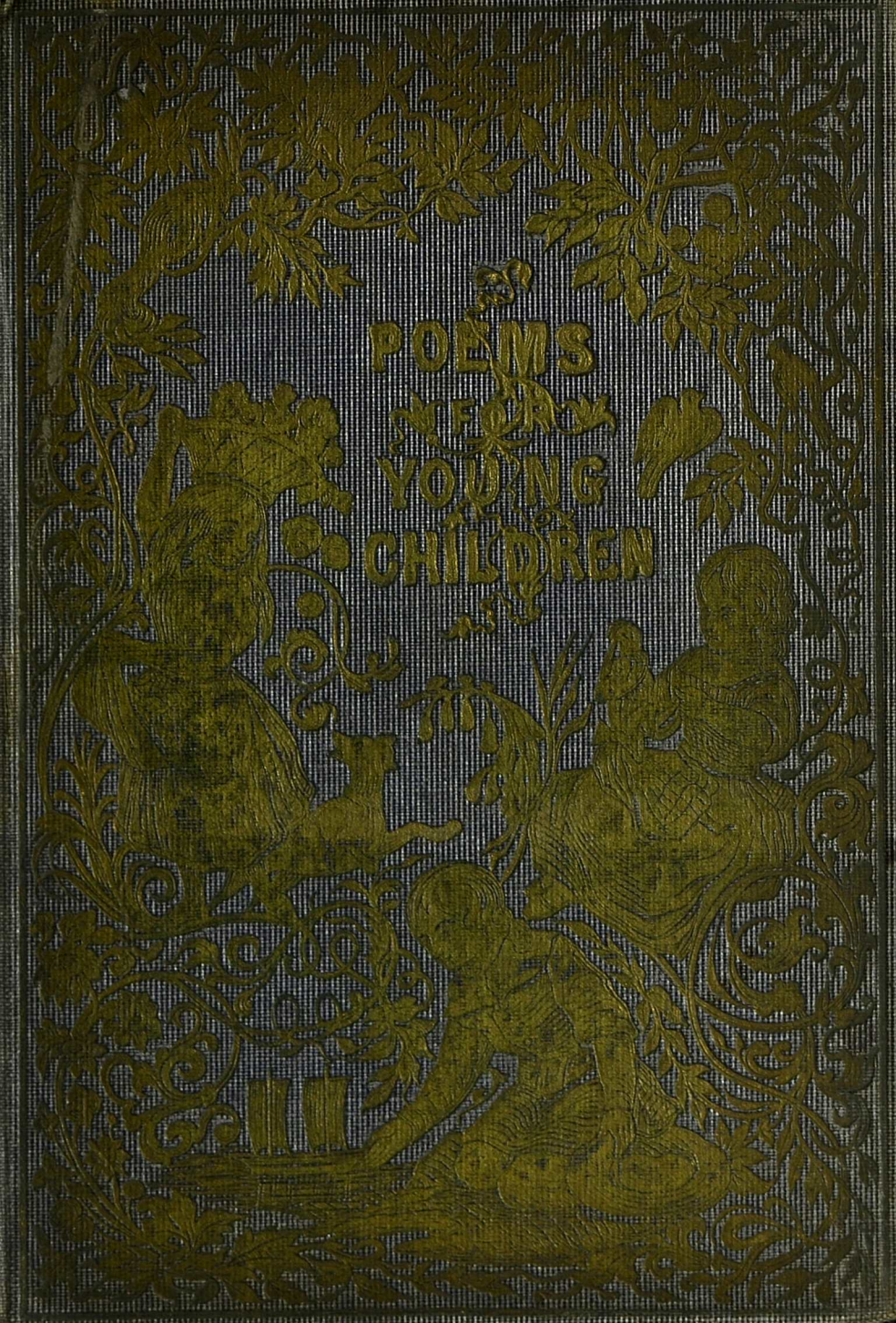


POEMS  
FOR  
YOUNG  
CHILDREN

III



ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

8, HEATH PLACE,

CAMBRIDGE HEATH.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
Reward of Merit,

PRESENTED TO

Master

*Drew*

BY MRS. PATTERSON,

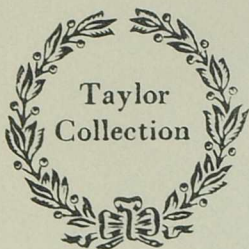
*Christmas*

1850

Adelaide's  
work on her own

(See A/a. note, p. 7  
- Stewart)

P  
O'KEEFE, MISS A.  
POEMS  
[1849]



Christina Duff Stewart

37131 048 620 686







POEMS  
for  
YOUNG CHILDREN



Darlow & Co. Holborn Hill,  
LONDON.





P O E M S

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY

ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE,

ONE OF THE WRITERS OF "ORIGINAL POEMS."

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LONDON:

DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL.



## PREFACE.

---

IN the following Juvenile Poems, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I had in view the instruction of children whose parents are of the middle, and the high, if not the HIGHEST grade of society.

There have been already published so many little works most admirably suited chiefly to the humbler classes in life, that I feared to add to their number; while, on the other hand, there are but few of those similar to what I now offer to parents for the rising generation.

I have also avoided introducing "speaking animals"—not from any desire to condemn that form of instruction, but in the full consciousness that it has been treated with more success by other authors than I could venture to attempt.

The primary design in the following poems is to inculcate affection to parents and other kindred ; to show the value of TRUTH, HONESTY, and OBEDIENCE ; and, not the least, to teach children to cherish a love for the brute creation, by treating all animals with kindness and humanity.

ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
October, 1848.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
1. Never Delay.—The Schoolboys . . . . .	1
2. Mary and her Dog Beau . . . . .	3
3. Prudence.—The Open Boat . . . . .	4
4. Justice.—The Old Hat, and the New Hat . . . . .	7
5. Temperance.—Dan and his Cherry Pie . . . . .	9
6. Fortitude.—The Wild Rose . . . . .	12
7. The Blue-Coat Boy.—Ridicule . . . . .	14
8. Pocket Money.—Sophy and poor Nurse . . . . .	17
9. Joey and his Pocket Money.—I don't care . . . . .	19
10. Lucy's Canary.—Before and after Breakfast . . . . .	22
11. Honesty.—Roger's Sixpence.—A true story . . . . .	24
12. Johnny Flinging Stones . . . . .	26
13. Little Rose and her Boot-lace . . . . .	27
14. Sir Arthur's Dear Home . . . . .	28
15. Fair Play.—Trundling Hoops . . . . .	30
16. The Baby-House . . . . .	32
17. Lady Laura and the Water-Lily . . . . .	34
18. Lady Blanche and her India Present . . . . .	36
19. Foolish Emily and her Kitten . . . . .	39
20. Falsehood is Cowardly.—Poor School Boys.—A true story . . . . .	41
21. Truth is Brave.—Rich School Boys.—Also a true story . . . . .	43

	PAGE
22. Jemmy and the Parrot.—Grandpapa's Present .	46
23. Making Faces.—Naughty Martha . . . . .	48
24. Alfred and the Five Senses . . . . .	49
25. Our Meadows.—The School-Girls' Holiday .	51
26. Our Garden.—The School-Boys' Holiday . .	53
27. The Eclipse of the Moon . . . . .	55
28. The two Pots of Indian Pinks . . . . .	58
29. Adolphus and his Pony, Hector . . . . .	60
30. Charley and Little Joe.—The First Six Months of the Year . . . . .	62
31. Charley and Little Joe.—The Last Six Months of the Year . . . . .	64
32. The New Frock.—Confiding Anne . . . . .	66
33. The two Writing Desks . . . . .	67
34. Isabel and her Dove Beauty . . . . .	70
35. Wilful Richard . . . . .	72
36. The Value of a Book . . . . .	74
37. The Window-Pane at Night . . . . .	77
38. The Brothers' Morning Walk . . . . .	79
39. The Sisters' Evening Walk . . . . .	81
40. Harry, the Arrogant Boy, and Sambo . . . .	83
41. The Boasting Girl . . . . .	87
42. Robin's Kite . . . . .	91
43. The two Flies on the Globe . . . . .	93
44. Rachel's Sweet Pease . . . . .	95
45. Adelaide's Baby Brother, Ned . . . . .	98
46. William's Pony, Saladin . . . . .	100
47. The Loadstone . . . . .	104
48. The Comical Landscape . . . . .	106
49. Rather too Good, Little Peggy.—A true story .	109

## CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
50. The Mischievous Boy, Alick . . . . .	. 111
51. The Good Boy, Albert . . . . .	. 114
52. The Alarm Bell . . . . .	. 116
53. The Quickset Hedge . . . . .	. 118
54. The Lamb turned Sheep . . . . .	. 121
55. The Organ Boy and Lord Augustus . . . . .	. 123
56. All Wrong . . . . .	. 126
57. All Right . . . . .	. 127
58. My Pretty Chimney Ornaments . . . . .	. 129
59. Truth.—Young Constance . . . . .	. 132
60. The Waters of the World . . . . .	. 134





# POEMS

FOR

## YOUNG CHILDREN.

---

### NEVER DELAY.

THE SCHOOL BOYS.

“’Tis holiday time, so hurra for the fair,  
The fair that is held on the Green,  
Come, Thomas, have done with your slates and  
forbear,  
And bravely enjoy the gay scene.

“There are round-a-bouts, booths, and such  
fine painted things,  
And gingerbread nuts by the dozen,  
And large caravans, with wild beasts, and such  
things!  
So come along, Tom, my grave cousin.”—

Stop, stop, my good fellow!" his cousin replies,

"Remember our holiday task,  
Not a line have you written, tho' looking so wise.  
Now where is your theme, let me ask?"

"To-morrow, you know, we must go back to school;

There! mine it is finished—I'm free  
To see the wild beasts without playing the fool,  
Tho' fairs are not pleasant to me."—

The morrow it came, and to school they both went,  
The master he called them by name;  
Tom modestly smiling quick up to him went,  
But Edward stood covered with shame.

"Well done, Master Thomas," the schoolmaster said,

"Your exercise claims all my praise,  
But for Edward the idler, I very much dread,  
He'll suffer confinement some days.

"So you, Master Neddy, with looks cross and glum,

Stay within, and your exercise write,  
Whilst Tom joins his schoolfellows—come,  
Thomas, come!

To cricket!—Oh, Tom, what delight!"

## MARY AND HER DOG BEAU.

“OH Mary, fie, to teaze your dog,  
And call him but a living log,  
Because he’s tired, and fain would sleep:  
Mary, I wish you ’d quiet keep.”

“Why, dear mamma, he cannot feel,  
I pinched his ear, ’tis hard as steel:  
He did not wince, he did not cry,  
He’s stupid—so again I’ll try.”

“Take care, my child! nor go too far,  
He’s kind and gentle—do not dare  
His anger to provoke—he’ll bite,  
And truly, Mary, serve you right.”—

“Not he, mamma, he loves me so,  
Whate’er I do, he’s gentle Beau.”

“Then which is kindest of the two,  
The loving, patient Beau, or you?”

“You pull his ears, your hand he licks,  
You tweak his nose, and other tricks,  
And yet when yesterday you slept,  
A faithful watch he near you kept.”

“ Silent and quiet—did not move,  
 But guarded you with fondest love.”—  
 “ Did he indeed ? Oh, dearest Beau,  
 Well, this before I did not know.

“ Sleep then, my dog, a calm and peaceful sleep,  
 Whilst I, a faithful watch, will near you keep !”

---

## PRUDENCE.

### THE OPEN BOAT.

“ MY children, you ’re invited out  
 To spend this lovely day  
 With Uncle Sims—full three miles off,  
 To drive, and dine, and play.

“ But, Emma dear, remember well  
 As you, my eldest child,  
 Are steady, as I could desire  
 (The rest are rather wild),

“ Do not be tempted—much I fear  
 Your uncle will propose  
 A sea-excursion in his boat :  
 A storm may rise—who knows ?

“Be prudent, dears, pray all refuse:  
Safely return by land,  
The wind is high—the sea is rough,  
Remember my command.”—

The children all set out with joy,  
The happiest four on earth,  
With Uncle Sims, a youthful tar,  
A sailor from his birth.

They danced, they sang, they laughed aloud,  
Until the sun declined,  
Bold Uncle Sims prepared his boat,  
And *three* were of his mind.

But Emma prudently said “No,  
Mamma forbade the sea,  
So uncle pray return by land.”—  
“Oh no, the sea for me,”

Laugh'd the bold sailor loud and long,  
But said, “I'll send you home,  
Just as we came—the carriage waits,  
Now who's with me? quick, come!”

\* \* \* \*

The clock struck ten, mamma looked out,  
 And up the road she gazed—  
 The carriage came!—the mother then  
 With horror stood amazed!

For only Emma in her arms,  
 Pale, weeping, fainting fell,  
 For only Emma had returned  
 The painful tale to tell.

“They live, mamma—their lives are spared,  
 Saved from an early grave,  
 But all so ill!—they stayed behind:  
 Your word I did not brave.

The wind *was* high—the sea *was* rough,  
 And scarcely had the boat  
 Put off from shore, when it upset,  
 And all were seen afloat:

“But uncle swam—the sailors swam,  
 They seized my sisters dear,  
 And swam to shore with each a child,  
 All nearly dead with fear.

“To-morrow they will home return.”  
 The mother faintly smiled,  
 And thanked kind Heaven for saving all,  
 Then kissed her *prudent* child.

