught me that I'm blest;
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best;
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white,
 I kneel upon the meadow-sod
 And thank my God for sight.



INDUSTRY.



"WOULDST thou know the joy of health?
 Wouldst thou feel thy powers?
 Industry alone is wealth,
 What we do is ours."

THE INVALID RESTORED.

CLOSE to the window, mother dear,
 Place now my easy chair; -
 How beautiful to breathe again
 The summer's balmy air;
 How lovely are the trees and flowers,
 Gay birds sing merrily,
 And everywhere I turn my eyes
 All nature smiles on me.

I was a wayward child, mother,
 Often perverse and rude,
 Thoughtless of duty and of God,
 The great and wise and good;
 And so he sent me sickness, mother,
 To soften my hard heart,
 And call me, in my early days,
 To choose the better part.

I heard his voice at midnight, when
 Upon my sleepless bed,
 I heard it at the day-dawn, when
 You bathed my weary head;
 It spoke in tones solemn and deep,
 But very lovingly,
 "Give me thy heart, dear little one;
 Rise up and follow me."

Father, I will, my spirit said,
I hear thy gracious voice,
And gladly will I make henceforth,
Thy sacred ways my choice.
And now I bless the gracious hand,
In mercy sent to me,
To make me live henceforth for God
And for eternity.



MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

MY mother's voice! how oft doth creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.



"I CAN'T" AND "I'LL TRY."

1. THERE were two little sisters, Matilda and Bell,
In their persons no diff'rence you'd spy:
But Matilda endeavoured to do all things well,
While Bell would not even try.

2. If a difficult task were proposed by their aunt,
 One might always foretell their reply;
 Bell would always drawl out a languid "I can't,"
 Whilst Matilda would answer "I'll try."
3. If a new piece of music to either were sent,
 Why, Bell would at once lay it by,
 Say "I'm sure I can't learn it," and rest quite
 content
 That Matilda should take it and try.
4. A church they both sketched from a copy well
 drawn,
 And each made the tower awry;
 "I can't do it straight," Bell exclaimed with a
 yawn;
 But Matilda still said "I will try."
5. Now which of these girls do you think would
 excel?
 I am sure you will instantly cry,
 "Not the languid, inactive, and indolent Bell,
 But Matilda, who always would try."

Let all, then, who wish to be happy and wise,
 With zeal to their duties apply;
 If the sad words "I can't" to their lips should
 arise,
 Let them change them at once for "I'll try."

THE IDLER.

IDLER, if one bid you eat,
 Then you come with willing feet,
 But if you are bid to learn,
 Then away you quickly turn;
 Come and do the task I set,
 Or no dinner you will get.



THE WEEK'S WORK.

SUNDAY—church-doors enter in,
 Rest from toil, repent of sin;
 Strive a heavenly rest to win.

MONDAY—to your calling go;
 Serve the Lord; love friend and foe;
 To the tempter answer, No.

TUESDAY—do what good you can;
 Live in peace with God and man;
 Remember, life is but a span.

WEDNESDAY—give away and earn;
 Teach some truth, some good thing learn,
 Joyfully good for ill return.

THURSDAY—build your house upon
 Christ, the mighty corner-stone:
 Whom God helps, his work is done.

FRIDAY—for the truth be strong;
Own your fault if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue.

SATURDAY—thank God and sing;
Tribute to his treasury bring;
Be prepared for terror's king.

Thus—your hopes on Jesus cast—
Thus let all your weeks be past,
And you shall be saved at last.

MANNA CRUMBS.

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MANNA CRUMBS.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.



“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 the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She passed to the feet of her Lord.

“Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,”
Said Peter, “with children like these?”

Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven:"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.



GOING HOME.

THEY are going, only going;
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing,
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going, only going;
When with summer earth is drest,

In their cold hands holding roses
 Folded to each silent breast:
When the autumn hangs red banners
 Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
 Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along, the mighty ages,
 All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
 March, to that serener clime
Where the watching, waiting angels
 Lead them from the shadows dim
To the brightness of His presence
 Who has called them unto him.

They are going, only going
 Out of pain, and into bliss,
Out of sad and sinful weakness
 Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows, no care shall shade them;
 Bright eyes tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips, no time shall fade them:
 Jesus called them unto him.

