



REASON
IN
RHYME

nc.

Presented to
Miss
Famima Thomas
by the
S. W. S. School
Nov. 4th 1871

Thomas



REASON IN RHYME.

REASON IN RHYME:

A Poetry Book for the Young.



EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?	5
TRUE GREATNESS,	8
OUR LOST KITTEN ; OR, HOME THE SAFEST PLACE, .	10
"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER," . . .	12
LITTLE THINGS,	14
AGE AND YOUTH,	15
JOHN GILPIN,	16
"TOO LATE,"	25
VAIN BOASTING,	26
LOSS IN DELAYS,	27
CONSCIENCE,	28
THE HAPPY LIFE,	29
THE CRICKET AND THE ANT,	30
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,	31
TIME,	33
A GOOD NAME,	34
THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL,	35
THE CHILD'S PRAYER,	35
TRUTH,	36

	PAGE
THE CHILD'S TALENT,	37
TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLK,	38
WE ARE SEVEN,	39
THE MOUNTAIN LAMB,	41
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM,	44
THE BABES IN THE WOOD,	47
THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL,	52
"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM,"	53
THE MONTHS,	54
A GRACE BEFORE MEAT,	55
A THANKSGIVING,	56
THE POLAR STAR,	58
RESOLUTIONS,	58
PETER AND THE POKER,	59
THE SHEPHERD BOY,	59
IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES,	60
MUTUAL ASSISTANCE,	61
THE FOX AND THE CROW,	62
TAKE IT EASY,	63
THE DOG,	65
THE SWEET STORY OF OLD,	66
THE WORK-BAG,	67
SELF-EXAMINATION,	69
LITTLE CHRISTIAN,	69
EVENING HYMN,	72

REASON IN RHYME:

A Poetry Book for the Young.



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

“To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?
Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now, who do you think,
Stole my nice nest away
From the plum-tree to-day.”

“Not I,” said the cow, “Moo-oo !
 Such a thing I’d never do ;
 I gave you a wisp of hay,
 But did not take your nest away,
 Not I,” said the cow, “Moo-oo !
 Such a thing I’d scorn to do.”

“To whit ! to whit ! to whee !
 Oh ! listen to me.
 Who stole the eggs I laid
 And the nice nest I made ?”

“Not I,” said the dog, “Bow, wow !
 I would not be so mean, I vow ;
 I gave some hairs the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.”

“Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !
 Let me speak a word too ;
 Who stole the pretty nest
 From little Yellow-Breast ?”

“Not I,” said the sheep, “Oh, no !
 I would not treat a poor bird so,
 I gave the wool the nest to line,
 But the nest was none of mine ;
 Baa ! baa !” said the sheep, “Oh, no !
 I would not treat a poor bird so !”

“Caw ! caw !” cried the crow,
 “I should like to know,
 What thief took away
 A bird’s nest to-day.”

“Cluck! cluck!” said the hen,
“Don’t ask me again!
Why, I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I’d scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck! cluck!” said the hen,
“Don’t ask me again!”

“Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir;
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, For shame!”

“I would not rob a bird,”
Said little Mary Green;
“I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.”

“’Tis very cruel, too,”
Said little Alice Neal:
“I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?”

A little Boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For HE stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-Breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn’t like to tell his name.

TRUE GREATNESS.

“How big was Alexander, pa?
The people called him great;
Was he like old Goliah, tall—
His spear a hundredweight?”

“Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And, while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?”

“Oh, no, my child; about as tall
As I, or uncle James;
’Twas not his stature made him great,
But greatness of his name.”

“His name so great! I know ’tis long,
But easy quite to spell;
And more than two, three years ago,
I knew it very well.”

“I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great, he got a name
That every person spoke his praise
And told his deeds of fame.”

“Well, what great actions did he do?
I wish to know it all.”

“Why, he it was who conquer’d Tyre,
And levell’d low its wall!

“And thousands of the people slew ;
And then to Persia went ;
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.

“A hundred conquer'd cities shone
With midnight burnings red ;
And strew'd o'er many battle-grounds
Thousands of soldiers bled !”

“Did *killing people* make him great ?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who kill'd his neighbour t'other day,
Put into jail and hung ?

“I did not hear them call *him* great.”
“Why—no—'twas not in war ;
And he that kills a single man,
His neighbours all abhor.”

“Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more ;
I should be *great*, and not be hung
Like Abdel Young before.”

“Not so, my son—'twill never do :
The gospel bids be kind.”
“Then they that *kill*, and they that *praise*,
Seem gospel not to mind.”

“You know, my child, the Bible says,
That you must always do
To other people as you wish
To have them do to you.”

“Then, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?”

“And every person call’d him Great
For killing people so!
Well now, what *right* had he to kill,
I should be glad to know?”

“If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would anybody call *him* Great,
For such a wicked thing?”

