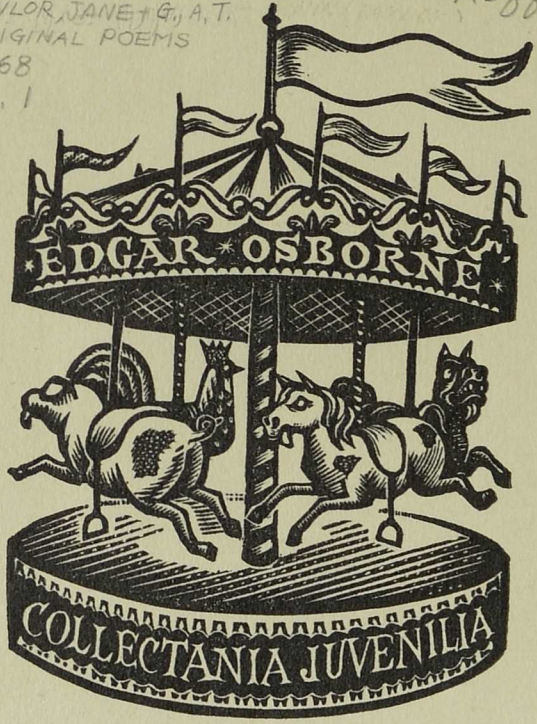


Original
Poems



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ORIGINAL POEMS
1868
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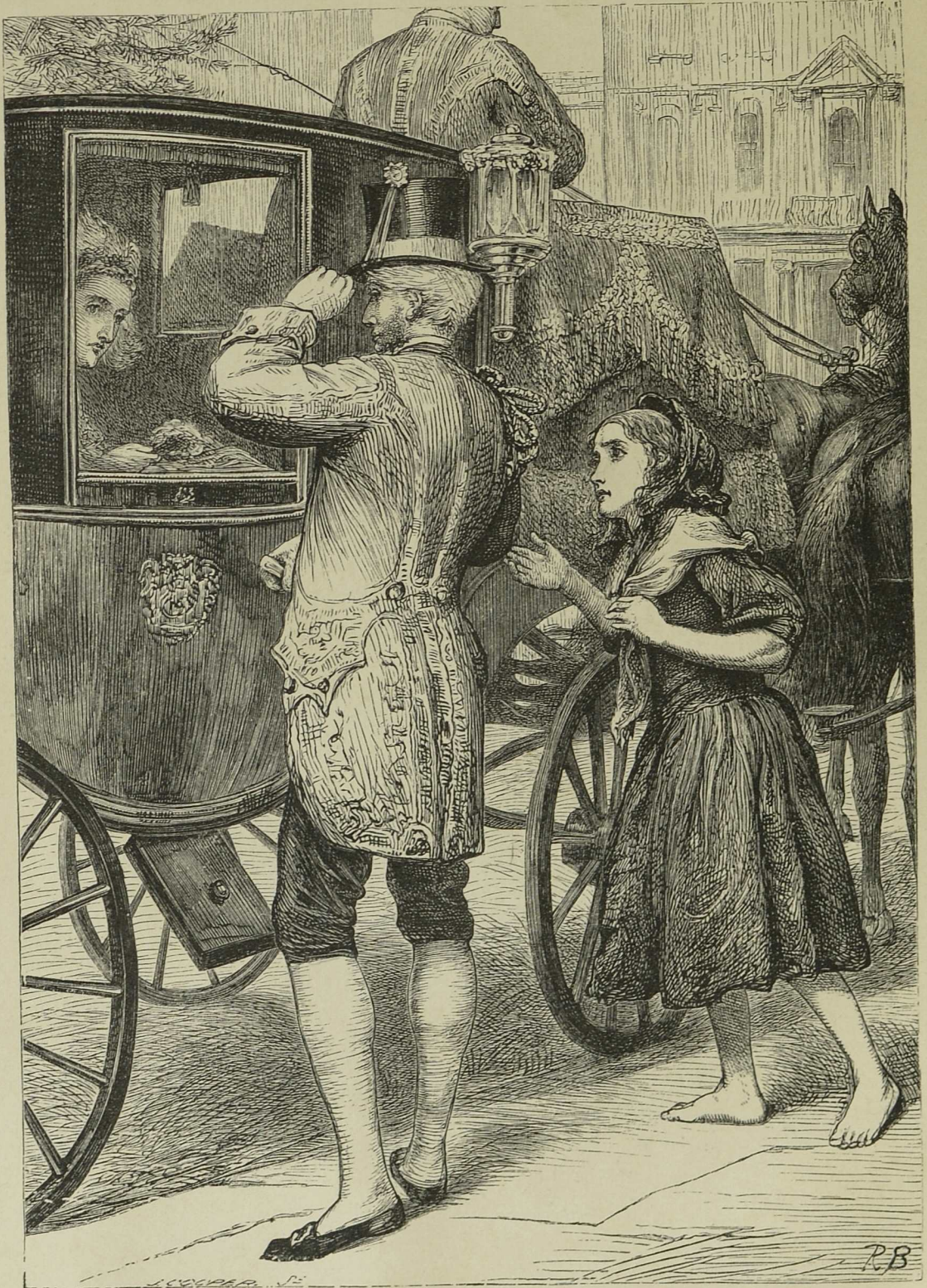
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ORIGINAL POEMS.



'Dear Ladies,' she cries, and the tears trickle down,
'Relieve a poor beggar, I pray.' P. 16.

A highly detailed decorative border surrounds the text. It features a central floral motif at the top, with two large, stylized flowers. The sides are adorned with vertical stems of flowers, including what appear to be lilies and smaller blossoms. The bottom features a large, symmetrical floral arrangement with multiple flowers and leaves. The entire border is rendered in a fine-line, engraved style.

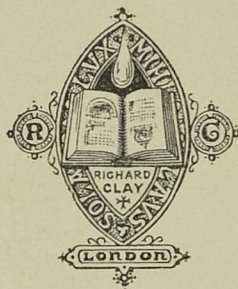
ORIGINAL
POEMS

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON AND NEW YORK

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS BROADWAY

1868



PREFACE.



IF a hearty affection for that interesting little race, the race of children, is any recommendation, the writers of the following pages are well recommended; and if to have studied, in some degree, their capacities, habits, and wants, with a wish to adapt these simple verses to their real comprehension and probable improvement;—if this has any further claim to the indulgence of the public, it is the last and greatest they attempt to make. The deficiency of the compositions as poetry is by no means a secret to their authors; but it was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and to dismiss even such words as, by being less familiar, might give perhaps a false idea to their little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, may

be insurmountable stumbling-blocks to children, who have few but literal ideas: and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, everything superfluous it has been a primary endeavour to avoid.

To those parents into whose hands this little volume may chance to fall, it is respectfully inscribed, and very affectionately to that interesting little race—the race of children.

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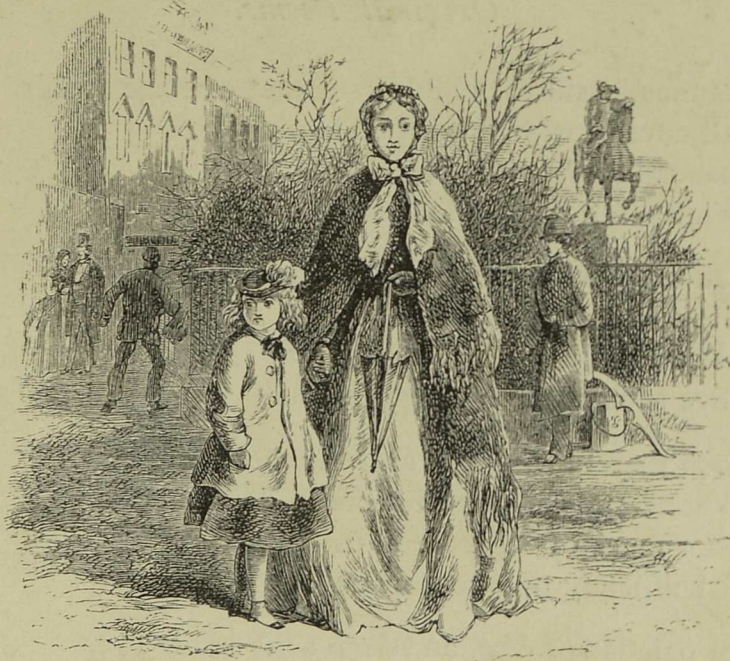
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The Floral Initials are all designed by T. KENNEDY.



A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE Ann and her mother were walking one day
Through London's wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.

And as they pass'd by the great house of a Lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er,
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
The horses were prancing before.

Little Ann by her mother walk'd silent and sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye,
Then the mother said, "Ann, I should be very glad
To know what it is makes you cry?"



“Mamma,” said the child, “see that carriage so fair,
All cover’d with varnish and gold ;
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
While we have to walk in the cold.

“You say GOD is kind to the folks that are good,
But surely it cannot be true ;
Or else I am certain, almost, that He would
Give such a fine carriage to you.”

“Look there, little girl,” said her mother, “and see
What stands at that very coach door !
A poor ragged beggar ; and listen how she
A halfpenny tries to implore.

“All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye,
And her hands look like skeleton’s bones ;
She has got a few rags, just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones.

‘Dear ladies,’ she cries, and the tears trickle down,
‘Relieve a poor beggar, I pray ;
I’ve wander’d all hungry about this wide town,
And not ate a morsel to-day.

‘My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea,
And I’ve scarcely a rag, or a morsel of bread,
As plainly, I’m sure, you may see.

‘A fever I caught, which was terribly bad,
But no nurse or physic had I :
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

‘And now that I’m better, yet feeble and faint,
And famish’d, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous complaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

‘ Some will not attend to my pitiful call,
Some think me a vagabond cheat ;
And scarcely a creature relieves me, of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

‘ Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow :’
Just then a tall footman came round,
And asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turned off with a bound.

“ Ah ! see, little girl,” then her mother replied,
“ How foolish those murmurs have been ;
You have but to look on the contrary side,
To learn both your folly and sin.

“ This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No mother awaits her return ;
And while such an object as this you behold,
Your heart should with gratitude burn.

“ Your house and its comforts, your food and your friends,
’Tis favour in GOD to confer ;
Have you any claim to the bounty He sends
Who makes you to differ from her ?

“ A coach, and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Give little true joy to the breast ;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly desire,
And then leave to GOD all the rest.”





SPRING.



SEE, see, how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain !
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And daisies enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white ;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from her sleep,
The turtle-dove opens her soft-cooing bill,
And snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay,
The creatures begin their employ ;
Ah ! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle, an indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigour and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run ;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'Twill cheer the dark season of pain.

THE BIRD'S NEST.



NOW the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,
The hedge-rows in blossoms are drest ;
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
And pick up the moss and the lambs' wool and hair,
To weave each her beautiful nest.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,
And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,
And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, shall we go to the wood,
And climb up you very tall tree :
And while the old birds are gone out to get food,
Take down the warm nest and the chirruping brood,
And divide them betwixt you and me ?

Oh no ; I am sure 'twould be cruel and bad,
To take their poor nestlings away ;
And after the toil and the trouble they've had,
When they think themselves safe, and are singing so glad,
To spoil all their work for our play.

Suppose some great creature, a dozen yards high,
Should stalk up at night to your bed,
And out of the window away with you fly,
Nor stop while you bid your dear parents good-bye,
Nor care for a word that you said :

And take you, not one of your friends could tell where,
And fasten you down with a chain ;
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,
Nor ever to come back again :

Oh ! how for your dearest mamma would you sigh,
And long to her bosom to run ;
And try to break out of your prison, and cry,
And dread the huge monster, so cruel and sly,
Who carried you off for his fun !

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree ?
Ah ! no—but remember instead,
'Twould almost as cruel and terrible be,
As if such a monster to-night you should see,
To snatch you away from your bed !

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest ;
To steal you I know would be wrong ;
And when the next summer in green shall be drest,
And your merry music shall join with the rest,
You'll pay us for all with a song.

Away to the woodlands we'll merrily hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree ;
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols so high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free.





HE night was dark, the
moon was hid,
Beneath the mountain
gray!
And not a single star
appear'd
To shoot a silver ray.

Across the heath the owlet flew,
And scream'd along the blast,
And onward, with a quicken'd step,
Benighted Henry pass'd.

At intervals, amid the gloom,
A flash of lightning play'd,
And showed the ruts with water fill'd,
And the black hedge's shade.

Again in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find;
And now he thought he spied beyond
A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak or mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood;

Yet like a man did he resolve
To do the best he could.

So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went;
And eager, through the dismal
gloom,
His piercing eyes he bent.

But when he came well nigh the
ghost

That gave him such affright,
He clapp'd his hands upon his sides,
And loudly laugh'd outright:

For there a friendly post he found,
The stranger's road to mark;
A pleasant sprite was this to see
For Henry in the dark.

"Well done!" said he, "one lesson
wise,

I've learn'd, beyond a doubt,—
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll try to find it out.

"And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I'll tell of this; my lonely walk,
And the tall white Hand-post."





TO A BUTTERFLY

ON GIVING IT LIBERTY.



Poor harmless insect, thither fly,
And life's short hour enjoy ;
'Tis all thou hast, and why should I
That little all destroy ?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
A life by wisdom given ;
Or sooner bid thy being end,
Than was design'd by Heaven ?

Lost to the joy that reason knows,
Thy bosom, fair and frail,
Loves best to wander where the rose
Perfumes the pleasant gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask flower to kiss ;
To rove along the bending shade,
Is all thy little bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroidery drest ;
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odours from his vest.



EE the dark vapour clouds the sky,
 The thunder rumbles round and round !
 The lightning's flash begins to fly ;
 Big drops come pattering on the ground :
 The frighten'd birds with ruffled wing
 Fly through the air, and cease to sing.

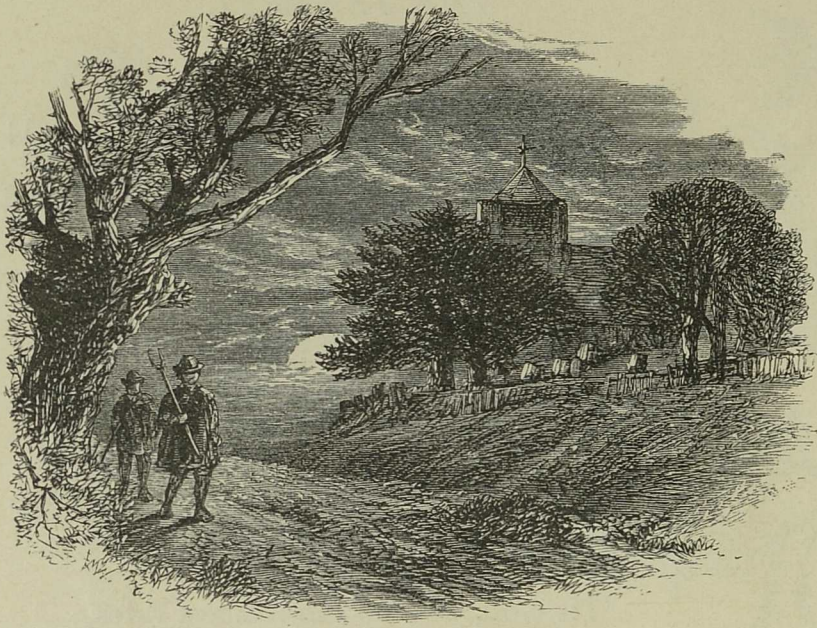
Now nearer rolls the mighty peal :
 Incessant thunder roars aloud ;
 Toss'd by the winds the tall oaks reel,
 The forkèd lightning breaks the cloud ;
 Deep torrents drench the swimming plain,
 And sheets of fire descend with rain.

'Tis GOD, who on the tempest rides,
 And with a word directs the storm ;
 'Tis at His nod the wind subsides,
 Or heaps of heavy vapours form :
 In fire and cloud He walks the sky,
 And lets His stores of tempest fly.

Yet though beneath His power divine
 My life depends upon His care,
 Each right endeavour shall be mine ;
 Of every danger I'll beware ;
 Far from the metal bell-wire stand,
 Nor on the door-lock keep my hand.

When caught amidst the open field,
 I'll not seek shelter from a tree ;
 Though from the falling rain a shield,
 More dreadful might the lightning be :
 Its tallest boughs might draw the fire,
 And I, with sudden stroke, expire.

They need not dread the stormy day,
 Or lightning flashing from the sky,
 Who walk in wisdom's pleasant way,
 And always are prepared to die :
 I know no other way to hear
 The thunder roll without a fear.



THE CHURCHYARD.



THE moon rises bright in the east,
The stars with purple brilliancy shine ;
The songs of the woodlands have ceas'd ;
And still is the low of the kine :
The men from their work on the hill
Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail,
The buzz of the hamlet is still,
And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

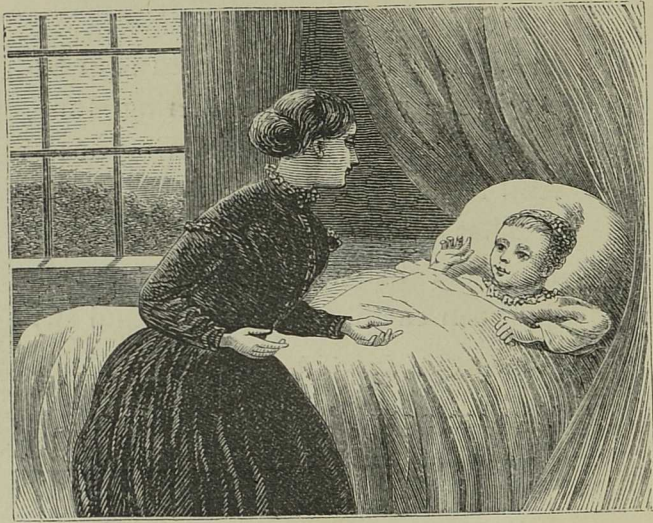
And see, from those darkly green trees
Of cypress and holly and yew,
That wave their long arms in the breeze,
The old village church is in view :
The owl, from her ivied retreat,
Screams hoarse to the winds of the night ;
And the clock, with its solemn repeat,
Has toll'd the departure of light.

My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed,
And read the gray mouldering stone,
That tells of the mouldering dead :
And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die—
Must bid the sweet daylight farewell,
Green earth, and the beautiful sky !

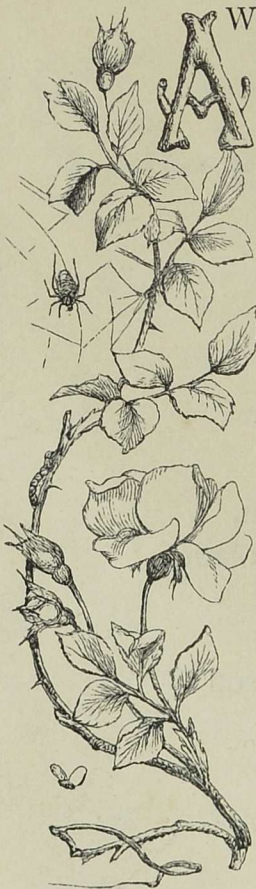
You are not so healthy and gay,
So young, and so active and bright,
That death cannot snatch you away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confined in the coffin so small,
The earth covers over them cold,
The grave-worm devours them all.

In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once o'er their bodies were spread ;
Now, still in the desolate tomb,
Each rests his inanimate head :
Their fingers, so busy before,
Shall silently crumble away,
Nor even a smile, any more,
About the pale countenance play.

Then seek not, my child, as the best,
The pleasures which shortly must fade ;
Let piety dwell in thy breast,
And all of thy actions pervade :
And then, when beneath the green sod
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God,
To live with the blest in the sky.



MORNING.



AWAKE, little girl, it is time to arise,
Come shake drowsy sleep from your eye ;
The lark is now warbling his notes to the skies,
And the sun is far mounted on high.

Oh come, for the fields with gay flowers abound,
The dewdrop is quivering still,
The lowing herds graze in the pastures around,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

Oh come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
Impatient his work to renew ;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

Oh come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
And forth to her labour she goes ;
She knows the true value of moments too well,
To waste them in idle repose.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask ;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.



EVENING.

LITTLE girl, it is time to retire to your rest,
The sheep are put into the fold,
The linnet forsakes us, and flies to her nest,
To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out of his lonely retreat,
And screams through the tall shady trees ;
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
And sings to the soft dying breeze.

The sun appears now to have finish'd his race,
And sinks once again to his rest ;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, have you finish'd your daily employ
With industry, patience, and care ?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
And sleep away peacefully there.

The moon through your curtains shall cheerfully peep,
Her silver beams rest on your eyes ;
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,
Till bright morning bid you arise.





THE IDLE BOY.



YOUNG Thomas was an
idle lad,
Who lounged about all
day ;
And though he many a
lesson had,
He minded nought but
play.

He only cared for top and ball,
Or marble, hoop, and kite ;
But as for learning, that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's watchful eye,
In vain his master's care ;
He follow'd vice and vanity,
And even learnt to swear.

And think you, when he grew a
man,

He prosper'd in his ways ?
No : wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or cot to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to
worse,
And harden'd as a stone.

And oh ! it grieves me much to
write

His melancholy end ;
Then let us leave the mournful
sight,
And thoughts of pity send.

But yet may this important truth
Our daily thoughts engage,
That few who spend an idle youth
Will see a happy age.



THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.



IN a cottage upon the
 heath wild,
 That always was cleanly
 and nice,
 Lived William, a good
 little child,
 Who minded his parents'
 advice.

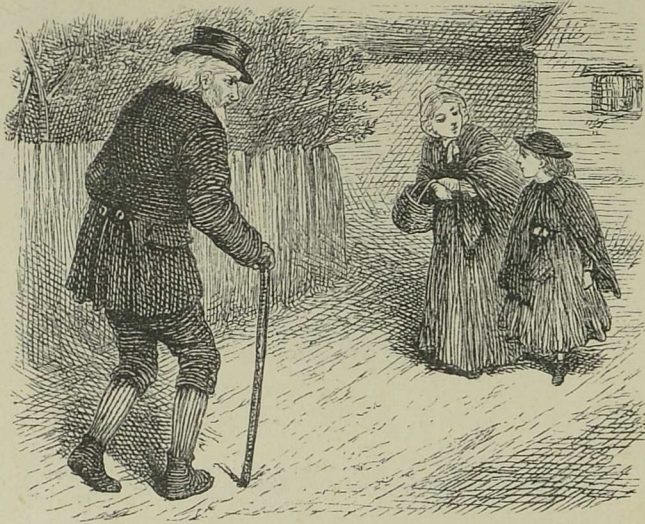
'Tis true he loved marbles and kite,
 And peg-top, and nine-pins, and
 ball ;
 But this I declare with delight,
 His book he loved better than all.
 In active and useful employ,
 His young days were pleasantly
 spent ;

While innocent pleasure and joy
 A smile to his countenance lent.
 Now see him to manhood arise,
 Still cheerfulness follows his way ;
 For as he is prudent and wise,
 He also is happy and gay.
 For riches his wife never sigh'd,
 Contented and happy was she ;
 While William would sit by her side,
 With a sweet smiling babe on his
 knee.
 His garden so fruitful and neat,
 His cot by the side of the green,
 Crept over by jessamine sweet,
 Where peep'd the low casement
 between.

These fill'd him with honest delight,
 Though many might view them
 with scorn ;
 He went to bed cheerful at night,
 And cheerfully woke in the morn.
 But when he grew agèd and gray,
 And found that life shortly would
 cease,

He calmly awaited the day,
 And closed his old eyelids in
 peace.

Now this little tale was design'd
 To be an example for me,
 That still I may happiness find,
 Whatever my station may be.



OLD AGE.



HO is this that comes
 tottering along ?
 His footsteps are feeble
 and slow,
 His beard has grown curling
 and long,
 And his hair is turn'd
 white as the snow.

He is falling quite into decay,
 Deep wrinkles have furrow'd his
 cheek ;
 He cannot be merry and gay,
 He is so exceedingly weak.

Little stranger, his name is Old
 Age,
 His journey will shortly be
 o'er :
 He soon will leave life's busy stage,
 To sigh and be sorry no more.

Little stranger, though healthy and
 strong
 You now are, so merry and brave,
 Like him you must totter ere long,
 Like him you must sink to the
 grave.

Those limbs which so actively
play,
That face beaming pleasure and
mirth,

Like his must fall into decay,
And moulder away in the earth.

Then, ere that dark season of night,
When youth and its energies cease,

Oh! follow with zeal and delight
Those paths which are pleasure
and peace.

So triumph and hope shall be nigh
When failing and fainting your
breath ;

And a light will enkindle your eye,
Ere it closes for ever in death.



THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.



HERE was a little fellow
once,

And Harry was his
name,

And many a naughty trick
had he—

I tell it to his shame.

He minded not his friends' advice,
But follow'd his own wishes ;

And one most cruel trick of his,
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went ;
And there in this unfeeling sport
He many an evening spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurried to the pond,
And there began the cruel game
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
 And pleased was he to look,
 To see them writhe in agony,
 And struggle on the hook.

At last, when having caught enough,
 And also tired himself,
 He hasten'd home, intending there
 To put them on a shelf.

But as he jump'd to reach a dish,
 To put his fishes in,
 A large meat-hook, that hung close
 by,
 Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Henry kick'd, and call'd aloud,
 And scream'd, and cried, and
 roar'd,
 While from his wound the crimson
 blood
 In dreadful torrents pour'd.

The maids came running, frighten'd
 much
 To see him hanging there,
 And soon they took him from the
 hook,
 And set him in a chair.

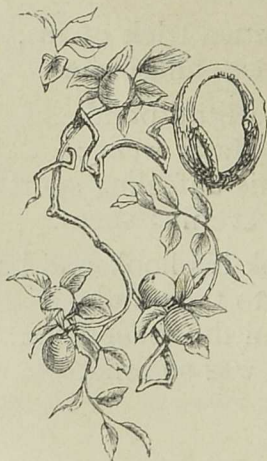
The surgeon came and stopp'd the
 blood,
 And bound his aching head ;
 And then they carried him upstairs,
 And laid him on his bed.

Conviction darted on his mind,
 As groaning there he lay,
 And with compunction then he
 thought
 About his cruel play.

“And oh !” said he, “poor little fish,
 What tortures they have borne ;
 While I, well pleased, have stood to
 see
 Their tender bodies torn !

“Though fishermen must earn their
 bread,
 And butchers too must slay,
 That can be no excuse for me,
 Who do the same in play.

“And now I feel how great the
 smart,
 How terrible the pain !
 I think, while I can feel myself,
 I will not fish again.”



THE APPLE TREE.

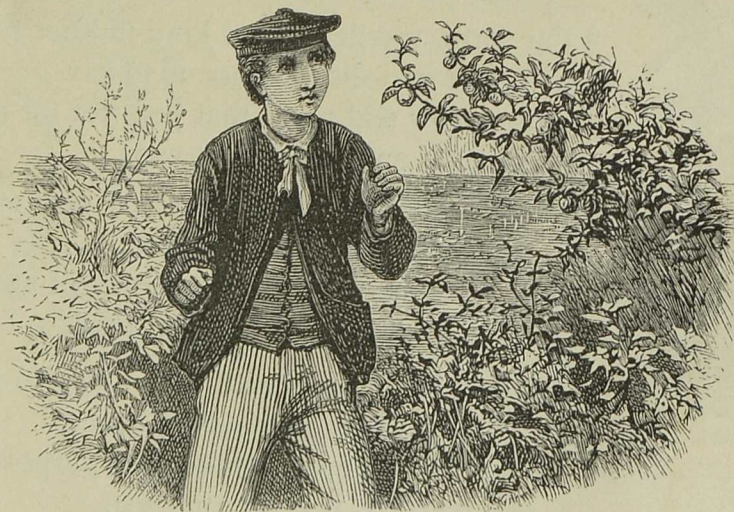
LD John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
 Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,
 So juicy, so mellow, and red ;
 And when they were ripe, he disposed of his store,
 To children or any who pass'd by his door,
 To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see,
With longing eye viewing this fine apple-tree,
And wishing a codling might fall :
One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he look'd over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, " Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day !
The tree is so full, and one only I'll take,
And John cannot see if I give it a shake,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough ;
Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One who, by night just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Lest tempted to this wicked act you should be :
'Twere better to starve than to steal ;
For the great GOD, who even through darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit, in His book,
Nor forgets what we try to conceal.





THE DISAPPOINTMENT.



N tears to her mother poor Harriet came :

Let us listen to hear what she says :

“ Oh see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain,
We cannot go out in the chaise.

“ All the week I have long’d for this holiday so,
And fancied the minutes were hours ;
And now that I’m dress’d and all ready to go,
Do look at those terrible showers !”

