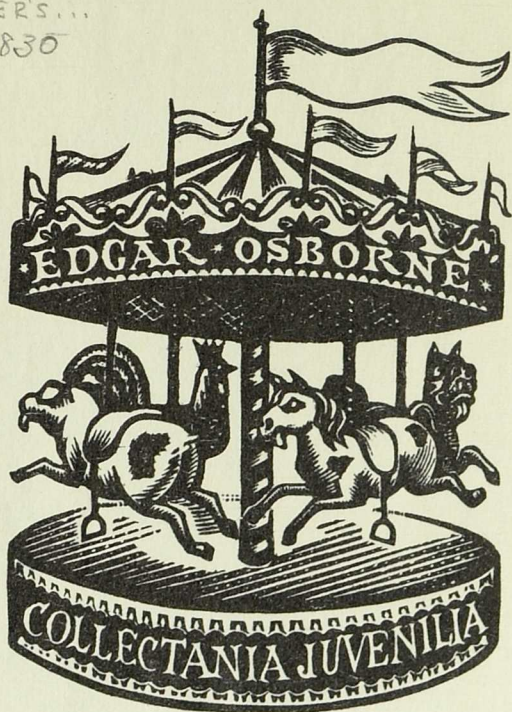


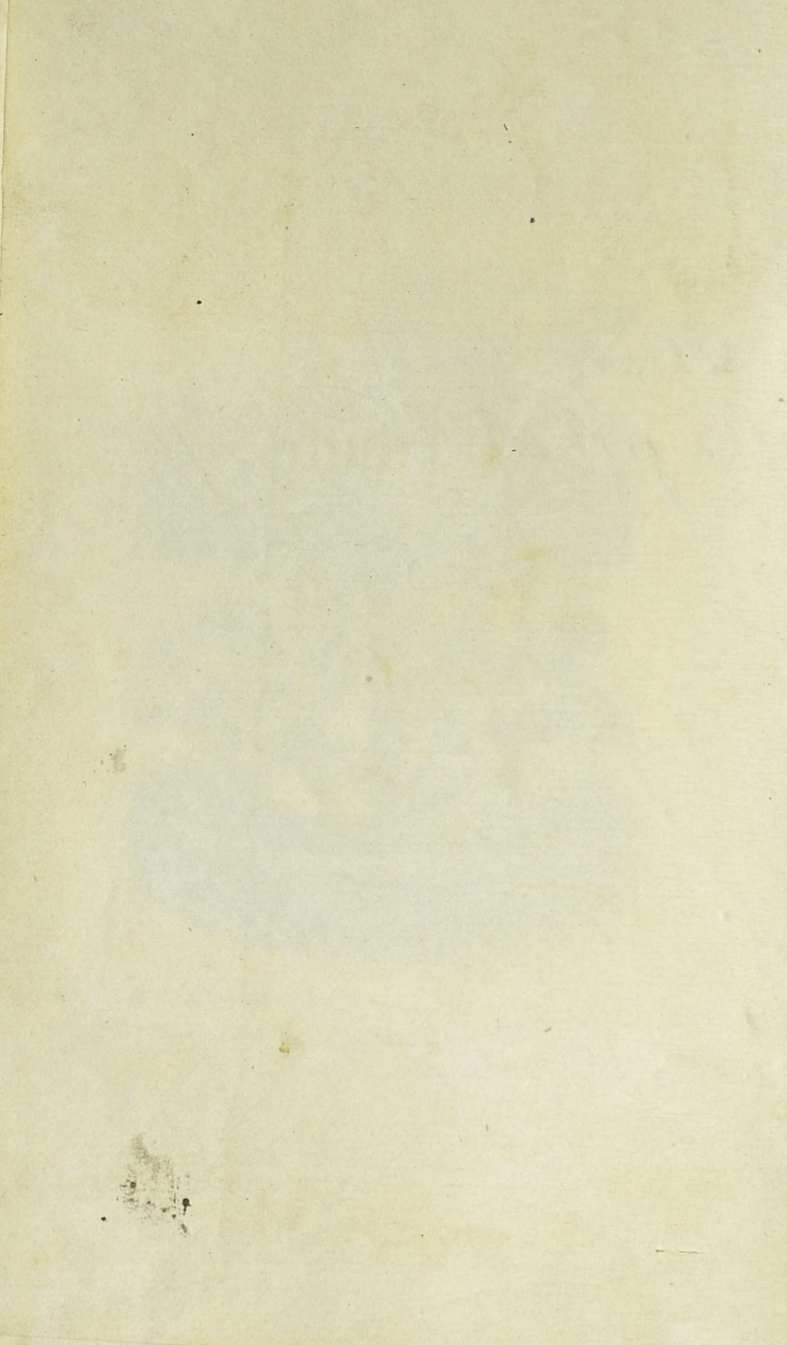
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SISTER'S...
ca. 1830



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Mary Grant
the gift of Miss Andrews





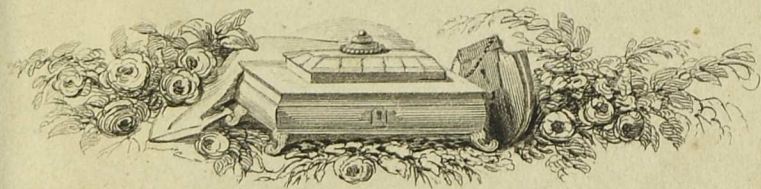
A Tribute of

REGARD,

Presented

by a

FRIEND.



Wm. D. ...

ORANGE

1850

Frontispiece to "A Sister's Poems?"



For fondly they remembered her.

