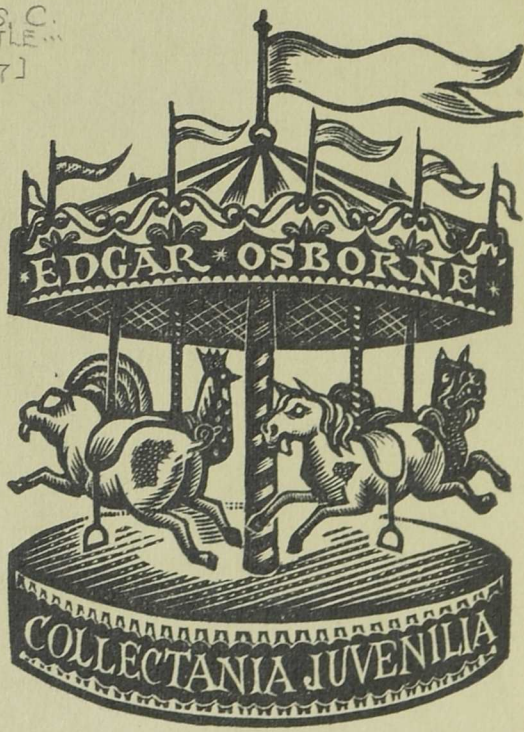


LITTLE POEMS  
FOR  
LITTLE PEOPLE

P.  
M. S. C.  
LITTLE  
[1847]



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Anne J. Clough

from

Mary Claude

Paris - 1847

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LITTLE POEMS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.







THE BEES.



LITTLE POEMS

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY M. S. C.

~~~~~  
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.  
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LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND.

LONDON.

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS.  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

Dear Emma, when you used to lie  
Upon the couch so patiently,  
And were not strong enough to walk,  
We were together, and could talk  
Of plants and flowers, of birds and bees,  
Of woods and meadows, hills and seas,  
Of earth and air and heaven above,  
Of God's almighty power and love,  
Of what he wishes us to be,  
Both now and in eternity.  
You liked to listen to me then,  
And now that you are well again,  
I send this little book to say,  
I think of you, though far away ;  
And when you read a verse you know  
I used to teach you long ago,  
Dear Child, remember me.

M. S. C.



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### THE BLIND BOY.

“Mamma, look how that little boy  
Holds by the woman’s gown;  
How timidly he steps, as if  
Afraid of falling down.”

That boy is blind, his eyes are dark,  
He only feels the way ;  
He never knows when it is night,  
Nor sees when it is day.

He never sees the sun and sky,  
The rainbow and the showers,  
The wide, wide sea, the hills and fields,  
The grass and little flowers.

He cannot play at merry games  
With other little boys,  
He is obliged to stay at home,  
And play with quiet toys.

Sometimes his mother leads him out,  
When days are warm and long,  
To feel the air and smell the flowers,  
And hear the blackbird's song.

The little boy has many friends,  
And all are very kind,  
They try to please and do him good,  
Because they know he's blind.



“ But must the boy be always blind,  
And will he never see?  
Poor little boy! how very sad,  
And sorry he must be.”

The boy is very seldom sad,  
He feels himself content,  
Because he knows that God is good,  
And God the blindness sent.

Besides, he knows a time will come  
When he shall see the light—  
When he shall see another world,  
Most beautiful and bright.

“ Mamma, I know that world is Heaven,  
And Jesus makes it bright,\*  
And there the little boy will see,  
And there will be no night.”

\* “And the Lamb is the light thereof.”—REV. ch. xxi. ver. 23.

## THE BEES.

“The bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.”—ECCLESIASTICUS, ch. xi. ver. 3.

A bee is creeping in the flower,  
To suck the honey juice;  
Its wings are full of yellow dust—  
Is that of any use?

It takes the dust of flowers to feed  
The little bees at home;  
For there are young and helpless ones  
In every honey-comb.

You scarcely know how many things  
The busy bees can do;  
They feed their young and build the cells,  
And make the honey too.

Then, think how many hundred bees  
Live in a hive together,  
And how they sleep and shelter there  
In wet and stormy weather.

In every single swarm of bees  
There is a lady queen ;  
She is the largest of them all,  
And is not often seen.

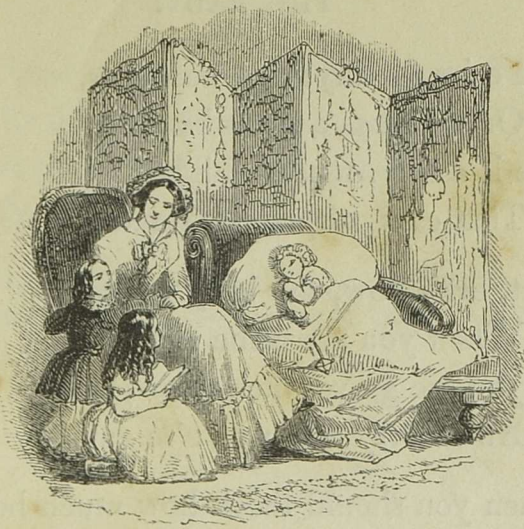
The other bees all love the queen,  
And guard her with their stings ;  
They give her honey from their trunks,  
And brush her tender wings.

But if she chose to leave the hive,  
Not one of them would stay ;  
And when she dies they will not work  
But droop and pine away.

The bees work hard inside the hive,  
To keep it cool and neat ;  
They fan it with their gauzy wings,  
And clean it with their feet.