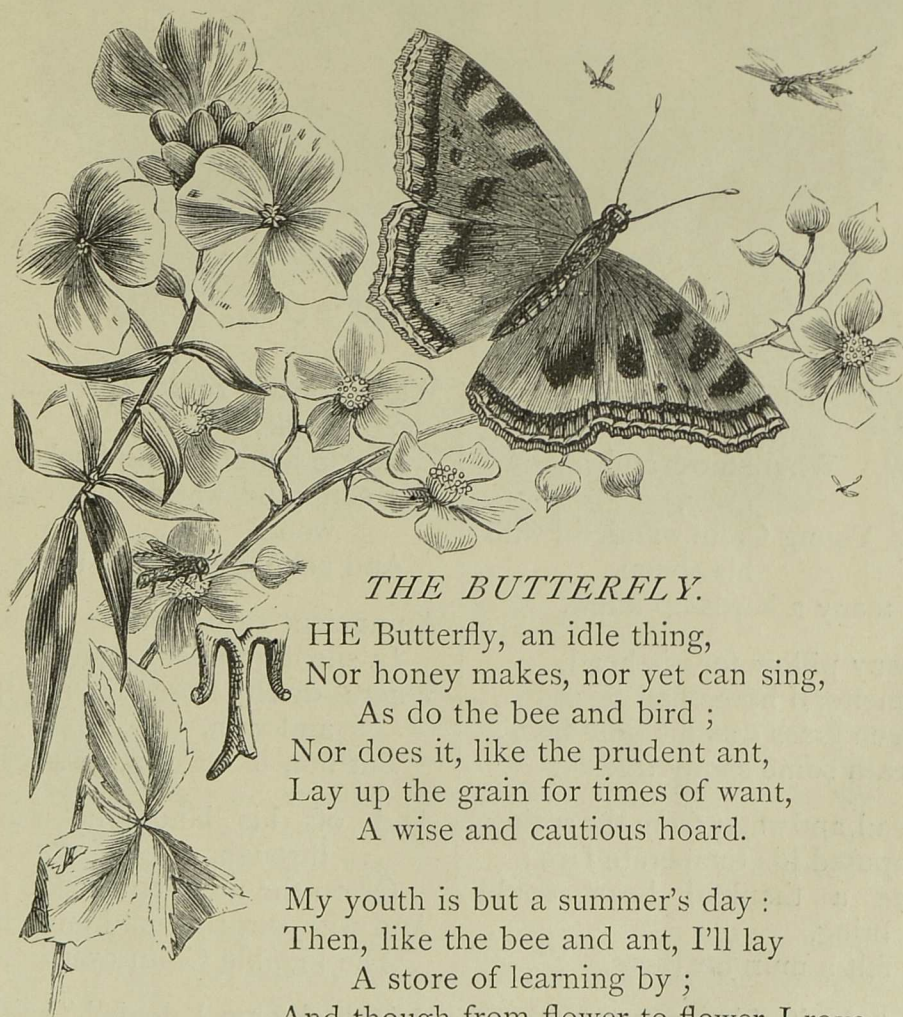
“ I’m sorry, my dear,” her kind mother replied,
“ The rain disappoints us to-day ;
But sorrow still more that you fret for a ride
In such an extravagant way.

“ These slight disappointments are sent to prepare
For what may hereafter befall ;
For seasons of *real* disappointment and care,
Which commonly happen to all.

“ For just like to-day with its holiday lost,
Is life and its comforts at best :
Our pleasures are blighted, our purposes cross’d,
To teach us it is not our rest.

“And when those distresses and crosses appear,
With which you may shortly be tried,
You'll wonder that ever you wasted a tear
On merely the loss of a ride.

“But though the world's pleasures are fleeting and vain,
Religion is lasting and true ;
Real pleasure and peace in her paths you may gain,
Nor will disappointment ensue.”




THE BUTTERFLY.

HE Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird ;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day :
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by ;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.



THE SHEPHERD BOY.


HPON a mountain's grassy
 steep,
 Where moss and heather
 grew,
 Young Colin wander'd with
 his sheep,
 And many a hardship knew.

No downy pillow for his head,
 No shelter'd home had he ;
 The green grass was his only bed,
 Beneath some shady tree.

Dry bread, and water from the spring,
 Composed his temperate fare ;
 Yet he a thankful heart could
 bring,
 Nor felt a murmur there.

Contented with his low estate,
 He often used to say—
 He envied not the rich or great,
 More happy far than they.

While 'neath some spreading oak
 he stood,
 Beside his browsing flocks,
 His soft pipe warbled through the
 wood,
 And echoed from the rocks.

An ancient castle on the plain
 In silent grandeur stood,
 Where dwelt Lord Henry, proud
 and vain,
 But not, like Colin, good.

And oft his lands he wander'd
 through,
 Or on the mountain's side ;
 And with surprise, and envy too,
 The humble Colin eyed.

"And why am I denied," said he,
 "That cheerfulness and joy,
 Which ever and anon I see
 In this poor shepherd boy ?"

“No wealth nor lands has he secure,
Nor titled honours high ;
And yet, though destitute and
poor,
He seems more blest than I.”

But this Lord Henry did not know,
That pleasure ne'er is found
Where pride and passion overflow,
And evil deeds abound.

Colin, though poor, was glad and
gay,
For he was good and kind ;
While selfish passions every day
Disturb'd Lord Henry's mind.

Thus Colin had for his reward
Contentment with his lot ;
More happy than this noble lord,
Who sought but found it not.



THE ROBIN.



WAY, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest !
To make you my captive would please me the best,
And feed you with worms and with bread :
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all cover'd with red.

But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know ;
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go ;
Fly home to your young ones again :
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty song,
And chirrup and twitter there all the day long,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter winds blow,
 And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow,
 And the clouds in white feathers descend ;
 When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
 And the long shining icicles drop from the trees,
 Then, Robin, remember your friend.

With cold and with hunger half-famish'd and weak,
 Then tap at my window again with your beak,—
 Nor shall your petition be vain :
 You shall fly to my bosom and perch on my thumbs,
 Or hop round the table and pick up the crumbs,
 And need not be hungry again.

THE CHILD'S MONITOR.



HE wind blows down the largest tree,
 And yet the wind I cannot see !
 Playmates far off, who have been kind,
 My thought can bring before my mind ;
 The past by it is present brought,
 And yet I cannot see my thought !
 The charming rose scents all the air,
 Yet I can see no perfume there.
 Blithe Robin's notes how sweet, how clear !
 From his small bill they reach my ear ;
 And whilst upon the air they float,
 I hear, yet cannot see a note.
 When I would do what is forbid,
 By *something* in my heart I'm chid ;
 When good, I think, then quick and pat
 That *something* says, "My child, do that :"
 When I too near the stream would go,
 So pleased to see the waters flow,
 That *something* says, without a sound,
 "Take care, dear child, you may be drown'd :
 And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
 That *something* says, "A penny give."

Thus something very near must be,
 Although invisible to me ;
 Whate'er I do, it sees me still :
 Oh then, good Spirit, guide my will.



THE BOYS AND THE APPLE-TREE.

S William and Thomas were walking one day,
They came by a fine orchard's side :
They would rather eat apples than spell, read, or play,
And Thomas to William thus cried :

“O brother, look yonder ! what clusters hang there !
I'll try and climb over the wall :
I must have an apple ; I will have a pear ;
Although it should cost me a fall !”

Said William to Thomas, “ To steal is a sin,
Mamma has oft told this to thee :
I never have stole, nor will I begin,
So the apples may hang on the tree.”



“You are a good boy, as you ever have been,”
Said Thomas; “let’s walk on, my lad :
We’ll call on our schoolfellow, Benjamin Green,
Who to see us, I know, will be glad.”

They came to the house, and ask’d at the gate,
“Is Benjamin Green now at home?”
But Benjamin did not allow them to wait,
And brought them both in to the room.

And he smiled, and he laugh’d, and caper’d with joy,
His little companions to greet :
“And we too are happy,” said each little boy,
“Our playfellow dear thus to meet.”

“Come, walk in our garden, this morning so fine;—
We may, for my father gives leave ;
And more, he invites you to stay here and dine :
And a most happy day we shall have !”

But when in the garden, they found ’twas the same
They saw as they walk’d in the road ;
And near the high wall when those little boys came,
They started as if from a toad :

“That large ring of iron you see on the ground,
With terrible teeth like a saw,”
Said their friend, “the guard of our garden is found,
And it keeps all intruders in awe.

“If any the warning without set at nought,
Their legs then this man-trap must tear.”
Said William to Thomas, “So you’d have been caught,
If you had leap’d over just there.”

Cried Thomas, in terror of what now he saw,
“With my faults I will heartily grapple ;
For I learn what may happen by breaking a law,
Although but in stealing an apple.”



*THE WOODEN DOLL AND THE
WAX DOLL.*

HERE were two friends, a very charming pair !
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair ;
And she to love Brunette did constantly incline,
Nor less did Brunette love sweet Blanchidine.
Brunette in dress was neat, yet always plain ;
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.

Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance made—
A little girl most sumptuously array'd,
In plumes and ribbons, gaudy to behold,
And India frock, with spots of shining gold.
Said Blanchidine, " A girl so richly dress'd
Should surely be by every one caress'd.
To play with me if she will condescend,
Henceforth 'tis she alone shall be my friend."

And so for this new friend in silks adorn'd,
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left, and scorn'd.

Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty toys,
A wooden doll her every thought employs ;
Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks so red—
She kiss'd, she fondled, and she took to bed.

Mamma now brought her home a doll of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white, and soft as flax ;
Its eyes could open and its eyes could shut ;
And on it, too, with taste its clothes were put.
“ My dear wax doll ! ” sweet Blanchidine would cry—
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected by.

One summer's day,—'twas in the month of June,—
The sun blazed out in all the heat of noon :
“ My waxen doll,” she cried, “ my dear, my charmer !
What, are you cold ? but you shall soon be warmer.”
She laid it in the sun—misfortune dire !
The wax ran down as if before the fire !
Each beauteous feature quickly disappear'd,
And melting, left a blank all soil'd and smear'd.
Her doll disfigured she beheld amazed,
And thus express'd her sorrow as she gazed :
“ Is it for you my heart I have estranged
From that I fondly loved, which has not changed ?
Just so may change my new acquaintance fine,
For whom I left Brunette, that friend of mine.
No more by outside show will I be lured ;
Of such capricious whims I think I'm cured :
To plain old friends my heart shall still be true,
Nor change for every face because 'tis new.”
Her slighted wooden doll resumed its charms,
And wrong'd Brunette she clasp'd within her arms.



IDLE RICHARD AND THE GOAT.

JOHN BROWN is a man without houses or lands :
Himself he supports by the work of his hands :
He brings home his wages each Saturday night ;
To his wife and his children a very good sight.

His eldest son, Richard, on errands when sent,
To loiter and chatter is very much bent ;
And, in spite of the care his mother bestows,
He is known by his tatters wherever he goes.
His shoes, too, are worn, and his feet are half bare,
And now it is time he should have a new pair :
“Go at once to the shop,” said John Brown to his son,
“And change me this bank-note—I have only one.”

But now comes the mischief, for Richard would stop
To prate with a boy at a greengrocer's shop,
And to whom in his boasting he shows his bank-note.
Just then to the green-stall up marches a goat.
The boys knew full well that it was this goat's way,
With any that pass'd her to gambol and play :
The three then continued to skip and to frisk,
Till his note on some greens Dick happen'd to whisk :
And what was his wonder to see the rude goat
In munching the greens eat up his bank-note !
To his father he ran, in dismay, with the news,
And by stopping to gossip he lost his new shoes.





MY prayers I said, I went to bed,
 And quickly fell asleep ;
 But soon I woke, my sleep was broke—
 I through my curtains peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
 The watchman's rattle too ;
 And " Fire ! " they cry, and then cried I,
 " Alas ! what shall I do ? "

A shout so loud came from the crowd,
 Around, above, below,
 And in the street the neighbours meet,
 Who would the matter know.

Now down the stairs run threes and pairs,
 Enough their bones to break ;
 The firemen shout, the engines spout
 Their streams, the fire to slake.


The roof and wall, the stairs and all,
 And rafters tumble in :
 Red flames and blaze, now all amaze,
 And make a dreadful din !

And each one screams, when bricks and beams
 Come tumbling on their heads :
 And some are smash'd, and some are dash'd ;
 Some leap on feather-beds.

Some burn, some choke with fire and smoke ;
 But ah ! what was the cause ?
 My heart's dismay'd—last night I play'd
 With Thomas, lighting straws !



THE TRUANT BOYS.



THE month was August and the morning cool,
When Hal and Ned,
To walk together to the neighbouring school,
Rose early from their bed.
When near the school, Hal said, "Why con your task
Demure and prim?
Ere we go in, let me one question ask,
Ned, shall we go and swim?"

Fearless of future punishment or blame,
Away they hied,
Through many a verdant field, until they came
Unto the river's side.
The broad stream narrow'd in its onward course,
And deep and still
It silent ran, and yet with rapid force,
To turn a neighbouring mill.

Under the mill an arch gaped wide, and seem'd
 The jaws of death!
 Through this the smooth deceitful waters teen'd
 On dreadful wheels beneath.
 They swim the river wide, nor think nor care:
 The waters flow,
 And by the current strong they carried are
 Into the mill-stream now.

Through the swift waters as young Ned was roll'd,
 The gulf when near,
 On a kind brier by chance he laid fast hold,
 And stopp'd his dread career.
 But luckless Hal was by the mill-wheel torn;—
 A warning sad!
 And the untimely death all friends now mourn,
 Of this poor truant lad.

GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.



IS petticoats now George cast off,
 For he was four years old;
 His trousers were of nankeen stuff,
 With buttons bright as gold.
 "May I," said George, "just go abroad,
 My pretty clothes to show?
 May I, mamma? but speak the word."
 The answer was, "No, no."
 "Go, run below, George, in the court,
 But go not in the street,
 Lest boys with you should make some sport,
 Or gipsies you should meet."

Yet, though forbidden, he went out,
That other boys might spy ;
And proudly there he walk'd about,
And thought—"How fine am I!"

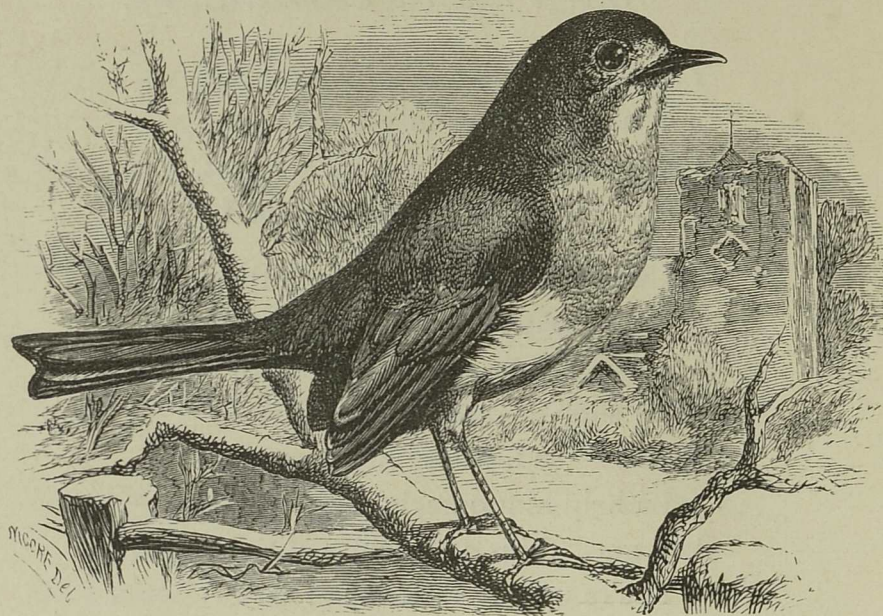
But whilst he strutted through the street,
With looks both vain and pert,
A sweep-boy pass'd, whom not to meet
He slipp'd—into the dirt.

The sooty lad, whose heart was kind,
To help him quickly ran,
And grasp'd his arm, with—"Never mind,
You're up, my little man!"

Sweep wiped his clothes with labour vain,
And begg'd him not to cry ;
And when he'd blacken'd every stain,
Said, "Little sir, good-bye."

Poor George, almost as dark as sweep,
And smear'd in dress and face,
Bemoans with sobs, both loud and deep,
His well-deserved disgrace.





THE REDBREAST'S PETITION.



MHE thrush sings nobly on the tree,
In strength of voice excelling me,
 Whilst leaves and fruits are on ;
But think how Robin sings for you,
When Nature's beauties bid adieu,
 And leaves and fruits are gone.
Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling,
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

When winter's winds blow loud and rude,
And birds retire in sullen mood,
 And snows make white the ground ;
My note your drooping heart may charm ;
And, sure that you'll not do me harm,
 I hop your window round.
Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling,
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.

Since, friends, in you I put my trust,
And please you too, you should be just,
 And for your music pay !
Or if I find a traveller dead,
My bill with leaves his corpse shall spread,
 And sing his passing lay.
Ah, then, to me some crumbs of bread pray fling,
And through the year my grateful thanks I'll sing.



WASHING AND DRESSING.



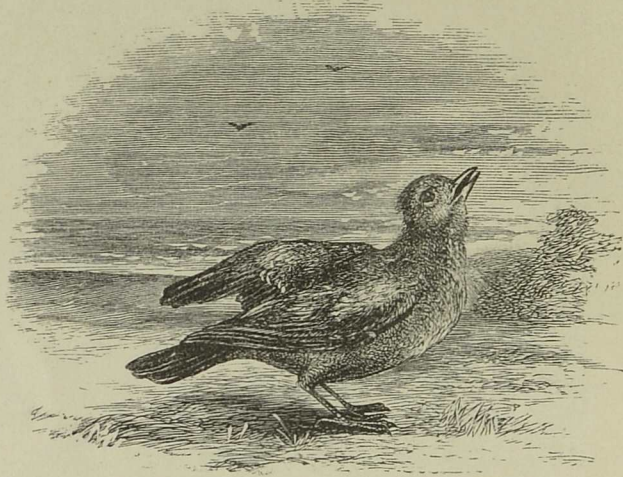
H! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
 And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
 To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
 I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be drest,
 But would you not wish to be clean?
 Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
 This face is not fit to be seen.

If the water is cold, and the brush hurts your head,
 And the soap has got into your eye,
 Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said?
 And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
 But only for kindness and care,
 That I wash you and dress you, and make you look neat,
 And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
 But pay me for all with a kiss ;
 That's right—take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
 I thought you'd be good after this.



THE LARK.



FROM his humble grassy bed,
 See the warbling lark arise !
 By his grateful wishes led,
 Through those regions of the skies.

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
 Harmonizing airy space,
 Sings and mounts, and higher soars,
 Towards the throne of heavenly grace.

Small his gifts compared with mine,
 Poor my thanks with his compared :
 I've a soul almost divine :
 Angels' blessings with me shared.

Wake, my soul, to praise aspire ;
 Reason, every sense accord ;
 Join in pure, seraphic fire,
 Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.



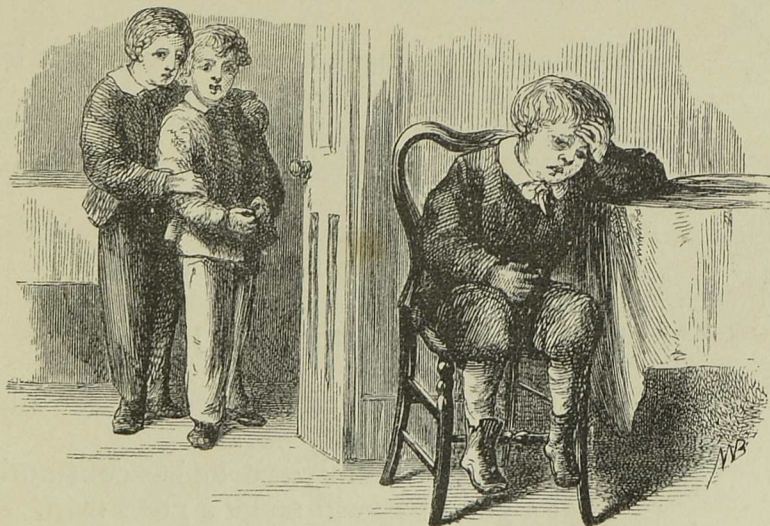
H! I've got a plum-cake, and a fine feast I'll make,
 So nice to have all to myself!
 I can eat every day while the rest are at play,
 And then put it by on the shelf.

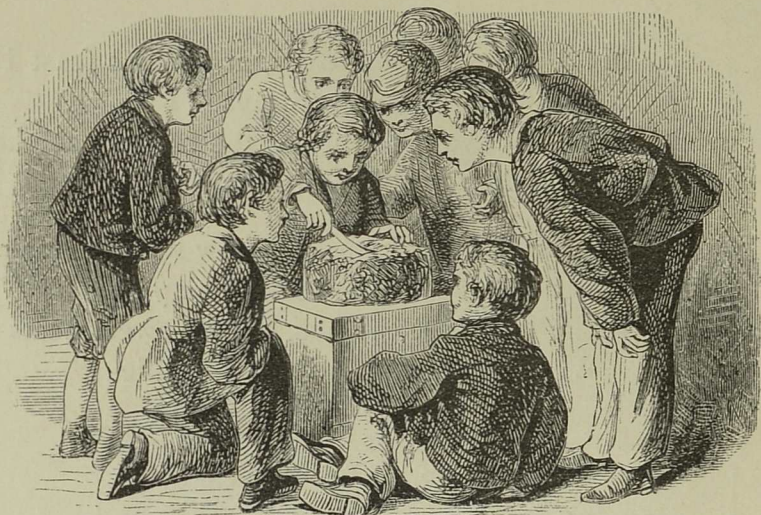
Thus said little John, and how soon it was gone!
 For with zeal to his cake he applied,
 While fingers & thumbs, for the sweetmeats & plums
 Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune befell,
 That shortly his folly reveal'd,
 After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
 That the cause could not now be conceal'd.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse,
 To cure his disorder were sent;
 And rightly you'll think, he had physic to drink,
 Which made him sincerely repent.

And while on the bed he roll'd his hot head,
 Impatient with sickness and pain,
 He could not but take this reproof from his cake,
 "Do not be such a glutton again."





ANOTHER PLUM-CAKE.



H! I've got a plum-cake, and a feast let us make ;
Come, schoolfellows, come at my call ;
I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each have a slice,
Here's more than enough for us all.

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpen'd his knife to begin ;
Nor was there one found, upon the playground,
So cross that he would not come in.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share :
Charles, William, and James, and many more names,
Partook his benevolent care.

And when it was done, and they'd finish'd their fun,
To marbles or hoop they went back ;
And each little boy felt it always a joy,
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book, his best pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he's been a man grown, he has constantly shown,
That a good boy will make a good man.



FOR A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

Y sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild,
She must not be fretful and cry !
Oh ! why is this passion ? remember, my child,
GOD sees you who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, that I like so to kiss,
How alter'd and sad it appears !
Do you think I can love you so naughty as this,
Or kiss you, all wetted with tears ?

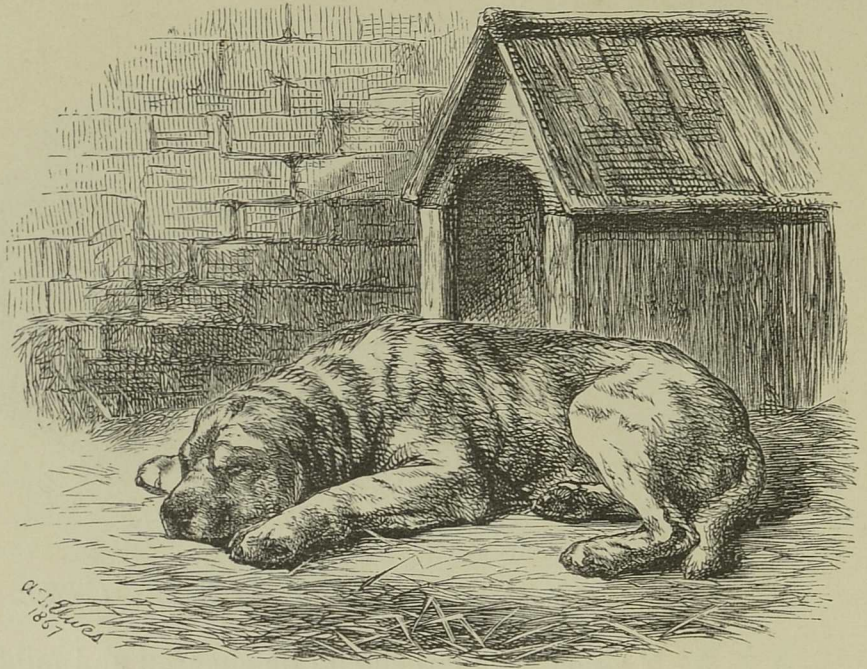
Remember, though GOD is in heaven, my love,
He sees you within and without,
And always looks down, from His glory above,
To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,
And nobody is in the way,
His eye is as able your doings to mark,
In the night as it is in the day.

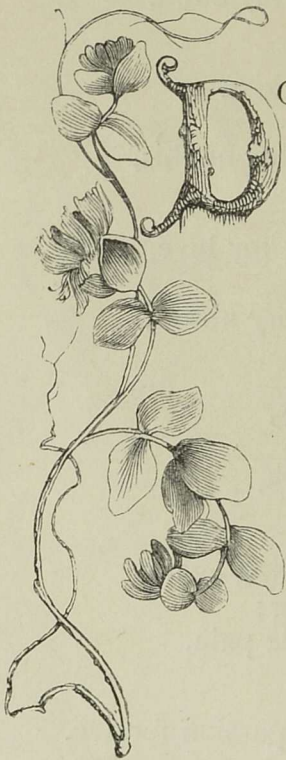
Then dry up your tears and look smiling again,
And never do things that are wrong ;
For I'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,
To be naughty and crying so long.

We'll pray, then, that GOD may your passion forgive,
And teach you from evil to fly ;
And then you'll be happy as long as you live,
And happy whenever you die.





HONEST OLD TRAY.



O not hurt the poor fellow, your honest old Tray !
What good will it do you to drive him away,
Or tease him and force him to bite ?
Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
And guards us by day and by night.

Though you, by-and-by, will grow up to a man,
And Tray'll be a dog let him grow as he can,
Remember, my good little lad,
A dog that is honest, and faithful, and mild,
Is not only better than is a bad child,
But better than *men* that are bad.

If you are a boy, and Tray is but a beast,
I think it should teach you one lesson at least,
You ought to act better than he ;
And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
Tray does as we bid him, and gives no offence,
How diligent Richard should be !

If I do but just whistle, as often you've seen,
He seems to say, "Master, what is it you mean?
My courage and duty are tried."
And see, when I throw my stick over the pale,
He fetches it back, and comes wagging his tail,
And lays it down close to my side.

TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT HAS TOLD A LIE.



AND has my darling told a lie?
Did she forget that GOD was by?
That GOD, who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid;
Did she forget that GOD could see
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
Whichever way you think to turn;
He made your ears, and He can hear
When you think nobody is near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all you do and say.

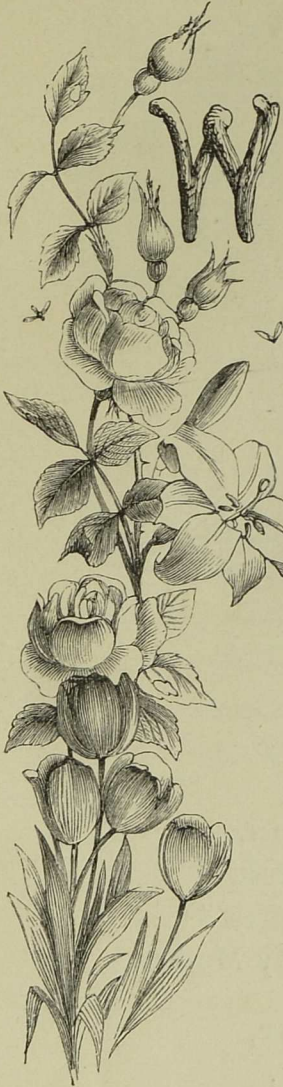
Oh, how I wish you would but try
To act, as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do,
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey—for GOD is there.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know,
There's something wrong to hide below?
No! let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal,
You cannot light and gladsome feel :
Your little heart will seem opprest,
As if a weight were on your breast ;
And e'en your mother's eye to meet,
Will tinge your face with shame and heat.

Yes, GOD has made your duty clear,
By every blush, by every fear ;
And conscience, like an angel kind,
Keeps watch to bring it to your mind :
Its friendly warnings ever heed,
And neither tell a lie—nor need.





WHEN Harry and Dick had been striving to please,
 Their father (to whom it was known)
 Made two little gardens, and stock'd them with trees,
 And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thank'd his papa, and with rake, hoe, and
 spade,
 Directly began his employ :
 And soon such a neat little garden was made,
 That he panted with labour and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to mend,
 Or something to tie or to stick ;
 And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
 While sleeping lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
 United their beautiful bloom ;
 And often the honey-bee stoop'd from his flight
 To sip the delicious perfume.

A neat row of peas in full blossom was seen,
 French beans were beginning to shoot ;
 And his gooseberries and currants, though yet they
 were green,
 Foretold for him plenty of fruit.

But Richard loved better in bed to repose,
 And there, as he curl'd himself round,
 Forgot that no tulip, nor lily, nor rose,
 Nor fruit in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles disfigured his beds,
 Nor cabbage nor lettuce was seen ;
 The slug and the snail show'd their mischievous
 heads,
 And ate every leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the Idle, who shrank from the cold,
 Beheld his trees naked and bare ;
 While Harry the Active was charm'd to behold
 The fruit of his patience and care.



MY MOTHER.



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

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry ?

My Mother.

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

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die ?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay?
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

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

My Mother.

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

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,

My Mother?

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

My Mother.

