

SONGS & POEMS
FOR
CHILDREN



*With Sixty
Illustrations.*

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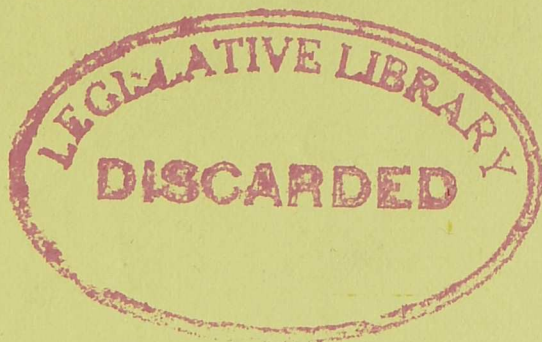
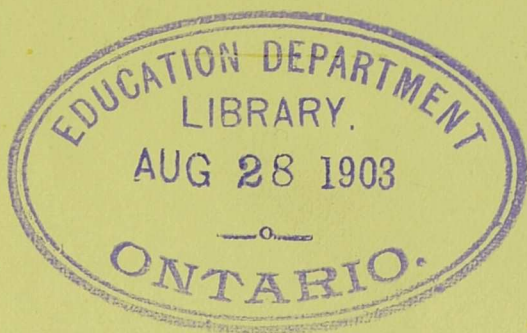
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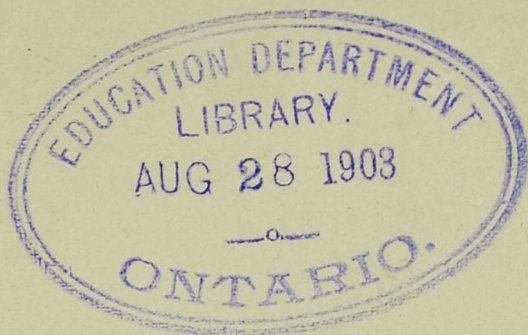
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—o—

ONTARIO.



Come, Children, and I'll sing to you
Of bright and sad in many a ditty,
Of great deeds done on land and sea,
And wondrous things in dale and city

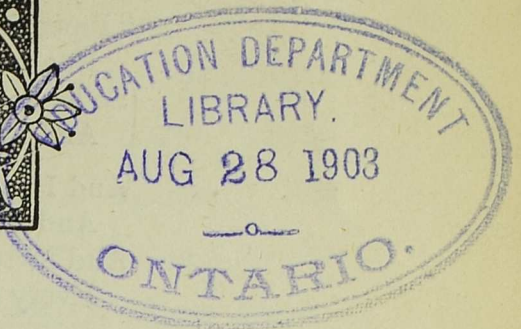
SONGS AND POEMS
FOR
CHILDREN.

EDITED BY
CARRIE DAVENPORT.

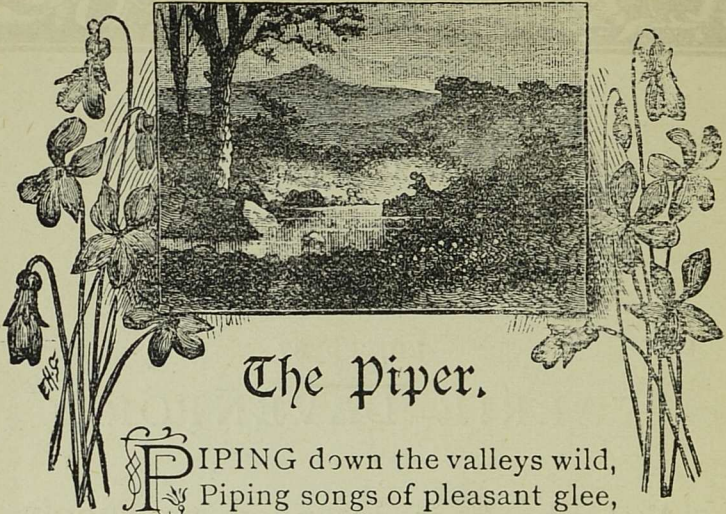
WITH SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

*T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., T. Webster, R.A.,
J. Frederick Tayler, Miss Humphrey, F. S. Merrill, E. H. Garrett,
A. R. Waud, W. L. Sheppard, Thurston, and others.*



LONDON:
JOHN HOGG, 13, PATERNOSTER ROW.



The Piper.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me:—

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
 So I piped with merry cheer;
 “Piper, pipe that song again,”
 So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer,”
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write,
 In a book, that all may read.”—
 So he vanished from my sight.
 And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs,
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



P R E F A C E .

AUG 28 1903

—
ONTARIO.



THIS little book is intended to supply the needs of all children; not only those of tender years, but those who are capable of appreciating something better than mere baby rhymes. To this end, pieces in various degrees of simplicity and seriousness are admitted; so that the collection may have interest for all youthful members of a family.

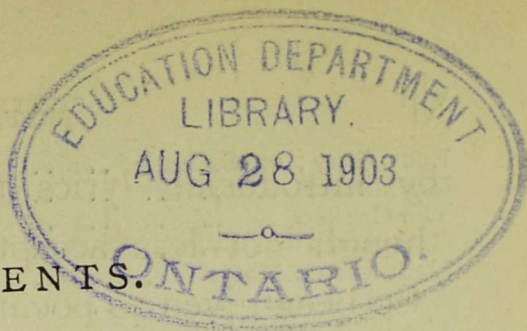
It has been thought advisable to include in the collection many poems and verses which have traditional value and attraction: for parents naturally like their little ones to be acquainted with the pieces which they themselves learned when young. At the same time, care has been taken to give variety to the book

by introducing lyrics less familiarly known, though not less acceptable. Preference has also been given to poems which offered opportunities for effective illustration.

Some of the pieces in the collection are copyright, and for permission to reproduce these I have to thank Lord Houghton (for his father's verses), Mr. William Allingham, Mr. Austin Dobson, Miss Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Clara Swain Dickens (for the lines by Charles Swain), Mr. Matthias Barr, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (for Charles Kingsley's "Farewell"), and Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. (for Miss Havergal's "Children's Triumph").

CARRIE DAVENPORT.



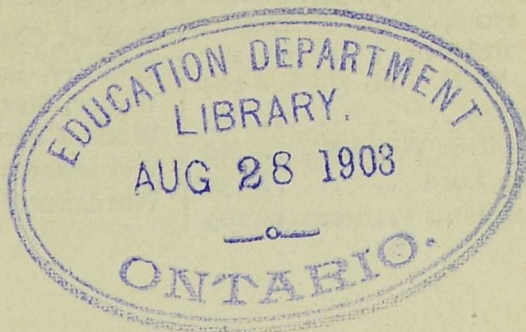


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THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON

HEARKEN, child, unto a
story!
For the moon is in the sky,

And across her shield of silver
See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass:
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole! and lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.

SEE the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall—
 Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
 From the lofty elder-tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning, bright and fair,
 Eddying round and round they sink
 Softly, lowly: one might think,
 From the motions that are made,
 Every little leaf conveyed
 Sylph or fairy hither tending—
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute,
 In his wavering parachute.
 —But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow,
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop and there are none.
 What intenseness of desire
 In her up-turned eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap, half-way,

Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again :
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror ;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?
 Far too happy to be proud ;
 Over-wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure !

WORDSWORTH.

Little Lamb.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead ?
 Gave thee clothing of delight,—
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright ?
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice ?
 Little lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?

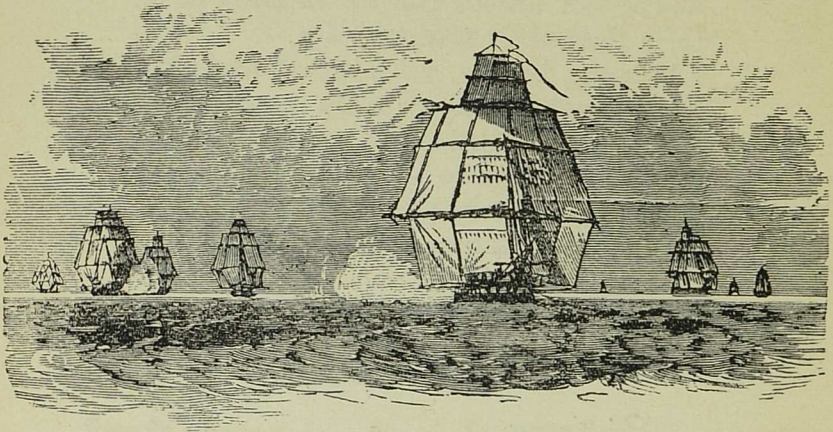
Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee :
 He is callèd by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a lamb.
 He is meek, and He is mild ;
 He became a little child :
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are callèd by his name.

Little lamb, God bless thee !
 Little lamb, God bless thee !

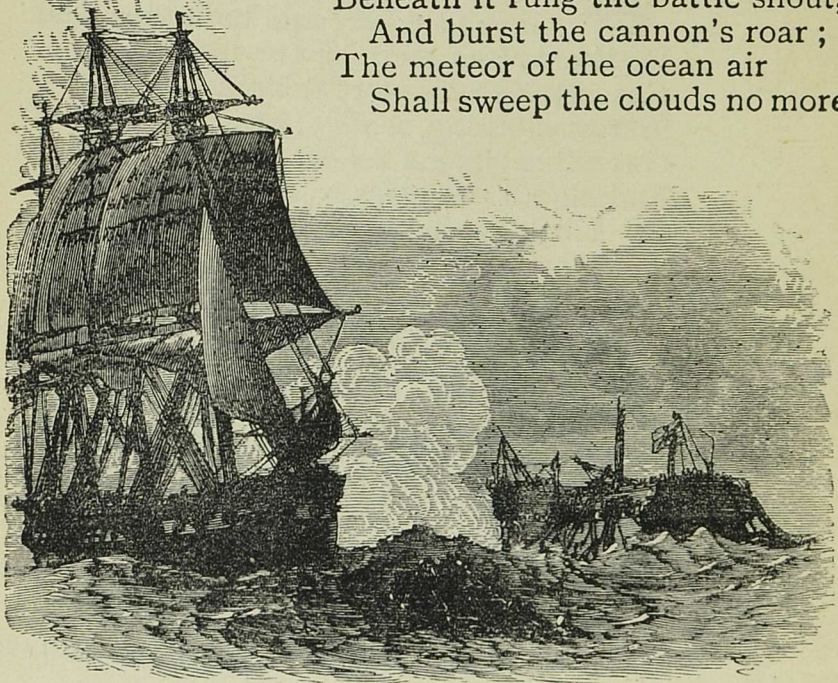
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Old Ironsides.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;



Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more



Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John
 Went o'er yon bank of broom,
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,

“We have shot for many a pound;

“But I am not able to shoot one shot more,—
 My arrows will not flee;

But I have a cousin lives down below,
 Please God, she will bleed me.”

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
 As fast as he can win;
 But before he came there, as we do hear,
 He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to Kirkley Hall,
 He knocked all at the ring,
 But none was so ready as his cousin herself
 For to let bold Robin in.

“Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,” she said,
 “And drink some beer with me?”—

B

“No, I will neither eat nor drink
Till I am blooded by thee.”

“Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,” she said,
“Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.”

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room ;
There did he bleed all the livelong day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone :
He was so weak he could not leap,
And he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee ;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
“I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearilee.”

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can flee ;
But when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two or three ;

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee :
“A boon, a boon,” cries Little John,
“Master, I beg of thee.”



“What is that boon,” quoth Robin Hood,
 “Little John, thou begs of me?”—
 “It is, to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
 And all their nunnerie.”

“Now nay, now nay,” quoth Robin Hood,
 “That boon I’ll not grant thee ;
 I never hurt woman in all my life,
 Nor man in woman’s companie.

“I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at my end shall it be.
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I’ll let flee,

“And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be.
 Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet.

“And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet ;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

“Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head,
 That they may say when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.”

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please ;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkléys.

OLD BALLAD.

The Spring Morning.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower ;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls quite a shower.



By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as they please ;
And by all those rings on the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the Spring ;

For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks (wise little insect!) work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring has begun;
For the Spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The Disputed Case.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

'In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,' he said, 'will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.'

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
'Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

'Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again),
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

‘On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
 He pleaded again on behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one ‘if’ or ‘but,’
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.



The Village Blacksmith.

U
NDER 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,

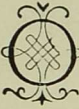
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned 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 !

LONGFELLOW.

Hohenlinden.

N Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

The Butterfly's Ball.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste,
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's
feast;

The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages has stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.

There first came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, in his plumage of down,
And the Hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his companion did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother, the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his
shell,

Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
 The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;
 And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
 Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree.

Then out came a Spider, with fingers so fine,
 To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
 From one branch to another his cobweb he slung,
 Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !
 From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;
 Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons out-
 spread,
 Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring ;
 Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;
 He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
 Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With steps quite majestic the snail did advance,
 And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
 But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
 And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
 Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his
 light ;
 Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,
 For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

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 gilliflowers.
 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.

SARA COLERIDGE.

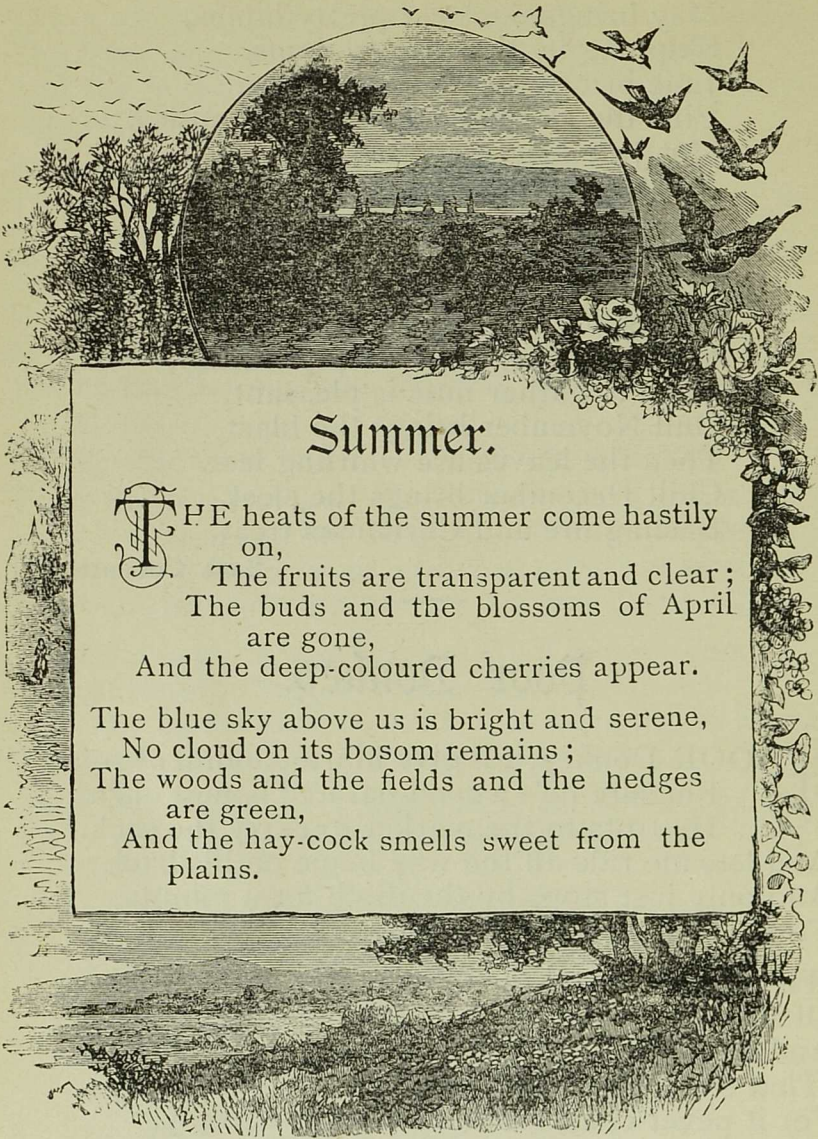
Poor Donkey.

POOOR Donkey, I'll give him a handful of grass,
 I'm sure he's a good-natured honest old ass :
 He trots to the market to carry the sack,
 And lets me ride all the way home on his back ;
 And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,
 To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now and then, he has got a bad trick
 Of standing stock still, though he never will kick ;
 And then, poor old fellow, you know, he can't tell
 (That standing stock still is not using me well) ;
 For it never comes into his head, I daresay,
 To do his work first and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good Donkey, I'll give you some grass,
 For *you* know no better, because you're an ass :
 But what little donkeys some children must look,
 Who stand, very like you, stock still at their book !
 And waste every moment of time as it passes,
 A great deal more stupid and silly than asses.

TAYLOR



Summer.

THE heats of the summer come hastily
 on,
 The fruits are transparent and clear;
 The buds and the blossoms of April
 are gone,
 And the deep-coloured cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
 No cloud on its bosom remains;
 The woods and the fields and the hedges
 are green,
 And the hay-cock smells sweet from the
 plains.

Down far in the valley where bubbles the spring,
 Which soft thro' the meadow-land glides,
 The lads from the mountain the heavy sheep bring,
 And shear the warm coat from their sides.

Ah! let me lie down in some shady retreat,
 Beside the meandering stream,
 For the sun darts abroad an unbearable heat,
 And burns with his overhead beam.

There all the day idle my limbs I'll extend,
 Fann'd soft to delicious repose ;
 While round me a thousand sweet odours ascend,
 From ev'ry gay wood-flow'r that blows.

But hark! from the lowlands what sounds do I hear,
 The voices of pleasure so gay ;
 The merry young haymakers cheerfully bear
 The heat of the hot summer's day.



While some with bright scythe, singing shrill to the
 stone,
 The tall grass and butter-weeds mow,
 Some spread it with rakes, and by others 'tis thrown
 Into sweet-smelling cocks in a row.