Hearts to be for ever stainless;
 Hands to be as pure as they;
Little feet by angels guided,
 Never a forbidden way!
They are going, ever going,
 Leaving many a lonely spot;

But 'tis Jesus who has called them:
"Suffer, and forbid them not."

TRYING AND PRAYING.



"I'M sure I never can be good,
And so there's no use trying;

When Peter calls me naughty names,
I cannot help replying.

“I’ve tried, and tried—how oft I’ve tried
I’m sure I can’t remember;
Since my birthday I’ve tried, I know,
And that was in December.

“I’m sure I don’t know what to do”—
“What is my darling saying?
How can a little child be good,
Who never thinks of praying?”

“How could dear baby brother walk,
If I were not beside him?
He might be trying, but you know,
He needs a hand to guide him.

“Kneel down, dear child, kneel humbly down,
Bow thy young head in meekness
To Him who, with a Father’s heart,
Can pity all thy weakness.

“Ask for his Spirit in thy heart,
To help each weak endeavour;
Ask him, ’mid snares and sins and fears,
To be thy strength for ever.”

MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

MAMMA, 'tis strange that God most high
Should come on earth to live and die;
'Tis wonderful that he could be
A little helpless child like me;
That he should need a mother's care
For food to eat and clothes to wear.
How did the Virgin Mary know
That he was Lord of all below?

MOTHER.

His coming, Lillie, was foretold
By many holy men of old;
And angels had been sent to tell
That this dear child she loved so well,
Should be her Saviour, Christ the Lord;
And she believed the precious word:
Mary oft pondered in her heart
Those things the angels did impart.

CHILD.

How could they be so very poor,
When Christ was Lord of all? I'm sure
I should have thought that he would come
To live in some delightful home.
He could have had the sweetest spot
In all the world—why did he not?

Why did the infant Saviour lie
 In a poor stable? Tell me why
 He did not have a home like ours,
 With a nice garden, full of flowers
 And trees, where lovely birds should sing,
 To cheer the infant Saviour King?

MOTHER.

When Jesus came to save our race,
 He meant to show such wondrous grace,
 That rich and poor alike might see
 He condescends their Friend to be.
 The poorest child may never fear
 To pour its wants into his ear;
 For Jesus, though a King above,
 Looks down with sympathy and love.
 He knows exactly what we need,
 And he will be our Friend indeed,
 Will kindly listen to our prayer,
 And all our little sorrows share.



WHITER THAN SNOW.

OVER the highlands, over the lakes,
 The snow is falling in starry flakes,
 One and another wavering down,
 In softest silence a fleecy shower.
 How it whitens the dingy town,
 Wreathes all the trees and festoons the bower!

Soft as velvet it falls on the field,
 Hiding the curse of the thistle and thorn,
 The chapel-roof glitters, a burnished shield,
 When the rays fall aslant at the early morn.
 Purest day creation can know,
 Her scenes of sin all covered with snow.

My friend had never seen such a sight,
 For he came from the land of evergreen sod.
 One morning he woke, and the world was white,
 In rapture he called it the "glory of God."
 And he thought, in his prayer, Jehovah to bless,
 For this mantle cast over a world of woe,
 Can aught be whiter? Oh yes, prayed I,
 "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."



THE SAVIOUR.

JESUS from heaven came down to die
 For little children young as I;
 So great his love, his life he gave,
 Our guilty souls from hell to save.

Oh may I love and praise his name,
 Who once for me a child became:
 Help me, O Lord, thy will to do;
 My sins forgive, my heart renew.

SABBATH AT HOME.



SWEET Sabbath bells, I love your voice;
You call me to the house of prayer:
Oft have you made my heart rejoice
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids; I cannot go;

Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

His sanctuary is the heart;
There with the contrite will he rest.
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.



THE SWEETEST WORD.

“I THINK the sweetest word is Home,”
Said little Annie Price,
“Because it always makes me think
Of things so good and nice.
I never feel so happy,
As when dear father comes;
And Ma and Willie are so kind—
So the sweetest word is ‘Home.’”

“The sweetest, I think, is ‘Mother,’”
Said little Jenny Lowe,
“Though I can hardly remember mine,
She died so long ago.

But I often wish I had her here,
When I felt so tired and sad;
If I only had a mother,
I should be so very glad."