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

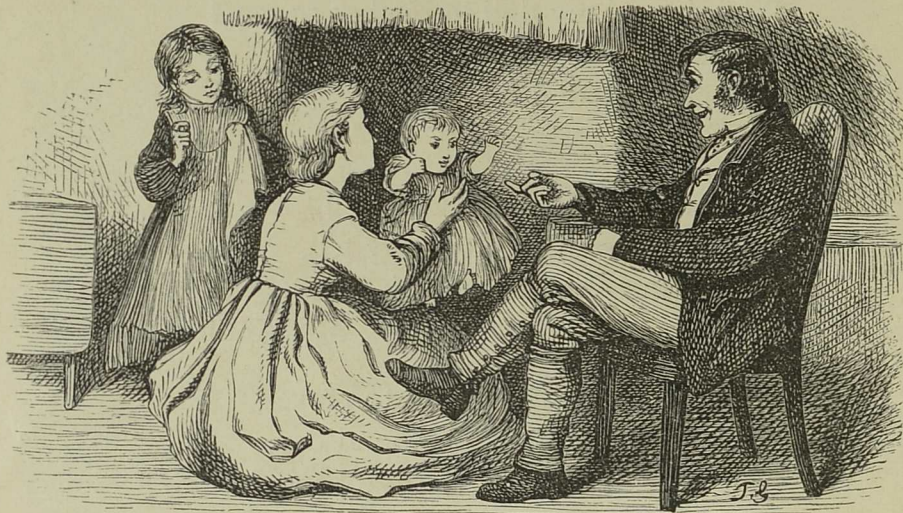
My Mother.

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

My Mother.

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

My Mother.



THE PALACE AND COTTAGE.



HIGH on a mountain's
 haughty steep
 Lord Hubert's palace
 stood ;
 Before it roll'd a river
 deep,
 Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale,
 A peasant built his cell ; [gale,
 Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling
 And graced his garden well.

Loud riot through Lord Hubert's hall
 In noisy clamour ran :
 He scarcely closed his eyes at all,
 Till breaking day began.

In scenes of quiet and repose
 Young William's life was spent :
 With morning's early beam he rose,
 And forth to labour went.

On sauces rich and viands fine
 Lord Hubert daily fed ;
 His goblet fill'd with sparkling
 wine,
 His board with dainties spread.

Warm from the sickle or the plough,
 His heart as light as air,
 His garden-ground and dappled cow
 Supplied young William's fare.

On beds of down, beset with gold,
 With satin curtains drawn,
 His feverish limbs Lord Hubert
 roll'd
 From midnight's gloom to morn.

Stretch'd on a hard and flocky bed,
 The cheerful rustic lay :
 And sweetest slumbers lull'd his head,
 From eve to breaking day.

Fever and gout, and aches and pains,
Destroy'd Lord Hubert's rest ;
Disorder burnt in all his veins,
And sicken'd in his breast.

A stranger to the ills of wealth,
Behind his rugged plough,
The cheek of William glow'd with
health
And cheerful was his brow.

No gentle friend to soothe his pain,
Sat near Lord Hubert's bed ;
His friends and servants, light and
vain,
From scenes of sorrow fled.

But William, when, with many a year,
His dying day came on,
Had wife and child, with bosom dear,
To lean and rest upon.

The solemn hearse, the waving
plume,
A train of mourners grim,
Carried Lord Hubert to the tomb ;
But no one grieved for him.

No weeping eye, no gentle breast,
Lamented his decay,
Nor round his costly coffin prest,
To gaze upon his clay.

But when within the narrow bed
Old William came to lie,
When clammy sweats had chill'd
his head,
And death had glazed his eye ;

Sweet tears, by fond affection
dropp'd,
From many an eyelid tell ;
And many a lip, by anguish stopp'd,
Half spoke the sad farewell.

No marble pile, or costly tomb,
Is seen where William sleeps ;
But there wild thyme and cowslips bloom,
And there affection weeps.

BALL.



MY good little fellow, don't throw your ball there,
You'll break neighbour's windows, I know ;
On the end of the house there is room, and to spare,
Go round, you can have a delightful game there,
Without fearing for where you may throw.

Harry thought he might safely continue his play,
With a little more care than before ;
So, heedless of all that his father could say,
As soon as he saw he was out of the way
Resolved to have fifty throws more.

Already as far as to forty he rose,
And no mischief had happen'd at all ;
One more, and one more, he successfully throws,
But when, as he thought, just arrived at the close,
In popp'd his unfortunate ball.

"I'm sure that I thought, and I did not intend,"
Poor Harry was going to say ;
But soon came the glazier the window to mend,
And both the bright shillings he wanted to spend
He had for his folly to pay.

When little folks think they know better than great,
And what is forbidden them do,
We must always expect to see, sooner or late,
That such wise little fools have a similar fate,
And that one of the fifty goes through.





THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A FABLE.



HE fox and the crow,
In prose, I well know,
Many good little girls can
rehearse :

Perhaps it will tell
Pretty nearly as well,

If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy a crow,
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to
seek,
Flew up in the trees,
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow ;
For having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan ;
For he knew if she'd speak,
It must fall from her beak,
So, bowing politely, began.

“ ’Tis a very fine day : ”

(Not a word did she say ;)

“ The wind, I believe, ma’am, is
south ;

A fine harvest for peas : ”

He then look’d at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,

Her plumage admired,

“ How charming ! how brilliant its
hue !

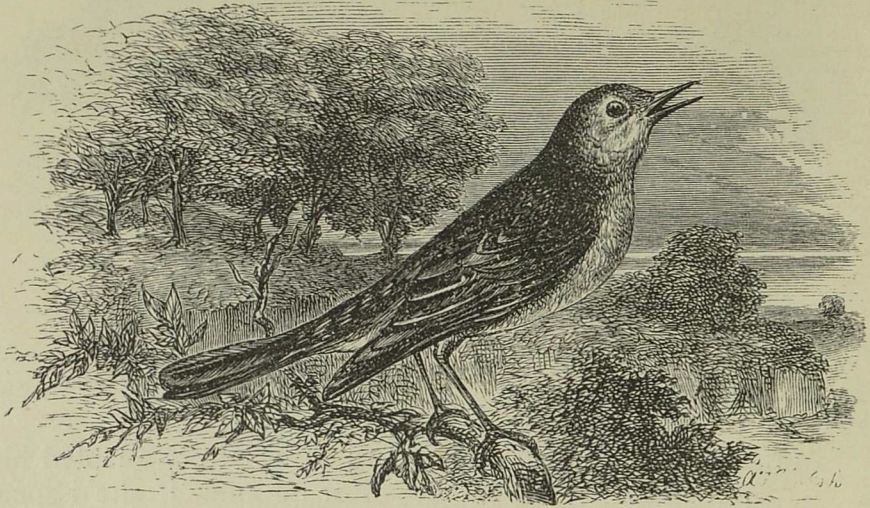
The voice must be fine,

Of a bird so divine,

Ah, let me just hear it, pray do.

“ Believe me, I long
 To hear a sweet song.”
 The silly crow foolishly tries :
 She scarce gave one squall,
 When the cheese she let fall,
 And the fox ran away with the prize.

Ye innocent fair,
 Of coxcombs beware,
 To flattery never give ear ;
 Try well each pretence,
 And keep to plain sense,
 And then you have little to fear.

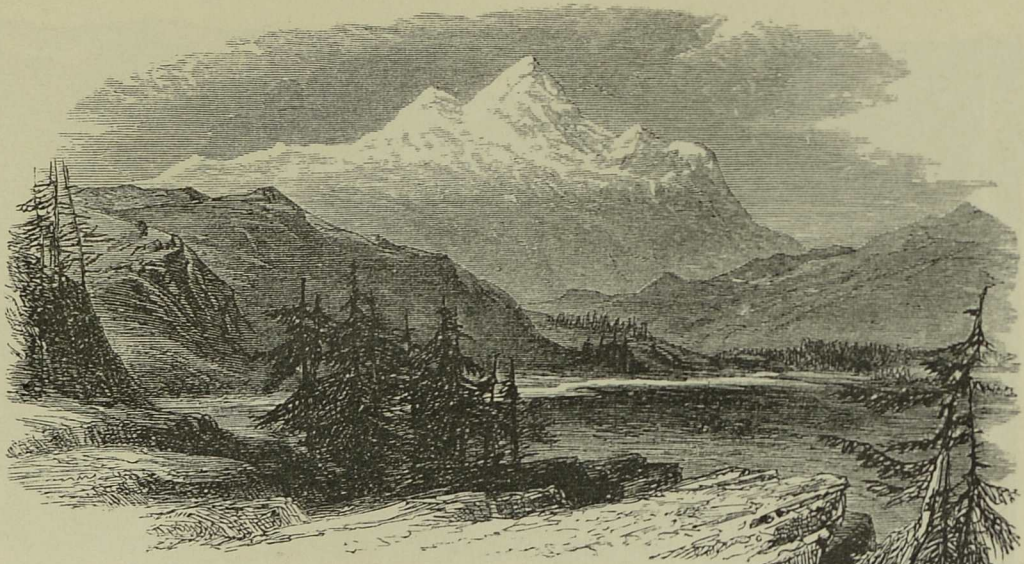


THE NIGHTINGALE.



MY plaintive notes, sweet Philomel,
 All other melodies excel ;
 Deep in the grove retired,
 Thou seem'st thyself and song to hide,
 Nor dost thou boast, or plume with pride,
 Nor wish to be admired.

So, if endued with power and grace,
 And with that power my will keep pace,
 I'll act a generous part ;
 And banish ostentatious show !
 Nor let my liberal action know
 A witness but my heart.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.



WHAT millions of beautiful things
there must be
In this mighty world!—who could
reckon them all?
The tossing, the foaming, the wide
flowing sea,
And thousands of rivers that into it fall.

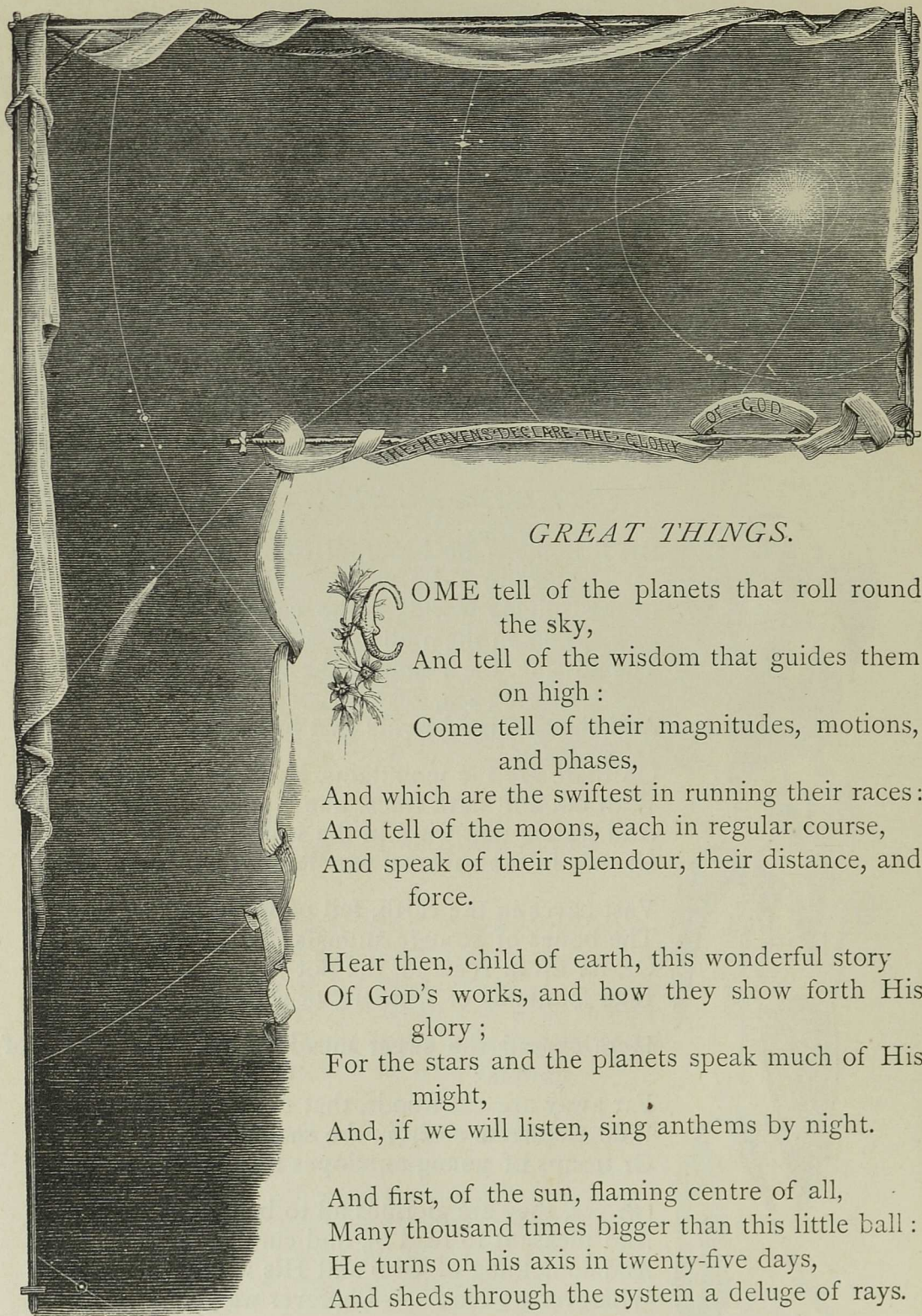
Oh there are the mountains, half cover'd with snow,
With tall and dark trees, like a girdle of green,
And waters that wind in the valleys below,
Or roar in the caverns, too deep to be seen.

Vast caves in the earth, full of wonderful things,
The bones of strange animals, jewels, and spars;
Or, far up in Iceland, the hot boiling springs,
Like fountains of feathers, or showers of stars!

Here spread the sweet meadows with thousands of
flowers;

Far away are old woods, that for ages remain;
Wild elephants sleep in the shade of their bowers,
Or troops of young antelopes traverse the plain.

Oh yes, they are glorious all to behold,
And pleasant to read of, and curious to know,
And something of GOD and His wisdom we're told,
Whatever we look at—wherever we go.

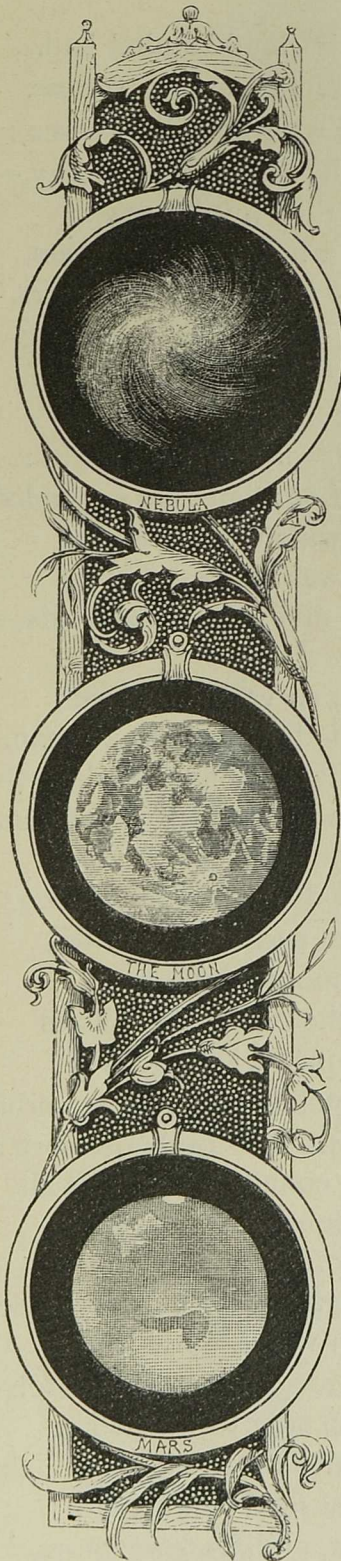


GREAT THINGS.

COME tell of the planets that roll round
the sky,
And tell of the wisdom that guides them
on high :
Come tell of their magnitudes, motions,
and phases,
And which are the swiftest in running their races :
And tell of the moons, each in regular course,
And speak of their splendour, their distance, and
force.

Hear then, child of earth, this wonderful story
Of God's works, and how they show forth His
glory ;
For the stars and the planets speak much of His
might,
And, if we will listen, sing anthems by night.

And first, of the sun, flaming centre of all,
Many thousand times bigger than this little ball :
He turns on his axis in twenty-five days,
And sheds through the system a deluge of rays.



Now mark his dimensions, in round numbers
given,

The earth's disc as one—his, a hundred and eleven.
Yet solid and dense is his substance, like ours,
Although from his vesture a flood of light pours,
His atmosphere shoots forth a torrent of flame,
An ocean still burning, yet ever the same!

Around him revolve—and perhaps there are more—
Of planets and satellites, say fifty-four :

To him they are globules, and lost in his glare :
He's a sultan, and they are the pearls in his hair.

First Mercury travels, so near the sun's beam,
As would turn our earth's metals and mountains to
steam,

Yet he well likes his orbit, and round it he plays,
A few hours deducted, in eighty-eight days.

Then Venus, bright lamp of the evening and morn !
Lengthens twilight on earth by her dazzling horn.

How lucid her substance! how clear are her skies!
She sparkles a diamond as onward she hies!

The third place is held by this ocean-girt Earth,
The cloud-cover'd, wind-shaken place of our birth :
With its valleys of verdure, its corn-fields, and
downs,

Its cities of uproar, its hamlets and towns,

Its volcanoes flinging forth fiery flakes,

Its snow-crested mountains, and glassy smooth lakes.

This earth, our abode, spins about on its poles ;

And all would be dizzy to see how it rolls.

The moon too her circuit keeps constant with ours,

And, in heaving our ocean, exhibits her powers.

A globe less than earth, and of murky red face,

Mars revolves further off, and holds the fourth
place ;

Like earth, he has atmosphere, land too, and seas,

And there's snow at his poles when the wintry
winds freeze.

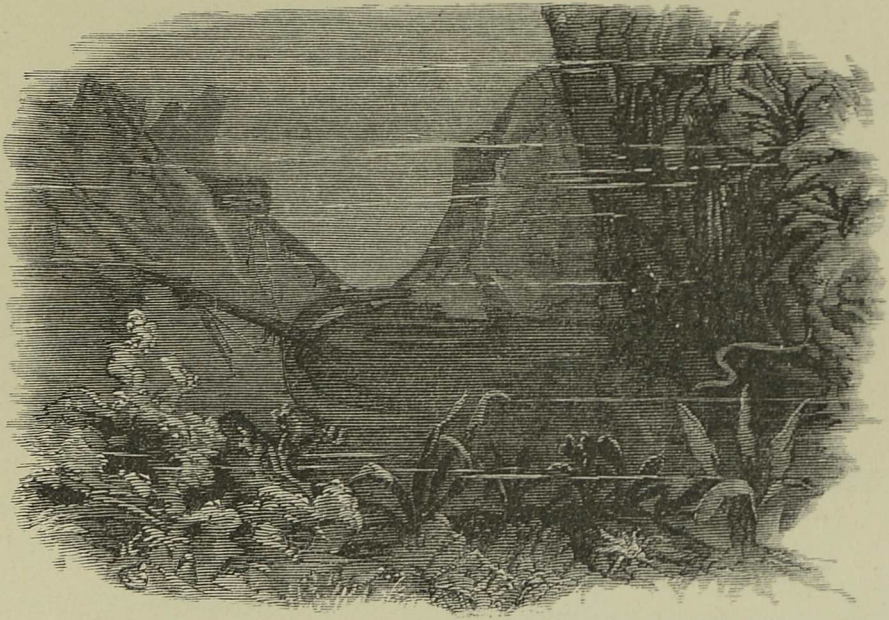
All near the ecliptic, and hard to be traced,

Twenty-six little planets we then find are placed ;

Some large one, it may be, in ages gone by,

May have burst into fragments, that roll through
the sky,

Far remote from the sun, and yet greater than all,



DEEP THINGS.

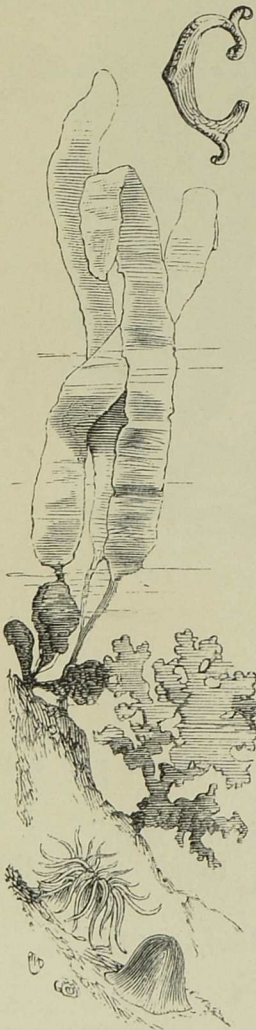
COME, think of the wonderful things there must be
Conceal'd in the caverns and cells of the sea ;
For there must be jewels and diamonds bright,
Lost ages ago, hidden out of our sight.

And ships too, entire, that have founder'd in storms,
Now bristle the bottom with skeleton forms ;
Deep tides murmur through them, and weeds as they
pass'd
Were caught and hang clotted in wreaths on the mast.

And then the rich cargoes, wealth not to be told,
The silks and the spices, the silver and gold ;
And guns that dealt death at the warrior's command,
Are silently tombing themselves in the sand.

But unburied whiten the bones of the crew :
Ah ! would that the widow and orphan but knew
The place where their dirge by deep billows is sigh'd,
The place where unheeded, unholpen, they died.

There, millions on millions of glittering shells,
The nautilus there, with its pearl-coated cells,
And the scale-cover'd monsters that sleep or that roam,
The lords without rival of that boundless home.



The microscope mason his toil there pursues,
 Coral insect! unseen are his beautiful hues;
 Yet in process of time, though so puny and frail,
 O'er the might of the ocean his structures prevail:

On the surface at last a flat islet is spied,
 And shingle and sand are heap'd up by the tide;
 Seeds brought by the breezes take root, and erewhile
 Man makes him a home on the insect-built pile!

The deep then,—what is it? A wonderful hoard,
 Where all precious things are in multitudes stored;
 The workshop of nature, where islands are made,
 And in silence foundations of continents laid!



JAMES AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.



YOUNG Jem at noon re-
 turn'd from school,
 As hungry as could be,
 He cried to Sue, the ser-
 vant-maid,
 "My dinner give to me."

Said Sue, "It is not yet come
 home;
 Besides, it is not late."
 "No matter that," cries little
 Jem,
 "I do not like to wait."

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And ask'd, "Is dinner done?"

"It is," replied the baker's man.

"Then home I'll with it run."

"Nay, Sir," replied he prudently,

"I tell you 'tis too hot,

And much too heavy 'tis for you."

"I tell you it is not.

"Papa, mamma, are both gone out,

And I for dinner long ;

So give it me, it is all mine,

And, baker, hold your tongue.

"A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice !

And batter-pudding too ;

I'm glad of that, it is so good ;

How clever is our Sue !"

Now near the door young Jem was
come,

He round the corner turn'd ;

But oh, sad fate ! unlucky chance !

The dish his fingers burn'd.

Low in the kennel down fell dish,

And down fell all the meat :

Swift went the pudding in the
stream,

And sail'd along the street.

The people laugh'd, and rude boys
grinn'd

At mutton's hapless fall ;

But though ashamed, young Jemmy
cried,

"Better lose part than all."

The shoulder by the knuckle
seized,

His hands both grasp'd it fast,

And deaf to all their jibes and
cries,

He gain'd his home at last.

"Impatience is a fault," cries Jem,

"The baker told me true ;

In future I will patient be,

And mind what says our Sue."



NE day little Mary most loudly did call,
 "Mamma! O mamma, pray come here,
 A fall I have had, oh! a very sad fall."
 Mamma ran in haste and in fear.

Then Mary jump'd up, and she laugh'd in great glee,
 And cried, "Why, how fast you can run!
 No harm has befall'n, I assure you, to me,
 My screaming was only in fun."

Her mother was busy at work the next day,
 She heard from without a loud cry:
 "The great dog has got me! Oh help me! Oh pray!
 He tears me, he bites me, I die!"

Mamma, all in terror, quick to the court flew,
 And there little Mary she found;
 Who, laughing, said, "Madam, pray how do you do?"
 And curtsey'd quite down to the ground.

That night little Mary was some time in bed,
 When cries and loud shrieking were heard:
 "I'm on fire, O mamma! Oh come up, or I'm dead!"
 Mamma she believed not a word.

"Sleep, sleep, naughty child," she call'd out from
 below,
 "How often have I been deceived!
 You are telling a story, you very well know:
 Go to sleep, for you can't be believed."

Yet still the child scream'd: now the house fill'd with
 smoke:

That fire is above, Jane declares:
 Alas! Mary's words they soon found were no joke,
 When ev'ry one hasten'd up stairs.

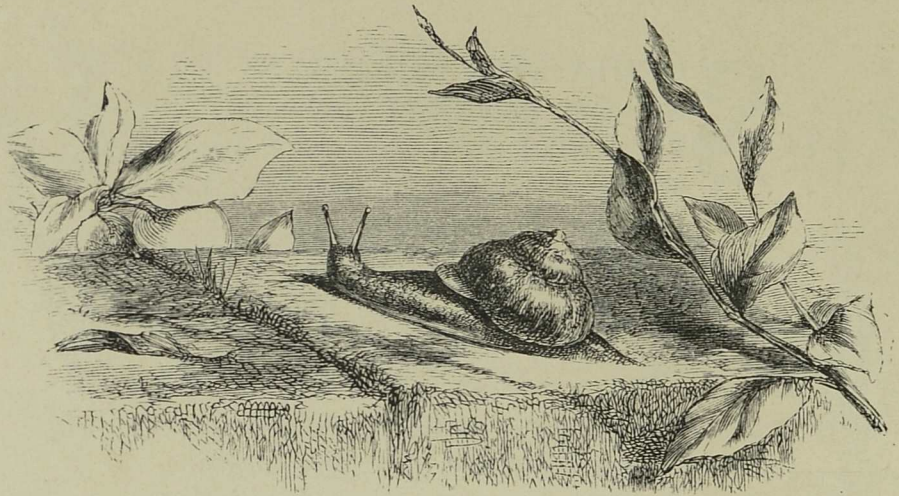
All burnt and all seam'd is her once pretty face,
 And terribly mark'd are her arms;
 Her features, all scarr'd, leave a lasting disgrace,
 For giving mamma false alarms.



SOPHIA was a little child,
 Obliging, good, and very mild,
 Yet lest of dress she would be vain,
 Mamma still dress'd her well, but plain.
 Her parents, sensible and kind,
 Wish'd only to adorn her mind ;
 No other dress, when good, had she,
 But useful, neat simplicity.
 Though seldom, yet when she was rude,
 Or ever in a naughty mood,
 Her punishment was this disgrace,
 A large fine cap, adorn'd with lace,
 With feathers and with ribbons too :
 The work was neat, the fashion new,
 Yet, as a fool's-cap was its name,
 She dreaded much to wear the same.

A lady, fashionably gay,
 Did to mamma a visit pay :
 Sophia stared, then whisp'ring said,
 " Why, dear mamma, look at her head !
 To be so tall and wicked too,
 The strangest thing I ever knew :
 What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
 That they have put that fool's-cap on ? "





THE SNAIL.



HE snail, how he creeps slowly over the wall,
He seems scarce to make any progress at all,
Almost where you leave him you find him ;
His long shining body he stretches out well,
And drags along with him his round hollow shell,
And leaves a bright pathway behind him.

“Look, father,” said John, “at the lazy old snail,
He’s almost an hour crawling over the pail,
Enough all one’s patience to worry ;
Now, if I were he, I would gallop away,
Half over the world—twenty miles in a day,
And turn business off in a hurry.”

“Why, John,” said his father, “that’s all very well ;
For though you can never inhabit a shell,
But e’en must remain a young master,
Yet these thoughts of yours may something avail :
Take a hint for yourself from your jokes on the snail,
And do your *own* work rather faster.”



H! don't you remember, 'tis almost December,
 And soon will the holidays come ;
 Oh, 'twill be so funny, I've plenty of money,
 I'll buy me a sword and a drum. "

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
 Impatient from school to depart ;
 But we shall discover, this holiday lover
 Knew little what was in his heart.

For when on returning, he gave up his learning,
 Away from his sums and his books,
 Though playmates surrounded, and sweetmeats abounded
 Chagrin still appear'd in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
 And thrown away out of his sight ;
 He spent every morning in stretching and yawning,
 Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really makes pleasure,
 (A secret discover'd by few,)
 You'll take it for granted, more playthings he wanted,
 Oh no ;—it was something to do.

We must have employment to give us enjoyment,
 And pass the time cheerfully away ;
 And study and reading give pleasure, exceeding
 The pleasures of toys and of play.

To school now returning—to study and learning
 With eagerness Harry applied ;
 He felt no aversion to books—or exertion,
 Nor yet for the holidays sigh'd.



OLD SARAH.

WITH haggard eye and wrinkled face,
Old Sarah goes with tottering pace,
From door to door to beg ;
With gipsy hat and tatter'd gown,
And petticoat of rusty brown,
And many-colour'd leg.

No blazing fire, no cheerful home—
She goes forlorn about to roam,

While winds and tempests blow :
And every traveller passing by,
She follows with a doleful cry
Of poverty and woe.