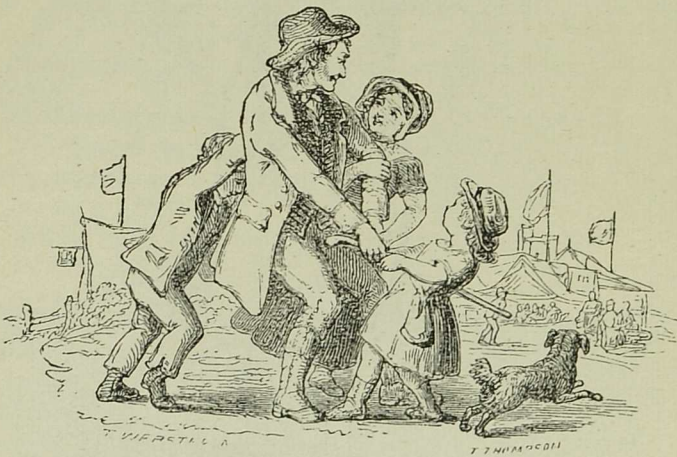
Then since joy and glee with activity join,
 This moment to labour I'll rise ;

While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the wickedest kind ;
An instant of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

Not diamonds that brilliantly beam in the mine.
For one moment's time should be giv'n ;
For gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for heav'n.

ANN TAYLOR



The Children's Hour.

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

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet.

The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Llewellyn and his Dog.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheer'ly smiled the morn;
 And many a dog, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer;
 "Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race?
 So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase."

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise;
 Unused such looks to meet,
 His fav'rite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
 (And on went Gelert too),
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found
 The blood-stained cover rent;

And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child’s devoured ! ”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert’s side.



His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert’s dying yell
Passed heavy o’er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert’s dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;

What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

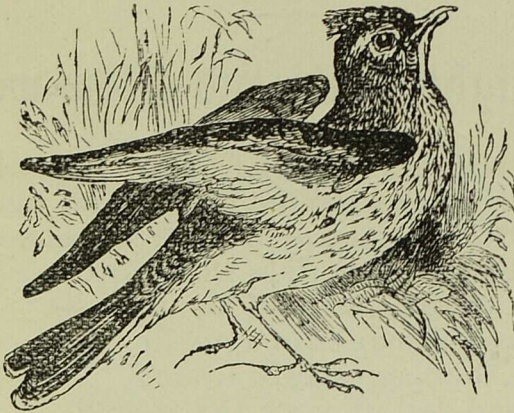
W. SPENCER.

Abou-Ben-Adhem.

ABOU-BEN-ADHEM—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily's bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold ;
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerily still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 He came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest ;
 And, lo ! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT.



The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless ;
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud ;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

The Nightingale and Glow-worm.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel,—as well he might,—
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied, far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, quite eloquent—
 “Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
 “As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For 'twas the self-same power divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;

That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Released him as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

COWPER.

MORAL.

From this short fable, youth may learn
 Their real interest to discern ;
 That brother should not strive with brother,
 And worry and oppress each other ;
 But, joined in unity and peace,
 Their mutual happiness increase :
 Well pleased another's faults to hide,
 And in his virtues feel a pride.

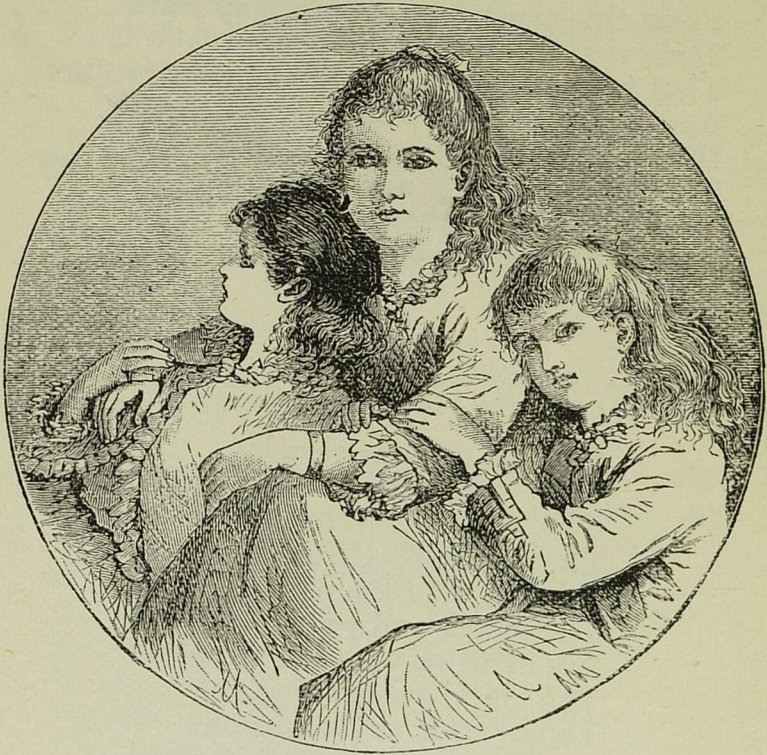
 March.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun ;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest ;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising ;
 There are forty feeding like one !
 Like an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill ;
 The ploughboy is whooping—anon--anon !
 There's joy on the mountains ;
 There's life in the fountains ;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing ;
 The rain is over and gone !

WORDSWORTH.

The Three Friends,

THREE young girls in friendship met,—
 Mary, Martha, Margaret.
 Margaret was tall and fair,
 Martha shorter by a hair ;



If the first excelled in feature,
 The other's grace and ease were greater ;
 Mary, though to rival loth,
 In their best gifts equalled both.
 They a due proportion kept ;
 Martha mourned if Margaret wept ;
 Margaret joyed when any good
 She of Martha understood ;
 And in sympathy for either
 Mary was outdone by neither.

Thus far, for a happy space,
 All three ran an even race,
 A most constant friendship proving,
 Equally beloved and loving ;
 All their wishes, joys, the same ;
 Sisters only not in name.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

IT was the schooner Hesperus
 That sailed the wintry sea,
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

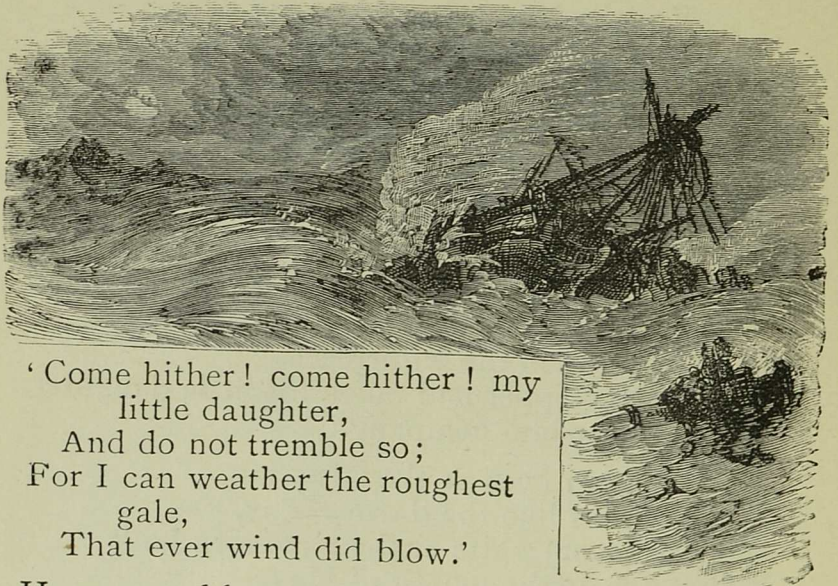
Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,
 'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !'
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the north-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.



'Come hither! come hither! my
little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest
gale,
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seamen's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?'

''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!
And he steered for the open sea.

'O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say what may it be?'

'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

'O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?'

But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he!

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the falling snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Two Little Birdies.

TWO little birdies
 Sat on a tree,
 Two little heads
 You plainly could see.

Two little birdies
 Taking a rest,
 Two little busy heads
 Planning a nest.

Naughty pussy cat
 Looked from below,
 Said, "Here's a chance for me,"
 Stealing tiptoe.

Just at that moment
 A bee came by,
 And whispered to the birdies,
 "Fly, fly, fly!"

Sly, sly pussy cat,
 "You've got a cheat;
 You have not got birdies' wings,
 Though you've got soft feet.

The Chimney Sweeper.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry, "Weep! weep! weep! weep!"
 So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
 "Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
 As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!

That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.



Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm :
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land wind failed.

Alas ! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”
He said, “ by water as by land ! ”

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

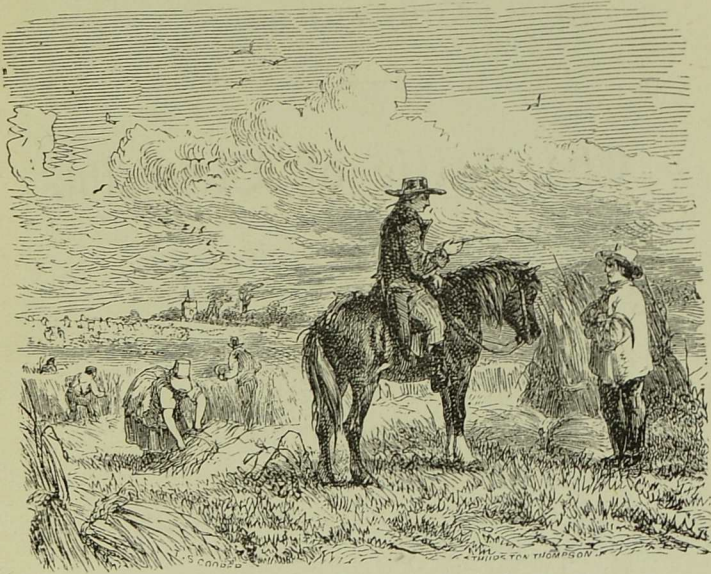
The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock :
Heavily the ground swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish main
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
 They drift through dark and day ;
 And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
 Sinking, vanish all away.

LONGFELLOW.



Harvest Time.

THE fields are full of opening grain,
 Shading from gold to brown ;
 And hazel nuts in yonder copse
 Hang their rich clusters down.

All day among the wheat and oats
 The peasant reaps till night,
 And he will be at work again
 As soon as it is light.

Out in the fresh and happy morn,
 Out in the shining dew,
 The women and the little ones
 Are in the corn-field too.

Oh ! joyous is the harvest-time ;
 The corn in golden sheaves ;

The apples rosy on the grass;
The many-tinted leaves.

Upon this pleasant Autumn day
When softest south-winds blow,
To help to get the harvest in
Right merrily we'll go.

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 sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

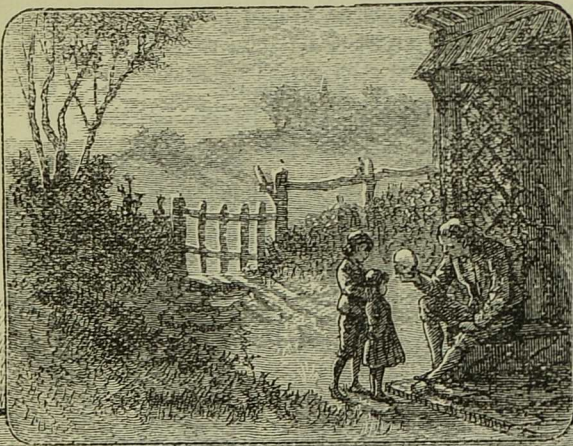
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
She ran to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in my 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 fought each other for ?



‘ It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,
 ‘ Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they fought 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,
 Von little stream hard by ;

They burned his dwelling 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 wretched 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 thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun!—
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough 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.’

SOUTHEY.

What the Winds bring.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?
 The North Wind, Freddy, and all the
 snow.

And the sheep will scamper into the fold
 When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?
 The South Wind, Katy, and corn will grow.
 And peaches redden for you to eat,
 When the South begins to blow.

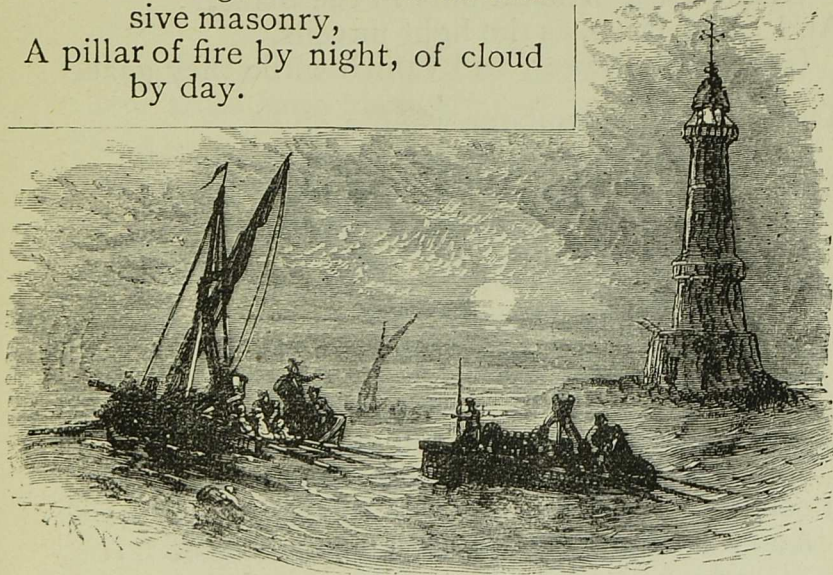
Which is the wind that brings the rain ?
 The East Wind, Arty, and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane
 When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?
 The West Wind, Bessie, and soft and low
 The birdies sing in the summer hours
 When the West begins to blow.

E. C. STEDMAN.

The Lighthouse.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
 And on its outer point, some miles away,
 The Lighthouse lifts its mas-
 sive masonry,
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud
 by day.



Even at this distance I can see the tides,
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright
 Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
 With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers, when a child,
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
 And when, returning from adventures wild,
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immoveable, the same
 Year after year, through all the silent night,
 Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
 Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The seabird wheeling round it, with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on ye stately ships!
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!'

LONGFELLOW

The Dog at his Master's Grave.

"**H**E *will not come,*" said the gentle child,
 And she patted the poor dog's head,
 And she pleasantly called him and fondly
 smiled,
 But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,
 Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest.
 He guarded it night and day,
 The love that glowed in his grateful breast.
 For the friend who had fed, controlled, carest,
 Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
 Beneath some hasting tread,
 He started up with a quivering ear,
 For he thought 'twas the step of his master dear.
 Returning from the dead.

But sometimes when a storm drew nigh,
 And the clouds were dark and fleet,

He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
 As if he would force his way, or die,
 To his much-loved master's feet.

So there through the summer's heat he lay
 Till autumn nights grew bleak,
 Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay
 And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
 A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
 Their offerings of meat and bread,
 And to coax him away to their homes they sought,
 But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
 Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came with an angry sway,
 And the snow lay deep and sore,
 Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
 Till close where the broken tomb-stone lay,
 He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
 And Death was by his side,
 With one loud cry that shook the plain,
 He called for his master ;—but called in vain,
 Then stretched himself, and died.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

Good Night and Good Morning.

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

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
 Crying " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed ;
 She¹ said, as she watched their curious flight,
 " Little black things ! Good night ! Good night ! "

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed ;
 The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the road ;

All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
 " Good little girl ! Good night ! Good night !
 She did not say to the sun " Good night ! "
 Though she saw him there like a ball of light ;
 For she knew that he had God's time to keep
 All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head ;
 The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
 And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it was day ;
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,
 " Good morning ! Good morning ! our work is begun ! "

LORD HOUGHTON.

The Death of Nelson.

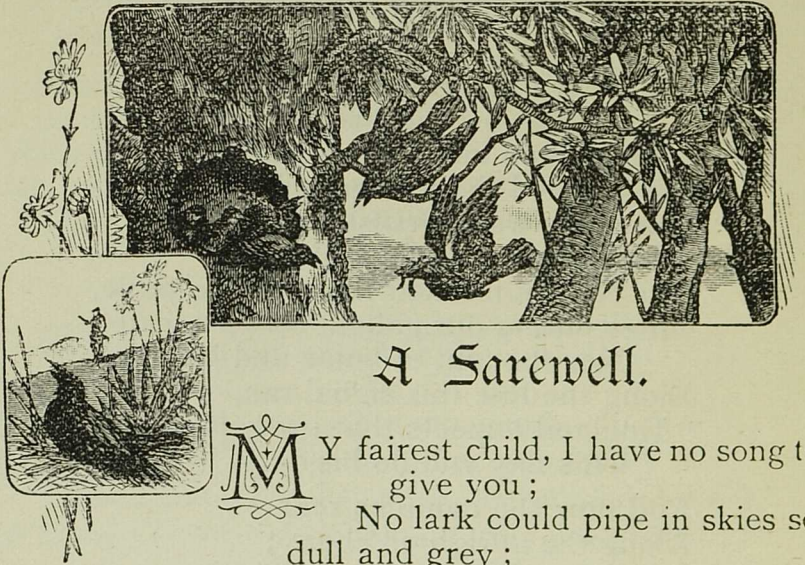
'T WAS in Trafalgar's bay
 We saw the Frenchmen lay ;
 Each heart was bounding then.
 We scorned the foreign yoke,
 Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home and beauty.
 Along the line this signal ran,--
 " England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore ;
 Brave Nelson led the way :
 His ship the Victory named ;
 Long be that victory famed !
 For victory crowned the day.
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty.

He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,—
 “ England shall find that every man
 This day will do his duty ! ”

At last the fatal wound
 Which shed dismay around,
 The hero's breast received.
 “ Heaven fights on our side ;
 The day's our own ! ” he cried ;
 “ Now long enough I've lived.
 In honour's cause my life was passed,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty ! ”
 Thus ending life as he began ;
 England confessed that every man
 That day had done his duty.

S. J. ARNOLD.



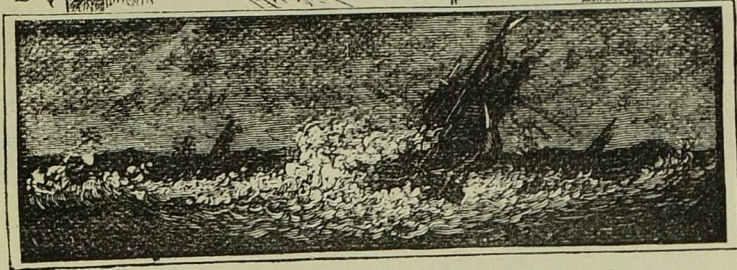
A Farewell.