## JUSTICE.

THE OLD HAT—AND THE NEW HAT.

“As ugly a beaver as ever was seen!

Do you call that a hat, my brave boy?”

“Why, sir, ’tis my best, for no other I have.”—

“Of your best I can give you but joy:

“’Tis a vile ragged scarecrow—nor crown, head,  
nor brim,

A new one you ought to afford.

Now mine is quite new, so black, and well  
furr’d.”

“Yes, sir, but I’m told you’re a lord.”

“Then, sirrah, why dare you not take off your hat,  
And make me a very low bow?

To-morrow I sport a new pony—we’ll see  
If such insolence I will allow.”—

The shepherd smiled archly, and turned on his  
heel,

And was quietly walking away,

When the noble leap’d forward—with cuff and  
hard blow,

And knocked off his hat—crying, “Stay!”

“I’ll teach you good manners—you grinning  
young fool,”

And kick’d the poor hat in the mud,  
Then turn’d to go home with a proud lofty strut,  
But suddenly much alarmed stood !

Behind a high hedge, a grand horseman ap-  
peared,

Who seem’d to have watched the whole scene:  
“Oh papa !” cried the youth, “have you or-  
dered my horse ?

Stay for me—why, where have you been ?”

\* \* \* \*

The very next morning this lord and his son  
Were walking where sheep sweetly fed ;  
The shepherd boy also was tending his flock,  
But, alas ! with no hat on his head !

“How’s this little man !” said the peer with a  
smile,

The sun, it is scorching—pray us do not mind,  
But put on your hat—for the heat is intense.”

The boy then look’d up at the speaker so  
kind,



And silence there was—for no one could speak.

At last—said the good-natured lord,

“My generous lad, no complaint of my son!

Then a hat you shall have, take my word.

“Come, Frederick, off with your beaver so new,  
Bareheaded with me you go home;

And here, my brave boy, clap that on your pate,  
And up to the hall with us come.

“Lord Frederick will give you a new suit of  
clothes

To match your new hat—on fine Sundays to  
wear.”

“This is JUSTICE,” said Frederick, ashamed of  
his pride,

“In future I’ll practise the bear and forbear.”

---

## TEMPERANCE.

### DAN AND HIS CHERRY PIE.

FAIR Susan was a temperate child,

And cared not for nice fare,

But Daniel pastry loved, and wild

He was for dainties rare.

On cherry tart this day they dined,  
 That is, young Susan did,  
 But nurse no where could Daniel find,  
 She thought he must have hid :

But no, a scampering he would run,  
 With other boys to Blackfriars' Road,  
 To make nurse seek him—Oh, what fun !  
 A thought of home was not bestowed.

Full late returned—he asked to dine,  
 Insisted on his cherry pie.  
 “What ! cherry pie at night!—’tis nine,”  
 Said Nurse—“ Oh no, sir ; fie, oh fie !”

“Give me my pie, and hold your prate.”  
 “Upon my word, sir, pretty talk ;  
 Eat it, and see what soon your state.”—  
 “My appetite you shall not balk.”

“Then take it—but at least take care  
 You swallow not the stones.”—  
 “I’ll swallow what I please—beware  
 My anger—they’ll break no bones.”

Dan ate his pie, he ate it all,  
 Both cherries, stones, and paste ;  
 Then ask’d for ale ! with loudly call,  
 But nurse forbade in haste.

“I wish your parents were returned,  
 You would not dare act thus,  
 But, sir, they’ll both be much concern’d.”—  
 “Dear nurse, don’t make a fuss.”

“Your sister dined at two o’clock,  
 And sparingly she ate,  
 But you at night lay in a stock,  
 And eat and cram at such a rate,

“That you’ll be ill, I do expect,  
 And never join the children’s ball.  
 Now go to bed, and pray reflect,  
 You are not six feet tall.”

Dan went to bed—oh, sad to say!  
 He stayed in bed the whole next day,  
 And when the joyful ball-night came  
 He hid himself with pain and shame.

With sickly feel and aching head,  
 He crept up slowly to his bed,  
 Whilst Susan joined the merry dance;  
 Such are the fruits of TEMPERANCE.

## FORTITUDE.

## THE WILD ROSE.

“BROTHER, can you reach that rose?  
 How beautiful it grows,  
     With buds so sweet!”

“Oh yes, dear Clara, tho’ ’tis rather high,  
 But ’tis your wish, and so I ’ll try  
     With nimble feet.”

He climb’d the hedge, and caught the rose,  
 The briars also caught his clothes,  
     And down he fell,  
 Striking his arm against a tree.

“I’ve got your rose, dear Clara, see.”—  
     Of pain he would not tell.

“But say, dear Francis, are you hurt,  
 Your arm seems strange!—is ’t only dirt?  
 Brush off the mould—do let me, pray.”—  
 “No, sister, no—come let’s away.”

Clara would take her brother's arm,  
 But smiling he told her to run on,  
 He would not needlessly alarm,  
 But wished, he said, to walk alone.

With placid brow and cheerful face,  
 He still walked on with quiet pace,  
 Until arrived at home at last  
 Swiftly he left her—and ran past  
 Strait to his father—"Oh, my child!  
 You're pale—you're ill—your looks are wild!"

"No, my dear Father, I'm not ill,  
 But giddy Francis ever still;  
 I climb'd a hedge to pluck a rose,  
 And fell—the branches caught my clothes,  
 I did not wish my sister to alarm—  
 But see, papa—I've broke my arm!"

\* \* \* \*

A surgeon's sent for, and the arm is set.  
 "Never," his father said, "can I forget  
 The virtue you have shown in shock so rude;  
 This, this, my boy, indeed is FORTITUDE."

## THE BLUE-COAT BOY.

## RIDICULE.

“ CHARLES the Blue-coat Boy am I,  
 Neither bold nor over shy:  
 Loving school, and playmates dear,  
 Master never too severe.

“ Soon the holidays will come !  
 All will joyfully go home;  
 I shall see my kind papa,  
 And kiss, oh kiss my dear mamma.”

Thus spake little Charley to sundry young  
 friends

He met at the house of his aunt;  
 But all his rejoicing was with apathy heard,  
 And George even ventured a taunt.

With a sneer at the dress—the full petticoat  
 skirt,

The stockings of deep yellow hue,  
 The girdle of leather, and odd worsted cap;  
 For ever thus dress'd in dark blue.

“ I love my dress,” replied the boy,  
 “ My belt, my cap, my skirts enjoy ;  
 ’Tis the old English dress, I ’m told,  
 And very decent to behold.”

“ Decent! Oh, oh!” cries loud the lad ;  
 “ To change with you I ’d not be glad ;  
 You cannot climb, you cannot run,  
 Or play at leap-frog, or such fun,  
 But must, like little miss, step prim,  
 Oh, shame to walk in such a trim !

“ You are the first Blue-coated Boy  
 That ever came across my sight :  
 So your ‘ old English dress ’ oh, pray ‘ enjoy,’  
 I think you, sir, a monstrous fright.”

Charley loved peace, and wished to leave  
 The room without a word,  
 But soon he had no cause to grieve.

His aunt was present—and had heard  
 All that had passed, and thus she spoke :  
 “ Come hither, boys ; come here, young folk,  
 And listen to me well,  
 Few words I have to tell.  
 But these, I think, will make George blush,  
 And from this day his tauntings hush.

What is your father, George? pray let us hear  
 “My father has four thousand pounds a year;  
 A country gentleman with grand estate,  
     And I’m his only son and heir.  
 Full twenty servants on him wait,  
     All this I do with truth declare.”

“I thus reply, with equal truth,  
 Proud, selfish, scornful youth,”  
     The lady quick replied.

“Your father was a Blue-coat Boy,  
 To trade brought up, as you *must* know,  
     It cannot be denied;  
     Then never more deride,  
 Or on this honest dress your sneers bestow.

“You blush! a sign of grace,  
 A virtuous shame o’erspreads your face.  
 Charles give your hand”—and Charles obeyed,  
     And George gave his with joy.  
 “Now we’ll be friends for life,” he said,  
 “My noble Blue-coat boy!”



## POCKET-MONEY.

SOPHY AND POOR NURSE.

Oh, what shall I do with my money?

I think I will buy a new doll,  
 Besides a fine pot of new honey,  
 And also a cage for poor POLL.

What a fine silken purse I have here,  
 With tassels and sliders so bright;  
 I think I will make it appear  
 That pocket-cash *is* a delight."

Thus glibly talked on the gay child,  
 And looked at her mother with pleasure.  
 She certainly talked rather wild,  
 Whilst counting her newly gained treasure.

Her mother most prudently said,  
 "Already you have a new doll,  
 And often you've honey on bread,  
 And a cage is not wanted for POLL."

"Then what is the use of all this?"  
 Ask'd Sophy—I'm sorry to say,  
 Whilst looking, and acting amiss,  
 And tossing the purse as in play.

“And is that all the use you can make  
 Of your grandfather’s present, my dear?  
 Remember poor nurse!—for her sake  
 Some kindness, I think, might appear.

“Suppose you divide it, and keep  
 A little for toys and good books,  
 And into her house take a peep,  
 And see what she wants, by her looks.”

“That surely I’ll do, dear mamma;  
 So come with me quickly, I pray.  
 ’Twill give pleasure to dear grandpapa,  
 I’d rather see nurse than go play.”

The visit was paid to old nurse.

Sophy listened to all that she said,  
 They found the poor woman was worse,  
 And now confined often to bed.

And Sophy took care to write down  
 Whatever she saw was most wanted.  
 Mamma sent a doctor from town,  
 And poor nurse’s wishes were granted.

Warm blankets, good sheets, and arm-chair,  
 With many more comforts, were brought,  
 And all by young Sophy’s kind care,  
 For daily the cottage she sought.

On trifles she spent not her wealth,  
 Mean selfishness now far above.  
 Poor nurse soon recovered her health,  
 And repaid her young mistress with love.

---

## JOE AND HIS POCKET-MONEY.

I DON'T CARE.

I THINK I've studied hard to-day,  
 Yet study I can't bear ;  
 I think I now will go and play,  
 And if call'd back—why, *I don't care.*

“ Suppose I chase a butterfly,  
 That's sport I greatly prize,  
 And I can study by and by,  
 Much reading hurts my eyes.”

Into a garden, Joey rush'd,  
 Among a bed of flowers most rare,  
 A butterfly he saw ! and push'd  
 Onward—still crying “ I don't care !”

Now to a melon-frame he came,  
 And most unluckily ! for there  
 Alighted Mr. Butterfly !—the same  
 He still pursued with anxious care.

“Hold! hold, my master!” cries a voice,  
 It was the gardener bold;  
 “If you throw stones, you’ll break the glass,  
 You need not that be told:

“What is ’t you want?”—“My butterfly,  
 His painted wings to tear.”

“You’ll do some mischief presently.”  
 “And even so, why should I care?”

And up Joe took a heavy stone,  
 And flung with all his might.  
 Smash went the glass!—Joe called it fun,  
 Until the master came in sight.

“Who broke the glass?” he sternly cried,  
 With awful frown and stare.

“That bold boy, yonder,”—he replied.  
 Said Joe, “I did so, and don’t care,

“For see, I’ve pocket-money here;”  
 And then he show’d a purse.

“I’ll pay the damage, never fear,  
 And shall be not the worse.

“There is a shilling for the glass.”—  
 A shilling he threw down.

“Come, come, my boy, not quite so fast,  
 You’re not so great a clown

“ As not to know the mischief done,  
 Of plants the value rare.  
 Over my tulip-beds you've run,  
 So pay a *sovereign*,—never care.

“ You say your purse is very full,  
 Then pay it with good will.  
 Nay, look not cross, or over-dull,  
 You'll have much money still.

“ I've only charged you half the job :  
 Expensive butterfly to you !  
 Him of his life you wish'd to rob,  
 This chase I think you'll rue.”

Joe paid the sovereign with a sigh :  
 “ Of hunting butterflies I'll beware,  
 Let them for me in freedom fly ;  
 No more I'll cry “ I do not care.”

## LUCY'S CANARY.

BEFORE AND AFTER BREAKFAST.

“SING sweet, my bird; oh, sing, I pray,  
 My pretty yellow bird!  
 This is the lovely month of MAY,  
 When songs of birds are heard.

“You droop your head—you fold your wing,  
 Tho' surely you are well,  
 Then, dear Canary, why not sing?  
 Your sorrow to me tell.”

Thus Lucy question'd still her pet;  
 Her elder sister came,  
 And said, “Dear Lucy, do not fret,  
 If ill, *you're* not to blame:

“For constantly I've seen you give  
 Your bird his drink and food;  
*After* your breakfast, I believe;—  
 My Lucy's kind and good.”

Then Lucy gave a bitter cry,  
 And quick the cage took down,  
 No seed! no water!—all was dry,  
 His life had nearly flown!

Her sister took the drooping bird,  
And gently water gave him,  
And long she watch'd—and greatly fear'd  
That she could never save him !

Poor Lucy wept with grief and shame,—  
But oh, what joy to see  
The bird revive—and look the same,  
And perch most merrily !

“ Thanks, dearest sister—from this day,  
*Before* my breakfast, I'll attend  
My precious bird !—and you will say,  
No longer I'm his careless friend.”