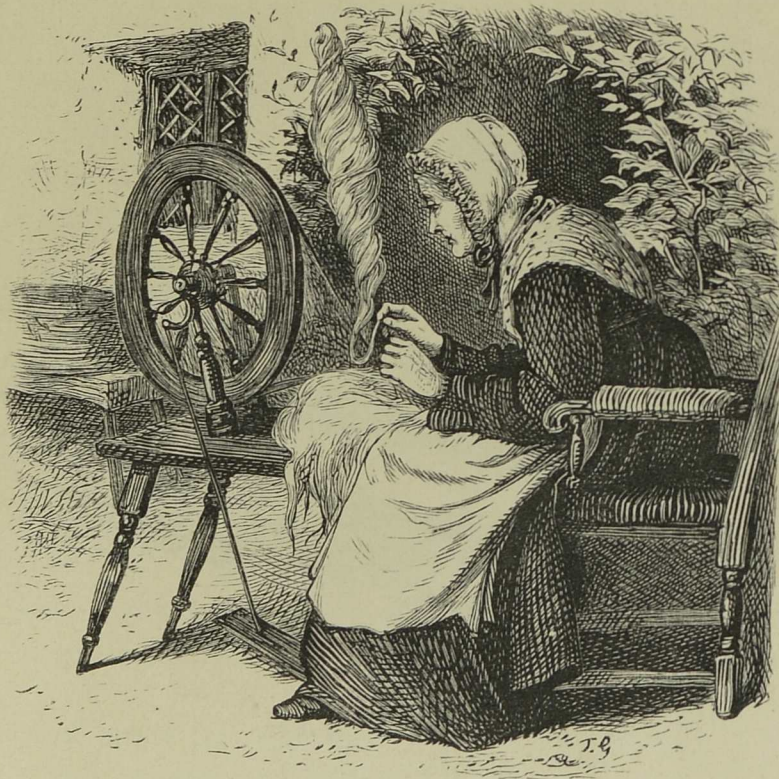
But see ! her arm no basket bears,
With laces gay, and wooden wares,
And garters blue and red ;

To stroll about and drink her gin,
She loves far better than to spin,
Or work to earn her bread.

Old Sarah everybody knows,
Nor is she pitied as she goes—
A melancholy sight.

For people do not like to give
Relief to those who idle live,
And work not when they might.

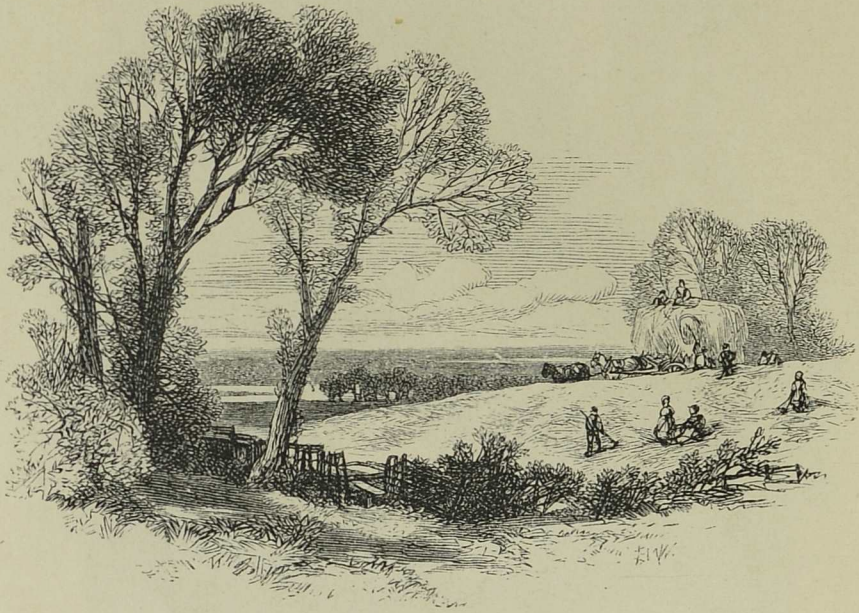




OLD SUSAN.

LD Susan, in a cottage small,
Though low the roof, and mud the wall,
And goods a scanty store,
Enjoys within her peaceful shed
Her wholesome crust of barley-bread,
Nor does she covet more.
Though aches and weakness she must feel,
She daily plies her spinning-wheel
Within her cottage-gate.
And thus her industry and care
Suffice to find her homely fare ;
Nor envies she the great.
A decent gown she always wears,
Though many an ancient patch it bears,
And many a one that's new ;
No dirt is seen within her door,
Clean sand she sprinkles on the floor,
As tidy people do.
Old Susan everybody knew,
And every one respected, too,
Her industry and care ;
And when her little stock was low,
Her neighbours gladly would bestow
Whatever they could spare.





SUMMER.



THE heat of the summer comes hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear :
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-colour'd cherries appear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labour I'll rise ;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

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

Not diamonds that brilliantly beam in the mine,
For time, precious time, should be given :
For gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for heaven.



THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, nor runs out of her place,
To play, or to idle and chat ;
Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
And to fan herself with her broad hat.

“ Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and hot you must be ;
Why don't you leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree ? ”

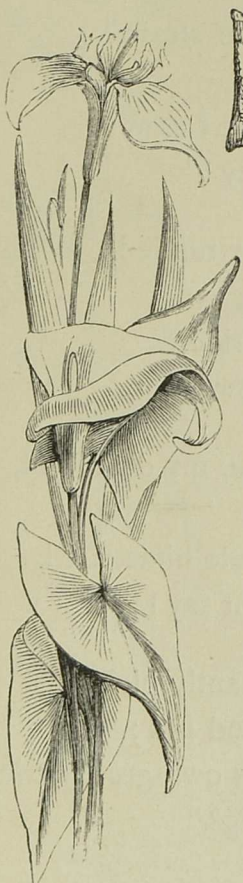
“ Oh no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit ;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And we hardly can give them a bit.

“ Then could I be merry, or idle, and play,
While they are so hungry and ill ?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.”





FINERY.

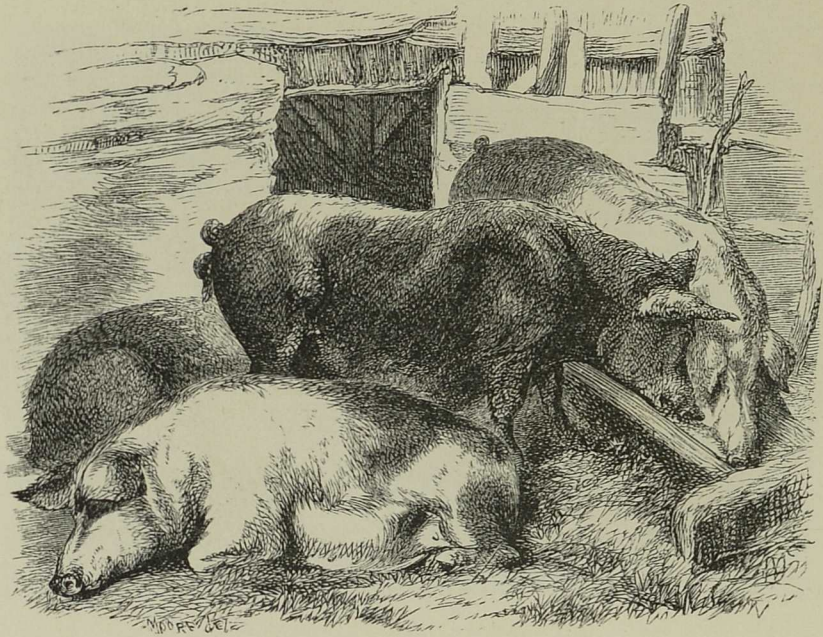


IN an elegant frock, trimm'd with beautiful lace,
And hair nicely curl'd hanging over her face,
Young Fanny went out to the house of a friend,
With a large *little* party the evening to spend.

“Ah! how they will all be delighted, I guess
And stare with surprise at my handsome new dress!”
Thus said the vain girl, and her little heart beat
Impatient the happy young party to meet.

But, alas! they were all too intent on their play,
To observe the fine clothes of this lady so gay;
And thus all her trouble quite lost its design;—
For they saw she was proud, but forgot she was fine.

'Twas Lucy, though only in simple white clad
(Nor trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels she had),
Whose cheerful good-nature delighted them more
Than Fanny and all the fine garments she wore.



THE PIGS.



“Look at those pigs as they lie in the straw,”
Willy said to his father one day ;
“They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
Oh, what greedy gluttons are they !”

“I see they are feasting,” his father replied,
“They eat a great deal, I allow ;
But let us remember, before we deride,
’Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

“But were a great boy, such as you, my dear Will,
Like them to be eating all day,
Or be taking nice things till he made himself ill,
What a glutton, indeed, we might say !

“If plum-cake and sugar he constantly picks,
And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs ;
We should tell him to leave off his own greedy tricks,
Before he finds fault with the pigs.”



CRAZY ROBERT.

Poor Robert is crazy, his hair is turn'd grey,
His beard is grown long, and hangs down to his breast ;
Misfortune has taken his reason away,
His heart has no comfort, his head has no rest.

Poor man, it would please me to soften thy woes,
To soothe thy affliction, and yield thee support ;
But see, through the village, wherever he goes,
The cruel boys follow, and turn him to sport.

'Tis grievous to see how the pitiless mob
Run round him and mimic his mournful complaint,
And try to provoke him, and call him " Old Bob,"
And hunt him about till he's ready to faint.

But ah ! wicked children, I fear they forget
That GOD does their cruel diversion behold ;
And that in His book dreadful curses are writ
For those who shall mock at the poor and the old.

Poor Robert, *thy* troubles will shortly be o'er ;
Forgot in the grave thy misfortunes will be ;
But GOD will His anger assuredly pour
On those wicked children who persecute thee.





HO'LL come here and play with me under the tree ?
 My sisters have left me alone :
 Ah ! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
 And play with me while they are gone."

"Oh no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,
 I've no time to idle away,
 I've got all my dear little children to feed,
 They've not had a morsel to-day."

"Pretty bee, do not buzz in that marigold flower,
 But come here and play with me, do ;
 The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
 But say, pretty bee, will not you ?"

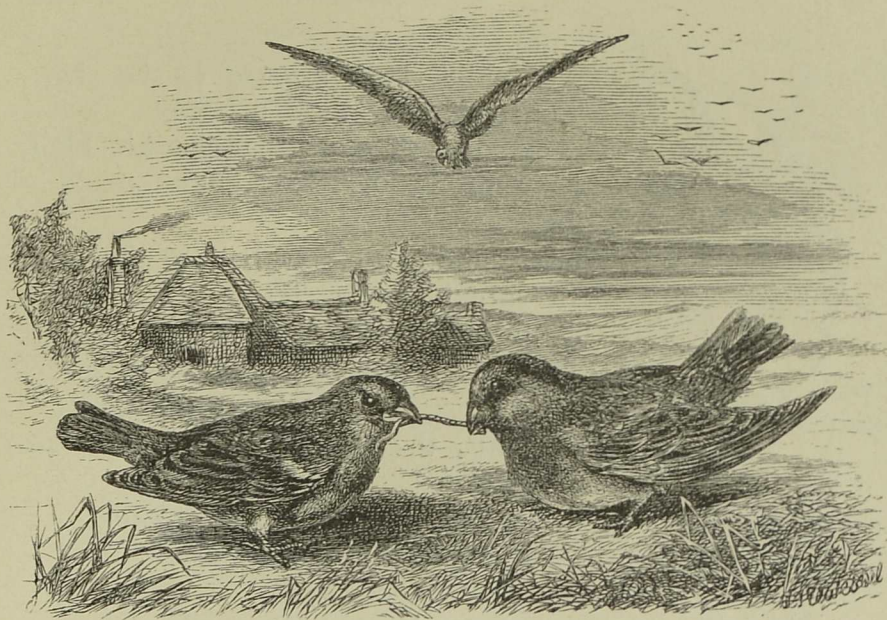
"Oh no, little lady, for do not you see,
 Those must work who would prosper and thrive ?
 If I play, they will call me a sad idle bee,
 And perhaps turn me out of the hive."

"Stop, stop, little ant, do not run off so fast,
 Wait with me a little and play ;
 I hope I shall find a companion at last,
 You are not so busy as they."

"Oh no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
 We are not made to play, but to labour ;
 I always have something or other to do,
 If not for myself, for a neighbour."

"What, then ! they all have some employment but me,
 Whilst I loiter here like a dunce :
 Oh then, like the sparrow, the ant, and the bee,
 I'll go to my lesson at once."





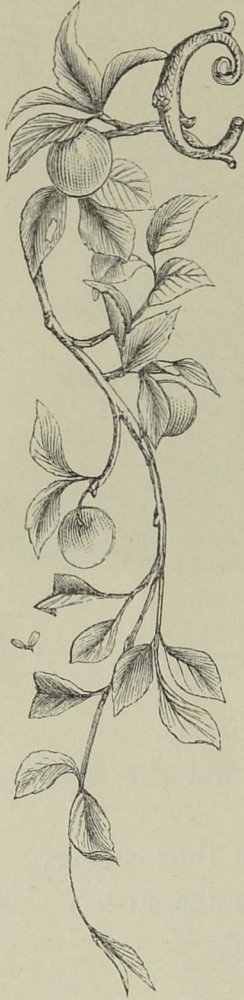
THE FIGHTING BIRDS.



WO little birds, in search of food,
Flew o'er the fields, and skimm'd the flood ;
At last a worm they spy :
But who should take the prize they strove,
Their quarrel sounded through the grove,
In notes both shrill and high.

Just then a hawk, whose piercing sight
Had mark'd his prey and watch'd their fight,
With certain aim descended,
And pouncing on their furious strife,
He stopp'd the discord with their life,
And so the war was ended.

Thus when at variance brothers live,
And frequent words of anger give,
With spite their bosoms rending ;
Ere long with some, perchance, they meet,
Who take advantage of their heat,
Their course in sorrow ending.



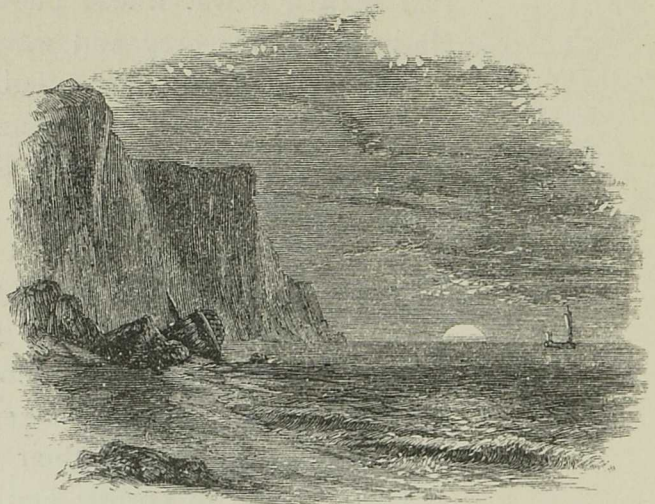
COME, child, look upward to the sky,
The sun and moon behold!
Th' expanse of stars that sparkle high,
Like specks of living gold.

Come, child, and now behold the earth
In varied beauty stand;
The product view of six days' birth,
How wondrous and how grand!

The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
The little laughing hills,
The waters too, the mighty main,
The rivers and the rills.

Come then, behold them all, and say—
How came these things to be,
That stand in view, whichever way
I turn myself to see?

'Twas GOD who made the earth and sea,
To whom the angels bow;
That GOD who made both thee and me—
The GOD who sees us now.



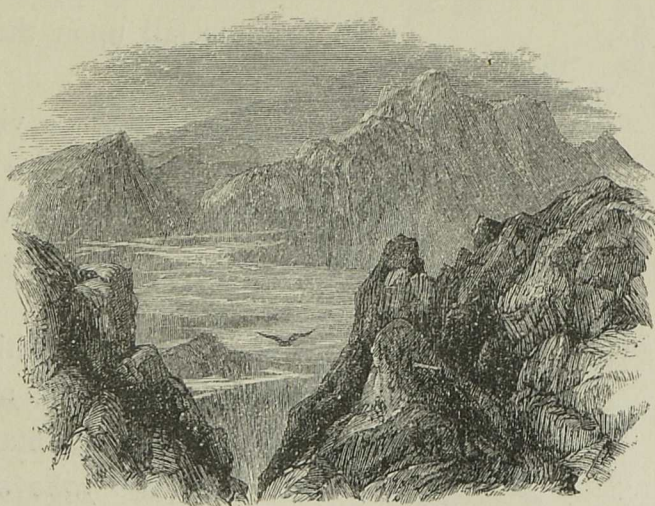


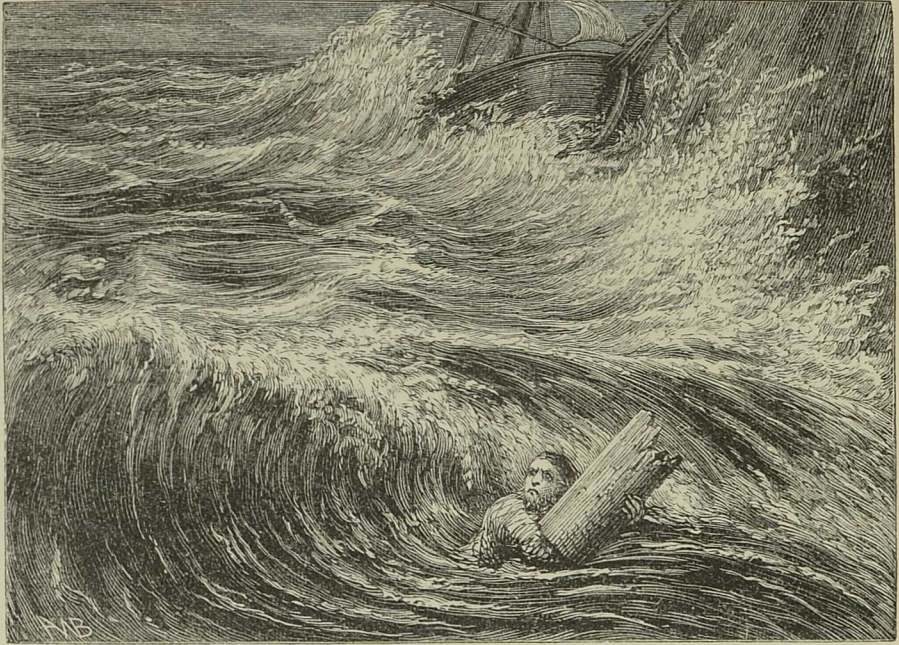
THE miner digs the mountain's side,
 And bores his way through rock and hill,
 To search for diamonds where they hide
 And lie in darkness, lone and still,
 Like sparks of sunlight cased in stone,
 For many a thousand year unknown.

Whence came this beautiful display
 Of gems that gloomy caverns stood?
 The ruby, with its crimson ray,
 Like drops congeal'd of mountain blood?
 The emerald, bright and green as spring,
 Or evening light, or wild bird's wing?

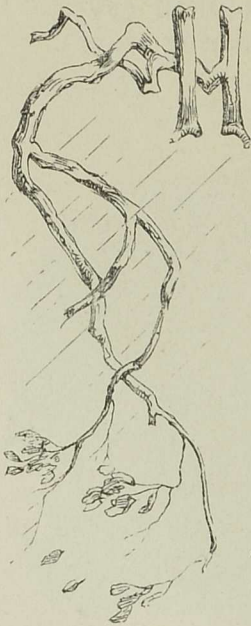
How wide and large the splendid store!
 The amethyst of violet blue,
 The flashing sapphire, blazing more
 Than sunset in its richest hue,
 And rare variety of gems,
 Worn but in royal diadems.

The river runs through sands of gold,
 Pure veins of silver thread the mine,
 In each His bounteous hand behold,
 Who bade their hidden splendours shine!
 He stores them in a thousand caves,
 Deep in lone hills, or roaring waves.





THE TEMPEST.



MARK! 'tis the tempest's hollow sound,
The bursting thunder and the rain,
While dense and heavy clouds unbound,
In torrents fall upon the plain.

See, too, the lightning's vivid flash,
In quick succession fire the sky;
All form a universal crash
Of elements at enmity.

The solid earth, as if with fear,
Trembles beneath the mighty war:
The waters too in mountains rear,
Loosed from the yoke of nature's law.

Behold the bellowing herds, the heath
Forsake with haste, for shelter fled ;
While shepherds fly, with panting breath,
In equal speed, and greater dread.

And see, yon ancient massive oak,
The forest's pride for ages stood ;
Its sturdy stem in shivers broke,
Its head driven downward in the flood.

Toss'd by the waves the wretched bark,
Alternate see it sink and rise ;
Now fix'd on rocks, a shatter'd mark
For furious winds and billows, lies.

In vain the drowning sailors cry ;
Their shriek is lost while thunders roar :
In vain their moans, no help is nigh,
Nor ship, nor hospitable shore.

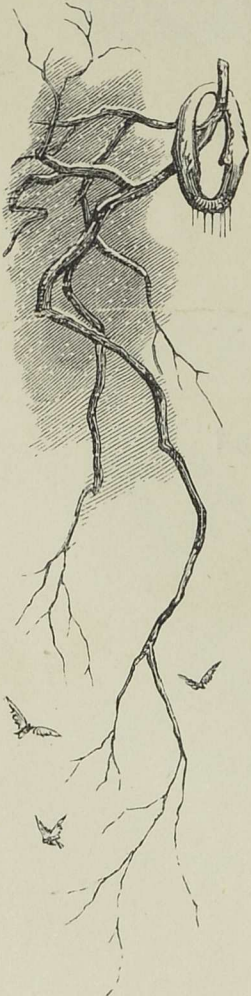
And does this tempest rage in vain,
And does no Power, with potent arm,
Its fury suffer or restrain,
From injuring hold, or guide the harm ?

Ah yes! a Power indeed presides,
Yes! there's a potent Being reigns ;
Above the storm th' Almighty rides,
And every flash 'tis He ordains.

Then calm each fear, and silent stand,
To learn His wisdom and His care :
The bolt, unloosed from out His hand,
Proclaims in thunder—GOD is there!



SNOW.



COME to the window, dear brother, and see
What a change has been made in the night ;
The snow has quite cover'd the broad cedar-tree,
And the bushes are sprinkled with white.

The spring in the grove is beginning to freeze,
The fish-pond is frozen all o'er ;
Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
And drop in odd shapes from the door.

The old mossy thatch, and the meadow so green
Are hid with a mantle of white ;
The snowdrop and crocus no longer are seen,
The thick snow has cover'd them quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
As they look for their breakfast again ;
But the food that they seek for is hid in the snow,
And they hop about for it in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw them some bread,
 I've some of my breakfast to spare ;
 I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
 But they're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frighten'd, I pray,
 You shall not be hurt, I'll engage ;
 I'm not come to catch you, and force you away,
 Or fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know there's no cause for alarm :
 From me you have nothing to fear ;
 Why, my little fingers should do you no harm,
 Although you came ever so near !

TURNIP-TOPS.



WHILE yet the white frost sparkles over the ground,
 And daylight just peeps from the misty blue sky,
 In yonder green fields with my basket I'm found ;
 Come, buy my sweet turnip-tops—turnip-tops buy.

Sadly cold are my fingers, all drench'd with the dew,
 For the sun has scarce risen the meadows to dry ;
 And my feet have got wet with a hole in my shoe ;
 Come haste, then, and buy my sweet turnip-tops, buy.

While you are asleep, with your bed-curtains drawn,
 On pillows of down, in your chambers so high,
 I trip with the first rosy beam of the morn,
 To cull the green tops:—come, my turnip-tops buy.

Then with the few halfpence or pence I can earn,
 A loaf for my poor mammy's breakfast I'll buy,
 And to-morrow again little Ann shall return,
 With turnip-tops, green and fresh-gather'd, to cry.



“**B**UT, mamma, now,” said Charlotte, “pray, don’t you believe

That I’m better than Jenny, my nurse ?
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve ;
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

“I ride in my coach and have nothing to do,
And the country folks stare at me so ;
And nobody dares to control me but you,
Because I’m a lady, you know.

“Then, servants are vulgar, and I am genteel ;
So, really, ’tis out of the way,
To think that I should not be better a deal
Than maids, and such people as they.”

“Gentility, Charlotte,” her mother replied,
“Belongs to no station or place ;
And nothing’s so vulgar as folly and pride,
Though dress’d in red slippers and lace.

“Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess
Should teach them the poor to despise ;
For ’tis in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies.”





MEDDLESOME MATTY.



ONE ugly trick has often
 spoil'd
 The sweetest and the
 best ;
 Matilda, though a plea-
 sant child,

One ugly trick possess'd,
 Which, like a cloud before the skies,
 Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
 To peep at what was in it ;
 Or tilt the kettle, if you did

But turn your back a minute.
 In vain you told her not to touch,
 Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
 And by mistake she laid

Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
 Too near the little maid ;

"Ah ! well," thought she, "I'll try
 them on,

As soon as grandmamma is gone."

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

"I know that grandmamma would
 say,

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

So thumb and finger went to
 work

To move the stubborn lid,
 And presently a mighty jerk

The mighty mischief did ;
 For all at once, ah ! woful case,
 The snuff came puffing in her
 face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth,
beside

A dismal sight presented ;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease ;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,

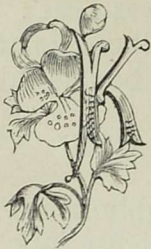
Her grandmamma she spies.
“Heyday! and what’s the matter
now?”

Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

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



THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION
OF POOR PUSS.



IND masters and misses, whoever you be,
Do stop for a moment and pity poor me!
While here on my death-bed I try to relate
My many misfortunes and miseries great.

My dear mother Tabby, I've often heard say,
That I *have* been a very fine cat in my day;
But the sorrows in which my whole life has been pass'd
Have spoil'd all my beauty, and kill'd me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing! if I recollect right,
I was kitten'd in March, on a clear frosty night;
And before I could see, or was half a week old,
I nearly had perish'd, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring I got pretty well over,
And moused in the hay-loft, or played in the clover,
Or till I was weary, which seldom occur'd,
Ran after my tail, which I took for a bird.

But, ah! my poor tail, and my pretty sleek ears!
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;
How little I thought, when I lick'd them so clean,
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen!

Some time after this, when the places were heal'd,
As I lay in the sun, sound asleep in the field,
Miss Fanny crept slyly, and griping me fast,
Declared she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah me! how I struggled my freedom to gain,
But alas! all my kicking and struggles were vain,
For she held me so tight in her pinafore tied,
That before she got home I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose!
Wherever I went I was follow'd with blows:
Some kick'd me for nothing, while quietly sleeping,
Or flogg'd me for daring the pantry to peep in.

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him;
How many a time my young master would set him,
And while I stood terrified, all of a quake,
Cry, "Hey, cat!" and, "Seize her, boy! give her a shake!"

Sometimes, when so hungry, I could not forbear
Just taking a scrap that I thought they could spare,
Oh! what have I suffer'd with beating and banging,
Or starved for a fortnight, or threaten'd with hanging.

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,
 I have borne with the spirit becoming a cat :
 There was but one thing which I could not sustain,
 So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain :

One morning, laid safe in a warm little bed,
 That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,
 Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw,
 I hid, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.



I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud,
 I mew'd to my kittens, and purr'd out aloud,
 And thought with delight of the merry carousing
 We'd have, when I first took them with me a-mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty ?
 I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity ;
 For the very next morning my darlings I found
 Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and drown'd.

Poor darlings, I dragg'd them along to the stable,
And did all to warm them a mother was able ;
But, alas ! all my licking and mewing were vain,
And I thought I should never be happy again.

However, time gave me a little relief,
And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief ;
And at last I began to be gay and content,
Till one dreadful night, I sincerely repent.

Miss Fanny was fond of a little canary,
That tempted me more than mouse, pantry, or dairy ;
So, not having eaten a morsel all day,
I flew to the bird-cage, and tore it away.

Now tell me, my friends, was the like ever heard,
That a cat should be kill'd for just catching a bird !
And I am sure not the slightest suspicion I had,
But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed I can say, with my paw on my heart,
I would not have acted a mischievous part :
But, as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,
I thought birds and mice were on purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, when my supper was o'er,
And but a few feathers were left on the floor,
Came Fanny—and scolding, and fighting, and crying,
She gave me those bruises, of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,
And cold, clammy sweats trickle down from my face :
I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side——
She stopp'd, gave a sigh, and a struggle, and died !



DAY.



HE sun rises bright in the air,
The dews of the morning are dry,
Men and beasts to their labours repair,
And the lark wings his way to the sky.
Now, fresh from his moss-dappled shed,
The husbandman trudges along,
And, like the lark over his head,
Begins the new day with a song.

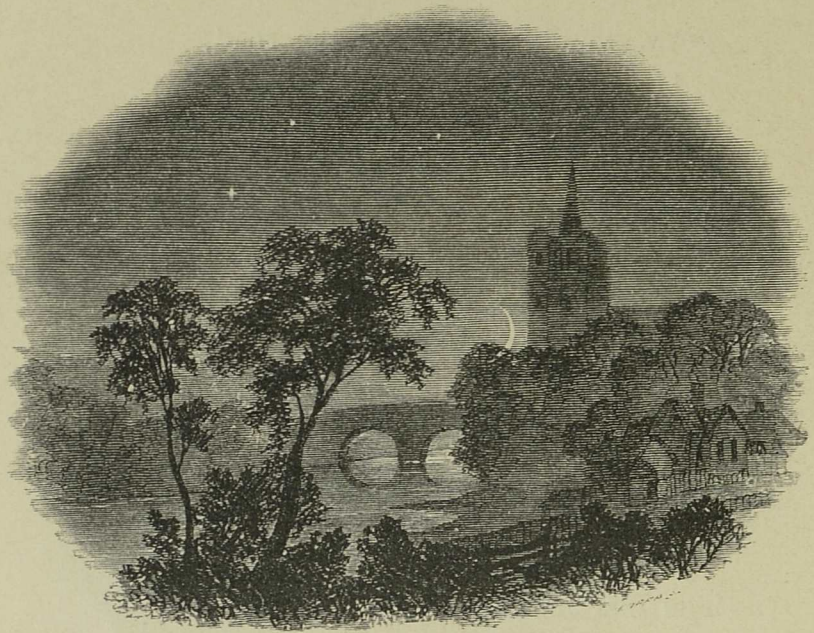
Just now, all around was so still,
Not a bird drew his head from his wing,
Not an echo was heard from the hill,
Not a waterfly dipp'd in the spring.
Now every thing wakes from its sleep,
The shepherd-boy pipes to his flock,
The common is speckled with sheep,
And cheerfully clamours the cock.