MY fairest child, I have no song to
 give you ;
 No lark could pipe in skies so
 dull and grey ;
 Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
 For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
 Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down ;
 To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
 Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
 Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
 And so make Life and Death, and that For Ever,
 One grand sweet song.

REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.



The Angels' Whisper.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisher-
 man's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."
 Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in her face while she bended her knee,
 "Oh! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep
 adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.
 "And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy
 sleeping,
 Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;
 And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;
 And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with
 thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.



Sather William.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man
 cried ;

"The few locks that are left you are gray ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast ;
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And pleasures with youth pass away ;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

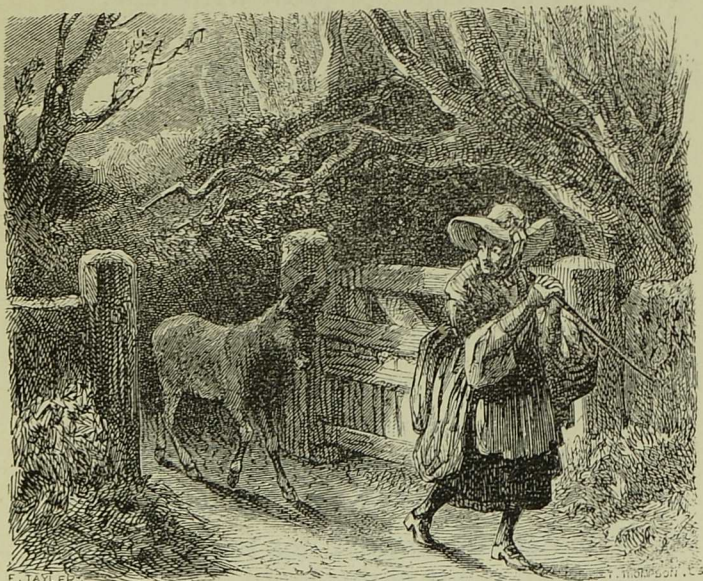
"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth could not last ;

I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.



The Sakenham Ghost.

A TRUE TALE—A.D. 1790.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park ;
(Here truth inspires my tale ;)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But follow'd faster still ;
 And echo'd to the darksome copse
 That whispered on the hill,

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;
 And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
 And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
 That sought the shades by day
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt !—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain !
 But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame :
 For, where the path was bare,
 The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
 She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
 She tried what sight could do ;
 When, through the cheating glooms of night,
 A MONSTER stood in view !

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It followed down the plain !
 She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
 And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
 The white park-gate in view ;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That GHOST and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack ;
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised ;
Out came her daughter dear ;—
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

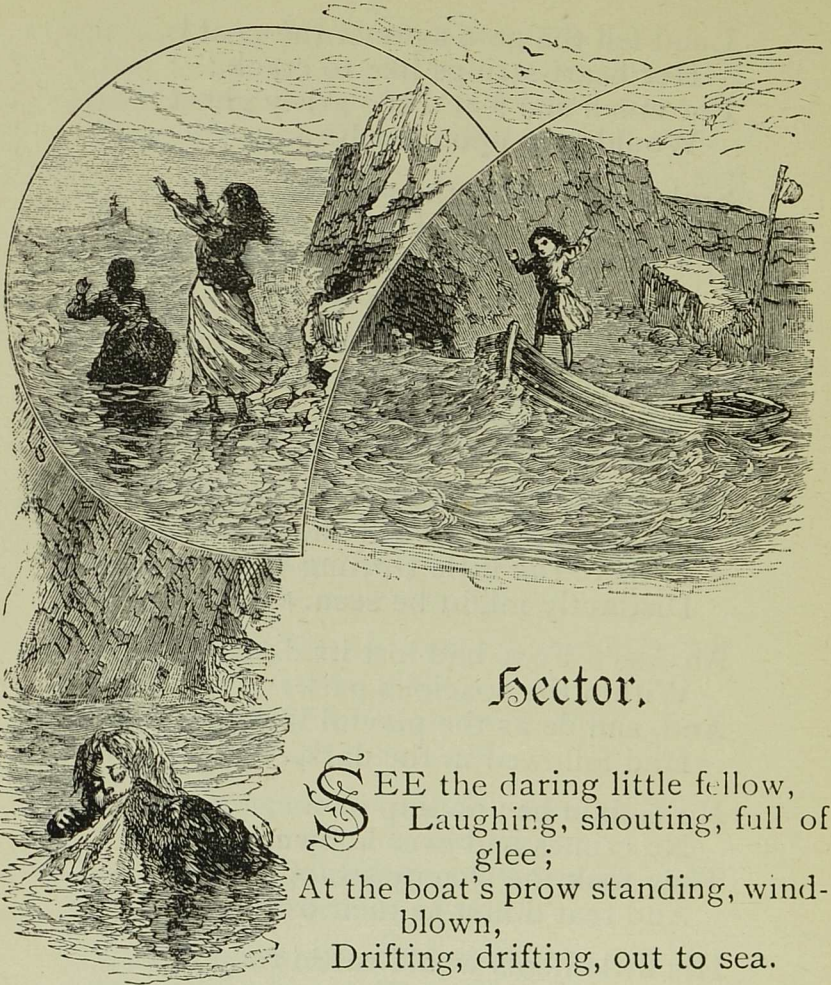
An Ass's FOAL had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No Goblin he ; no imp of sin ;
No crimes had ever known ;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor :
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became ;
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the Vale,
And some conviction too :—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.



Hector.

SEE the daring little fellow,
 Laughing, shouting, full of
 glee;
 At the boat's prow standing, wind-
 blown,
 Drifting, drifting, out to sea.

Little reck's he of his danger,
 Heeding not the far-off shore;
 Up and down the tiny boat rocks,
 Dancing, dancing, more and more.

Oh, so strong the cruel wind is—
 He a baby, helpless, frail;
 High and higher leap the billows,
 Stronger, fiercer, blows the gale.

Another moment—sudden, ruthless,
 Sweeps a great blast o'er the prow;
 See the white waves, glancing, gleaming,
 O'er their sweet prize bend and bow.

Yonder stand his mother, sister,
 Weeping tears of wild despair—
 “Oh God, save him, save our darling,
 Must we see him perish there?”

What is that which, dashing past them,
 Plunging wildly in the waves,
 Battling, struggling, sinking, rising,
 The pitiless stormy ocean braves?

'Tis noble Hector, Walter's playmate,
 The dear old dog so staunch and true,
 Who loves so well his little master
 He'd follow him the ocean through.

Look how he presses onward, onward!—
 A dash—a cry! one instant more,
 And Hector, bearing his pale burden,
 Turns, swimming slowly to the shore.

“Will he, can he, reach us, Mary?”
 The trembling, anxious mother cries;
 “Surely he is nearer, Mary?
 Oh noble dog, so loving, wise!”

Then—with heart full, throbbing, eager,
 And face lit up with radiant joy,
 Close the mother clasps her baby,
 Her dearly loved and only boy.

As for Hector, gallant Hector,
 He was honoured all his days;
 And, rich in Walter's fond caresses,
 Cared not for the whole world's praise.
 E. D. A.

The Children's Triumph.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,
 And said, “Come out and see
 The sparkle on the river,
 The blossom on the tree!”

But never a moment parleyed I
 With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!
 Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
 I drew it away to the curtain shade,
 Where the Sunbeams could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
 And said "Come out and sing!
 Come out and join in the chorus
 Of the Festival of Spring!"
 But never a carol would I trill
 In the Festival of May!
 But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
 And worked away in the quiet gloom,
 And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,
 And said "Come out and play!
 Come, play with us in the sunshine,
 'Tis such a glorious day!"
 Then never another word I wrote,
 And my desk was put away!
 When the Children called me, what could I do?
 The Robins might fail and the Sunbeams too,
 But the Children won the day!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The Pet 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 tethered to a stone;
 With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
 While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with
pleasure shook.

“ Drink, pretty creature, drink,” she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

’Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty
rare!

I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair;
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked, and from a shady
place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might
sing:—

“ 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;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is’t that aileth thee?

“ What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting 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 thy ears!

“ If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain,

The beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou need’st
not fear—

The rain and storm are things which scarcely can come
here.

“ Rest, little young one, rest! hast thou forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away?
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned 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 blessèd day for thee! then whither wouldst thou
roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yearn
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

“Thou know’st that twice a day I have brought thee in
this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran:
And twice 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 which 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 need’st 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!”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was *mine*.

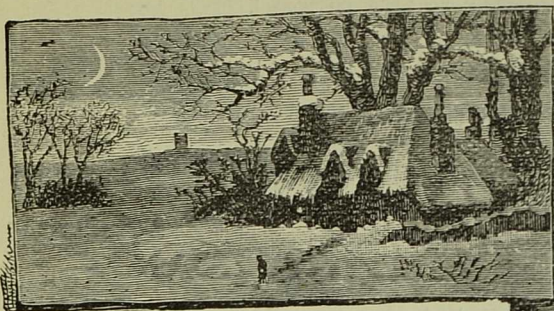
Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;


“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel must
belong,”

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.

Lucy Gray; or, Solitude.




 FT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see, at break of
 day,
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,



The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green ;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night, —
 You to the town must go ;
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father, will I gladly do ;
 ’Tis scarcely afternoon,—
 The minster clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon ! ”

At this the father raised his hook
 And snapped a faggot-band ;
 He plied his work ; and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
 She wandered up and down ;
 And many a hill did Lucy climb :
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide ;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor ;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
 A furlong from their door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green ;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
 “ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
 They tracked the footmarks small ;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,—
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

My Mother.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry ?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept, for fear that I should die?
 My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
 And taught me pretty how to play,
 And minded all I'd got to say?
 My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?
 My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 And love God's holy book and day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
 My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who wast so very kind to me,
 My Mother.

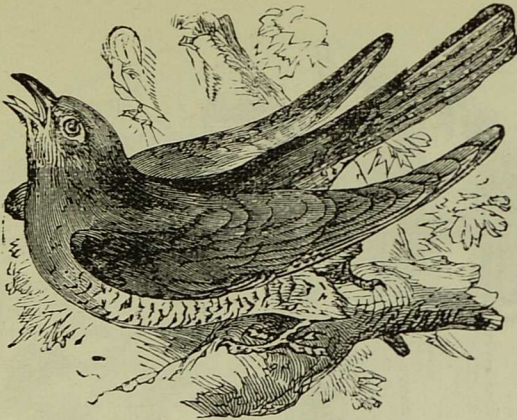
Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,
 My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,
 My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,
 My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise
 My Mother.

ANN TAYLOR.



The Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Attendant on the Spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers;
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering in the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts—the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest the vocal vale;
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

LOGAN.



Casabianca.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done ! "

He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet be gone!”
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o’er him fast through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.


They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

MRS. HEMANS.

Meddlesome Matty.

H, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute ;
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
Too near the little maid.
" Ah! well," thought she, " I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide ;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too espied :
" Oh, what a pretty box is this,
I'll open it," said little Miss.

" I know that grandmamma would say,
' Don't meddle with it, dear ;'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near ;
Besides, what can there be amiss,
In opening such a box as this? "

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid ;
And presently a mighty jerk,
The mighty mischief did ;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face!

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented ;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,

And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 "Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
 Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still, and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain
 From meddling ever more;
 And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.

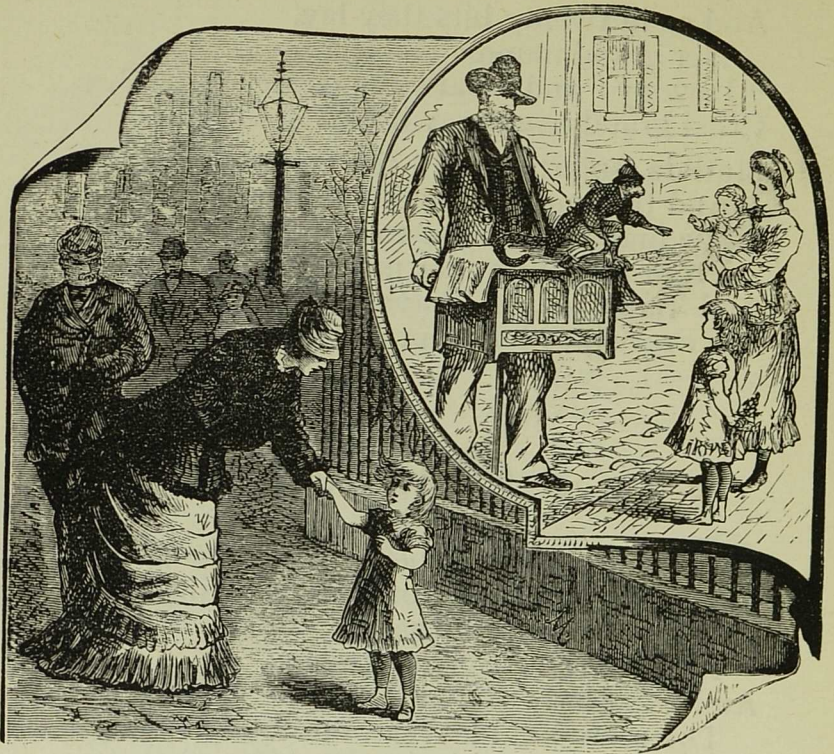
ANN TAYLOR.

A Little Goose.

THE chill November day was done,
 The working world home faring;
 The wind came roaring through the streets,
 And set the gaslights flaring;
 And hopelessly and aimlessly
 The scared old leaves were flying,—
 When, mingled with the souging wind,
 I head a small voice crying.

And, shivering on the corner, stood
 A child of four, or over;
 No cloak or hat her small soft arms
 And wind-blown curls to cover;
 Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
 Her round blue eyes ran over;
 She cherished in her wee, cold hand
 A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
 She slipped in mine the other,
 Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
 "Oh! please, I want my mother."—
 "Tell me your street and number, pet.
 Don't cry: I'll take you to it."
 Sobbing she answered, "I forget:
 The organ made me do it."



“ He came and played at Miller’s step,—
 The monkey took the money ;
 I followed down the street because
 That monkey was so funny.
 I’ve walked about a hundred hours
 From one street to another ;
 The monkey’s gone ; I’ve spoiled my flowers ;—
 Oh, please, I want my mother.”

“ But what’s your mother’s name ? and what
 The street ? Now think a minute.”—

“ My mother’s name is Mother Dear ;
 The street—I can’t begin it.”—

“ But what is strange about the house,
 Or new,—not like the others ? ”—

“ I guess you mean my trundle-bed,—
 Mine and my little brother’s.

“ Oh dear ! I ought to be at home
 To help him say his prayers,—

He's such a baby he forgets ;
 And we are both such players ;
 And there's a bar between to keep
 From pitching on each other,
 For Harry rolls when he's asleep ;
 Oh dear ! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy ; people passed
 All muffled, homeward faring.
 " You'll have to spend the night with me,"
 I said at last, despairing.
 I tied a kerchief round her neck :
 " What ribbon's this, my blossom ?"—
 " Why, don't you know ? " she, smiling, said,
 And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name !
 My eyes astonished, met it ;
 " For," said the little one, " you see
 I might some time forget it,
 And so I wear a little thing
 That tells you all about it ;
 For mother says she's very sure
 I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

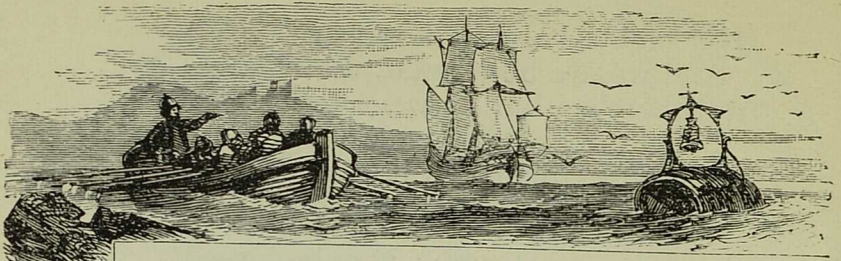
The Inchcape Rock ;

OR, THE ROVER'S FATE.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be ;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves floated over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

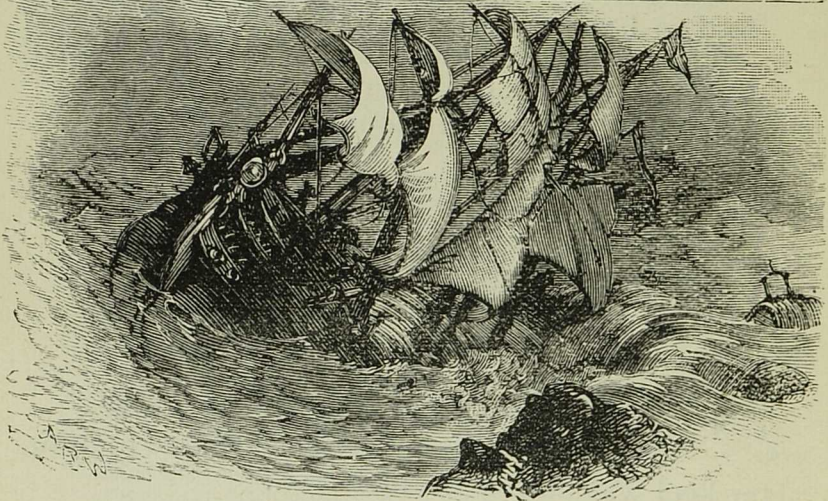
The good old abbot of Aberbrothock
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;



On the waves of the storm it floated and
 swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day ;



The sea-birds screamed, as they wheeled around,
 And there was pleasure in the sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;
 Sir Ralph the rover walked the deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning-bell from the float !

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound :
The bubbles arose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock,
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away ;
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;
The wind had blown a gale all day,
At evening it had died away.

On deck the rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is, they see no land ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
Yonder, methinks, should be the shore ;
Now, where we are, I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
" Alas ! it is the Inchcape Rock !

Sir Ralph the rover tore his hair,
 He beats himself in wild despair ;
 But the waves rush in on every side,
 And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

SOUTHEY.

Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;
 “ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

“ Oh stay, ” the maiden said, “ and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered with a sigh,
 Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
 Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
 This was the peasant's last Good-night :
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of St. Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW.

Jack Frost.

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
 And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
 So through the valley and over the height,
 In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
 That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
 But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The glittering point of many a spear
 Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept:
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stopped,
 By the morning light were seen

Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees,
 There were bevvies of birds, and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
 All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
 He peeped in the cupboard: and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

The Three Bells.

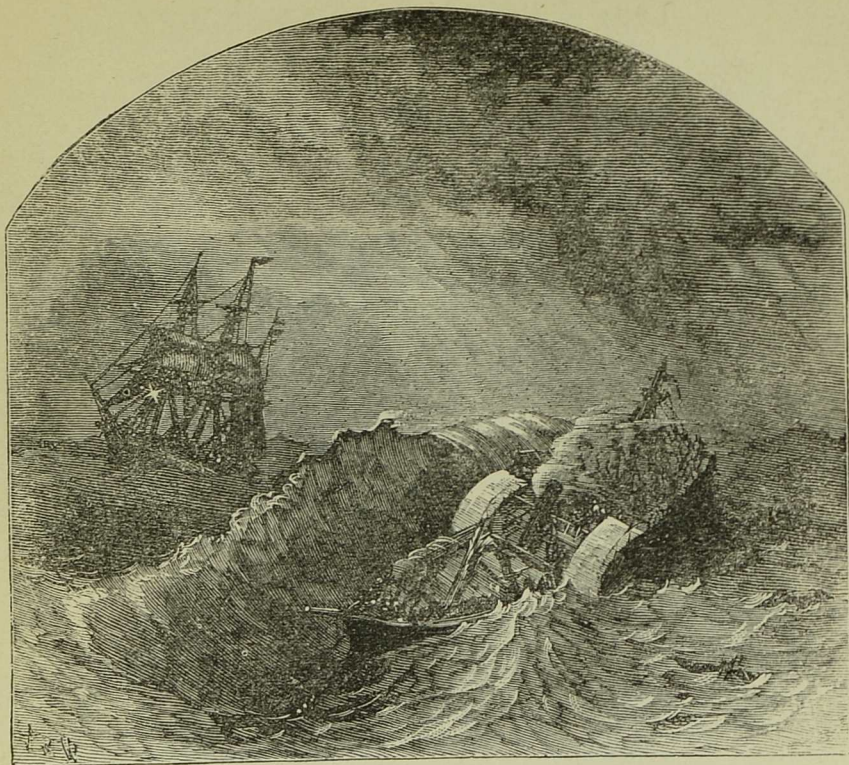
BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
 That raked her splintering mast,
 The good ship settled slowly,
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean,
 Her signal guns pealed out.
 Dear God! was that thy answer
 From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
 “Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry;
 “Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
 Shall lay till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
 Yet on the heaving swells
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
 The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
 Man answered back to man,
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The Three Bells nearer ran;



And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry ;
 " Take heart ! Hold on ! " he shouted,
 " The Three Bells shall lie by ! "

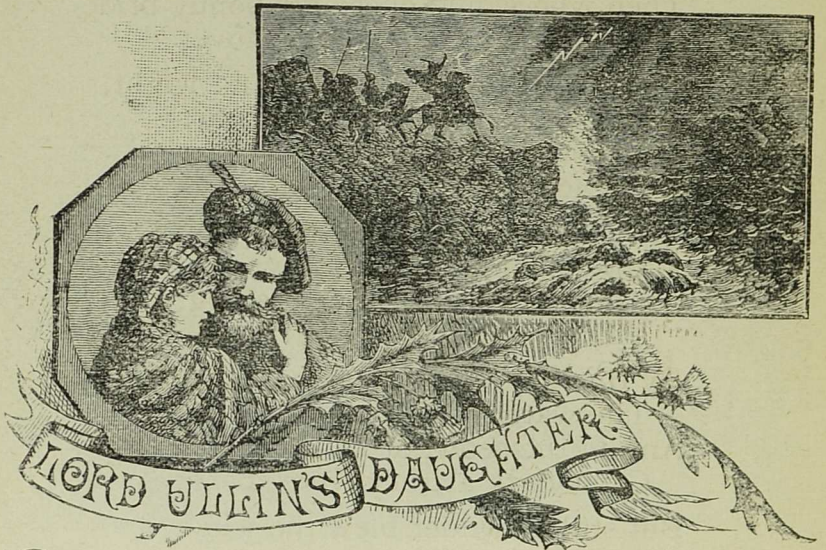
All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear ;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

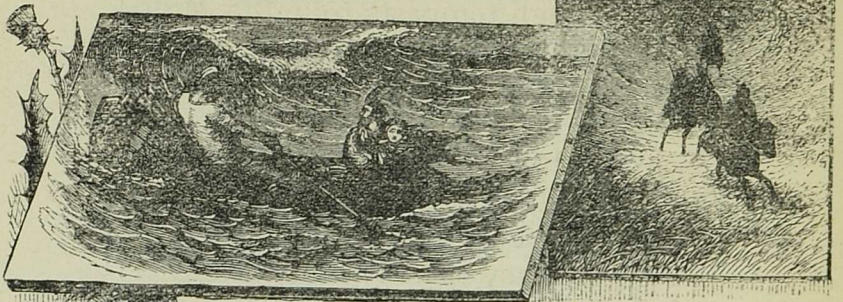
Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
 In grateful memory sail !
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
 Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh.

J. G. WHITTIER.



A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands
bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not
tarry!"



And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together ;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horseman hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they had slain her lover ?”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready :—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady ;

“And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee, haste !” the lady cries ;
“Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!”

’Twas vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

The Sairies.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren’t go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl’s feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake.
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so gray and old
He’s nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long ;
 When she came down again,
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men ;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

The Sairy King.

THE Fairy King was old.
 He met the Witch of the Wold.
 " Ah ha, King ! " quoth she,

“ Now thou art old like me.”
 “ Nay, Witch ! ” quoth he,
 “ I am not old like thee.”

The King took off his crown,
 It almost bent him down ;
 His age was too great
 To carry such a weight.
 “ Give it me ! ” she said,
 And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground ;
 The Witch no more was found.
 Then sweet spring-songs were sung,
 The Fairy King grew young,
 His crown was made of flow'rs,
 He lived in woods and bow'rs.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Winter.

BEHOLD the grey branches that stretch from
 the trees,
 Nor blossom nor verdure they wear !
 They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
 And wave their long arms in the air.

The sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
 Dark vapours roll over the sky ;
 The wind thro' the wood holloas hoarsely and loud,
 And sea-birds across the land fly.

How many poor wretches, without house or home,
 Are wandering naked and pale ;
 Oblig'd on the snow-cover'd common to roam,
 And pierc'd by the pitiless gale :

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
 No bed for their limbs to repose ;



Or a crust dry and mouldy, the best of their meat,
And their pillow, a pillow of snows.

Be thankful, my child, that it is not your lot,
To wander an orphan and poor ;
A father, and mother, and home you have got,
And yet you deserv'd them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget not to pay
Your thanks to that Father above,
Who gives you so many more blessings than they,
And crowns your whole life with His love.

ANN TAYLOR.

The Snail.

TO grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fail,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
 When danger imminent betides
 Of storm, or other harm besides
 Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
 His self-collecting power is such,
 He shrinks into his house with much
 Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
 Except himself has chattels none,
 Well satisfied to be his own
 Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
 Nor partner of his banquet needs,
 And if he meets one, only feeds
 The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
 (He and his house are so combined)
 If finding it, he fails to find
 Its master.

COWPER.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd ;
 For geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow ; —
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.
 A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation :
 " O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial."

'Twas 'done' and 'done,' 'all fair,' 'a bet,'
 Judges prepared, and distance set.
 The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
 The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
 And scarce had passed a single pole
 When puss had almost reached the goal.
 "Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
 "Your burden's more than you can bear;
 To help your speed it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell;
 Jog on a little faster, prithee:
 I'll take a nap and then be with thee."
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke:
 "Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts:
 You may deride my awkward pace;
 But *slow* and *steady* wins the race!"

LLOYD.

The Retired Cat.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
 As poet well could wish to have,
 Was much addicted to inquire
 For nooks to which she might retire,
 And where, secure as mouse in chink,
 She might repose, or sit and think.
 I know not where she caught the trick—
 Nature perhaps herself had cast her
 In such a mould philosophique,
 Or else she learned it of her master.
 Sometimes ascending, debonnair,
 An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
 Lodged with convenience in the fork,
 She watched the gardener at his work;

Sometimes her ease and solace sought
 In an old empty watering pot ;
 There, wanting nothing save a fan,
 To seem some nymph in her sedan
 Apparelled in exactest sort,
 And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change, it seems, has place
 Not only in our wiser race ;
 Cats also feel, as well as we,
 That passion's force, and so did she.
 Her climbing, she began to find,
 Exposed her too much to the wind,
 And the old utensil of tin
 Was cold and comfortless within :
 She therefore wished instead of those
 Some place of more serene repose,
 Where neither cold might come, nor air
 Too rudely wanton with her hair,
 And sought it in the likeliest mode
 Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
 With linen of the softest kind,
 With such as merchants introduce
 From India, for the ladies' use—
 A drawer impending o'er the rest,
 Half-open in the topmost chest,
 Of depth enough, and none to spare,
 Invited her to slumber there ;
 Puss with delight beyond expression
 Surveyed the scene, and took possession.
 Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
 And lulled by her own humdrum song,
 She left the cares of life behind,
 And slept as she would sleep her last,
 When in came, housewifely inclined,
 The chambermaid, and shut it fast ;
 By no malignity impelled,
 But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,
 " Was ever cat attended thus !
 The open drawer was left, I see,

Merely to prove a nest for me,
 For soon as I was well composed,
 Then came the maid, and it was closed.
 How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
 Oh, what a delicate retreat!
 I will resign myself to rest
 Till Sol, declining in the west,
 Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
 Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
 And Puss remained still unattended.
 The night rolled tardily away,
 (With her indeed 'twas never day),
 The sprightly morn her course renewed,
 The evening gray again ensued,
 And Puss came into mind no more
 Than if entombed the day before.
 With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
 She now presaged approaching doom,
 Nor slept a single wink, or purred,
 Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
 Heard an inexplicable scratching;
 His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
 And to himself he said—"What's that?"
 He drew the curtain at his side,
 And forth he peeped, but nothing spied;
 Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
 Something imprisoned in the chest,
 And, doubtful what, with prudent care
 Resolved it should continue there.
 At length a voice which well he knew,
 A long and melancholy mew,
 Saluting his poetic ears,
 Consoled him, and dispelled his fears:
 He left his bed, he trod the floor,
 He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
 The lowest first, and without stop
 The rest in order to the top;
 For 'tis a truth well known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,

We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In every cranny but the right.
 Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
 As erst with airy self-conceit.
 Nor in her own fond apprehension
 A theme for all the world's attention,
 But modest, sober, cured of all
 Her notions hyperbolical,
 And wishing for a place of rest
 Anything rather than a chest.
 Then stepped the poet into bed
 With this reflection in his head:—

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence:
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight,
 That all around, in all that's done,
 Must move and act for him alone,
 Will learn in school of tribulation
 The folly of his expectation.

COWPER.

A Wasp and a Bee.

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

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

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


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

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

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

JANE TAYLOR.

Poor Dog Tray.

N the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was
nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was as happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
And be kind, my hear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

CAMIEELL.

The Cow and the Ass.

BESIDE a green meadow, a stream us'd to flow,
 So clear one might see the white pebbles below ;
 To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray.
 To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppress'd with the heat of the sun,
 Came here to refresh as she often had done,
 And standing quite still, leaning over the stream,
 Was musing, perhaps ; or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
 Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
 And to nibble a few of the daises and grass.
 "How d'ye do ?" said the cow : "How d'ye do ?" said
 the ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand.
 "By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you
 stand."

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
 "Ma'am, your health," said the ass ; "Thank you, Sir,"
 said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
 They laid themselves down on the herbage at last ;
 And waiting politely (as gentlemen must),
 The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
 "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man ?
 'Tis a subject that lies with a weight on my mind :
 We certainly are much oppress'd by mankind.

"Now what is the reason (I see none at all)
 That I always must go when Suke chooses to call ?
 Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard),
 I'm forc'd to leave off to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
 And give them my milk to make butter and cheese ;
 I've often a great mind to kick down the pail,
 Or give Suke a box on the ears with my tail."

‘ But, ma’am,” said the ass, “ not presuming to teach—
O dear, I beg pardon,—pray finish your speech ;
I thought you had finish’d indeed,” said the swain,
“ Go on, and I’ll not interrupt you again.”

“ Why, Sir, I was only just going to observe,
I’m resolved that these tyrants no longer I’ll serve ;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.”

Ass waited a moment, to see if she’d done,
And then, “ Not presuming to teach,” he begun,
“ With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

“ That you’re of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of *some* service to you.
’Tis their pleasant meadow in which you regale ;
They feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail.

“ And then a warm covert they always provide,
Dear madam, to shelter your delicate hide.
For my *own* part, I *know* I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can.”

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleas’d at thus being reprov’d by an ass ;
Yet, thought she, I’m determin’d I’ll benefit by’t,
For I really believe that the fellow is right.”

JANE TAYLOR.

Little Pussy.

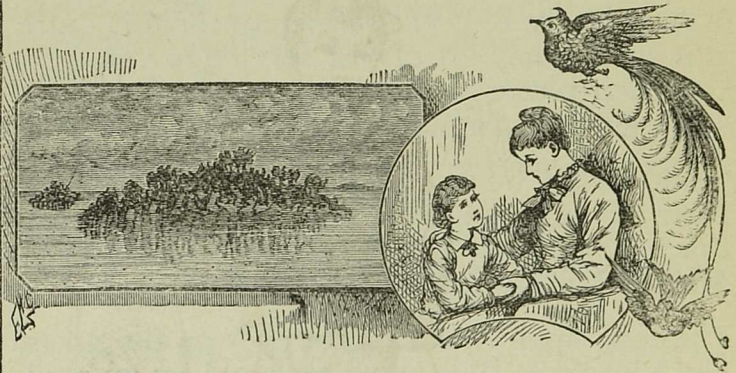
I LOVE little pussy, her coat is so warm ;
And if I don’t hurt her she’ll do me no harm ;
I’ll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I together will play !

She’ll sit by my side, and I’ll give her some food ;
She loves me because I am gentle and good ;
So I’ll not pull her tail, or drive her away,
But pussy and I together will play.



The Better Land.

“**I** HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call’st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,



And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
 boughs?”—

“Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry
 wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”—

“Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold ?
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"—

“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, my child!”

MRS. HEMANS,

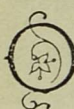


Come Out to Play.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will or not at all.
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
 You find milk, and I'll find flour,
 And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

Lochinvar.

 H, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the
 best ;

And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

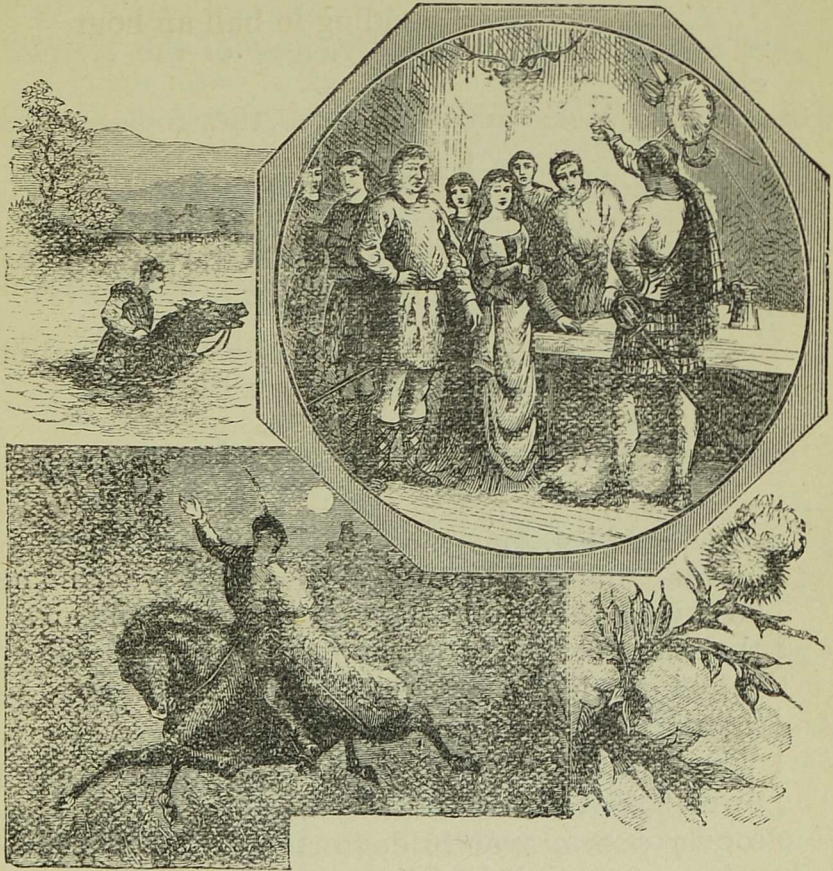
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
 Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.



So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “’Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

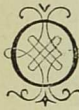
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
 near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby
 clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Lady-bird in the House.

 H! lady-bird, lady-bird, why do you roam
 So far from your children, so far from your home?
 Why do you, who can revel all day in the air,
 And the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,
 In the fold of a leaf who can find a green bower,
 And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower,—
 Ah! why, simple lady-bird, why do you venture
 The dwellings of men so familiar to enter?
 Too soon you may find that your trust is misplaced,
 When by some cruel child you are wantonly chased;
 And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,
 Is torn by his barbarous hand from your back:
 Ah! then you'll regret you were tempted to rove
 From the tall climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,
 And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,
 Where lately you wandered contented and free:—
 Then fly, simple lady-bird!—ffy away home,
 No more from your nest and your children to roam.