## HONESTY.

ROGER'S SIXPENCE.—A TRUE STORY.

ROGER bought a new pair of good strong leather shoes,

In Kingston the shop's to be found,  
 'Twas kept by a widow—the name I can't say;  
 So with them he cheerfully trudged fast away,  
 Never looking behind or around.

At the village of Esher this young farmer lived,  
 But at Kingston he always bought clothes.  
 As 'twas late in the evening, he hasten'd along,  
 And chose to amuse himself with a loud song;  
 So cheering, as every one knows.—

At last to his terror he felt a hard blow,  
 Which made him cry lustily out,  
 And turn round most briskly—when there stood  
 a lad,

Who said, “My fine fellow, I think you are mad,  
 I've been running and bawling!”—“Why,  
 what is't about?”



“About!” cries the shop-boy,—“You bought those new shoes—”

“And paid for them—that you must own.”

“Oh, yes; but, my friend, you paid sixpence too much:

I thought I should never your shoulder thus clutch,—

There’s your sixpence, and now trudge alone.”

The shop-boy was off!—still young Roger there stood,

Saying, “Honesty just reward brings:

I never knew honesty equal to that;

To-morrow I’ll certainly buy a straw-hat,

Those hucksters sell all sorts of things.”

Just then a poor woman came creeping along,

And with her were children—just three:

She stopp’d, and stretch’d meekly her thin wither’d hand.

Roger gave her his sixpence, with this kind command,

“Thank the shop-boy, but do not thank me.”

## JOHNNY FLINGING STONES.

‘I’M kill’d! I’m dead! I’ll surely die,  
 Papa, come here—I really fear  
 That I must die, and presently!’”

Thus Johnny roar’d,  
 A little coward!  
 His face all over blood,  
 His clothes all drench’d in mud!

Papa drew near, at first in fear,  
 But soon he could decide  
 That Master John had mischief done,  
 Which cannot be denied.

“How came your face in that *red* case?  
 Come, Johnny, tell the truth,  
 You’re not a lying youth.”

“Papa, a stone thus smash’d my cheek.”

“*Who* flung it, boy?—speak, frankly speak.”

“I threw it my ownself at that old man  
 When after him I ran,  
 But it struck against a tree  
 And rebounded full on me;  
 And, whilst he harmless stood,  
 I tumbled in the mud!”

“And truly glad I am,” papa then said,  
 “That thus the stone rebounded on *your* head :  
 May every stone that you in mischief fling  
 Its own just punishment upon you bring !

“But the truth you have spoken,  
 My word’s never broken,  
 So go wash your face,  
 Without further disgrace.”

---

### LITTLE ROSE AND HER BOOT-LACE.

“Miss ROSE, do let me lace your boot,  
 Or you may chance to fall—  
 Here on my knee, miss, place your foot.”  
 “Not I, I’ll play at ball !”

“But first your boot pray let me lace,  
 Or fall you will, I’m sure.”

“Suppose I should—’tis no bad case,  
 Such falls I can endure :

“See ! down I go, and now I rise,  
 And am as brisk as ever.”

“Not *such* a fall”—her maid replies,  
 “You’ll take advice—no never !”

ROSE play'd at ball with right good will,  
 And laugh'd with childish glee ;  
 With *two* and *three* balls tried her skill,  
 Still calling, " Look at me !"

Just then the fender caught her boot,  
 She trod upon the lace,  
 And loudly shriek'd, " Oh, Jane, my foot !"  
 Then fell upon her face !

An ankle sprain'd—a tedious cure,  
 And what the cause of all ?  
 Advice, which ROSE could not endure,  
 An un-laced boot, and game at ball !

---

### SIR ARTHUR'S DEAR HOME.

" SURELY HOME is a word of delight !  
 And ALL have a home of some kind,  
 The bird has its nest—and the ant has a hill,  
 And none without home we shall find.

" And I love my home, as you certainly see,  
 For no place to me is so dear,  
 At home I am happy, dear guardian to live,  
 For here I've no dangers to fear."

Thus Arthur spake in somewhat boasting style,  
Which made his prudent guardian rather smile ;

“Suppose we take a walk,  
And on this subject talk ?”—

Arthur complied—and side by side  
They cross'd a common wide.

“The birds have their HOME, you said,  
None ever this denied :

But did you ever take their nest ?

I fear such mischief you've confessed :

The thrifty ants have hills, you say,

You've often kicked such hills away—

Thus homes destroyed in wanton play !

“Their homes were dear to all!—

And think on the honey-bee whose hive

We take—letting but few survive,

And this we care and prudence call !

“Moreover homes do *not* abound,

Thousands of human beings are *homeless* found ;

You're rich, Sir Arthur—bear this well in mind,

A village *you* might build, if so inclined :

“At least, whilst others without shelter roam,

Be humbly grateful for your splendid home,

Love well your blessed home, my boy,

But never other homes destroy.”

## FAIR PLAY.

## TRUNDLING HOOPS.

FRANK.

“Do not strike my hoop, I pray,  
Truly, Jack, 'tis not fair play :  
Why not trundle straight your own ?  
Brother, do let mine alone.”

JACK.

“'Tis so *pleasant*, Frank, to see  
Quarrels between you and me,  
All about a paltry hoop !  
Wherefore to such meanness stoop ?”

FRANK.

“Why then jostle against mine ?  
I would rather play resign  
Than for ever wrangle thus  
Causing anger between us !”

Jack still trundled 'cross Frank's path,  
Which increased his brother's wrath :  
When at last this wicked strife,  
Ended nearly with a life !

Each got 'tangled in their hoops,  
 Arms and legs as if in loops,  
 Poor Frank's head against a stone  
 Came full bang!—Oh, hear his moan!

Whilst Jack's legs beneath him fail,  
 Down he falls with bitter wail!  
 Struggling both upon the ground,  
 Cry for help—soon help is found.

Their master saw what pass'd—but he was loth  
 Long time to interfere between them both:

However, now when thus they fell,  
 He ran to help them—and to tell  
 His mind to each—with good advice:—  
 The brothers listened to his voice.

“You both are wrong”—he sternly said,  
 “For yesterday thus Frank behaved:

Your hoop he jostled—as you did his to-day,  
 In future, boys, forget not good FAIR PLAY!”

## THE BABY-HOUSE.

“WHEN I have a Baby-House all to myself,  
 (And such a gift ’s promised to me,)  
 I’ll keep it so tidy, the floor and the shelf,  
 A prettier sight you’ll not see.

“Little sofas and tables—with drawers and  
 small chairs,  
 Gilt looking-glass—chandelier bright,  
 Scarlet rug, and blue carpet—brass rods to the  
 stairs

Will give me and my friends such delight!

“And surely my Baby House must have three  
 floors,  
 Kitchen, parlour, and chamber above,  
 With windows of glass—and such fine painted  
 doors—

My baby-house, oh, I shall love!

“So clean and so neat it shall always appear,  
 Of dust and of dirt not a speck,  
 With pleasure I’ll manage my baby-house dear,  
 Gay china the cupboards shall deck:



“ You smile, mamma ! you shake your head !

Did you not promise me  
A pretty baby-house next birthday ?  
Surely you will not now say ‘ Nay ?’  
Oh, no, that cannot be.”

“ Florence, remember what I said ;  
I certainly promised you  
A pretty baby-house *some* birthday,  
But, Florence, now I *must* say ‘ Nay,’  
Yet still you ’ll find me true :

“ On one condition was it not ?—  
With me now come up stairs,  
Look round your room—behold the floor !  
Still in confusion as before,  
As if you said ‘ Who cares ?’

“ Your shoes and bonnets thrown about,  
Your drawers disordered see ?  
Your dolls, your books, your pretty toys,  
Scattered as if by some rude boys,  
How careless you must be !

Another birthday *may* come round,  
Another year *must* pass,  
Before a baby-house you win—  
So from this day, I pray, begin  
To be a tidy lass !”

“I will, mamma!” young Florence cries,  
 With grief sincere and tearful eyes,  
 “I wish I had before begun.”  
 Careful and neat she soon became,  
 The *next* birthday incurred no blame,  
 And thus the pretty baby-house she won.

---

### LADY LAURA AND THE WATER-LILY.

IN a passion proud Laura reviled  
 Poor Margaret, her hapless young maid,  
 Who never could please her at all,  
 Tho' eager to answer her call:—

“I think I am better than you,  
 And certainly prettier far;  
 Besides, I'm a lady by birth,  
 And you are the *scum of the earth!*”

“Do give me my bonnet, you dunce!  
 You know papa's waiting for me,  
 A crooked pin's head you're not worth,  
 You are but the *scum of the earth!*”

Papa at her door heard these words,  
 But said not a word in remark:  
 They walked thro' their park to a pond,  
 Of this walk Lady Laura was fond:

The water was low—far away,  
 A low bank of mud spread around,  
 Yet lilies were seen here to grow,  
 Large lilies as white as the snow!

“Oh, how I do covet that flower!  
 A lily in water’s so droll!  
 I’ll certainly gather one quick,  
 With the hook of my parasol stick!”

Giddy Laura ran on—but, alas!  
 To the knee she sank deeply in mud,  
 She shrieked to her father for aid;  
 By her father no effort was made!

Until she continued to sink,  
 And really danger appeared,  
 Then he willingly stretch’d out his hand,  
 And drew her back safely to land.

Not a word did he ever once speak  
 Until they had enter’d the hall!  
 In pretty plight Laura appear’d!  
 She was laughed at—*none loved her*, some  
 sneer’d

At this comical figure of mud!—  
 Papa desired Margaret to come,  
 And said, “My good girl, take this *lady by*  
*birth,*  
 And clean her—who now is the *scum of the*  
*earth?*”

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### LADY BLANCHE AND HER INDIA PRESENT.

“MY Blanche, a present is from India come,  
 A noble present too—a good round sum:  
 Your brother, Herbert, sends with kindest love,  
 His constant, true affection still to prove:  
 But judge yourself my child, see, here’s the  
     gold,  
 With two rich shawls—most lovely to behold.”

“Thanks, dear mamma,”—the shawls Blanche  
     most admired,—  
 The gifts laid by—with pleasure she desired  
 The attendance of her maid, her faithful Kate,  
 Whose changed appearance she observed of  
     late

Poor Kate! who now, with tears and heavy  
heart,

Was call'd by Blanche her sorrows to impart :

Her husband dead, her son had gone astray,  
And soon, alas! went from her far away :

A service then she thought it best to take,  
And thus earn money for her Robert's sake ;  
But this was little to pay off his debts !

Yet still her son a mother ne'er forgets !

Kate thought her troubles known to none but

ONE ;

That *one* had told the Lady Blanche alone,  
And Blanche (but with her mother's full con-  
sent)

To free the widow's son was kindly bent.—  
Money has wings 'tis said, and ample power,  
As poor Kate found from that same blessed  
hour.

Some few days after Blanche desired good Kate  
To cross the lawn—unlock the garden gate,  
And meet a visitor—'twas quickly done,  
The door flew open wide—there stood her son ;  
Her only son ! her dear repentant boy ;—  
She clasp'd him to her breast with eager joy !

“Oh mother, mother!” Robert weeping cried,  
 “Torn from your arms, I thought I should have  
 died;

Never, oh, never more I’ll run in debt,  
 Or this kind lady ever can forget.”

Young Blanche came forward, as he grateful  
 spoke,

And said, “Your mother’s heart you nearly  
 broke!

“She stays with me—and ’tis mamma’s com-  
 mands

You work as labourer hired on these her lands :  
 Avoid all debt—within your wages live,  
 And thus, young man, you will not fail to thrive :  
 My INDIA PRESENT I have spent on you,  
 From prison freed you—honest be, and true.”

## FOOLISH EMILY AND HER KITTEN.

“Why not open your eyes,  
And look with surprise  
Around, up and down, and on us?  
And why won't you *see*,  
And look upon me?  
Come open your eyes, little puss!

“I know you can peep,  
For you're not asleep,  
You cry after mother so loud,—  
Your eyes I've not seen,  
Are they blue, red, or green?  
I fear you are sulky and proud!

“And if you will not  
On this very spot  
Lift your eyelids, and look upon me,  
I'll open them quick,  
Whilst my hand you may lick,  
And soon then my kitten will see!”

But her brother cried, "Hold!"  
And must you be told  
That kittens, like pups, are born blind?  
You silly young child,"  
He said as he smiled,  
"Be patient—and if you are kind,

"Not many days hence  
That precious dear sense  
Of sight will your kitten enjoy,—  
Then let it alone,  
Altho' 'tis your own,  
Or its eyes you will surely destroy."

Altho' 'twas her own  
She let it alone,  
But watch'd every day if 'twas true,  
And often she sigh'd—  
But one morning she cried,  
"Oh, look at its EYES of bright blue!"



## FALSEHOOD IS COWARDLY.

POOR SCHOOL BOYS.—A TRUE STORY.

“Who complains that their dinner is bad?”  
 Said the schoolmaster, gruffly and grim;  
 “Quickly point out the insolent lad,  
 That my anger may fall upon *him*.”

“I never complained”—“No, nor I,”  
 Said Dick and Job, Philip and Ned,  
 Adam, Walter, and Joseph so sly,  
 “Tho’ you cane us, sir, ’till we are dead.”

Now this was most *false*!—for they all,  
 Had angrily turn’d from their food,  
 They were all in one mind, great and small,  
 And in truth much was bad—little good.