Now, winding along on the road,
Half hid by the hedges so gay,
The slow waggon drags with its load,
And its bells tinkle, tinkle away.
The husbandman follows his plough,
Across the brown fallow-field's slope,
And toils in the sweat of his brow,
Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city, so noisy and wide,
Wakes up to a thousand affairs ;
While business, and pleasure, and pride
Alike are intent upon theirs.
The merchant with dignified look ;
My lord and my lady so grand ;
The schoolboy, with satchel and book ;
And the poor hackney horse to its stand.

For the dews of the morning are flown,
And the sun rises bright in the sky ;
Alike in the field and the town,
Men and beasts to their labour apply.
Now, idle no hand must remain,
Up, up, from the bed of repose,
For evening is coming again,
And time must be caught as it goes.

And what is our life but a day !
A short one that soon will be o'er !
It presently passes away,
And will not return any more !
To-morrow may never arise,
And yesterday's over and gone :
Then catch at to-day as it flies,
'Tis all we can reckon upon.



NIGHT.



NO longer the beautiful day
Is cheerful, and pleasant, and bright ;
The shadows of evening grey
Are closed in the darkness of night.
The din of employment is o'er,
Not a sound, not a whisper is heard ;
The waggon-bell tinkles no more,
And hush'd is the song of the bird.

The landscape, once blooming and fair,
With every gay colour inlaid ;
The landscape, indeed, is still there,
But all its fair colours are shade.
The sun sinking under the hill,
Is gone other mornings to make ;
The bustle of business is still ;
Only sorrow and sin are awake !

The busy hand, busy no more,
Is sunk from its labours to rest ;
Closed tight is each window and door,
Where once the gay passengers press'd.
The houses of frolic and fun
Are empty and desolate all ;
The din of the coaches is done,
And the weary horse rests in his stall :

Just such is the season of death,
Which comes upon each of us fast !
The bosom can't flutter with breath,
When life's little day-time is past.
The blood freezes cold in its vein,
The heart sinks for ever to rest ;
Not a fancy flits over the brain,
Nor a sigh finds its way from the breast.

The tongue stiff and silent is grown,
The pale lips move never again :
The smile and the dimple are flown,
And the voice both of pleasure and pain.
Clay-cold the once feverish head,
The eyes' pleasant flashing has ceased ;
And narrow and dark is the bed
Where comes the grave-worm to his feast !

But as, from the silence and gloom,
Another bright morning shall rise,
So, bursting awake from the tomb,
We shall mount far away to the skies.
And those who, with meekness and prayer,
In the paths of religion have trod,
Shall worship all glorious there,
Among the archangels of God.

DEAF MARTHA.

OOR Martha is old, and her hair is turn'd grey,
 And her hearing has left her for many a year ;
 Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say,
 Though she puts her poor wither'd hand close to her ear.

I've seen naughty children run after her fast,
 And cry, " Martha, run, there's a bullock so bold ;"
 And when she was frighten'd,—laugh at her at last,
 Because she believed the sad stories they told.

I've seen others put their mouths close to her ear,
 And make signs as if they had something to say ;
 And when she said, " Master, I'm deaf, and can't hear,"
 Point at her and mock her, and scamper away.

Ah! wicked the children poor Martha to tease,
 As if she had not enough else to endure ;
 They rather should try her affliction to ease,
 And soothe a disorder that nothing can cure.

One day, when those children themselves are grown old,
 And one may be deaf, and another be lame,
 Perhaps they may find that some children, as bold,
 May tease them, and mock them, and serve them the
 same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their youth,
 A faithful account will their consciences keep,
 And teach them, with shame and with sorrow, the truth,
 That " what a man soweth, the same shall he reap."



HEAR me! what signifies a
 pin!
 I'll leave it on the floor;
 My pin-cushion has others
 in,
 Mamma has plenty more:
 A miser will I never be,"
 Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,
 She left the pin behind,
 For Betty's broom to whisk away,
 Or some one else to find;
 She never gave a thought, indeed,
 To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
 To see an air-balloon!
 And all the company beside
 Were dress'd and ready soon:
 But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
 For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,
 She did to search begin;
 There was not one—not one, the
 band

Of her pelisse to pin!
 She cut her pin-cushion in two,
 But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as hunting on the floor,
 Over a crack she lay,
 The carriage rattled to the door,
 Then rattled fast away.
 Poor Emily! she was not in,
 For want of just—a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
 So trifling or so mean,
 That we may never want at all,
 For service unforeseen:
 And those who venture wilful waste,
 May woful want expect to taste.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO
 HIS MISTRESS.



HERE in this wiry prison where I sing,
 And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,
 Unable once to try my useless wing,
 Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky,

Day after day the selfsame things I see,
 The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house;
 Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
 Rock'd by the winds that whistled through the
 boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with flowers,
 And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay,
 But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
 Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

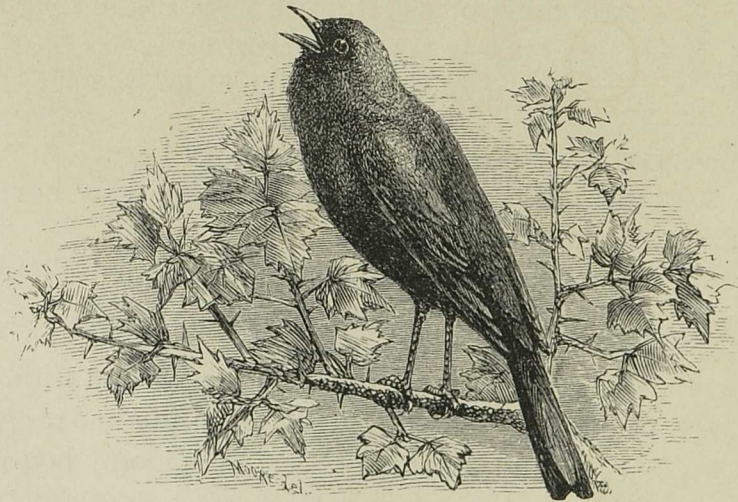
Oh! how I long to stretch my listless wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see!
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

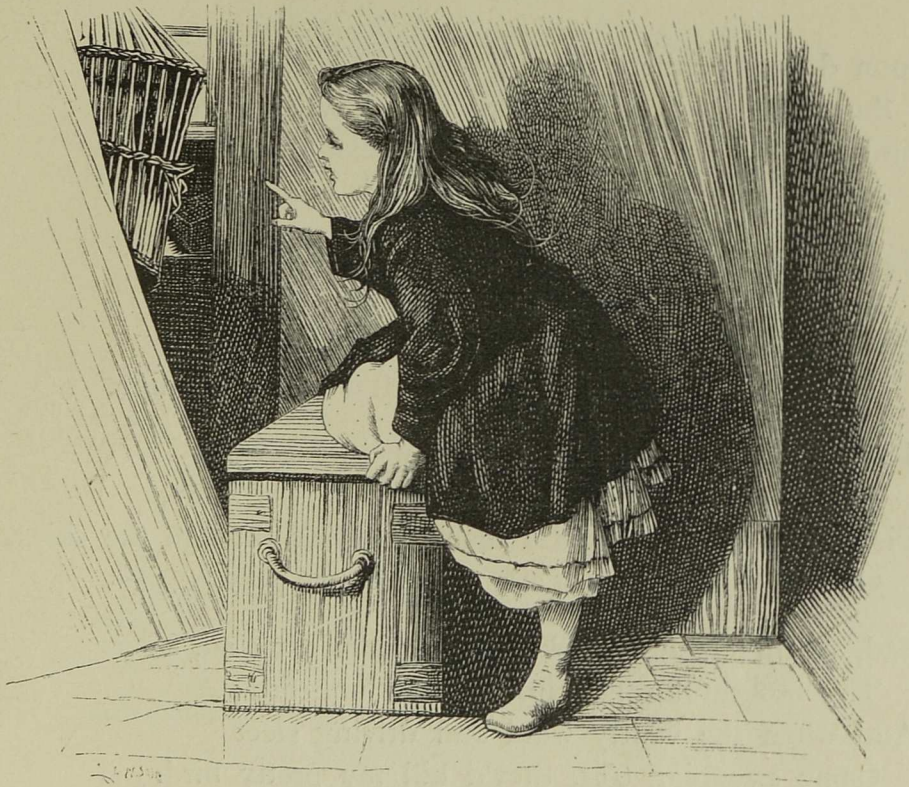
Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges green;
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?
And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires!

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour
Are songs of pleasure, from a heart at ease;—
They are but wailings at my prison door,
Incessant cries to taste the open breeze!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand,
Unbar that curious grate, and set me free;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.





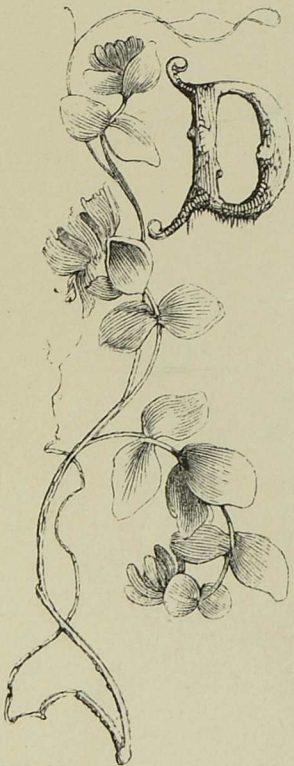
*THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER
LITTLE BIRD.*

EAR little bird, don't make this piteous cry,
My heart will break to hear thee thus complain ;
Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Base was the boy who climb'd the tree so high,
And took thee, bare and shivering, from thy nest ;
But no, dear little bird, it was not I,
There's more of soft compassion in my breast.

But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,
Without one feather on thy callow skin,
I begg'd the cruel boy to spare thy death,
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,
And fill'd thy gaping beak with nicest food,
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
And then with chickweed green thy dwelling strew'd.



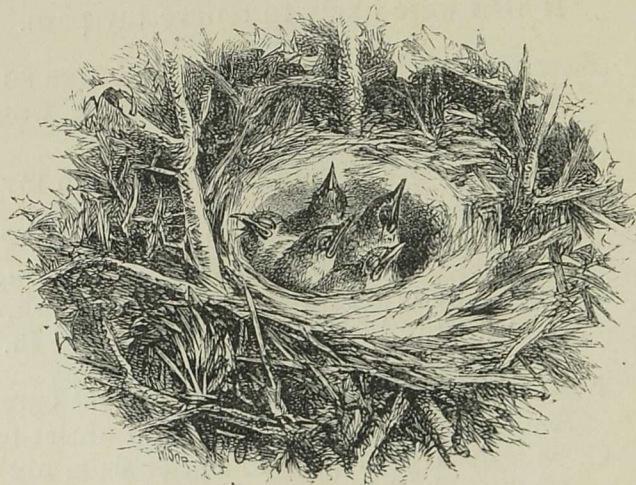
Soon downy feathers dress'd thy naked wing,
Smooth'd by thy little beak with beauish care ;
And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

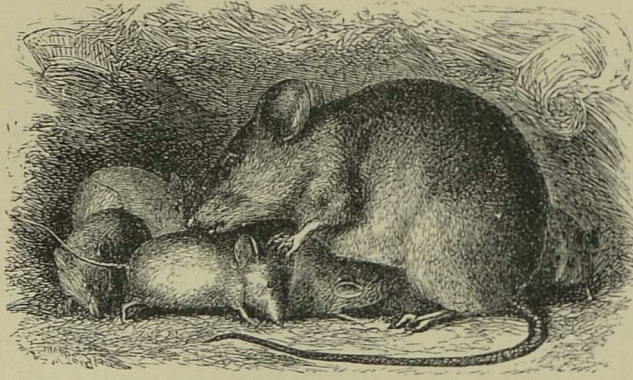
But if I now should loose thy prison door,
And let thee out into the world so wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
And fright the stranger from their woods away,
Fierce hawks would chase thee trembling through the skies,
Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,
Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard ;
And when the wintry wind and driving sleet
Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my favourite, to be free,
Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye ;
I would not take thee from thy native tree,
But now 'twould kill thee soon, to let thee fly.





*THE TRUE HISTORY OF A POOR
LITTLE MOUSE.*

A POOR little mouse had once made him a nest,
As he fancied, the warmest, and safest, and best
That a poor little mouse could enjoy ;
So snug and convenient, so out of the way,
This poor little mouse and his family lay,
They fear'd neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,
Where shavings and papers were scattered in loose,
That this poor little mouse made his hole :
But, alas ! master William had seen him one day,
As in a great fright he had scamper'd away,
With a piece of plum-pudding he stole.

As soon as young William (who, cruel and bad,
No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had)
Descried the poor fellow's retreat,
He crept to the shavings, and set them alight,
And before the poor mouse could run off in its fright,
It was smother'd to death in the heat !

Poor mouse ! how it died I can't bear to relate,
Nor how all its little ones shared the same fate,
And sunk, one by one, in the flame !
Suppose we should hear, as we may do some night,
That William's own bed-curtains catching alight,
He suffer'd exactly the same !





FROM morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping :
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a-dropping.

No matter at all if the subjects were small,
Or not worth the trouble of saying,
'Twas equal to her, she would talking prefer
To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have
been gaps,

If she had not been wonderful clever :
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
It would be forthcoming for ever ;

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected ?
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected ?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows, but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion ?

THE SNOWDROP.

SAW a snowdrop on the bed,
Green taper leaves among :
White as the driven snow, its
head
On the slim stalk was hung.
The wintry wind came
sweeping o'er,
A bitter tempest blew :
The snowdrop faded—never more
To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid
In its fond mother's arms ;
Around its rosy cheeks there
play'd
A thousand dimpling charms.

A bitter pain was sent to take
The smiling babe away ;
How did its little bosom shake,
As in a fit it lay !

Its beating heart was
quickly stopp'd,
And in the earth so
cold,
I saw the little coffin
dropp'd,
And cover'd up with
mould.



But Jesus Christ is full
of love
To babies when they
die,
And takes their happy
souls above
To be with Him on
high.

THE YELLOW LEAF.



SAW a leaf come tilting down
From a bare wither'd bough ;
The leaf was dead, the branch
was brown,
No fruit was left it now.
But much the rattling tem-
pest blew,
The naked boughs among ;
And here and there came whirling
through
A leaf that loosely hung.
The leaf, they tell me, once was green,
Wash'd by the showers soft :
High on the topmost bough 'twas seen,
And flourish'd up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,
Wrinkled, and weak, and grey ;
He'd hardly strength enough to
go
Ever so short a way.
His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,
He lean'd on crutches high ;
But while I stay'd to pity him
He seem'd to gasp and die.
This poor old man was once as
gay
As rosy health could be ;
And death the youngest head will
lay,
Ere long, as low as he.





POMPEY'S COMPLAINT.



TRETCH'D out on a dunghill, all cover'd with snow,
While round him blew many a pitiless blast,
His breath short and painful, his pulse beating low,
Poor honest old Pompey lay breathing his last.

Bleak whistled the wind, and loud bellow'd the storm,
Cold pelted upon him the half frozen rain :
And amid the convulsions that shatter'd his form,
Thus honest old Pompey was heard to complain :

“ Full many a winter I've weather'd the blast,
And plunged for my master through brier and bog ;
And in my old age, when my vigour is past,
'Tis cruel, I think, to forsake his poor dog.

“ I've guarded his dwelling by day and by night,
Impatient the roost-robbing gipsy to spy :
And put the stout rogue and his party to flight
With only the look of my terrible eye.

“On the heath and the mountain I’ve follow’d his flocks,
And kept them secure while he slept in the sun ;
Defended them safe from the bloodthirsty fox,
And ask’d but a bone when my labour was done.

“When he work’d in the corn-field, with brawny hot back,
I watch’d by his waistcoat beneath the tall tree ;
And woe to the robber that dared to attack
The charge that my master committed to me.

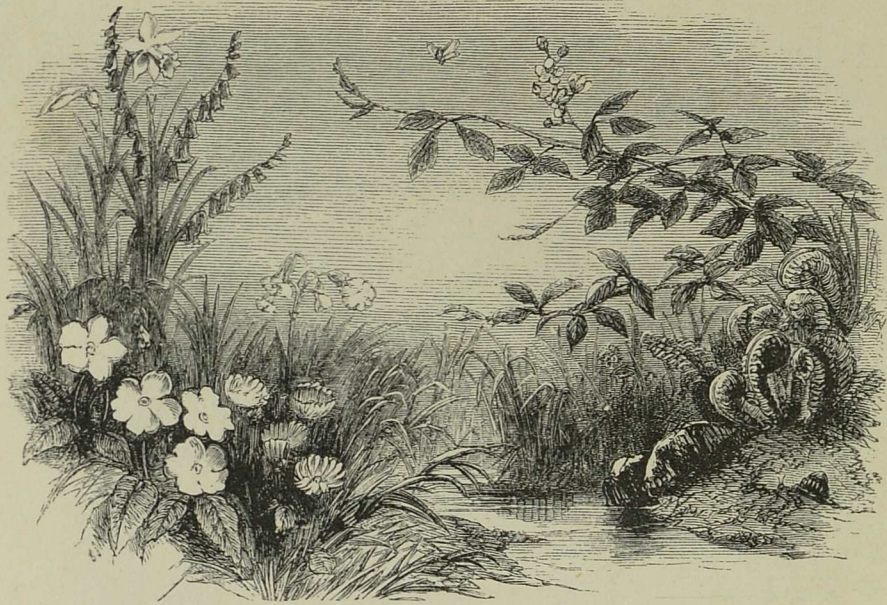
“When jogging from market with bags full of gold,
No moon to enliven his perilous way,
Nor star twinkling bright through the atmosphere cold,
I spied the pale robber, and kept him at bay.

“One night, when, with cold overcome and opprest,
He sunk by the wayside, benumb’d in the snow,
I stretch’d my warm bosom along on his breast,
And moan’d, to let kind-hearted passengers know.

“Yes, long have I served him with courage and zeal,
Till my shaking old bones are grown brittle and dry ;
And ’tis an unkindness I bitterly feel,
To be turn’d out of doors, on a dunghill to die.

“I crawl’d to the kitchen with pitiful moan,
And show’d my poor ribs, that were cutting my skin,
And look’d at my master, and begg’d for a bone,
But he said I was dirty, and must not come in.

“But ’tis the last struggle, my sorrows are o’er ;
’Tis death’s clammy hand that is glazing my eye :
The keen gripe of hunger shall pinch me no more,
Nor hard-hearted master be deaf to my cry.”



THE LEAFY SPRING.



LOVE the pleasant
 spring,
 When buds begin to
 push,
 And flowers their nose-
 gays bring
 To hang on every bush,
 Till stores of May, with snowy
 bloom,
 Fill the young hedge-rows with
 perfume.

Above the garden beds,
 Watch'd well by lady's eye,
 Snowdrops with milky heads
 Peep to the soft'ning sky,
 And welcome crocuses shoot up,
 With gilded spike and golden cup.

Oh, I some meadows know
 Beside our good old town,
 Where millions of them grow,
 Just like a purple down!

They come,—but why, there's none
 can tell,
 Only we love to see them, well.

On pastures wide and green,
 Upon a thousand stems,
 Fit for a fairy queen
 To wear for precious gems,
 Young cowslips smile at earth and
 sky,
 With sweetest breath and golden eye.

And where the banks are wet
 With drops of morning dew,
 The gentle violet
 Steals out, in hood of blue,
 And primroses in clusters rise,
 Like pretty, pale-faced families.

I love the pleasant spring,
 Those days of warmth and light,
 When every leafy thing
 Comes peeping into sight;
 It makes me feel,—I cannot tell
 How brisk and happy, kind and well.



LOVE the pleasant spring,
That, waking from their
sleep,
Bids every living thing
Forth into daylight creep;
Those sunny days, so soft
and warm
That make the little insects swarm.

The fair white butterflies,
Or those in gold and blue,—
Who makes them all so wise,
As if the months they knew?
Where, all the winter, have they
slept,
That now they back again have
crept?

And hark! the merry songs
That fill the pleasant air,
The birds, in cheerful throngs,
To build their nests prepare;

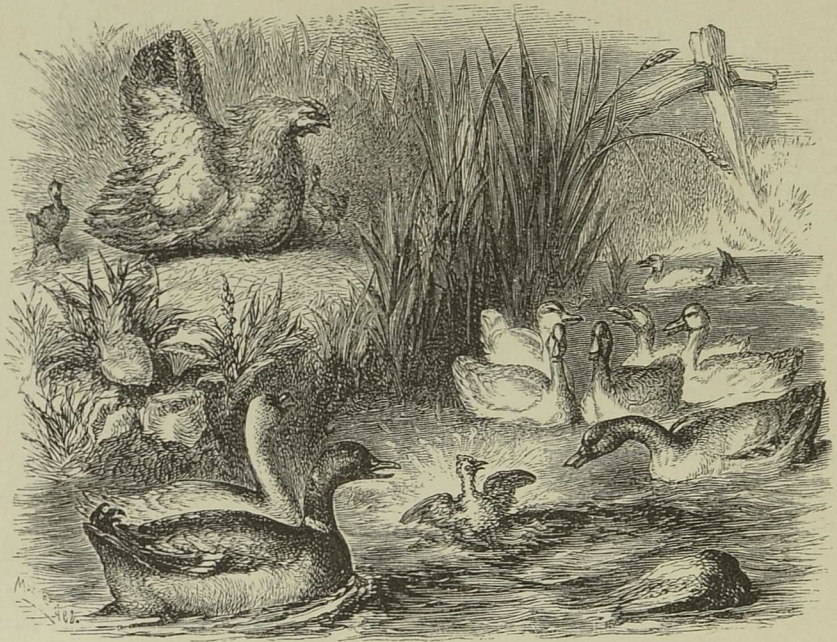
Those curious nests! I would not
spoil
In foolish sport such days of toil.

Far in dark woods away
The lonely cuckoo hides,
With one soft word to say,
And not a note besides;
'Tis nice to hear the gentle bird
Keep practising its pretty word!

Now see the swarming rooks
On the fresh field alight—
Like boys at lesson books,
Chattering to say them right;
What funny talking, as they go,
Young Master Rook and Mr. Crow!

And there the ploughman sings,
Driving his polish'd share,
While up the skylark springs
High in the morning air:
O yes! I love the pleasant spring,
And so does every living thing!





THE POND.



HERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipp'd in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To sport 'mid the green water-weeds that grew there :
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,
To discuss their affairs, in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I am sorry I cannot exactly rehearse ;
For though I've oft listen'd in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now turning tail upward, now diving below ;
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try ;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly :
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

“My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught I can see,
As good as the ducks are for swimming,” said she :
“Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drown'd ?

“Why should I not swim then, as well as a duck ?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck !
For,” said she ('spite of all that her mother had taught her),
“I'm really remarkably fond of the water.”

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true :
She splash'd, and she dash'd, and she turn'd herself round,
And heartily wish'd herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went ;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died !

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back ;
And by their grave gestures and looks in discoursing,
Obedience to parents were plainly enforcing.



THE ENGLISH GIRL.



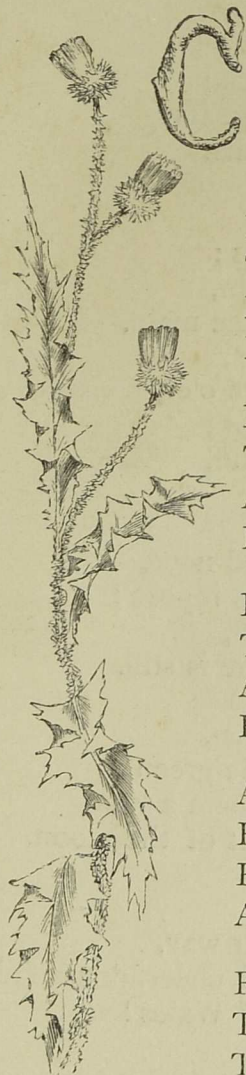
SPORTING on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
While upon the wall so white
Hang her coppers, polish'd bright.

Mary never idle sits,
She either sows, or spins, or knits ;
Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dress'd in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule),
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh, how good should we be found,
Who live on England's happy ground !
Where rich and poor and wretched may
All learn to walk in wisdom's way.



COLD blows the north wind o'er the mountain so bare,
 Poor Sawney, benighted, is travelling there ;
 His plaid cloak around him he carefully binds,
 And holds on his bonnet that's blown by the winds.

Long time has he wander'd his desolate way,
 That wound him along by the banks of the Tay ;
 Now o'er this cold mountain poor Sawney must roam,
 Before he arrives at his dear little home.

Barefooted he follows the path he must go,
 The print of his footsteps he leaves in the snow ;
 And while the white sleet patters cold on his face,
 He thinks of his home, and he quickens his pace.

But see ! from afar he discovers a light,
 That cheerfully gleams on the darkness of night,
 And oh, what delights in his bosom arise !
 He knows 'tis his dear little home that he spies.

And now, when arrived at his father's own door,
 His fears, his fatigues, and his dangers are o'er ;
 His brothers and sisters press round with delight,
 And welcome him in from the storms of the night.

For though the bleak winds of the winter may blow,
 Till valleys and mountains are cover'd with snow,
 The storms of the north cannot chill or control
 The affection that grows in the Highlander's soul.





VER the mountain, and over the rock,
Wanders young Taffy to follow his flock ;
While far above him he sees the wild goats
Gallop about in their shaggy warm coats.

Often they travel in frolicsome crowds
Up to the top that is lost in the clouds ;
Then, as they spring to the valley again,
Scale the black rocks that hang over the main.

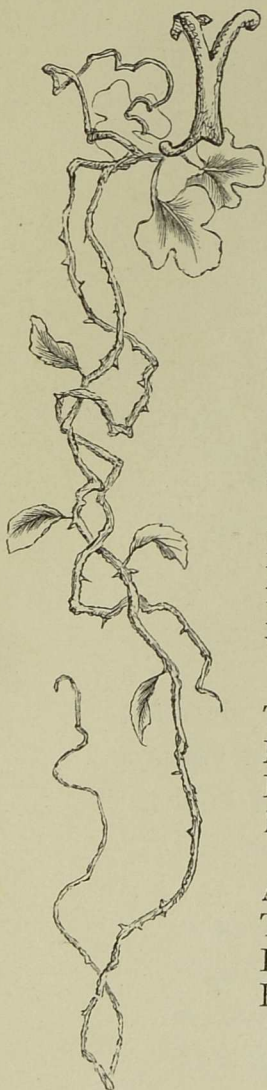
Now, when the day and his labours are o'er,
Taffy sits down at his own cottage-door ;
While all his brothers and sisters around,
Sit in a circle upon the bare ground.

Then their good father, with spectacted nose,
Reads the Bible aloud ere he takes his repose ;
While the pale moon rises over the hill,
And the birds are asleep, and all nature is still.

Now with his harp old Llewellen is seen,
And joins the gay party that sits on the green ;
He leans in the door-way, and plays them a tune,
And the children all dance by the light of the moon.

How often the rich, in a city so gay,
Where pleasure and luxury follow their way,
When health quite forsakes them, and cheerfulness fails,
Might envy a lad on the mountains of Wales !





YOUNG Paddy is merry and happy, but poor ;
His cabin is built in the midst of a moor ;
No pretty green meadows about it are found,
But bogs in the middle, and mountains around.

This wild Irish lad is content with his store,
Enjoys his potatoes, nor wishes for more ;
As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind,
At the door of his cabin, and sings to the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog,
Who has plunged with his master thro' many a bog :
If Paddy's wild song is concluded too soon,
Shag barks a loud chorus to finish the tune.

Poor Paddy, though rude, is still grateful and kind,
But error and ignorance darken his mind.
May the voice of religion and knowledge soon sound
Within the low cabin where Paddy is found !

Then let us not laugh at his bulls and his brogue,
Nor, because he's an Irishman, call him a rogue ;
But rather with kindness and charity try
His mind to instruct, and his wants to supply.

And thus, while I sing of the wild Irish lad,
The Welsh boy, and Scot, with his bonnet of plaid,
I think I shall never be tempted to roam
From England, dear England, my own native home !





GREEDY RICHARD.



THINK I want some pies this morning,
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning ;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided :
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, being loth
Either to leave, he took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased
To stop when hunger was appeased,
But would go on to eat still more
When he had had an ample store.

“No, not another now,” said Dick ;
“Dear me, I feel extremely sick :
I cannot even eat this bit ;
I wish I had not tasted it.”

Then slowly rising from his seat,
He threw his cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry-cook’s
With very discontented looks.

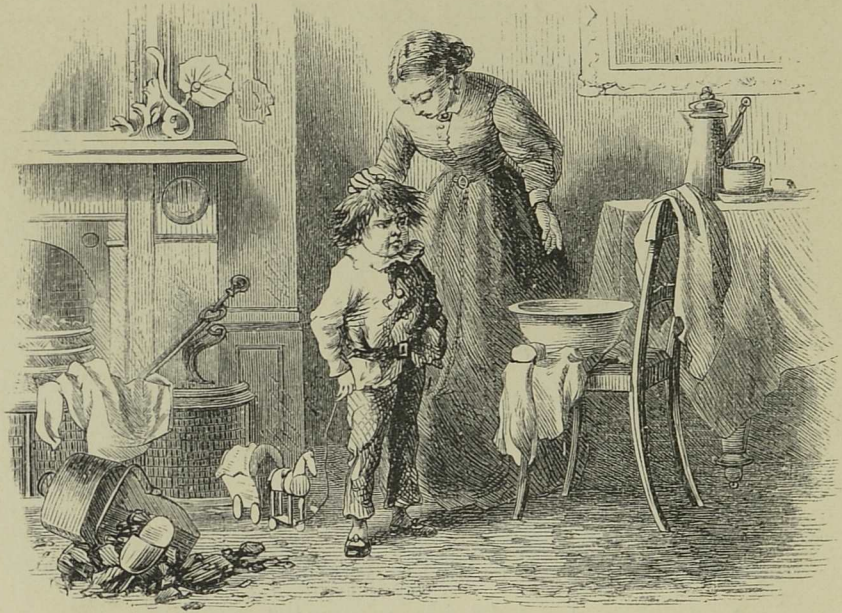
Just then a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg ;
And while he told his mournful case,
Look’d at him with imploring face.

Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,
His pockets search’d, but search’d in vain ;
And so at last he did declare,
He had not left a farthing there.

The beggar turn’d with face of grief,
And look of patient unbelief,
While Richard now his folly blamed,
And felt both sorry and ashamed.

“I wish,” said he (but wishing’s vain),
“I had my money back again,
And had not spent my last, to pay
For what I only threw away.

“Another time I’ll take advice,
And not buy things because they’re nice ;
But rather save my little store,
To give to those who want it more.”



DIRTY JIM.



HERE was one little Jim,
 'Tis reported of him,
 And must be to his
 lasting disgrace,
 That he never was seen
 With hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
 To see so much dirt,
 And often they made him quite
 clean ;
 But all was in vain,
 He got dirty again,
 And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
 To hear them complain,
 Nor his own dirty clothes to survey
 His indolent mind
 No pleasure could find
 In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
 Like this little lad,
 May love dirty ways, to be sure ;
 But good boys are seen
 To be decent and clean,
 Although they are ever so poor.

READING.



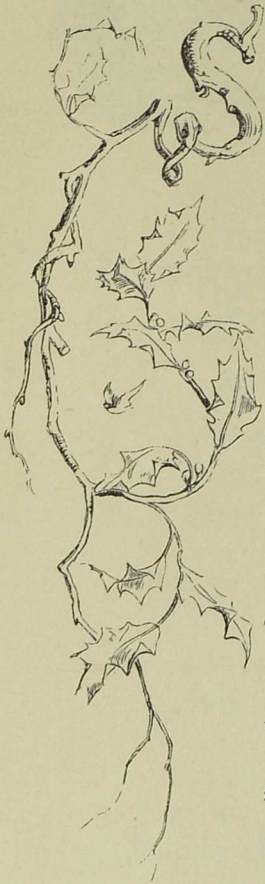
AND so you do not like to
 spell, [well :
 Mary, my dear ; oh, very
 'Tis dull and troublesome,
 you say, [at play.
 And you would rather be

“Then I shall go at once, and
 look
 For Mary’s pretty story-book ;
 The poems, and the hymns to
 say,
 Yes, I must take them all away.

“Nay, do not fret, ’twere strange
indeed
To like your books, and not to
read!
And if you do not wish to spell,
To have no books will be as well.”

Poor Mary sigh’d with griet and
shame,
And soon a tear of sorrow came!
She promised now, with humble
looks,
To learn to read her pretty books.

IDLENESS.



SOME people complain they have nothing to do,
And time passes slowly away;
They saunter about with no object in view,
And long for the end of the day.

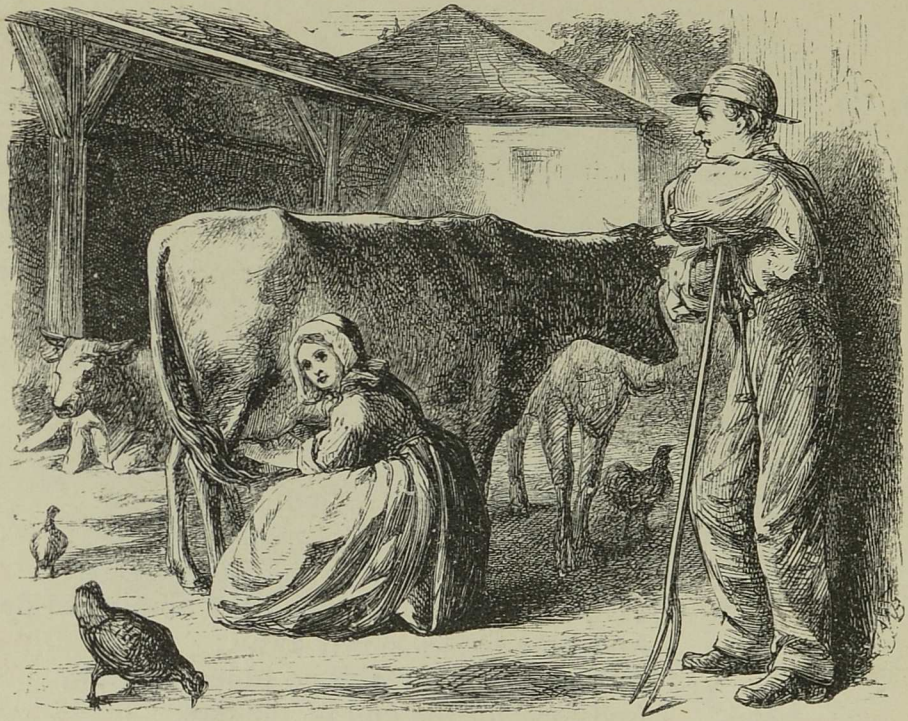
In vain are the trifles and toys they desire,
For nothing they truly enjoy;
Of trifles, and toys, and amusements they tire,
For want of some useful employ.

When people have no need to work for their bread,
And indolent always have been,
Perhaps it may never come into their head,
That wasting their time is a sin.

But time is a talent which none may abuse,
Whatever their station may be;
The more they command it, the less they should lose,
Nor ever make leisure a plea.

With active and useful employments combined,
Man ever is happy and blest:
’Tis health to his body, and strength to his mind,
Which languish from indolent rest.

Although for transgression the ground was accurs’d;
Yet gratefully man must allow,
’Twas really a blessing which doom’d him at first
To live by the sweat of his brow.

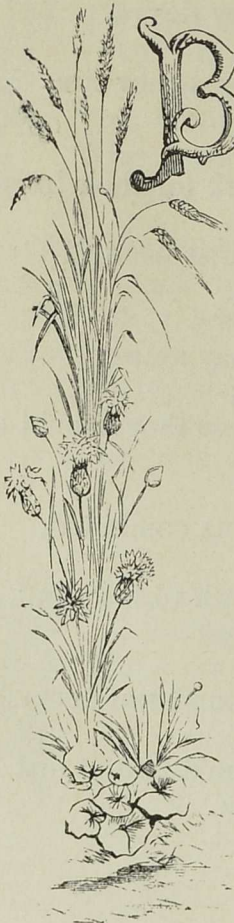


THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red,
While yet upon their homely bed
The sleeping labourers rest ;
And the pale moon and silver star
Grow paler still, and wandering far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire ;
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above the horizon grey,
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies ;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.



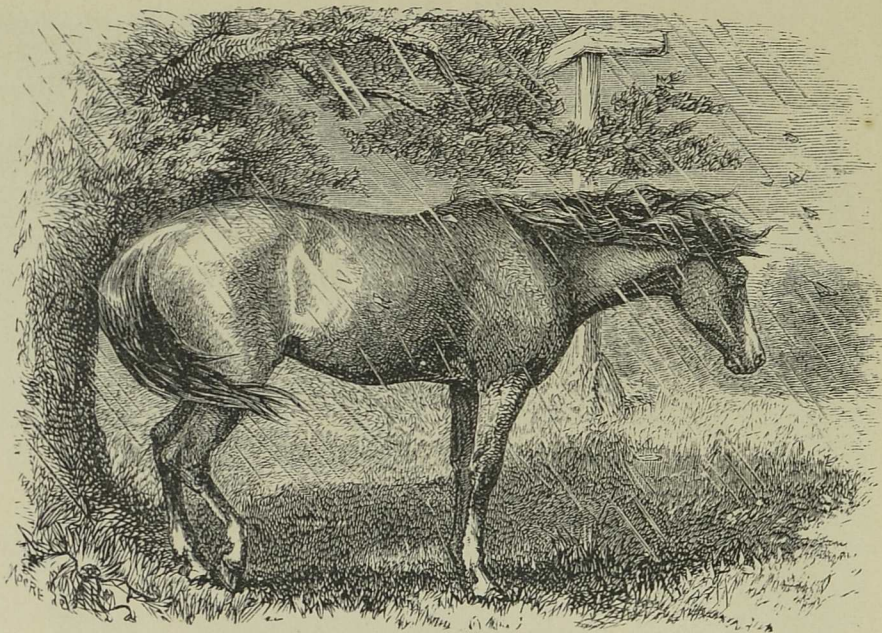
Then at the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids and mistress meet,
The early hour to seize :
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well-known cry to call the cows,
Still resting on the plain ;
They, quickly rising, one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,
Seated beside the hornèd cow,
With milking stool and pail ;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge)
Must all be fed and let at large,
To roam about again :
Wide open springs the great barn-door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
To pick the scatter'd grain.

The sun-burnt labourer hastens now,
To plod behind the heavy plough,
And guide with skilful arm :
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.



THE HORSE.

A FABLE.



HORSE, long used to bit and bridle,
But always much disposed to idle,
Had often wish'd that he was able
To steal unnoticed from the stable.

He panted from his inmost soul
To be at nobody's control—
Go his own pace, slower or faster,
In short, do nothing for his master.

But yet he ne'er had got at large,
If Jack, who had him in his charge,
Had not, as many have before,
Forgot to shut the stable-door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling,
Now rose to quit his pleasant dwelling,
But first peep'd out, with cautious fear,
T' examine if the coast were clear.

At length he ventured from his station,
And with extreme self-approbation,
As if deliver'd from a load,
He gallop'd to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating,
Till he was almost tired of waiting,
Which way he'd please to bend his course,
Now there was nobody to force.

At last, uncheck'd by bit or rein,
He saunter'd down a grassy lane ;
And neigh'd forth many a jocund song,
In triumph, as he pass'd along.

But when dark night began t' appear,
In vain he sought some shelter near,
And well he knew he could not bear
To sleep out in the open air.

The earth was damp, the grass felt raw,
Much colder than his master's straw ;
Yet on it he was forced to stretch,
A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly ;
And Dobbin felt extremely chilly ;
Perhaps a feeling like remorse
Just then might sting the truant horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,
Dobbin, with long and weary yawn,
Arose from this his sleepless night,
But in low spirits and bad plight.

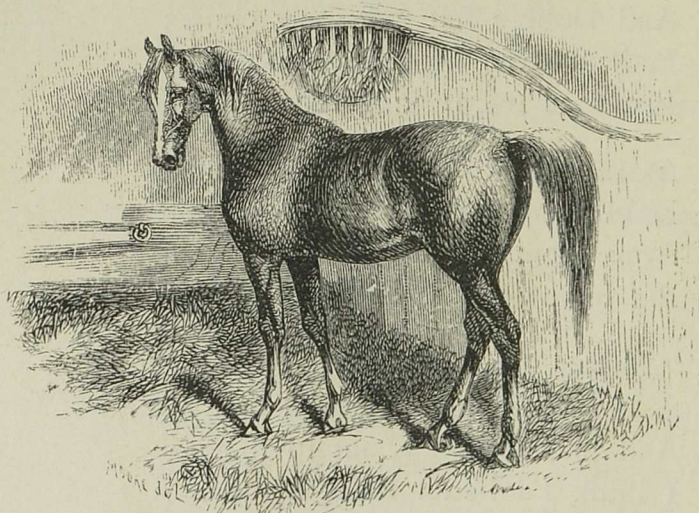
“ If this,” thought he, “ is all I get,
A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet ;
And thus forlorn about to roam,
I think I'd better be at home.”

'Twas long ere Dobbin could decide
Betwixt his wishes and his pride,
Whether to live in all this danger,
Or go back sneaking to his manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way ;
The thought of savoury oats and hay
To hungry stomach, was a reason
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set with look profound,
Right glad that he was homeward bound ;
And trotting, fast as he was able,
Soon gain'd once more his master's stable.

Now Dobbin, after this disaster,
Never again forsook his master,
Convinced he'd better let him mount,
Than travel on his own account.





ET those who're fond of idle tricks,
Of throwing stones, and hurling bricks,
And all that sort of fun,
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
That warning they may take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport or healthful play
He did not pass his time away,
Nor took his pleasure in it ;
For mischief was his only joy :
No book, or work, nor even toy,
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slyly pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass,
And then enjoy the joke !
Or, if a window open stood,
He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay,
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
He never told them right ;
And then, quite harden'd in his sin,
Rejoiced to see them taken in,
And laugh'd with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,
Just to entangle people's feet,
And make them tumble down :
Indeed, he was disliked so much,
That no good boy would play with such
A nuisance to the town.

At last the neighbours, in despair,
This mischief would no longer bear :
And so—to end the tale,
This lad, to cure him of his ways,
Was sent to spend some dismal days
Within the county jail.



TWO good little children, named Mary and Ann,
Both happily live, as good girls always can ;
And though they are not either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never are heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other would like—
Well, what do they do ? Must they quarrel and strike ?
No : each is so willing to give up her own,
That such disagreements are there never known.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;
And never, like some greedy children, would try
To eat in a corner with nobody by !

When papa or mamma has a job to be done,
These good little children immediately run ;
Nor dispute whether this or the other should go,
They *would* be ashamed to behave themselves so !

Whatever occurs, in their work or their play,
They are willing to yield, and give up their own way :
Then now let us try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.





H, look at that great ugly spider ! said Ann ;
 And screaming she brush'd it away with her fan ;
 " 'Tis a frightful black creature as ever can be,
 I wish that it would not come crawling on me."

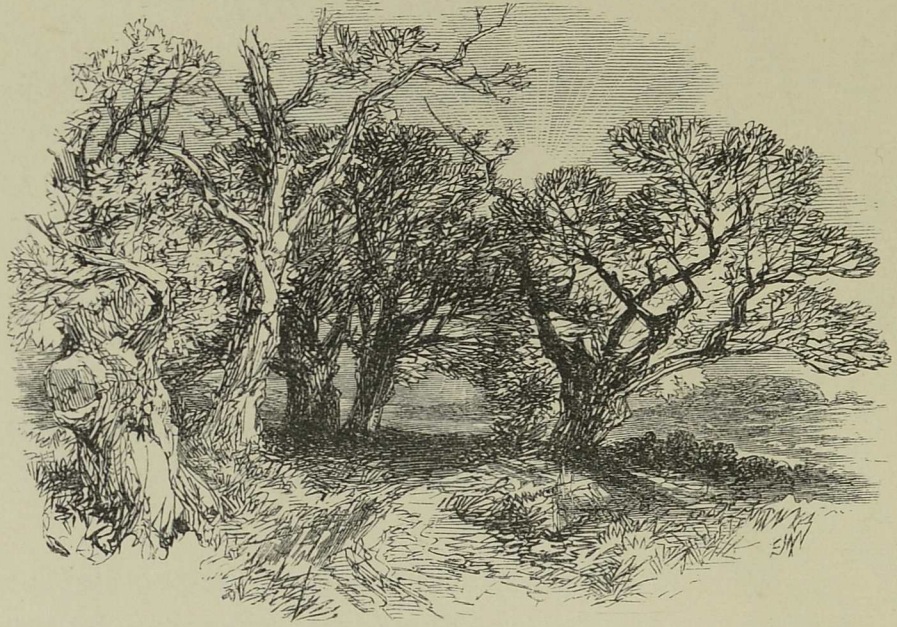
" Indeed," said her mother, " I'll venture to say,
 The poor thing will try to keep out of your way ;
 For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,
 It has much more occasion than you to complain."

" But why should you dread the poor insect, my dear ?
 If it *hurt* you, there'd be some excuse for your fear ;
 But its little black legs, as it hurried away,
 Did but tickle your arm, as they went, I dare say."

" For *them* to fear *us* we must grant to be just,
 Who in less than a moment can tread them to dust ;
 But certainly *we* have no cause for alarm ;
 For, were they to try, they could do us no harm."

" Now look ! it has got to its home ; do you see
 What a delicate web it has spun in the tree ?
 Why here, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you :
 Come learn from the spider what patience can do."

" And when at your business you're tempted to play,
 Recollect what you see in this insect to-day ;
 Or else, to your shame, it may seem to be true,
 That a poor little spider is wiser than you."



AUTUMN.



THE sun is now rising above the old trees,
His beams on the silver dew play,
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling away.

Let us leave the warm bed, and the pillow of down,
The morning fair bids us arise,
Little boy, for the shadows of midnight are flown,
And the sunbeams peep into our eyes.

We'll pass by the garden that leads to the gate,
But where is its gaiety now?
The Michaelmas-daisy blows lonely and late,
And the yellow leaf whirls from the bough.

Last night the glad reapers their harvest-home sang,
And stored the full garners with grain:
The woods and the echoes with merry sounds rang,
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain.

But hark ! from the woodlands the sound of a gun,
The wounded bird flutters and dies ;
Where can be the pleasure, for nothing but fun,
To shoot the poor thing as it flies ?

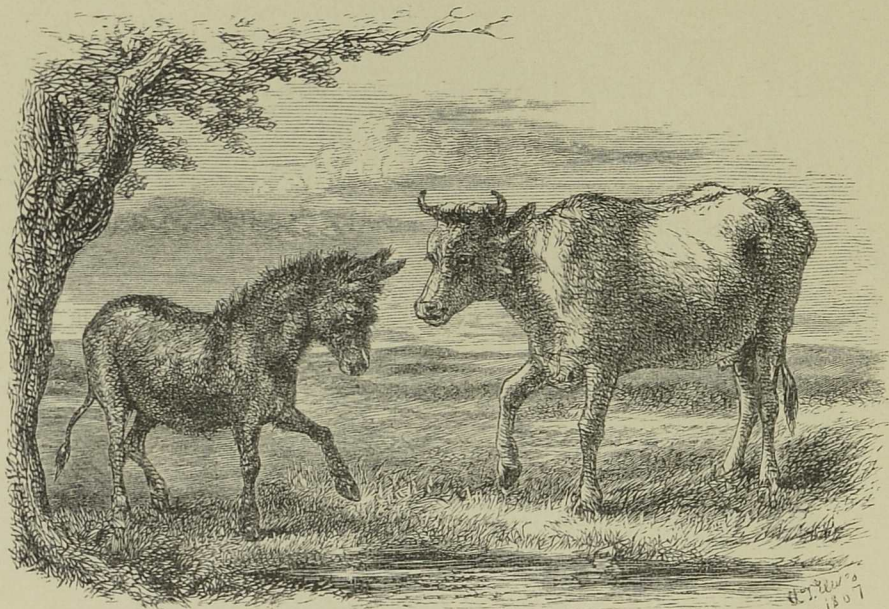
The timid hare, too, in fright and dismay,
Runs swift through the brushwood and grass ;
She turns and she winds to get out of their way,
But the cruel dogs won't let her pass.

Ah ! poor little partridge, and pheasant, and hare,
I wish they would leave you to live !
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
To see the distress that they give.

When Reynard at midnight steals down to the farm,
And kills the poor chickens and cocks ;
Then rise, Father Goodman, there can be no harm
In chasing a thief of a fox.

Or you, Mr. Butcher, and Fisherman, you
May follow your trades, I must own :
So chimneys are swept, when they want it—but who
Would sweep them for pleasure alone ?

If men would but think of the torture they give
To creatures that cannot complain,
They surely would let the poor animals live,
And not make a sport of their pain !



THE COW AND THE ASS.

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

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

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

“ Take a seat,” said the cow, gently waving her hand ;
“ By no means, dear madam,” said he, “ while you stand.”
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
“ Ma'am, your health,” said the ass :—“ Thank you, sir,”
said the cow.

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



Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,
“Don’t you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
’Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind:
We really are greatly oppress’d by mankind.

“Pray what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Jane chooses to call?
Whatever I’m doing (’tis certainly hard)
I’m forced to leave off, to be milk’d in the yard.

“I’ve no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
Sometimes I endeavour to kick down the pail,
Or give her a box on the ear with my tail.”

“But, Ma’am,” said the ass, “not presuming to teach—
Oh dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
Excuse my mistake,” said the complaisant swain,
“Go on, and I’ll not interrupt you again.”

“Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I’ll serve;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.”

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,
And then, “Not presuming to teach,” he began,
“Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

“That you afford man an important supply,
No ass in his senses would ever deny:
But then, in return, ’tis but fair to allow,
They are of *some* service to you, Mistress Cow.

“’Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,
And they find you a shelter from winterly snows.
For comforts like these, we’re indebted to man;
And for him, in return, should do all that we can.”

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be school’d in this way by an ass:
“Yet,” said she to herself, “though he’s not very bright,
I really believe that the fellow is right.”



THE BLIND SAILOR.



SAILOR, with a wooden
leg,
A little charity implores;
He holds his tatter'd hat
to beg,
Come, let us join our
little stores.

Poor sailor! we ourselves might be
As helpless and as poor as he.

“A thousand thanks, my lady kind,
A thousand blessings on your head;
A flash of lightning struck me blind,
Or else I would not beg my bread.
I pray that you may never be
A poor blind wanderer like me.

“I watch'd amid the stormy blast,
While fearful thunders rent the
clouds;
A flash of lightning split the mast,
And danced among the bellowing
shrouds;
That moment to the deck I fell,
A poor, unhappy spectacle.

“From that tremendous, awful night,
I've never seen the cheerful day;
No—not a spark of glimmering
light
Has shone across my darksome
way.
That light I valued not before,
Shall bless these wither'd eyes no
more.

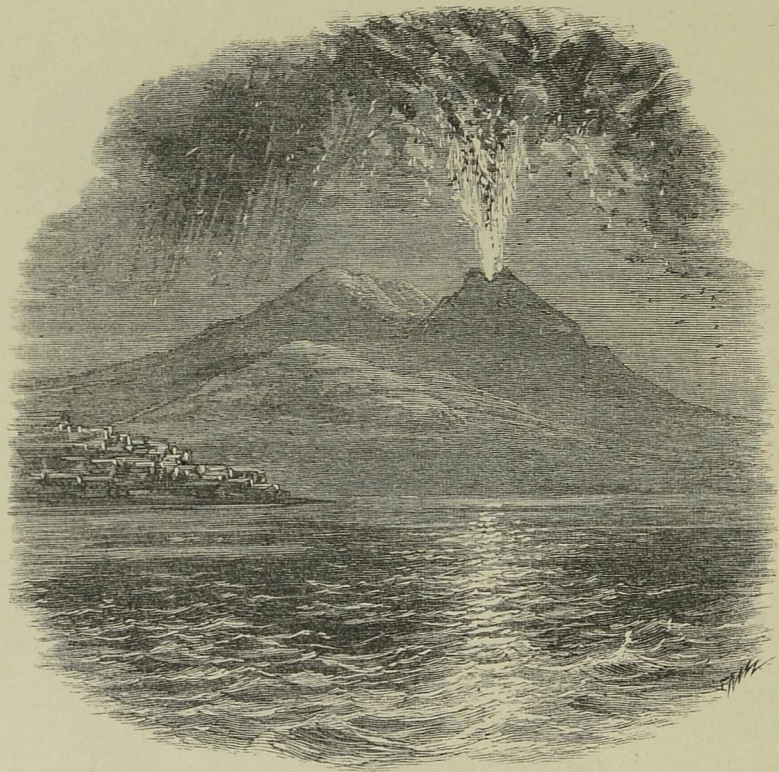
“My little dog—a faithful friend,
Who with me cross'd the stormy
main,
Doth still my weary path attend,
And comfort me in all my pain;
He guides me from the miry bog—
My poor, half-famish'd, faithful dog!

“With this companion at my side,
I travel on my lonely way:
And God Almighty will provide
A crust to feed us day by day.
Weep not for me, my lady kind,
Almighty God protects the blind.”

THE WORM.

O, little worm, you need not slip
 Into your hole with such a skip ;
 Drawing the gravel as you glide
 Over your smooth and slimy side.
 I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I,
 Peeping about your holes to spy,
 And carry you with me in the air,
 To give my young ones each a share.
 No, and I'm not a rolling stone,
 Creaking along with hollow groan ;
 Nor am I one of those, I'm sure,
 Who care not what poor worms endure,
 But trample on them as they lie,
 Rather than take a step awry ;
 Or keep them dangling on a hook,
 Choked in a dismal pond or brook,
 Till some poor fish comes swimming past,
 And finishes their pain at last.
 For my part I could never bear
 Your tender flesh to hack and tear,
 Forgetting, though you do not cry,
 That you may feel as much as I,
 If any giant should come and jump
 On to my back and kill me plump,
 Or run my heart through with a scythe,
 And think it fun to see me writhe.

Oh, no, I only look about,
 To see you wriggling in and out,
 And drawing up your slimy rings,
 Instead of feet like other things ;
 So, little worm, you need not slip
 Into your hole with such a skip.



FIRE.



WHAT is it that shoots from the mountain so high,
In many a beautiful spire ?
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky ?
This beautiful something is—fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow ;
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

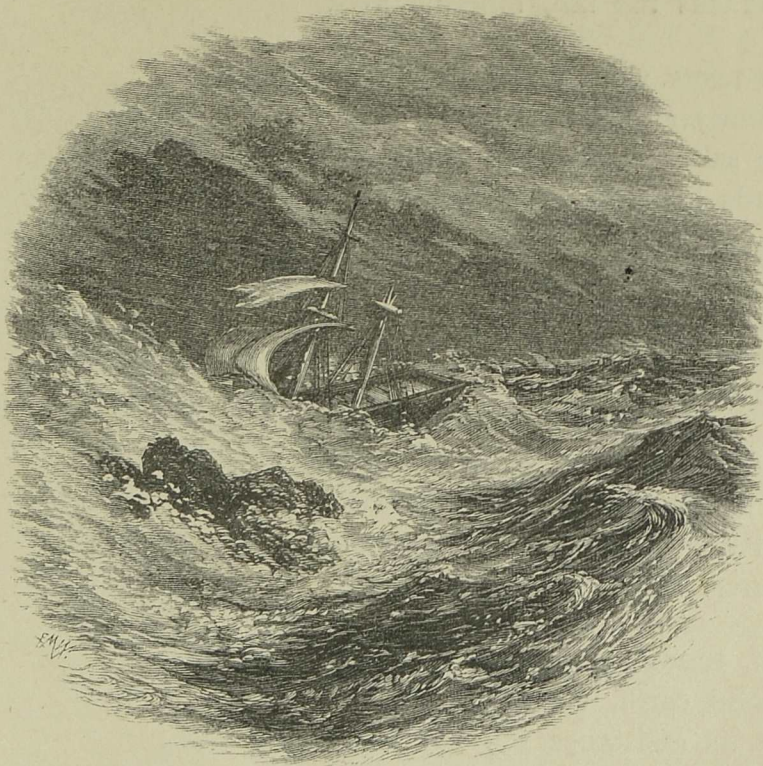
When winter blows bleakly, and bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkle the stars ;
When bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm,
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars ;

Then, call the poor traveller in, cover'd with snow,
And warm him with charity kind :
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow
In the friendly benevolent mind.

By fire, rugged metals are fitted for use ;
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin ;
Without its assistance we could not produce
So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes :
If only one spark should be dropp'd,
Whole houses, or cities, sometimes, it consumes,
Where its violence cannot be stopp'd.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise,
How wide will its blazes be curl'd !
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.



AIR.



WHAT is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin, like a covering fair ?
Into each little corner and crevice 'tis curl'd ;
This wonderful fluid is—air.

In summer's still evening how gently it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray ;
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes,
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village-bells glide on its bosom serene,
And steal in sweet cadence along ;
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,
And the cottage girls join in the song.

But oft in the winter it bellows aloud,
And roars in the northerly blast ;
With fury drives onward the snowy blue cloud,
And cracks the tall, tapering mast.

The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies,
In billows and fringes of foam !
And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes
Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lies and smothers, or gnaws through the beam,
Air makes it more fiercely to glow ;
And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream,
If the wind should with violence blow.

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak,
That many a tempest had known ;
The tall mountain-pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

And yet, though it rages with fury so wild,
On solid earth, water, or fire,
Without its assistance the tenderest child
Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
Gave breath to those bodies at first ;
And when in the bosom it ceases to play,
We crumble again to our dust.

EARTH.



WHAT is it that's cover'd so richly with green,
 And gives to the forest its birth?
 A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene:—
 Whose bosom?—the bosom of earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines,
 The ruby and amethyst blue;
 And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines
 Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

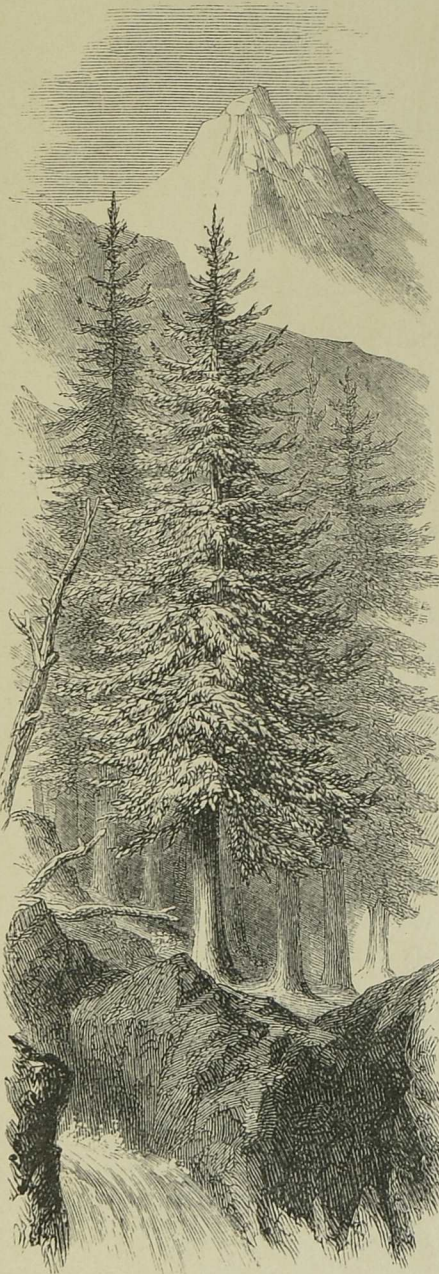
Large quarries of granite and marble are spread
 In its wonderful bosom, like bones:
 Chalk, gravel, and coals; salt, sulphur, and lead,
 And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colours and forms,
 Either stalk in its deserts, or creep;
 White bears sit and growl to the northerly storms,
 And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak and the snowdrop, the cedar and rose,
 Alike on its surface are seen;
 The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows,
 And the mountain-ash, scarlet and green.