CHARLOTTE SMITH,

The Spanish Armada.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Eng-
 land's praise;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
 ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
 Plymouth Bay;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
 Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
 mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
 grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
 chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
 wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty
 hall;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
 a post.
 With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff
 comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
 the drums;
 His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an
 ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
 Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
 bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
 swells.
 Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw
your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes, waft her
wide;
Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massive fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves!

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags dashed down
each roaring street ;
And broader still came the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in :
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the
warlike errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still :

All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang
 from hill to hill:
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
 rocky dales,
 Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of
 Wales,
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
 lonely height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
 crest of light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
 stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
 boundless plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
 Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
 embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
 Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

Try Again.

TIS a lesson you should heed,
 Try, try, try again.
 If at first you don't succeed,
 Try, try, try again.
 Then your courage should appear;
 For if you will persevere,
 You will conquer, never fear;
 Try, try, try again.
 Once or twice, though you may fail,
 Try, try, try again;
 If at last you would prevail,
 Try, try, try again;
 If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
 Though we may not win the race.
 What should we do in that case?—
 Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try, try, try again ;
 Time will bring you your reward
 Try, try, try again.
 All that other people do,
 Why, with patience, should not you ?
 Only keep this rule in view—
 Try, try, try again.

W. E. HICKSON.


The Royal Line.

- W**ILLIAM I. The sturdy conq'ror, politic,
 severe ;
 William II. Light-minded Rufus, dying like
 the deer ;
 Henry I. Beau-clerc, who everything but virtue knew ;
 Stephen. Stephen, who graced the lawless sword he
 drew ;
 Henry II. Fine Henry, hapless in his sons and priest ;
 Richard I. Richard, the glorious trifler in the East ;
 John. John, the mean wretch, tyrant and slave, a liar ;
 Henry III. Imbecile Henry, worthy of his sire ;
 Edward I. Longshanks, well nam'd, a great encroacher
 he ;
 Edward II. Edward the minion, dying dreadfully ;
 Edward III. The splendid veteran, weak in his decline ;
 Richard II. Another minion, sure untimely sign ;
 Henry IV. Usurping Lancaster, whom wrongs advance ;
 Henry V. Harry the Fifth, the tennis-boy of France ;
 Henry VI. The beadsman, praying while his Margaret
 fought ;
 Edward IV. Edward, too sensual for a kindly thought ;
 Edward V. The little head that never wore the crown ;
 Richard III. Crookback, to nature giving frown for
 frown ;
 Henry VII. Close-hearted Henry, the shrewd carking
 sire ;
 Henry VIII. The British Bluebeard, fat and full of ire ;
 Edward VI. The sickly boy, endowing and endow'd ;

Mary. Ill Mary, lighting many a living shroud ;
 Elizabeth. The lion queen, with her stiff muslin mane ;
 James I. The shambling pedant, and his minion train ;
 Charles I. Weak Charles, the victim of the dawn of
 right ;
 Cromwell. Cromwell, misuser of his home-spun might ;
 Charles II. The swarthy scapegrace, all for ease and
 wit ;
 James II. The bigot out of season, forc'd to quit ;
 William III. The Dutchman, call'd to see our vessel
 through ;
 Anne. Anna, made great by conquering Marlborough ;
 George I. George, vulgar soul, a woman-hated name ;
 George II. Another, fonder of his fee than fame ;
 George III. A third, too weak, instead of strong, to
 swerve ;
 George IV. And fourth, whom Canning and Sir Will
 preserve.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Contented Blind Boy.

H! say, what is that thing called light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 Oh! tell a poor Blind Boy !

You talk of wondrous things you *see* ;
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I always keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know-

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor Blind Boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.



Only a Baby Small.

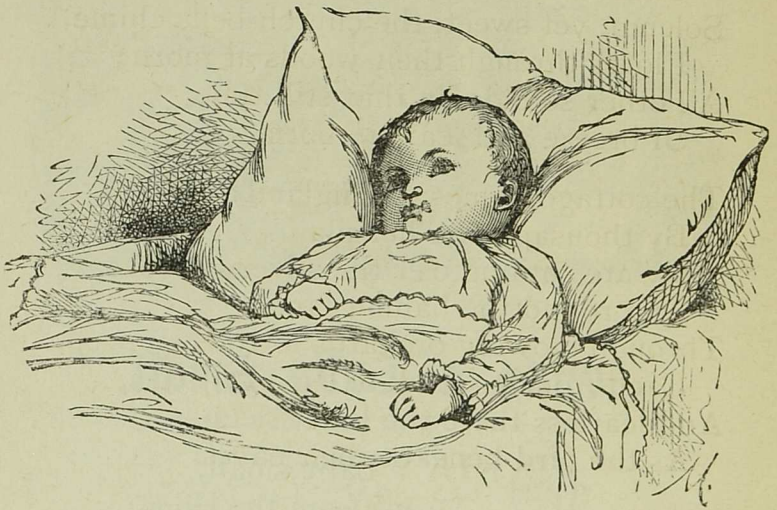
ONLY a baby small,
 Dropt from the skies ;
 Only a laughing face,
 Two sunny eyes ;
 Only two cherry lips,
 One chubby nose ;
 Only two little hands,
 Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
 Curly and soft ;

Only a tongue that wags
 Loudly and oft ;
 Only a little brain,
 Empty of thought ;
 Only a little heart,
 Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
 Sent us to rear ;
 Only a life to love
 While we are here ;
 Only a baby small,
 Never at rest ;
 Small, but how dear to us,
 God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.



The Homes of England.

THE stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amid their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land !
 The deer across their greensward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam ;

And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

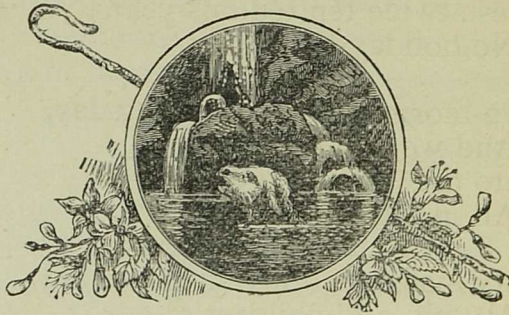
MRS. HEMAN

Little Bo-peep.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them ;
 Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
 For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determin'd for to find them ;
 She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
 For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.



Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

OH! hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright :
 The woods and the glens, from these towers
 which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh! fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum.

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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.

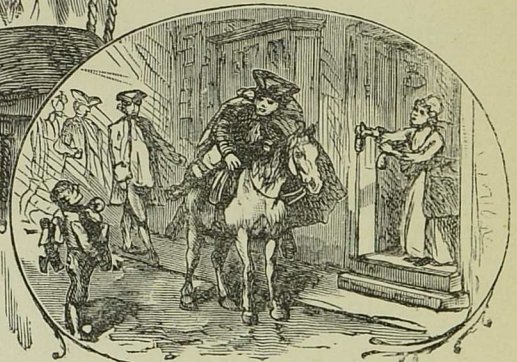
"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,



We will be furnished with
our own,
Which is both bright and
clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his lov-
ing wife ;
O’erjoyed 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 allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
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 never 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 downstairs,
“ 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, Mistress 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
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed 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 galled him in his seat.

So, "fair and softly, John," he cried,
 But John he cried in vain:
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped 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 screamed,
 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 shattered 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 seemed 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,
Until 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 the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

" Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here's the house,"
They all aloud 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 neighbor 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,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed 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 ;



Wherewith his horse did snort, as
he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped 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 pulled 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 scamp'ring 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 passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

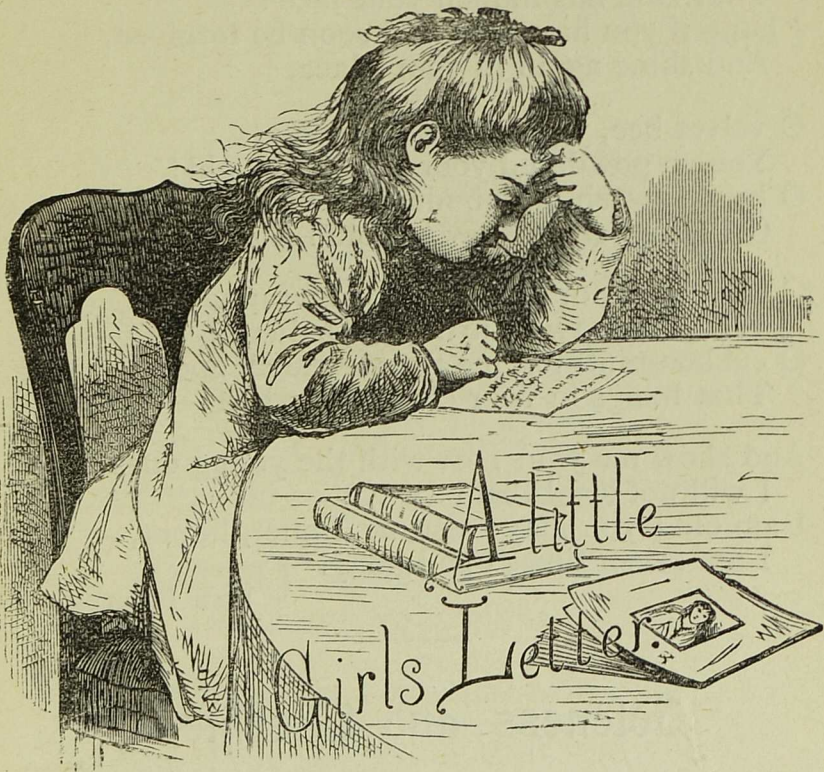
And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;

Nor stopped till where he had 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!

COWPER.



Seven Times One.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;

The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

Oh moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

Idleness and Mischief.

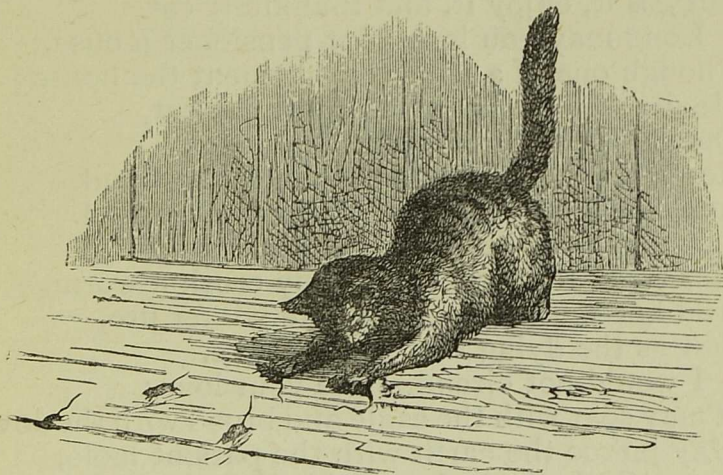
HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell ;
How neat she spreads the wax ;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be passed ;
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

DR. WATTS.



Loving and Liking.

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

SAY not you *love* a roasted fowl,
 But you may love a screaming owl ;
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
 That crawls from his secure abode
 Within the grassy garden wall,
 When evening dews begin to fall.
 Oh, mark the beauty of his eye :
 What wonders in that circle lie !
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said
 He wears a jewel in his head !
 And when, upon some showery day,
 Into a path or public way
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,

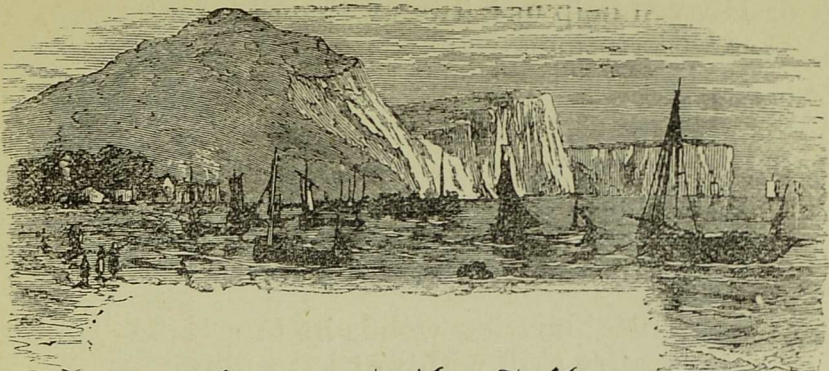
Startling the timid as they pass,
 Do you observe him, and endeavour
 To take the intruder into favour ;
 Learning from him to find a reason
 For a light heart in a dull season.
 And you may love the strawberry-flower,
 And love the strawberry in its bower :
 But when the fruit, so often praised
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
 Though one of a tribe that torment the house :
 He dislikes for her cruel sport the cat,
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat ;
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
 Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
 And her soothing song by the winter fire,
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love ;
 It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,
 May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
 Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,
 Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of
 strife.

You love your father and your mother,
 Your grown-up and your baby-brother ;
 You love your sister and your friends,
 And countless blessings which God sends :
 And while these right affections play,
 You *live* each moment of your day ;
 They lead you on to full content,
 And likings fresh and innocent,
 That store the mind, the memory feed,
 And prompt to many a gentle deed :
 But *likings* come, and pass away ;
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.



Napoleon and the Sailor.

NAPOLEON'S banners at Boulogne
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over;
 With envy *they* could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day laborious; lurking
 Until he launched a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description wretched: such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder;
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
 And thus equipped he would have passed
 The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering;
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger:—

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

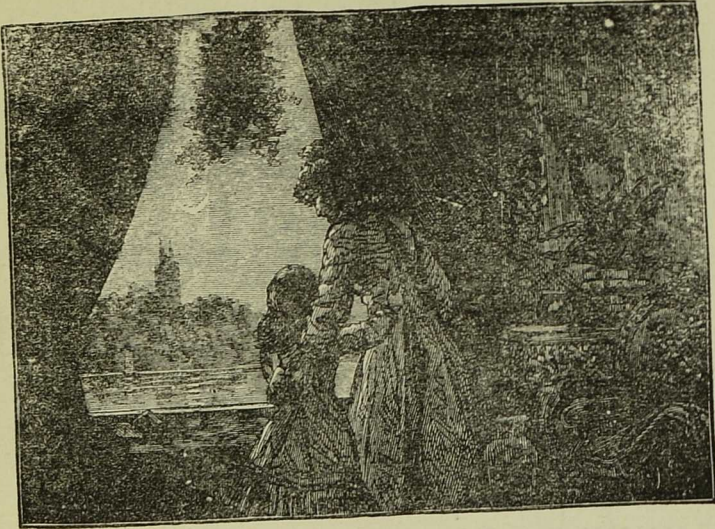
“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
 “But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “Ye've both my favour fairly won;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor out could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
 But *never* changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparté.

CAMPBELL.



My Mother,

I MUST not tease my mother,
 For she is very kind,
 And everything she says to me
 I must directly mind;
 For when I was a baby,
 And could not speak or walk,
 She let me in her bosom sleep,
 And taught me how to talk.


I must not tease my mother;
 And when she likes to read,
 Or has a headache, I will step
 Most silently indeed.
 I will not choose a noisy play,
 Nor trifling troubles tell,
 But sit down quiet by her side,
 And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
 I've heard dear father say,
 When I was in my cradle sick,
 She nursed me night and day.
 She lays me in my little bed,
 She gives me clothes and food,
 And I have nothing else to pay
 But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother ;
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.
 How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every hour shall see ;
 For should she go away, or die,
 What would become of me ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Reaper and the Flowers.


 HERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

" Shall I have nought that is fair ? " saith he ;
 " Have nought but the bearded grain ?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again. "

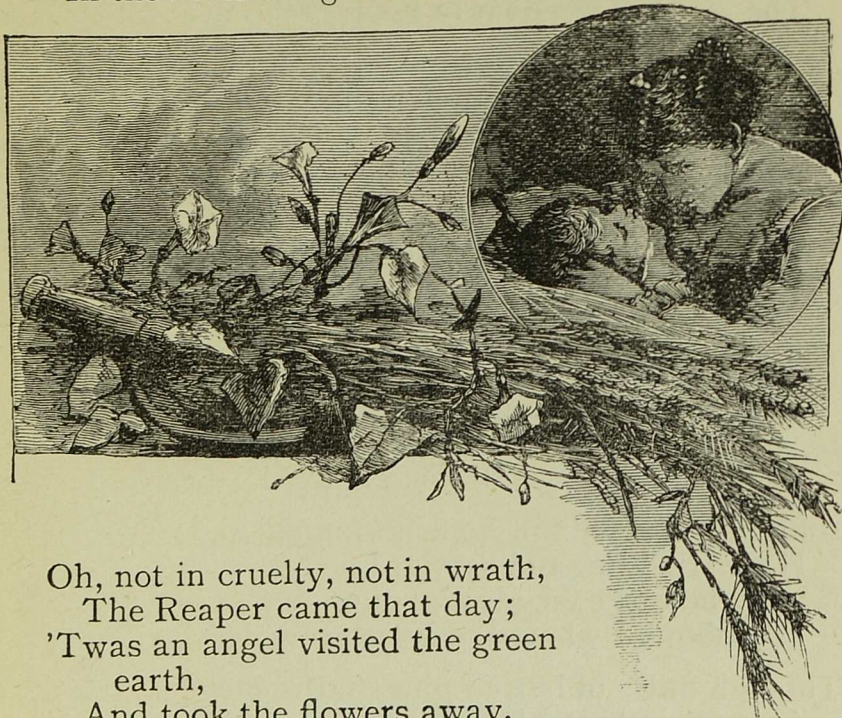
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

" My Lord has need of these flowerets gay, "
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 " Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

" They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,

And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.



Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green
earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

Robin and Pussy.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jump'd upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin jump'd away.

The Boat of Grass.

FOR years the slave endured his yoke,
 Down-trodden, wronged, misused, oppressed;
 Yet life-long serfdom could not choke
 The seeds of freedom in his breast.

At length, upon the north wind came
 A whisper stealing through the land;
 It spread from hut to hut like flame,—
 “Take heart: the hour is near at hand!”

The whisper spread, and lo! on high
 The dawn of an un hoped-for day!
 “Be glad: the Northern troops are nigh,—
 The fleet is in Port-Royal Bay!”