As soon as on a summer's day  
The sun is in the sky,  
We see the early humming bees  
To new-blown blossoms fly.

And if we try to work as well  
And usefully as they,  
We have not lost the time we 've spent  
In watching them to-day.



### THE BABY.

Hush! hush! the baby is asleep!  
He has shut his bright blue eyes,  
His little hand has dropped the toy;  
How snug and still he lies!

Come, sit with me a little while,  
Beside his cradle bed;  
He'll give a cry when he awakes,  
And wishes to be fed.

He cries for anything he wants,  
Or stretches out his hand;  
He is a tiny, tender child,  
That cannot speak or stand.

Yet, even now, the baby knows  
When you are come to play;  
If you are grave, then he is grave,  
And merry when you 're gay.

Then you should think how much he 'll learn  
From what he hears and sees,  
A little every day he lives,  
By slow and sure degrees.

The elder children in the house,  
If but as old as you,  
May help to teach the youngest much  
Of what he ought to do.

He 'll learn his brother's words and ways,  
His sister's thoughts and mind;  
If they are gentle, good, and true,  
Or selfish and unkind.

So God gives even children power \*  
To do some harm or good,  
And they must ask him for his help,  
To use it as they should.

\* "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."—PROVERBS, ch. xx. ver. 11.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

“ Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me.” —  
ST. MATTHEW, ch. xix. ver. 14.

Let little children come to me,  
Our Saviour Jesus said,  
And then he gently laid his hands  
Upon each infant's head.

He took the babies in his arms,  
And set them on his knee;  
The mothers stood with thankful hearts,  
Such gracious love to see.

You cannot go to Jesus now,  
As children could do then,  
For when his work on earth was done,  
He went to Heaven again.

But Jesus on his glorious throne  
Remembers children still;  
He wishes them to read his words,  
And learn to do his will.



He loves their thoughts to come to him  
When they kneel down to pray,  
And ask him to forgive their faults,  
And bless them every day.

If they are sad, he wishes them  
To tell him of their pain,  
And not forget to thank him too,  
When they are glad again.

And when they die he promises  
To give them each a place,  
A happy place, beside his throne,  
Where they can see his face.

Then let us praise the Holy God,  
Who once was pleased to send  
His only Son to live on earth,  
And be the children's friend.



### THE ROBINS.

Come out into the lane with me,  
And see what I have found;  
It is a little robin's nest,  
That 's built upon the ground.

Look! there it is, close by the tree,  
Half hidden in the grass;  
I see the robin's scarlet breast  
As often as I pass.

The nest is made of tender moss,  
And lined with hair and hay;  
And you may see the robin's eggs  
When she has flown away.

The robin sits for many days,  
And warms them with her breast;  
How glad she is when first she hears  
A chirping in the nest.

Each little bird comes creeping out,  
And leaves the speckled shell;  
The gentle mother keeps them warm,  
And loves and tends them well.

The father robin looks for food,  
And feeds them one by one;  
He never stops to rest himself  
Until his work is done.

But when his young ones are asleep,  
Beneath their mother's wing,  
He comes and perches near the nest,  
And soon begins to sing.

At last the little birds are grown,  
And old enough to fly,  
And then they leave the parent birds,  
And bid the nest good-bye.

The robins stay all year with us,  
And when it 's very cold,  
They come and chirp about the house,  
For hunger makes them bold.

And when we see them hopping near,  
And waiting to be fed,  
We 'll go and watch them quietly,  
And give them crumbs of bread.

In summer time, with tender care,  
They fed their helpless brood,  
And now, I think, deserve our help,  
When they can find no food.

## SNOW-DROPS.

The snow-drops are the first pale flowers,  
That waken from their sleep;  
How pleased we are when through the snow,  
The tender blossoms peep!

They are not scented like the rose,  
Nor gay as tulips bright;  
They hang upon their graceful stem,  
A simple bell of white.

We watch the borders day by day  
To see the snow-drops blow,  
In pretty groups of white and green,  
Above the melting snow.

We love them well, because they come  
So early in the year,  
And make us hope for summer days  
When gayer flowers appear.

When parents see a little child  
Do well in any thing,  
It is a greater joy to them  
Than snow-drop in the spring.

They know that every thought of good  
Is like a gentle flower,  
That lives and blossoms in the heart  
Through God's almighty power.



## THE SNOW.

“ For he saith to the snow, be thou on the earth.”—  
JOB, ch. xxxvii. ver. 6.

God sends the feathery snow-shower down,  
To warm the frozen ground ;  
On fields and gardens, hills and trees,  
It falls without a sound.

It keeps the trees and plants alive,  
By sheltering the roots;  
And from the biting frost it saves  
The early little shoots.

And when the snow is on the ground,  
No blade of grass we see ;  
No worms and insects creep or fly  
On earth, or plant, or tree.

What will the little birds do then?  
How will they all be fed?  
The hungry ones will come to us,  
And beg for crumbs of bread.

And in the fields the sheep will wait  
So patiently each day,  
Until the careful shepherd comes  
With turnips or with hay.

But while we think of birds and beasts,  
We'll not forget the poor ;  
Nor send away the starving child,  
That's begging at the door.



God gives us everything we have,  
Not for ourselves alone,  
But that, to others, we may show  
The kindness He hath shown.

And while you are a little child,  
And have not much to give,  
Ask God to make the rich man kind,  
And help the poor to live.

## VOICES.

There is a voice of singing birds,  
So merry and so glad ;  
There is a voice of little streams,  
That sounds both sweet and sad.