Then up started Edmund with pride,  
 “’Twas I, sir!—the truth I’ll maintain,  
 I care not on what you decide,  
 Cruel menaces I can disdain.

“Our bread, oh, how musty!—our meat is as bad,  
 With hunger we’re ready to sink,  
 We’re fatherless boys, and our case is most sad!  
 E’en the water we scarcely can drink!”

The master, half pleased, said, “If such be the  
 truth,

These *cowards* remain here behind,  
 Whilst *you* dine with me, my fine-spirited youth,  
 Who nobly can thus speak his mind.”

“Oh, no, sir,” the good boy then quickly replied,  
 “With my schoolfellows still let me dine;  
 But, sir, see to our food!—for it can’t be denied,  
 To cheat you some persons combine!”

\* \* \* \* \*

This good advice the master did *not* take,—  
 If boys drop off—a school must fail!  
 When men—they clubbed their money for his  
 sake,  
 Or else their master must have died in jail!

## TRUTH IS BRAVE.

RICH SCHOOL BOYS.—ALSO A TRUE STORY.

These boys had a play-ground of spacious extent

To themselves, where they play'd in high glee,  
At cricket, bold leap-frog, prison-bars, and  
swift race,

And in climbing a noble elm-tree.—

Forbidden all violent pastimes in-doors,

To their ground was confined all their play,  
These orders were never disputed, until  
One very unfortunate day!

A large chandelier, with drop-lustres so fine,

Had hung o'er the drawing-room table,—  
All scatter'd and broken, the VICAR this found!  
To account for such ruin who's able?

That some of his pupils had enter'd, he saw

By their foot-prints in clay on the floor,  
And sadly the curtains of muslin were torn!  
See finger-marks on the glass door!—

No canings, no floggings, no faggings allowed :  
 Each pupil, so well bred, he loved as his son ;  
 But still there was punishment—by his own laws,  
 And thus their affection and fear he had won.

This chastisement sad was confinement most  
 strict,

In solitude total within their own room,  
 “I shrink,” said the master, “from punishing *all*,  
 Yet never was known once to alter my  
 doom.”—

The boys stood abash’d, for not one tried to  
 speak,

Not one raised his eyes from the floor,  
*Three days* was the sentence the vicar decreed,  
 The boys then cried out, “We deserve many  
 more !”

LORD SIDNEY (a duke’s son) came forward and  
 said,

With grief and with tears most sincere,  
 “Oh, pardon them all, sir, the trespass was mine,  
 Oh, pardon them, master most dear !

“A hawk we pursued—and their leader was I,  
 Then on *me* let the punishment fall,  
 We’re ten, and *ten* days, strict confinement I’ll  
 bear,

But pardon my schoolfellows all !”

The terms accepted were—Lord Sidney in his  
room

A prisoner stay'd :

But no one play'd

Until the time was ended of his doom.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few years pass'd away—and Sidney, now a  
duke,

Call'd on his master—and *him* his chaplain  
made :

To give him wealth and power he pleasure took,  
In BISHOP'S robes and lawn he's now array'd !

#### THE AUTHOR'S MORAL.

Instructors wise, indeed of every kind,  
Should sometimes bear this solid truth in mind :  
Tho' little boys and girls they govern *now*,  
Yet men and women these contrive to grow.

Harsh and kind treatment's all remember'd  
well,

And many a sad or happy story most could  
tell,

Ere of their youthful TEENS they bid farewell.

## JEMMY AND THE PARROT.

## GRANDPAPA'S PRESENT.

“ Well, Jemmy, how comes on my parrot ?  
 Have you taught him to speak, or to sing ?  
 I hope he has *not* taken wing.  
 No ! he 's pecking the leaves of a carrot !

“ Come whistle, fine bird—let 's enjoy  
 Your song, or your mimicking speech,  
 Which Jemmy, no doubt, loved to teach ;”  
 The parrot scream'd, “ OFF, YOU BAD BOY !”

Mr. Summerdale thought this absurd,  
 And look'd at young Jem with surprise,  
 Who trembled, and blush'd to the eyes,  
 Whilst, “ OFF, YOU BAD BOY !” was still heard :

“ Why, what is this lesson ?” he said ;  
 “ Come, Jemmy, his cry pray explain ;  
 If naughty, he shall not remain,  
 Altho' he 's kept clean and well fed !”

The truth was, a neighbour's *poor* son  
 And Jemmy could never agree,  
 Tho' wherefore, I never could see!  
 And thus daily warfare begun.—

When Billy came out to enjoy  
 The fun at his father's next door,  
 Pretty POLLY was placed on the floor  
 To hollo out, "OFF, YOU BAD BOY!"

This truth naughty Jemmy won't tell,  
 So his grandfather took back the cage,  
 Tho' certainly not in a rage,  
 For he said, "Master Jemmy, farewell,—

"I leave you your time to employ."—  
 Then Jemmy set up a loud cry!  
 His grandfather bade him good-bye,  
 Whilst polly shriek'd, "OFF, YOU BAD BOY!"

## MAKING FACES.

## NAUGHTY MARTHA.

“Why, Martha, what an ugly face!  
You frown—your lip you curl,  
I could not thus my child embrace;  
Why, what’s the matter, girl?”

“Then why should that old woman make  
An ugly face at me?  
An hour I’ve seen her head thus shake,  
Pray come yourself, and see:

“Her mouth awry—her eyes half shut,  
She looks a perfect fright!  
And stares at me!—I wish she’d put  
Herself quite out of sight.”

“Oh Martha! Martha! you are wrong,  
But wicked you are *not*;  
Thoughtless you are—and such a tongue  
My naughty child has got!



“The woman’s palsied without cure,  
 And you to scoff and teaze!  
 Because she’s old and poor,  
 You know not what she must endure,  
 Or you would soothe and please.”

“Oh mother! I’ll her pardon ask,  
 I’ll ask it on my knees.”

And this she did—the woman faintly smiled,  
 Saw the mistake—and kindly blest the child.

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### ALFRED AND THE FIVE SENSES.

“How many senses are there, sir?  
 For some say *seven*, others *five*!  
 ’Tis very plain one side must err,  
 By questioning, we at truth arrive.”—

His tutor pondered—then replied,  
 Practice or words, boy, do you wish?”  
 “Oh! practice,”—Alfred laughing cried,  
 “Speak, I’ll be mute as any fish.”—

“Then *listen* to yon dove  
 Which coos above,

And soars aloft!

Your velvet waistcoat *feel*—how soft!

Softer what can be?—

And, Alfred, look!—those brilliant colours *see*  
The sun-beam round us throws!

Here!—*taste* this peach, and *smell* that fresh  
moss-rose.

“Thus hearing, feeling, seeing, tasting, smelling,  
Are FIVE choice blessings past the telling!  
Preserv'd, dear boy, by care and temperance  
long;

Tampering with any is most surely wrong.’

“Then, sir, I guess the other *two*

Are sense, and nonsense—is 't not true?  
Of the five senses you so wisely preach,  
*Just now*, believe me, I prefer the peach.”

## OUR MEADOWS.

THE SCHOOL-GIRLS' HOLIDAY.

LOUISA.

“COME, stroll thro’ our meadow and gather wild  
flowers,

The meadows are now in our view,  
So let us, dear sister, enjoy these bright hours—  
What pleasure to wander with you!

“See, cowslips, and buttercups, spread the wide  
ground,

The fox-glove, and hare-bell so blue,  
And often wild lupins are here to be found—  
’Tis delightful to wander with you!

“Hark! Alice, my love!—that’s the song of  
the thrush!

Of blackbirds we have but a few—  
A goldfinch and linnets inhabit that bush,—  
How I love thus to wander with you!

“And yonder are meadows of sweet early hay,  
You’d visit them?—that I well knew,  
We’ll sport on the haycocks this sunshiny  
day,—

’Tis so charming to sport thus with you!

“And see! a fine lark has sprung out of its nest!  
 If seen by the mowers—’twill rue  
 That it did not there stay—but the dear lark  
 knows best,—  
 You *like* me to wander with you?”

“Six months since we parted—dear Alice, is’t  
 not?—  
 Long absent you’ve been it is true,  
 But each loved the other—I never forgot  
 The rambles I’ve oft had with you!”

ALICE.

“Nor, dearest Louisa, did I e’er forget  
 A sister so loving and true,  
 ’Tis early—Oh, do not return home *just* yet,  
 I’m so happy to wander with you!”

## OUR GARDEN.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS' HOLIDAY.

ERNEST.

WE'LL roam round our garden, and visit the trees ;  
 Augusta, come ramble with me,  
 In the shade of the lilacs enjoy the cool breeze,  
 Come under the PURPLE tree !

“ Look yonder, dear sister, I think I behold,  
 Its branches so swinging and free,  
 Labernum in bloom !—with its tassels of gold,  
 Come under the GOLDEN tree.

“ What lovely pink blossoms, and buds we  
 descry,  
 But yet not a leaf do I see !  
 Oh, I know now the name—Augusta, draw  
 nigh,  
 Come under the ALMOND tree !—

“ Oh, look what a fine noble cluster is here !  
 The horse-chesnut blossom we see ;  
 To examine it closely, dear sister, come near,  
 Come under the CHESNUT tree !

“ Let us watch the sweet buds, the white blossoms of MAY,  
 To live here contented I'd be,  
 With dearest Augusta so happy to stay,—  
 Come under the HAWTHORN tree !

“ There's sweet honey-suckle entwined with  
 the rose,  
 The favourite flowers of the bee,  
 And both the sly butterfly very well knows,—  
 Come under the WILD-ROSE tree !”

AUGUSTA.

“ Here then, my dear brother, we'll stay if you  
 please,  
 Mamma here will order her tea,  
 'Tis so pleasant to sit with her under these  
 trees,—  
 Come under the sweet LIME tree !”

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

“THE moon’s eclipsed to-night, they say,  
What is the meaning of it, pray ?

I cannot understand at all.

‘Come, see the eclipse !’ they loudly call ;  
But, till this is explained to me,  
’Tis of no use to run and see.”

“Come hither, ISAAC !—do not run,  
The wondrous sight is just begun ;  
Come to the window and look thro’,  
For here we have a splendid view !  
You see the sky—you see the moon—  
You’ll see a *dark* edge touch it soon.”

“Oh, now I do ! but still I doubt,  
Surely the moon will not go out ?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“An hour is past !—the shadow grows,  
The moon will disappear ! who knows ?

And now 'tis cover'd all!—Oh dear!  
 How dark it is!—I shake with fear!”  
 “ Watch now the rim, and you will see  
 Where darkness came—the light will be.”

“ 'Tis even so!—the light now shines,  
 Grows brighter still—darkness resigns:—  
 Why, now, 'tis almost past away,  
 The moon again shines bright as day!

“ But why did that black cloud thus pass  
 Over the moon?—if such the case.”

“ No cloud it was, but long foreshown  
 The moon's eclipse—as 'tis well known:—  
 Come from the window now, my child.”  
 Isaac obeyed—submissive was, and grave, tho'  
 mild.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over the table hung a burning lamp—not high,  
 This lamp the boy surveyed with steady eye;  
 Thoughtful and long he gazed upon that light,  
 Then full upon his mother's face  
 He turned his ardent sight!  
 Slowly and doubtfully he then took up his hat,  
 And held it high—as there she calmly sat.



Her face, illumined by the lamp before,  
 Now by degrees grew dark—and more—still  
 more!

The ECLIPSE was perfect!—speechless with sur-  
 prise,

She gazes on him with triumphant eyes!

\* \* \* \* \*

ISAAC fast grew—in time a man became,  
 Now known to fame!—for NEWTON was his  
 name!

## THE TWO POTS OF INDIAN PINKS.

FANNY.

“ I WISH my Indian pinks would blow,  
 These idle flowers are very slow !

Altho' I water them so well ;—  
 The buds are so tiny and small,  
 All leaves and no flowers at all.

I wonder such rubbish they sell.”

JULIA.

“ Of my sweet Indian pinks I'm so proud !  
 The little buds grow in a crowd,

And I air them, and sun them so well !  
 I hope I shall find in a week,  
 When the produce I carefully seek,  
 The flowers foretold by Old Nell.”

FANNY.

“ Old Nelly was certainly wrong,  
 And has a most covetous tongue,  
 Tho' smooth and as sweet as our honey ;  
 These flower-pots of ours  
 Will never bear flowers,  
 All Nelly consider'd was money.”

## JULIA.

“Have patience, dear cousin, like me,  
 And soon, be assured, you will see  
     Your Indian pinks blow,  
     And make a fine show;  
 Then, Fanny, so happy will be!”

## FANNY.

“You know that I hate,  
 Dear Julia, to wait;—  
 And quickly to blow  
 I truly would know,  
 Why Indian pinks take so much time.  
 I cannot let many days waste,  
 So I’ll open each bud to make haste,  
 Or else they will lose all their prime!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven days elapsed!—Alas! young friends, behold

Young Fanny’s flower-pot full of weeds and  
 mould!

While Julia’s pinks in health and richest bloom,  
 Admired by all—now grace their pretty room!

ADOLPHUS LOVES HIS PONY,  
HECTOR.

“ OH, I love my pony much !

In the stable now is he.

George, there are not many such,

Come my gentle pony see !

Then to mount him ! oh, how fine !

HECTOR now is bought, and mine !