"I think the sweetest word is 'Heaven,'"
Said little Emma Gray,
"Because I know that there we have
Our tears all wiped away;
And little Johnnie's gone, I know,
To walk the golden street,
Because he told us when he went,
That there we all should meet."

"The sweetest word of all is 'Jesus,'"
Said good Amelia Ray,
"Because I know he died for us
To take our sins away.
'Twas he who gave us all a home,
A mother and a heaven;
But better than all gifts on earth,
His own dear life was given."

Sweet Hattie Bent was last to speak;
She raised her gentle eye,
And a tear stole down her pale, thin cheek,
As she answered quietly:
"I think, even more than Home or Heaven,
Or any word I know,
That 'whosoever' is the best—
Do you not think it so?"

“The Bible tells,” sweet Hattie spoke,
 “ ‘Whosoever will may come.’
 Do you not think that sweeter
 Than Mother, Heaven, or Home?
 It tells so much of Jesus’ love
 To sinners such as I,
 Else I could never go to heaven,
 When I shall come to die.

“It tells me that he casts out none
 Who come to him in love;
 It tells me heaven may be my home,
 Ever with him above.
 Ah, yes! it is the sweetest word,
 It brings all good to me;
 Home, Mother, Saviour, there I’ve found,
 All—for eternity.



“SUFFER THEM TO COME.”

OPEN wide the garden gate,
 Let the little wanderers in;
 Let them now no longer wait,
 Though their lives are soiled by sin.
 There is room enough for them
 In the perfume-laden bowers,
 Room for many a sparkling gem
 ‘Mid the Gardener’s living flowers.

Take them from the sin-tossed flood,
Moor them at the Eden isle;
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Theirs shall be an angel smile.
Shield them from the world's stern care,
Guide their little footsteps right;
Let them breathe the heavenly air,
Let them see its living light.

Suffer them to come to Him,
Shepherd of the cherub band;
He can light the valley dim,
Leading from this desert land.
Nurtured with a kindly care,
All the weeds of sin kept down,
Golden fruit their lives shall bear,
Till they win the sparkling crown,

And with golden harps in hand,
Gladdening all that blest abode,
They shall shine a star-gemmed band,
In the coronal of God.
Open then, the garden gate,
Let the little wanderers in;
See the blessed Saviour-wait—
Wait to save their souls from sin.

THE CRY OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN.



HARK! a voice from India stealing—
Children's voices we discern:
Voices sweet and full of feeling,
Such as come from hearts that burn:
"Come and teach us;
We are young, and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorned and hated—
 Wooden gods that we could burn—
 Unto Him whose word created
 Heaven and earth, we fain would turn:
 Come and teach us;
 We are young, and we can learn.

"We have heard of One who never
 Little children's prayers doth spurn;
 Guide us to his feet, and ever
 Heartfelt thanks will we return:
 Come and teach us;
 We are young, and we can learn."



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

JOY to the sons of men
 On this bright Christmas morn!
 List to the welcome words again
 That charm our waiting hearts, as when
 The shepherds heard with glad amaze
 The announcement of angelic lays,
 "A Saviour Christ is born."

Joy to earth's sorrowing child
 On this calm, peaceful morn!
 The Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Can soothe his breast with comfort mild;

The hymn that floats along the air
Shall find an answer echoing there—

“The Saviour Christ is born.”

Joy to the sick and poor,
“Blessed are they that mourn;”
If they submissively endure,
And trust his holy promise sure:
He comes all sorrow to relieve,
To comfort all who will believe—
“The Saviour Christ is born.”

Love, joy, good-will, and peace,
Since that first Christmas morn,
Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease.
To Him who purchased our release,
Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring,
And humbly, gratefully we'll sing,
“The Saviour Christ is born.”



A HONEY DROP.

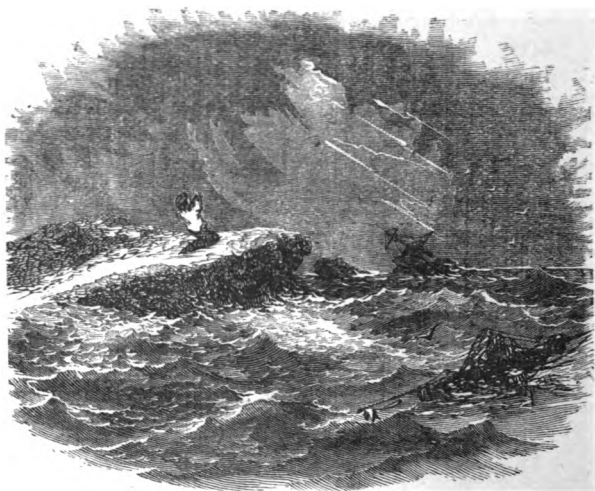
EVERY little step I take
Forward on my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christlike day by day;
Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall;

Little hopes and fears and cares,
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That the "Lord of glory" styled
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.