There is a loud and fearful voice  
Of thunder in the sky ;  
There is a voice among the leaves,  
Of breezes passing by.

There is a mother's voice of love,  
To hush her little child ;  
There is a father's voice of praise,  
So earnest and so mild.

We love to hear these voices speak,  
We listen to their sound ;  
We should not like so well to have  
A silence all around.

But there is yet another voice,  
That speaks in gentle tone,  
I think that we can hear it best  
When we are quite alone.

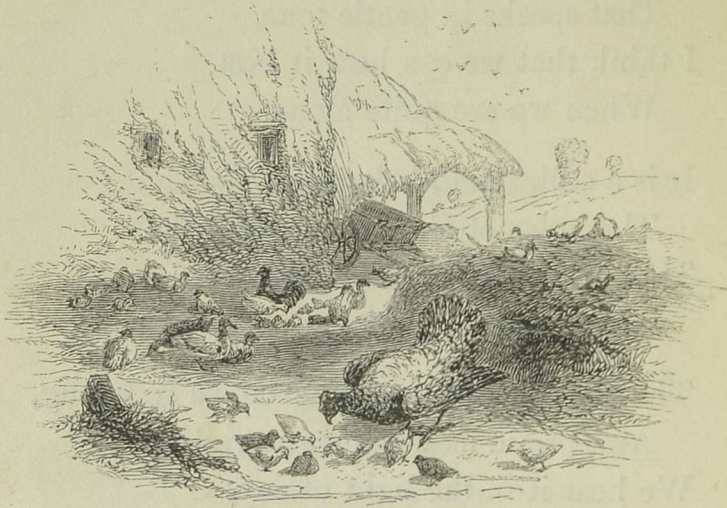
It is a still, small, holy voice,\*  
The voice of God most high,  
That whispers always in our heart,  
And says that He is by. ✕

The voice will blame us when we're wrong,  
And praise us when we're right;  
We hear it in the light of day,  
And in the quiet night. ✕

And even they whose ears are deaf  
To every other sound,  
When they have listened, in their hearts  
The little voice have found. ✕

And they have felt that God is good,  
And thanked him for his voice,  
That taught them what was right and true,  
And made their hearts rejoice.

\* "And after the fire, a still small voice."—1 KINGS, ch. xix. v. 12.



### HEN AND CHICKENS.

The speckled hen is found at last,  
That was so long away !  
She had a hidden nest of eggs,  
And they were hatched to-day.

She sat three weeks upon the eggs,  
And would not roost at night,  
Or go into the fields by day,  
Although the sun was bright.

She came into the yard just now,  
And seemed to look for food;  
She clucked and bustled all about,  
And called her yellow brood.

Come, child, and let us feed them now  
With crumbs of bread and groats;  
The barley is too rough and large  
For chickens' tiny throats.

Look! how the hen takes up the grain,  
And how she lets it fall,  
She gives a grain to every chick,  
Till she has fed them all.

The hen will guard her chickens well,  
With beak, and claws, and wings,  
And scream with anger if she thinks  
You hurt the little things.

And with her large and spreading wings  
She covers them at night,  
They nestle in their shelter close,  
And sleep till it is light.

Who taught the hen to sit so long  
Upon her quiet nest?  
Who taught her how to feed her young,  
And warm them with her breast?

The world's a very busy place,  
And birds, and beasts, and men,  
Have all their share of work to do,  
Just like the mother hen.

God teaches all their proper work,  
And from his Heaven above  
He smiles on those who do it well,  
With patience, care, and love.

---

## NIGHT.

The night a time of quiet brings  
For everything to sleep,  
Beneath the mother's downy wings  
The little chickens creep.

The bird that loves the sun the best,  
The merry warbling lark,  
Sits quiet in its grassy nest  
As soon as it is dark.

The flowers, that raise their gentle heads  
To see the sun shine bright,  
Will sleep upon the garden beds  
All through the chilly night.

The nimble sheep upon the hill  
Lie waiting for the light;  
The cattle in the fields are still,  
And rest while it is night.

The poor who have to work all day,  
And toil while there is light,  
Will not forget to kneel and pray,  
And thank God for the night.

The sick are weary with the day,  
And cannot bear the light;  
They hope their pain will go away—  
When sleep comes in the night.

And children, when they 've said good-night,  
Should shut their eyes and pray  
That God will watch them till it 's light,  
And wake them when it 's day.

For God in Heaven never sleeps,\*  
Nor tires by day or night,  
But over all a watch he keeps,  
In darkness and in light.

\* "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—PSALM cxxi. ver. 4.



## THE MOON.

The youngest children know how bright  
The sunshine is at noon,  
But some, perhaps, have scarcely seen  
The pale and gentle moon.

When every singing-bird has hid  
Its head beneath its wing,  
Except the little nightingale  
That stays awake to sing;

When owls and bats come out for food,  
And in the meadows fly,  
The silver moon, so beautiful,  
Is gliding through the sky.

And many a poor, sick, weary child,  
That cannot fall asleep,  
Is glad when, through the window-pane,  
The quiet moonbeams peep.

He thinks that God is good to send  
The moon to cheer the night;  
And in his hours of wakefulness  
He watches for its light.

And then he feels that God can make  
Him patient in his pain,  
And give him quiet happy thoughts  
Till he is well again.

Yes, even in the gloomiest hour,  
Some glimpse of light is given,  
That, while we suffer on the earth,  
Our hopes may rise to heaven.