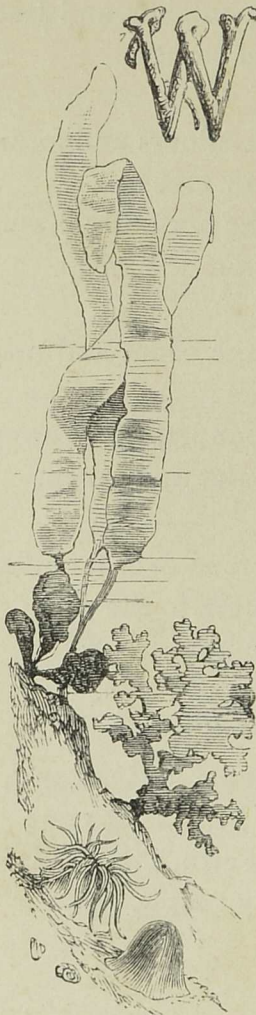
Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills,
 Flowers breathe their perfume to the gale:
 Tall water-weeds dip in its murmuring rills,
 And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decay'd,
 And this warm, throbbing heart is at rest;
 My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,
 To find a long home in thy breast.





WATER.



WHAT is it that glitters in changeable green,
 Or dances in billows so bright?
 Ships, skimming along on its surface, are seen.—
 'Tis water—that beautiful sight!

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
 The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps;
 A thousand fair shells, yellow amber, and jet;
 And coral grows red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicsome wrath,
 While hoarsely the winter wind roars;
 And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the north,
 And wander along by our shores.

When tempests awaken its waves from their sleep,
 Like giants in fury they rise;
 The ships now appear to be lost in the deep,
 And now, carried up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill;
 Among the smooth pebbles it strays;
 Creeps low in the valley, or roars through the mill,
 And wanders in many a maze.

The traveller that crosses the desert so wide,
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,
Nor ruffles its surface serene ;
And the duckling unfledged waddles out of its nest,
To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds, blown about in the chilly blue sky,
Vast cisterns of water contain :
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,
In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops shine,
The arch of the rainbow comes o'er,
And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign
That water shall drown us no more.

TIT FOR TAT.



TIT for tat is a very bad word,
As frequently people apply it ;
It means, as I've usually heard,
They intend to revenge themselves by it :
Yet places there are where 'tis proper and pat,
And there I permit them to say "tit for tat."

Old Dobbin, that toils with his load,
Or gallops with master or man,
Don't lash him so fast on the road,
You see, he does all that he can :
How long has he served you ? do recollect that,
And treat him with kindness, 'tis but "tit for tat."

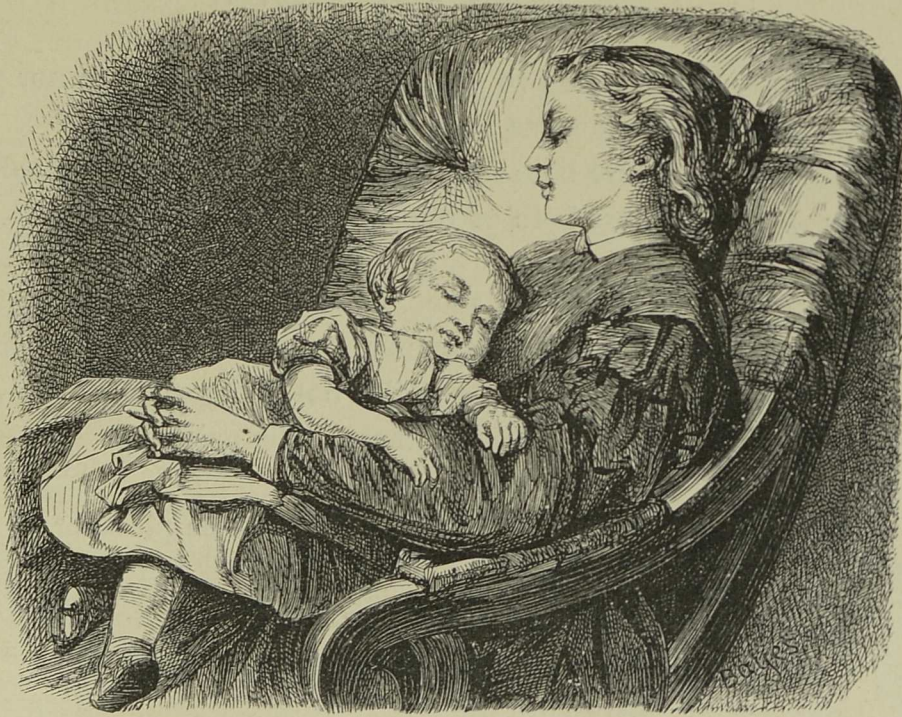
Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
 And trudges home morning and night,
 Till Dolly appears with her pail,
 To milk out the fluid so white :
 Don't kick the poor creature, and beat her, and that,
 To be kind to poor Brindle is but "tit for tat."

Grey Donkey, the sturdy old ass,
 That jogs with his panniers so wide,
 And wants but a mouthful of grass,
 Or perhaps a green thistle beside ;
 Be merciful, master, he can't carry that :
 Poor donkey, they surely forget "tit for tat."

There's honest old Tray in the yard,
 What courage and zeal has he shown !
 'Twould be both ungrateful and hard,
 Not to throw the poor fellow a bone.
 He carries your basket, and fetches your hat ;
 I'm sure that to starve him is not "tit for tat."

Poor Puss, that runs mewling about,
 Her white bosom sweeping the ground ;
 The mother abused and kick'd out,
 And her innocent little ones drown'd :
 Remember, she catches the mischievous rat :
 Then be kind to poor Pussy, 'tis but "tit for tat."

Whatever shows kindness to us,
 With kindness we ought to repay !
 Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
 And everything else in its way :
 In cases like these it is proper and pat
 To make use of the maxim, and say "Tit for tat."



THE BABY.

SAFE, sleeping on its mother's
 breast,
 The smiling babe appears ;
 Now, sweetly sinking into rest,
 Now, wash'd in sudden tears.
 Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
 There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care,
 The little thing must die ;
 Its chubby hands so soft and fair
 No service can supply ;
 And not a tittle can it tell
 Of all the things we know so well.

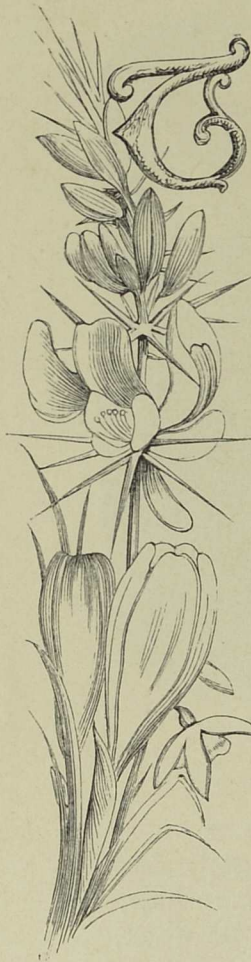
The lamb sports gaily on the grass
 When scarcely born a day ;
 The foal beside its mother ass
 Trots frolicsome away ;
 And not a creature, tame or wild,
 Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the dolly gaily drest,
 And stroke its flaxen hair,
 Or ring the coral at its waist,
 With silver bells so fair,
 Is all the little creature can,
 That is some day to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must
 glow,
 And lighten up the skies,
 Before its tender limbs can grow
 To anything of size ;
 And all that time the mother's eye
 Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb
 Shall grow to healthy size,
 And youth and manhood strengthen
 him
 For toil and enterprise,
 His mother's kindness is a debt
 He never, never will forget.

JANE AND ELIZA.



HERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain ;
One's name was Eliza, the other's was Jane :
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
They were both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas fancied by some, who but slightly had seen them,
That scarcely a difference was there between them ;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there really existed.

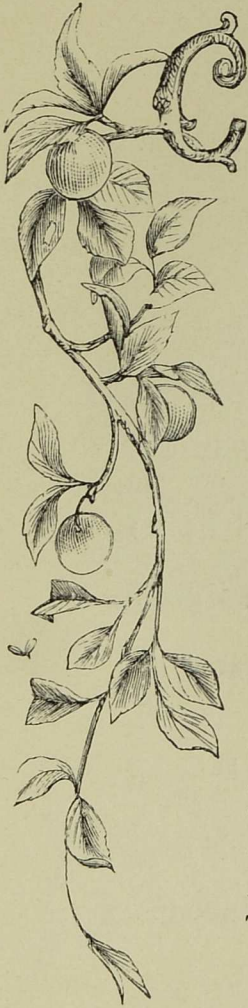
Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing ;
And therefore in company artfully tried—
Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide*.

So, when she was out, with much labour and pain,
She contrived to look almost as pleasant as Jane ;
But then you might see, that in forcing a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.

And in spite of her care, it would sometimes befall,
That some cross event happen'd to ruin it all ;
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always show'd what her bosom was feeling.

At home or abroad there was peace in her smile,
A cheerful good nature that needed no guile.
And Eliza work'd hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.



HEER up, my young friends, I have better news now,
 Eliza has driven the scowl from her brow ;
 For finding her labours so little could win,
 She turn'd from without, to the evils within.

'Twas a great deal of trouble, at first, I confess,
 Her temper would rise, and was hard to repress ;
 But being a girl of some sense and discerning,
 She would not be stopp'd by the trouble of turning.

Ten times in a day—or perhaps in an hour,
 Would passion or fretfulness struggle for power ;
 But deaf to the whispers of weakness or pride,
 For victory, ten times the harder she tried.

Sometimes she would kneel in her chamber, and pray,
 That God in his mercy would take them away ;
 And He, who is pleased with a penitent's cry,
 Bow'd down in compassion, and help'd her to try.

Now, at home or abroad, there is peace in her smile,
 A cheerful good nature that needeth no guile ;
 And Eliza no longer is heard to complain,
 That she is not beloved like her play-fellow Jane.





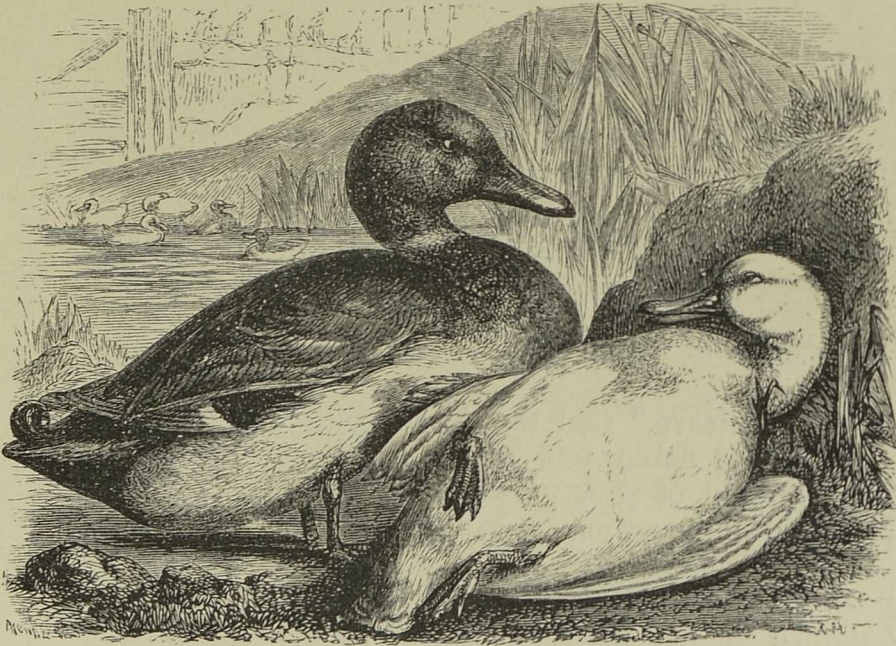
H! who is it totters along,
 And leans on the top of his stick!
 His wrinkles are many and long,
 And his beard is grown silver and thick.
 No vigour enlivens his frame,
 No cheerfulness beams in his eye,
 His limbs are enfeebled and lame,
 And he seems as if going to die.

They tell me he once was as gay
 As I, in my merriest mood;
 That briskly he caroll'd away,
 With spirits that nothing subdued.
 That he clamber'd high over the rocks,
 To search where the sea-bird had been;
 And follow'd his venturesome flocks,
 Up and down on the mountain so green.

But now what a change there appears!
 How alter'd his figure and face!
 Bent low with a number of years,
 How feeble and slow is his pace!
 He thought a few winters ago,
 Old age was a great while to come;
 And it seems but as yesterday now,
 That he frolick'd in vigour and bloom.

He thought it was time enough yet,
 For death and the grave to prepare,
 And seem'd all his life to forget
 How fast time would carry him there.
 He sported in spirits and ease,
 And thought it too soon to repent,
 Till all in a hurry he sees
 The bright opportunity spent.

Now, weak with disorder and years,
 And tottering into the dust,
 Oh! he would give rivers of tears
 To have minded religion at first.
 He spends his few sorrowful days,
 In wishing his life could return;
 But alas! he has wasted the blaze,
 And now it no longer will burn.



THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing,
And by every creature who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy ;

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in her,
While up to her forehead still greedily roking,
Was greatly alarm'd by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for discerning
(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning),
And high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was call'd Dr. Drake : for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill, was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop ;
Small pebbles, and two or three different gravels,
With certain famed plants he had found in his travels.

So taking a handful of suitable things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
He went to prescribe for the lady's disorder.



“Dear sir,” said the duck, with a delicate quack,
 Just turning a little way round on her back,
 And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
 “My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

“I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
 So squeamish and faint, such a load at my chest ;
 And, day after day, I assure you it *is* hard,
 To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard.”

“Give me leave,” said the doctor with medical look,
 As her cold flabby paw in his fingers he took ;
 “By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I’ve been thinking,
 Must surely be owing to eating and drinking.”

“Oh ! no, sir, believe me,” the lady replied
 (Alarm’d for her stomach, as well as her pride),
 “I’m sure it arises from nothing I eat,
 But I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

“I’ve only been raking a bit in the gutter,
 Where cook has been pouring some cold melted butter,
 And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
 Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat.”

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
 By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
 When all on a sudden she roll’d on her side,
 Gave a terrible quack, and a struggle, and died !

Her remains were interred in a neighbouring swamp,
 By her friends with a great deal of funeral pomp ;
 But I’ve heard, this inscription, her tombstone displayed,
 “Here poor Mrs. Duck, the great glutton, is laid ;”
 And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,
 There to learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.



'M a helpless cripple child,
 Gentle Christians, pity me ;
 Once, in rosy health I
 smiled,
 Blithe and gay as you can be,
 And upon the village green
 First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas ! I'm weak and low,
 Cannot either work or play ;
 Tottering on my crutches, slow,
 Thus I drag my weary way :
 Now no longer dance and sing,
 Gaily, in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
 Turning on my weary bed ;
 Softest pillows cannot give
 Slumber to my aching head ;
 Constant anguish makes it fly
 From my heavy, wakeful eye.

And, when morning beams return,
 Still no comfort beams for me :

Still my limbs with fever burn,
 Painful still my crippled knee.
 And another tedious day
 Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber-window high,
 Lifted to my easy-chair,
 I the village-green can spy,
 Once I used to frolic there,
 March, or beat my new-bought drum ;
 Happy times ! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,
 Sporting on the daisied turf,
 And, amidst their cheerful play,
 Stopp'd by many a merry laugh ;
 But the sight I scarce can bear,
 Leaning in my easy chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye
 Laugh, my twisted leg to see :
 Gentle Christians, passing by,
 Stop awhile, and pity me,
 And for you I'll breathe a prayer,
 Leaning in my easy chair.



POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

DOWN in the ditch poor
 Donkey lies,
 Who jogg'd with many
 a load ;
 And till the day death
 closed his eyes,
 Browsed up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,
 Whatever winds might blow ;
 A neighbouring common was his
 bed,
 Though dress'd in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often strayed,
 To nip the dainty grass ;
 And friendly invitations brayed,
 To some more hungry ass.

Each market-day he jogg'd along,
 Beneath the gardener's load,
 And snored out many a donkey's song,
 To friends upon the road.

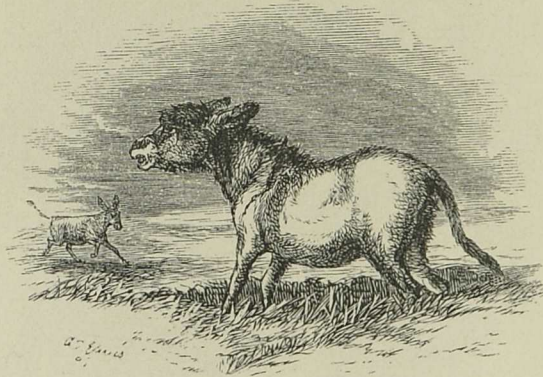
A tuft of grass, a thistle green,
 Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,
 Were all the dainties he was seen
 For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport—the sober soul
 Was such a steady Jack,
 He only now and then would roll,
 Heels upward, on his back.

But all his sport, and dainties too,
 And labours now are o'er,
 Last night so bleak a tempest blew,
 He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs grow cold,
 His blood was freezing fast,
 And presently you might behold
 Poor Donkey dead at last.

Poor Donkey! travellers passing by,
 His cold remains will see ;
 And 'twould be well, if all who die,
 As useful were as he.



THE ORPHAN.

Y father and mother are dead,
 Nor friend, nor relation I know ;
 And now the cold earth is their bed,
 And daisies will over them grow.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
 The sight made me bitterly cry ;
 I said, "And is this the dark room,
 Where my father and mother must lie?"

I cast my eyes round me again,
 In hopes some protector to see ;
 Alas! but the search was in vain,
 For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
 I groan'd, though I said not a word ;
 Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
 The Friend of the fatherless heard.

For since I have trusted his care,
 And learn'd on his word to depend,
 He has kept me from every snare,
 And been my best Father and Friend.

TO GEORGE PULLING BUDS.

ON'T pull that bud, it yet may grow
 As fine a flower as this ;
 Had this been pull'd a month ago,
 We should its beauties miss.

You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy,
 Weigh well the consequence, ere you destroy,
 Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future joy.

RISING IN THE MORNING.

THrice welcome to my opening eyes,
 The morning beam, which bids me rise
 To all the joys of youth ;
 For thy protection whilst I slept,
 O Lord, my humble thanks accept,
 And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
 This day, O keep my soul from sin,
 And all things shall be well.
 Thou givest health, and clothes, and food,
 Preserve me innocent and good,
 Till evening's curfew bell.

*GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.*

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed ;
 Soft pillow, O receive my head,
 And thanks, my parents kind,
 For comforts you for me provide ;
 Your precepts still shall be my guide,
 Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours misspent this day I rue,
 My good things done, how very few !
 Forgive my faults, O Lord ;
 This night, if in thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow may I rise refresh'd,
 To keep thy holy word.

FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

MY Fanny, I have news to tell,
 Your diligence quite pleases me;
 You've work'd so neatly, read so well,
 With cousin Jane you may take tea.

"But pray remember this, my love,
 Although to stay you should incline,
 And none but you should think to move,
 I wish you to return at nine."

With many thanks the attentive child
 Assured mamma she would obey:
 Whom tenderly she kiss'd, and smiled,
 And with the maid then went away.

Arrived, the little girl was shown
 To where she met the merry band;
 And when her coming was made known,
 All greet her with a welcome bland.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,
 In every sport each one partakes;
 And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
 With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

Then comes papa, who says, "My dears,
 The magic-lantern if you'd see,
 And that which on the wall appears,
 Leave off your play, and follow me."

While Frances too enjoyed the sight,
 Where moving figures all combine
 To raise her wonder and delight,
 She hears, alas! the clock strike nine.

"Miss Fanny's maid for her is come."—
 "Oh dear, how soon!" the children cry;
 They press, but Fanny will go home,
 And bids her little friends good bye.

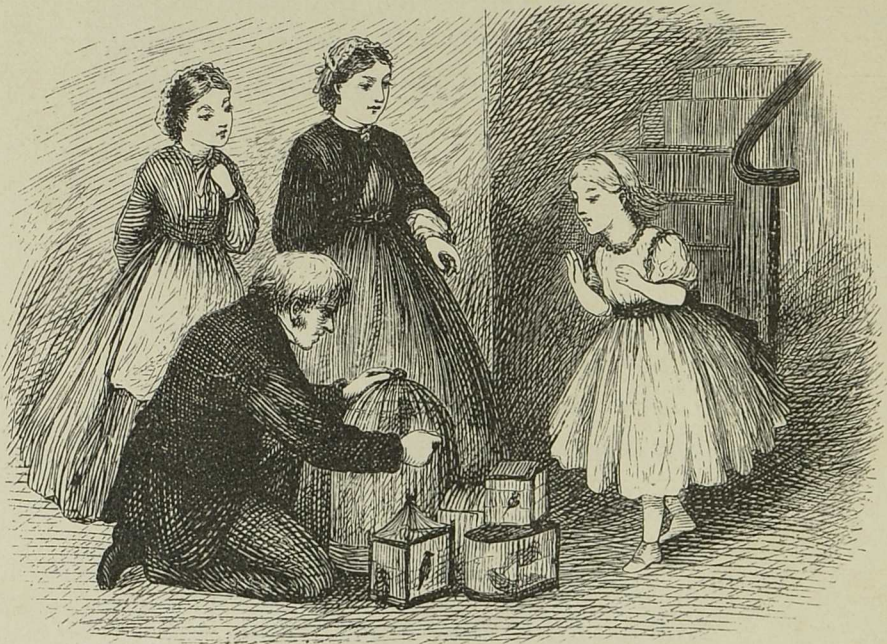
“See, dear mamma, I have not stayed ;”
 “Good girl, indeed,” mamma replies,
 “I knew you’d do as you had said,
 And now you’ll find you’ve won a prize.

“So come, my love, and see the man
 Whom I desired at nine to call.”
 Down stairs young Frances quickly ran,
 And found him waiting in the hall.

“Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,
 A parrot or macaw so gay ;
 A speckled dove with scarlet eye :
 A linnet or a chattering jay.

“Would you a Java sparrow love ?”
 “No, no, I thank you,” said the child ;
 “I’ll have a beauteous cooing dove,
 So harmless, innocent, and mild.”

“Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,
 Few birds can with the dove compare ;
 But, lest it pine without a friend,
 I give you leave to choose a pair.”





THE OAK.



HE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
Excels all trees that in the forest grow ;
From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise,
To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching rain !
And of its timber stanch vast ships are made,
To bear rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

MY OLD SHOES.



OU'RE now too old for me to wear, poor shoes,
And yet I will not sell you to the Jews ;
Yon wandering little boy must barefoot go,
Through mud and rain, and nipping frost and snow ;
And as he walks along the road or street,
The flint is sharp, and cuts his tender feet.
My shoes, though old, might save him many a pain ;
And should I sell them, what might be my gain ?
A sixpence, that would buy some foolish toy :
No ; take these shoes, poor shivering barefoot boy.



A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



CHARMING present comes
from town,
A baby-house so neat ;
With kitchen, parlour,
dining-room,
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grandpapa it came ;
The little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all :
The furniture was gay ; [dolls,
And in the rooms they placed their
When dress'd in fine array.

At night, their little family
Must tenderly be fed ; [dress'd,
And then, when dollies were un-
They all were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma pass'd each
hour,
Devoted to their play ;

And long were cheerful, happy,
kind,—

Nor cross disputes had they,
Till Rose in baby-house would
change

The chairs which were below :
“This carpet they would better suit ;
I think I'll have it so.”

“No, no, indeed,” her sister said,
“I'm older, Rose, than you ;
And I'm the mistress, you the
maid,
And what I bid must do.”

The quarrel grew to such a height,
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in, beheld the floor
All strew'd with broken toys.

“Oh, fie, my Emma ! fie, my Rose !
Say, what is this about ?
Remember, this is New-Year's day,
And both are going out.”

Now Betty calls the little girls
To come up-stairs and dress ;
They still dispute, with mutter'd
taunts,
And anger they express.

But just prepared to leave their
room,
Persisting yet in strife,
Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,
As if devoid of life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call—
John for the doctor goes ;
And some disease of dangerous kind
Its symptoms soon disclose.

“But though I stay, my Emma,
you
May go and spend the day.”
“Oh no, mamma,” replied the child,
“I must with Rosa stay.

“Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,
And watch her with such care ;
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,
Till she my pleasure share.

“How silly now seems our dis-
pute ;—
Not one of us she knows !
How pale she looks, how hard she
breathes—
Alas ! my pretty Rose !”

THE CRUEL THORN.



BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn :
Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep !
And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn,
Its coat so thick, a hot and cumbrous heap.

The wool a little bird takes in its bill,
And with it up to yonder tree he flies ;
A nest he's building there with matchless skill,
Compact and close, that well the cold defies.

To line that nest, the wool, so soft and warm,
Preserves the eggs which hold its tender young ;
And when they're hatch'd, that wool will keep from harm
The callow brood, until they're fledged and strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare :
In this, my dear, a wholesome moral spy,
And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty share :
Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.



Y linnet's nest, Miss, will you buy?
They're nearly fledged."—"Ah! no, not I;
I'll not encourage wicked boys
To rob a parent of its joys;
Those tender joys, to feed its young,
And see them grow up brisk and strong;

"With care the helpless brood to nourish,
And see them plume, and perch, and flourish;
To hear them chirp, to hear them sing,
Teach them to try the little wing,
And view them chanting on the tree
The charming song of liberty.

"'Twould make me grieve to see them mope
Within a cage, devoid of hope,
And all the joys that freedom owns:
The prisoner's melodies are moans.
I love their song, yet give to me
The cheerful note that sings, 'I'm free.'"

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.



RIGHTLY as the rose-
leaves fall,
By the zephyr scatter'd
round,
Let thy feet, when thee I
call,

Patting softly touch the ground.

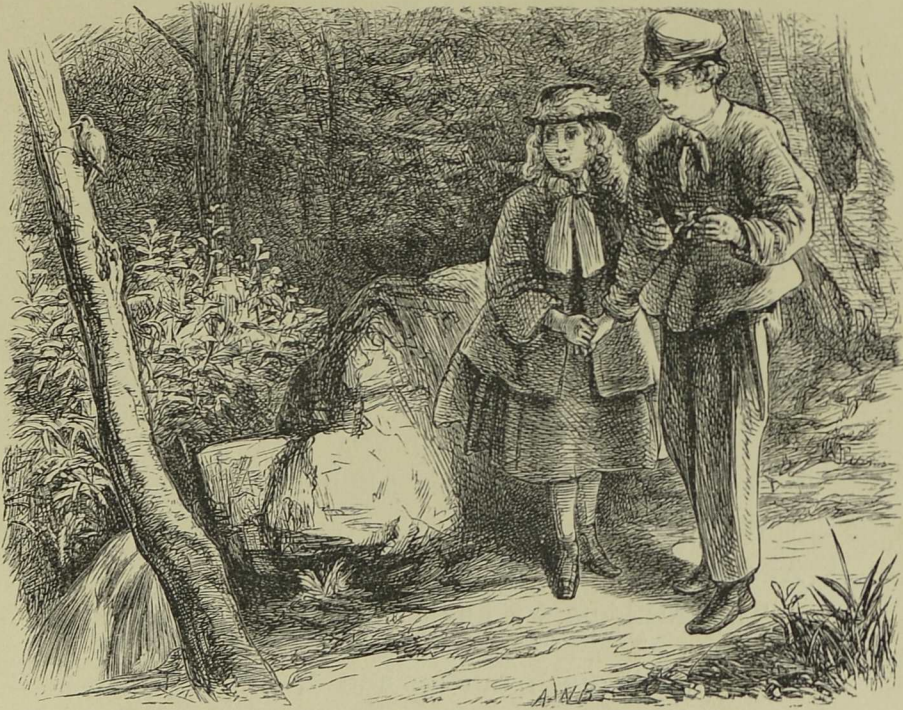
Happy I to think thou'rt mine!
Gentle greyhound, come apace:
Beauty's form in every line,
Every attitude is grace.

Cruel dogs and savage men
Hunt a wretched hare for miles;
Guiltless greyhound, here lie then,
Court thy mistress for her
smiles.

Speaking eyes thou hast—why
shrink?

'Neath my hand why tremble so?
Beauteous greyhound, dost thou
think

Harm from me?—Believe me, no.



THE USE OF SIGHT.

WHAT, Charles return'd ! papa exclaim'd ;
" How short your walk has been.
But Thomas—Julia—where are they ?
Come, tell me what you've seen."

" So tedious, stupid, dull a walk !"
Said Charles, " I'll go no more ;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

" I cross'd the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill :
Then by the river-side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay's mill."