“You’re right, indeed, my darling son;
To kill makes no one great;
’TIS HE WHO SAVES, NOT HE WHO KILLS
DESERVES THE NAME OF GREAT!”

OUR LOST KITTEN ;

OR, HOME THE SAFEST PLACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whether birds were found for chasing,
 Ready waiting in her way ;
 Whether there were mice for racing,
 I have never heard them say.

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

“ LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE
 ANOTHER.”

A LITTLE girl, with a happy look,
 Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
 All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
 And its weight was more than the child could
 hold ;
 Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
 And every day she prized it more ;

For it said,—and she look'd at her smiling
mother,—

It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took ;
She walk'd on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey ;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other.

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play ;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right ;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, 'Little children, love one another.'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought ;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes :
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he press'd a kiss on his sister's cheek ;
And God look'd down on that happy mother,
Whose little children loved each other.

LITTLE THINGS.

'Tis little things that make the sum
Of the hopes and fears of men ;
'Tis little moments speeding on,
Make three score years and ten.
In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetness lies ;
And most of mischief oft is hid
Within the smallest eyes.

An acorn cup is very small,
Yet from it springs the oak ;
The wind-harp breathes the sweetest tone
That ever zephyr woke ;
And most of meaning oft is found
In little words, you know ;
How happy "Yes" will make sometimes—
How miserable, "No."

A single thought will sometimes turn,
The current of our lives ;
For thoughts the springs of actions are ;
Who thinketh right is wise.
A glad smile is a little thing,
Yet, how it charms the heart,
A tear-drop's small, yet speaketh much,
When friends and loved ones part.

The little lark and nightingale
Are small, with tiny wing,
Yet sweeter, clearer, music make,
Than all the birds that sing.

The smallest flower has brightest hues,
And most of fragrance brings ;
Our earth is made of particles,
And oceans come from springs.

AGE AND YOUTH.

“ TELL me, O mother ! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man’s, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillar’d door ?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe ?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim ?
Tell me, O mother ! will I grow like him ?

“ He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest ;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he
play’d ;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale !”

“ Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child !
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled ;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn
gray,
Time cannot steal the soul’s youth away !

There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
 Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek ;
 But in joy they live, fair boy ! like thee—
 It was there the old man long'd to be.

“ Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty home,
 Where Want with his pale train never may come,
 Oh scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
 Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest ;
 For He who hath made them poor, may soon
 Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
 And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild !
 Oh, soften the griefs of the poor, my child ! ”

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown ;
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 “ Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

“ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister and my sister’s child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire
Of womankind but one ;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs Gilpin, “ That’s well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife ;
O’erjoy’d was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay’d,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog,
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were ever folks so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane ;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind ;
When Betty, screaming, came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew ;
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So ! fair and softly ! John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung :
A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, Well done !
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight ! he rides a race,
 'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here 's the house,”
They all at once did cry ;
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired.”
Said Gilpin—“ So am I.”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came, because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road. ”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit :
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John—"It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said—
"I am in haste to dine :
'Twas for your pleasure you came here ;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar ;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell :
" This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels ;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”

Not one of them was mute:
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen, thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

“TOO LATE.”

Too late to rise—too late for school,
Too late to keep by each good rule;
The sluggard soon becomes a fool;
Oh, never be “*too late.*”

Oh, use the precious hours to-day,
To gather knowledge while you may,
For quickly hasteth Time away;
Then never be “*too late.*”

And grateful to your parents be,
 For tenderly they've cared for thee,
 And soon on earth you may them see
 No more—and mourn—"too late."

And to thy suffering brother-man,
 Give aid and comfort while you can,
 Aye like the good Samaritan;
 Ere yet it be "too late."

To all, Death hasteth on apace;
 Then seek thy heavenly Father's face,
 Through life to guide thee by His grace;
 Ere yet it be "too late."

VAIN BOASTING.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
 Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
 Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
 Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
 Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
 So fair, strong, wise—so rich, so young is man.
 So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
 Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
 So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
 He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
 So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
 So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;

So young is man, that (broke with care and
sorrow)

He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.

Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five foot
long?

Thou art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor
rich, nor young.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee :
Creeping snails have weakest force ;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee :
Good is best when soonest wrought ;
Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked :
Works adjourn'd have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
 Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing ;
 After-cures are seldom seen,
 Often sought, scarce ever chancing :
 Time and place give best advice ;
 Out of season, out of price.

CONSCIENCE.

My conscience is my crown ;
 Contented thoughts my rest ;
 My heart is happy in itself ;
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
 A mean, the surest lot ;
 That lies too nigh for base contempt,
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
 All easy to fulfil :
 I make the limits of my power
 The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
 Which is of heavenly reign :
 Effects attain'd, or not desired,
 All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin ;
 Well-doing is my wealth ;
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down :
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown ;

And when in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
No ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE CRICKET AND THE ANT.

