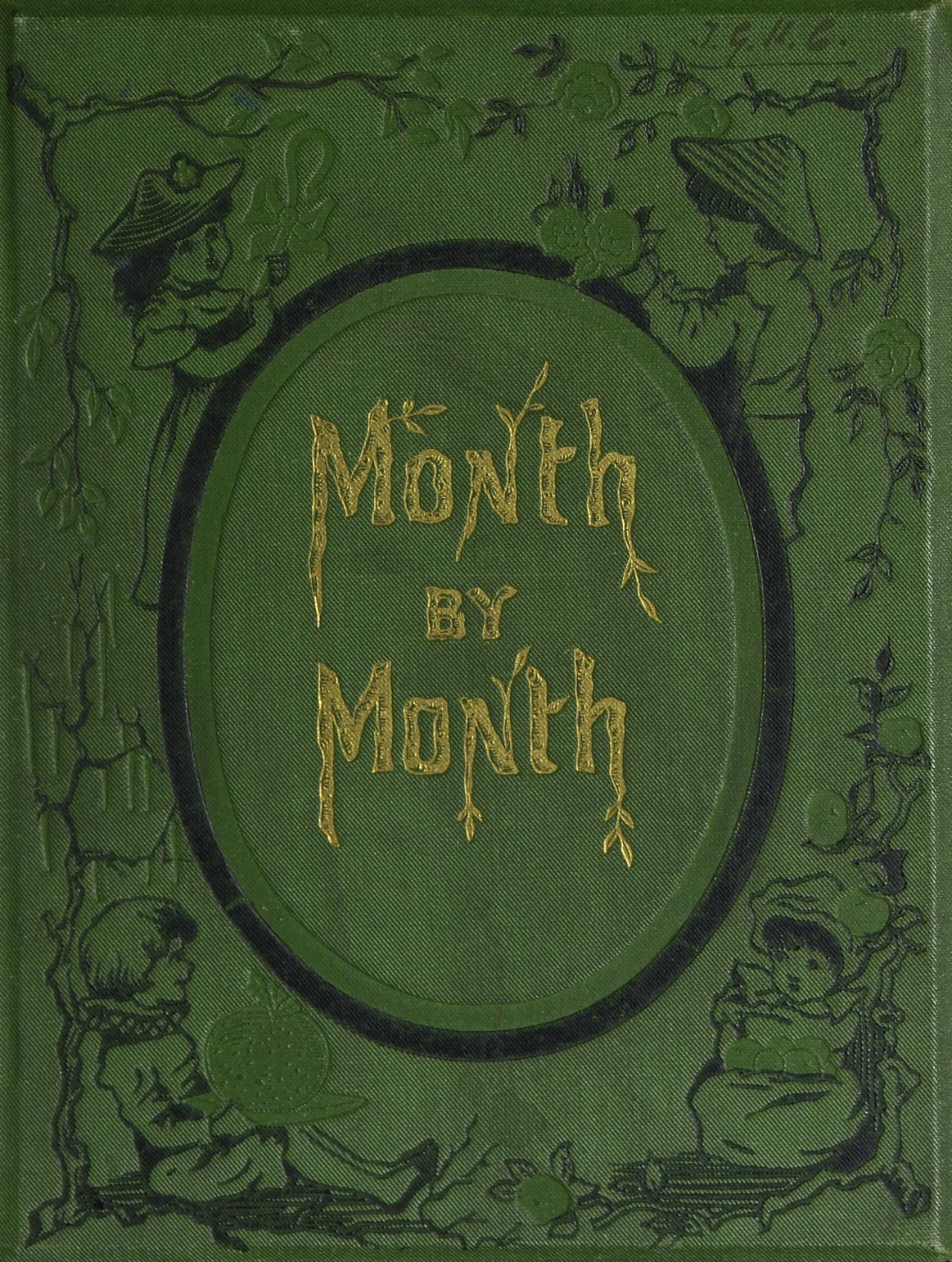
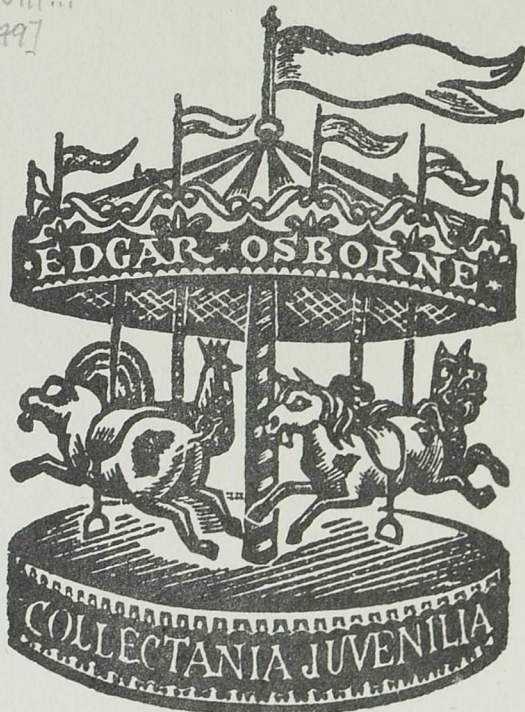


