

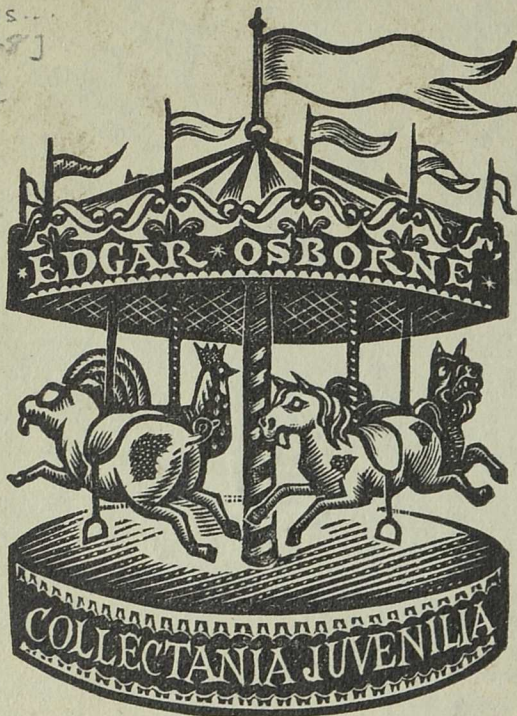
SONGS

FOR THE



LITTLE ONES

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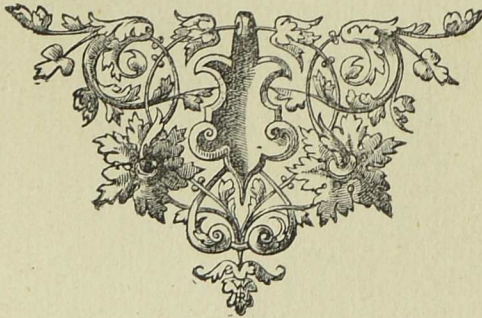
Lulu & Margaret Osborn

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MABEL OSBORNE

SONGS

FOR

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.





LEIGHTON, BROS.

I LIKE TO SEE THE DAISY AND THE BUTTERCUP ONCE MORE.

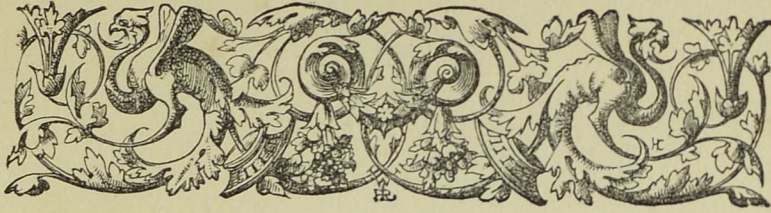
SONGS

FOR THE

LITTLE + ONES



LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER.



SONGS

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

Sixteen Coloured and Sixteen Tinted Pictures,

FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

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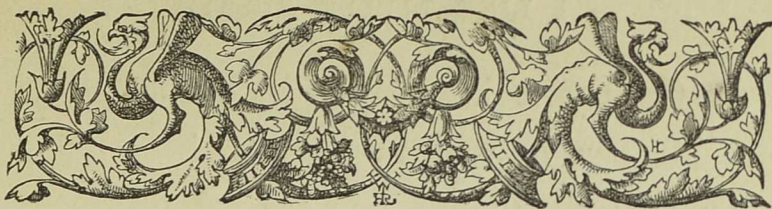


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A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.



OTHER, let's go and see the lambs ;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are. You pretty things!
Now, don't you run away ;
I'm come on purpose, that I am,
To see you this fine day.

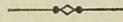
What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good-natured eyes!
And ruff of wool all round your necks—
How nicely curl'd it lies!

Come here, my little lambkin, come,
And lick my hand—now do!
How silly to be so afraid!
Indeed I won't hurt you.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

Just put your hand upon its back,
 Mother, how nice and warm!
 There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
 Intend to do you harm.

“SIMPLE VERSES.”



I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.



LIKE little pussy,
 Her coat is so warm,
 And if I don't hurt her,
 She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
 Or drive her away,
 But pussy and I
 Together will play.

She will sit by my side,
 And I'll give her some food,
 And she'll like me because
 I am gentle and good.

“AMUSING SONGS.”

COME HERE, LITTLE ROBIN.



OME here, little Robin, and don't be
afraid,

I would not hurt even a feather ;

Come here, little Robin, and pick up
some bread,

To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing,

And pussy-cat is not behind me ;

So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,

And pick up the crumbs, and don't mind me !

Cold Winter is come, but it will not last long,

And Summer we soon shall be greeting ;

Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song,

In return for the breakfast you're eating !

MORNING AND EVENING.

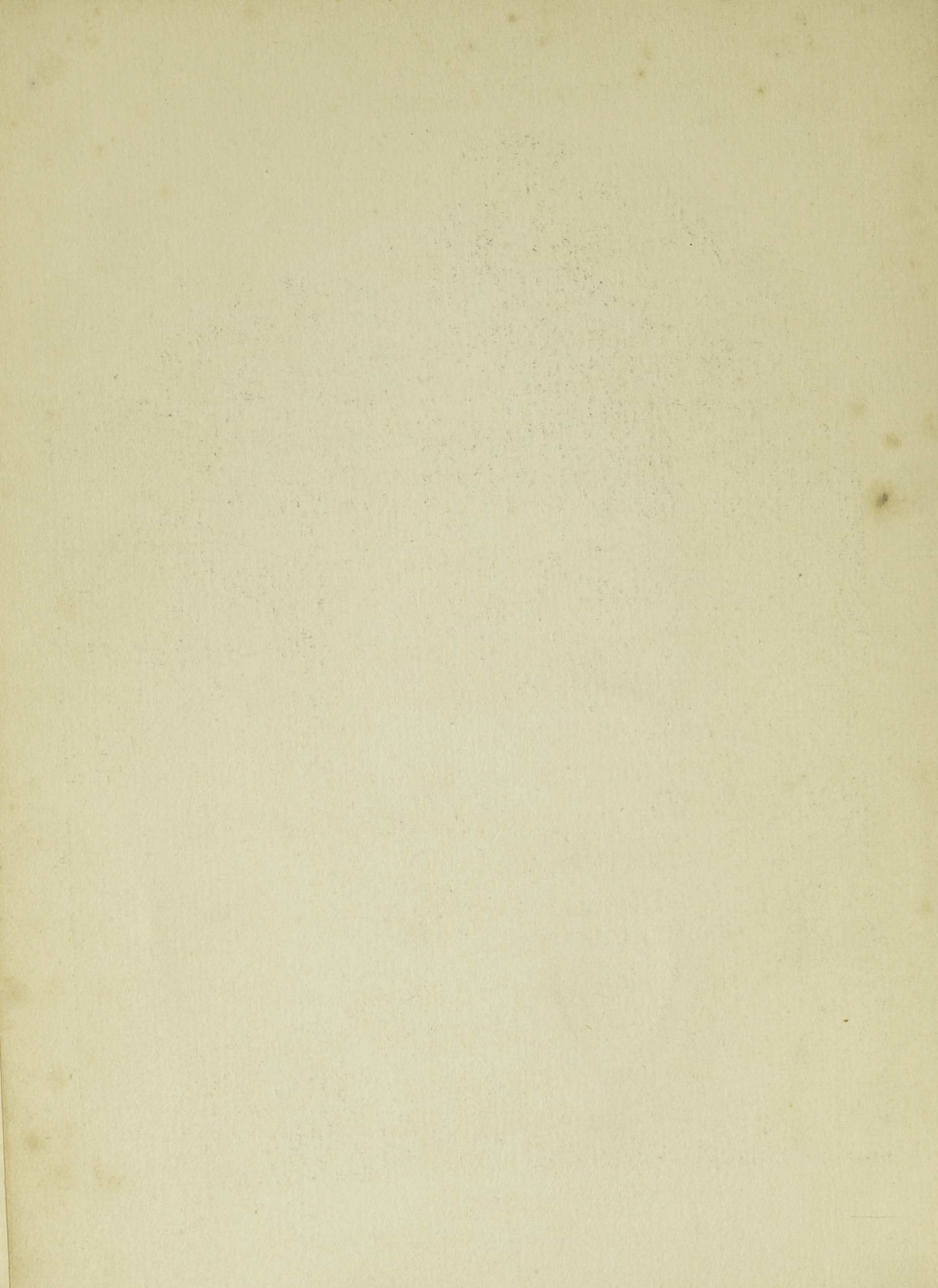


WHEN first the glorious god of day
 Flings wide his orient gates of gold,
 And striding on his kingly way
 Bids earth her varied charms unfold ;
 When flower-cups brim with fairy wine,
 And dew-pearls catch a ruddy glow,
 And song-birds wake their notes divine,
 And balmy breezes softly blow—
 Mead, wood, and dell I love to pace,
 And greet dear Nature face to face.
 When western skies are royal red,
 And even spreads her dusky veil,
 When love-lorn Luna over-head
 Brings forth the tuneful nightingale ;
 When shepherds fold their fleecy care,
 And gaily chirp the green-grass choirs,
 When bat and moth whirl through the air,
 And glowworms light their elfin fires—
 I love to roam o'er mead, o'er hill,
 And let my fancy sport at will.

J. G. WATTS.



“AND BALMY BREEZES SOFTLY BLOW.”



ANNIE'S GARDEN.



N little Annie's garden
Grew all sorts of posies ;
There were pinks, and mignonette,
And tulips, and roses.

Sweet peas, and climbing roses,
A bed of violets blue,
And marigolds, and asters,
In Annie's garden grew.

There the bees went for honey ;
There the birds sipp'd the dew,
And there the pretty butterflies,
And the lady-birds flew.

And there among her flowers,
Every bright and pleasant day,
In her own pretty garden,
Little Annie went to play.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?



HICH way does the wind blow,
 Which way does he go?
 He rides over the water,
 He rides over snow;

O'er wood and o'er valley,
 And o'er rocky height
 Which the goat cannot traverse,
 He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
 In every bare tree,
 As, if you look upwards,
 You plainly may see.

But whence he now cometh,
 And whither he goes,
 There's never a scholar
 In England that knows.

BUTTERFLIES ARE PRETTY THINGS.



UTTERFLIES are pretty things,
 Prettier than you or I;
 See the colours on his wings,—
 Who would hurt a butterfly?

Softly, softly, girls and boys;
 He'll come near us by-and-by;
 Here he is, don't make a noise,—
 We'll not hurt you, butterfly.

Not to hurt a living thing,
 Let all little children try;
 See, again he's on the wing;
 Good-bye! pretty butterfly!

ELIZA FOLLEN.



THE DAISY.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. S. C.



THE ROBINS.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"THE FATHER ROBIN LOOKS FOR FOOD."

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

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

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

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

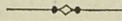
M. S. C.

DEAR PAPA.



PAPA, we love you dearly,
 You are good and kind,
 And we always hope to show it,
 All your words to mind.
 And when we're men both tall and strong,
 Your words shall keep us from the wrong.

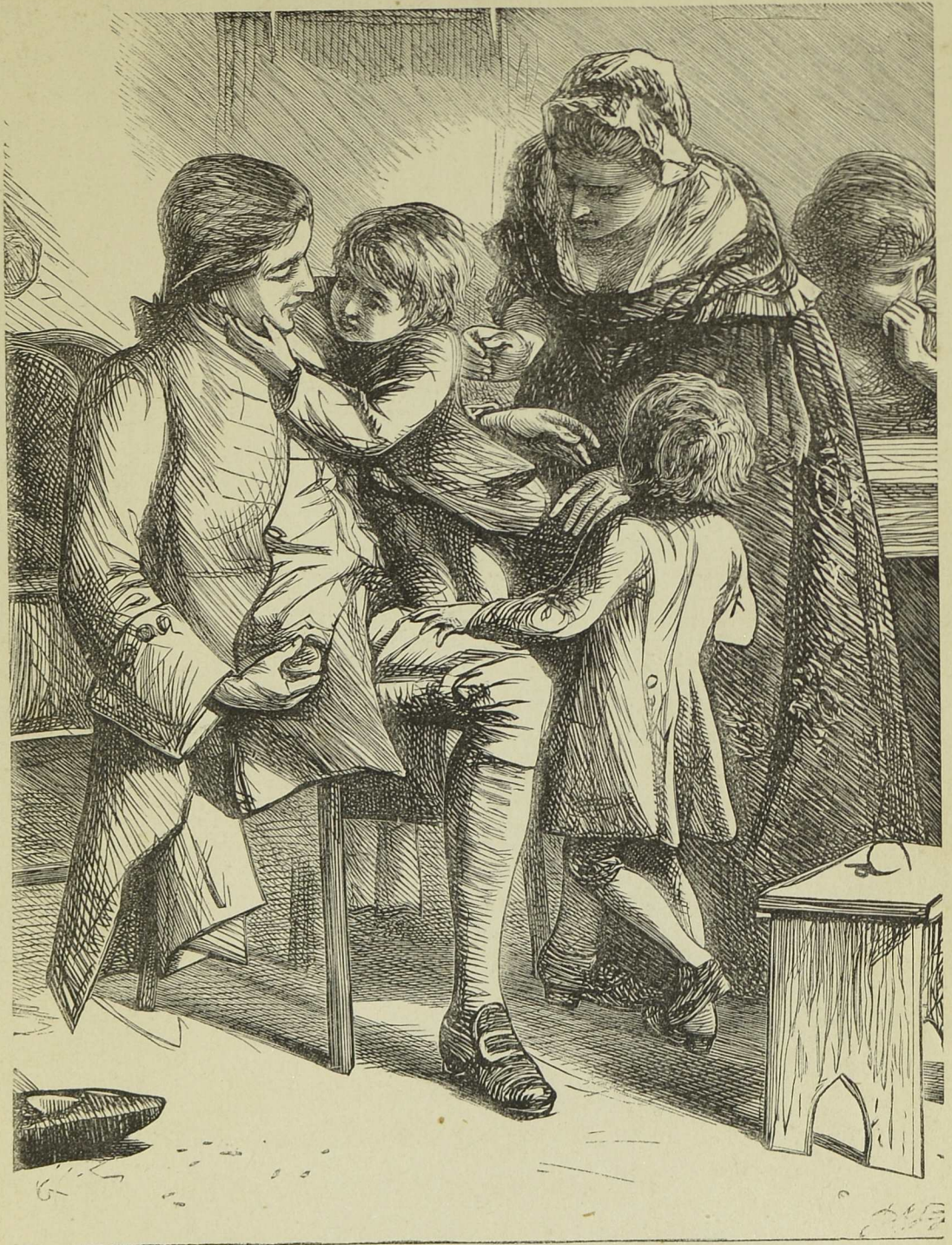
When an evil thought arises,
 Or a wicked word,
 We will say—'twould shock our father
 If he ever heard,
 So when we're men both tall and strong,
 Your words shall keep us from the wrong.