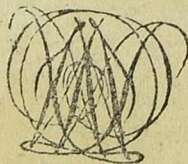
see page 106.

London: William Darton; 58, Holborn Hill.

A
SISTER'S POEMS;
FOR THE
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION
OF
CHILDREN.

Do you wish to be happy?—then this is the way:
To be always in earnest, at work and at play,
And thus, each in its turn, to enjoy.

Only try,— and I'm sure you will find it is true;
That *you must be quite happy with plenty to do,*
Whatever may be your employ.



LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL;

Sold also by

HARVEY AND DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH-STREET, AND

JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

STATHIS BOZANIS

CONTRACT
AGREEMENT AND INDEMNITY

GENERAL

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A SISTER'S POEMS,

&c.

THE MAY-DAY GARLAND.

THE sun shone brightly in the sky,
The little birds were singing,
The morning lark had mounted high,
And distant bells were ringing,
When, wandering, seeing, though unseen,
I crossed the rural village green.

There I beheld a charming sight,
A group of girls at play,
All full of infantile delight,
And dancing merrily
In many a circle round and round,
Upon the soft enamelled ground.

Now through a little rustic gate,
That led into the lane,
Entered a lovely girl, elate
With treasures of her toil and gain,
And, from her little apron blue,
Upon the grass her load she threw.

What were her treasures?—they were
flowers

To make a May-day garland,
Culled from the fields, and groves and
bowers,

And many a cottage garden ;
Cowslips and harebells she had brought,
And lilacs too, with beauty fraught.

But Phebe did not come alone,
No: Emma quickly followed,
With roses that were scarcely blown,
And flowers that she had gathered,
Of every hue, of every form,
The little garland to adorn.

Next, with marsh-marigolds so bright,
The rosy Ellen came ;
And with anemones of white,
And violets from the lane,
Mary and Julia followed too,
Their flowerets all quite wet with dew.
Then, seated on the verdant grass,
The merry girls began
To form their wreath ; and, as I passed,
They softly, sweetly sang
A song to hail the May-day morn,
And sounds on every breeze were borne.

Hail to thee, delightful May !

Hail to thee, this lovely day !

Flowers are blowing,

Rivulets flowing,

Welcome ! they seem to say.

We have obtained a holiday

Because it is the first of May !

Birds are singing,

Larks beginning

To chant their earliest lay.

We will dance and we will play
To welcome the return of May,
The sun shines brightly,
Young lambs lightly
Jump, and run, and frisk away.

Jane shall wear our garland gay
Because she is the queen of May!
Our Jane adorning
In the morning,
We'll enjoy the vernal day !

THE BUTTERFLY.

SPORTING about the foliage green
Of yonder almond tree,
A pretty butterfly is seen
In games of highest glee.

Now quickly flitting round and round,
Then in the sunshine playing;
Then hovering softly on the ground,
Without a moment staying.

Then on some lovely opening flower,
A lily or a rose,
Or, perhaps, amidst a jasmine bower,
Whose star-like buds uncloze

To hail the beauteous wanderer,
It gaily stops a minute,
Then, quick as light, again 'tis gone,
And vain the hope to win it.

Sport on, thou pretty butterfly,
Thy innocence enjoy,
And brightly flit from shrub to shrub
Expecting no alloy.

I envy not thy colours fine,
For though less gay my dress
My little life resembles thine—
A life of happiness!

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S
COMPLAINT.

BEFORE the glorious orb of day
Has chased the morning mists away ;
Before the twinkling stars on high
Have disappeared from mortal eye ;
Before the little larks begin
Their morning orisons to sing ;
Before the labourer hastens through
The fields and meadows bathed in dew,
I from street to street must roam,
Destitute of friends and home.

Whilst on your downy beds you sleep,
And know not what it is to weep,
Reposing in sweet slumber there,
Free from pain, and grief and care ;—
And whilst upon its mother's breast
The lovely infant sinks to rest,
And with its little artless smiles
Every passing hour beguiles ;
I from house to house must creep,
Only crying, Sweep! Sweep! Sweep!

THE COWSLIP.

PRETTY cowslip, springing up

Midst the grass that grows around,
Or beside the buttercup

On the daisy-dappled ground,

I admire thy tender stalk

And thy blossoms gemmed with dew ;
I love to see thee when I walk,

For I love the fragrance too—

That thy little flowers emit

From their tiny gold-eyed buds,
Borne on zephyr's balmy wings,
From the meadows, fields, and woods.

For sometimes midst the verdant grass

Thy little flowerets spring ;
And sometimes midst the coppice wood
Their sweets around they fling.

Bloom then, pretty cowslip, bloom,

In gardens, fields, or bowers,
And waft a fragrant mild perfume
From thy small bright-eyed flowers !

THE CONTRAST; OR, A WALK TO THE
SEA-SIDE.

“COME,” said papa, “we’ll take a walk,
And you may choose the way,
Along the smooth and pebbly shore,
Where the green billows play;
Unless, indeed, you would parade
Upon the public esplanade.”

“Thank you, papa!” exclaimed Maria,
“Then I prefer the beach,
That we may watch the sea-gulls white
Soar far beyond our reach;
Or listen to the murmuring roar
Of ocean’s waves along the shore.”

“But I,” said Caroline, “shall choose
The charming esplanade,
I like to see the ladies, who
Upon the walks parade:
Far more amusing this to me
Than always looking at the sea!”

“ Well,” said papa, “ to please you both,
Away to the parade:

When Caroline is satisfied,

And thinks that we have staid
As long as she would wish to do,
We can return by Gray-Cliff view.”