1911

Month
BY
Month



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MONTH...
[1879]



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January.



Frontispiece.

Luella G. Pym
csp-18th-79.

MONTH BY MONTH.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

T. PYM.

London:
WILLIAM WELLS GARDNER,
PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.

January.

WILL you be my partner, pretty maiden?
Now the air with music gay is laden,
Ringing clear.

See how many little feet are glancing
In swift measure, welcoming with dancing
This New Year.

Out of doors the silver snow is flying,
And the bitter winter winds are sighing
Loud the while ;
Yet we meet New Year with joy and laughter ;
Soon we know will winter pass, and after
Spring will smile.

At our feet the snow—the clouds above us.
Is it true? and *does* the good GOD love us?
Wait and see.

January.

Break the clouds—blue Heaven with sunshine
glowing ;

Melt the snow—blue Heaven of violets blowing
Fair and free.

Then will birds sing out, forgetting sadness ;
Daisies bloom, streams dance for very gladness
Past their banks :—

We know better than the birds and daisies ;
We will be beforehand with our praises
Giving thanks.

Thanks, in winter, for the summer's glory ;
Thanks, in cloud time, for the joyful story
Yet to come ;
In life's bitterness, for Heaven's sweetness ;
In life's exile, for the dear completeness
Of our Home.

February.



February.

GOOD morrow, lady fair! Those gentle eyes,
I pray you, cast on this poor scrawl of mine.
'Tis but ill written, to express what lies
Within my heart for you, dear Valentine!

Unfold it, you will find (more sweet than words)
Roses and lilybells and violets blue,
And little burning hearts and loving birds,
But none so lovely as my love for you.

Yet take it, sweetheart, and if pleased you are
Often to gaze upon the picture bright,
Think, as you look, "'Tis sweet, but sweeter far
The love that loves to give me such delight."

February.

“Good morrow, precious soul !” saith Love Divine,
As in the child’s soft hand He gently lays
Life’s wonderful unopened Valentine
In the clear sunshine of the early days.

“Unfold it year by year and day by day,
And thou shalt find therein things sweet to see ;
Dear loving hearts, joy’s blossoms fresh and gay,
But none so lovely as My Love for thee.

Yet take My gift, and in its golden store
Of joy and beauty see a picture bright
(Yet oh, *how* faint !), to teach thee more and more
Of that one Love wherein is all delight.”



Match.



Quith.

BLOW, winds, blow !
Toss the daffodils' golden heads,
Ruffle the purple crocus beds.

Blow, winds, blow !
What care we for windy weather,
So we fight with it together ?

Blow, winds, blow !
Hand on hand still closer closes ;
Cheek meets soft red cheek, twin roses
All aglow !
Brown and golden locks entwining :
Strength in love's strong league combining.