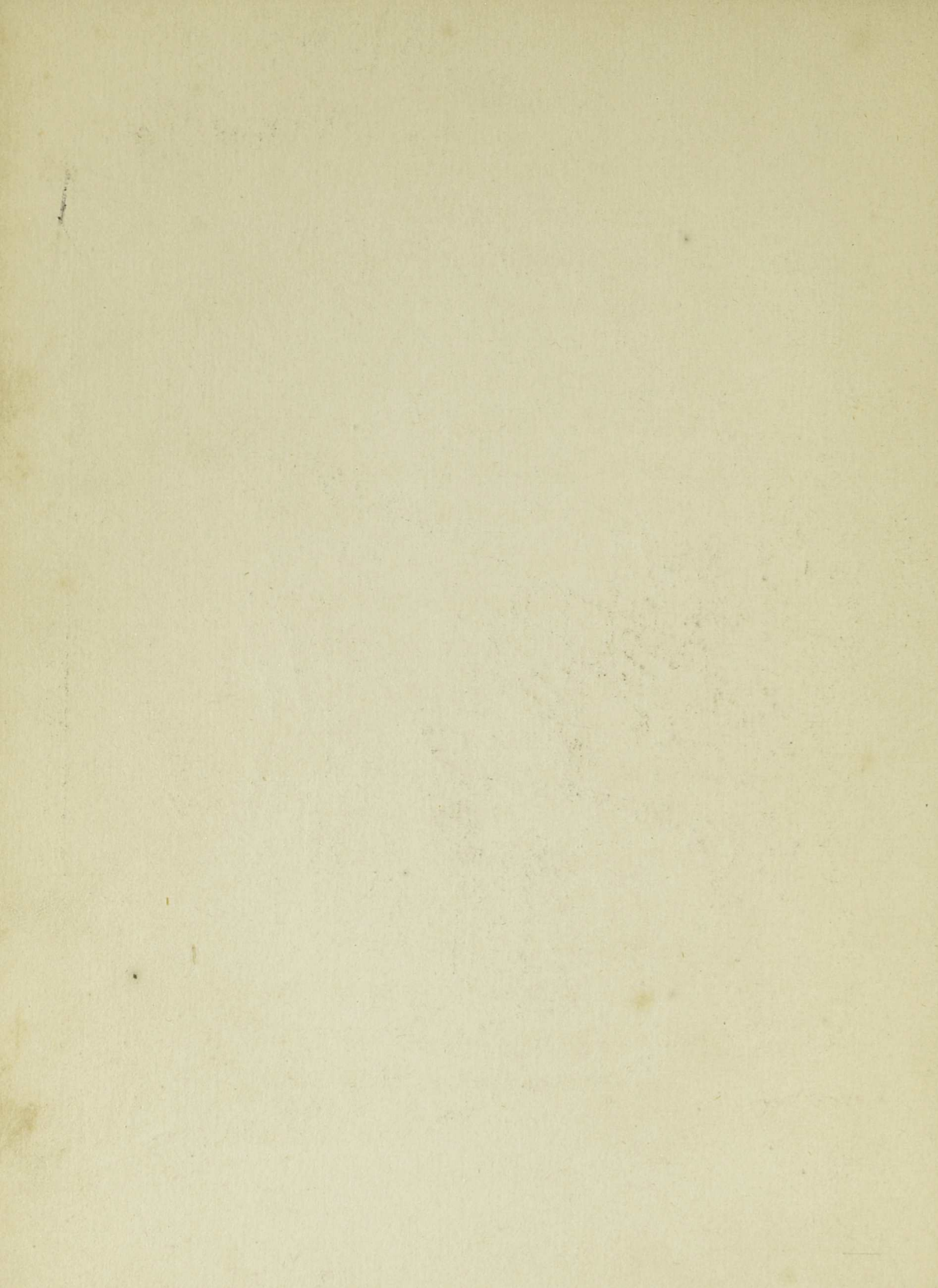
THE ROBIN.



HO would fancy this December,
 Now the sun is shining bright,
 For last year I well remember
 How the snow lay smooth and white ;



"O PAPA, WE LOVE YOU DEARLY."



All around 'twas lying coldly,
And so silently it fell,
That poor Robin ventured boldly
On the sill his wants to tell.

Now I hear him in the laurels
Chant his morning hymn so sweet,
Whilst the holly shows its corals
For his promised Christmas treat.
Now I see him slyly peeping
With his quick and glancing eye,
Still his cheerful carol keeping
Christmas by its minstrelsy.

Look now! he is venturing nearer—
Half afraid he starts away—
As if to make his visits dearer,
Like a little child at play.
I am sure he still remembers
All the crumbs we gave last year,
And will many more Decembers
Ask from us his Christmas cheer.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE
ANOTHER."



LITTLE girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet and edged
with gold,

And its weight was more than the child could hold ;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more ;
For it said,—and she look'd at her smiling
mother,—

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

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took ;
She walk'd on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
" The Holy Bible I must obey ;

So, mother, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other.

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

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

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.



ARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere 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.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

“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 will,

If you are only kind.”

“SONGS FOR CHILDREN.”



THE BLIND BOY.



DEAR Mary,” said the poor blind boy,

“That little bird sings very long ;

Say, do you see him in his joy,

And is he pretty as his song?”

“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,

“I see the bird on yonder tree ;”

The poor boy sigh’d, and gently said,

“Sister, I wish that I could see.

“The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

“Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

“So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight to me He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?”

Ere long, disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild:
His widow’d mother wept, and pray’d
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said—“Oh, never weep for me;
I’m going to a bright, bright place,
Where God my Saviour I shall see.

“ And you’ll be there, kind Mary, too ;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell me, dear mother, that ’tis you :
You know I never saw you here.”

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And open’d first his eyes in heaven.



THE LITTLE SISTER LEFT IN CHARGE.



LEEP, little brother, you must not
awaken
Till mother comes back to her baby
again :

Weary and long is the way she has taken
Over the common, and through the green glen,
Up the steep hill, by the path that is nearest,
Thinking of you as she hurries along,

Sleep then, and dream that she's watching you,
dearest,
Rocking your cradle, and singing her song.

In the still room there's no sound to disquiet,
Only the clock ticking even and low,
Only the bird in his cage hanging by it,
Chirping a note as he hops to and fro.
Out in the sunlight the woodbine is stirring,
Filling the air with its fragrance so sweet ;
On the low window-seat pussy sits purring,
Washing her face with her little white feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are ringing,
Comrades have beckon'd me out to their play.
Why did you start? it is I that am singing:
Why did you frown? I'm not going away.
Could I forsake you for play, or for pleasure,
Lying alone in your helplessness here?
How could I leave you, my own little treasure,
No one to rock you, and no one to cheer?

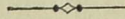
In the room corners I watch the dark shadows
Deepening and lengthening as evening comes on :



"GOOD-BYE, OLD HOME."

Soon will the mowers return from the meadows ;
 Far to the westward the red sun is gone.
 By the green hedge-row I see her now coming,
 Where the last sunbeam is just on her track.
 Still I sit by you, love, drowsily humming ;
 Sleep, little baby, till mother comes back.

“MORAL SONGS.”



LEAVING HOME.



HOME, home, we are going from home,
 And all is busy around us ;
 Home, home, to find a new home,
 As happy a one as this found us.

But it seems so strange this going away,
 Perhaps never again to return,
 That it seems almost hard to the dear old place,
 As if we were heartless and stern.
 Good-bye, old home ! we are going away,
 And busy as bees are we all,
 And I'll remember the dear old home,
 With its trellis and sunny wall.

LITTLE PINK.



N a swinging little shelf
 Were some pretty little books ;
 And I reckon'd from their looks,
 That the darling little elf,
 Whose they were,
 Was the careful little girl,
 With her auburn hair a-curl.

In a little chest of drawers
 Everything was nice and prim,
 And was always kept so trim,
 That her childish little stores,
 Books or toys,
 In good order could be found,—
 Never careless thrown around.

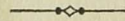
And she laid her bonnet by,
When she hastened home from school;
For it was her constant rule,—
And she was resolved to try,
School or home,
How to prove the saying true,—
“Order in all things you do.”

When she put away her shawl,
Nicely laying by her book,
She had only once to look
In its place to find her doll
Snugly there:
She could shut her smiling eyes,
Sure to find her pretty prize.

See her books;—how clean they are!
Corners not turn'd down, I know,
There's a marker, made to show
In her lessons just how far.
Dog-ear'd books
Are a certain sign to me
That the girl must careless be.

She's as tidy as a pink ;
 Clean and neat, and gentle too ;
 If you take her actions through,
 Just the same, I know, you'll think,
 School or home,
 Tasks or play,
 Books or toys,
 Every way,
 Order keeps this loving girl,
 With her auburn hair a-curl.

W. O. BOURNE.



WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GIRL TO HER
 LITTLE BROTHER.



Y pretty baby-brother
 Is six months old to-day ;
 And though he cannot speak,
 He knows whate'er I say.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"MY PRETTY BABY BROTHER."

Whenever I come near,
He crows for very joy ;
And dearly do I love him,
The darling baby-boy.

My brother's cheek is blooming,
And his bright laughing eyes
Are like the pure spring violets,
Or the summer cloudless skies.

His mouth is like the rosebud,
So delicate and red ;
And his hair is soft as silk,
And curls all round his head.

When he laughs, upon his face
So many dimples play,
They seem like little sunbeams
Which o'er his features stray.

I am sure we all must love him.
He is so full of glee ;
Just like a ray of sunshine
My brother is to me.

When in his pretty cradle
He lies in quiet sleep,
'Tis joy to sit beside him,
A faithful watch to keep ;

And when his sleep is over,
I love to see him lie,
And lift the silken fringes
That veil his sweet blue eye.

Oh! my dear, dear baby-brother,
Our darling and our pet ;
The very sweetest plaything
I ever have had yet.

The pretty little creature,
He grows so every day,
That, when the summer comes,
In the garden he will play.

How cunning he will look
Among the grass and flowers !
No blossom is so fair
As this precious one of ours.

Every night before I sleep,
When I kneel to say my prayer,
I ask my heavenly Father
Of my brother to take care.

For I know that God is good,
And whate'er He does is right ;
And our darling little treasure
Is precious in His sight.

And if He thinks it best,
He will listen to my prayer,
And what we love so dearly
Still longer to us spare.

I know it was in love
That the little babe was given ;
And, if He calls him hence,
It will be to live in Heaven.

AUNT MARY.



A MAY SONG.



P! up! let us greet
 This season so sweet,
 For winter is gone,
 And the flowers are springing,
 And little birds singing,
 Their soft notes ringing,
 And bright is the sun!
 Where all was dress'd
 In a snowy vest,
 There grass is growing,
 With dewdrops glowing,
 And flowers are seen
 On beds of green.
 All down in the grove,
 Around, above,
 Sweet music floats.
 Up, maidens, repair
 To the meadows so fair,
 And dance we away
 This merry May,
 And who but on May doats?

FROM THE GERMAN.



"AND DANCE WE AWAY."

CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.



HE birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone,
The clouds look cold and gray,
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
Their naked branches swing;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He look'd up in his face;

And these his simple words:
"Father, how cold it blows!
What comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"

“ They fly far, far away
From storms, and snows, and rain ;
But Charley dear, next May
They’ll all come back again.”

“ And will my flowers come too ?”
The little fellow said,
“ And all be bright and new,
That now looks cold and dead ?”

“ O, yes, dear ; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive.”

“ Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go ?
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow ?

“ And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who’ll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again ?”

“ My son, there is a Power,
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

“ He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way ;
And we, too, are His care,—
He guards us day by day.”

“ Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May ?”
Tears were in Charley’s eye,—
“ Will they, dear father, say ?”

“ No ! they will never come ;
We go to them, my boy,
There in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy.”

Upon his father’s knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He look’d up in his face.

THE ROBIN.



POOR little robin, so cold and so wet,
 Say, what are you doing to-day?
 The winter has come, and now what
 will you eat,
 And where are you going to stay?

Your nest is so open, so cold, and so poor,
 You never can live there again;
 O come, pretty robin, come into our door,
 And hide from the snow and the rain.

We've clean beds to sleep on, and water to drink,
 And things very nice for your food;
 Come, come, pretty robin, O how can you think
 To fly off again in the wood?

The bird will not listen; but you that are young,
 That are cold, or hungry, or wet,
 May share in my cottage, and join in my song,
 And you shall have plenty to eat.

THE FROST.



HE FROST look'd forth, one still clear
night,
And whisper'd, "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,

Who make so much bustle and noise in vain ;—

But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its crest,

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd

In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear

That he hung on its margin, far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
 By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things;—there were flowers and trees,
There were beehives of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peep'd 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.”

MISS GOULD.



BLIND JOHNNY.



BE kind to little Johnny Bell,
Whene'er you see him, little boys ;
Relate to him some pretty tale,
And tell him all about your toys.

For he is blind, poor Johnny Bell !
The pleasant sky he cannot see,
Nor brilliant sun, nor lovely flowers,
Nor verdant grass, nor lofty tree.

He never saw his mother's face,
Nor little sister's sweet blue eye ;
He cannot play at ball or top,
Nor hoop can drive, nor kite can fly.

He cannot go to school and learn,
No pretty books can Johnny read ;
Oh, then be kind to Johnny Bell,
For his is a sad lot indeed.