So having said, the little group

Proceeded on their way,
But Caroline's whole heart seemed full
Of fashion and display,
The dress of every passer by
Attracted her admiring eye.

“ Look ! look ! Maria,” she exclaimed,

“ Did you see *that* straw hat ?
I wish you had !—it well became

The little girl who sat
Upon the bench above the green,
The prettiest I have ever seen !

Now do, just do observe, my dear,

Those charming spencers too,—
What tasty trimmings!—but I think
The colour is too blue.

And then the fringe!—why it might vie
With the bright tints of yonder sky.

Look at those epaulets and bows
How well they match together!
And did you ever see, Maria,
A finer ostrich feather,
Or one more nicely curled, than that
Which Miss C— D— wore in her hat?"

Alas! Maria did not hear,
Her thoughts were far away,
Her eyes were turned towards the sea,
For there the sun's last ray,
Declining in the golden west,
Seemed e'en to hush the waves to rest.

"Look, Caroline, my love," said she,
"How soft the billows glide,
Along the surface of the sea,
Now that the winds subside!
How calm! how beautiful they are!
And yonder peeps the evening star.

Who, who can listen to the sound
Of the retiring waves,
Or watch the breakers' swift rebound,
Where crimson sea-weed laves
The pebbles on the rocky shore,
Tossing their white foam o'er and o'er—

Or for a single moment gaze
Upon the distant ocean,
Without adoring love and praise,
And feelings of devotion,
Or all its tints of green and gold,—
Its 'billowy boundlessness,' behold?"

"Those only who are void of taste
And every mental grace,"
Observed papa, "can turn their thoughts
To trimmings and to lace,
Whilst wandering upon ocean's shore
And listening to its ceaseless roar.

"Surrounded by the works of God,
We should his presence own,
'His path is in the watery deep,
His footsteps are not known.'

The Christian's thoughts to Him ascend,
He is *their* Author and *our* Friend.

“And you, my little Caroline,
I trust will strive to pray
That all your trifling notions soon
May vanish quite away ;
Then, like Maria's, *your* thoughts will rise
To Him who lives beyond the skies.”

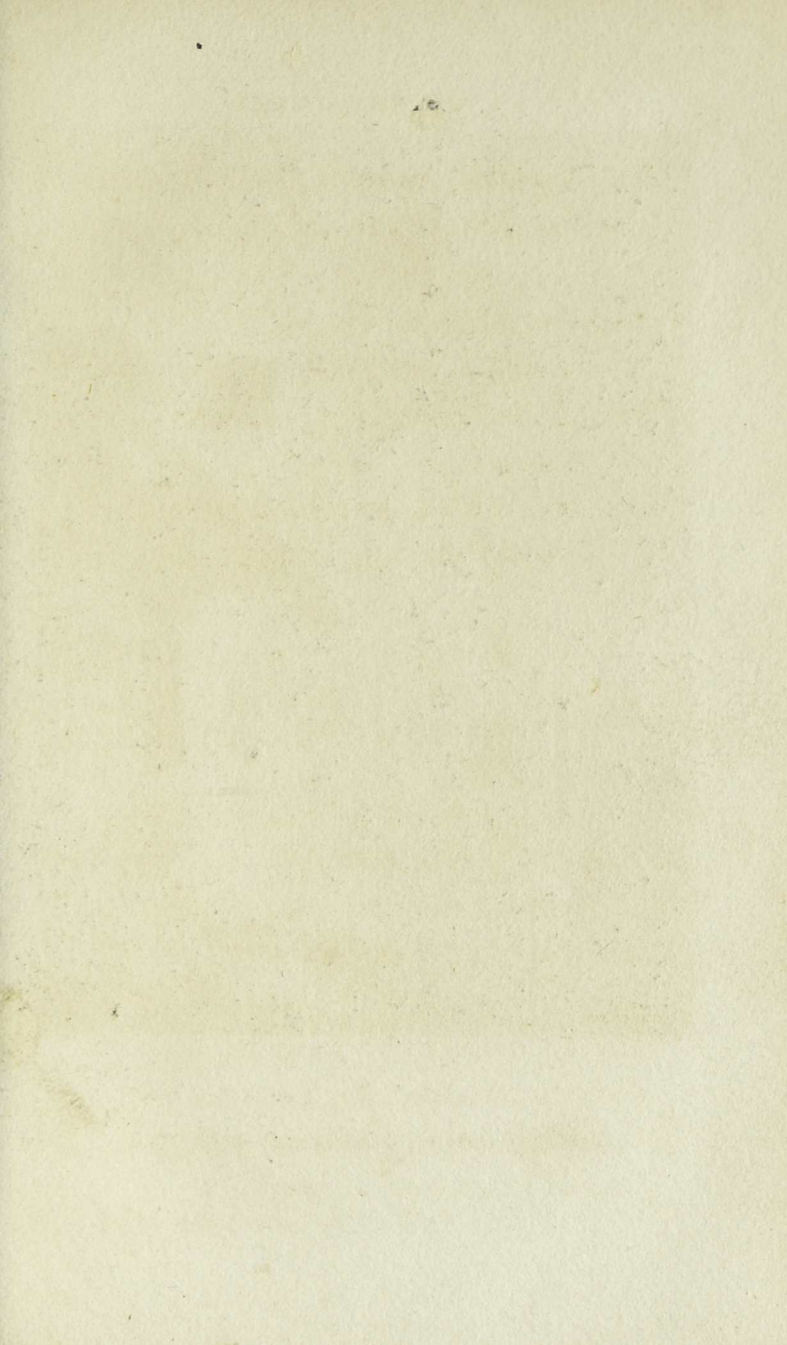
THE CONTENTED LITTLE SHEPHERD.