### BIRDS' NESTS.

The skylark's nest among the grass,  
And waving corn is found;  
The robin's on a shady bank,  
With oak-leaves strewed around.

The wren builds in an ivied thorn,  
Or old and ruined wall;  
The mossy nest so covered in,  
You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nests of clay,  
In rows beneath the eaves;  
The silvery lichens, moss and hair,  
The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,  
But through the wood she strays  
Until she finds one snug and warm,  
And there her eggs she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,  
With feathers warmly lined;  
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks,  
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,  
And often disagree;  
The owl will build inside a barn,  
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud  
In bush and bank is found;  
The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs  
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is made with thorns  
In leafless tree or hedge;  
The wild-duck and the water-hen  
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year,  
According to their kind;  
Some very neat and beautiful,  
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,  
And all its patient skill,  
Are surely taught by God himself,  
And ordered by his will.

---

## THE COAL PIT.

The sleety rain is driving fast,  
The wind is rising higher;  
Come let us draw the curtains close,  
And make a blazing fire.

You like to sit around the hearth  
When all is snug and warm,  
And listen to a merry tale,  
On such a night of storm.

But, children, have you never thought,  
While round the fire you sit,  
Of those who work to get the coals,  
Down in the darksome pit?

Both men and women labour there,  
And little children too,  
And some of them, I fear, there are,  
As young and weak as you.

While you are playing in the fields,  
Among the grass and flowers,  
They work among the heaps of coal,  
For many weary hours.

Deep in the ground the pit is dug,  
Where even noon is dark;  
They cannot see the shining sun,  
Nor hear the warbling lark.

Perhaps they never go to school,  
To learn what Jesus said,  
Nor ever pray to God in Heaven,  
To give them daily bread.

Poor little things! you would not like  
To live as they must do;  
Be thankful, then, to God who gave  
A happy home to you.

Be thankful for the sweet blue sky,  
For flowers, and sunny light;  
Be thankful for the cheerful fire,  
This wet and wintry night.

And pray to God, with all your heart,\*  
That he will please to take  
Those little children home to Heaven,  
For gentle Jesus' sake.

“It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.”—ST. MATTHEW, ch. xviii. ver. 14.





### THE LAMBS.

Come let us watch the lambs,  
How merrily they play!  
Now tread as softly as you can,  
Or they will run away.

One lamb is lying down!  
Quite close beside its mother,  
And there you see how three or four  
Are chasing one another.

The lambs are very young,  
They 're tender, weak, and small,  
Yet they obey their mother's voice,  
And answer to her call.

The mother feeds her lamb,  
And warms it at her side;  
Without her constant love and care,  
It surely would have died.

When you were weak as lambs,  
Your parents cared for you;  
And you should always try to be  
As good and gentle too.

You should be quick to hear  
Your parents when they speak;  
And if they bid you do a thing,  
Obedient and meek.

The timid sheep are glad  
Because the shepherd's care  
Has led them in the greenest fields  
To pastures good and fair.

And if the lambs are tired,  
Because the way is long,  
He 'll take them gently in his arms,  
And nurse them till they 're strong.

You know why Jesus says\*  
That we may be his sheep;  
He keeps us safe from harm by day,  
And watches while we sleep.

And if we mind his voice,  
And learn to do his will,  
When He shall take his flock to Heaven,  
We shall be with him still.

\* "I am the good shepherd."— St. JOHN, ch. x. ver. 14.

## THE DAISY.

The daisy is the meekest flower  
That grows in wood or field,  
To wind and rain, and footstep rude,  
Its slender stem will yield.

And when they 're passed away again  
As cheerfully it springs,  
As if a playful butterfly  
Had bent it with his wings.

The daisy is a hardy plant,  
And in the winter time  
We find it in the sheltered nooks,  
Unhurt by snow and rime.

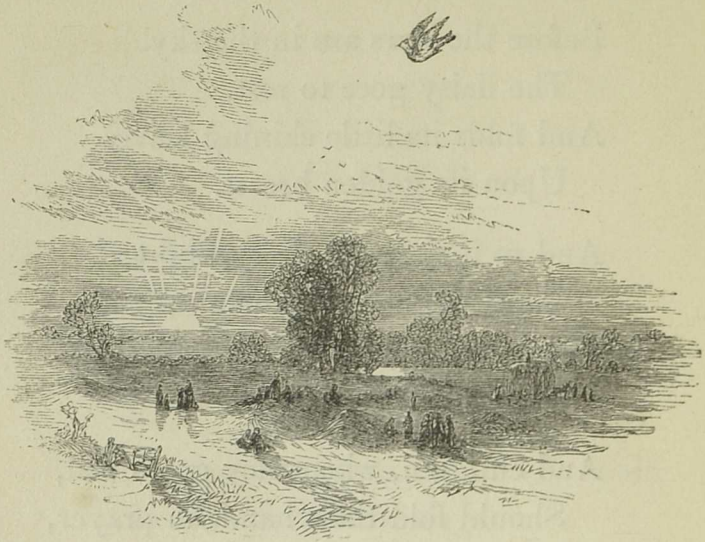
In spring it dots the green with white,  
It blossoms all the year,  
And so it is a fav'rite flower,  
To little children dear.

Before the stars are in the sky  
The daisy goes to rest,  
And folds its little shining leaves  
Upon its golden breast.

And so it sleeps in dewy night  
Until the morning breaks,  
Then, with the songs of early birds,  
So joyously awakes.

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

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



### THE SKYLARK.

It is a pleasant thing  
To walk at early day,  
To see the pretty flowers,  
And smell the sweet new hay.