He'll sing to you some little song,
 His voice is very clear and sweet ;
 And on his little flute he plays,
 To please the children in the street.

He's very gentle, kind, and mild,
 Blind Johnny all the children love ;
 He's in the holy keeping, too,
 Of the good God who reigns above.



A MERRY-GO-ROUND FOR MAY.



COME to the meadows—away, away !
 Oh ! the sun shines bright, and the
 morn is fair ;
 The hawthorn's bloom yields sweet
 perfume
 To gentlest touch of the breezes there.



"COME TO THE MEADOWS—AWAY, AWAY!"

In healthful sports our time we'll pass,
The fairest shall Queen of the May be crown'd,
While, hand in hand, our youthful band
All join in a merry-go-round, go-round.

Come to the meadows—away, away!
Where skyward tower the emerald hills;
Where Summer dowres with sweet wild flowers
The sloping banks of the rippling rills.

In healthful sports our time we'll pass,
The fairest shall Queen of the May be crown'd,
While, hand in hand, our youthful band
All join in a merry-go-round, go-round.

Come to the meadows—away, away!
The laureate lark from the young green corn,
Soaring on high to the cloudless sky,
Pours forth an anthem of love to the morn.
A blossom-chaplet we will weave,
The fairest shall Queen of the May be crown'd,
While, hand in hand, our youthful band
All join in a merry-go-round, go-round.

THE LITTLE BEGGARS.



TWO beggars are at the door, mamma,
 Two beggars are at the door,
 A beggar-boy and a beggar-girl,
 And the wind is biting, at every whirl,
 Their feet all naked and sore.

Oh, hasten and bring them in, mamma,
 Oh, hasten and bring them in,
 And let them sit by this fire so warm,
 For they have been out in the cold, cold storm,
 And their clothes are tattered and thin.

And tell them this is their home, mamma,
 Oh, tell them this is their home ;
 And give them something to eat that's nice,
 Of bread and butter a good large slice,
 And bid them no more to roam.

For isn't it all too bad, mamma,
Oh, isn't it all too bad,
That they must starve, or beg in the street,
No cloak to their backs, or shoes to their feet,
While I am so finely clad?

It may be God sent them here, mamma,
It may be God sent them here,
And now looks down from his home in the sky
To watch them and see whether you and I
Are kind to his children dear,

And will he not angry be, mamma,
And will he not angry be,
If we let them go on in the storm so rough,
To perish with want, while more than enough
For them and for us have we?



ALL HAVE A WORK TO DO.

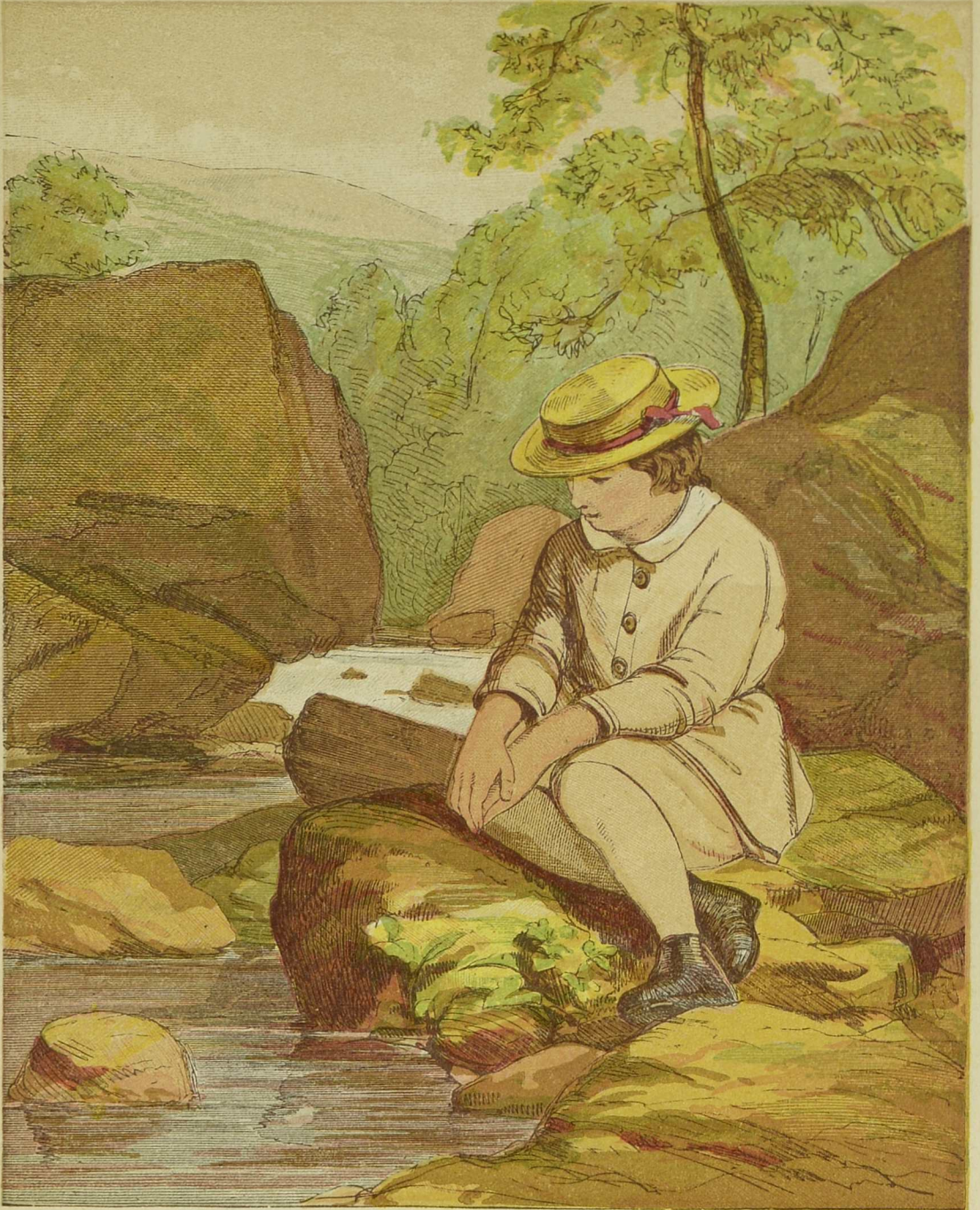


TOP, little stream, and tell me why
Thou'rt running on so fast,
For ever gliding swiftly by,
And yet thou'rt never past.

I love to look into thy face,
Although I'm but a child,
And watch thy dimpling eddies play,
And hear thy music wild.

Thou must be very happy here,
With nothing else to do
But running by these mossy banks,
Beneath the green wood too.

The pretty robin sings to thee
His cheerful matin-song,
While 'mid the leaves the squirrel peeps
And frolics all day long.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"STOP LITTLE STREAM."

The little streamlet heeded not
The prattling child's request,
But, while it still ran swiftly on,
The laughing boy addressed:—

“’Tis true I've squirrels, birds, and flowers,
To cheer me on my way;
And very pleasant is my lot:
But, still, I must not stay.

Like Truth, I have my work to do,
My errand to fulfil:
I cool the weary traveller's lips,
And help the sea to fill.

If I should stop and idly lie
Upon my pebbly bed,
Soon all my freshness would be gone,
My verdant banks be dead.

Our heavenly Father gives to all
His blessing most profuse,
And, not the least, in wisdom gives
The kindly law of use.

So, little child, your duty do,
 In cheerfulness all day ;
 And you, like me, shall then be blessed
 With flowers upon your way."

AUNT MARY.



THE DORMOUSE.



HE little Dormouse is tawny red ;
 He makes against winter a nice snug bed,
 He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
 Where the plants in the summer grow
 tall and rank.

Away from the daylight, far underground,
 His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound.
 And when all above him it freezes and snows,
 What is it to him, for he nought of it knows ?
 And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
 The little Dormouse keeps sleeping on.

But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry birds sing,
And the dread of the winter is over and past,
The little Dormouse peeps out at last.
Out of his snug quiet burrow he wends,
And looks all about for his neighbours and friends ;
Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,
“ ’Tis a beautiful day, for the first day of March !
The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear ;
The lark is up-springing, his carol I hear ;
And in the green fields are the lamb and the foal ;
I am glad I’m not sleeping now down in my hole !”
Then away he runs, in his merry mood,
Over the fields and into the wood,
To find any grain there may chance to be,
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree ;
So, from early morning, till late at night,
Has the poor little creature its own delight,
Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,
Thinking, “ O ! what a happy Dormouse am I !”

SHOOTING AT A MARK.

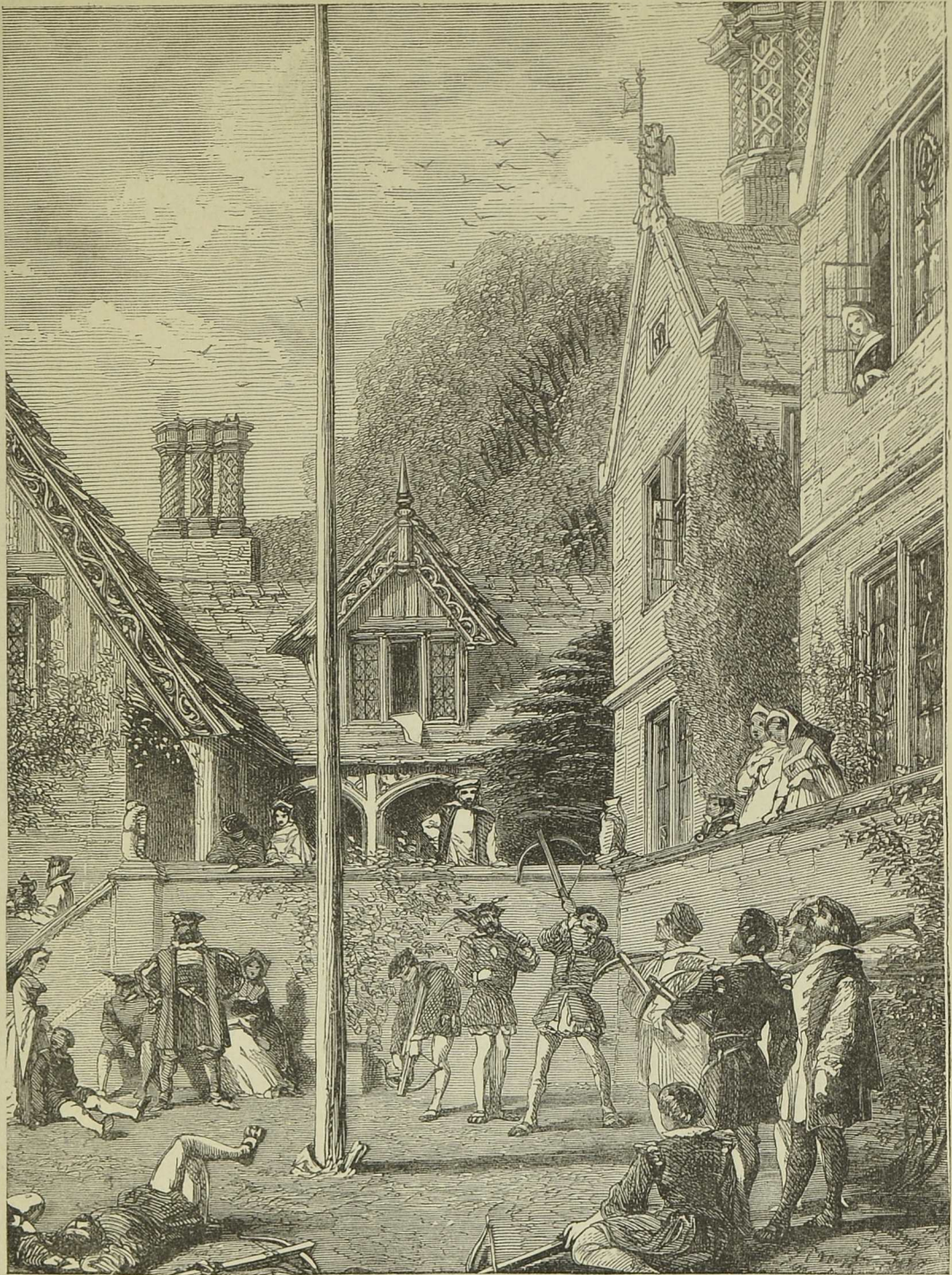


HE crossbowmen are right merry,
 As they shoot at the popinjay,
 And those who look on are merry,
 For all mean to stop and stay,
 For a well-spread board,
 Which my lord can afford;
 And they're all in their best array.

But who shall hit the popinjay?
 And who is it shall win the prize?
 All eagerly watch and hold their breath,
 As the bolts from the bows arise,
 For the prize is rare:
 Award will be fair
 For each one of the men who tries.

“But who shall win the prize to-day?”
 'Tis asked in castle and court,
 When the jester comes in mysterious way,
 Says he knows and he thinks he ought,
 “Now listen and hark,
 Who hits the mark,
 The prize will have faithfully bought!”

J. T.



"BUT WHO SHALL HIT THE POPINJAY?"

THE LITTLE SPRING.



ENEATH a green and mossy bank
There flows a clear and fairy stream ;
There the pert squirrel oft has drank,
And thought, perhaps, 'twas made
for him.

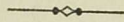
Their pitchers there the labourers fill,
As drop by drop the crystals flow,
Singing their silvery welcome still
To all who to the fountain go.

Then to the river on it glides,
Its tributary drop to bear,
Its modest head a moment hides,
Then rises up and sparkles there.

GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

The touching lesson on my heart
 Falls like the gentle dews of heaven,
 Bids me with humble love impart
 The little treasure God has given.

For from a source as small as this
 Full many a cup of joy may flow,
 And on the stream of human bliss
 Its little ray of gladness throw.



GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD.



EAR mother, guess what I have heard!

O! it will soon be spring!
 I'm sure it was a little bird,—
 Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green
 That peeps out from the snow,
 As if it wanted to be seen,—
 'Twill soon be spring, I know.

And O, come here, come here and look !
How fast it runs along !—
Here is a cunning little brook ;
O, hear its pretty song !