“WHAT are you doing?” said Mr. B.
To little Thomas Clepe.

“I'm rooting weeds, sir, as you see,
And guarding father's sheep.”

“And do you like this same employ
On each returning day ?

You, surely, rather would enjoy
A good long game of play.”





And guarding father's sheep. *see page 12.*

London: William Darton; 58, Holborn Hill

“ Why, sir, I do not know, I'm sure,
That that would be much better,
I like to watch my father's sheep,
Or follow them to tedder.”

“ Who is your father, little man ?”
“ His name is Isaac Clepe,
He lives in yonder white-washed cot
Beneath the hill so steep.”

“ Now tell me what your age may be ?”
“ Ten, sir, come Whitsuntide,
And, for the last two years or more,
My shepherd's crook I've plied.”

“ How long have you been working now ?”
“ Ever since six o'clock,
Rambling about this nice green hill,
And minding father's flock.”

“ You must be hungry, then, my dear ?”
“ Oh, turnips I can find,
You see, sir, there are plenty here,
Therefore I need not mind.”

“ And have you any playthings, Tom ? ”

“ Playthings, sir !—what are they ? ”

“ Why balls, and ninepins, bats and tops,
And hoops to bowl away.”

“ No, sir ! but I had once a whip,
That father bought for me,
And I've a rope, that I may skip,
When full of joy and glee.”

“ And are you satisfied with them,
Requiring nothing more ? ”

“ Oh, yes, sir, they are quite enough,
And better than a score.”

“ But should you like some money, Tom,
To buy a few plum-cakes ? ”

“ No, sir ! for mother now and then,
A good plum-pudding makes.”

“ Perhaps you would like a pocket-knife,
For cutting sticks in two,”

“ I have one, sir, and here it is,—
A very sharp one too.”

“Your shoes are full of holes, I see,
You want a better pair,”

“My mother bought some t' other day,
But they're for Sunday's wear.”

“Your hat is old and sadly torn,
Indeed 'tis quite a tatter.”

“I like as well to go without,
So, sir, it does not matter.”

“Why little Tom,” said Mr. B.
You're easily contented,”

“Aye, sir,” said he, “and that's the way,
That trouble is prevented.”



THE COMPLAINT OF A POOR LITTLE BIRD CONFINED IN A CAGE.

ONCE in the woods I used to fly,
And wave my feathers in the sky,
Or on the topmost spray
Of some tall bush delight to rest,
Then seek again my favorite nest,
And tune my sweetest lay.

But I shall never sing again,
Nor join the merry choral strain,
 In yonder hawthorn tree ;
In vain the foliage and the flowers
Adorn my native woodland bowers,
 They bloom not now for me !

Confined and caged, I live unseen,
And far from groves and hedges green,
 Day after day I pine,
Wishing that death might bring release,
For then would all my sorrows cease,
 And grief no more be mine !

THE BENEVOLENT GIRLS.

PLYING their busy needles, there,
 A group of girls are seen,
Each seeming anxious to outvie
The one whom she is seated by :
 Oh, what a happy scene !

But what can they be all about,
In earnest or in play?
Working some little dolls'-things perhaps,
Some frocks, or robes, or tasty caps,
To make them look quite gay.

“Oh, no, Miss H.” said Julia,
“They're not for them indeed,—
But we are making *baby*-clothes,
Intended to present to those
Who stand in greatest need.

“This cotton bed-gown is my share,
The cap belongs to Ann,
Louisa has a baby's shirt,
And Kate, that little tiny skirt,
Has but just now began.

“We like to help the poor, you know,
Who are so badly off,
And for the future, we intend,
That all the money we may spend,
Shall purchase print and cloth;

“ On purpose to make clothes for them,
So strong and warm, and new,
And every evening you shall see,
How very busy we can be,
With such a scheme in view !”

Oh, that the joy which Julia felt
To every one were known!
The “ luxury of doing good,”
All *might*, however, if they *would*,
Like her, pronounce their own.

GOD IS EVERY WHERE.

Not a perfume can breathe on the gale,
Not an insect can sport in the breeze,
Nor even a dew-drop exhale,
Nor a blossom unfold on the trees :
Not a sky-lark can mount in the air,
To carol its earliest lays,
Nor even a twinkling star
Diffuse all around its bright rays :

Not a winding brook murmur along,
Nor a flow'ret emerge from its bud,
Nor even a nightingale's song
Resound midst the trees in the wood :

Not a lambkin can skip in the mead,
Not a butterfly sport on the wing,
Nor even a tapering reed
Dip its leaves in the moss-covered spring :

Not a sound on the breeze can be borne,
Not a bee seek the flowery vale,
Nor even the ripe golden corn
Wave once in the soft summer gale :

Not a leaf can descend from its spray,
Not a May-fly dance over the stream,
Nor even a glow-worm display
Its transient, but beautiful gleam :

Not a child can sink softly to rest,
And awake in the morning again,
Nor an infant, whilst lulled on the breast
Of its mother, sweet slumber obtain,

Unknown to our Father in Heaven,
Who is present in every place,
Whose eye neither slumbers nor sleeps,
And whose "Essence pervadeth all space."

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

IN hat of straw, but loosely tied,
Skipping across the green,
With rosy cheeks, and artless air,
Young Marianne is seen.

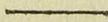
Tow'rds the corn-fields she bends her way,
While yet the rising sun
Tinges the east with blushing red,
His course but just begun.