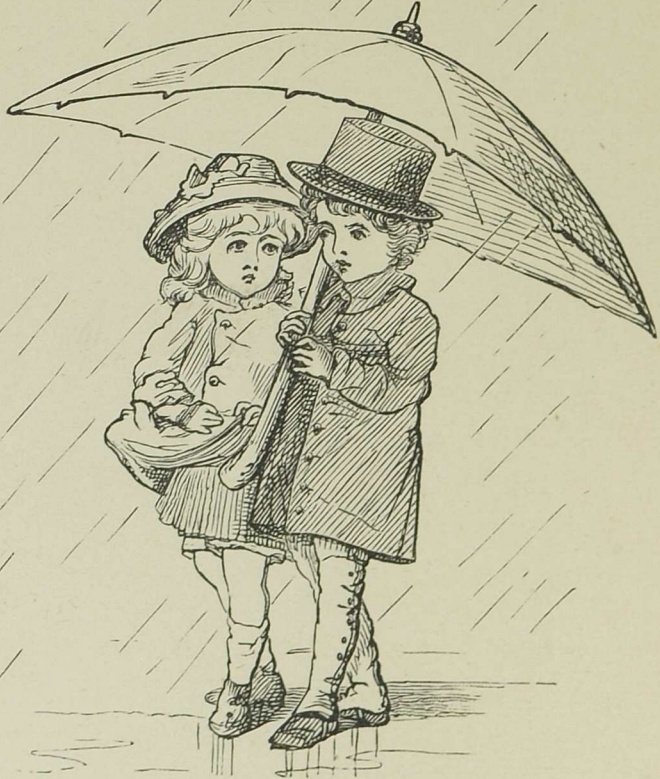
Quith.

Blow, winds, blow !
Summer suns may slack our grasp,
May-day flow'rs may loose our clasp,
But you know
Bluff March winds but bring us nearer ;
Troubles shared make dear friends dearer.

Blow, winds, blow !
Rough paths make our footsteps sure,
Rough days brace us to endure ;
Time will show
All the blessings of the blast,
When the May-day comes at last.



April



April.

OUT in rainy April weather,
Little Dick and Doll together,
Getting wet through shoes and socks,
Through their pinafores and frocks,
'Neath the big umbrella's shade,
Little lad and little maid.

Quoth she: "Where can it come from, Dick,
Falling, falling fast and thick?"

Quoth he: "From Heaven; where else should
it?"—

"But, dear Dick, how ever could it?"
Cries little Doll, with open eyes,
As blue and pure as summer skies.

"Why, don't you know God lives up yonder?"—

"That's precisely why I wonder!
Can rain come down from where He stays,
And cloudy, wet, dull, dreary days?
He only sends *good* things, you know,
To us that live on earth below.

April.

He makes His sun to shine up there,
That all alike its light may share,
And sends His holy Angels forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To light the stars that shine by night,
And make our very darkness bright.

So, Dicky, who *does* send the rain?"—

"Why, God, dear Doll, that's very plain.
And so it *must* be good, but *how*,
I don't quite understand just now.
Let's home, and father soon will tell;
Our father, Dear, he knows *quite well*."

Oh, little lad! would we were all as wise,
And patient to find out God's mysteries!
One mighty Hand sends snow and rain:
One tender Heart sends joy and pain:
And some day, in our "Home," life's April past,
Our Father will explain it all at last.

MAY.



Q # 11.

WHEN I arose this morning,
As May-day bright was dawning,
The birds were blithely singing,
The children's voices ringing,
Like little silver bells, that still went pealing on :
"Awake ! Arise ! Rejoice ! The dull cold winter's
gone !"

Then, wide my lattice throwing,
As morn's sweet breeze was blowing,
I saw those blooming graces :
The smiling little faces !
And thought, "So shall His angels seem one day,
When life's sad winter sleep has passed away."

And then, methought, repeating
The children's May-day greeting,
"What need to wait for Heaven
When here so much is given ?"

Out.

His world, His flowers, His sunshine—ah! how kind
Is GOD to us! Let not our eyes be blind.”

“Awake!” for work and duty
Are full of light and beauty.

“Arise!” for life and action
Are truest satisfaction.

“Rejoice!” thanksgiving endeth never.
Clouds come and pass: the sun shines change-
less ever!

“The winter’s gone!” Why sorrow?
Why dream of joy to-morrow?
Look up and count the pleasures
That here He round us treasures,
And sing with joy the beauty of His Name
Who was, and is, and shall be still the same!