I know 'tis glad the winter's gone
That kept it all so still,
For now it merrily runs on,
And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know ;
It says, it seems to me,—
“ Good-bye, cold weather, ice, and snow ;
Now girls and brooks are free.”

I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me last night,
Of this great world that God has made,
So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring
No naughty thing I'll do ;
I would not be the only thing
That is not happy too.

THE LARK.



HEAR a pretty bird, but hark !

I cannot see it anywhere.

Oh, it is a little lark,

Singing in the morning air.

Little lark, do tell me why

You are singing in the sky ?

Other little birds at rest,

Have not yet begun to sing ;

Every one is in its nest,

With its head behind its wing.

Little lark, then tell me why

You're so early in the sky ?

You look no bigger than a bee,

In the middle of the blue,

Up above the poplar-tree ;

I can hardly look at you.

Little lark, do tell me why

You are mounted up so high ?

'Tis to watch the silver star,
 Sinking slowly in the skies ;
And beyond the mountain far,
 See the glorious sun arise :
Little lady, this is why
I am mounted up so high.

'Tis to sing a merry song,
 To the pleasant morning light ;
Why stay in my nest so long,
 When the sun is shining bright ?
Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky.

To the little birds below,
 I now sing a merry tune ;
And I let the ploughman know,
 He must come to labour soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.

“SONGS FOR CHILDREN.”

BILLY RABBIT TO MARY.

Artichoke Woods.



YOU thought, my dear Mary, you had
 Billy fast,
 But I tried very hard, and escaped
 you at last ;
 The chance was so tempting, I thought I would
nab it,—

It was not very naughty, I'm sure, in a rabbit.
 O, let not your kind heart be angry with me ;
 But think what a joy it is to be free,
 To see the green woods, to feel the fresh air,
 To skip, and to play, and to run everywhere.
 The food that you gave me was pleasant and sweet,
 But I'd rather be free, though with nothing to eat.

O, how glad they all were to see me come back,
 And every one wanted to give me a smack.

Dick knocked over Brownie, and jumped over Bun,
And the neighbours came in to witness the fun.
My father said something, but could not be heard ;
My mother looked at me, but spoke not a word ;
And while she was looking, her eyes became pink,
And she shed a few tears, I verily think.

To him who a hole or a palace inhabits,
To all sorts of beings, to men, and to rabbits,
Ah ! dear to us all is sweet Liberty,
Especially, Mary, to you and to me.
So I hope you'll forgive me for sending this letter,
To tell you I'm safe, and feel so much better,
Cut all sorts of capers, and act very silly,
And am your devoted, affectionate

BILLY.

[Billy Rabbit was a little rabbit which a boy caught in the woods and gave to a little girl of the name of Mary. She was very attentive to the little prisoner, gave him an abundance of good things to eat, and tried her best to make him happy ; but all in vain. After many attempts, he at last succeeded in making his escape, and instantly disappeared in the woods. In the course of the day, the above letter, sealed with a sharp thorn, was received by his friend Mary.]

A PLAYFUL DUEL.



OW who shall win the fight to-day ?

A sportful duel not to death,

But to find out the skill of both

Without a chance of stopping breath ;

For, as you know, in mortal strife,

A sword let in lets out the life.

A goodly company arrange

Themselves around the castle court,

And watch, as on some mimic stage,

All things prepared, the battle fought,

Each man so true of eye and hand,

Each sword obedient to command.

“A hit !” The elder of the two

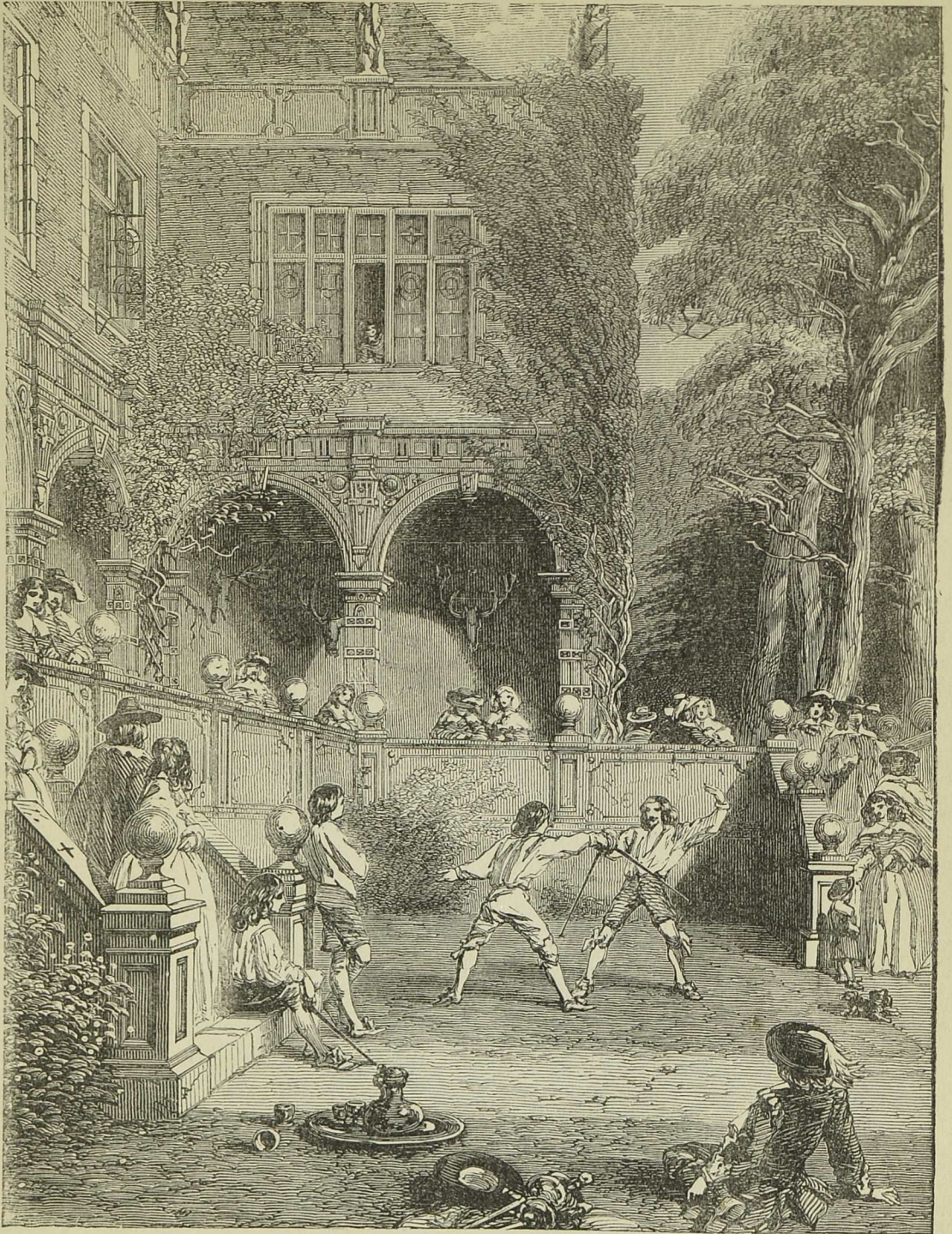
Has caught a scratch and lost the day.

And why ? because his temper rose,

Too eager he to end the fray.

His face is flushed as he looks round,

And casts his sword upon the ground.



"A SPORTFUL DUEL, NOT TO DEATH."

“ You’ve lost, good friend,” the master speaks,
 “ And surely all the fault is thine ;
 Impatience is the worst of moods
 For those who in the world would shine.
 Thus of great merit there is waste,
 When merit is in too much haste.”

J. T.

THE HONEST BIRD.



ONCE on a time, a little bird
 Within a wicker cage was heard,
 In mournful tones, these words to
 sing:—

“ In vain I stretch my useless wing ;
 Still round and round I vainly fly,
 And strive in vain for liberty.
 Dear Liberty, how sweet thou art !”
 The prisoner sings, with breaking heart:—
 “ All other things I’d give for thee,
 Nor ask one joy but liberty.”

He sang so sweet, a little mouse,
Who often ran about the house,
Came to his cage; her cunning ear
She turned, the mournful bird to hear.
Soon as he ceased,—“Suppose,” said she,
“I could contrive to set you free;
Would you those pretty wings give me?”

The cage was in the window-seat,
The sky was blue, the air was sweet.
The bird with eagerness replied,—
“O, yes! my wings, and see, beside,
These seeds and apples, sugar, too,
All, pretty mouse, I’ll give to you,
If you will only set me free;
For, O, I pant for liberty!”

The mouse soon gnawed a hole; the bird,
In ecstasy, forgot his word;
Swift as an arrow, see, he flies,
Far up, far up, towards the skies;
But see, he stops, now he descends,
Towards the cage his course he bends.
“Kind mouse,” said he, “behold me now
Returned to keep my foolish vow;

I only longed for freedom then,
Nor thought to want my wings again.
Better with life itself to part,
Than, living, have a faithless heart ;
Do with me, therefore, as you will,
An honest bird I will be still."

His heart seemed full, no more he said,
He dropped his wings and hung his head.
The mouse, though very pert and smart,
Had yet a very tender heart ;
She minced a little, twirled about,
Then thus her sentiments threw out :—
" I don't care much about your wings,—
Apples and cakes are better things ;
You love the clouds, I choose the house ;
Wings would look queer upon a mouse.
My nice long tail is better far,
So keep your wings just where they are."

She munched some apple, gave a smack,
And ran into her little crack.
The bird spread out his wings and flew,
And vanished in the sky's deep blue ;
Far up his joyful song he poured,
And sang of freedom as he soared.

LITTLE LILLIE.



HAVE been to school, father, and tried
to be good ;
And when I came home, as I walk'd
through the wood,
I saw on the tree a most beautiful bird,
And his song was the sweetest that ever I heard,

He looked in my face with his little round eye ;
I was sorry for that, for I thought he would fly ;
But he still kept singing the same sweet song,
And it made me glad as I walked along.

And, father, the air was so fresh and so sweet,
The green grass and moss so soft to my feet,
And the ground was so bright with the beautiful
flowers,
That I wanted to stay there a great many hours.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

I SAW ON THE TREE A MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

But I thought it was wrong any longer to stay,
For you told me never to stop by the way ;
So I came straight home, and brother and I
Have been to the fields to make his kite fly.

And I worked in my garden, and planted some seeds,
And watered the fields, and pulled up the weeds ;
And I tried to help mother all that I could :
I am sure she will tell you that I have been good.

“I am glad, little Lillie,” the father replied,
As he kissed his dear girl, “I am glad you have tried
To be a good child ; so now come with me,
And sit by my side or climb on my knee ;

And I'll tell you why all looked so happy and gay,
As you walked home from school through the
 greenwood to-day ;
And why the glad song of that beautiful bird
Seemed sweeter than any you ever have heard.

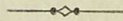
The Lord keeps around us, by day and by night,
Kind angels to guard us, and lead us aright :

When you try to be useful and pleasant and mild,
I know that the angels are leading my child.

For the good thoughts and feelings which they
will impart,

When you try to do right, will gladden your heart ;
And this is why all looked so happy and gay,
As you walked home from school through the
greenwood to-day."

AUNT MARY.



A WALK IN SPRING.



'M very glad the spring is come: the
sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees are
singing for delight ;
The young grass looks so fresh and green, the
lambkins sport and play,
And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once
more,

The primrose, and the cowslip too, and every pretty
flower ;

I like to see the butterfly extend her painted wing,
And all things seem, just like myself, so pleased to
see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up so
high,

The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the
sky ;

The rooks are building up their nests upon the
great oak-tree,

And everything's as busy and as happy as can be.


There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing
dark or sad ;

I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very
glad.

God must be very good, indeed, who made each
pretty thing ;

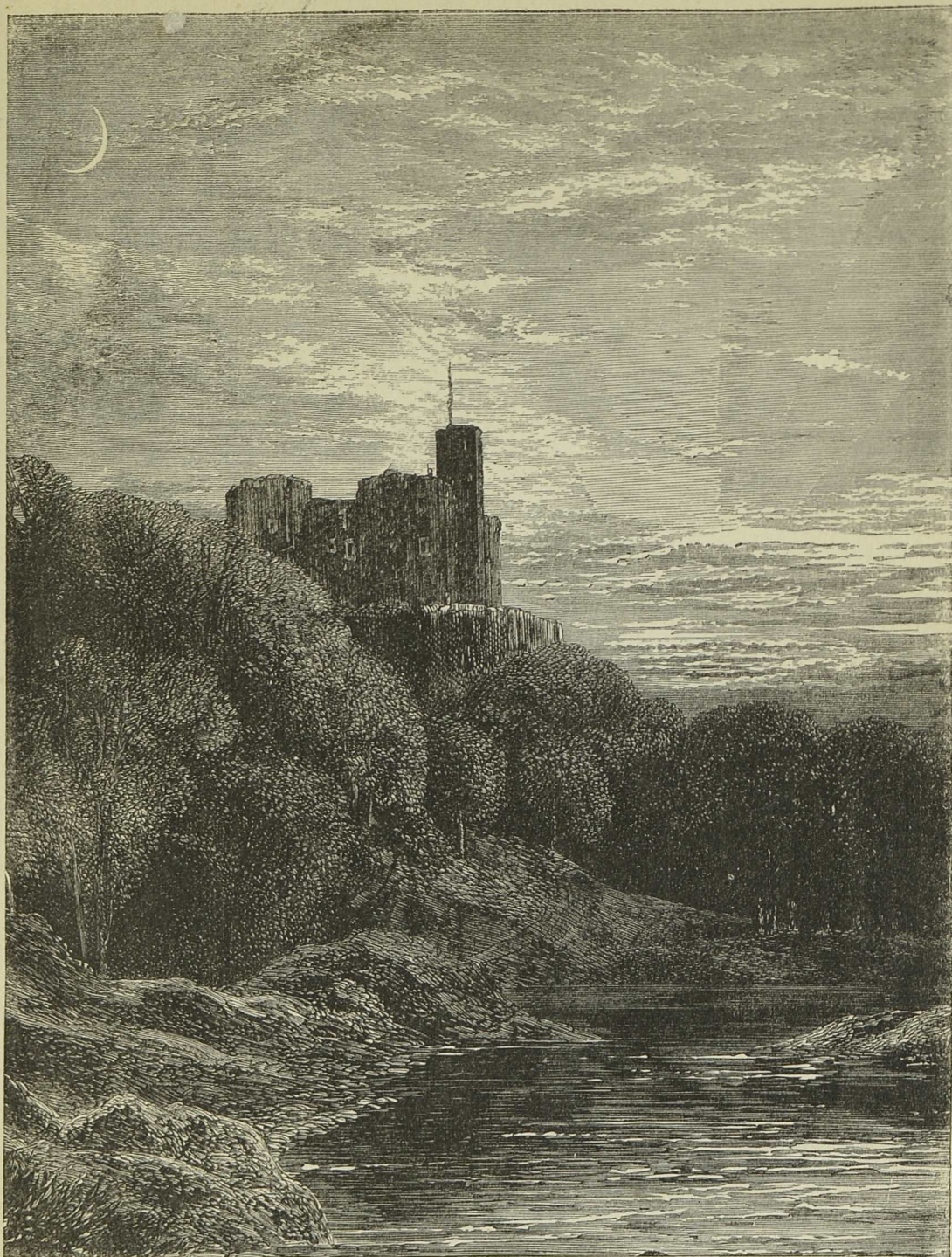
I'm sure we ought to love Him much for bringing
back the spring.