Now Tom and Julia both ran in :
" Oh, dear papa !" said they,
" The sweetest walk we both have had ;
Oh, what a pleasant day !



“Near Woodland House we cross’d the fields,
And by the mill we came.”

“Indeed!” exclaim’d papa, “how’s this?
Your brother took the same;

“But very dull he found the walk.
What have you there? let’s see:—
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me.”

“First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white,
The mistletoe we knew.

“A bird all green ran up a tree,
A woodpecker we call,
Who with his strong bill wounds the bark,
To feed on insects small.

“And many lapwings cried ‘peewit;’
And one among the rest
Pretended lameness, to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

“Young starlings, martins, swallows, all
Such lively flocks, and gay;
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

“This bird we found, a kingfisher,
Though dead, his plumes how bright!
Do have him stuff’d, my dear papa,
’Twill be a charming sight.

“When reach’d the heath, how wide the space,
The air how fresh and sweet!
We pluck’d these flowers and different heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

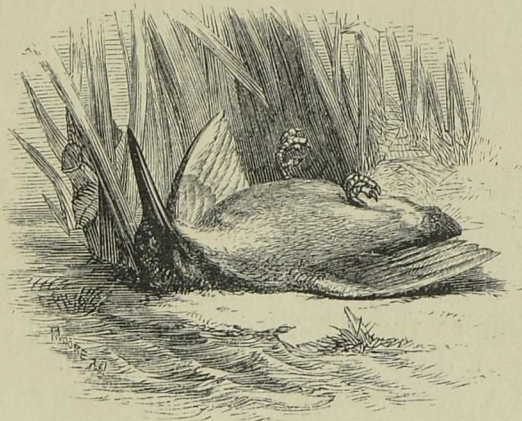
“The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue ;
A mansion here, a cottage there :
And see the sketch we drew.

“A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold ;
His daily race was done.”

“True taste with knowledge,” said papa,
“By observation’s gain’d ;
You’ve both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtain’d.

“My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new :
And, Thomas, now this telescope,
I think, is quite your due.

“And toys, or still more useful gifts,
For Charles, too, shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.”





THE MORNING'S TASK.



SIT to your books, the father said,
 "Nor play nor trifle, laugh nor talk ; -
 And when at noon you've spelt and read,
 I'll take you all a pleasant walk."
 He left the room, the boys sat still,
 Each gravely bent upon his task ;
 Except the youngest, little Will,
 Who yet of this and that would ask.

"I've lost my ball," the prattler cried,
 "Has either of you seen my ball?"
 "Pray mind your book," young Charles replied ;
 "Your noisy talk disturbs us all.
 Remember now what we were told,
 The time, I warn you, Will, draws near."
 "And what care I?" said Will, so bold ;
 "I shall be ready, never fear."

He spun his top, he smack'd his whip,
 At marbles also he would play,
 And round the room he chose to skip,
 And thus his moments slipt away.
 But at the window what comes in?
 A dazzling painted butterfly !
 "A prize ! a prize which I must win !"
 Young William loud is heard to cry.

Quick on the table up he leaps,
Then on the chairs and sofa springs ;
Now here, now there, he softly creeps,
And now his books and hat he flings.
The brilliant insect flutter'd round,
And out again it gaily flew !
Then through the window, with a bound,
Will jump'd, and said, "I'll soon have you."

From flower to flower the boy it led,
While he pursued the pretty thing :
Away it sprang from bed to bed,
Now sipping dew, now on the wing.
Then to the fields it took its flight :
He thought the prize was worth the chase ;
O'er hedge and ditch with all his might,
He follow'd still the pleasing race.

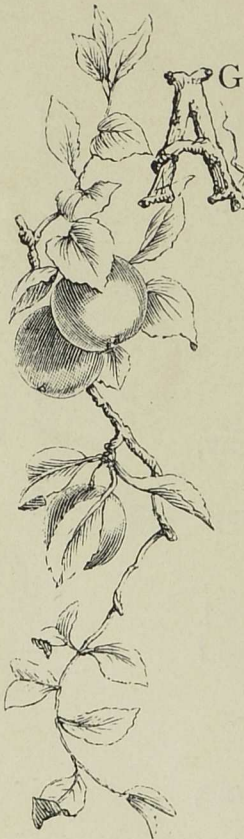
To catch it he was much perplex'd,
The insect now he sees no more ;
While standing thus confounded, vex'd,
He hears the village clock strike four.
Towards home he hastens at the sound,
All shame, surprise, and fear, and doubt ;
Sisters, nor brothers, could be found :
He asks, and hears they're all gone out.

With sorrow struck, when this was told,
He wept, and down in sadness sat :
Now o'er the stones a carriage roll'd,
And at the door came—rat, tat, tat.
Then from the coach the girls and boys
Stepp'd out, all smiling, pleased, and gay,
And books, and dolls, and pretty toys,
Bats, ninepins, hoops, and kites had they.

"Ah, William!" then the father said,
"Come hither, child ; but wherefore cry ?
Why droop your face, why hang your head ?
Where is the pretty butterfly ?
I kept my promise, home I came,
According to my first intent ;
You broke your word, and yours the shame,
And we, without you, shopping went."



CARELESS MATILDA.



GAIN, Matilda, is your work undone !

Your scissors, where are they ? your thimble, gone ?
 Your needles, pins, and thread and tapes all lost ;
 Your housewife here, and there your work-bag toss'd.

“ Fie, fie, my child ! indeed this will not do,
 Your hair uncomb'd, your frock in tatters, too ;
 I'm now resolved no more delays to grant,
 To learn of her, I'll send you to your aunt.”
 In vain Matilda wept, entreated, pray'd,
 In vain a promise of amendment made.

Arrived at Austere Hall, Matilda sigh'd,
 By Lady Rigid when severely eyed :
 “ You read and write, and work well, as I'm told,
 Are gentle, kind, good-natured, and not bold ;
 But very careless, negligent, and wild—
 You'll leave me, as I hope, a different child.”

The little girl next morn a favour asks :
“ I wish to take a walk.”—“ Go, learn your tasks,”
Replies her aunt, “ nor fruitlessly repine :
Your room you’ll leave not till you’re call’d to dine.”
As there Matilda sat, o’erwhelm’d with shame,
A dame appear’d, Disorder was her name :
Her hair and dress neglected—soil’d her face,
Her mien unseemly, and devoid of grace.
“ Here, child,” said she, “ my mistress sends you this,
A bag of silks—a flower, not work’d amiss—
A polyanthus bright, and wondrous gay,
You’ll copy it by noon, she bade me say.”
Disorder grinn’d, and shuffling walk’d away.

Entangled were the silks of every hue,
Confused and mix’d were shades of pink, green, blue ;
She took a thread, compared it with the flower :
“ To finish this is not within my power.
Well-sorted silks had Lady Rigid sent,
I might have work’d if such was her intent.”
She sigh’d and melted into sobs and tears :
She hears a step, and at the door appears
A pretty maiden, clean, well-dress’d, and neat,
Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet.
“ My name is Order : do not cry, my love ;
Attend to me, and thus you may improve.”
She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade,
In separate skeins, and each with care she laid ;
Then smiling kindly, left the little maid.

Matilda now resumes her sweet employ,
And sees the flower complete—how great her joy !
She leaves the room—“ I’ve done my task,” she cries ;
The lady look’d, and scarce believed her eyes ;

Yet soon her harshness changed to glad surprise :
“ Why, this is well, a very pretty flower,
Work'd so exact, and done within the hour !
And now amuse yourself, and walk, or play.”
Thus pass'd Matilda this much dreaded day.
At all her tasks, Disorder would attend ;
At all her tasks, still Order stood her friend.
With tears and sighs her studies oft began,
These into smiles were changed by Order's plan.
No longer Lady Rigid seem'd severe :
The negligent alone her eye need fear.

And now the day, the wish'd-for day, is come,
When young Matilda may revisit home.
“ You quit me, child, but oft to mind recall
The time you spent with me at Austere Hall.
And now, my dear, I'll give you one of these
To be your maid—take with you which you please.
What ! from Disorder do you frighten'd start ?”
Matilda clasp'd sweet Order to her heart,
And said, “ From thee, best friend, I'll never part.”





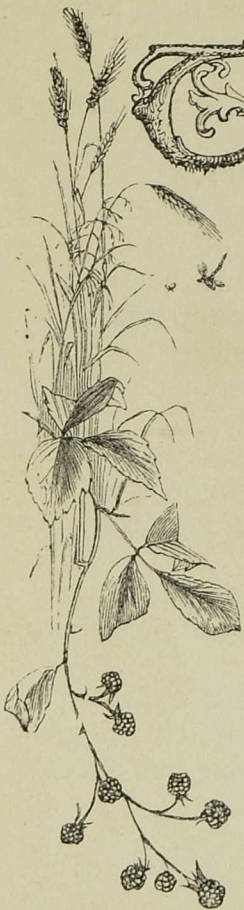
THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

TIS surely time for me to rise,
Though yet the dawn is grey ;
Sweet sleep, O quit my closing eyes,
For I must now away :—
Each young bird twitters on the spray.

It is not for the dewy mead
I leave my soft repose,
Where daisies bloom, and lambkins feed ;
But where the mushroom grows :
And that my widow'd mother knows.

I'll rove the wide heath far and near,
Of mushrooms fine in quest ;
But you remain, kind mother, here,
Lie still and take your rest,
Although with poverty oppress'd.

No toad-stool in my basket found ;
My mushrooms when I sell,
I'll buy some bread ; our labours crown'd ;
Then let our neighbours tell
That you and I live wondrous well.





THE Dog will come when
he is call'd,
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is
very bald ;
The Goat is fond of
play.

The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says :
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree ;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he ?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes,
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd fill you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven grey :
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his
pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The Cow—her hoof is slit :
The Beaver builds with mud and
sticks,
The Lapwing cries "peewit."

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less ;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.

The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork its parent loves ;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streak'd Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boiled he's
red,

The harmless Lamb must bleed :
The Cod-fish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

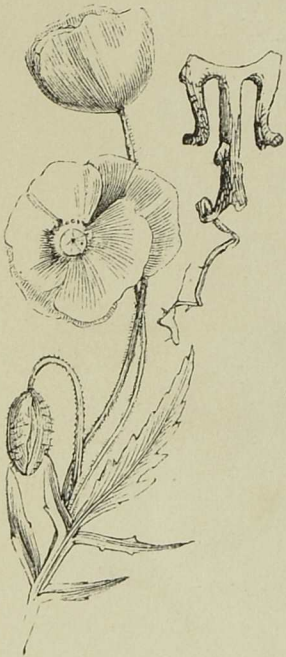
The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank ;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil :
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest
night,
With lantern in its tail :
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
And wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots ;
The Starling, if he's taught, will
speak ;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things
know,
Might well be call'd a dunce ;
But I in knowledge quick will grow,
For youth can come but once.



THE VINE.



WAS holiday-time, and young Harry was gay,
 Though bleak the wide landscape around ;
 'Twas Christmas, and homeward he tripp'd it away,
 For hard was the frost-bitten ground.

He ran through the garden, the pleasure-grounds too,
 The walks and dark alleys he traced ;
 Admired the tall cypress, the privet, and yew,
 And holly with red berries graced :

The laurel and bay, and such fine evergreens,
 In verdure and beauty arose ;
 He stopp'd at a tree, and he cried out, "What means
 This leafless old tree among those ?"

" Dig it up, pull it down—not a leaf on its spray,
 No shelter is here for the birds !"
 But his father replied, " I hear what you say ;
 Next autumn remember your words."

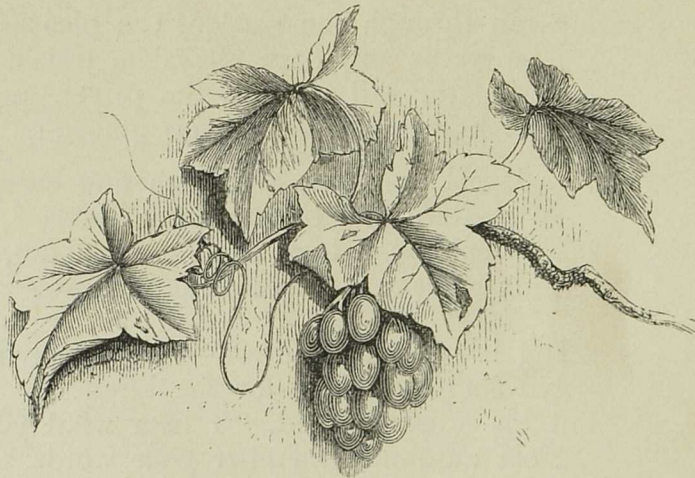
And now, as was promised, that autumn was come,
Young Harry left school for a week ;
And ripe was the nectarine, ripe was the plum,
And peach too, with down on its cheek.

When straight to the garden our schoolboy repair'd,
Where fruit hung all tempting and fine,
“What tree,” he exclaim'd, “can at all be compared,
Papa, with this beautiful vine ?

“What bunches ! what clusters ! the sight is a treat !
So charming I never did see :
The sight is delicious ; the flavour how sweet !
Papa, what a beautiful tree !”

“This tree,” said papa, “is the one you despised,
Which then look'd so wither'd and bare ;
But you see, by exterior few things can be prized :
Of hasty decisions beware.

“Remember, my child, not to judge by the eye,
Of those who in form do not shine ;
And now gain a lesson, of use by and by,
From your folly in spurning the vine.”



THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.



IN a dark little crack, half a yard from the ground,
 An honest old spider resided ;
 So pleasant, and snug, and convenient 'twas found,
 That his friends came to see it from many miles round :
 It seem'd for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
 This spider was thoroughly tired ;
 So, leaving those scenes of distraction and strife
 (His children all settled), he came with his wife
 To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,
 'Twould be easy for him to provide her ;
 Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
 Where came, every morning, a maid and a broom,
 Those pitiless foes to a spider !

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall)
 The moment his web was completed,
 Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,
 And, perhaps, carried with it web, spider, and all,
 He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
 His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner)
 Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try
 If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
 Just a bit of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to resume,
 (For nothing he ever denied her,)
 Alas ! little guessing his terrible doom ;
 Just then came the gentleman into the room,
 And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor insect, in search of his pelf,
 In the cobweb continued to linger,
 The gentleman reach'd a long cane from the shelf,
 (For certain good reasons, best known to himself,
 Preferring his stick to his finger) :

Then presently poking him down to the floor,
 Nor stopping at all to consider,
 With one horrid crash the whole business was o'er,
 The poor little spider was heard of no more,
 To the lasting distress of his widow !

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.



HOW pleasant it is at the end of the day,
 No follies to have to repent,
 But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
 My time has been properly spent !

When I've finish'd my business with patience and care,
 And been good, and obliging, and kind,
 I lie on my pillow, and sleep away there,
 With a happy and peaceable mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confest
 That I careless and idle have been,
 I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,
 But feel discontented within.

Then, as I dislike all the trouble I've had,
 In future I'll try to prevent it,
 For I never am naughty without being sad,
 Or good, without being contented.



THE POPPY.



HIGH on a bright and sunny
bed,
A scarlet poppy grew,
And up it held its staring
head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

Although within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seem'd to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As does this gaudy weed.



THE VIOLET.



DOWN in a green and
shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung
its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colour bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

CONTENTED JOHN.



ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
 Although he was poor, did not want to be richer :
 For all such vain wishes to him were prevented
 By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
 John never was found in a murmuring mood ;
 For this he was constantly heard to declare,
 What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

“ For, why should I grumble and murmur ? ” he said,
 “ If I cannot get meat, I’ll be thankful for bread ;
 And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
 It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.”

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
 He wish’d himself better, but did not complain,
 Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
 But said, that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong’d him, or treated him ill,
 Why, John was good-natured and sociable still ;
 For he said, that revenging the injury done
 Would be making two rogues, where there need be
 but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
 Pass’d through this sad world without even a grumble :
 And ’twere well if some folk, who are greater and
 richer,

Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

THE GAUDY FLOWER.



WHY does my Anna toss her head,
And look so scornfully around,
As if she scarcely deign'd to tread
Upon the daisy-dappled ground ?

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,
The brilliant tint, the satin skin ?
Does the loved glass, in passing by,
Reflect a graceful form and thin ?

Alas ! that form, and brilliant fire,
Will never win beholder's love ;
It may, indeed, make fools admire,
But ne'er the wise and good can move.

So grows the tulip, gay and bold,
The broadest sunshine its delight ;
Like rubies, or like burnish'd gold,
It shows its petals glossy bright.

But who the gaudy floweret crops,
As if to court a sweet perfume !
Admired it blows, neglected drops,
And sinks unheeded to its doom.

The virtues of the heart may move
Affections of a genial kind ;
While beauty fails to stir our love,
And wins the eye, but not the mind.



NEGLIGENT MARY.



H, Mary! what, do you for dolly not care?
 And why is she left on the floor?
 Forsaken, and cover'd with dust I declare;
 With you I must trust her no more.

I thought you were pleased, as you took her so
 gladly,
 When on your birthday she was sent;
 Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly?
 Was that, do you think, what I meant?

With her bonnet of straw you once were delighted,
 And trimm'd it so pretty with pink;
 But now it is crumpled, and dolly is slighted:
 Her nurse quite forgets her, I think.

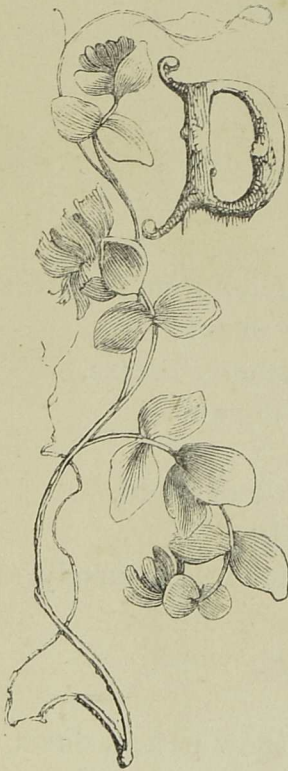
Suppose now—for Mary is *dolly* to me,
 Whom I love to see tidy and fair—
 Suppose I should leave you, as dolly I see,
 In tatters, and comfortless there.

But dolly feels nothing, as you do, my dear,
 Nor cares for her negligent nurse:
 If I were as careless as you are, I fear,
 Your lot, and my fault, would be worse.

And therefore it is, in my Mary, I strive
 To check every fault that I see,
 Mary's doll is but waxen—mamma's is alive,
 And of far more importance than she.



DECEMBER NIGHT.



DARK and dismal is the night,
Beating rain, and wind so high!
Close the window-shutters tight,
And the cheerful fire draw nigh.

Hear the blast in dreadful chorus,
Roaring through the naked trees,
Just like thunder bursting o'er us;
Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many on the wild
Wander in this dreadful weather:
Some poor mother with her child,
Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family
'Neath some mud-wall'd ruin'd shed
Shrugging close together, lie
On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,
Shelter'd, comfortable, safe,
Think how many bide the storm,
Who no home nor shelter have.

Glad, these sorrows could we lighten,
We who suffer no such woe;
Let, at least, contentment brighten
Every tranquil hour we know.



WINTER.



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

The sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
The roar of the ocean is heard,
The wind through the wood bellows hoarsely and
loud,
And overland sails the sea-bird.

Come in, little Charles, for the snow patters down,
No paths in the garden remain :
The streets and the houses are white in the town,
And white are the fields and the plain.

Come in, little Charles, from the tempest of snow,
'Tis dark, and the shutters we'll close ;
We'll put a fresh faggot to make the fire glow,
Secure from the storm as it blows.

But how many wretches, without house or home,
Are wandering naked and pale ;
Obliged on the snow-cover'd common to roam,
And pierced by the pitiless gale !

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
No bed for their limbs to repose :
Or a crust, dry and mouldy, the best of their meat,
And their pillow—a pillow of snows !

Be thankful, my child, that it is not your lot
To wander, or beg at the door,
A father, and mother, and home you have got,
And yet you deserved them no more.

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

POVERTY.

SAW an old cottage of clay,
And only of mud was the floor ;
It was all falling into decay,
And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt,
In a hovel so dismal and rude ;
And though gnawing hunger they felt,
They had not a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,
And to their poor mother they'd run ;
“ Oh, give us some breakfast,” they said,
Alas ! their poor mother had none.

She view'd them with looks of despair :
 She said (and I'm sure it was true),
 "'Tis not for myself that I care,
 But, my poor little children, for you."

Oh then, let the wealthy and gay
 But see such a hovel as this,
 That in a poor cottage of clay
 They may know what true misery is.

And what I may have to bestow
 I never will squander away,
 While many poor people I know
 Around me are wretched as they.



THE VILLAGE GREEN

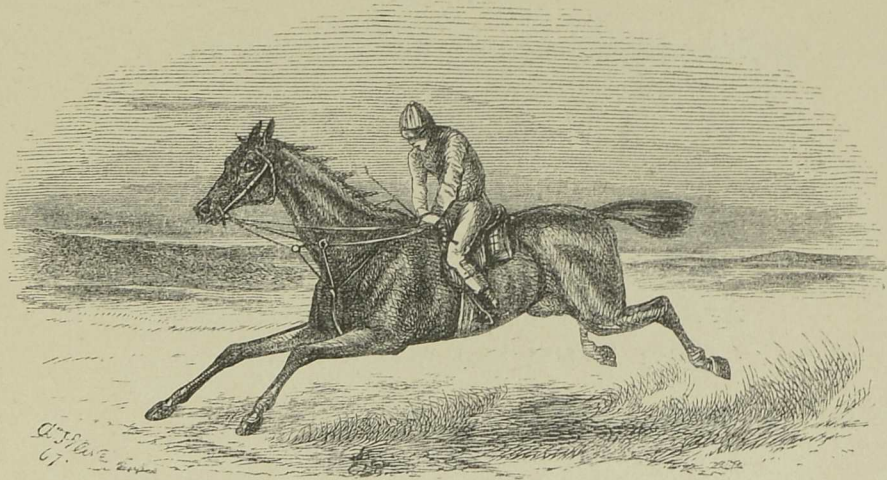


IN the cheerful village green,
 Skirted round with houses small,
 All the boys and girls are seen,
 Playing there with hoop and ball.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
 Making many a merry chain ;
 Then they form a warlike band,
 Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball,
 High it rises in the air,

Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.
Then the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry throngs ;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in cheerful songs.
Rich array, and mansions proud,
Gilded toys, and costly fare,
Would not make the little crowd
Half so happy as they are.
Then, contented with my state,
Where true pleasure may be seen,
Let me envy not the great,
On a cheerful village green.



RUIN AND SUCCESS.

PART I.—The Race-Horse.



NDEED! said my lord to his steward, " 'tis droll!
The mare and the she-ass, you say,
This morning have each had a beautiful foal,
Two capital gifts in one day!
"I've promised the first to my neighbour, the squire,
The other bestow as you will."
The steward, fulfilling his lordship's desire,
Gave Jack to poor Joe near the mill.

With care and expense the fine colt was brought up,
 So elegant, sleek, and so slim ;
 What joy when he started and won a prize cup ;
 Then no horse was equal to him !

Expense was increased : he was exercised, train'd ;
 At first many matches he won :
 But once losing more than he ever had gain'd,
 His master, the squire was undone.

PART II.—*The Ass.*

THE other present, poor Jack Ass,
 A different training had :
 And thus with him it came to pass,
 His lot was very bad.

No groom had he ; nor oats nor hay,
 Were offer'd to his taste ;
 And hot or cold, through night and day,
 He wander'd on the waste.

His master's sons, three ragged boys,
 At once upon him rode !
 And as they had no other toys,
 They teased him with a goad.

Although his usage was unkind,
 He never did them wrong ;
 He ate his thistles, never pined,
 And grew up stout and strong.

Poor Joe cut faggots in the wood,
 And carried them to sell ;
 But for the ass to bear the load,
 He thought might be as well.

To dig his garden he would stay,
 And send to town his son ;
 Thus gain'd more money every day
 Than he before had done.

His garden now had beans and peas,
Potatoes sweet and big :
He bought a hen, and ducks and geese :
At length he bought a pig.

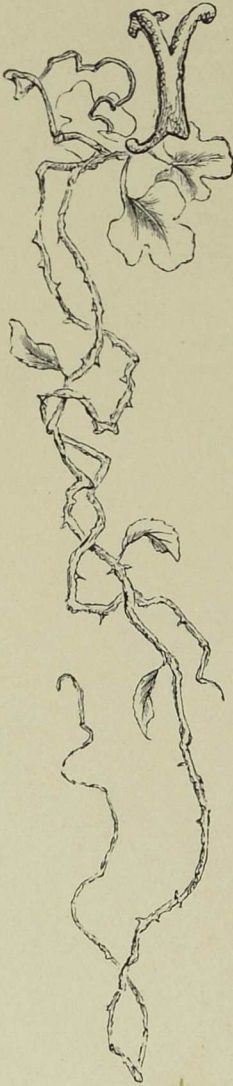
And off the waste, with money earn'd,
He bought a piece of land :
And this same Joe—a farmer turn'd—
Had always cash in hand.

Yet not unmindful of poor Jack,
That help'd him so to rise,
Provides him now a plenteous rack,
And stable, where he lies.

“Thou art,” says he, “poor beast, grown old,
Thy toilsome days are o'er ;
No hunger shalt thou feel, nor cold,
And thou shalt work no more.

“With grateful care I grant to thee
This comfortable shed :
When I had none, thou gain'dst for me
My hard-earn'd daily bread.”



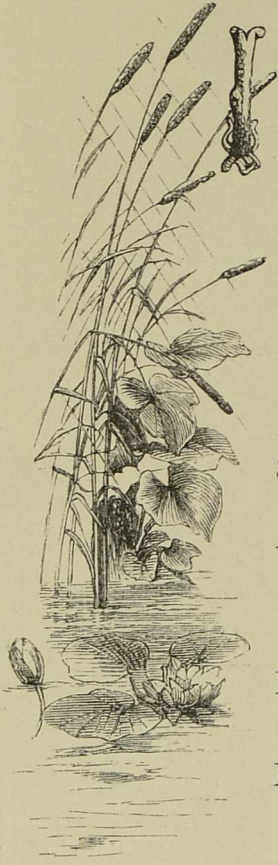
DEW AND HAIL.

OUNG Tommy most things well discern'd :
 He read and understood ;
 His memory was good ;
 He taught his little sister what he learn'd.

Said he, "'Tis morn, but by and by,
 Those dews that wet our feet,
 The sun will by its heat
 Draw up in clouds, to hang around the sky.

"At eve, when he withdraws his powers,
 Those dews then gently fall,
 At night refreshing all,
 The tender grass, the plants, and blooming flowers.

"Those small white stones, that kill the grub and snail,
 Are frozen water-drops, these we call hail :
 The large ones, that descend in mighty force,
 A vast way come, and gather in their course :
 Passing through regions cold, of ice and snow,
 They still congeal, and large and larger grow :
 So large, that one has weigh'd near half a pound :
 Some are like stars, some oblong, most are round ;
 Some hang on trees, like icicles or spars :
 Those come with thunder that are shaped like stars,
 Some have kill'd birds, broke windows, slates, and tiles,
 And scatter'd devastation round for miles.
 The Lord, though merciful, is yet severe ;
 And while we love him, let us also fear."

CRUST AND CRUMB.

CAN'T eat all my bread indeed :
 Mamma yet says I must :
 This piece of crumb I do not need ;
 I've eaten all the crust.

We never should throw bread away,
 It is a sin to waste ;
 Yon poor boy's glances seem to say,
 "I wish I had a taste."

Step hither, and you shall have some ;
 Come here, my little man ;
 You think there's crust, 'tis only crumb ;
 But eat it if you can.

He eats with such delightful glee,
 His eyes are brimm'd with joy ;
 How very hungry he must be,
 Unhappy little boy !

The day of hunger and distress
 As yet I never knew ;
 And for the plenty I possess,
 O Lord ! my thanks are due.

And now I feel another's grief,
 And now myself I know ;
 Whene'er my heart would give relief,
 My hand shall not be slow.



THE TRUANT.



H! why did I, unthinking youth,
From school a truant stay ;
To parents why not tell the truth,
And then for pardon pray !

My parents both are good and kind,
Though master is severe :
With weeping I am almost blind :
Oh ! I shall perish here.

The night comes on, the air is sharp,
And now it blows a storm ;
The pinching wind my skin doth warp,
My features soft deform.

As in the stream my face I view'd,
That face to me was new ;
The buffetings of breezes rude
Have changed it black and blue.

My clothes are by the brambles torn,
My legs are wounded sore ;
My friends to see my limbs would mourn,
These limbs all stain'd with gore.

I in some well or ditch may fall,
And there, when I am found,
Strangers will pity me, and all
Will say, " The boy is drown'd ! "

This place is lonely, wild, and drear,
Nor stay the night I durst ;
I'll lay me down and perish here,
With hunger and with thirst.

I see a light ! a light 'tis plain !
A Jack o' Lantern ? no !
It comes from yonder cottage pane,
And to that cot I'll go.

No beggar-boy, alas ! am I :
O give me shelter, pray ;
Or else with hunger I shall die,
For I have lost my way.

Or on some straw, or on the floor,
This night, oh ! let me lie ;
Or else the cold I must endure,
Beneath this bitter sky.

And let me wash my face and feet ;
Then give a little food ;
The plainest fare will be a treat,
Dear woman, kind and good.

To-morrow morning take me home ;
You'll hearty thanks receive :
My father's rich, though wild I roam :
My tale you may believe.

If you should have a child distress'd,
My grief with pity see ;
With such a friend may he be bless'd,
As you shall pity me.



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