Responsive to the words of cheer,
 An inner voice said, “Rise and flee!
 Be strong, and cast away all fear:
 Thou art a man, and thou art free!”

And, full of new-born hope and might,
 He started up, and seaward fled:
 By day he turhed aside; by night
 He followed where the North Star led.

Through miles of barren pine and waste,
 An endless breadth of swamp and sedge,
 By streams, whose winding path is traced
 In tangled growth along their edge;

Two nights he fled,—no sound was heard,
 He met no creature on his way;
 Two days crouched in the bush; the third,
 He hears the blood-hounds’ distant bay.

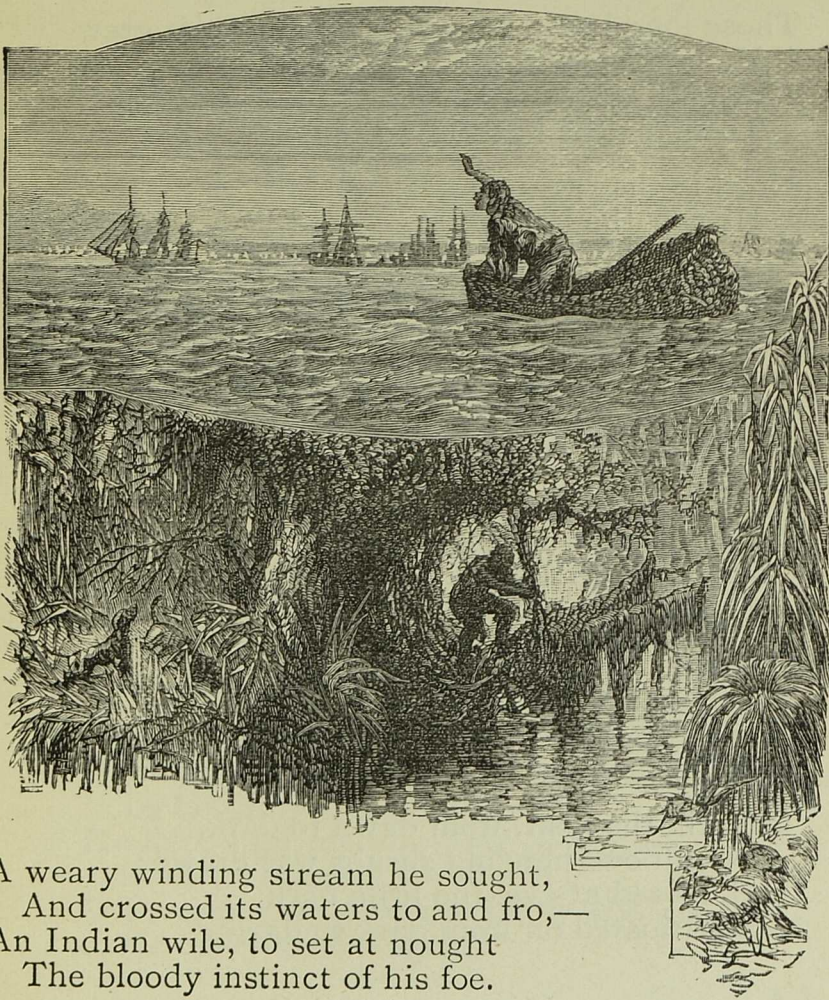
They drag him back to stripes and shame,
 And bitter, unrequited toil;
 With red-hot chains his feet they maim,
 All future thought of flight to foil.

But the celestial voice, that spake
 Clear in his soul, might not be hushed;

The sense of birthright, once awake,
 Could never, never more be crushed.

And, brave of heart and strong of will,
 He kept his purpose, laid his plan;
 Though crippled, chained, and captive still,
 A slave no longer, but a man.

Eleven months his soul he steeled
 To toil and wait in silent pain,
 But in the twelfth his wounds were healed,—
 He burst his bonds, and fled again.



A weary winding stream he sought,
 And crossed its waters to and fro,—
 An Indian wile, to set at nought
 The bloody instinct of his foe.

The waters widen to a fen,
 And,—when he hid him, breathless, there,—
 With brutal cries of dogs and men,
 The hunt went round and round his lair.

The baffled hounds had lost the track:
 With many a curse and many a cry
 The angry owners called them back;
 And so the wild pursuit went by.

The deadly peril seemed to pass;
 And then he dared to raise his head
 Above the waving swampy grass,
 That mantled o'er the river-bed.

Those long broad leaves that round him grew
 He had been wont to bind and plait;
 And well, with simple skill, he knew
 To shape the basket and the mat.

Now, in their tresses sad and dull
 He saw the hope of his escape,
 And patiently began to cull,
 And weave them in canoe-like shape.

To give the reedy fabric slight
 An armor 'gainst the soaking brine,
 With painful care he sought by night
 The amber weepings of the pine.

And, since on the Egyptian wave
 The Hebrew launched her little ark,
 Faith never to God's keeping gave
 So great a hope, so frail a bark.

O silent river of the South,
 Whose lonely stream ne'er felt the oar
 In all its course, from rise to mouth,
 What precious freight was that you bore!

But still the boat, from dawn to dark,
 'Neath overhanging shrubs was drawn:
 And, loosed at eve, the little bark
 Safe floated on from dark to dawn.

At length, in that mysterious hour
 That comes before the break of day,
 The current gained a swifter power,
 The boat began to rock and sway.

He felt the wave beneath him swell,
 His nostrils drank a fresh salt breath,
 The boat of rushes rose and fell ;—
 “ Lord ! is it life, or is it death ? ”

He saw the eastern heaven spanned
 With a slow-spreading belt of gray ;
 Tents glimmered, ghost-like, on the sand ;
 And phantom ships before him lay.

The sky grew bright, the day awoke,
 The sun flashed up above the sea,
 From countless drum and bugle broke
 The joyous Northern reveillé.

O white-winged warriors of the deep !
 No heart e'er hailed you so before :
 No castaway on desert steep,
 Nor banished man, his exile o'er,

Nor drowning wretch lashed to a spar,
 So blessed your rescuing sails as he
 Who on them first beheld from far
 The morning-light of Liberty !

MRS. WISTER.

He Never Smiled Again.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
 The sweeping waves rolled on ;
 And what was England's glorious crown
 To him that wept a son ?
 He lived—for life may long be borne
 Ere sorrow break its chain ;
 Why comes not death to those who mourn ?—
 He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,
 The stately and the brave;
 But which could fill the place of one,
 That one beneath the wave?
 Before him passed the young and fair,
 In pleasure's reckless train;
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair,—
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
 He heard the minstrel sing,
 He saw the Tourney's victor crowned
 Amidst the knightly ring:
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board;
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
 Fresh hopes were born for other years,—
 He never smiled again!

MRS. HEMANS.

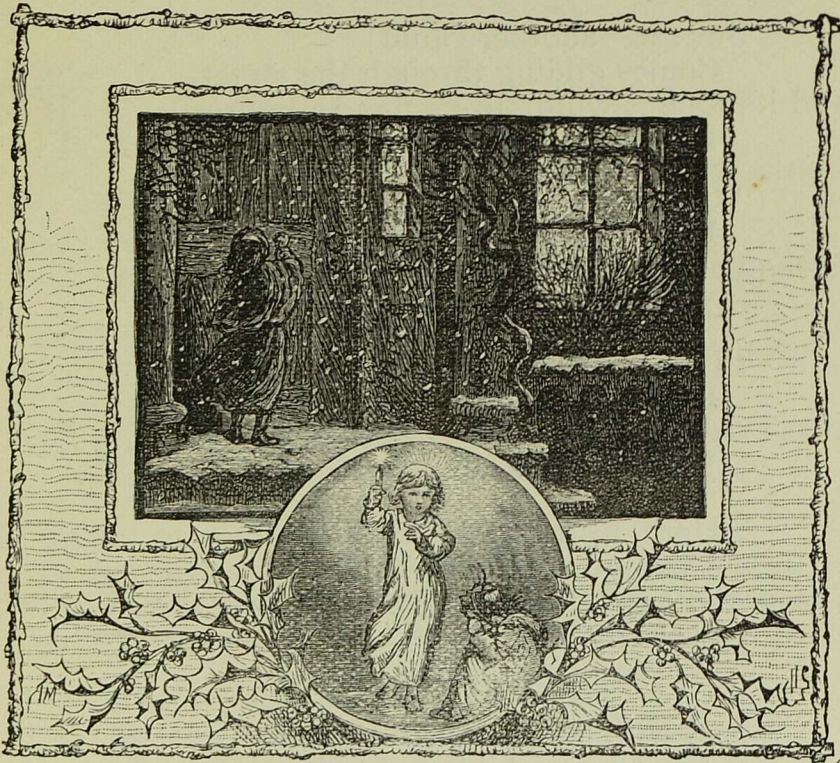
The Strange Child's Christmas.

THERE went a stranger child,
 As Christmas Eve closed in,
 Through the streets of a town, whose windows
 shone
 With the warmth and light within.
 It stopped at every house,
 The Christmas-tree to see
 On that festive night, when they shone so bright—
 And it sighed right bitterly.
 Then wept the child, and said,
 " This night hath every one

A Christmas-tree, that he glad may be,
And I alone have none.

“ Ah! when I lived at home,
From brother's and sister's hand
I had my share, but there's none to care
For me in the stranger's land.

“ Will no one let me in ?
No presents I would crave,
But to see the light, and the tree all bright,
And the gifts that others have.”



At shutter, and door, and gate
It knocks with a timid hand ;
But none will mark where alone in the dark
That little child doth stand.

Each father brings home gifts,
Each mother, kind and mild ;

There is joy for all, but none will call
And welcome that lonely child.

“ Mother and father are dead—
O Jesus, kind and dear,
I've no one now, there is none but Thou,
For I am forgotten here ! ”

The poor child rubs its hands,
All frozen and numbed with cold,
And draws round its head, with shrinking dread,
Its garment worn and old.

But see—another Child
Comes gliding through the street,
And its robe is white, in its hand a light ;
It speaks, and its voice is sweet :

“ Once on this earth a Child
I lived, as thou livest yet ;
Though all turn away from thee to-day,
Yet I will not forget.

“ Each child, with equal love,
I hold beneath my care,—
In the street's dull gloom, in the lighted room,
I am with them everywhere.

“ Here, in the darkness dim,
I'll show thee, child, thy tree ;
Those that spread their light through the chambers
bright
So lovely scarce can be.”

And with its white hand points
The Christ-child to the sky,
And, lo ! afar, with each lamp a star,
A tree gleamed there on high.

So far, and yet so near,
The light shone overhead ;
And all was well, for the child could tell
For whom that tree was spread.

It gazed as in a dream,
 And angels bent and smiled,
 And with outstretched hand to that brighter land
 They carried the stranger child.

And the little one went home
 With its Saviour Christ to stay.
 All the hunger and cold and the pain of old
 Forgotten and past away.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Sluggard.

'TIS the voice of the sluggard; I heard him com-
 plain,
 "You have waked me too soon, I must slumber
 again:"

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without
 number,
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
 The clothes that hung on him are turning to rags,
 And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 That he took better care for improving his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

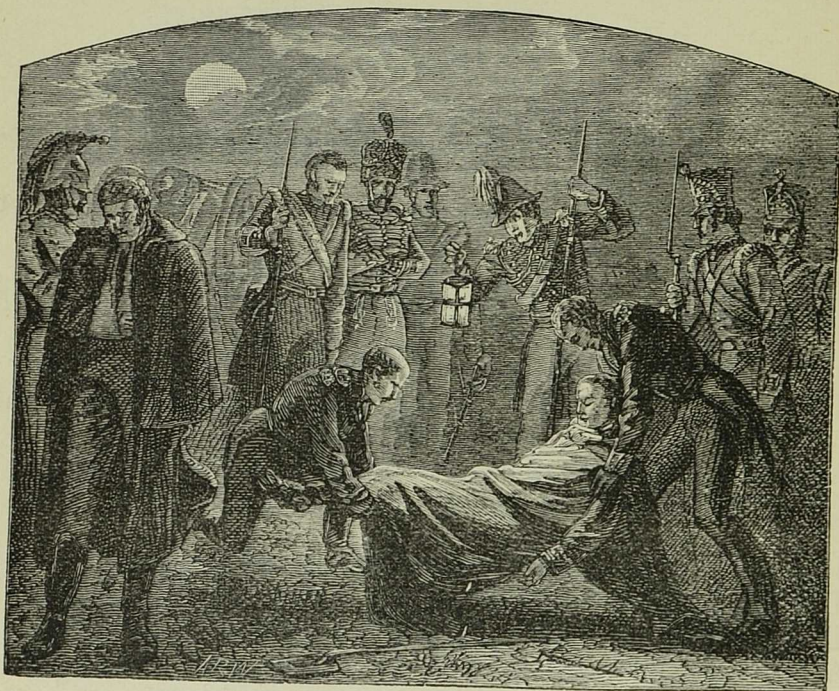
Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
 This man's but a picture of what I might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

DR. WATTS.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.



No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
 his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

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 clustered 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 looked at me.

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

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

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea,
 Yet ye 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 played,
 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 !"

WORDSWORTH.

Ye Mariners of England.

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas !
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand
 years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 Nor towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

The Dog and the Water-Lily.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered by its side.

My dog, now lost in flags and reeds,
 Now darting into sight,

Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
Its lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight—"the world," I cried,
"Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

COWPER.



The Sheep.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
 In the pleasant fields you lie,
 Eating grass and daisies white
 From the morning till the night?
 Everything can something do,
 But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little Master, nay,
 Do not serve me so, I pray:
 Don't you see the wool that grows
 On my back to make your clothes?
 Cold, and very cold, you'd get,
 If I did not give you it.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
 To nip the daisies in the spring;
 But many chilly nights I pass
 On the cold and dewy grass,
 Or pick a scanty dinner where
 All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
 When the merry spring is past,
 And cuts my woolly coat away,
 To warm you in the winter's day:
 Little Master, this is why
 In the pleasant fields I lie.

TAYLOR.

The Robin's Petition.

“**A** SUPPLIANT to your window comes,
 Who trusts your faith and fears no
 guile,

He claims admittance for your crumbs,
 And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
 And he has sought the hedges round;
 No berry hangs upon the spray,
 Nor worm or ant-egg can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred,
 No fears his slender feet deter,
 For sacred is the household bird,
 That wears the scarlet stomacher.”

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,
 The feathered suppliant flew to her,
 And fondly cherished was the bird,
 That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Emboldened then, he'd fearless perch
 Her netting or her work among!
 For crumbs among her drawing search,
 And add his music to her song;

And warbling on her snowy arm,
 Or half entangled in her hair,
 Seemed conscious of the double charm
 Of freedom and protection there.

A graver moralist, who used
 From all some lesson to infer,

Thus said, as on the bird she mused,
Pluming his scarlet stomacher.

“Where are his gay companions now,
Who sung so merrily in spring?
Some shivering on the leafless bough,
With ruffled plume, and drooping wing.

The migrant tribes are fled away
To skies where insect myriads swarm,
They vanish with the summer day,
Nor bide the bitter northern storm.

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,
While lowers December dark and drear;
The social, cheerful, household bird,
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour,
Approving flatterers round us sport,
But if the faithless prospect lower,
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd
Of fortune's parasites prefer,
The friend like this our winter bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.”

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The Children in the Wood.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did 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 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 made 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
Two hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.

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 do commend
My children night and day :
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

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



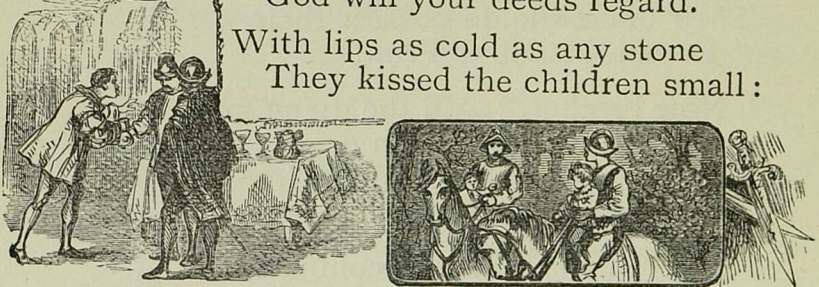
With that bespake their mother dear,
 "O brother kind," quoth she,
 "You are the man must bring my babes
 To wealth or misery :

"If you do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;



"If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone
 They kissed the children small :



"God bless you both, my children dear! —"
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
 To this sick couple there :

"The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear.

“ God never prosper me or 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 unto his house,
And much of them he makes.

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

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young
And slay them in the wood.

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

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.

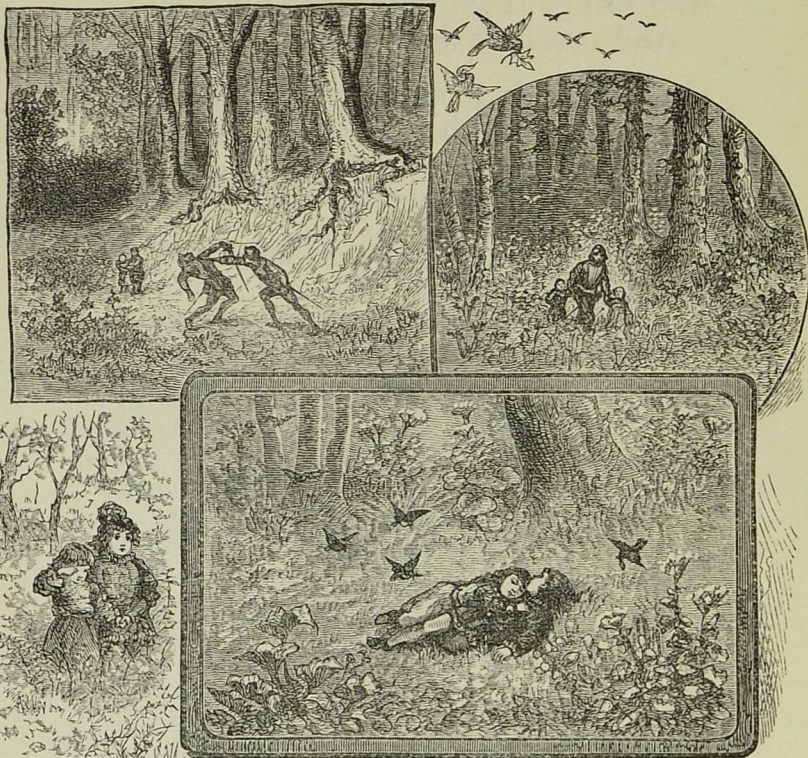
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they ride on the way,
To those that would their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay :

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent ;
And they that took the deed to do
Full sore they did 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 would not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at 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,
 When tears stood in their eye,
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry.
 And two long miles he led them thus,
 While they for bread complain:
 "Stay here," quoth he; I'll bring ye
 bread
 When I do come again."