A CRICKET who sang gaily
While the days were long,
Found the north wind blowing,
And quickly changed her song.

Thought she felt rheumatic,
Folded up her wing,
And said, "The season's over,
I'll go to sleep till spring."

But feeling very hungry,
Search'd for worm or fly,
Not a scrap for supper
Near her could she spy.

She went to see her neighbour,
The Ant, who lived next door,
And begg'd her, "As a favour,
To help her from her store ;

And when the frost was gone,
She'd pay her without fail,
Upon a cricket's honour,
Interest and principal."

The Ant, who ne'er was guilty
Of willingness to lend,
Replied to this importunate :
"The spring how did you spend ?"

"May't please you, to all comers
I sang the spring-time through."
"You sang !—I'm glad to hear it !
Begin your dancing now."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

TIME.

THE watch is ticking, ticking,
Ticking my minutes away ;
And minutes make up the hours,
And hours make up the day.

The clock is striking, striking,
The hours so loud and clear ;
The hours make up the day,
And the days make up the year.

The bell is tolling, tolling,
 For one whose day is gone ;
 To where time is no longer,
 That weary soul has gone.

And soon 'twill toll for me,
 And then my home will be
 Where the watch ticks no more,
 And the clock strikes no more,
 And there's no more *time* for me.

A GOOD NAME.

“ A GOOD NAME IS RATHER TO BE CHOSEN
 THAN GREAT RICHES.”

CHILDREN, choose it,
 Don't refuse it ;
 'Tis a precious diadem :
 Highly prize it,
 Don't despise it ;
 You will need it when you 're men.

Love and cherish,
 Weep and nourish,
 'Tis more precious far than gold ;
 Watch and guard it,
 Don't discard it ;
 You will want it when you 're old.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former call'd the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so huge as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, look down on me,
Sinful though I be,
Draw my heart to Thee.

Teach me how to pray,
Take my sins away,
Help me to obey.

Make me Thine own child,
 Humble, meek, and mild,
 By no sin defiled.

Lord, be Thou my Friend,
 All my steps attend,
 Keep me to the end.

In Thy faith and fear,
 May I serve Thee here,
 Till Thou shalt appear ;

Then, Lord, saved by grace,
 In yon happy place
 I shall see Thy face ;

Then, from sin quite free,
 Heaven my home shall be,
 There to dwell with Thee.

TRUTH.

ONCE there was a little boy,
 With curly hair and pleasant eye ;
 A boy who always spoke the truth,
 And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
 The children all about would cry,
 "There goes the curly-headed boy,
 The boy who never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
 Because he always told the truth,
 That every day, as he grew up,
 'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth !"

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this :
"Because he never tells a lie."

THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God intrusts to all
Talents few or many ;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given ?

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLK.

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat ;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am ask'd to hand my plate ;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair nor plate about ;
With knife, or fork, or any thing,
I must not play ; nor must I sing ;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard ;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good ;
I must not say, "The bread is old ;"
"The tea is hot ;" "The coffee's cold ;"
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat ;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor, while I'm eating, speak aloud ;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And, when I ask, say "If you please ;"
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil ;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run ;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot :
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? seven in all, ” she said,
And, wondering, look'd at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell. ”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother. ”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet we are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree. ”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five. ”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen, ”
The little maid replied ;
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play’d,
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you then, said I,
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
“ O master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ? ”
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

THE MOUNTAIN LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said, “ Drink, pretty creature,
drink.”

And, looking o’er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at
its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all
alone,
And by a slender cord was tether’d to a stone ;

With one knee on the grass did the little maiden
 kneel,
 While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
 meal.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
 rare !
 I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely
 pair.
 Now with her empty can, the maiden turn'd away ;
 But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she
 stay.

“ What ails thee, young one ? What ? Why pull
 so at thy cord ?
 Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and
 board ?
 Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
 Hist, little young one, rest ; what is 't that aileth
 thee ?

“ What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is want-
 ing to thy heart ?
 Thy limbs, are they not strong ? and beautiful
 thou art :
 This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they
 have no peers ;
 And that green corn all day is rustling in thine
 ears !

“ If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy
 woollen chain,
 This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst
 gain ;

For rain and mountain storms—the like thou
needst not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can
come here.

“ Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot
the day
When my father found thee first in places far
away ;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert
own'd by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

“ He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home ;
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst
thou roam ?
A faithful nurse thou hast, the dam that did thee
yea
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have
been.

“ Thou know'st that thrice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook as clear as ever ran ;
And twice too in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk—warm milk it is
and new.

“ It will not, will not rest ! Poor creature, can
it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart that is working so in
thee ?

Things that I know not of, belike, to thee are dear,
 And dreams of things which thou canst neither
 see nor hear.

“ Alas ! the mountain tops that look so green and
 fair !