“ Soon we ’ll gallop round the park,

He ’ll not *shy*, or even trip,

Him I ’ll never over-work,

Hector will not need the whip.

As for spurs, I those condemn,

Never, never, I ’ll use *them* !

“ In the stable, cool, yet warm,

Hector now is daily fed,

There, he cannot come to harm,

George, my pony ’s thorough-bred !

“ Bridle, saddle, I have both,

So well made ! and all is new.—

He ’s to bear me never loth,

To each other we ’re so true !

“ Oh, I love my pony well !

To our friendship there 's no end,  
He loves me if he could tell,  
He is mine, and I 'm his friend.

“ Winter, summer, all 's the same

To my pony and to me.  
Hector is so very tame,  
Yet with spirit, as you see !

“ He would canter—so would I,

Gallop thro' the fallen snow,—  
So, dear George, I say good by,  
Come, my pony, let us go !”

## CHARLEY AND LITTLE JOE.

THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

### JANUARY.

“Do bring my skates, good Joey, pray,  
 For skating I would go;  
 This is a healthy winter’s day,  
 The ice is strong—the sharp winds blow  
 This month I love!—the first month, Joe!

### FEBRUARY.

“Come, seek the snow-drop, brother, pray,  
 The garden-beds search round,  
 For surely ’tis a fine spring day,  
 And early snow-drops here are found.  
 I love this month with snow-drops crown’d!

### MARCH.

“Tho’ cold the March wind, let us seek,  
 Where wild flowers thickly grow,  
 The purple violet—primrose meek;  
 The wild anemone I know.  
 I love this month, and so does Joe!

## APRIL.

“The fourth month this, ’tis surely spring,  
And now come welcome showers,  
The birds to build are on the wing;  
See, crocus bright! and other flowers,  
And hark the cuckoo!—Spring is ours!

## MAY.

“Oh, now the lark has built his nest,  
The blackbird and the thrush,  
So busy all, they take no rest;  
But here and there they rapid rush.  
Sweet May now hangs on every bush!

## JUNE.

“Roses and lilies now appear,  
And make a splendid show,  
The finest month of all the year;  
Tulips and jasmine gaily blow,  
The nightingale now sings!—Oh, hearken,  
Joe!”

## CHARLEY AND LITTLE JOE.

THE LAST SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

JULY.

“THE sun’s full ardent rays  
 Rich fruits to ripeness bring;  
 The birds no longer sing,  
 But teach their young to fly with new fledg’d  
 wing !

AUGUST.

“Observe the swelling grapes !  
 The purple clustering vine,  
 Red peach, and nectarine fine;  
 To fill this month with beauty all combine !.

SEPTEMBER.

“We’ll far extend our walk,  
 And run with active feet  
 To see the growing wheat;  
 And rye, and yellow barley fields we’ll meet.



## OCTOBER.

“And now the trees grow bare,  
 The leaves begin to fall,  
 Beach, oak, ash, willow, all,  
 The sapling, dwarfish shrub, and poplar tall!

## NOVEMBER.

“The robin now comes back ;  
 Tho’ fogs and rain I see,  
 Yet still can happy be,  
 And laugh and sing with JOE most merrily !

## DECEMBER.

“I love this month, tho’ cold,  
 And ice and snow abound !  
 For now are pleasures found  
 Equal to those we met the whole year round !”

## LITTLE JOE.

“Delightful to all  
 Is a Christmas ball,  
 When families meet to enjoy  
 The season so gay,  
 In innocent play !”—  
 Cried Charley, “Well said, my good boy !”

## THE NEW FROCK.

CONFIDING ANNE.

“ I WILL not fret—impatient get,  
 Or ever sulky be,  
 Nor cry, nor mope, but still have hope  
 My mother I shall see !

“ She ’ll never stay so long away,  
 Her promise will not break ;  
 My mother true I ever knew,  
 She ’ll bring my new keepsake.

“ How time makes haste !—the hour is past,  
 One, two, three, four o ’clock !  
 Yet hope I still, with trusty will,  
 To have my pink silk frock.

‘ I ’ll patient wait, although ’tis late ;  
 At home I long to be,  
 Tho’ I am told I ’ll *not* behold  
 My mother presently.

“ That I must bear ill luck, and wear  
 My frock so often worn,  
 My bonnet too, instead of new  
 My mantle all so torn !

“But see ! she ’s here, now I ’ve no fear  
 That very smart I ’ll shine.  
 Why, only look !—You ’ve brought no frock !  
 I thought the frock was mine !”

“Whate’er betide, in *me* confide,”  
 Her mother gravely said ;  
 “Be calm and cool—you leave your school ;  
 Your father—he is dead !

“I would not shock—but here’s your frock,  
 Let not my Anne thus droop,  
 You see tis *black* !—with me come back,  
 And ever cherish hope.

“You waited here—devoid of fear—  
 For thus my promise ran,  
 To come this day, and take away,  
 My dearest orphan Anne.”

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## THE TWO WRITING DESKS.

“MAMMA will most certainly never come home !  
 I think it but folly to wait,  
 So, Gerald, directly let ’s after her seek,  
 For now it is really late.

I'm off to the garden to try my new bat!"  
So saying, Ben eagerly caught up his hat.

"Dear Ben," said his brother, "how hasty you are!

Run after mamma! how absurd!

To *seek* and to *find* are two different things,

So, Ben, pray depend on her word.

She promised us both that at two she'd return;  
But calmness and patience you never will learn."

"Oh, patience and calmness!" cried Ben, jumping up,

With laughter, and halloo, and shout;

"I'm off!—I'll not wait—there, the clock has struck *two*,

When you see her, pray say that I'm out.

I cannot bear waiting, as I said before."

That instant the carriage drove up to the door.

Their mother said, smiling—"I have not been long,

And here are your DESKS, my dear boys,

Exactly alike—and well stock'd are they both;

You preferr'd them to merely fine toys."

The well-laden footman was seen to approach

With two noble desks, which he took from the coach.

In brass were their names deep engaved on the  
lid ;

The inside was fill'd with good paper  
Of all kinds—with pens, ink, and wax ;

Motto-wafers, and also a taper.

Ben and Gerald examined the whole with great  
glee,

Each seizing his own with “Now this goes  
with me.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had pass'd since that most happy day,  
When to their study on a visit came  
Mamma with other gifts—they were away ;  
And what she saw excited praise and blame.

Ben's broken desk with ink bespatter'd all !

Pens turn'd to toothpicks, there, much  
grieved she found,

Wasted the wax—broken the ink-stand small,  
With papers, soil'd and burnt, was strewed  
the carpet round !

To Gerald's table quick she turn'd her looks,  
And saw this good boy's desk as good as new ;  
In order perfect were his copybooks,  
With fairly written exercises—not a few.

Whilst gazing still around, her boys return'd,  
 Gerald, with welcome, to his mother ran ;  
 But Ben stood still—with shame his cheeks  
     hot burn'd,  
 And some excuses, stammering he began.

“Peace, sir!” his mother said, with angry  
     frown ;

“Of your amendment now I cease to hope,—  
 No future gifts are yours—whilst thus, I own,  
 Gerald has won this well-earned TELESCOPE.”

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### ISABEL AND HER DOVE BEAUTY.

“QUICK fly to me, BEAUTY, my dear,  
     Oh, come to me, gentle ring-dove !  
 To sit on my hand do not fear,  
     Oh, hither fly, BEAUTY, my love !

“The eyes of my dove are so soft !  
     His feathers lie smooth—and so clean !  
 And when he takes flight round aloft  
     No prettier sight can be seen !

“I provide him with plentiful seed,  
     Tho' I think it is *pease* he likes best ;  
 Delightful to see him thus feed,  
     Before for the night he takes rest.

“ His cage is both roomy and grand,  
 And scraped are his perches so well ;  
 I think he will yet understand,  
 And, if he could speak, would soon tell,

“ That Beauty’s the happiest of doves,—  
 He coos, but it seems never sings ;  
 I know that he ISABEL loves,  
 As I stroke down his delicate wings !”

\* \* \* \* \*

That the dove is an emblem of peace,  
 Is a truth in the BIBLE we find ;  
 When dangers and tempests all cease,  
 In his beak see an olive branch kind !

We all should be gentle and mild :  
 To be loved well, we also must love,—  
 How pleasant to see a young child  
 As meek as the innocent DOVE !

## WILFUL RICHARD.

“DEAR aunt, I’ve had no dinner yet,  
I think the servants all forget  
On me in proper time to wait,—  
I’m very hungry—and ’tis late.”

“Where have you, Richard, been?—pray say.  
Truly you have been long away;  
Employ’d, or idle, *you* best know,  
As still alone you choose to go:  
The servants certainly *do* talk,  
You on the COMMON love to walk.”

“And surely there’s no harm in that!”  
Cried Dick as sullenly he sat.

“I stayed out long, the day was fine,  
And is ’t for that I’m not to dine?  
’Tis good roast mutton, I was told,  
I’m sure it now will all be cold.”—

“Nor hot, nor cold, you mutton get,  
Whether you scold, or beg, or fret,”  
His aunt said, frowning on the lad.  
“Your conduct, Richard’s very bad,



From mischief you will never keep.  
*Who* has been worrying harmless sheep?  
 Not suffering them to feed in quiet,  
 But stirring up a perfect riot;  
 And can *you* mutton e'er enjoy?  
 Mutton *was* sheep, you know, bad boy!  
 You may have broken their poor bones  
 By pelting them with heavy stones."

"*You've* dined—and hunger do not feel,  
 So I'll carve beef, or lamb, or veal,  
 Poultry, or fish, I do not care,  
 I am not dainty as to fare,"  
 Said the spoilt urchin with a frown,  
 But soon was impudence put down.  
 His angry uncle now drew near,  
 And HIM Dick ever held in fear.—

"Go to your room, you wicked boy,  
 Who loves to hurt, and all destroy!  
 On sheep, cows, hens, ducks, birds, and chicks,  
 You've played most wanton, cruel tricks.  
 Milk, cheese, eggs, butter—any meat,  
 I'll take good care you shall not eat  
 For many days to come—so *carve*  
 This good dry bread—or else you starve."

Dick ate the bread—and water drank,—  
 He some days after wished to thank  
 His uncle for this lesson kind,  
 And promised faithfully to mind  
 What he had said—and to life's end  
 Be to all animals a most tender friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

His word he kept—a man now grown,  
 A better heart was never known.

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### THE VALUE OF A BOOK.

“ADA! don't throw your books about,  
 You careless little girl!  
 That you now hate them, I've no doubt,  
 You'd tear them, but the binding's stout;  
 See how the leaves you curl!”—

“Why, dear mamma, they only cost  
 (The paper binding, all,)  
 A paltry shilling at the most,  
 And many of them I have lost;  
 Besides, they are so small!”

“ You value things by *size*, it seems ;  
 Then flag-stones better are  
 Than pearls, with which the oyster teems,  
 Or diamonds, which the wide world deems  
 Most precious, choice, and rare.

“ How many *hands* to make a book,  
 Pray guess, must be employed—  
 Supposing *this*\*—come, Ada, look !  
 How many *days* it also took  
 To be by you destroyed !

“ When a new work our AUTHORS write,  
 A manuscript 'tis named.  
 In authorship some take delight,  
 Some hate the *pen*—but think it right  
 To work, or else be blamed.

“ Of linen white the paper made,  
 Engaged full many hands,  
 As did the *types*—with order laid,  
 In ALPHABETIC mode array'd—  
 COMPOSITOR there stands !

\* The title of this book.

“Then printing—folding—numbering—drying  
 —Stitching—binding—lettering all!—  
 Indeed, my girl, there’s no denying  
 To *make* a book’s a trade most trying,  
 Altho’ it may be small!

“Thus work-folks all, of various kinds,  
 Much time and labour took,  
 With busy hands and knowing minds,  
 (For mutual profit good will binds,)  
 To form your pretty book!”

“O dear mamma, how kind of you  
 To thus explain to me  
 Its value!—either old or new,  
 Or many, or but only few,  
 My books are treasures now, I see.”

## THE WINDOW-PANE AT NIGHT.

“ Oh, what is the matter, my child !  
 Your looks are most awfully wild,—  
     Why leave off your usual play ?  
 Not noisy, for I heard not a sound,—  
 Now you throw down your doll on the ground,—  
     Do listen, my Maud, and obey.

“ Here’s plenty of light—as you see,  
 Tho’ you play’d in the dark, far from me,—  
     Behind the red curtains you ran,  
 But now you rush frighten’d about,  
 Of the reason you leave me in doubt ;  
     Pray tell me the cause—if you can.”

“ Papa, at the window I saw !”—

“ An owl, I suppose, or jackdaw.”

“ Oh no, but a robber, I’m sure !  
 She stared at me full in the face !”

“ What, one of the poor gipsy race ?”—

“ Why, no, I can’t say she looked *poor*.

“ Her face is as rosy as mine ;  
 Her eyes are bright blue—and they shine—  
     But yet she began to look pale,

And open'd her mouth as if crying,  
I felt as if *I*, too, was dying!"

"Well, this is a wondrous tale!"

"O cruel papa! how you laugh!

As if 'twere a cow or a calf,

That really *is* your belief.

Papa might I think believe *me*—

Do go to the window and see,

Then send out and catch the young thief."