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

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

Thus wandered these two pretty babes
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
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 a hell.

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

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

He pawned and mortgaged all his lands,
Ere seven years came about ;
And now, at length, this wicked act
By this means did come out :

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

Who did confess the very truth
 That is herein expressed :
 The uncle died, while he, for debt,
 Did in a prison rest.

A Word of Advice to Executors.

All ye who be executors made
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right ;
 Lest God, by such like misery,
 Your wicked deeds requite.

The Mountain and the Squirrel.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel ;
 And the former called the latter " Little
 Prig."

Bun replied,
 " You are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large 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."

EMERSON.

The Loss of the Royal George.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone:
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

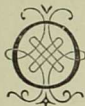
Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.

Battle of the Baltic.

F Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britian's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !

While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

CAMPBELL.

Little Dandelion.

GAY little Dandelion
 Lights up the meads,
 Swings on her slender foot,
 Telleth her beads,
 Lists to the robin's note
 Poured from above ;
 Wise little Dandelion
 Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
 Clothed but in green,
 Where, in the days agone,
 Bright hues were seen.
 Wild pinks are slumbering,
 Violets delay ;
 True little Dandelion
 Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !
 Fast falls the snow,
 Bending the daffodil's
 Haughty head low.
 Under thy fleecy tent,
 Careless of cold,
 Blithe little Dandelion
 Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
 Groweth more fair,
 Till dies the amber dew
 Out from her hair.
 High rides the thirsty sun,
 Fiercely and high ;

Faint little Dandelion
 Closeth her eye.
 Pale little Dandelion,
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the angel-breeze
 Call from the cloud!
 Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay;
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

The Fox and the Cat.

THE fox and the cat, as they travelled one day,
 With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
 " 'Tis great," said the fox, "to make justice our
 guide!"

"How god-like is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a wolf from the wood,
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
 Rushed forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
 And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
 When mutton's at hand," says the wolf, "I must eat."
 Grimalkin's astonished!—the wolf stood aghast
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch!" says the cat, "'tis the vilest of
 brutes;
 Does he feed upon flesh while there's herbage and
 roots?"

Cries the fox, "While our oaks give us acorns so
 good,
 What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they marched, and they moralized still,
 Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by a
 mill;

Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
 And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.
 A mouse, too, that ehanced from her covert to stray
 The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A spider that sat in her web on the wall
 Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
 She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
 Then ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

CUNNINGHAM.

Bruce and the Spider.

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's right
 The Bruce his part has played,
 In five successive fields of fight,
 Been conquered, and dismayed:
 Once more against the English host
 His band he led, and once more lost
 The meed for which he fought;
 And now from battle, faint and worn,
 The homeless fugitive forlorn
 A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting place
 For him who claimed a throne;
 His canopy, devoid of grace;
 The rude, rough beams alone;
 The heather couch his only bed—
 Yet well I ween had slumber fled
 From couch of eider down!
 Through darksome night till dawn of day.
 Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
 Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
 Fell on that hapless bed,
 And tinged with light each shapeless beam
 Which roofed the lowly shed;
 When, looking up with wistful eye,

The Bruce beheld a spider try
 His filmy thread to fling
 From beam to beam of that rude cot ;
 And well the insect's toilsome lot
 Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times the gossamery thread
 The wary spider threw ;
 In vain the filmy line was sped,
 For powerless or untrue
 Each aim appeared, and back recoiled,
 The patient insect, six times foiled,
 And yet unconquered still ;
 And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
 Saw him prepare once more to try
 His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last !
 The hero hailed the sign !
 And on the wished-for beam hung fast
 That slender, silken line ;
 Slight as it was, his spirit caught
 The more than omen, for his thought,
 The lesson well could trace,
 Which even he " who runs may read,"
 That Perseverance gains its meed,
 And Patience wins the race.

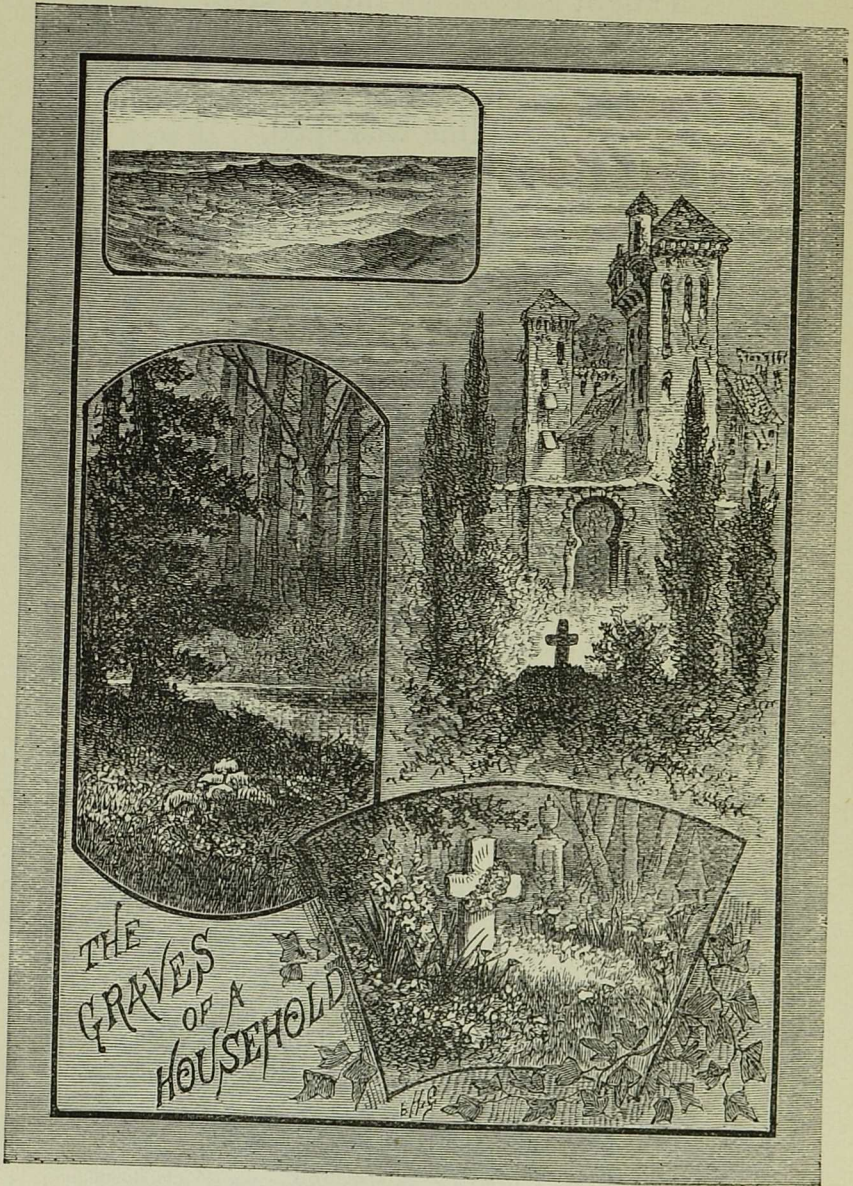
BERNARD BARTON.

The Graves of a Household.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight :
 Where are those sleepers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid ;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar-shade.



The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one ;
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;

He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapped the colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.


And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth ;
Alas for love ! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

MRS. HEMANS

Little Raindrops.

 WHERE do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window pane ?

They won't let me work,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They took away my playthings,
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops
Is that the way you play,

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do,
But sit here by the window;
I should like to play with you!

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But pitter-patter-pat
Means, "We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"

Mary's Lamb.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he'd say—"I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;—
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply:

"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

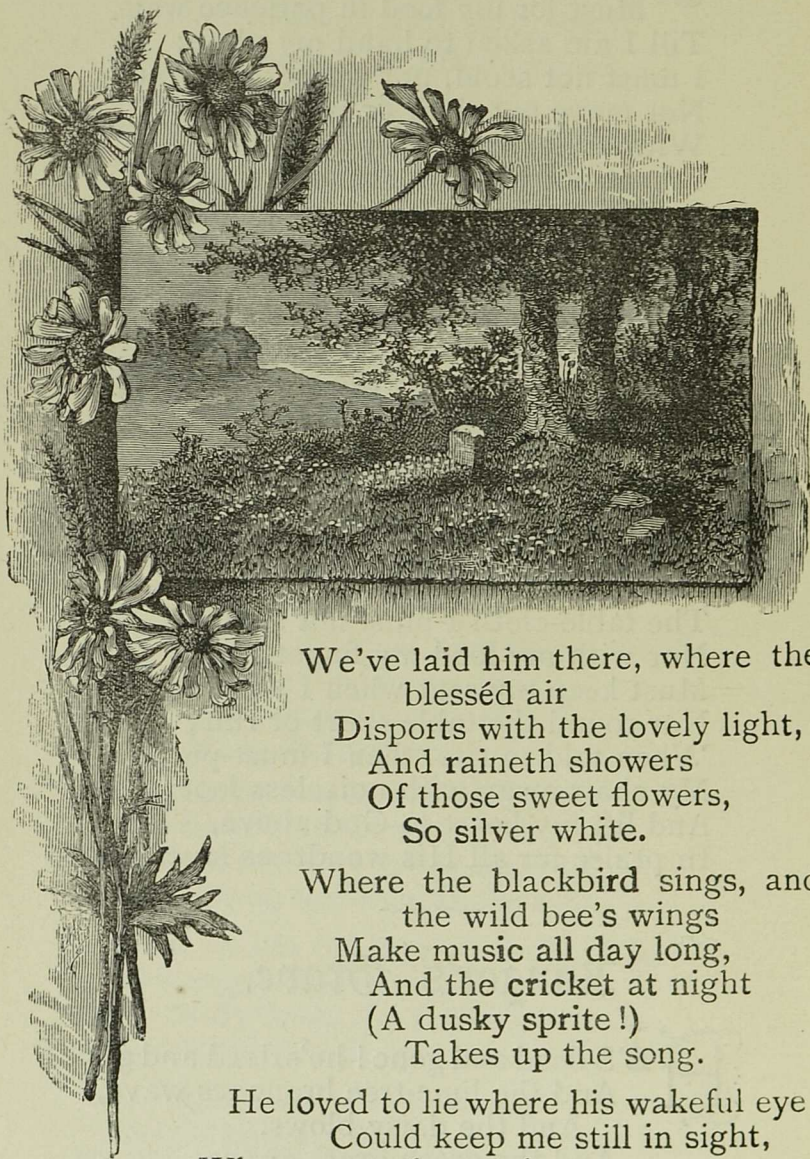
Table Rules for Little Folk.

IN silence I must take my seat,
 And give God thanks before I eat;
 Must for my food in patience wait,
 Till I am asked to hand my plate;
 I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
 Nor move my chair or plate about;
 With knife, or fork, or 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.

Ranger's Grave.

HE'S dead and gone! he's dead and gone!
 And the lime-tree branches wave,
 And the daisy blows,
 And the green grass grows,
 Upon his grave.

He's dead and gone! he's dead and gone!
 And he sleeps by the flowering lime,
 Where he loved to lie,
 When the sun was high,
 In summer time.



We've laid him there, where the
 blessed air
 Disports with the lovely light,
 And raineth showers
 Of those sweet flowers,
 So silver white.

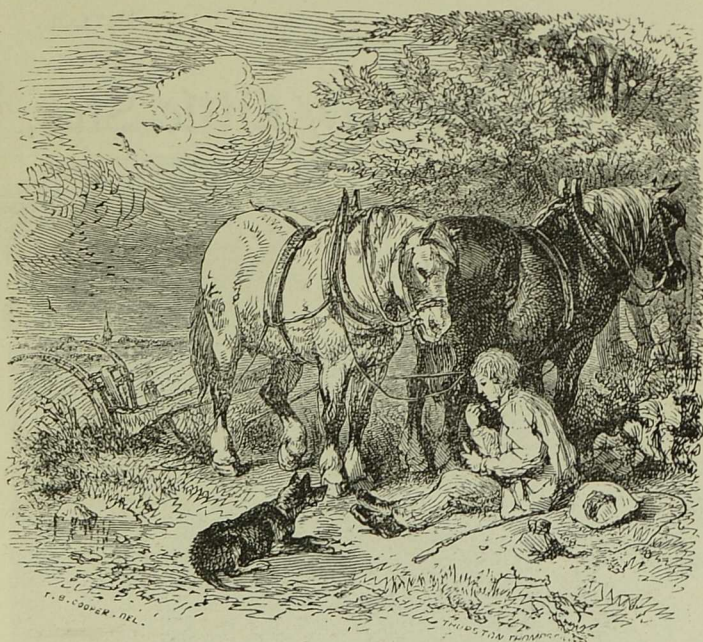
Where the blackbird sings, and
 the wild bee's wings
 Make music all day long,
 And the cricket at night
 (A dusky sprite!)
 Takes up the song.

He loved to lie where his wakeful eye
 Could keep me still in sight,
 Where a word or a sign,
 Or a look of mine,
 Brought him like light.

Nor word nor sign, nor look of mine,
 From under the lime-tree bough,
 With bark and bound,
 And frolic round,
 Shall bring him now.

But he taketh his rest, where he loved best
 In the days of his life to be,
 And that place will not
 Be a common spot
 Of earth to me.

MRS. SOUTHEY.



The Plough-boy.

I'M a little husband man,
 Work and labour hard I can ;
 I'm as happy all the day
 At my work as if 'twere play.
 Though I've nothing fine to wear,
 Yet for that I do not care.

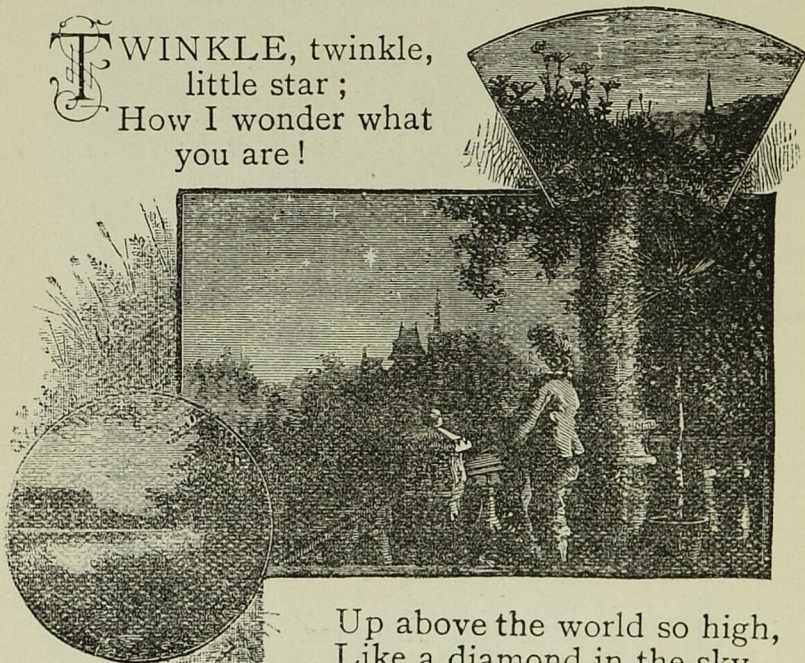
When to work I go along,
 Singing loud my morning song,
 With my wallet at my back,
 Or my waggon-whip to smack,
 Oh! I am as happy then
 As the idle gentlemen.

I've a hearty appetite,
 And I soundly sleep at night;
 Down I lie content, and say,
 "I've been useful all the day;"
 I'd rather be a plough-boy than
 A useless little gentleman.

TAYLOR.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,

TWINKLE, twinkle,
 little star;
 How I wonder what
 you are!



Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.


When the glorious sun is set,
 When the grass with dew is wet,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often through my curtains peep;
 For you never shut your eye
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

The Pet Lamb.

PART I.

NCE on a time, a shepherd lived
 Within a cottage small;
 The grey thatched roof was shaded by
 The elm-tree dark and tall;
 While all around, stretched far away,
 A wild and lonesome moor,
 Except a little daisied field
 Before the trellised door.

Now, it was on a cold March day,
 When on the moorland wide
 The shepherd found a trembling lamb
 By its dead mother's side;
 And so pitiful it bleated,
 As with the cold it shook,
 He wrapped it up beneath his coat,
 And home the poor lamb took.

He placed it by the warm fireside,
 And then his children fed
 This little lamb, whose mother died,
 With milk and sweet brown bread,
 Until it ran about the floor,
 Or at the door would stand;
 And grew so tame, it ate its food
 From out the children's hand.

It followed them where'er they went,
 Came ever at their call,
 And dearly was this pretty lamb
 Belovèd by them all.
 And often on a market-day,
 When cotters crossed the moor,
 They stopped to praise the snow-white lamb
 Beside the cottage door ;

They patted it upon its head,
 And stroked it with the hand,
 And vowed it was the prettiest lamb
 They'd seen in all the land.

PART II.

Now, this kind shepherd was as ill,
 As ill as he could be,
 And kept his bed for many a week,
 And nothing earnèd he ;
 And when he had got well again,
 He to his wife did say,
 " The doctor wants his money, and
 I haven't it to pay.

" What shall we do, what can we do ?
 The doctor's made me well,
 There's only one thing can be done,
 We must the pet lamb sell ;
 We've nearly eaten all the bread,
 And how can we get more,
 Unless you call the butcher in
 When he rides by the door ? "

" Oh do not sell my white pet lamb,"
 Then little Mary said,
 " And every night I'll go up stairs
 Without my tea to bed ;
 For if the butcher buys my lamb,
 He'll take away its life,



And make its pretty white throat bleed
With his sharp, cruel knife ;

“ And never in the morning light
Again it will me meet,
Nor come again to lick my hand,
Look up to me and bleat.