I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that
 come there ;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
 When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

“ Here thou needst not dread the raven in the
 sky ;

Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard
 by.

Why bleat so after me ?—Why pull so at thy
 chain ?

Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee
 again !”

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar’s work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him, sporting on the green,
 His little grandchild *Wilhelmine*.

She saw her brother *Peterkin*
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found.

He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And heaved a natural sigh :
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there ’s many here about :
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out :
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill’d each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout,
But what they kill’d each other for
I could not well make out :
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burn’d his cottage to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a tender mother then,
And new-born baby, died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many a thousand bodies there
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.

“ And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“ But what good came of it at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;
“ But ’twas a famous victory.”

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

A GENTLEMAN of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd.

But if the children chanced to die,
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

“ Now, brother,” said the dying man,
 “ Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else have they here.

“ To God and you I recommend
 My children dear this day,
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to stay.

“ You must be father, mother—both,
 And uncle all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.”

With that bespake their mother dear ;
 “ Oh, brother kind,” quoth she,
 “ You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

“ And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard.”

With lips as cold as any stone
 They kiss'd their children small :
 “ God bless you both, my children dear ;”
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake,
To this sick couple there :
“The keeping of your children small,
Sweet sister, do not fear.

“God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.”

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both into his house,
And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them in a wood.

And told his wife and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away they went, these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide ;
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cockhorse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on their way,
To those who should their butchers be,
And work their life's decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murder's heart relent,
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fell to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them on,
While they for bread complain ;
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you some,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two little babes,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God,
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt in hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery.

He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about ;
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 (Such was God's blessed will,)

Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been display'd :
 Their uncle having died in jail,
 Where he for debt was laid.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

It happen'd on a cloudy morn,
 A self-conceited clock, in scorn,
 A dial thus bespoke :
 My learned friend, if in thy power,
 Tell me exactly what's the hour
 I am upon the stroke ?

The modest dial thus replied :
 That point I cannot now decide,
 The sun is in the shade ;
 My information drawn from him,
 I wait till his enlightening beam
 Shall be again display'd.

Wait for him, then, return'd the clock,
I am not that dependent block
 His counsel to implore ;
One winding serves me for a week,
And, hearken how the truth I speak—
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, just four.

While thus the boaster was deriding
And magisterially deciding,
 A sunbeam, clear and strong,
Show'd, on the line, three quarters more,
And that the clock in striking four
 Had told his story wrong.

On this the dial calmly said,
(More prompt t' advise than to upbraid):
 Friend, go be regulated ;
Thou answer'st without hesitation,
But he who trusts thy calculation
 Will frequently be cheated.

Observe my practice, shun pretence
Not confidence, but evidence,
 An answer meet supplies ;
Blush not to say, " I cannot tell :"
Not speaking much but speaking well
 Denotes the truly wise.

" MY FATHER 'S AT THE HELM."

'T WAS when the sea, with awful roar,
 A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear's distracted power
 O'er each on board prevail'd—

Save one—the captain's darling child,
 Who steadfast view'd the storm,
 And cheerful with composure smiled
 At danger's threatening form.

“Why sporting thus,” a seaman cried,
 “While terrors overwhelm?”

“Why yield to fear?” the child replied,
 “My father's at the helm!”

Christian! from him be daily taught
 To check thy groundless fear;
 Think on the wonders He has wrought:
 Jehovah's ever near.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
 Makes our feet and fingers glow.
 February brings the rain,
 Thaws the frozen lake again.
 March brings breezes loud and shrill,
 Stirs the dancing daffodil.
 April brings the primrose sweet,
 Scatters daisies at our feet.
 May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
 Skipping by their fleecy dams.
 June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
 Fills the children's hands with posies.
 Hot July brings cooling showers,
 Apricots and gillieflowers.
 August brings the sheaves of corn,
 Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.
Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.
Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

A GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Eating your meat in gladness and singleness of heart."

EAT thy meat in thankfulness,
Child of modest mind ;
Wishing not for more or less,
Than what thou dost find ;
Is thy portion but a crust ?
Think what poor there be
That would, grovelling in the dust,
Beg that crust of thee !

If thy board with plenty smile,
Make no blessing less,
By lamenting all the while
Thine unworthiness.
Be no loud-tongued hypocrite,
In self-worship dress'd ;
He whose grateful heart beats light,
Praises God the best.

If thy table mean supply
 Just what hunger needs,
 Never ask with envious eye
 How thy neighbour feeds.
 With an honest mind fulfil
 Thine own humble part,
 Eat thy meat in gladness still
 And singleness of heart.

A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather proof ;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry.
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who hither come, and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall,
 And kitchen small ;
 A little buttery, and therein,
 A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent :
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth ;
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
 Me, for this end :
That I should render for my part,
 A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly thine :
But the acceptance—that must be,
 O Lord, by Thee.

THE POLAR STAR.