The sun is warm and bright,  
The sky is clear and blue,  
And all the trees and flowers  
Are wet with drops of dew.

Hush! don't you hear the bird  
That 's singing in the sky?  
No bird except the lark  
Would fly so very high.

It left its little nest  
When day was just begun,  
And flew so high to bid  
Good morning to the sun.

“ Good morning, shining sun,”  
I think the lark would say,  
“ I 'm happy in my heart  
This fine warm summer day.”

“ I 'm very glad you 're come,  
You make the world so light,  
And all the trees and flowers  
So beautiful and bright.

“ I 'll sing a merry song,  
And then fly down to rest,  
Or search for worms to feed  
My young ones in the nest.”

The lark has done its song,  
And settled on the ground,  
But we will not forget  
The sweet and happy sound.

And when our hearts are glad  
In long, bright summer days,  
To God, in heaven, we 'll sing\*  
Our songs and hymns of praise.

God loves each thing he made,  
However weak and small;  
But glad and thankful hearts  
He loves the best of all.

\* "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God."—PSALM cxlvii. ver. 1.





SUMMER.

Child, look how bright the summer is,  
You cannot see a cloud!  
Above the fields of waving corn  
The lark is singing loud.

Go out, and see a thousand flowers,  
That blossom by the way ;  
Go out, and see the bees at work,  
The butterflies at play.

The cuckoo cries her single call,  
“ Cuckoo !” is all she sings,  
But yet it tells a pleasant tale  
Of happy summer things.

Wild pigeons coo among the trees,  
The squirrels leap and run,  
The corn-crake, in the uncut hay,  
Is hidden from the sun.

The new-shorn sheep, like daisies white,  
Lie scattered on the green ;  
High on the hill against the sky,  
The grazing cows are seen.

The world is very beautiful,  
God willed it should be so,  
That, when we look upon his works,  
His goodness we may know.

God gives the sunny summer time,  
To make you glad and gay;  
But he is pleased when children show  
Some thoughtfulness at play.

If you were merry, strong, and well,  
When summer came again,  
Remember those who passed the time\*  
In sorrow, or in pain.

Consider them with thoughtful love,  
And try so to be glad,  
That you may not increase the pain  
Of any that are sad.

\* "Fail not to be with them that weep, and mourn with them that mourn. Be not slow to visit the sick: for that shall make thee to be beloved."—ECCLESIASTICUS, ch. vii. ver. 3, 4, 5.

“ I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.”—

JOB, ch. xxxviii. ver. 3.

Who has counted the leaves that fall  
In the autumn from the trees?

Who has counted the grains of sand  
That are hid beneath the seas?

Who has counted how many flowers  
In the fields and gardens grow?

Who, on a gloomy winter's day,  
Has counted the flakes of snow?

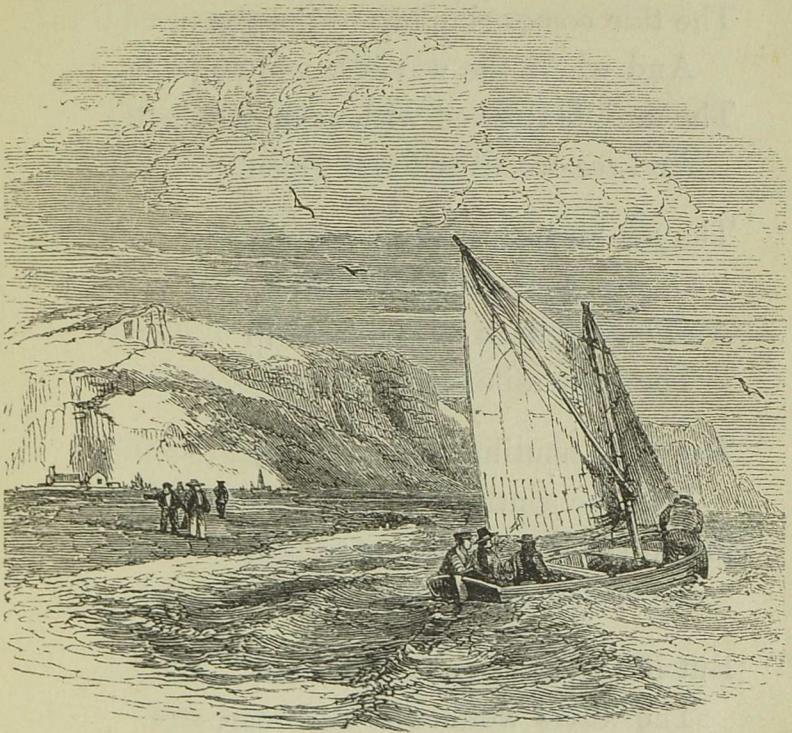
Who has fathomed the deep, deep sea,  
Or numbered the stars at night?

Who has counted the drops of rain,  
Or the rays of sunny light?

None, none but God. He made them all,  
And he knows them every one—

The stars and flowers, the sands and seas,  
And the bright rays of the sun.

The sea is deep, and reaches far,  
And bright is the sun above ;  
God's goodness reaches farther still,  
And more brightly shines his love.



### THE SEA.

The yellow sand is smooth and firm,  
And pleasant to our feet;  
The breeze is blowing from the sea,  
So fresh, and cool, and sweet.

The tide comes rippling to the shore,  
And where the waves have been,  
The sand is strewed with coloured shells,  
And sea-weeds red and green.

The sea-birds float upon the waves,  
Or dip their snowy wings;  
And on the deck of yonder ship  
The busy sailor sings.