He took little Maud in his arms,

And said, "These are foolish alarms,

The pretty '*young thief*' I have caught!

Come now to the window with me,

And then you will speedily see

The wonder the window-glass wrought."

Quickly holding her up to a pane,

She saw the same face come again!

And there was papa's face also!

Convinced now, she bashfully smiled,

The glass show'd a sweet smiling child!

"Then this is the case,

*I saw my own face!*"

Which truth little Maud was most happy  
to know.

## THE BROTHERS' MORNING WALK.

LEOPOLD.

“ The sky is o’ercast, yet we ’ll walk,  
 The air of the morning’s so healthy,  
 Of a ramble our dog let’s not baulk,  
 Or he ’ll creep out so silent and stealthy :

“ Here, Carlo ! my excellent dog !  
 How he barks with loud rapturous joy !  
 Off, Carlo ! thro’ brake, bush, and bog,  
 But start not the GAME, my old boy !”

PERCY.

“ I know ’twill soon rain—for the sheep  
 Are eager to hastily feed ;  
 See ! close in a body they keep,  
 As finding assistance in need !

“ And all turn their backs to the wind !  
 I suppose that’s to shelter their eyes ;  
 How thickly their fleece grows behind !  
 Their caution appears very wise.

## LEOPOLD.

“ And look at the cows in the pond,  
 Standing up to the calves of their legs!  
 Of a *foot-bath* they seem very fond!—  
 Poor jackass a little room begs :

“ For thistles he finds rather dry,  
 Tho’ such is his favourite food ;—  
 Those horses will drink by and by,  
 They find this pond-water so good.”

## PERCY.

“ And over the turf I discern  
 Coming this way a flock of fine geese,—  
 But wherefore such noise I would learn ?  
 Geese and goslings, your clamour pray cease!  
 “ *They* also predict rain will come,  
 Mister donkey must join in the chorus !  
 Then better we hasten back home,  
 As ’tis likely a storm is before us.”



## THE SISTERS' EVENING WALK.

CATHARINE.

“ WE need not go too far from home,  
 Altho' the evening's fine ;  
 We'll thro' our shady valley stroll,  
 Where evening sunbeams shine :  
 With green boughs hanging over-head,  
 Soft turf with fragrant herbage spread.”

VICTORIA.

“ But let us, Catharine, climb the hill,  
 The fern-bush path our guide,  
 And reach the summit—there to view  
 The charming prospect wide !  
 Around us lovely shrubs in bloom,  
 Rich yellow furze—and golden bloom !”

CATHARINE.

“ The sky is cloudless !—yet I like,  
 To see well-*clothed* the sky  
 In *clouds* of crimson, purple, gold,  
 Still changing rapidly !  
 I love to feel the wholesome breeze !  
 The wind to *exercise* the trees !”

## VICTORIA.

“ I long a mountain high to climb,  
 Crown'd with perpetual snow !  
 The air is healthier there, we're told,  
 Far purer than below :  
 Valleys were never meant for me,  
 I hills prefer, to rove thus free !”

## CATHARINE.

“ I'll not, Victoria, blame your choice,  
 But surely *there*, as *here*,  
 You walk and run at perfect ease  
 Without restraint or fear !  
 Besides, to live on mountains high  
 Suits better kids, and roebucks shy.”

## VICTORIA.

“ That's true, dear sister, let us go,  
 Down, hand in hand, the steep,  
 There, in the valley, is our HOME !  
 Thro' trees I see it peep ;—  
 Home-pleasures ever must prevail,  
 I'll visit hills, but love the vale !”

HARRY, THE ARROGANT BOY,  
AND SAMBO.

“QUICK, brush my clothes, and clean my boots,  
I'm going on the water;  
To row a boat my humour suits,  
I'll learn my lessons after!”

“Supposing master *now* sit down,  
And first his lessons learn?”

“How free you speak, you saucy clown!”  
Said Harry, loud and stern.

“I'd have you know, my slave you are,  
Ay, slave! you need not stare—  
You're black, I'm white, and better far!—  
To mutter do not dare.

“But clean my boots, and brush my clothes,  
As I said once before!—  
And not *that* suit—I'm tired of those,  
Which yesterday I wore.”

“Why, SAMBO ! you are deaf, I think,  
 Or will you not obey?  
 You surly look—your eyes you wink !  
 I ’m losing all the day !

“Then you will not, I see, comply  
 With my most just commands ?  
 Must I myself brush boots !—what ! I !  
 With these soft, pretty hands !”—

In silence Sambo cleaned his knives,  
 While Harry kick’d his boots,—  
 And soon the slender boat arrives,  
 With boys in rowing suits !

“Come, Harry, come ! are you not ready?  
 With you we number eight :  
 To row to Chelsea,—Ho, boys ! steady !  
 ’Tis pity we ’re so late.”

The boat lay off a barge beside,  
 Nearer it could not draw,  
 (The Thames is deep, and very wide !)  
 This Sambo watch’d, and saw

Full well that Harry could not leap  
 With safety to the boat.—

The tide was high, the bank was steep,  
Huge timbers lay afloat!

Quick Harry forward sprung, so light,  
The other boys to meet,  
But fell—head foremost! awful sight!  
For upward came his feet!

The boys shriek'd loudly—far the sound  
Of "Save him!" now was heard.  
They thought poor Harry surely drown'd,  
Still, "Save him!" was the word.—

For jamm'd between the timbers large  
The boy had disappear'd,  
And *suck'd* beneath the weighty barge,  
Most probably, they fear'd.

But Sambo all the time stood by,  
When boat and boys arrived—  
Straight, when he heard their fearful cry,  
Tho' dress'd, he ran and dived!

Down in the river long remain'd;  
But, oh, what shouts of joy,  
When Sambo rose,—for he had gain'd  
The half-drown'd senseless boy!

Into the house he quickly ran—

Harry recover'd slowly :

But from that hour he loved this man,

Tho' black—in station lowly :

So proud and arrogant before,

He now became most kind :

Call'd SAMBO “*black slave*” never more

Danger improved his mind.

He now says, “SAMBO, please do that ;”

Or “this or that pray do.”

Thus mutual good-will is of late,

Observed between the two.

## THE BOASTING GIRL.

YOUNG Agnes was a naughty girl,  
 She seldom spoke the truth,  
 Was fond of *boasting* to her friends,  
 A shameful fault in youth ;  
 And every age—be it confessed—  
 To speak the truth is ever best.

She was a sly and artful one,  
 Yet headstrong, wilful, wild ;  
 Her mother spoilt her—I much fear  
 She was an only child !  
 Mamma said, “ Agnes, willingly  
 You may invite your friends to tea :

“ To-morrow evening they may come,  
 Five girls, or *six*—not more,  
 In the large drawing-room you’ll play,  
 And fix the hour—say four.—  
 It is not cold—you’ll but require  
 The lighted lamp :—not any fire.”

“ But, dear mamma, the room *is* cold,  
A fire pray let us have.”

“ No, Agnes, no,—alone you ’ll be,  
I must from peril save  
My little girl and her young friends :  
For danger ever fire attends.

“ You ’ll sing, and dance, and play about,  
Safely the spacious floor ;  
The windows tight are fasten’d down,  
But *open* leave the door :—  
As I ’m not well, I stay away,  
Whilst you enjoy your evening play.”

The evening came—and first of all  
Thus Agnes disobeyed ;  
Instead of six at most—there came,  
(In charming dress array’d)  
Full *twelve* young girls by invitation !—  
Mamma show’d little approbation :

But to the drawing-room sent all,  
Where tea and cakes were ready.—  
Then danced—piano played—and sung,  
Each happy little lady !  
Play went on well—’till Agnes cried,  
“ Now all we want ’s a bright fireside !”



“No, no,” they said, “we are not cold,  
 But warm and in a glow!”  
 “But I am cold,” she quick replies,  
 “A fire I’ll not forego—  
 See! here are lucifers, to light  
 Our fire! I hid them out of sight.”

“Stay, Agnes, stay!” the eldest cried;  
 “Perhaps no fire has been  
 In this large room for many months—  
 No signs of fire are seen!  
 ’Tis very true the *fire is laid*,  
 But still to light it be afraid.”

“Afraid of what!” bold Agnes asked;  
 “Sure here we *always* live,  
 And in this grate have fires so bright—  
 My word you might believe!”  
 Now this was *false*, as soon you’ll hear;  
 The children look’d at her with fear.

*She shut the door*, applied the match,  
 Oh, how the shavings blazed!  
 The smoke pour’d down—a thick black cloud,  
 The young ones scream’d amazed:  
 All blinded—choked—they ran about,  
 With one terrific, fearful shout!

Mamma and many servants came  
 To see what was the matter,  
 Out rush'd the children, one and all,  
 The servants ran for water  
 To check the flames, which widely  
 spread!  
 Agnes with fear was nearly dead.

"You wicked girl!" her mother cried;  
 "You *will* then have your way!  
 That grate has had no fire for months,  
*The chimney's stopp'd with hay!*  
 My dears, at once I'll send you home,  
 And near that *lying* child again pray  
 never come."

## ROBIN'S KITE.

MY kite I must fly,  
 Its wings it must try,  
 I assure you it has a long tail,—  
 The *messenger*, too,  
 I send up—tho' new—  
 To follow my kite must not fail:

"To paint it was fun,  
 With stars, moon, and sun,  
 And a comet with fiery tail!  
 But, if it go up,  
 Shall I have the luck  
 To recover my kite back again?

"Oh, see how it flies,  
 Swift up to the skies,  
 And here and there gambols about!  
 Still higher and higher!  
 My kite's a high-flier.

Out of sight it will get, I've no doubt:  
 "Come back, my kite! come down, I say!  
 Why, faster now, it flies away!"

A neighbour watch'd the child who bawl'd  
Loudly—half-crying—and thus call'd,—

“ Your kite is lost without a hope ;  
Wherefore, my boy, let go the rope ?

This is the first time, I can tell,  
You've flown a kite—and that not well.

“ Never let go the cord which holds  
The prize you wish to gain ;  
If sure success you still desire,  
Possession still retain.

“ In writing, you must *hold* the pen ;  
In drawing, brush or pencil *clasp* ;  
The reins, in driving ;  
Bridle, when riding ;  
When rowing boats, the oars tight *grasp*.

“ You've lost your kite, 'tis true ;  
But, if this lesson you will keep in mind,  
Another I will make—as large as you.”

The boy was cheered, and thanked his neighbour kind.

A stately kite was form'd ! and proudly flown  
By *both* with skill—and this was Robin's own !  
For months his chiefest, best delight  
Was in the fields to fly his giant kite !

## THE TWO FLIES ON THE GLOBE.

ON what is Fitzroy so intent ?  
 Why is his studious head thus bent  
 Above that globe so long ?  
 What is it that you seek ?  
 Is it some city, Fitzroy ? speak—  
 I'll set you right, if wrong."

"I seek not that," the boy replies,  
 "I'm only watching these two flies :  
 The one above, and one below,  
 They seem geography to know !  
 And would the ANTIPODES \* make clear !  
 On London one his feet has placed ;  
 The other, not to be outpaced,  
 In far New-Zealand stands !—look here !"

"Most true, my friend," Sir Charles replies,  
 "Truth may be learn'd from even flies :

\* Those people, who, living exactly on the other side of the globe, have their feet pointed against ours."—

Altho' this globe turns round beneath our hand,  
The flies, like us, in true Antipodes, still stand :  
They feel no motion—none—no more do we '  
The works of GOD are glorions mystery.

“ Man cultivates the earth, and digs the mine,  
But all the heavens, and elements, O, Lord,  
are thine !

Thine is the earth also ;

Thou dost on us its gifts bestow,—

At thy command the blessed sun and planets  
shine.”

## RACHEL'S SWEET-PEASE.

“ My pretty sweet-pease, do not droop !  
 Why do your lovely pink-buds stoop  
     Thus lowly to the ground ?  
 Myself I sow'd the seed you know ;  
 To shoot up high you 've not been slow,  
 And now you clustering grow,  
     No sweeter flowers are found !

“ Then why thus fall upon the earth ?  
 'Tis true, that was your place of birth,  
     For from the earth you sprang,  
 But now you must expand upright,  
 And look fresh blooming to the sight,  
 Giving to all such sweet delight ! ”  
     Thus to her flowers fair Rachel sang.

The flowers were deaf to Rachel's voice ;  
 What could they do ?—they had no choice  
     But on the ground to lie !  
 Nor props nor kind support had they,—  
 With their own weight they fell—and lay  
 In wild confusion, all astray,  
     Ready to pine and die !

The gardener saw her deep concern,  
 And much the reason wish'd to learn,  
     Altho' he guess'd it shrewdly ;  
 Rachel he never could entice  
 To take from him some good advice,  
 For she in flowers was over-nice,  
     And sent him off most rudely !

“ They want no sticks, I tell you, BEN,  
 I'll have no props, I say again,  
     How ugly they would look !  
 Sweet-William has no prop, you see,  
 And wherefore stick up my sweet-pea ?  
 Pray leave my flower-beds all to me ;  
     Advice I cannot brook.”

By slugs, by snails, by drenching showers,  
 Were crush'd, full soon, her *prostrate* flowers !  
     She mourn'd her loss too late !  
 Old Ben said, “ Lady, come this way ;  
 Here is *my* stand of sweet-pease gay ;  
 Accept them all, Miss Rachel, pray,  
     They 're yours, at any rate.”