THERE shines on high a lonely star,
 To guide the sailor o'er the deep ;
 To lead him home when yet afar,
 And cheer his heart while others sleep.

It is the bright, the Polar Star,
 The faithful beacon of the sky ;
 That speaks of peace when tempests war,
 And swelling billows mount on high.

But yet there is one brighter far,
 That ever beams with holy light ;
 And Virtue is that Polar Star,
 To keep our wandering footsteps right.

Then while life's mazy path we tread,
 We'll fear no ill, no boding gloom ;
 Secure and blest, by Virtue led,
 We'll look with hope beyond the tomb.

 RESOLUTIONS.

BUSY I must be and do
 What is right and useful too ;
 I must learn to read and look
 Often in God's holy book.

What my parents, fond and kind,
 Bid me I will gladly mind :
 Oh ! that never once again
 I might cause them grief or pain !

Never wrong should I have done
If my naughty heart were gone ;
But to God I still will pray—
Please to take that heart away.

He from sin can make me free,
For the Saviour died for me :
Oh ! how happy life to spend
With the Saviour for thy friend !

PETER AND THE POKER.

Poor Peter was burnt by the poker one day,
When he made it look pretty and red ;
The beautiful sparks made him think it fine play
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happen'd his finger and thumb
Were dreadfully scorch'd with the heat ;
So he scream'd out aloud for his mother to come,
And stamp'd on the floor with his feet.

Now, if Peter had minded his mother's command,
His fingers would not have been sore ;
So he promised again, as she bound up his hand,
To play with hot pokers no more.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

“COME, little flock, 'tis time to leave the mountain ;
Shadows are long, and the sun is sinking fast ;
Soon will the moon be sparkling in yon fountain :
Come, little flock, for the day is past.”

Thus down the vale the shepherd boy is singing,
 While to the fold he leads his snowy sheep ;
 Homeward the rooks their weary flight are wing-
 ing—

All nature's children prepare to sleep.

Poor shepherd boy ! the moss must be his pillow,
 Verdure his couch, no bed of down has he ;
 Nightly he lies beneath the spreading willow,
 Lull'd by the brook and the rustling trees.

Poor shepherd boy ! the stars that shine above
 him

Speak to his soul of beauty and of power ;
 Glad he adores the Father that doth love him,
 Sending His care through the midnight hour.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

So our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

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

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entreated his aid :
“ Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I ’m afraid.”

“ Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,”
Said the cripple ; “ perhaps I may know it ;
In my road it may be,
And if you ’ll carry *me*,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

“ Great strength you have got,
 Which, alas ! I have not,
 In my legs so fatigued every nerve is ;
 For the use of your back,
 For the eyes which you lack,
 My pair shall be much at your service.”

Said the other poor man :
 “ What an excellent plan !
 Pray get on my shoulders, good brother ;
 I see all mankind,
 If they are but inclined,
 May constantly help one another.”

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

SIR RALPH CORBEAU was perch'd on a tree,
 With some cheese in his beak, for a thief was he ;
 Sir Reynard, the Fox, who lived in the dell,
 Was attracted from home by the savoury smell.
 “ Oh ! how do you do, my dear Corbeau ?
 How well you are looking ! you 've grown quite a
 beau.

In truth, if your voice can but equal your wing,
 The phoenix of birds in this wood you may sing.”
 Sir Ralph—whose delight at these words can we
 doubt ?—

Now open'd his beak, and the morsel dropp'd
 out.

The Fox snapp'd it up, and exclaim'd : “ My
 dear friend, [end ;
 The tongue that can flatter has more than *one*

No flatterers could flourish unless there were
fools ;
By the loss of your cheese you 'll remember these
rules."
Ralph's folly now caused him such bitter repent-
ance,
That he vow'd, though too late, to cut all such
acquaintance.

TAKE IT EASY.

A ROBIN REDBREAST had a snug little nest
In a thicket, so close and so warm ;
And he wonder'd, no doubt, as he slyly look'd
out,
And beheld the wild tricks of the storm ;
But he never was sad, though the weather was
bad—
He was happy as happy could be.
Still he sang when it blow'd, and he laugh'd
when it snow'd,
What a blythe little robin was he !

“ Oh, life is made of ups and downs,
Of tranquil days and breezy, O !
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
It's best to take it easy, O !
' Always take it easy, O !—always take it
easy, O !'
Twas Robin's song the whole day long—
' It's best to take it easy, O !' ”

At night he had dreams of the pretty sunbeams,
 As his head nestled under his wing—
 Pleasant dreams of the flowers and the bright
 sunny hours

That were sure to come back with the spring.
 Then he sat every morn on the big wither'd thorn—

The ancient whitethorn that grew near him—
 And he pour'd such a lay, that I stopp'd on my
 way

Many a morning on purpose to hear him.