The little nautilus, whose home  
Is in the southern seas,  
Might safely spread his tiny sail  
To such a gentle breeze.

But if a tempest roused the sea,  
The waves would rise and roar,  
And dash themselves with fearful might  
Upon the rocky shore.

The stormy clouds would hide the sun;  
And lightning, fierce and bright,  
Would show the wild and angry waves,  
Like mountains crested white.

The ship would drive before the wind,  
And on the waves be tossed;  
The masts would crash, the sails be torn,  
The guiding rudder lost.

How could the sailors save their ship  
In such a dreadful sea,  
Though they were skilful, strong, and brave,  
As sailor men should be?

Should they not think of God, who rules  
The ocean by his will,  
And Jesus in the fisher's boat,  
Who bade the sea be still? \*

Oh yes, for through the howling storm,  
The Lord will hear their prayer;  
And all are safe by land and sea  
In his almighty care.

\* "Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."—MATTHEW, ch. viii. ver. 26.

## HEAVEN.

“In thy presence is fulness of joy.”—PSALM xvi. ver. 11.

God lives in Heaven above the blue sky,  
That looks so lovely and bright;  
Above the sun, and the moon, and stars,  
In a land of joy and delight.

But God does not live alone in Heaven,  
For the angels good and fair,  
And little children, with angels' wings,  
And happy faces are there.

God giveth them wings that they may fly,  
And hasten to do his will;  
They do his errands and never tire,  
They love and obey him still.

They sing with voices so clear and sweet,  
And never have cause to weep;  
They see bright flowers that never fade,  
With eyes that will never sleep.



Those angel-children once lived on earth,  
And had homes and friends like you;  
Sometimes were happy, and sometimes sad,  
They had lessons and work to do.

They had brothers and sisters to cherish and love,  
Parents to love and obey;  
They were glad to shut their eyes in sleep,  
When night had ended the day.

Sometimes they sang, but they often wept,  
For they often were in pain;  
They planted sweet flowers and watered them,  
But they saw them fade again.

And when they had lived as many days  
As God saw fitting and right,  
They fell asleep and awoke in Heaven,  
Where all is happy and bright.

And little children may pray to God  
Who giveth them all good things;  
That he will take them to live in Heaven,  
And give them the angel's wings.



### THE MICE.

The merry mice stay in their holes,  
And hide themselves by day;  
But when the house is still at night,  
They all come out to play.

They climb upon the pantry shelf,  
And taste of all they please,  
They drink the milk that 's set for cream,  
And nibble bread and cheese.

But if they chance to hear the cat,  
Their feast will soon be done;  
They 'll scamper off to hide themselves,  
As fast as they can run.

Some tiny mice live in the fields,  
And feed on flies and corn;  
And in a pretty hanging nest  
The little ones are born.

When winter comes they burrow holes,  
And line them soft with hay,  
And while the snow is on the ground  
They sleep the time away.

White mice are often kept for pets,  
And fed with milk and bread,  
They 're tame and harmless little things,  
Their eyes and feet are red.

All living creatures like to be  
As free as you or I,  
They love the fields, the woods, the hills,  
They love the sweet blue sky.

Then if you cage them treat them well,  
And feed them every day,  
And never tease or frighten them,  
That they may like to stay.

They do not need your love and care  
As long as they are wild,  
But in a cage they want a friend  
As much as any child.

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## THE GLOWWORMS.

“ Oh! sister, look upon the bank!  
A tiny little star!  
And here's another, just as bright;  
I wonder what they are.

“ I almost think they are alive,  
They move upon the ground;  
I'll take them home, and show mamma  
What pretty stars I've found.”

No, let them stay upon the bank,  
And shine among the leaves,  
For when we hurt a harmless thing,  
A holy angel grieves.

Those little stars are dusky worms  
As long as there is light,  
But God has taught them how to shine  
So brightly in the night.

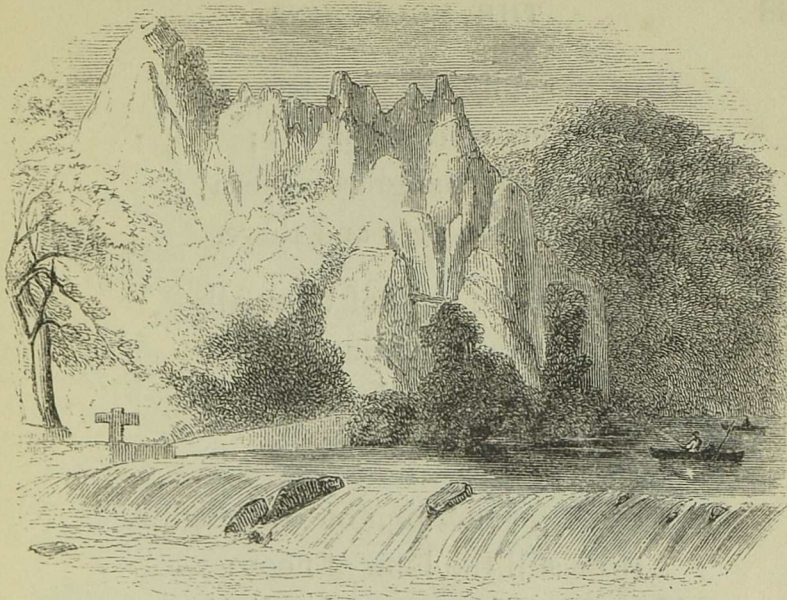
On still and dewy summer nights  
From sheltering plants they creep,  
And with their pretty shining lamps  
They light the flowers to sleep.