THE TEMPEST.



WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast."

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy at his prayers:
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the moon was shining clear.

CHILD'S HYMN.

A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed;
But Jesus sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

From early infancy, I know,
A rebel I have been;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

But God can change this evil heart,
And give a holy mind,
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek will find.

To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repenting prayer;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.



GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear me from thy throne above;

Teach me how in truth to pray,
Take my sinful heart away.

Often I offend thee, Lord;
I neglect thy holy word,
Break thy blessed Sabbath-day:
Take my rebel heart away.

When my friends and teachers kind
Bid me their instruction mind,
Then I talk or idly play:
Take my careless heart away.

Of, I disobedient grow,
And ungrateful tempers show;
Evil things I do and say:
Take my wicked heart away.

When of Jesus' love I'm told,
My heart is very dull and cold;
Oh, to me thy love display,
Take my "stony" heart away.

Mould my nature all afresh,
Give to me the "heart of flesh;"
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

DID I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read his sacred word,
To make my life therewith accord?
Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth or tell a lie?
Was I obedient, humble, mild,
To prove myself a Christian child?
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
That might my fellow-creatures pain?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills we all must share?
To all my duties through this day
Did I a due attention pay?
And did I when the day was o'er,
God's watchful care again implore?



LITTLE THINGS.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy treatment be unkind;
Though e'en those who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee all the while.

Do thy little; then when death
Comes to take away thy breath,
Ere thy spirit flies away
To the realms of endless day—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed
Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
All for love of Christ thy Lord,
In obedience to his word—
Shall a holy fragrance shed,
All around thy dying bed,
And thy little deeds of love
Shall follow thee to heaven above;
And Jesus from his glorious throne
Will look, and smiling, say, "Well done!
Faithful unto me and mine,
Thou shalt now in glory shine."

CHILD'S PRAYER.



LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work or play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread
 And friends, who all my wants supply;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss,
 And help me every day I live
 To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
 A helpless child beneath thy care;
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my evening prayer.



COME! BUT WHITHER?

MANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither, children, here's the way;
 Come along, and nothing fear;
 Every pleasant joy is here."

Yes; but whither would it lead?
 Is it happiness indeed?
 Or a little shining show,
 Leading down to endless woe?

“GOOD MORNING TO GOD.”

“OH! I am so happy!” the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-
bed;

“’Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning,
papa!

Oh give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary!
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be.”

“Happy you may be, my dear little girl,”
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl,
“Happy as happy can be—but think of the One
Who awakened, this morn, both you and the sun.”
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
“Mamma, may I say good morning to God?”
“Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
As you kneel by your bed every morning to
pray.”

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.

“Good morning, dear Father in heaven,” she said,
 “I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,
 For taking good care of me all the dark night,
 And waking me up with the beautiful light.
 Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
 Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray.”



CHRIST-LIKE.

WHEN for some little insult given
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven
 And bore his injuries.

When upon the cross he bled,
 With all his foes in view,
 “Father, forgive them,” ’twas he said;
 “They know not what they do.”



JESUS PAID IT ALL.

NOTHING either great or small,
 Remains for me to do;
 Jesus died and paid it all—
 All the debt I owe.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all—
All the debt I owe;
Nothing either great or small,
Remains for me to do.

When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die;
Everything was fully done,
'Tis finished was his cry.

Chorus—

Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your “doing,” all was done,
Long, long ago.

Chorus—

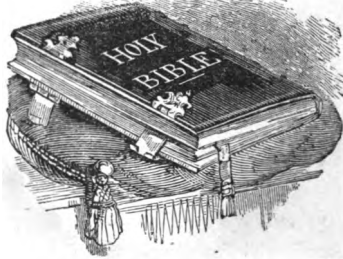
Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing, leads to death.

Chorus—

Cast your deadly doing down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, and him alone,
Glorious and complete.