And there in search of scattered grain,
That lies about the ground,
(Anxiously wishing to obtain
What little can be found,)

She lightly trips, devoid of care,
For, happily possessing
A cheerful and a thankful heart,
She wants no richer blessing.

Now, having filled her apron blue,
She hastens home once more,
And you might envy Marianne,
Although she is so poor.

For true substantial happiness
Must from contentment rise ;
Contentment proves a source of bliss,
And lasting joy supplies.



DAY.

THE sun is shining brightly,
And all is gay around,
Young lambs are frisking lightly,
About the dappled ground.

The village bells are ringing,
To welcome morn's return,
The thrush is sweetly singing
Upon its favorite thorn.

The flowers are all exhaling
Their perfumes to the breeze,
Whilst butterflies, regaling,
Flutter amongst the trees.

The little children merrily
Dance on the village green,
Or underneath the poplar tree,
In many a game are seen.

All, all around is full of joy,
Nature looks bright and gay,
And *I*'m a little happy boy,
Throughout the live-long day.

N I G H T.

THE stars are sparkling brightly,
Or twinkling up on high,
And little clouds are lightly
Flitting across the sky.

The moon is softly shining,
Shedding its pale blue light,
The evening bell is chiming,
To mark th' approach of night.

Nature, instead of smiling
In tints of emerald green,
The passing hours beguiling,
In one dark robe is seen.

The little birds are sleeping,
And sinking into rest,
The infant, tired of weeping,
Smiles on its mother's breast.

Whilst God, who lives above,
Beyond the sky so blue,
Watches, with guardian love,
Over both them and you.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL'S CRY.

To yonder woods I bent my way,
And there, upon the ground,
Amongst the campion's crimson bloom,
Or underneath the golden broom,
My strawberries I found.

Or midst the harebell's tapering leaves,
Of light and vivid green,
Or where the moneyworts display
Their yellow blossoms, bright and gay,
My strawberries were seen.

They're ripe, my lady, red and ripe,
Gathered this very morn,
Upon the woodland's sunny slope
They grew,—and, not devoid of hope,
I tripped across the lawn,

Thinking you perhaps would purchase some,
That I might buy a loaf,
To give to my poor widowed mother,
Who wants some bread, as well as brother,
And one would do for both.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

AMONG the myrtle bowers
 The humming bird is seen,
 Or fluttering midst the flowers
 Of some bright evergreen.

Or midst the wild festoon
 Of purple cogul gay,
 It spends its summer's noon
 In many a game of play.

Or on a citron's bough,
 Or midst some orange flowers,
 It lightly perches now,
 Then flits to yonder bowers.

Extracting all the sweets
 Their blossoms may exhale,
 And hastening to and fro
 Upon the morning gale.

Its brightly coloured vest
 The rainbow's hues outvie,
 And then its little crest
 Shines like a star on high.

Its wings, in constant motion,
Produce a humming sound,
Fluttering amongst the shrubs,
Or spinning round and round.

NOTE.—Humming birds are the smallest, and, at the same time, the most beautiful of all birds. They are natives of America, where they are seen in great numbers, fluttering from flower to flower, and extracting honey with their little bills, as the bees in this country do with their tiny trunks. The smallest of these beautiful little creatures is about the size of a hazel-nut. “The feathers on its wings and tail,” says Dr. Goldsmith, “are black, but those on its body and under its wings are of a greenish brown, with a fine red cast or gloss, which no silk or velvet can imitate. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom and as it were gilded at the top, and which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. The bill is black, straight, slender,

and of the length of a small pin. It is inconceivable how much these birds add to the high-finishing and beauty of a western landscape. As soon as the sun is risen, the humming birds of different kinds are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their colours, except by their glittering. They are never still, but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey as if with a kiss. For this purpose they are furnished with a forky tongue, that enters the nectary or honey-cup of the flower, and absorbs its sweets. Upon these alone they subsist : the rapid motion of their wings brings out a humming sound, from whence they derive their name ; for whatever divides the air swiftly must produce a murmur."

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

THE sky is dark—fast falls the snow
 Upon the sterile ground,
 And many a whirling gust doth blow
 The pale wan leaves around.
 The trees have lost their emerald green,
 And winter clothes the dreary scene.

The birds have fled the leafless groves,
 In search of warmer climes,
 Where, perhaps, eternal verdure reigns,
 And one long summer shines,
 Where gentle gales for ever play
 About the meads and gardens gay.

One tuneful chorister alone
 Is left to cheer me now,
 The robin's lay is all my own,—
 Regardless of the snow,
 To foreign lands *it* does not roam,
 But gives us pretty songs at home.

And welcome art thou, little Bob,
My daily meal to share,
Cruel, indeed, were it to rob
Thee of thy homely fare—
No! every morning there shall be
Some crumbs of bread or cake for thee;

As long as thou shalt choose to come,
And tune thy lively song,
Whilst perched upon my window sill,
Fearless of any wrong;
For now that flowers have lost their hue,
Now that the sky's no longer blue,

Thy music is more sweet to me
Than it before had been;
I listen to it with delight,
Regardless of the scene,
The wintry scene that lies around,
The snow that clothes the barren ground.

ADELAIDE.

ENTERING yonder cottage door,
 Whose lowly porch and casement too
 With fragrant flowers are cover'd o'er,
 The lively Adelaide you view.

What is it guides her wandering steps
 To such a little mean retreat?
 Is it the honeyed woodbine there,
 Or lavender and roses sweet,

That grow just by the narrow path,
 And scent the breeze that o'er them plays?
 Are these the objects that she wants,
 Did these attract her passing gaze?