Oh! do not sell my sweet, pet lamb ;
And, if you'll let it live,
The best half of my bread and milk
I will unto it give.”

The doctor at that very time
Entered the cottage door,
As, with her arms around her lamb,
She sat upon the floor.

PART III.

“ Why do you weep, my pretty girl ? ”
The doctor then did say.
“ Because I love my little lamb,
Which must be sold to-day ;

It lies beside my bed at night,
 And, oh, it is so still,
 It never made a bit of noise
 When father was so ill.

“ Oh, do not let them sell my lamb,
 And then I'll go to bed,
 And never ask for aught to eat
 But a small piece of bread.”

“ I'll buy the lamb and give it you,”
 The kind, good doctor said,
 “ And with the money that I pay
 Your father can buy bread.

“ As for the bill, that can remain
 Until another year.”
 He paid the money down, and said,
 “ The lamb is yours, my dear :
 You have a kind and gentle heart,
 And God, who made us all,
 He loveth well those who are kind
 To creatures, great and small ;

“ And while I live, my little girl,
 Your lamb shall not be sold,
 But play with you upon the moor,
 And sleep within the fold.”
 And so the white pet lamb was saved,
 And played upon the moor,
 And after little Mary ran
 About the cottage-floor.

It fed upon the cowslips tall,
 And ate the grass so sweet,
 And on the little garden-walk
 Pattered its pretty feet ;
 And with its head upon her lap
 The little lamb would lay
 Asleep beneath the elm-tree's shade,
 Upon the summer's day,
 While she twined flowers around its neck,
 And called it her “ sweet May.”

THOMAS MILLER.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highland's a-chasing the deer,
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go !

BURNS.

A Sairy's Song.

OVER hill, over dale,
 Through bush, through briar,
 Over park, over pale,
 Through flood, through fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see, —
 These be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

SHAKESPEARE

Summer Song.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
 'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
 The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
 And the summer breezes go lightly by;
 The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
 And why should not I be as merry as they?
 The linnet is singing the wild wood through:
 The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
 The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
 And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
 All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
 And why should not I be as merry as they?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Sather.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier
 In the church of Fontevraud.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
 On the settled face of death.
 On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare;
 Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
 Yet it still fell brightest there:
 As if each deeply-furrowed trace
 Of earthly years to show,—
 Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in woe!
 The marble floor was swept
 By many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests round him that slept
 Sang mass for the parted soul;

And solemn were the strains they poured
 Through the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
 And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang
 As of steel-girt men the tread,
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;
 And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
 As, by the torch's flame,
 A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
 With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
 An eagle glance and clear,
 But his proud heart through his breastplate shook,
 When he stood beside the bier !
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,
 And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—
 For his father lay before him low ;—
 It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast ;
 But there's more in late repentant love
 Than steel may keep suppressed !
 And his tears broke forth, at last, like rain ;—
 Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
 And sorrow seemed to lie,
 A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words—yet all too weak,
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“ Oh, father ! is it vain,
 This late remorse and deep ?

Speak to me, father, once again :
 I weep,—behold, I weep !
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my sire,
 'To hear thee bless thy son !

Speak to me ! mighty grief,
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !
 Hear me, but hear me ! father, chief,
 My king ! I *must* be heard !
 Hushed, hushed ;—how is it that I call,
 And that thou answerest not ?
 When was it thus ? woe, woe for all
 The love my soul forgot !

Thy silver hairs I see,
 So still, so sadly bright !
 And father ! father ! but for me
 They had not been so white !
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,
 No longer couldst thou strive ;
 Oh, for one moment of the past
 To kneel and say—' Forgive !'

Thou wert the noblest king
 On royal throne e'er seen ;
 And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;
 And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
 In war, the bravest heart—
 Oh, ever the renowned and loved
 Thou wert ;—and *there* thou art !

Thou, that my boyhood's guide
 Didst take fond joy to be !—
 The times I've sported by thy side,
 And climbed thy parent-knee !
 And there before the blessed shrine,
 My sire ! I see thee lie ;
 How will that sad still face of thine
 Look on me till I die !"

MRS. HEMANS.

Soliloquy of a Water-wagtail.

“**H**EAR your sovereign’s proclamation,
 All good subjects, young and old!
 I’m the Lord of the Creation,

I—a water-wagtail bold!
 All around, and all you see,
 All the world was made for ME!

“Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
 Rises—when I leave my nest;
 And, behind the hills declining,
 Sets—when I retire to rest.
 Morn and evening, thus, you see,
 Day and night, were made for ME!

“Vernal gales to love invite me;
 Summer sheds for me her beams;
 Autumn’s genial scenes delight me;
 Winter paves with ice my streams;
 All the year is mine you see;
 Seasons change like moons for ME!

“On the heads of giant mountains,
 Or beneath the shady trees;
 By the banks of warbling fountains
 I enjoy myself at ease:
 Hills and valleys, thus you see,
 Groves and rivers, made for me!

“Boundless are my vast dominions;
 I can hop, or swim, or fly;
 When I please, my towering pinions
 Trace my empire through the sky:
 Air and elements, you see,
 Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

“Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
 All their humble distance keep;
 Man, subservient to my wishes,
 Sows the harvest which I reap:
 Mighty man himself, you see,
 All that breathe, were made for ME!

“ ’Twas for my accommodation
 Nature rose when I was born ;
 Should I die—the whole creation
 Back to nothing would return :
 Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 Sprung—exist—will fall with ME.”

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel hawk, descending,
 Pounced him up—a helpless prey.
 Couldst thou not, poor wagtail, see
 That the hawk was made for THEE ?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Spartan Boy.

WHEN I the memory repeat
 Of the heroic actions great,
 Which, in contempt of pain and death,
 Were done by men who drew their breath
 In ages past, I find no deed
 That can in fortitude exceed
 The noble boy, in Sparta bred,
 Who in the temple ministered.
 By the sacrifice he stands,
 The lighted incense in his hands ;
 Through the smoking censer's lid
 Dropped a burning coal, which slid
 Into his sleeve, and passéd in
 Between the folds, e'en to the skin.
 Dire was the pain which then he proved,
 But not for this his sleeve he moved,
 Or would the scorching ember shake
 Out from the folds, less it should make
 Any confusion, or excite
 Disturbance at the sacred rite ;
 But close he kept the burning coal,
 Till it ate itself a hole

In his flesh. The standers-by
Saw no sign, and heard no cry.
All this he did in noble scorn,
And for he was a Spartan born.

MARY LAMB.

The Tiger.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire—
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He Who made the lamb make thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Child Musician.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they said—too late—“ He is weary!
 He shall rest for, at least, To-night !”

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
 A something snapped in the gloom.

’Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his bed :—
 “ Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God !” —was the last that he said.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Evening Hymn.

BEFORE I close my eyes to-night
 Let me myself these questions ask :—
 Have I endeavoured to do right,
 Nor thought my duty was a task ?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
 And the small voice of conscience heard ?
 When passion tempted me to speak,
 Have I repressed the angry word ?

Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
 What my kind parents bade me do,
 And not by word or action said
 The thing that was not strictly true ?

In hard temptation’s troubled hour,
 Then have I stopped to think and pray,

That God would give my soul the power
To chase the sinful thought away?

O Thou who seest all my heart,
Wilt Thou forgive and love me still?
Wilt Thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do Thy will?

E. LEE FOLLEN.

The Child's Talent.

GOD entrusts 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.

J. EDMESTON.

M



A Little Child's Evening Hymn.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day Thy hand hath led me,
 And I thank Thee for thy care ;
 Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
 still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

Quarrelling.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so ;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise ;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

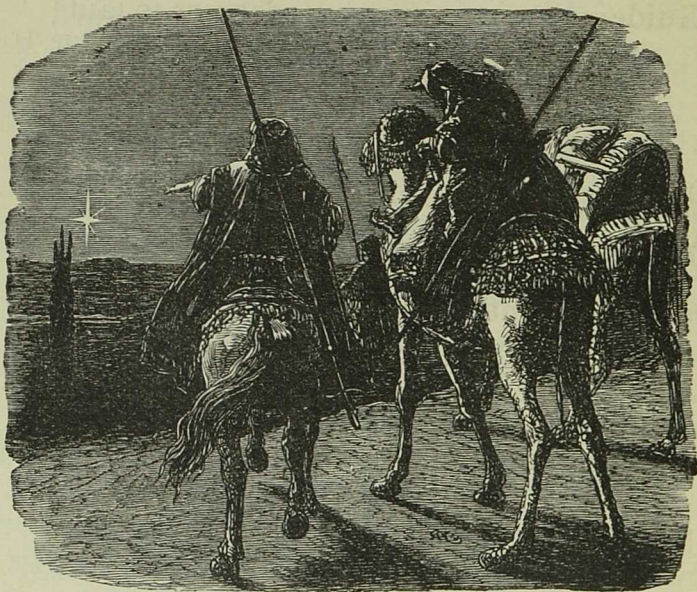
Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild ;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
 And as His stature grew,

He grew in favour both with man
And God His Father too.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.

DR. WATTS.



The Star in the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

BISHOP HEBER.

Christmas Hymn.

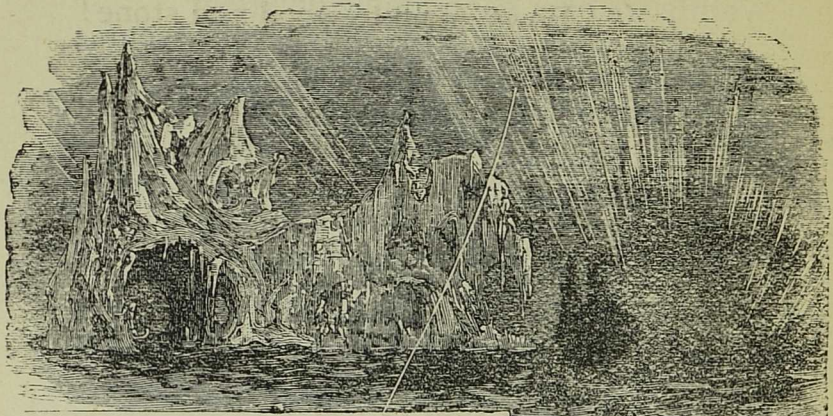
WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind);
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
 “To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:
 “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.”

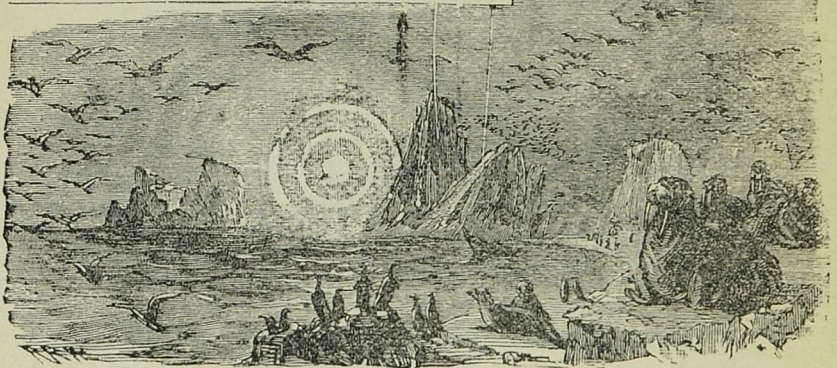
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
 “All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
 Begin, and never cease.”

NAHUM TATE.

A Missionary Hymn.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !



What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile :

In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole!
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

BISHOP HEBER.

Thankfulness.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see:
 What should I render to my God,
 For all His gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
 Half naked, I behold;
 While I am clothed from head to feet,
 And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.


While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord! I am taught Thy name to fear,
 And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours day by day,
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love Thee more than they,
 And strive to serve Thee best.

DR. WATTS.

The Legend of the Crossbill.

FROM THE GERMAN.

N the cross the dying Saviour
 Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
 In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
 Sees He how with zealous care
 At the ruthless nail of iron
 A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring
 With its beak it doth not cease,
 From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
 Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
 "Blest be thou of all the good!
 Bear as token of this moment,
 Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
 Covered all with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

LONGFELLOW.

A Child's Prayer.

LORD, look upon a little child,
 By nature simple, rude, and wild ;
 Oh ! lay Thy gracious hands on me,
 And make me all I ought to be.

Make me Thy child, a child of God,
 Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
 And my whole heart, from sin set free,
 A little vessel full of Thee;—

A star of early dawn, and bright,
 Shining within Thy sacred light ;
 A beam of grace to all around,
 A little spot of hallowed ground.

Dear Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
 And bless me, that I may be blest ;
 Both when I wake and when I sleep,
 Thy little lamb in safety keep.

J. BUCKWORTH.

Little Things.

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.

A Child's Hymn.

LAMB of God, I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild ;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart !
Thou art pitiful and kind ;
Let me have Thy loving mind !

Meek and lowly may I be ;
Thou art all humility !
Let me to my betters bow ;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve ;
Only to His glory live !

Thou didst live to God alone ;
Thou didst never seek Thine own ;
Thou Thyself didst never please ;
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art !
Live Thyself within my heart !

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Miriam's Song.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!
 Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
 How vain was their boasting! The Lord hath but
 spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

Grace for a Child.

HERE, a little child, I stand,
 Heaving up my lither hand,
 Cold as puddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK



The Child and the Angels.

THE Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds at even ;
“ Our Father,” breathed a voice
below,—

“ Our Father, who art in heaven.”

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given ;

“ Our Father,” angels sang aloud—

“ Father, who art in heaven.”

“ Thy kingdom come,” still from the ground,
That childlike voice did pray ;

“ Thy kingdom come,” God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

“ Thy will be done,” with little tongue,
That lisping love implores ;

“ Thy will be done,” the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

“ Forever,” still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer ;

“ Forever,” floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

CHARLES SWAIN.

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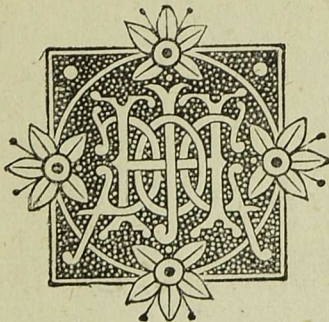
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
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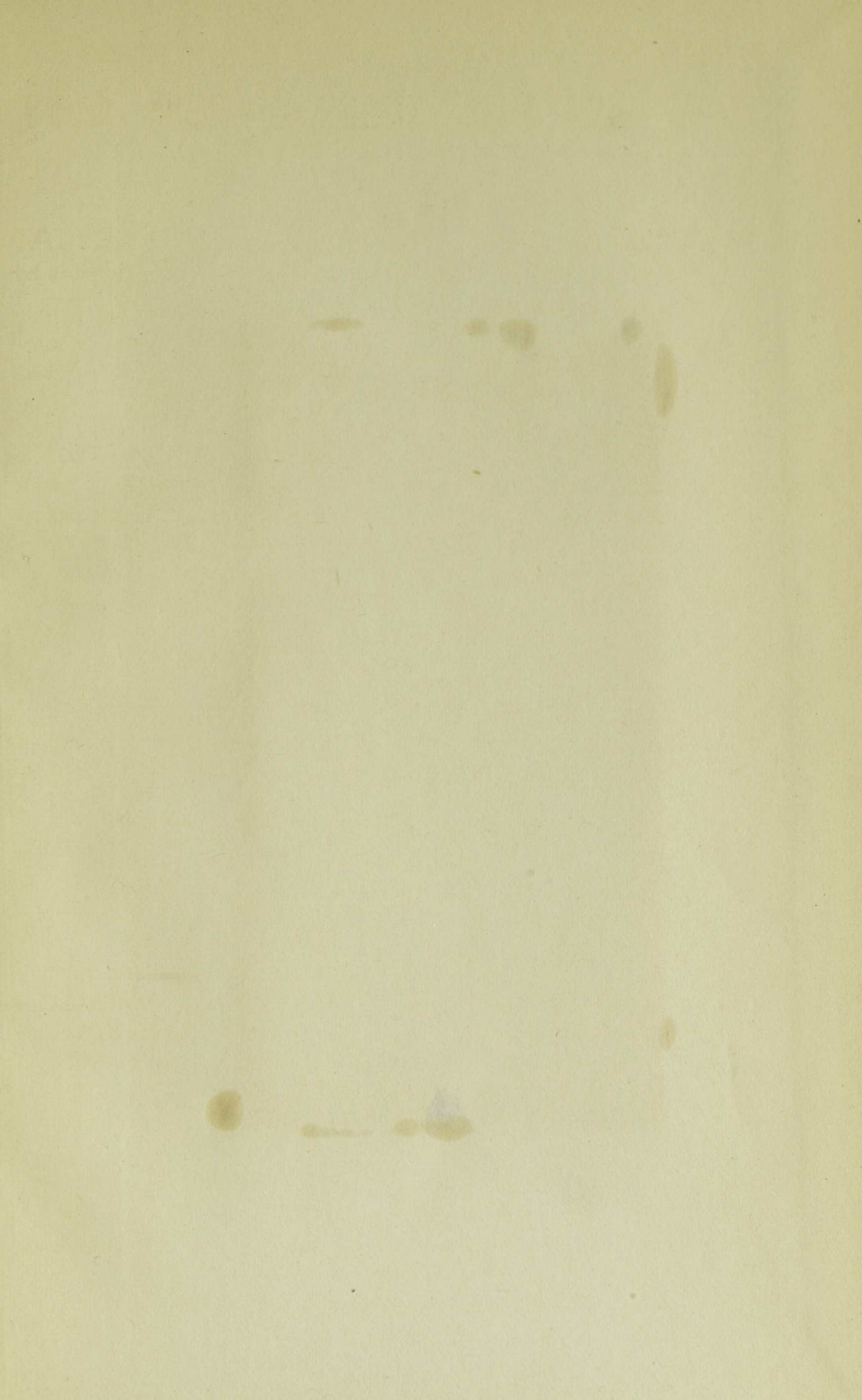
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