“ Oh, life is made of ups and downs,
 Of tranquil days and breezy, O !
 But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
 It's best to take it easy, O !
 Always take it easy, O !—always take it
 easy, O !

Blow foul or fair, a fig for care—
 It's best to take it easy, O ! ”

Now, I think, on my word, that the dear little
 bird

Was wiser than people much older ;
 For as sure as I'm here, when the weather's severe,
 If we fret, 'twill seem colder and colder.
 Then, whatever winds blow, let us sing as we go,
 And laugh at grim Care when we meet him.
 He's a surly old boor—not so bad, to be sure,
 If with ready good humour we meet him.

“ Oh, life is made of ups and downs,
 Of tranquil days and breezy, O !
 But whether fortune smiles or frowns,
 It's best to take it easy, O !

Always take it easy, O!—always take it
easy, O!

Come rain or snow, come weal or woe,
It's best to take it easy, O!"

THE DOG.

THE dog will stand and watch the sheep,
Or guard the house while men do sleep ;
And so should we both watch and pray
That God would keep us night and day.

The dog will draw a load with care,
And guide the blind man here or there ;
And so should we be always kind
To all the poor, or lame, or blind.

The dog will run, when he is told
To fetch the stick, or ball, if bowled ;
And so should we, as God doth say,
Our parents love, and them obey.

The dog will growl, and bark, and bite ;
And cruel people make them fight
But we should never angry be,
Nor scratch, nor fight, nor disagree.

The dog will sit, and beg for bread,
And be most glad when he is fed ;
But we should all for wisdom pray
As well as bread, from day to day.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus dwelt here among men,
 How He call'd little children as lambs to His
 fold,
 I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been put on my head,
 And that I had been placed on His knee,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when
 He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love ;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall hear Him and see Him above,

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
 For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gath'ring there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and
 fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home ; [all,
 I should like them to know there is room for them
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessed and glorious time—
 The fairest, the brightest, the best—
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be bless'd.

THE WORK-BAG.

To Jane her aunt a work-bag gave,
Of silk, with flowers so gay,
That she a place might always have
To put her work away.

And then 'twas furnish'd quite complete
With cotton, silk, and thread,
And needles in a case so neat,
Of all the sizes made.

A little silver thimble, too,
Was there among the rest ;
And a large waxen doll, quite new,
That waited to be dress'd.

But Jane was very fond of play,
And loved to toss her ball ;
And I am quite ashamed to say,
She scarcely work'd at all.

But if at any time she did,
'Twas but a stitch or two ;
And though she often had been bid,
But little more would do.

The pretty little bag, indeed,
Was hung upon her chair ;
But cotton, needles, silk, and thread,
Were scatter'd here and there.

Her aunt, by chance, came in that day,
And ask'd if doll was dress'd ;
Miss Jane had been engaged in play,
And careless of the rest.

The silk, to make her little dress,
Was on the table laid,
And, with an equal carelessness,
The cap had also stray'd.

With gauze and lace the floor was strew'd,
All in disorder lay,
When, bounding in with gesture rude,
Came Jane, return'd from play.

She little thought her aunt to find,
And blushed to see her there ;
It brought her carelessness to mind,
And what her doll should wear.

“ Well, Jane, and where's your doll, my dear ?
I hope you've dress'd her now ;
But there is such a litter here,
You best know when and how.”

So spoke her aunt, and, looking round,
The empty bag she spied ;
Poor Jane, who no excuse had found,
Now hid her face and cried.

“ Since,” said her aunt, “ no work you do,
But waste your time in play ;
The work-bag, of no use to you,
I now shall take away.”

But now, with self-conviction, Jane
Her idleness confess'd,
And, ere her aunt could come again,
Her doll was neatly dress'd.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

DID I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day ?
And did I read His sacred Word,
To make my life therewith accord ?
Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth, and tell a lie ?
Did I my time and thoughts engage
As fits my duty, station, age ?
Did I with care my temper guide,
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride ?
Did I my lips from aught refrain
That might my fellow-creature pain ?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills that all must share ?
For all God's mercies through this day
Did I my grateful tribute pay ?
And did I, when the day was o'er,
God's watchful aid again implore ?

LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

COME hither, little Christian,
And harken unto me !
I'll teach Thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven,
And softly say, " I thank Thee, Lord,
For the sleep which Thou hast given."

He must say when he ariseth,
“ From evil and from harm
Defend Thy little child, O Lord,
With Thine everlasting arm.”

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed ;
With closed eyes and humble voice
His holy prayers are said :

And as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
He looketh down, and smileth on
This little child in love.

He goeth from his chamber
To his work or to his play ;
But the prayers that he hath pray'd
He must keep in mind all day.

He hath ask'd to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully ;
With a glad mind and will.

If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath ask'd to be made holy,
So he must strive all day
To yield his will to others' will,
His way to others' way.