No!—Adelaide is come to cheer
 An aged sufferer's lonely lot;
 For this she left her home so dear,
 For this she sought the straw-thatched
 cot.

She loves to soothe the plaint of woe,
And hapless poverty to bless,
To bid the smile of pleasure glow
On cheeks that sorrow's pillow press.

She reads the Bible, for she knows
That *there* is balm for every sorrow,
And that the widow's heart forlorn,
From *it* may consolation borrow.

With her own hands she tends the food
Her little basket had contained,
The sago-tea and toasted bread,
And nourishment of every kind.

Then smooths the pillow, and appears
Delighted when she hears the voice
Of one who, though advanced in years,
Can bid her youthful heart rejoice.

She speaks but faintly, whilst the tear
Of gratitude bedims her eyes,
And many warm and fervent prayers
To Heaven, for Adelaide arise.

Benevolence! what purer joy
Can animate the feeling breast?
Or what more free from all alloy,
Than the delightful consciousness
Of having mitigated pain,
Of having soothed a sufferer's woe?
NOTHING can equal the delight
Which *such* remembrance *must* bestow!

THE VIOLET.

THE violet is my favorite flower
Growing in yonder grassy bower,
For, though its little blossoms blue
Are carefully concealed from view—
And can, indeed, be scarcely seen
Amidst its leaves of vivid green,
Yet it is fragrant as the rose
That in the perfumed garden grows.
Retired and modest little flower,
Bloom on, in thy sequestered bower,

In thee a lovely type I see
Of genuine humility :

Humility that seeks not praise,
Nor any vanity displays,
But, by its own interior worth,
Love and regard elicits forth.

And I, without desiring fame,
Will henceforth seek and strive to gain,
The suffrage of the good and wise,
Who modest merit always prize.

THE LAPLANDER AND HIS REIN-DEER.

“COME, bring me my bear-skins, and haul
out the sledge,
And then yoke my sturdy rein-deer,
Replenish my brandy and travelling pouch,
That I may commence my career.”

Now all things completed,
The Laplander seated,

Glides swiftly across the smooth snows,
 Regardless of danger,
 A venturous ranger,
Over mountains, through valleys, he goes.
And merrily tunes, as he hastens along,
Some favorite ballad or popular song.

 A bird scarce could fly
 Through the cloud-covered sky
More rapidly than the rein-deer
 Skims over the plain,
 Whilst in search of wild game,
His owner admits not a fear:
And on as he travels, e'en mile after mile,
Requires no companion the hours to beguile.

 Not a shrub can he see
 Save the spiral fir-tree,
Or a few stunted plants on the plain,
 For so deep is the snow
 That no verdure can grow,
Or, at least, long its beauty retain,
In this uncongenial and desolate clime,
Where nothing can flourish or come to its
 prime.

And now having arrived
At his little wee hut,
Composed of some bark and a skin,
He exults in the thought
Of the treasures he's brought,
And thinks happiness waits upon him ;
He regards not the riches by others possest,
But, enjoying his own, thinks himself the
most blest.

And though we may deem
That the Laplander's scheme
Is not half so good as our own,
And though we may not
Desire just such a cot
To regard as our own cherish'd home,
One reflection at least from *his* lot may arise
That contentment the best source of pleasure
supplies.

NOTE.—The Laplanders inhabit a large country in the north of Europe. They are of a diminutive size, owing to the extreme cold of the climate ; but hospitable, generous,

and courageous, and particularly attached to their own habits of life. Their food consists of dried fish, and the flesh of bears, rein-deer, and other wild animals. Their habitations are composed of large poles, placed slanting in the ground, in the form of a circle, so that they meet at top, except a small opening, which is left for the smoke to pass through; the interstices on the sides are filled up with bark, the ground is covered with the branches of trees instead of a carpet, and the doors are made of a rein-deer skin. The usual mode of travelling, among the Laplanders, is in sledges drawn by rein-deer, and they will occasionally pass over hills and through valleys two hundred miles in the same straight course. You know that a coach or post-chaise would be of little use to them in crossing immense trackless deserts covered with snow, as the wheels would be soon clogged up and obstruct any further progress; but the sledge presents no inconvenience of this kind; it is made in the form of a boat, and is, conse-

quently, well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. When the Laplander wants to travel in search of game, or for any other purpose, he blows a horn to summon his favorite animal, harnesses it to the little carriage by means of two girths made of reindeer's skin leather, muffles himself up in his great bear's skin coat, jumps in, and is out of sight in a minute or two.

The rein-deer constitute the chief riches of the Laplanders; some of them possess from six or eight hundred to a thousand of these useful creatures, which never come under cover, but provide for themselves, living chiefly on a moss, called by botanists the *lichen rangeferinus*, which they dig from beneath the snow. They require, however, very little nourishment for their support, and are neat, clean, and entertaining animals. They resemble our red deer in colour and size, but their horns are larger and more crooked; and their eyelids are furnished with a kind of skin, through which they can peep, when other-

wise, in the hard snows, they would be compelled to close their eyes entirely; a singular instance of the wisdom and goodness of that great Being who provides for the wants of each creature according to its destined manner of living.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENTATION ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

BENEATH yon weeping willow-tree
My mother rests her head,
And many a little floweret there
Waves o'er her grassy bed.

I sigh when I remember all
Her kind maternal care—
She soothed my troubles, eased my pain,
Or taught me how to bear

With patience what I could not help,
And then with fond delight
Would strive t'amuse the passing hour
And make e'en sorrow bright.