June.



June.

AS the Morn shook his curls
And the dew lay in pearls,
Master Sunbeam sought sweet Rose's bower ;
In her garden found her,
Sister roses round her,
A most delightful, queenlike little flower.

"Welcome, darling sister,"
Sunbeam cried, and kissed her ;
"'Tis your birthday, dear, the first of June.
Summer days are coming,
All the bees are humming,
And the birds sing out in merry tune."

She answered sedately,
And bowing quite stately,—
Even roses will have thorns you see :—
"Though life's very pleasant,
I don't see at present,
Sunbeam, the use of yourself or of me.

June.

He who hath made all things,
Great as well as small things,
Gave a work for every one to do.
Spring's work is preparing :
Autumn, fruit is bearing :
Surely June is idle—I and you !

Can it be our duty,
First, by light and beauty,
To be witnesses for Him down here,
Of the fadeless flowers
And the sunny bowers
Where the true Light shines for ever clear ? ”

So they muse and ponder
Over life's great wonder,
Slowly learning the great lesson still :
We must be pursuing ;
All our lives be doing ;
Not *our* work, but God's almighty will.

July.



July.

MY lord grows sleepy in the noonday glare,
My lady droops her head, bright curled and
lazy,

And flirts a languid fan to wake the air,
And all the fun grows dreamy, slow, and hazy.

“What! gone to sleep, my lord?”—“Asleep! not I!
How could I with you flaunting up and down?
Shaming the flowers, like some fair butterfly,
A ‘painted lady’ in a spangled gown.

’Twere better far withdraw from out the heat,
Sweet lady mine, thou rosiest of misses!
Only the peaches need to grow more sweet,
And blush more red beneath Sir Sun’s hot kisses.”

And so the children doze—talk—doze again,
And leave Sir Sun to do his work at will,

July.

Turn green fields into gold upon the plain,
And dress the purple vineyard on the hill.

But presently Sir Sun must go to bed,
And then, as garden glades grow cool and shady,
A new sun shines, my lord's young golden head,
And, like the glow at sunset, wakes my lady.

Are *we* like idle children, dreaming still
Through all the heat and burden of the day,
Whilst God, without us, works His glorious will
As speeds the giant sun upon his way?

Without us! Ah! when weary day is done,
And cold winds, blowing from the river yonder,
Rouse us to meet the night that's drawing on,
Shall we be gay as children *then*?—I wonder!

August.



August.

OUR young Elizabeth and I
 (I'm her big brother Charley),
Were in the hayfield all July,
 And August in the barley.

Elizabeth was round and fat,
 Her hair was brown and crinkling ;
She wore a great, big, shady hat,
 Her eyes were blue and twinkling.

She wore a cotton pinafore,
 Worked when she felt inclined to,
And when the gleaning grew a bore,
 Played what she had a mind to.

Upon the farmer's burly back
 She was a skilful rider :
At noon she dined, beside the stack,
 On bread and cheese and cider.

August.

The farmer's men would all declare
They could not work without her ;
She had so wonderful an air
Of cheerfulness about her.

But when the winter came she died,
And oh ! *how* we have missed her !
Yet still I think she's at my side,
Dear, merry, little sister !

And daily in life's toil and heat,
Through sowing time and reaping,
That little face so fresh and sweet
Its watch will still be keeping.

And when the Reaper dark shall come,
Her smile will light the shadows ;
And we shall keep our Harvest Home
In Eden's happy meadows.

September.



September.

BY the great deep sea
A fair little maid
Once chanced to be
With her wooden spade.
She made a hole both deep and wide,
Then tried to fill it from the tide.

In the great deep sea
Her bucket she threw ;
Carefully landward
Her bucket she drew,
But could not fill the hole at all,
For little bucket was much too small.

From the great deep sea
Came a wave so fast
Suddenly rushing,
The hole it o'erpast !

September.

Filled it ! and on went rushing still !
Ten thousand such that wave might fill.

There's a great deep sea
Called our Father's love,
And His children we
By its waters rove ;
And there each awaits, upon Time's wide strand,
The waters of life,—like the hole in the sand.