No greedy thoughts dishonour
The Christian child at meals ;
He eateth what God gives him,
And ever thankful feels.

When no human eye could see him,
He knoweth God is nigh ;
And that darkness cannot cover him
From His all-seeing eye.

Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep ;
God and His angel hosts
Will watch around him keep.

God bless thee, little Christian ;
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent—
A truly Christian child.

God bless thee, little Christian !
And bid thou God bless me !
I've taught thee what the daily **life**
Of a Christian child should be.

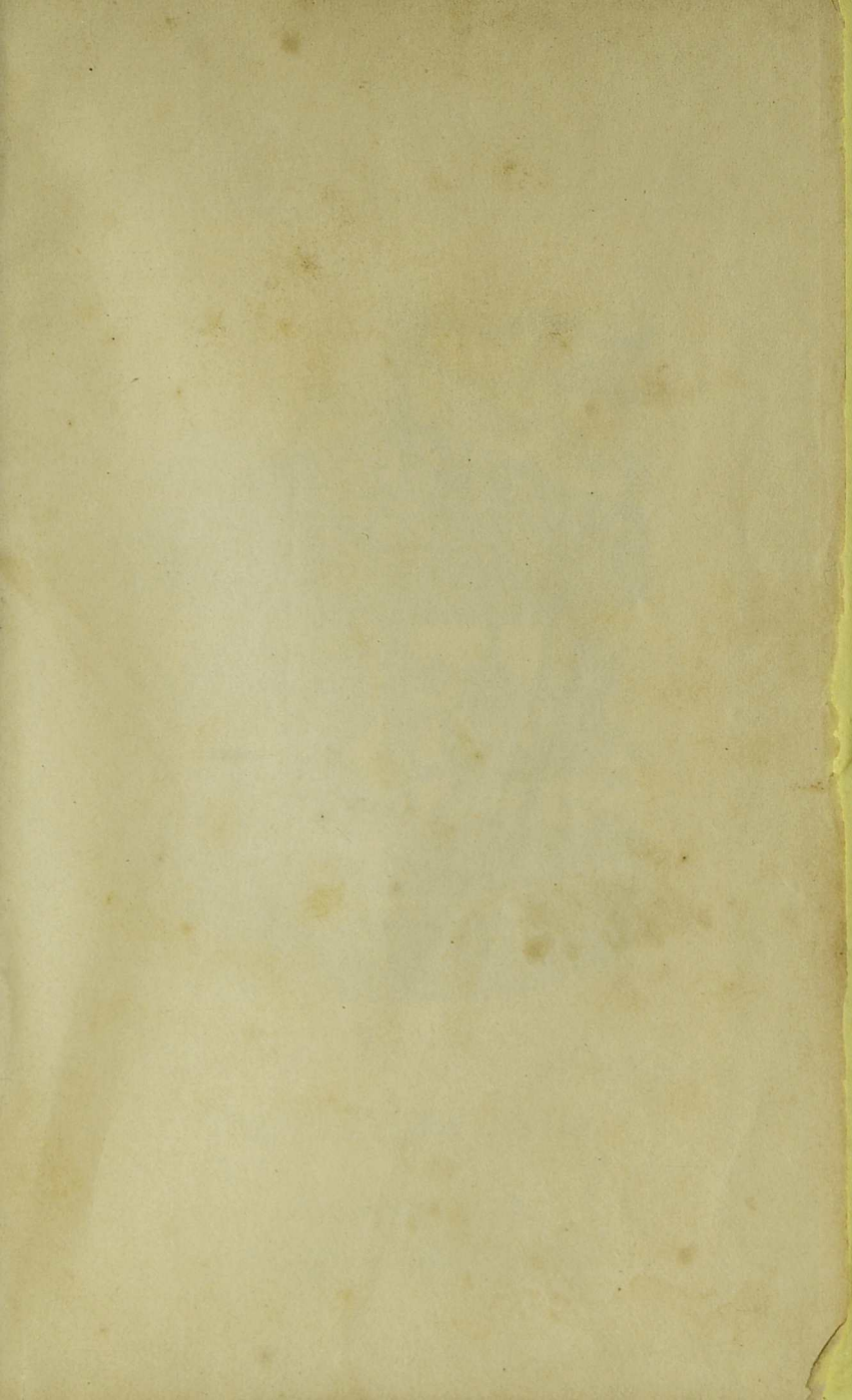
EVENING HYMN.