THE OLD CASTLE.

OMETIMES I look half frightened
At the castle on the height,
For there's a sad, sad story
Of an ancient man of might :
A baron there who cruel was to all the people round.

It looks out on the water,
And o'er miles and miles of land,
And dark against the evening sky
It standeth bold and grand ;
There's not a nobler in the land can anywhere be
found.

But when I look upon it,
I recall the old, old tale
Of the baron, fierce, and rough, and rude,
Whose voice made men turn pale.
They knew his dungeon, dark and deep, and
underneath the ground.



“AT THE OLD CASTLE ON THE HEIGHT.”

No matter, for the baron
Has long been dead and gone,
And people shun the darkened pile,
And leave it all alone,
And now within the castle keep there is no human
sound.

And thus it often may be
A sad and solemn truth—
An old age may neglected be
Because of ill-spent youth :
A wilful, daring spirit that has never known a bound.



THE HEROIC BOY.



HE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flames 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 brave, 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.

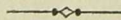
And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father, must I stay ?”
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped 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—O, 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.

HEMANS.



THE LITTLE GIRL'S ADDRESS TO THE
RIVER.



ENTLE river, gentle river!

Tell us, whither do you glide,
Through the green and sunny meadows,
With your sweetly murmuring tide?

You for many a mile must wander,
Many a lovely prospect see:
Gentle river, gentle river!
Oh, how happy you must be!

Tell us, if you can remember
Where your happy life began;
When at first, from some high mountain,
Like a silver thread you ran.



LEIGHTON, BROF.

"LOOKING FOR THE SPRING FLOWERS WILD."

Say, how many little streamlets
Gave their mite your depth to swell ;
Coming each from different sources,
Had they each a tale to tell ?

When a playful brook you gambolled,
And the sunshine o'er you smiled,
On your banks did children loiter,
Looking for the spring-flowers wild ?

Gentle river, gentle river,
Do you hear a word we say ?
I am sure you ought to love us,
For we come here every day.

Oh ! I pray you, wait a moment,
And a message bear from me
To a darling little cousin
We should dearly love to see.

You will know her, if you see her,
By her clear and laughing eyes ;
For they sparkle like your waters
'Neath the bright blue summer skies.

She's a pretty, playful creature,
Light of heart, and footstep too :
I am sure you must have seen her,
For she often speaks of you.

Oh, do tell her, gentle river,
That we think of her each day ;
That we have not ceased to miss her,
Ever since she went away.

Say to her that brother Willie,
Who is sitting by my side,
That sweet rose she gave at parting
Cherished fondly till it died.

Tell her, too, that mother wishes
She could hear her voice once more,
See her eyes as bright as sunshine,
Peeping at the parlour-door.

Say we will a token send her,
Which upon thy waves we'll fling ;
Flowers from out our little garden,
Fragrant with the breath of Spring.

Gentle river, gentle river !

Though you stop not to reply,
Yet you seem to smile upon us
As you quickly pass us by.

Soon will come the lovely twilight,
Lingering brightly in the west ;
And each little bird, for shelter,
Soon will seek its shady nest.

And the stars will rise above you,
Shining all the live-long night ;
Yet you ask not rest nor slumber,
Singing still with free delight.

Year by year, the same sweet story
You to other years will tell :
Now we leave you, yet we love you ;
Gentle river, fare ye well.

AUNT MARY.

THE MERRY MILKMAID.



ALTHOUGH I am a milkmaid lass,
 A lofty mind I bear,
 I think myself as good as those
 That gay apparel wear.

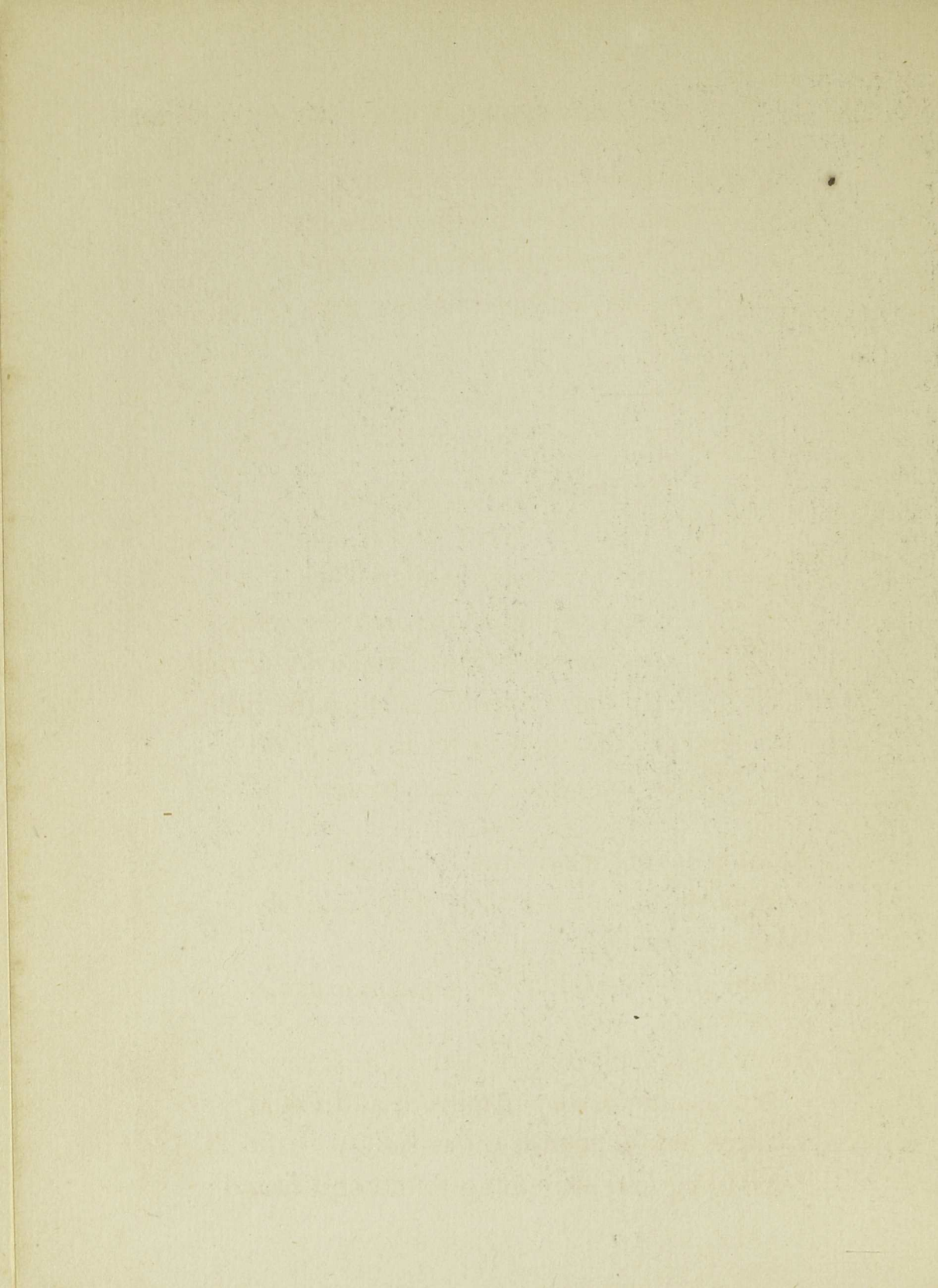
What though I milk my father's cows,
 I know it must be done,
 And the shelving roof of our old barn.
 Shall shade me from the sun.

In every season of the year
 I do my daily labour,
 No shower nor wind at all I fear,
 And dainties I ne'er favour.

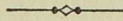
Your city dames in coaches ride
 About for recreation,
 We country lasses use our feet,
 And keep the country fashion.



“ALTHOUGH I AM A MILKMAID LASS.”



I dearly love the lowing kine,
 And sure I think they love me,
 And all my heart I try to keep
 As pure as heaven above me.



THE SPRING WALK.



WE had a pleasant walk to-day
 Over the meadows and far away,
 Across the bridge by the water-mill,
 By the woodside, and up the hill ;
 And if you listen to what I say,
 I'll tell you what we saw to day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
 Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,
 We saw four eggs within a nest,
 And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder-branch dipp'd in the brook ;
 We wonder'd why it moved, and found
 A silken-hair'd smooth water-rat
 Nibbling and swimming round and round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,
We found, while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turn'd up
There came a sweet refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wallflowers wave
Upon a mouldering castle wall;
And then we watched the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm-trees tall.



LEIGHTON, BROS

"WE SAW FOUR EGGS WITHIN A NEST."

And, leaning from the old stone bridge,
Below we saw our shadows lie ;
And through the gloomy arches watch'd
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckle-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And tried to find it, but the sky
Was fill'd with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a pheasant's wings go "whirr ;"
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village fields,
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I'm sure that it would take me hours,
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

EARLY RISING.



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



LEIGHTON, BROW.

"GET UP LITTLE SISTER THE MORNING IS BRIGHT."

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
 And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun ;
 For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be
 wrong

If we do 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 BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



OME, take up your hats, and away let us
 haste

To the Butterfly's ball and the Grass-
 hopper's feast ;

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

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

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back ;
And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
With 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 table-cloth made ;

'The viands were various, to each of their tastes,
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies ;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversions to
see,
Sat cracking his nuts over-head in a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs 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 touch'd 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 chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
 And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
 But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his
 head,
 And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
 The watchman, the Glowworm, 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.

ROSCOE.

FISHING.

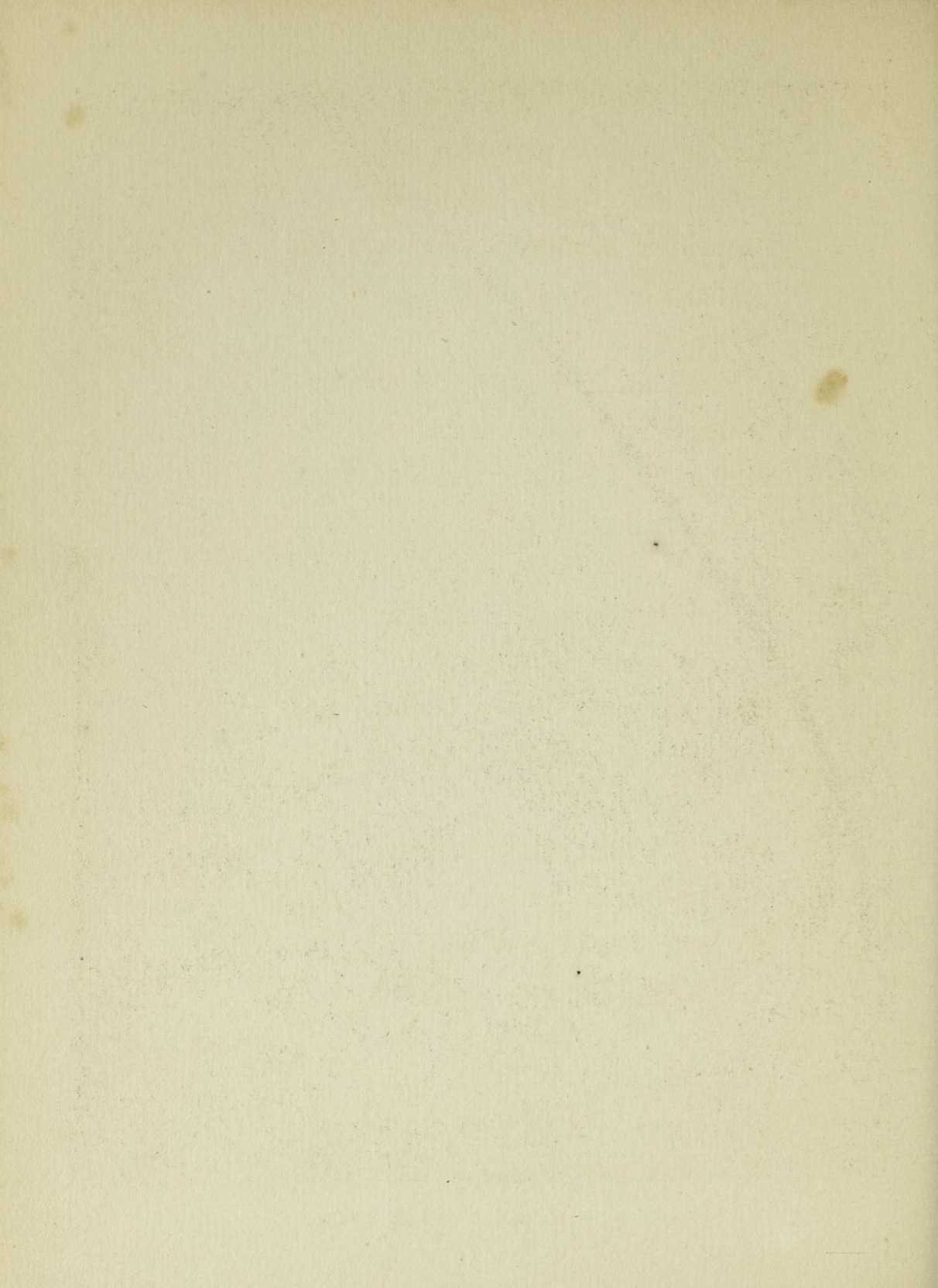


THE day is fine, and I am free
 By stream and rill to rove,
 And seek in meditative way
 The gentle craft I love.