Look up! the sky is full of stars,  
They have a glorious light;  
They seem to say that GOD IS GREAT,  
All through the silent night.

The little glowworm's tiny star  
May teach that GOD IS KIND,  
When even on a grassy bank  
Such lovely things we find.

God knows the names of all the stars,\*  
Their number he can tell,  
And he has made the glowworm too,  
And cares for it as well.

\* "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names."—PSALM cxlvii. ver. 4.



### THE MOUNTAINS.

How gloriously the mighty hills  
Rise to the far blue sky,  
And show their pictures in the lakes  
That round about them lie.

How rugged are the rocks that hide  
The circling buzzard's nest;  
How peaceful are the heathy dells  
Where wild bees love to rest.

How gloomily the pine-trees wave  
    Their branches to the air ;  
How cheerily the graceful fern  
    Is springing here and there.

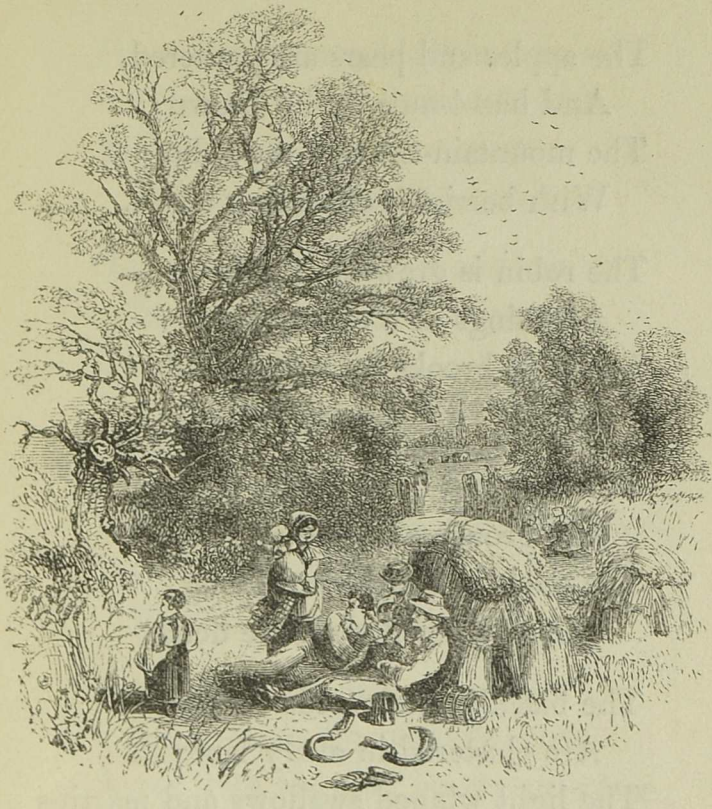
How loud the song of waterfalls  
    Among the sounding hills ;  
How soft and low the whispering  
    Of hidden little rills.

How gay is morning on the heights,  
    How still the hum of noon ;  
How fair the rosy evening light,  
    How clear the midnight moon.

The mountains change from hour to hour,  
    Though they be old and gray ;  
And every hour is fairer still  
    Than that which passed away.

The everlasting hills are said  
    To sing their Maker's praise ;  
And shall not we acknowledge him  
    In all his works and ways ?





## SEPTEMBER.

The sun is shining unclouded ;  
The corn is standing in sheaves,  
The hills are red with the bracken,  
The birches have yellow leaves.

The apples and pears are gathered,  
And hazel-nuts dusky brown;  
The mountain-ash and the elder  
With berries are bending down.

The robin is growing tamer,  
And sings us a cheery song;  
The little brooks by the roadside  
Quietly ripple along.

The hips and haws in the hedges  
Are growing so ripe and red;  
The seeds of thistles are flying,  
The summer flowers are dead.

The blackberries on the hedges  
Are clustered in every lane;  
The light winged swallows and martins  
Will soon be going again.

The nights are star-lit and frosty,  
The mornings misty and cold;  
The sun sets southward and early,  
With clouds of crimson and gold.

The sweet summer days are over,  
With all their gentle delight;  
And we must try to remember  
If we have spent them aright.

God sees us in summer and winter,  
In autumn and in the spring;  
He sees our thoughts, and our tempers,  
And knows every little thing.

And while the seasons are changing,  
With the changing night and day,  
They seem to tell and remind us,  
That soon we must go away.

Away from the heat of summer,  
Away from the winter's snow,  
Away from the cold bright autumn,  
And the fresh green spring we go,—  
To live with God and the angels,  
In a world where all is fair.

Let us pray to God, the Saviour,\*  
To bring us all safely there.

\* Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.—PSALM xxxiii. ver. 22.

## THE THUNDER-STORM.

The air is heavy, close, and warm,  
And yonder cloud will bring a storm;  
The flowers are drooping on the bed,  
The branches rustling overhead,  
The birds are twittering half a song,  
The dust in clouds is blown along.

Now haste to shelter all who may,  
Nor man, nor bird, nor cattle stay!  
See! how the lightning parts the cloud—  
Hark! how the thunder echoes loud!  
Another flash—a peal again—  
And now the heavy drops of rain.

The lightning flashing through the skies  
Will make us hide our dazzled eyes,  
And where it strikes, rock, tree, or spire,  
Is shattered by its force and fire;  
But thunder is a harmless sound  
That rolls above us and around.

Perhaps your heart is full of fear,  
When thunder-storms are loud and near;  
You think the lightning-flash may strike  
Some friend you love, or thing you like;  
You think that such a fall of rain  
Will spoil the poor man's field of grain.