Chorus—

READING THE BIBLE.



KATIE, dost thou hurry o'er
One short chapter every day,
Thinking less, instead of more,
Of thy Bible than thy play?
Stop, and I will tell thee now
Of a great deal better way.

Katie, when you read God's word
Seek your chamber's still retreat;
Think you see your Saviour there,
Then, go kneel down at his feet,
And his eyes shall light the page,
Making your communings sweet.

You shall find him hid away
'Neath the symbols where he lies;
You shall see him as he walked,
Visible to mortal eyes;

You shall track his bright ascent
To his Father in the skies.

Call him back and clasp his feet;
Say, "I will not let thee go
Till my eyes thou dost anoint,
Till thou set my heart aglow;
Love for love, my heart for thine;"
Katie, will you tell him so?

Then, no more thou'lt hurry on
Through thy chapters, day by day,
Thinking less, instead of more,
Of thy Bible than thy play.
Katie, pray for light, and then
Thou shalt find the better way.



FOR ME?

"I HAVE read of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did he come down from above
Out of love and compassion for me?

"I have heard how he suffered and bled,
How he languished and died on the tree;
But then, is it anywhere said
That he languished and suffered for me?

“I’ve been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

Lord, answer these questions of mine,
For to whom shall I go but to thee?
And say, by thy Spirit divine,
There’s a Saviour and heaven for me!”

DRIPPING FLOWERS.

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DROOPING FLOWERS.

LITTLE DYING MARY TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER, dear mother, do not seek
To keep me from my Saviour's breast;
Oh, dry those sad tears from thy cheek,
Thy darling will be soon at rest.

Oh, would you keep me, mother dear,
From Him who ever loved me so?
I do not wish to linger here;
Mother, dear mother, let me go!

I seem to hear my Saviour's voice,
I seem to see his gentle smile;
O, mother, can you not rejoice?
We'll part but for a little while.

"For sinners such as she I died,"
" I seem to hear him say to thee;
"Keep not my ransomed from my side,
But let thy darling come to me."

With praise to Him who bled for me,
 Mother, your heart should overflow:
 Then do not seek to hinder me;
 Mother, dear mother, let me go.

“Yes,” cried the mother, “darling child,
 I give you freely to his breast—”
 Mary looked up and sweetly smiled,
 Then closed her eyes—and was at rest.



THE DYING CHILD.

PUT your arm around me, mother,
 Draw your chair beside my bed;
 Let me lean upon your bosom
 This poor, weary, aching head.

Once I thought I could not leave you,
 Once I was afraid to die;
 Now, I feel 'tis Jesus calls me
 To his mansion in the sky.

Why should you be grieving, mother,
 That your child is going home,
 To that land where sin and sorrow,
 Pain and weakness, never come?

MOTHER, SING JERUSALEM.

A CHILD lay in a twilight room,
With pallid, waxen face;
A little child, whose tide of life
Had nearly run its race.

Perchance their beauty made him think
Of some harmonious word,
That often from his mother's lips
The dying one had heard.

It might be, for he whispered low,
"Sing, mother, sing," and smiled;
The worn one knelt beside the couch—
"What shall I sing, my child?"

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"
The gasping boy replied.
And sadly sweet the clear notes rang
Upon the eventide;—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

And on she sang, while breaking hearts
Beat slow, unequal time—
They felt the passing of the soul,
With that triumphal chime.

“Oh! when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend?”—
 They saw the shadows of the grave
 With his sweet beauty blend.

“Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?”—
 She ceased—the angels bore the child
 To realms of endless day.



THE DEAD DAUGHTER.

No more those feet
 The mournful stillness of these halls shall break,
 And thro' the house such gladsome echoes make,
 Thine ear to greet!

Nor shall they fly
 To greet her father's coming with a shout,
 Forth from the open portal bounding out,
 As he draws nigh!

Thro' pearly gates
 Those feet have entered, and their pathway hold
 O'er streets celestial, paved with burnished gold,
 Where Gabriel waits!

No more those hands,
So choicely fashioned, and so wondrous fair,
Shall twine their fingers thro' her mother's hair;
Or loose its bands!

No more shall they,
Sweetly caressing, fondle o'er her face—
Their thrilling touch she still can almost trace;
Scarce passed away!