The pure stream flowing at my feet
 Reflects the bright blue sky,
 There's no one near me I can see,
 Only some sheep hard by.



“WHAT IF I TAKE NO FISH TO-DAY?”



And so I rather play than fish,
And skim the crystal flood,
And think of many and many a thing,
Watching the scaly brood.

I think how life's stream rushes on
Towards that wondrous sea,
Which all of us must reach at last,
And call eternity.

I think how placid is the sky,
How silent the old wood,
How sweet the flowers in the grass,
I think Who made them good.

What if I take no fish to-day,
If resting on the sod,
My heart has been at least filled up
With holy thoughts of God.

L. PHILIPS.

THE SUMMER.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN POPULAR SONG.



O forth, my heart, and seek the bliss
 Of such a summer day as this,
 Bestowed on all by Heaven ;
 The beauties of the garden see,
 Behold ! it is for thee and me
 Its glories all are given.

The trees with whispering leaves are dressed,
 The earth upon her dusky breast
 Her robe of green is wearing ;
 The flowers are blooming far and wide—
 Not Solomon in all his pride
 With them would bear comparing.

The dove from out her nest doth fly ;
 Far upward in the clear blue sky
 The lark her way is winging ;

Hark to the lovely nightingale !
With her sweet song each hill and dale,
And woods and rocks, are ringing.

The hen brings out her little brood,
The swallow finds her young ones food,
The stork her house is keeping.
The bounding stag, the timid roe,
Are full of joy, and to and fro,
Through the high grass, are leaping.

The brook is tinkling as it goes,
And with the myrtle and the rose
Its shady banks adorning ;
While, from the flowery mead near by,
The sheep and shepherd's joyful cry
Salutes the early morning.

The never-idle troops of bees
Fly here and there, and where they please
Their honey food are quaffing ;
The sap is running up the vine,
Round the old elm its tendrils twine,
And in the sun are laughing.

And can I, may I, silent be?
When all God's glorious works I see,
My soul desires to know Him.
When all are singing I must sing,
And to the Highest I must bring
The tribute which I owe Him.

Are all things here so bright and fair,
And has He with a loving care
My happy being given?
What, in the glorious world above,
Where all is beauty, all is love—
What shall I be in heaven?

O, were I there! O, stood I now
In that great Presence! there to bow
In grateful love before Him,
Then would I with the angels raise
One never-ending song of praise,
And worship and adore Him!



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"SEE WHAT A PARCEL OF FLOWERS I'VE FOUND."

FAITHFUL ANNIE.



HY do you sit in the dull house, Annie?
See what a parcel of flowers I've found:
Columbines, violets, snowdrops, quakers,
And cowslips that grow in the meadow
ground.

The boys are flying their kites, or playing,
As merry as crickets, at bat-and-ball;
The girls are playing at "jars of honey;"
But you, you are moping away from all.

"I must stay here in the house," said Annie,
"Till mother comes back from her work to-night;
Your voices sound through this open window,
And I see from here the skies are bright.
I wish that I *were* out playing with you,
I wish I *were* one of the 'honey jars.'
I wish . . . but I might as well be wishing
To play some game with the moon and stars.

For here, in the bed, poor Jennie lies moaning,
And no friend or kin in the world has she ;
So mother says ‘ Our Father in heaven ’
Has given the care of poor Jennie to me.
All day, dear mother is out at washing,
To earn our rent, and clothes, and food ;
So I can’t go play at ‘ jars of honey,’
Or find sweet flowers, or hide in the wood.”

“ Come ! your mother is a mile from the village,
And no one will tell her,” said Lizzie May ;
“ And as to Jane, she never will miss you,
If you take but an hour from this tedious day.”
“ Though I very often feel tempted,” said Annie,
“ I cast the wrong thoughts away from my mind ;
And, Lizzie, I *could* not deceive my mother,
For neither pleasure nor peace should I find.

I have often thought of running, Lizzie,
And have put on my bonnet and tied the string ;
Of running up the hill by the river,
Like a bird that flies with feathery wing ;

But then I thought poor Jennie might suffer
For a cup of water while I was gone,
Or would ask about the time or weather,
And, getting no answer, would feel forlorn.

And often when I'm tired, and longing
To steal away to the beautiful wood,
I think how glad it will make the Saviour
To see me sitting here patient and good.
I think, were He to enter this chamber,
As He entered the house of Galilee,
How I should wish Him to smile with pleasure,
And say, 'Well done, faithful child,' unto me."

And there she sat in the soft spring weather,
Prisoned from treading the freshening earth :
Only ten years had the seasons numbered
Since the good watching Angel recorded her birth.
Not as the rich grow, to ease and to pleasure,
She grows but to labour, hard to endure ;
But Christ, who lovingly blessed little children,
Blesses them still, both rich and poor.

SUNDAY MORNING.



LESS'D day of God, how calm and
 bright,
 A day of joy and praise,
 The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,
 The first and best of days.

This day the Lord our Saviour rose
 Victorious from the dead,
 And as a conqueror His foes
 In glorious triumph led.

This day believers doth enrich ;
 May grace rest on them all !
 It is their Pentecost, on which
 The Holy Ghost doth fall.

As the first fruits an earnest prove
 Of all the sheaves behind,
 So they who do the Sabbath love
 A happy week shall find.



"A DAY OF JOY AND PRAISE."

WE ARE SEVEN.



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

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

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

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

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

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

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet 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.”



LEIGHTON, BROS.

“I MET A LITTLE COTTAGE GIRL.”

“ 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—
I sit and sing to them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WORDSWORTH.



A NURSERY SONG.



AS I walked over the hills one day,
 I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
 “In the green world there is nothing
 so sweet

As my little lammie with his nimble feet,

With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white :
Oh ! he is my darling, my heart's delight !
The robin, he
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may doat on his darlings four ;
But I love my one little lambkin more.”
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
As they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old grey cat with her kittens three ?
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
“ My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.

I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, at noon, and night.
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell—

Which of the three,
For the life of me—

I love them all so well.

Now I'll take up kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with chickens ten.

She clucked, and she scratched, and she bristled
away;

And what do you think I heard the hen say?

I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.

You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you
please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as these.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

“MY LITTLE CHICK NESTLES HERE ON MY ARMS.”

The cat loves her kitten, the ewe loves her lamb ;
But they do not know what a proud mother I am ;
For lambs nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should get down on
their knees :

No, no ! not though

The kittens could crow,

Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.

My own dear darlings ! my sweet little things !

Come nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed ;

And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm

While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

AUNT MARY.



SPRING TIME.



ONCE more the monarch of the skies
 The latent pulse of Nature moves,
 And woos the wayside floret out,
 And robes in green our ancient
 groves.

And age and infancy go forth,
 Among the tender grass to sport ;
 Or gather posies fresh and fair,
 Where stately kingcup holds his court.

The chestnut droops its languid leaves,
 Ere creamy cones bestud each spray,
 And hawthorns cluster down the lane,
 To breathe a sweetness through the day.

The quaint old mansion on the hill
 Through bowering foliage steals a look,
 To where the maiden-willows 'range,
 Their graceful tresses by the brook.



“AMONG THE TENDER GRASS TO SPORT.”

The pear tree shakes its snowy bloom
 Upon the springy sward beneath ;
 While round the apple's sinuous limbs
 Entwines a clustering blood-stained wreath.

The new-born butterfly sails out
 Upon his fairy-painted wing ;
 And woodside choirs, with grateful hearts,
 Pour forth their welcome to the spring.

J. G. WATTS.



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.



HE wind one morning sprang up from
 sleep,
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for
 a leap!

Now for a madcap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
 Cracking the signs and scattering down

Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and
 humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;
It pluck'd by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss'd the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sulky and
 mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

'Twas so bold that it fear'd not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried gaily, " Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow !"

And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it crack'd their great branches through and
through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellings with sudden alarm ;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm,

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd ;
There was rearing of ladders and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threaten'd soon to
be gone.

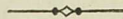
But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain ;

For it toss'd him, and twirl'd him, then pass'd,
and he stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.



FATHER IS COMING.



HE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done ;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on :

The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm :
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light :
Would all men were the same !
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere ;
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child ;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain :
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
His wishes are so few :
Would they were more—that every hour
Some wish of his I knew :
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs and crows and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child !
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
He's through the garden-gate :
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"SEE HOW HE LAUGHS, AND CROWS, AND STARES."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.



WILL you walk into my parlour?" said
the Spider to the Fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour that
ever you did spy ;

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when
you're there."

" Oh no, no," said the little Fly, " to ask me is in
vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come
down again."

" I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?" said the Spider
to the Fly.

" There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the
sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck
you in !"

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly, “for I’ve often
heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon
your bed!”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, “Dear friend,
what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I have always felt
for you?”

I have within my pantry good store of all that’s nice;
I’m sure you’re very welcome—will you please to
take a slice?”

“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly, “kind sir, that
cannot be,
I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not wish
to see!”

“Sweet creature!” said the Spider, “you’re witty
and you’re wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant
are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you’ll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself.”

“I thank you, gentle sir,” she said, “for what
you’re pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I’ll call
another day.”

The Spider turn’d him round about, and went into
his den,

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come
back again :

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily
did sing,

“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl
and silver wing ;

Your robes are green and purple—there’s a crest
upon your head ;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine
are dull as lead !”

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly
fitting by ;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near
and nearer drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and
purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish
thing! at last,

Up jump'd the cunning Spider, and fiercely held
her fast.

He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,

Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came
out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story
read,

To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er
give heed:

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider
and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

WHAT I HATE.



HATE to see a little girl

Who does not love to rise,
And have the water, fresh and sweet,
Cover her face and eyes.

I hate to see her pretty dress
So careless look and tossed,
Her toys all scattered here and there,
Her thread and needle lost.

I hate to see her at her play,
When little girls have met,
To frolic, laugh, and run about,
Grow peevish, cry, and fret.

I hate to hear her tell a lie,
What's not her own to take,
Mamma's commands to disobey,
And father's rules to break.

And now I've told you what I hate,
 I'll only stop to say,
 Perhaps I'll tell you what I love
 Upon some other day.



BABY BROTHER.



PRETTY Baby, mother's pet,
 Rests asleep on mother's knee ;
 We may watch it, but keep still,
 Lest baby should awakened be.

Baby perhaps is dreaming,
 What can his dreams be ?
 Perhaps about—I don't know what—
 I hope about me.

I will love and tend him,
 Never make him cry,
 And to please him all the day,
 Doll and I will try.



“PRETTY BABY, MOTHER’S PET.”

CRADLE SONG.



PEACEFULLY slumber, my own darling
son ;

Close thy dear eyelids, and sweetly
sleep on ;

All things lie buried in silence profound.

Sleep ! I will scare e'en the gnats floating round.

'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May—

Ah ! but to-morrow is not as to-day.

Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar ;

Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more.

Angels of Heaven as lovely as thou

Float o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now.

Later, when angels around thee shall stay,

'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son ;
 I'll watch by thy bedside till dark night is gone ;
 Careless how early, how late it may be,
 Mother's love wearies not watching o'er thee.



THE WIND.



HE wind it is a mystic thing,
 Wandering o'er the ocean wide,
 And fanning all the thousand sails
 That o'er its billows glide.

It curls the blue waves into foam,
 It snaps the strongest mast,
 Then like a sorrowing thing it sighs
 When the wild storm is past.

And yet how gently does it come
 At evening through the bowers,
 As if it said a kind good night
 To all the closing flowers !

It enters into palace halls,
And carries thence the sound
Of mirth and music; but it creeps
The narrow prison round,

And bears away the captive's sigh,
Who sits in sorrow there,
Or from the martyr's lonely cell
Conveys his evening prayer.

It fans the reaper's heated brow,
It through the window creeps,
And lifts the fair child's golden curls,
As on her couch she sleeps.

'Tis like the light, freely to all,
To prince, to peasant given;
Awake, asleep, around us still
There is the gift of Heaven.

ROBIN REDBREAST.



F all the birds that winter near me—
 Hedge-sparrow, blackbird, robin,
 wren—

Him best I love who does not fear me :
 Robin, my garden's denizen.

But yesterday the frosts which harden
 The winter ground had fled away :
 I sought the long-neglected garden,
 And found him on the nearest spray.

Right wistfully I saw him eyeing
 The spade I carried in my hand ;
 Straight with that wistful glance complying,
 By the rich mould I took my stand.

But ere the upturned soil could show him
 The worm for which he asked my aid,
 Calmly surveying all below him,
 The rogue stood perched upon my spade.

And when the luscious feast was ended,
 A song of sweetest thanks sang he—
 Of sweetest thanks and pleasure blended :
 Oh ! Robin is the bird for me.



YOUTHFUL PIETY.



OW lovely is the day's bright dawn
 When night's dark curtain is withdrawn !
 How pleasant is the spring-tide's voice,
 Calling all nature to rejoice !

But there's a lovelier, holier thing
 Than rising day or opening spring ;
 'Tis when youth's earliest bloom is given
 A precious offering back to Heaven.

More fragrant is the contrite sigh
 Than perfumed breezes floating by ;
 Nor breath of flowers on summer air
 Is half so sweet as children's prayer.

MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.



ER scanty locks are silvered o'er,—
 Full threescore years and ten and four
 Hath summer brought her flowers ;
 Full threescore years and ten and four,
 Hath roystering Christmas to her door
 Come fresh from holly bowers.

But though revolving years have left
 Lines on her brow, and care hath left
 Tear runnels in her face ;
 Her step is firm, and day by day,
 She cheerly jogs upon her way,
 Ay, at no laggard's pace.