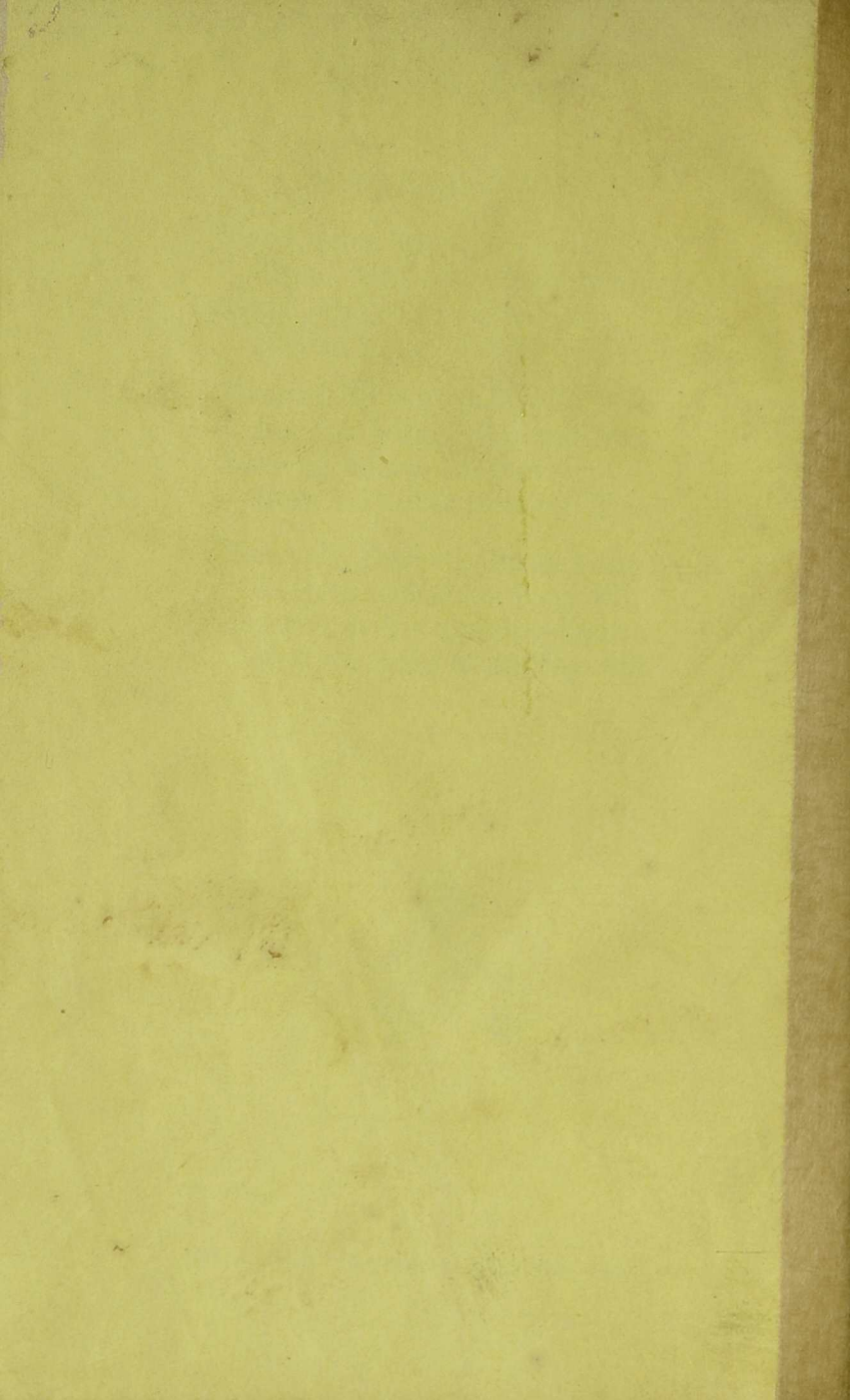
THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father! fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full and free,
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on Thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do Thy will.

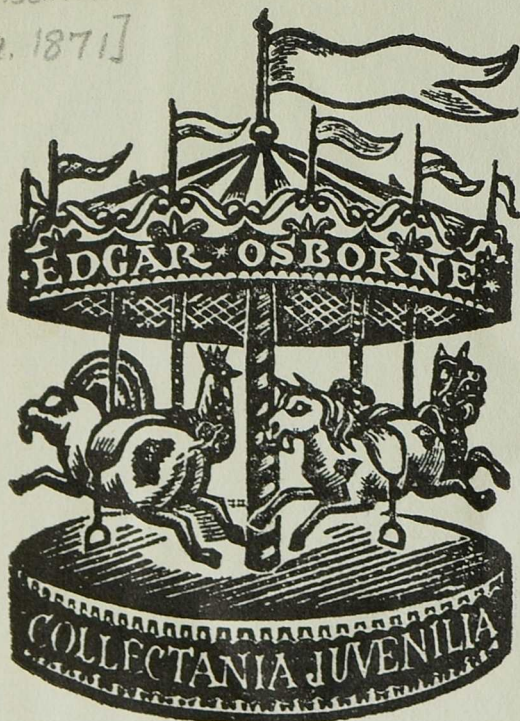






(P)
REASON...

[ca. 1871]



37131 048 636 542

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Presented to the
Osborne Collection by*

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