And what met Rachel's joyful eyes,  
 Filling her heart with glad surprise,



Stands of sweet-pease six feet high !  
 Loaded with blossoms here and there,  
 All firmly propp'd with tender care ;  
 The stalks were full—not one was bare,—  
 She thought on hers with many a sigh !

“ You see, Miss Rachel,” said the man,  
 (Touching his hat, ere he began,)

“ A different culture flowers must meet ;  
 Some creep on earth—and some aspire  
 To rise—some high—some higher !  
 They then much skill and care require  
 To well support their tender blossoms  
 sweet.”

Rachel, enchanted, now no longer sighs,  
 But visits daily her fair blooming prize !

## ADELAIDE'S BABY-BROTHER, NED.

“COME, visit our cradle, dear, see where it  
stands!

The object of mother's fond joy,  
In the shade of that Lime-tree, I've spent a full  
hour,  
There slumbers her own baby-boy!

“His forehead so white, and how rosy his  
cheek,  
His neck and his shoulders so fair!  
His red lips are dimpled and smiling—oh, look!  
And look at his soft silky hair!

“Pray stoop not to kiss him, dear Susan, I beg,  
His calm sleep we would not destroy,  
But gaze on him fondly,—and sit by his side,—  
Pray wake not our dear baby-boy!

“Oh, see, now he opens his wondering eyes!  
And gives to us both a sweet smile;  
His tiny hands stretches, as if he would say,  
'I think I have slept a long while!'

“Our mother is out, NED, so come to *my* arms,  
 With your cousin you must not be coy,  
 She'll nurse you, and fondle you—love her you  
 will;

Come to sister, our own baby-boy!

“Why, Edward, you look all around with sur-  
 prise,

'Tis mother you eagerly seek,  
 Sister Adelaide loves you—but this you don't  
 know,—

I wish little Neddy could speak!

“Oh, here our dear mother comes hastening along,  
 Now see how he springs up with joy!  
 He crows, and he laughs, stretching out his  
 sweet arms,

Here, mother, 's your own baby-boy!”

## WILLIAM'S PONY, SALADIN.

“ ‘*For want of a nail the shoe was lost,*  
 What stuff is that !” said WILL,

“ ‘*And want of a shoe a horse it cost.*’  
 And this more foolish still !

I think these old sayings, and many I’ve heard,  
 Are nothing but dotage, and very absurd.

“ Why, I have a pony will draw  
 My own low garden chair ;  
 A fine one his mother, as ever you saw,  
 A thorough-bred costly mare !

Tho’ wholly *unshod*, Tom,—and you shall have  
 proof,  
 He’ll draw, or well mount me, with bare native  
 hoof.”

“ Indeed, sir, you cannot but choose  
 To be kind to your pony, tho’ dumb ;  
 Already he’s shod—with good shoes,”  
 Most sensibly argued young Tom.

Tho' only a stable-boy,—certainly never  
Was seen one more gentle—and yet he was  
clever.

Tom brought up the chaise to the door,  
Master William said, when jumping in,  
“I boast only *two* legs—he *four*—  
For his shoes, Tom, I care not a pin!”  
And he *did* lose a shoe!—and his poor foot  
fast bled,  
Sorely lame he became, to the stable when  
led!

Instead of returning home slow,  
As soon as the horse-shoe was lost,  
Tho' young Saladin scarcely could go,  
William kept to his insolent boast!  
His whip he high flourish'd!—it had a stout  
thong,  
Thus homeward he cruelly dash'd fast along!

Poor Saladin, lamed, was not able  
To bear him, or even to draw;  
Confined for some time to the stable,  
He moan'd as he lay in his straw.

But, *groom'd* and well nursed by the good-  
 natured Tom,  
 He soon thro' the pasture could happily roam !

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning WILL's father call'd out,  
 " Here, Will ! not a moment, boy, lose,  
 They 're felling a fine oak-tree, stout !"

Said WILL, " Why, I can't find my shoes !  
 Nor slippers, nor boots, no, nor stockings are  
 here !

Some mischievous trick has been play'd me, I  
 fear.

" But there ! from the window I see  
 The men cutting down the huge oak !"

Quick into the garden, with glee,  
 Bare-footed he ran as he spoke.

His father still urgently beckon'd him on,  
 At length he call'd out, " Why, you limp, my  
 poor son !

" Oh ! what, on a stone you have trod !

Now bleeding you fall to the ground ;  
 Like your pony I see you're *unshod* !

I thought that your *hoofs* were more sound ;

But ponies and horses, alas! never cry,  
They suffer in silence—long linger—then die.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ *I* took your shoes—removed your boots!  
This lesson I had plann’d for you,  
I hope it with your humour suits,  
You surely call it wholesome—new?  
For life you’ll not forget, a father’s home-re-  
proof,  
*Your* bleeding feet—your *pony’s* bleeding hoof!’

## THE LOADSTONE.

“WHAT’S the use of this dark stone ?  
 Of use it cannot be,  
 At least no use I see;  
 It should be out of window thrown,  
 ’Tis of no use to me !”

“That’s ignorance, my Arabel,  
 A wondrous story it could tell  
 If stones could speak.—  
 ‘Do you my value seek ?  
 Then know me for the precious LOADSTONE,  
 By all mankind well known :  
 By me the helmsmen steer—  
 Guiding their vessels without fear  
 Thro’ the wide seas by *me* alone !’

“To Arabel, the compass I’ll explain,  
 Its needle pointing to the north,  
 If that attentive she’ll remain :  
 Attention it is worth.  
 “And see, this loadstone draws  
 Fine needles—also straws,



Slowly across the table :  
'Tis MAGNET named also ;  
Such truths you ought to know,  
And understand, when able.

Condemn not 'till you learn the truth,  
Your late mistake you now must own ;  
When you would judge by outward show,  
Remember this despised DARK STONE !'

## THE COMICAL LANDSCAPE.

“COME lay by your drawing, my dear,  
 Amelia, 'tis getting quite dark,  
 And *colouring*, too! I observe,  
 'Tis really time to leave work.

You call it but play, I well know,  
 But playing, or working, forego.

\* \* \* \* \*

“What, still to your palette apply  
 Your very industrious brush!  
 Or pencil, 'tis call'd, I believe,  
 Altho' made of hair and fine rush.

“From morning 'till night, you've scarce  
 moved,  
 Amelia, I think you are wrong,  
 Application you carry too far,  
 I approve not your sitting so long.

“Your sisters go join in their dance,—  
 Your drawing pray now lay aside;—  
 What! colour by candle-light still!  
 To-morrow your painting you'll hide.”

Papa's wise advice was not taken,  
 Amelia perversely thus said,  
 "Indeed, I this landscape must finish,  
 Or till morning I'll not go to bed!

My painting's so pretty, correct,  
 The light and the shadows well drawn!  
 I've figures, papa, and a hill,"  
 "But the colours how can you discern?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, there, 'tis completed, and now  
 To my drawing a good-bye I say;  
 Papa will I know kindly place it  
 All full in the broad light of day."

And thus in the morning he hung it  
 With taste, in the true proper light,  
 Then call'd all her sisters to view it,  
 And, oh! what a comical sight!

Amelia alone stay'd above,  
 Surely never such landscape was seen!  
 The sheep were bright purple!  
 The river was red!  
 The trees were pale blue, and the sky apple-  
 green!—

Amelia on hearing the laugh

Ran down with the greatest surprise,  
But when her poor landscape she saw,  
She ran away shutting her eyes !

Said papa, " Little artist, cheer up !

In future you 'll *colour by day* ;  
We 'll now burn this landscape so droll ;  
With your sisters, my dear, go and play.'

## RATHER TOO GOOD, LITTLE PEGGY!

A TRUE STORY.

“OH, pray come in,  
Mamma’s within,  
Pray do not stay out there,  
It pours with rain,  
I say again  
Come in, and take a chair.”

Thus lisp’d little PEGGY, whilst holding the door,  
To a poor ragged woman she’d ne’er seen before!

“Mamma’s up stairs,  
She always cares  
For children that are poor,  
Come in, I pray,  
Out there don’t stay,  
For I must shut the door.”

In walk’d three poor children, all squalid and  
mean,  
Whom PEGGY, so courteous, till now had not  
seen.

“ Mamma, come down !  
 I ’m not alone,  
     I ’ve ask’d them to come in,  
 I heard the knock,  
 Undid the lock :  
     Here ’s bread, so pray begin.”

Mamma came down, and stood amazed !  
 Whether to laugh, or angry be,  
     She knew not well,  
     And could not tell,  
 Till on the group she gazed,  
     And thus the truth could see.

“ Indeed, my lady, do believe,”  
     The woman humbly said.  
 Mamma replied, “ Take all the bread ;  
     To see such misery I grieve ;—  
 But must not let my child do thus,  
     She is not four years old.  
 I ’ll give you money, clothes, a few,  
     To shelter these from cold.”

The woman thank’d the lady kind,  
     And gratefully went out,  
 But Peggy could not comprehend,  
     What this was all about !

“ Why, dear mamma, was I not right,  
To ask them in to stay all night ?”

“ My child, your heart is understood ;  
(How can I well explain !)

When indiscreet—we ’re call’d TOO GOOD.  
Never do so again.”

---

## THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY, ALICK.

ALICK in mischief took delight,  
He loved to set on dogs to fight ;  
The traveller he ’d lead astray,  
By never pointing the right way ;  
If straight to London was the question,  
He pointed out the Bath direction.

On railroads fond of flinging stones.  
He women call’d “ old ugly crones !”  
A white-hair’d man he named a goat ;  
Tried on the pond if kittens float :  
In short, my friends, in every sense,  
Alick was deem’d a perfect nuisance !  
For pretty birds he spread a net,  
And yet, when caught, he would forget

That there they lay in hopeless anguish !  
 Hungry, wounded, on they languish !  
 This he thought most pleasant sport ;  
 But Alick's pranks were soon cut short.

One evening to the fields he went,  
 On catching goldfinches full bent,  
 Or other finch—he cared not which—  
 That came within his crafty reach ;  
 The net was spread upon the grass,  
 First a few crows see flying past.

Then little birds sought groundsel-heaps,  
 Which near the net he slyly keeps :  
 The poor things caught within the net  
 Now flutter to get free—and fret  
 With beating heart, and broken wing,—  
 Alick still closer draws the string !

Escape they cannot ! none can fly,  
 And there he leaves them all to die !—  
 Loud whistling then like any fool,  
 With hands in pockets, calm and cool,  
 Among his victims will not stay,  
 But turns on heel, and walks away !

On going home he chose to take  
 A short cut back, for mischief's sake,



Resolv'd to worry a poor cat,  
And there he met with "tit for tat."  
A steel-trap in the garden set,  
Caught him as sure as birds in net!

Loudly he roar'd! and well he might,  
For in the trap he stayed all night—  
Lonely the garden—no one heard  
His cries—to help him, no one stirr'd!—  
On crutches now, with broken legs,  
From door to door his bread he begs!

## THE GOOD BOY, ALBERT.

ALBERT seldom is to blame,  
 Never, never, comes to shame :  
     Diligent he is in school,  
     Seldom breaks a given rule,  
     Never calls his playmate fool.

To all animals is kind,  
 Gentler manners few can find,  
     Loves his books, and loves his play,  
     Merry is, and ever gay,  
     When they have a holiday !

If a bird falls from its nest,  
 Albert tries to do his best,  
     Parts the bush, or climbs the tree,  
     Oh, how pleasant this to see !  
     Giving it free liberty !

Once he met a poor old man,  
 Too much laden—then he ran,  
     Roll'd his barrow up the hill !  
     Ever courteous, happy still,  
     *Helps the helpless with good will.*

Albert's not like other boys,  
Demure *in* school—*without* all noise,  
    Bawling, shouting, whistling, wild,  
    Frightening every little child ;  
Albert, brave, is also mild.

Ever studying to do good,  
Always in a peaceful mood :—  
    Then, little folks, for Albert's sake,  
    Do pray a good beginning make,  
    And *his* example quickly take.

## THE ALARUM BELL.

“PRAY let us have some peace,  
Talking you ’ll never cease ;  
I ne’er knew one so young  
Gifted with such a tongue !

“I really think of late  
You love to hear your prate !  
But be at once assured  
This habit shall be cured.”

Still Caroline talk’d away  
To her doll, as if in play ;  
    To chattering no end !  
    Until this same kind friend  
*Thus* taught the young girl to obey.

At the top of the house there hung  
A large alarum bell ;  
When pull’d, its *tongue* loud sung !  
    ’Twould answer very well  
Of thieves, or fire, to give the alarm,  
And save the inmates all from harm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mamma one morning chose  
 To see some friends—when soon arose  
 A clamouring little voice !  
 For *loudly* to prattle was Caroline's  
 choice.  
 And thus the noise  
 Their peace destroys,  
 While about the room she flings her toys.

“ You love me, little doll, don't *you*?  
 That I love doll is very true,  
 Shall I my dolly dress?  
 I'll kiss your cheeks, I'll curl your hair;  
 You are like me so very fair,  
 My doll I must caress !

“ My dolly has a pretty bed;  
 Altho' my dolly is not fed,  
 She never grows much thinner,  
 But in my mind,  
 If she's inclined,  
 Would not refuse a dinner.”