WITHOUT—time's marks alone abound,
 WITHIN—no trace of age is found,
 No nature chill and sad :—
 Youth strongly garrisons her heart,
 Well fortifying every part.
 And makes her spirit glad !

CONTENTMENT.



F others are wealthy while we are but
poor,

We still may be happy as they ;
For moderate desires, not immoderate
store,

But keeps discontentment away.

The noblest and richest have troubles to bear
Amid their possessions untold ;
Of suffering and sorrow they all have their share,
In spite of their titles and gold.

Our sleep is as sound, and our food is as sweet,
As any which they can enjoy,
And time never passes so pleasant and fleet
As when spent in useful employ.

If duty be done, 'tis a far greater thing
Than riches or honours to gain ;
With this even a cottage will happiness bring,
Without it a palace were vain.

THE SKYLARK.



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

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

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

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



LEIGHTON, BROS.

"GOOD MORNING, SHINING SUN."

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

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

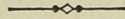
I’ll sing a merry song,
And then fly down to rest,
Or search for worms to feed
My young ones in the nest.”

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

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

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

M. S. C.



A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.



Q! learn to be loving,
 And kindly agree,
 At home all happy,
 As brothers should be,
 Ere distance may part you,
 Or death may divide,
 And leave you to sigh o'er
 A lone fireside.

But oh! if divided
 By distance or death,
 How sore would it grieve you
 Till life's latest breath
 That anger or discord
 Should ever have been,
 Or aught but affection
 Two brothers between!

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.



HERE is a grand philosophy
 In every little thing,
 Which doth, though *how* we cannot see,
 Some hidden lesson bring.

The little rain-drop from the cloud,
 The light and fickle air,
 Are preachers both, who speak aloud
 Of some mysterious care.

The little nut, the tiny seed,
 The bud upon the tree,
 Are tongues that tell the tender heed
 Of One we cannot see.

Yet who can read these things aright
 With man's philosophy?
 Who tell how bursts the seed to life,
 To make the glorious tree?

O He alone reads all aright
 Who knows these things were given
 To teach us, by the sense of sight,
 The change from earth to heaven.

THE COUNTRY CHAIR-MENDER.



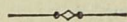
UPON a pleasant bank he sate,
 His wife was at his side,
 His broad, good-humoured, honest face
 By summer's sun was dyed,
 And he humm'd an old familiar strain
 The while his craft he plied.

Full oft a hurried glance he stole,
 From task which brought him pelf,
 To where a child lay in the grass,
 A blue-eyed little elf,
 Whose baby-laugh rang clear as he pull'd
 Rare handfuls o'er himself.

The mother dropped the half-split cane,
 To cull a kingcup bright,
 And toss it to her only born,
 Who rolled in wild delight—
 The prodigal pluck'd and flung abroad
 Its petals in her sight.

Alas! and oft when riper years
 Should throne fair Reason king,
 From the fond parent's hand is caught,
 On idle wings to fling,
 The largess proffer'd in love, and meant
 Hallowed delights to bring.

J. G. W.



THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL."



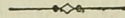
HE sailor 'mid the crashing wreck,
 While fiercely blows the gale,
 Sings as he treads the lonely deck,
 "There's no such word as fail!"

The soldier, as he storms the height
 Where death draws back the veil,
 Shouts, as he presses to the fight,
 "There's no such word as fail!"

Should waves or tempests toss your bark,
 As o'er life's sea you sail,
 Think, when around you all looks dark,
 "There's no such word as fail!"

If e'er misfortunes cloud your life,
 Your losses ne'er bewail,
 What if the way's with danger rife?
 "There's no such word as fail!"

Press onward in your course to fame,
 Though cares your path assail,
 Remember, would you win a name,
 "There's no such word as fail!"



SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.



HERE spades grow bright, and idle
 swords grow dull;
 Where gaols are empty, and where
 barns are full;
 Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
 Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
 Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
 Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
 Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
 A happy people and well-governed state.

MAY.

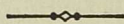


AY, sweet May, again is come ;
May, that frees the land from gloom.
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity !

On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide ;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths rejoice ! In sportive measures
Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
Hail this merry, merry May !

Our manly youths, where are they now ?
Bid them up and with us go
'To the sporters on the plain,
Bid adieu to care and pain.
Now, thou pale and wounded lover !
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.

Many a laughing lip and eye
 Speaks the light heart's gaiety ;
 Lovely flowers around we find,
 In the smiling verdure twined,
 Richly steeped in May dew's glowing.
 Youths rejoice ! the flowers are blowing !
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !



AN OX CART.

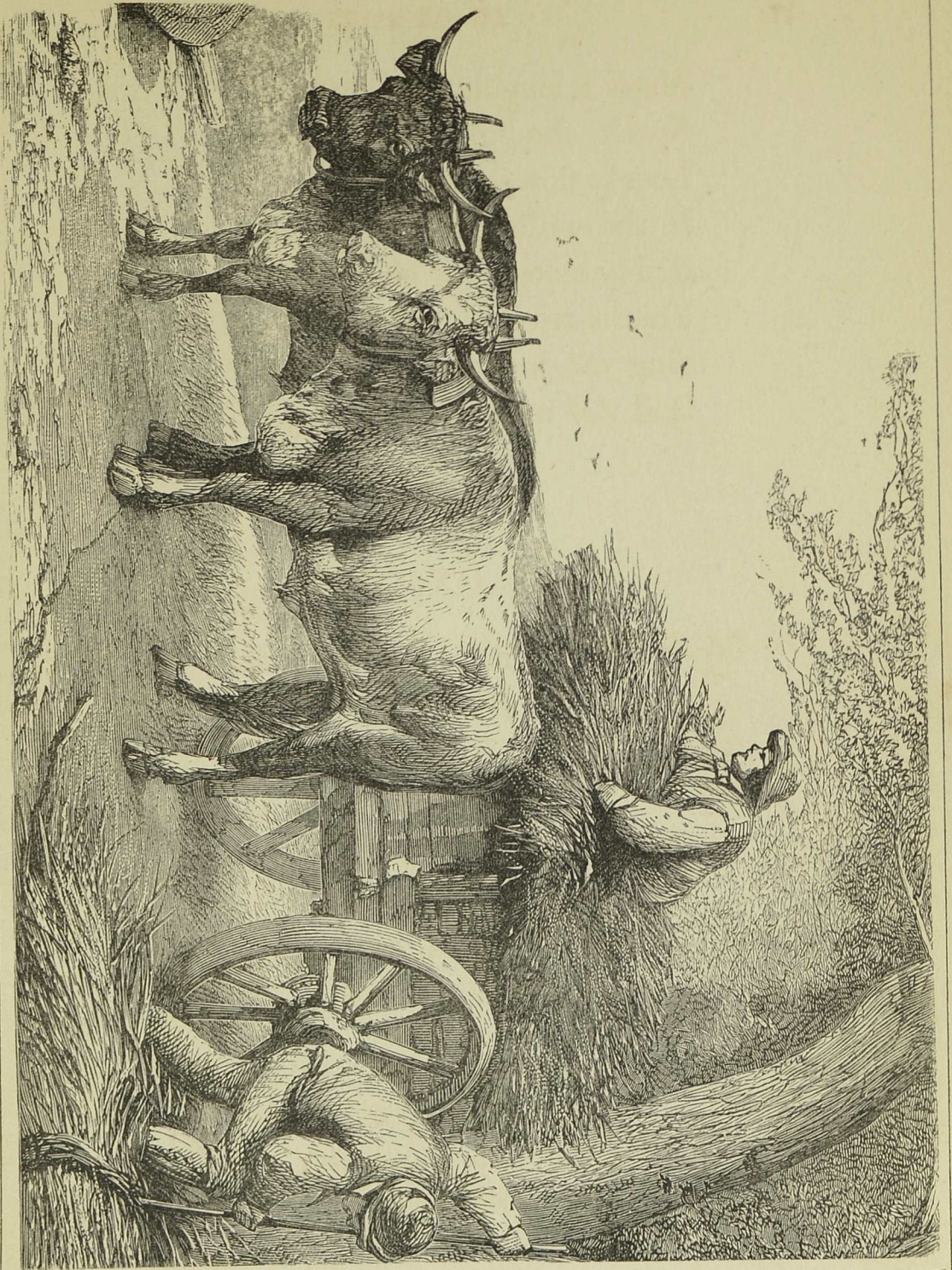


CART drawn by oxen,
 Here's a funny sight !
 Great strong bullocks
 Pull with all their might.

While the sun is shining,
 Men are carting hay ;
 To live by healthy labour
 Is the proper way.

Then you see them busy,
 Labouring ox and man,
 Each in happy industry
 Doing what they can.

“MEN ARE CARTING HAY.”



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.



CHILDREN in the starlight,
When the frosty air is bright,
Blessings on your simple carols,
Blessings on your homes to-night!

Be ye little city rangers,
Pale of cheek and sad of mien ;
Be ye little country strangers,
Where the holly shineth green ;
Still the same song are ye singing,
Year by year, the song of old,
Which the angels, earthward bringing,
To the Jewish shepherds told.

Children singing in the starlight,
Gazing with a wistful eye
On the warm and happy faces,
Which like fairy bands flit by,
There are mansions, bright and beaming,
O'er the wondrous Child most fair ;
He can guide, with sunshine streaming,
Little homeless wanderers there.

Little voices sweetly singing,
 Constant as the Christmas chimes,
 Memories sad and pleasant bringing
 Of the good old vanished times.
 Oh, for the glad news ye bring us,
 May ye prosper, pure and fair,
 And for the sweet songs ye sing us,
 May ye be the angels' care !

Children in the starlight hymning,
 When the frosty sky is bright,
 Blessings on your simple carols,
 Blessings on your homes to-night.



BE ACTIVE.



INDUSTRY makes you—
 Remember—be wise ;
 From sloth and from stupor
 Awake and arise.
 You'll live and be happy,
 And never complain
 Of the blues or the dumps,
 Or a dull heavy brain.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.



BEAUTIFUL May! thou art with us once
more,

Modestly dight in thy virgin charms ;
Beautiful May! thou art with us once
more,

Folding the world in thy loving arms.
Thy kiss hath made the apple-bloom blush,
And thy touch hath made the hawthorn white,
The laburnum unfold her tassels of gold,
And kingcup glow in the warm sunlight.

Beautiful May! thou art with us again,
Moving the woods with thy odorous sighs ;
Beautiful May! thou art with us again,
Gladd'ning our hearts and delighting our eyes.
The peasant's chubby and rose-cheeked boy
May romp in the grass with a roguish glee ;
And the village swain and the milkmaid keep
Their tryst, as of yore, 'neath the old elm tree.

Beautiful May! thou art with us again,
 Thrilling the air with melodious sound;
 Beautiful May! thou art with us again,
 Showering heaven-born gladness around.
 Far, far away with the joyful news
 The butterfly flaunts his creamy wings;
 And the city lifts her feeble hands,
 And her languid form in thy soft lap flings.

J. G. W.



A GOOD RULE.



NE'ER let soft slumber close your eyes
 Before you've recollected thrice
 The train of actions through the day.
 Where have my feet chose out the
 way?

What have I done? where have I been?
 What have I learnt from all I've seen?
 What know I more that's worth the knowing?
 What have I done that's worth the doing?
 What have I said that I should shun?
 What duties have I left undone?
 And into what new follies run?

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.



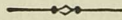
HE bells are ringing merrily
 From the old tower to-night ;
 They are hanging up the mistletoe,
 And boughs of holly bright,
 And hearts are beating joyously
 In cot and palace hall ;
 It is the blessed Christmas time
 That smiles upon us all.

Those Christmas bells, those Christmas bells !
 How cheerily they ring !
 It is no time for sadness,
 And yet they sadness bring ;
 They waken up old memories,
 They cause the tears to flow ;
 They ring above the quiet graves—
 The graves beneath the snow.

Those bells! oh, for how many years
 Their voices have gone forth,
 And told a tale to thousands
 Of sorrow or of mirth ;

Though other voices had been hushed,
 And other forms laid low,
 Yet they are ringing, ringing still
 Amid the winter snow.

Oh! many a lonely year has passed
 Since the old festive times,
 When we were listening, listening all,
 To the blithe Christmas chimes!
 And many a Christmas on will speed,
 And many a year will go,
 Ere they will wake from slumber deep
 Beneath the quiet snow!



ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.



LOST! lost! lost!
 A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the rock,
 And graved in Paradise;
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeful as the light.

Lost!—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind ;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again :
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever!

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead ;
And when of scath and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

NOON.



HE sun 'midst shining glory now
concealed

Upon Heaven's highest seat,
Darts straightway down upon the
parchèd field,
His fierce and burning heat.

The wandering wind now rests his weary wings,
And, hushed in silence, broods,
And all the vocal choir of songsters sings
Among the whispering woods.

The sheep now gather 'neath the ample shade
Of fragrant hedge-rows,
The sturdy shepherd his noon meal hath made,
And yields him to repose.

All, all is calm, is silent. O how sweet,
On this enamelled ground,
At ease recumbent from its flowery seat,
To cast your eyes around.



“THE SHEEP NOW GATHER 'NEATH THE AMPLE SHADE.”

FAIRY EFFIE.



PRETTY, little, darling Effie,
 With your golden hair,
 Which so strangely, wildly clusters
 Round your face so fair ;
 With your thoughtful eyes, you somehow
 Seem to understand
 Things we know not, like some fairy
 Fresh from Elfinland.

Happy are you, Effie darling,
 In life's early youth,
 Earth around you ever seeming
 Full of love and truth.
 What know you of crime and sorrow ?
 Such things may appear
 Oft where you are, but you never
 Understand them, dear.

Little fairy ! pretty fairy !
 Unto me you seem
 As if in the land of fancy
 Oftentimes you dream ;

For I've noticed such a wondering
Look about your face,
As if your young thoughts were dreaming
Of some far-off place.

Oh, tell me of what you're dreaming,
Darling little elf!
Is it of the pretty fairies—
Fairies like yourself?
Is it of the unknown future,
Which seems, oh, so vast!
Joyous, golden, with no shadows
O'er it overcast?