But with the throng,
Assembled round the Throne, in white attire,
Those hands keep measure, on a golden lyre,
To her new song!

Then dry your tears!
That dear one now, released from care and toil,
Transplanted to a more congenial soil,
A crown of glory wears!



“PLEASE GOD, LET LILLIE LIVE.”

THE west had shut its gate of gold
Upon the 'parted sun,
And through each window's curt'ning fold
Lamps glimmered one by one;
And many a babe had gone to rest,
And many a tender mother's breast

Still lulled its darling care,
When in a nursery's quiet bound,
With fond affection circled round,
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt—its cherub face
Upraised with earnest air;
And well devotion's heaven-born grace
Became a brow so fair:
But seldom at our Father's throne
Such blest and happy child is known
So painfully to strive;
For long, with tearful ardour fraught,
That supplicating lip besought,
"Please God, let Lillie live."

And still the imploring voice did flow
That little couch beside,
As if for "poor sick Lillie's" woe
It could not be denied:
Even when the balm of slumber stole
With soothing influence o'er the soul,
Like moonlight o'er the stream,
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lillie's life,
Mixed with the infant dream.

So Lillie lived—but not where time
Is measured out by woes;
Not where cold winter chills the clime,
Or canker eats the rose.

And she who for that darling friend
 In agonizing love did bend,
 To pour the simple prayer,
 Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart
 That wound the mourning parent's heart,
 Lives with her Lillie there.



JESUS' LAMBS.

A LITTLE babe lay dying;
 They raised her aching head,
 And asked her, "Was she weary?"
 But looking up, she said,—
 "No, I shall not be weary,"
 (Such faith to babes is given;)
 "For Jesus carries little ones
 In his own arms to heaven."

Disciples of her Saviour,
 "Such little ones" of God,
 Weary with sin and sorrow,
 With the burden on the road;
 Oh, lean upon the promise,
 Thus to the feeblest given—
 "The Shepherd bears the little ones
 In his own arms to heaven."

Our faith may oft seem failing,
 And weak its strongest grasp;

But mighty and unwearied
That more than mother's clasp!
As helpless as an infant,
To us her faith be given!
"For Jesus carries little ones
In his own arms to heaven."

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

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TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

DIRGE FOR A CHILD.



I.

LET the angels take her!
In God's acre,

Dust to dust,
 Can we thus forsake her?
 Ay, we must! we must!
 Here no sound will wake her;
 Here we lay God's trust.

II.

Here's the blossom tender!
 Earth, defend her;
 Gentle rest
 O thy bosom lend her;
 Warm, and finger-prest,
 Mine no more will send her
 Slumbers soft and blest.

III.

This is ours no longer!
 Death is stronger
 Than our love:
 Will the stranger wrong her?
 Her? why, she's above,
 Where God's seraphs throng her:
 She, our household dove!

IV.

'Tis our home's undoing,
 Oh! the ruin!
 Yet, we're dumb;
 For we see her wooing
 Thither us to come;

Still, our loss accruing,
 Greater is the sum!

v.

Back to her Creator,
 Is it greater
 That she go,
 To the joys that wait her,
 Than God's gift? Ah no!
 Peace! a little later,
 We shall see it so.



THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'TWAS a tiny, rosewood thing,
 Ebon bound, and glittering
 With its stars of silver white,
 Silver tablet, blank and bright,
 Downy pillowed, satin lined,
 That I, loitering, chanced to find
 'Mid the dust, and scent and gloom
 Of the undertaker's room,
 Waiting, empty—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle-bed
 Keeps to-night the nestling head,
 Or on what soft, pillowing breast
 Is the cherub form at rest,

That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel face!

THE DESERTED NURSERY.

THE little crib is empty,
 Where oft I've seen thee lie,
 So beautiful in thy deep sleep,
 Emblem of purity;
 And Oh, how silent is the place
 Where late I heard thy voice
 In gleeful shout or merry laugh,
 Making my heart rejoice.

Thy playthings lie around me—
 The silent rattle here,
 Gay toys and picture-books are there—
 Ah, sure thou must be near.
 Thy tiny pair of half-worn shoes,
 Thy lifelike frock of red,
 Thy whistle, hat, and favourite whip—
 Sweet baby, art thou dead?