This more than childish nonsense was  
 Repeated once or twice,  
 But, hark ! what dreadful peal is that  
 Loud sounded in a trice ?

The alarum bell is rung,  
 Which never rang before!  
 Ob, listen to its brazen tongue  
 In rapid lengthen'd roar!

The noisy prattler was struck dumb!  
 Mamma's fond arms she seeks,  
 In real terror at the sound.—  
 Papa thus gravely speaks:—

“This is to cure your naughty ways;  
 To idle chatter bid farewell,—  
 When loud and troublesome you get,  
 I ring the alarum bell.”

---

### THE QUICKSET HEDGE.

WHAT a neat pretty cottage there stands!  
 And see, at the small open door,  
 Two benches placed under a vine,  
 Just holding two persons—not more:

These were, Oliver, known far and near,  
 With Madge, who was now his dear wife;—  
 Tho' they're married a week and a day,  
 They've known neither anger nor strife!

Now young Oliver busied himself  
 With shaping a new drying-post,  
 While his Madge was untwining the line—  
 Between them was time never lost.

When completed his work, he rose up,  
 Saying, "Here, my dear wife, I'll erect  
 All your posts—then your clothes will have sun,  
 And also fine air I expect."

"No, Oliver, dear, not that place,  
 I want that for chickens and bees;  
 At the back of the house put the props,  
 No matter if cover'd with trees."

Mister Oliver said not a word,  
 Tho' he thought the arrangement was odd;  
 To please her he took up his spade,  
 And dug three deep holes in the sod.

She then hung her clothes up to dry  
 Where never came sunshine or air!  
 For the trees grew so thickly around,  
 That breezes could scarcely come there.

“ I ’ve dried in the shade before now,”  
 Said Madge, who was sorely perplex’d,  
 “ Your advice, dear, I wish I had taken,  
 I never was surely so vex’d ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Kind Oliver removed the props  
 And air and sun quick dried her clothes,  
 He said, “ Dear Madge, bring here that line  
 Which thro’ the quick-set goes.”

Most eager to obey his wish,  
 She caught the line and pull’d it tight,  
 It would not stir an inch ! or come—  
 And now her husband’s out of sight !

Yet still she tugged with all her strength,  
 Her hands and arms began to swell,  
 But all in vain—the rope stuck fast,  
 Yet why, or wherefore, who could tell ?

Crying, and tired, she called aloud,  
 “ Oh Oliver ! come here, come here !  
 He leap’d the hedge, and caught the rope.  
 “ Now let us try together, dear.



“With easy pull you see it come,”  
 (Madge with surprise was nearly dumb!)  
 “Till now I held it on the other side  
 The other side the quick-set hedge;  
 Let’s ever pull together, Madge,  
 Whatever may betide.  
 In sunshine or bad weather,  
 Dear wife, let’s ever pull together.

---

### THE LAMB TURNED SHEEP\*.

“OH, do not run, my little lamb!  
 Why should you run from me?  
 Is it for mother thus you bleat?  
 Among that flock is she?  
 Then mother we will meet,  
 Her lambkin she shall see.

\* This story is founded on fact. A young English prince, when a boy, in 1829, accepted on his birthday a little CALF with gilded horns and garlanded neck. After a long absence from the place, on returning, he inquired for his CALF, and was rather surprised to find it transformed into a cow.

“ Tho’ fast I go, you faster run,  
 I can’t keep up with you,  
     Do wait for Clara, pretty lamb ;  
 Ah, no ! for now you view  
     Your loving, bleating, fleecy dam,  
 To me you bid adieu !

“ In winter cold come back, my lamb ;  
 You, with nice grass I ’ll feed,  
     Clover and thyme you like, I know :  
 Dark winter does not speed !  
     Thro’ frost, and ice, and chilling snow,  
 I ’ll shelter you in need.”

By Clara this was kindly meant—  
 Spring, summer, pass’d away,  
     And autumn, too ! bleak winter came,—  
 How sad the sun’s faint ray !  
     Her thoughts were still the same—  
 She call’d her lamb to play !

He came ! remembering well the child  
     Which still with him would keep,  
     And feed him from her little hand,  
 And play with him bo-peep :  
     She thought her lamb, by fairy wand,  
 Transform’d into a sheep !

‘ Quick is the growth of such, my dear,”  
 Her nurse most sagely said;  
 “ But slow the growth of girls and boys,  
 As I have sometimes read :  
 Its *present* life your sheep enjoys,  
 Come stroke his pretty head !”

---

THE ORGAN BOY AND LORD  
 AUGUSTUS.

“ No wonder you are thin, you organ boy,  
 Idling about all day with such a load,  
 You stun my ears ! pray don’t our house  
 annoy—  
 What brings you here ?—why came you from  
 abroad ?

‘ The lad, tho’ poor, yet smiles—he looks not  
 well,  
 He is not ragged, tho’ he seems ill-fed !  
 But nothing, that I see, he has to sell—  
 Well, here, poor organ boy, here is a loaf of  
 bread.

How's this! refuse my kindly offer'd gift!

Then wherefore grind your music in our ears?  
From off our walk your organ-stick pray lift,  
You are not hungry—why, what mean your  
tears!”

“ Ah, Signor \*, Signor—English me no speak.”  
Augustus with contempt drove him away,  
The duchess quickly call'd the poor boy back,  
And gravely told him a sweet tune to play.

A shilling then she gave him with a smile,  
He bow'd, and happy left the charming place,  
Augustus, greatly wondering, watch'd the while,  
And sought her meaning in his mother's face.

“ First then, my son, you *idle* call'd the boy,  
And yet 'tis music gains his daily bread.  
What brought him here, you next inquired—  
DECOY!

From Italy with others he was led—

“ With cruel purpose—sold I greatly fear  
By parents—(who a parent's feelings lack),  
To men most griping, stern, severe—  
*Money* to them at night boys *must* bring  
back.

\* Sir, sir.

“If not, they’re scolded, punished, knock’d  
about.—

This was the cause your *bread* he did not  
take,

My dear Augustus, now the secret’s out;

Tho’ he refused, I thought his little heart  
would break.”

The youth was silent long, and then observed,

*My* gift was his, *yours* to the master went:

And is not this encouragement absurd

To those DECOYS who with such bad intent

“Take these poor lads from Italy and home,

Organs to grind, mice, guinea-pigs to show?

Sending them all thro’ foreign parts to roam:

Our senators humane these truths should  
know.”

“The time may come when *you* will have the  
power,

In Parliament, this evil to abate.

Augustus, then, look back upon this hour,

When thus explain’d the organ boy’s sad  
fate.”

## ALL WRONG.

AT a poor crippled person to mock,  
 Or mimick a stuttering tongue,  
 A cradle to wantonly rock :  
 By shrieking, a sick one to shock—  
 Is certainly wicked and wrong.

To titter and laugh in the church,  
 Or rattle with half-pence, ding dong,  
 To leave a blind man in the lurch,  
 To threaten a baby with birch,  
 All this you'll confess is most wrong.

To cut a poor boy's flying kite,  
 To ask a dumb girl for a song,  
 To set on your playmates to fight,  
 To deprive a poor bird of its sight,  
 Is cruel, and savage, and wrong.

To stone a poor horse, or a cow,  
 To *fag* a young lad, 'cause *you're* strong,  
 To the blind make a mischievous bow,  
 Rob gardens, and call it "fine Row!"  
 All this we condemn as most wrong.

I hope my young friends, one and all,  
 Such boys never venture among,  
 Altho' they be rich, fair, and tall—  
 If they do, they will certainly fall,  
 From RIGHT, into what is most WRONG.

---

### ALL RIGHT.

To lend a poor cripple your arm :  
 In assisting the blind with *your* sight,  
 To shield the young child from all harm,  
 To love the sweet country and farm,  
 Is surely most good and quite right.

Attention to study at school,  
 And fairly your copies to write,—  
 Your wishes and temper to rule,  
 In silence to pass a rude fool;  
 All this we deem perfectly right.

In paying respect to old age,  
 And praying both morning and night,  
 In reading the blest sacred page,—  
 All this do, and we may engage,  
 That ever you'll follow the right:—

To save a poor animal found,  
Or lamed, or deprived of its sight,  
To feed a starved horse in the pound,  
To lift a poor babe from the ground,  
We really say this is right.

I hope my young readers attend  
With great, and sincerest delight,  
(When a dilligent ear they lend,)  
To this the advice of a friend,—  
Then truly we're all in the right.

2



## MY PRETTY CHIMNEY-ORNAMENTS.

"I HAVE a dog who never barks,  
 A cat who never mews,  
 A shoemaker who never works,  
 Or mends a pair of shoes :  
 A parrot, too, who does not talk,  
 Nor do my shepherds ever walk !

"Mister Toby see stand  
 With a jug in his hand.  
 How many years there he has stood !  
 Never raises the mug  
 But keeps it so snug !  
 When sober, he always is good.

"A shepherdess too,  
 With sheep not a few,  
 There sits on my shelf with a smile,  
 She never heeds smoke,  
 She never once spoke,  
 Or ever got over that stile !

"They're all pretty indeed,  
 And none I've to feed,

Yet not one would *refuse* a nice crust.  
 So all I've to do  
 Is to keep them in view,  
 And guard them from breaking and dust."

Thus Mary cried,  
 Then heavily sighed!—  
 Her father was pleased at the whim  
 Of addressing thus mere chinaware,  
 But guessed well her thoughts when she *sighed*,  
 And could not her sorrow well bear.

An only child was she,  
 Brought up on father's knee,  
 Nor aunt, nor sister, no, nor mother knew,—  
 Of other relatives she had but few,  
 And now lived quite alone  
 With him, who loved his own!

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days after—joy to see!  
 The little girl with company,  
 And all *alive* and merry!  
 Here was a linnet in a cage,  
 There was a parrot sage,  
 Eating a fine red cherry!

“And see! a kitten too!

Her tricks not few,—

A lovely spaniel, brown and white,

Now bounded in to Mary's great delight!

“The linnet sang, the parrot squall'd,

Young puss climb'd on her knee,

Obedient Rover came when call'd,—

It was a sight to see!

“Upon her curly head

His hand her father laid,

“They're yours, my child—and need I say,  
*Yoursel*f attend, and feed them every day?”

## TRUTH.

YOUNG CONSTANCE.

“ YOU ’VE done no harm this day  
 I do sincerely hope,  
 You ’ve studied well—had time to play  
 With battledoor and skipping rope.

“ And did you with your nurse walk out?  
 If so, I hope you did not pout,  
 And flounce, and toss your head about,  
 Or run from her away?  
 All this I ’ve seen, but, Constance, now  
 A little kindness pray bestow  
 On poor dear nurse—she ’s old. you know,  
 And here she loves to stay.

“ On leaving home, you promised fair  
 Such childish tricks to shun with care.

“ You blush, and look with eager eyes,  
 Nurse never will complain, ’tis true,  
 She ’s silent—for she tells no *lies*,  
 So for the *truth* I look to you.”

## CONSTANCE.

“ I studied well—and play’d also,  
 With nurse I took a pleasant walk,  
 I did not teaze, or from her go,  
 Altho’ she loves so much to talk !

“ But when come back—I went alone,  
 Mamma, a few steps ’cross the way,  
 To the confectioner’s, I own,  
 And did not for a moment stay :

“ The shop was empty—no one there,  
 So out again I quickly came,  
 But in my haste, not taking care,  
 I threw down a large jelly-frame !

“ None saw, or heard me—but, mamma,  
 I ran to tell you what was done,  
 The glasses broken—jelly spilt !  
 O dear mamma, pray quickly run,

“ For fear that any other should  
 Be blamed for careless me,  
 Tell them ’twas *I* the mischief did,  
 For which I’ll pay immediately.

“ Here is my pocket-money all ! ”

“ Keep it, my dearest—*I ’ll* go forth  
And pay the whole—kiss me, my child,  
A mother’s kiss receive !—the best reward  
of TRUTH ! ”

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## THE WATERS OF THE WORLD.

Most ponds are small,  
Surrounded all  
By field—hedge-row—or other land :  
Good mistress duck  
Here seeks her luck,  
And rears her pretty duckling band.

The lake is large,  
Bears ship and barge :  
Fine lakes are found of every shape :  
The dainty trout  
Is oft’ fish’d out,  
We hope that some poor fish escape !

A Rivulet  
Is often met—

And flowing *streams*, and sparkling *brook*,  
 All *natural* these,  
 Flow where they please,  
 Thro' meadow wide, or sheltered nook.

Canals are made  
 With pick-axe—spade,  
 By man's industrious prudent labour;  
 And *wherries* here,  
 Devoid of fear,  
 With coals and corn supply their neighbour

A waterfall,  
 We cataract call;  
 See gushing, foaming, on they rush,  
 With roaring shocks  
 Headlong from rocks,  
 And all they meet with, downward crush!

Rivers are wide—  
 Most have a tide  
 And flow refreshing all the land!  
 Many a boat  
 See there afloat,  
 With yachts and steamers at command.

But look ! the sea !  
Oh, what can be  
More grand, majestic, awful, bold ?  
The roaring waves  
The cliff now braves  
Or calm—the shining beach behold  
  
Grander the ocean,  
Still in commotion,  
Pacific, Indian, or Atlantic call'd !—  
Our voice we raise,  
To HIM in praise,  
For all the various waters of the world !