Oh! she would share my infant joys,
And stroke my rosy face
When, full of play, I climbed her chair
To gain the wished embrace.

And oft with pencil in my hand,
Whilst seated on her knee,
She showed me how to draw a flower,
A rose-bud, or sweet-pea.

And then to prick it with a pin
Or touch it up with skill :
The dear mementos of those times
I fondly treasure still !

She taught me how to read, and when
I first essayed to write,
She kindly praised her little girl
And kissed her with delight.

And when my favorite hyacinth
Displayed its beauteous bloom,
I gathered it, and placed it in
Her little dressing-room.

And when she found it there she smiled
And thanked me for it too,
And I was glad that she admired
My hyacinth of blue.

Her gentle voice still seems to be
Resounding in my ear,
Her lovely smile I seem to see,
Now—rendered doubly dear.

But no!—the bright illusion soon
Has vanished quite away,
And all the solace I can find,
On each succeeding day,

Is to remember all her care,
Her tenderness and love;
But I will not repine, for now
She lives in Heaven above.

Sorrows and troubles are not known
In that delightful land,
For, all around the eternal Throne,
Ministering angels stand;

They wipe the tears from every eye,
And join in songs of praise
To God, who lives and reigns on high,
— Even to endless days.

THE OLD WELSH HARPER.

SEATED beneath a spreading helm
Upon the village green,
Striking his wild harp's loudest strings,
An aged minstrel's seen ;
And playful children, dancing round,
Are listening to the sprightly sound.

He tells the tales of other days,
Of days for ever gone,
Of heroes' deeds—of poets' lays,
Whose names are scarcely known,
For they rest in the silent grave
And over them no laurels wave.

“ And now say something of yourself,
Old man,” said little Jane,
“ Why with your harp you wander thus,
And why you hither came.

This will amuse us more than all
That might your brother bards befall."

To please the little listening group,
The minstrel seemed inclined—
"My locks are white, you see," said he,
"And wave in every wind."
And as he thus began to speak,
A tear ran down his furrowed cheek.

"I once was gay as you can be,
But forty summers bright
Have shone above my head," said he,
"Since that season of delight:
Then, o'er the Cambrian mountains blue,
And through the vallies bathed in dew,

"I followed all my father's flocks,
And tuned a rustic lay,
Climbing the rough and craggy rocks,
So bare, and wild and gray,
From early morn till eve or night,
When stars began to sparkle bright.

“And happy in my clay-built cot,
Amidst the mountains blue,
I envied not the rich man's lot
Nor treasures of Peru ;
Light-hearted, and devoid of sorrow,
I never fancied that the morrow

“ Might ope a source of pain or woe,
Or grief unknown before,
But so, my little friends, it was,
And joy was mine no more !
By poverty compelled to roam,
I therefore left my own dear home.

“ And with my favorite harp, whose strings
The passing hours beguile,
I wander now from place to place—
But love to see the smile
That glows upon the rosy cheek
Of her who bade me thus to speak.

“ For though I am a poor old man,
With beard and locks so gray,
My bosom thrills with fond delight
To see young children play.

For memory then recalls the hours
When *my* path too was strew'd with flowers."

As thus the aged minstrel spoke
He took his harp again,
And in pathetic accents broke
A melancholy strain;
The children hushed their joyful glee
And sat themselves beneath the tree,
Or clung around the old man's knee.

"How much I wish," said little Jane,
"That we could do him good,
We might, I think, at least obtain
A small sum if we would.
So let us from our little hoard
Contribute what we can afford."

The children, pleased with such a plan,
Emptied their humble store
Into the harper's trembling hand,
Resolved to spend no more
In trifles that could ne'er produce
A single thing of lasting use.

THE PEACOCK.

Look, Charlotte, under yonder trees
A graceful peacock's seen ;
Its plumage glitters in the sun,
Azure, and blue, and green.

Scarce could the rainbow's hues outvie
The colours that adorn
Its beauteous tail, as gracefully
It paces on the lawn.

Spangled with diamonds it seems,
Of sparkling lustre too,
And not the emerald could excel
Its tints of vivid hue.

But then how conscious it appears
Of its superb attire ;
It looks around as though to say
“ I like you to admire.”

And raises its discordant note,
In hopes that all who pass
Will turn towards it, and observe
It pace about the grass.

But so far from acquiring fame
E'en by its best attempt,
It only serves to raise disdain
Mingled with great contempt.

Let us remember, then, my love,
That any outward show,
When destitute of inward worth,
Can little bliss bestow.

Virtue and mental excellence
All ought to strive to win,
Regardless of exterior charms
If charms be found within.

NOTE.—The peacock, although long since naturalized, is not however a native of Europe. It was originally brought from the distant provinces of India. “Its matchless plumage,” observes a celebrated naturalist, “seems to combine all that delights the eye in the soft and delicate tints of the finest flowers, all that dazzles it in the sparkling lustre of the gems, and all that astonishes it in the grand display of the rainbow.”

PERSEVERANCE REQUISITE TO
SUCCESS.

MAMMA had told her little girls
That for a month to come
They might amuse and please themselves
While she was gone from home,
Provided an account were made
Of all that passed while out she staid.

The chaise had scarcely rolled along
The avenue of limes,
Before Amelia had exclaimed,
At least a hundred times,
“Oh how delightful it will be
To spend four weeks in joy and glee!”

So saying, she quickly went towards
The cheerful school-room, where,
Her pictures, drawings, books, and maps,
Occupied every chair :
Instead of putting them away
She told Maria she'd rather play.

Determined that just once at least
She would enjoy herself,
And that her sister, if she pleased,
Might place them on the shelf,
But, as for her, she should not take
The trouble such a job would make.