You should remember, God has made  
The corn to spring with tender blade;  
And He is merciful and kind,  
And always keeps the poor in mind:  
You should remember God has power  
To keep us safe in every hour.

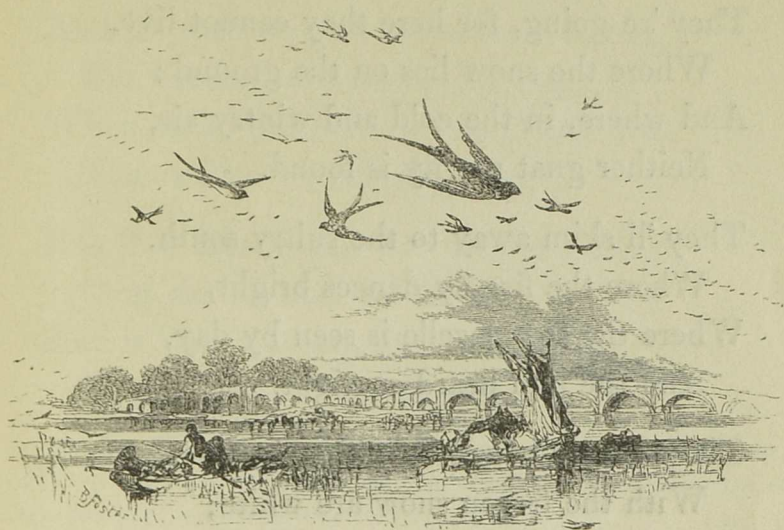
When gentle winds are creeping by,  
And when the sunshine's in the sky;  
When clouds are dark and winds arise,  
When lightning flashes through the skies,  
In storm or calm, by day or night,  
He is the Lord of power and might.\*

\* "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."—ISAIAH, ch. xxvii. ver. 3.

See, now the storm is passed away,  
The rain-drops gleam on every spray,  
And brighten every flower's cup;  
The heavy corn is looking up,  
The grass is freshened by the rain,  
The thirsty cattle graze again.

The birds are singing full of cheer,  
The air is pleasant, cool, and clear;  
Then let our hearts and voices sing  
In praise of mercy, that can bring  
Such gracious gift in awful form,  
A blessing in the thunder-storm.

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### THE SWALLOWS.

The summer is gone, the autumn come,  
The swallows are going soon;  
We've seen them gathering on the roofs,  
In hundreds, this afternoon.

In summer they built so busily  
Their curious nests of clay,  
And now the young ones are fledged and strong,  
And ready to fly away.

They 're going, for here they cannot live,  
Where the snow lies on the ground ;  
And where, in the cold and wintry air,  
Neither gnat nor fly is found.

They 'll skim away to the sultry south,  
Where the fire-fly dances bright,  
Where the shy gazelle is seen by day,  
And the lion heard at night.

They 'll pass where the Alps, in Switzerland,  
With the frozen snow are white ;  
And Italy's fiery mountain peaks  
They 'll see in their rapid flight.

To Africa's sandy coast they 'll cross  
O'er the dark blue mid-land sea,  
And rest in the shade of feathery palm,  
Or of broad-leaved plantain tree.

There they will stay till our winter's gone,  
With its frost, and snow, and rain ;  
And then to their little English nests  
They will all come back again.



And we shall be glad to see them come,  
For the days are warm and long  
When under the eaves we stand and hear  
The swallow's twittering song.

It is God who guides the swallow's wing \*  
Over the sea and the land;  
And if we trust him, he'll lead us too,  
With a sure and gentle hand.

\* "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming."—JEREMIAH, ch. viii. ver. 7.

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## THE HIDDEN LIFE.

When winds were soft and skies were blue,  
The tender flowers in beauty grew,  
    And made the earth so gay;  
But now the dreary winter time,  
With cutting winds and chilly rime,  
    Has withered them away.

We cannot find the primrose pale,  
The slender lily of the vale,  
    Or blue-bell waving free;  
The roses and the mignonette,  
The cowslip, or the violet,  
    Not one of them we see.

Nor bud nor leaf is to be found,  
And all the cold and frozen ground  
    Is miserably bare;  
And if you dig away the snow  
You will not find the flowers below:  
    They are not blooming there.

The roots will seem so dead and dry,  
You would not care to let them lie  
    In the hard, biting frost ;  
Yet, in the summer, buds and shoots  
Will spring from those unsightly roots—  
    Their life is hid, not lost.

God tells us we are like the flowers ;  
Our life is made of days and hours,  
    And soon we droop and die ;  
And then our fading bodies must  
Be hid awhile in earth and dust,  
    And for a season lie.

But still for this we need not weep :  
We know our bodies only sleep  
    A few short wintry hours.

The Sun of Righteousness will rise,  
And make it summer in the skies,  
    And wake us like the flowers.

He 'll waken us to life and light,  
And we shall see his face as bright  
    As flowers behold the sun ;

And we shall never die again,  
But always live in Heaven then,  
Which he for us has won.

We cannot tell the day and hour \*  
When God shall wake us by his power,  
And bid our bodies rise ;  
He knows when he will have it be,  
But none on earth his mind can see,  
Nor angel in the skies.

It is enough if we believe  
That we through mercy shall receive  
Our happy life from God ;  
And it should help us not to grieve  
Too sadly, when our friends we leave  
Beneath the churchyard sod.

\* "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."—ST. MATTHEW, ch. xxiv. ver. 36.