My trembling hand encloses
 Thy bright and clustering curls;
 Millions of gold can't buy them,
 Nor India's gems or pearls:
 'Tis all that's left to mortal sight
 Of thee, sweet baby, now;
 O, holy Father, teach my soul
 Submissively to bow.

Father, forgive my anguish;
Thy ways are ever just;
Speak comfort to our broken hearts,
For thou art all our trust:
With thee the spirit liveth,
So cherished and so dear,
Sent to us for a little while,
Our earthly home to cheer.



THE SNOWDRIFTS. .

As fast the snowy shower fell noiseless
O'er the hard and frozen ground,
And shrouded every pine and fir tree
With an ermine mantle round;
My little cherub boy was sporting
On the carpet at my feet,
With the light music of his prattle
Chiming in my ear so sweet.

But I called him from his gambols,
Bade him let his playthings lie,
That he might see the soft-winged strangers,
Floating downward from the sky.
And as we stood beside the window,
He upon the cushioned chair,
He kissed a welcome to the snow-flakes,
With his tiny hand so fair.

And often gazed he through the window,
When high heaped the snowdrifts lay;
And tried to tell me how they glistened,
In his little childish way.

Yet often longed I for the Spring-time
With its verdure fresh and fair,
And for the golden days of summer,
Flowery fields and perfumed air.

For many pleasant scenes I fancied—
Saw with all a parent's joy,
Along the walks and green grass sporting,
The darling image of my boy;
But when the snowdrifts all had vanished,
And the springtime fresh appeared,
Oh, instead of joy came sorrow,
Crushed were all the hopes I reared.

And on this golden day of summer,
With its soft and perfumed air,
Again I stand beside the window,
Close beside a vacant chair;
I see the walks: the trees and verdure
Bowing to the breezes mild:
But oh! my heart is sad and lonely—
Where is now my cherub child?

I listen, but no footsteps patter;
Gone the playthings from the floor,
All is silent; for his prattle
Ne'er will chime its music more.

For when again the snow-shower falling,
Yonder walks with down shall pave,
The glistening snow-drifts then will gather
O'er my little cherub's grave!



NELLIE'S LAMENT.

O, SISTER, darling sister,
I long for you to-day;
I want you, when I'm sitting still;
I want you when I play.

The boys are kind and gentle,
And the baby fair to see;
But there's none like you, dear sister;
There's none like you to me.

You went away so quickly;
You never said, "Good-by:"
I want to kiss your cheek again,
And look into your eye.

Are you in heaven, sister?
Is it very far away?
Oh, is it such a "happy land?"
And do you want to stay?

I wish that I could see you,
Among the angels bright;

I wish that I could hear you,
Singing "both day and night."

They tell me Jesus loves you
In your new, glorious home:
O, sister, won't he love me too?
And won't he let me come?

O, Jesus, high and holy!
O, Jesus, kind and mild!
Help me to love and follow thee;
Help me to be thy child.



WHO TOOK THE BABY?

"MOTHER," one day said little Sue,
"When our little baby died,
And had to leave your loving arms,
Who took her on the other side?"

"I've heard you say there is a stream,
And all who die must pass it o'er;
Now when the babe that river crossed,
Who took her on the other shore?"

"O Susy, when God's children die,
Jesus, who died their souls to save,

Receives them in his own kind arms,
And bears them safe across the wave.

“He is their rod, and he their staff,
He bears them o'er the swelling tide,
And takes them to his Father's home,
That bright home on the other side.”



THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And o'er my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed:
I shall miss his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's home in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall know no blight,
Our love no broken ties:
We shall roam on the shores of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

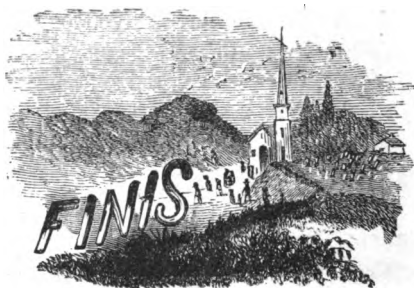


HAPPY NELLY.

LITTLE Nelly, happy Nelly,
Thou art now among the blest;
On the gentle Shepherd's bosom
You, his little lamb, shall rest;
His before the hosts of heaven
And the sons of earth confest.

Lord, who aided little Nelly
Thus to love and honour thee,

May we follow here her footsteps;
And from every sin set free,
Rise to glory, bright, bright glory,
There for evermore to be.



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