Again and again,
E'en try as we will,
We labour in vain
Our heart's love to fill.
To fill the soul's void earth's love is too small ;
God's great love alone fills that and fills all.

October!



October.

“DOLLY, will you promise me
That you'll some day marry me
If I reach that blackberry
In yon hedge-top high ?”
So says Dick, and Dolly stands,
With her basket in her hands,
While her knight at love's commands
Scales the bank hard by.

Very tempting hangs the prize,
Shining dark like Dolly's eyes,
But just underneath it lies
Stinging nettle rank ;
And the bramble bush's spear
Soon all blood-stained will, I fear,
Make bold Dicky's hands appear,
As he climbs the bank.

But to win the guerdon sweet
He must peril hands and feet,
Strive and suffer, as is meet,
For his lady's love.
Now, with little muddy boots
Planted firm in ivy roots,
Grasps he firm the heavy shoots
Hanging up above.

October.

There ! He has it ! What cares he
Scratch or sting, how sore it be ?
Dolly claps her hands with glee,
And receives the spoil

In the future (who can tell ?),
Will he *always* strive as well
As in this sweet woodland dell,
Through life's pain and toil ?

Will he still, for Dolly's sake,
Light of painful effort make ?
All his young life's hope at stake
For his lady's smile !—
So her heart be his indeed,
Very little will he heed
What might lesser love impede,
Weaker faith beguile.

Or he may (by God's good will)
Wage a fiercer conflict still ;
Climb a harder, steeper hill
Than this bank, and fight
For His love who went before ;
Who each thorn and sorrow bore ;
Felt death's sting, and evermore
Lives to crown the right !

November



November.

WHAT a sputt'ring and a cracking and a fizz-
ing !

What a whirling and a rushing and a whizzing !

As the rocket flies !—

Flies like a star in golden glory burning !

Breaks in blue and crimson, rainbow hues returning

From the cloudy skies !

Jack and Joan have spent all that was in their
pockets

Buying Roman candles, blue fire, squibs, and
rockets,

While in ragged state

Foolish smiling Guy sits in his chair all battered,

Looking—as all traitors should look—mean and
tattered :

Waiting for his fate !

November.

Little wonder if at night Miss Joan lies dreaming,
In a noisy dazzling world of fireworks gleaming,
And,—oh ! what delight !—
Finds herself a rosy witch, with Jack attending,
On a rocket-stick straight to the clouds ascending
Through the dusky night.

“Very soon we both shall reach the stars up yonder !
Will the Angels smile to see us come, I wonder !”

Bang !—the rocket falls

In a shower of bluebells, daffodils, and daisies ! . . .
Drop the children safe in bed, and—while Joan
gazes—

Hark ! An Angel calls :—

“Baby friend, you’ll find the way to Heaven is longer :
Guardian Angels’ wings than rocket-sticks are
stronger.

When God’s time shall come,
They shall bear you safe where summer shines for ever,
Where these dull November clouds and storms
come never :—

Your own happy Home.”

December.



December.

SWEET the Christmas-bells are ringing,
Sweet the clear young voices singing,
For the CHILD is KING!
Earth looks like a child in white,
Crowned with frosty jewels bright,
For His welcoming.

Jack and Joan and Dick and Dolly
All are busy with the holly,
And the Christmas-tree
Stands a pyramid of toys!
While the laughing girls and boys
Clap their hands for glee.

'Tis the Festival of Home :
Since the Holy Child did come,
Homeless and a stranger ;
Ever from his cradle-throne
Baby reigns o'er every one
Mindful of the Manger.

December.

Let us ne'er, since He was poor,
Turn the needy from our door—

Poverty is holy :

For His sake at Christmas-tide
Gladly will we all provide
For the poor and lowly.

Night is darkest before morning :
So, as old year dies, the dawning

Of the Day Star see !

Nature's snowy winding-sheet
Is the Birthday robe, most sweet,
Of His Infancy.

Thus, dear children, never fear
Chill December drawing near :

Death is Life's true dawn.

When the hopes that here we've cherished,
When Earth's flowers and joys are perished,
JESUS CHRIST is born !

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