Maybe, if the simple visions
You see in dreamland,
Were told to me, I should scarcely
Such things understand;
Yet I'd know your thoughts, dear Effie,
So different from mine,
Pure and innocent they must be,
If they're thoughts of thine.

There are kings, I know, who gladly
Would their crowns resign,
Millionaires who would their riches
To the poor consign,

Ladies fair who'd lose their beauty,
 Scholars give their sense,
 If they in their minds could treasure
 Your sweet innocence.

Effie, pretty, fairy Effie !
 Innocent and true,
 You give me such dreamy fancies,
 While I sing of you ;
 For you are the type of childhood,
 In whose days we've been,
 And you seem just like bright angels,
 Fancied, though unseen.



RENOVATION.



THE flowers that seem to perish
 When storms of winter come,
 Returning spring will cherish
 Again to life and bloom ;
 And gentle hopes that lighted
 The heart of many a pain,
 Though for a season blighted,
 May live and cheer again.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.



HE youth whose bark is guided o'er
 A summer stream by zephyrs' breath,
 With idle gaze delights to pore
 On imaged skies that glow beneath ;
 But should a fleeting storm arise,
 To shade awhile the watery way,
 Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
 And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

'Tis thus down Time's eventful tide,
 While prosperous breezes gentle blow,
 In Life's frail bark we gaily ride,
 Our hopes, our thoughts, all fixed below ;
 But let one cloud the prospect dim,
 The wind its quiet stillness mar,
 At once we raise our cry to Him,
 Whose light is life's best guiding star.

LADS ON THE LADDER.



LADS on the ladder, up go we,
 Slowly but surely the ladder ascending;
 Not what we *are*, what we shall *be*,
 Gilding the summit to which we are
 tending.

The work is hard, the progress slow;
 But we'll neither falter, nor loiter, nor stop;
 Higher and higher still we go,
 Up we will go till we reach the top.

Some there are born on the top of the ladder,
 They have no struggle, no aim in life;
 Perhaps they are happier, perhaps they are sadder;
We would not change with them—give up the
 strife!

We look right up and firmly tread,
 Steady of foot and firm of hand,
 Cheerfully eating hard-earned bread:
 Lads on the ladder—a noble band!

Some there are eyeing us down below,
 Lounging lazily in the sun,
 Wishing they might to the summit go,
 And end the work they have never begun.
 They would like to *be*, but not to *do* ;
 To shun the labour, but take the prize ;
 Not so the wish of the hero, who
 Has made up his mind in the world to rise.

Come, sunshine bright ! come, cloudy night !
 Come, winter weather, and frost, and snow ;
 Come, we are ready to work and fight ;
 Anything, any way—up we go !
 The work is hard, the progress slow,
 But we neither loiter, nor falter, nor stop ;
 Higher and higher, for well we know
 Lads on the ladder *must* reach the top.



THE VOICE OF LABOUR.



LOVE the ploughman's whistle,
 The reaper's cheerful song,
 The drover's oft-repeated shout,
 As he drives the flock along ;

The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him through the town ;
The halloo from the tree-top,
As the ripe fruit tumbles down ;
The rude noise of the lab'ers,
As they thrash the ripened grain,
And the dancers' joke and mirth and glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain ;
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call —
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.

Oh! there is a good in labour,
If we labour but aright ;
It gives vigour to the daytime,
And a sweeter sleep at night ;
'Tis a good that bringeth pleasure,
E'en to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit,
As the dew revives the flowers.



THE STAR CHILD.



N a pleasant chamber, close beside
 A lofty window, deep and wide,
 Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep
 A young boy went to his nightly sleep.

The window was as a crystal door,
 Opening out on the silent night ;
 And the radiance of the clear starlight
 Lay in white streaks on the chamber floor,
 And shone on the pillow and on the bed,
 And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one
 The shining stars went up the sky,
 They paused and looked through that window high ;
 And as each and every star in turn,
 Like a crown of silver lustre, shone
 Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
 More starry and bright, grew his innocent sleep.

One night he awoke, and one star alone
 Through that lofty casement was shining down :



LEIGHTON, BROS.

“THE BEAUTIFUL ANGEL THAT’S WATCHING ME.”

He gazed and he gazed, till it grew like an eye,
 Placid and clear, in the midnight sky ;
 Then the boy looked trustfully up and smiled,
 And the star looked brightly back to the child.

The morrow he went to his pictures and play ;
 But ever and often he turned him away,
 And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
 Were passing him and his sports between.
 The mother questions him gently the while,
 " Why does my boy look upward and smile ?"
 " O mother ! O mother ! I would you might see
 The beautiful angel that's watching me."

STUDIES IN RELIGION.

ALL THINGS SPEAK OF GOD.



GAZED upon the mountain, hid
 High in eternal snow,
 And at the sweetly blooming flowers
 Upon its base below ;

And mount sublime, and lowly flower,
 Alike revealed Almighty Power.

I heard the ocean's rolling waves
Peal forth their awful bass,
And heard the gentle rivulet
Pursue its murmuring race ;
And rivulet and ocean told
Of God their Maker as they rolled.

I questioned of the glowing sun,
In midday splendour bright ;
I asked the thousand thousand stars
That gem the sky at night ;
And sun and stars this lesson taught—
From God, from God, our light was caught.

I saw the worm its grovelling course
Pursue in dirt and slime,
And dowered man before high Heaven
Erect his front sublime ;
Yet man and worm the impress wear,
God bade them at Creation bear.

I probed the feelings of the heart,
The yearnings of the soul,
And sought in trustfulness from these
An answer to the whole.
In awful accents answers flow,
From God we come, to God we go !

TRIFLES.



CLOUD may intercept the sun,
 A web by insect-workers spun
 Preserve the life within the frame,
 Or vapours take away the same.

A grain of sand upon the sight
 May rob the giant of his might ;
 Or needle-point let out his breath,
 And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, by a single word,
 The heart with agony is stirred !
 And ties, that years could not have riven,
 Are scattered to the winds of heaven !
 A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
 Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek ;
 And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet express'd,
 Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
 May be an angel from above ;
 A whispered welcome in our ears
 Be as the music of the spheres.
 The pressure of a gentle hand
 Worth all that glitters in the land.
 Oh, trifles are not what they are,
 But Fortune's ruling voice and star.



BEAR ON.



EAR ON ! what though life's tide
 may be
 A current strong opposing thee,
 And thou hast but a slender sail
 To spread before an adverse gale ;
 When trials lash the waves in foam,
 And thou art far from friends and home,
 Yield not thy spirit to despair,
 But manfully the billows dare ;
 High o'er the waters wild and cold,
 Fix thou a steadfast eye and bold !
 Bear on, bear bravely on !

Bear on! the world may jeer and scoff,
And chosen friends may cast thee off:
Stay not to weep: the brittle chain
One stormy wind could break in twain.
If thou hast found that heart untrue
Which was thy hope, thy idol too,
Sink not in sorrow's depths profound,
Despair will never heal the wound;
Give to the past no vain regret,
The future lies before thee yet.

Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! does thy repining eye
See worthless man exalted high,
While modest merit sinks forlorn,
In cold neglect and bitter scorn?
Oh, never from the tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart!
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up.
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honours sure, though slow.

Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! our life is not a dream,
 Though often such its mazes seem;
 We were not born to lives of ease,
 Ourselves alone to aid and please.
 To each a daily task is given,
 A labour which shall fit for Heaven.
 When duty calls let love grow warm,
 Amid the sunshine and the storm.
 With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
 And come a conqueror to thy rest.
 Bear on, bear bravely on!



WHEN I'M A MAN.



LITTLE boy sat on a rounded stone,
 On the eve of an April day,
 His hat by his side he had carelessly
 thrown,
 While he wiped the sweat away.

His soft hair floated in glossy curls,
 And his eye was an eye of blue,
 And his voice was that of a merry girl's,
 As he spoke of the days in view.

He looked at the sky, and he fondly thought
That life was as pure and bright,
And the golden flush that his vision caught
Filled his mind with a child's delight.

He caught up his hoop, and gathered the flowers
He saw with a bright'ning eye,
And he wondered how soon his boyhood's hours
Would be over, and manhood nigh.

He saw a fine house with its spreading lawn,
And the coach as it rolled to the gate,
In which the old squire on his visits was drawn,
With the footman to listen and wait.

And he saw a gay throng as it passed along,
And he thought of some boyish plan,
And he cried in a voice that was ringing and strong.
"I'll have one, too, when I'm a man.

I'll have a fine house,
And I'll have a fine coach,
And I'll have all fine things when I'm a man ;
I'll ride all the day,
And have money to pay,
And do what I like when I'm a man !

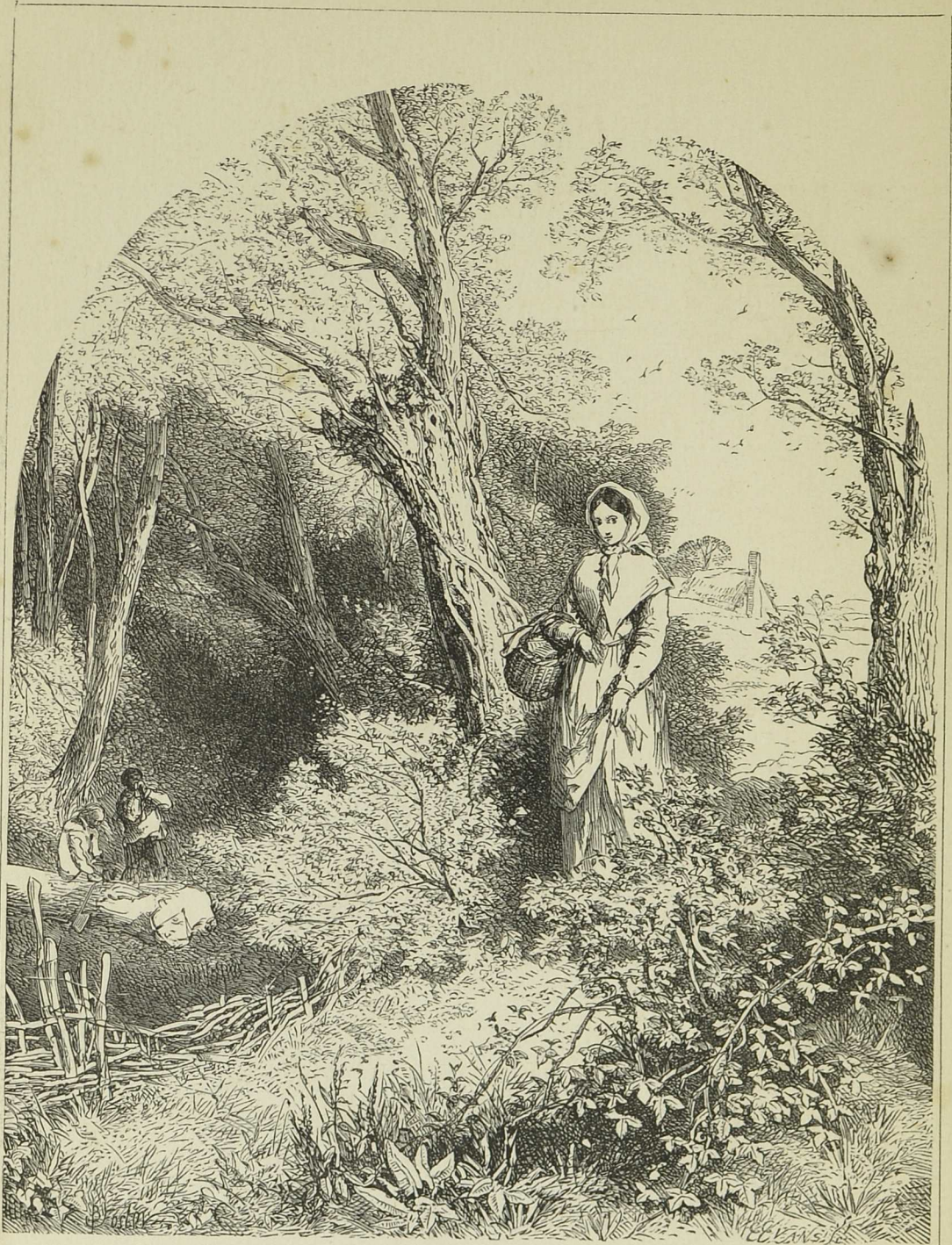
I'll go round the world,
And I'll see all the things
To be seen in the world when I'm a man!
Oh, I wish time would go,
For to me it's so slow,
For I want to know when I'm a man!"

And he went to his home, a cottage near by,
Where his mother was watching the door,
And she looked with delight at his beaming eye,
As he told her his plans o'er and o'er.

But wealth, she said, might never be won,
Nor a mansion and great estate,
But still there was noble work to be done
By those who could work and wait.

That a boy might lead a manly life
As soon as sense began,
For every honest duty rife,
Before he became a man.

Though rich or poor it matters not,
The end was sure the same,
And 'twere better than gold to leave behind
The wealth of a good man's name.



"I WANDERED IN THE WOODLAND."

IN THE WOODLAND.



WANDERED in the woodland,
 My heart beat cold and slow,
 And not a tear of sorrow
 To ease its weight would flow.

But soft a voice beside me—
 “Ah, give thy grief to me,
 And I will bear it lightly
 Far, far away from thee.”

So sweet that lulling murmur
 In music thrilled my heart,
 And o'er the glad words weeping,
 I felt my grief depart.

F. S. OSGOOD.



COMMON WEEDS.



CORN not those rude, unlovely things,
 All cultureless that grow,
 And rank o'er woods, and wilds, and
 springs
 Their vain luxuriance throw.

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Eternal love and wisdom drew
 The plan of earth and skies,
 And He the span of Heaven that threw,
 Commands the weeds to rise.

Then think not Nature's schemes sublime
 These common things might spare,
 For science may detect in time
 A thousand virtues there.



ON SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.



LOVE to look on a scene like this,
 Of wild and careless play,
 And persuade myself that I am not old,
 And my locks are not yet grey ;
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And it makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true,
I am old, and I “bide my time!”
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
Yet it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

A GOOD NAME.



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

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