And then she reached her paint-box down
Meaning to paint a flower—
A pattern must of course be had,
So to the favorite bower
Across the lawn she quickly flew,
Meaning to gather one or two.

And first a lovely sweetbrier rose
With a hooked stick she caught,
But ere it reached her outstretched hand,
Of something else she thought.
“Oh, how much better would it be
To twine that woodbine round the tree.”

Her drawings quickly were forgotten,
For then in search of shreds,
Towards the gardener's house she went,
Jumping across the beds,

In such great haste to fetch them thence
As not to mind the box-hedge fence.

But, just as she had reached the door,
She saw the ragged frocks
That James's little daughters wore,
Their worn-out shoes and socks :
" Oh, now I know what I will do,"
Said she, " I'll make some clothes for you."

" Far more delightful this employ
Than nailing up a flower,
And I will get some print for frocks
Within the next half-hour."

But objects that we need not mention
Too soon attracted her attention.

The frocks were presently forgotten,
And little Ann and Jane,
Though hoping, wishing, longing too,
Had still to wear the same.
Thus rolled Amelia's month away
Entirely spent in trifling play.

Now let us to her sister turn,
To see if she enjoyed
The leisure hours of holiday,
And whether she employed
Her time in useless trifles too,
Intending what she'd never *do*.

No sooner was her mother gone
Than to her French she flies,
Resolving first to finish all
Her usual exercise.

And then she placed her books in order,
And after made a night-cap border

For a poor little infant's cap ;

And when all this was done,
She reached her tippet and her hat,

And towards the garden ran
Hoping to find some pinks in bloom
To ornament the drawing-room.

And then she twined the jessamine

So full of star-shaped flowers,
And bent its curling tendrils round

The painted trellis bowers,

And fancied that her favorite seat
Was now quite perfect, quite complete.

Then to the school-room she returned
Light hearted, void of care,
With rosy face and artless joy,
To paint a picture there,
Intended to adorn a fan
She meant to give her cousin Ann.

Whate'er Maria *once began*,
She always would *complete*,
Constantly acting on a plan
With prudent skill replete,
Whilst poor Amelia would *begin*,
But never *end* a single thing.

At length the holiday expired,
Mamma's return drew nigh,
And when the carriage came in sight
Amelia could but sigh
To think how she had thrown away
The hours of each succeeding day.

She scarcely could refrain indeed
From wishing, though in vain,
That she had, like Maria, tried
Her mother's praise to gain,
For *her* account completely proved
How much the time had been improved.

“You were allowed,” observed mamma,

“To choose your own employ,
But idleness can never bring

One particle of joy,
Nor perfect happiness bestow,
For memory turns the past to woe.

“Remember that success requires

Constant unwearied pains ;

’Tis *perseverance*, like Maria’s,

That commendation gains ;

Such perseverance well repays

Her efforts, and insures her praise.”

A MORNING IN SPRING.

DELIGHTFUL is the vernal morn

When leaves begin to deck the grove,
When dew-drops shine on every thorn
And birds sing songs of joy and love ;

When fields are clothed in cheerful green,
And little flowers begin to bloom,
Emerging from their tender buds
To fill the air with soft perfume ;

When busy bees begin to dip
Their tiny trunks in every flower ;
Now this, now that, they quickly sip,
Then fly away to yonder bower.

Delightful is the vernal morn

When little lambkins frisk along,
And skip across the daisied meads
As happy as the day is long ;

When rural sounds alone are heard
Such as the sheepfold's simple bell,
The shepherd's pipe, or lowing herd
Returning to their grassy dell ;

The babbling brook, or huntsman's horn
That loudly echoes far and wide ;
The hum of bees, or distant sound
Of hollow ocean's murmuring tide.

Delightful is the vernal morn
When the sweet skylark soars away,
And from her high aerial tour
Carols her loudest earliest lay ;

When labourers hastening to the fields,
Commence their agricultural toil,
To dig, to plough—or sow the seeds,
And fructify the barren soil ;

When tripping lightly with her pail
The blithe and rosy milkmaid's seen ;
While fragrance breathes in every gale,
And beauty gladdens every scene.

Delightful is the vernal morn
When nature smiles, for notes of joy
On every passing breeze are borne,
And happiness knows no alloy.

THE NAUTILUS.

ON the emerald billow sailing
The little Nautilus is seen,
Ocean's zephyrs soft inhaling,
Sporting on the waves of green.

All its tiny sails extended,
All its little oars outspread,
Well protected, well defended,
It rises from its watery bed,

And rows away devoid of terror
To catch the softly driving gale,
Fearing neither wind nor weather
Showers of rain, nor storms of hail.

Though not expected, storms *will* come,
And ruffle e'en the tranquil ocean,
Billows will rush, and waves will foam
In wildly turbulent commotion.

The little Nautilus, alarmed,
Then furls its sails as quick as light,
Pulls in its oars, and dives away,
Descending far from human sight.

But when the showers and storms are past
It quickly rises, and once more
Tilts o'er the rippling waves as fast
And happily as e'er before.

'Twas God, all glorious, great and good,
Who taught the Nautilus to sail,
To use its oars, to guide its boat,
And catch the gently passing gale.

Let us praise Him whose goodness made
All living creatures, and assigned
To each, of every form and class,
Comfort and happiness combined.

NOTE.—It is supposed that people first took the idea of sailing from a shell-fish, called the Paper Nautilus. This little animal inhabits a white delicate shell, and is furnished with eight arms or legs. When it intends to sail, it extends two of its arms on high above the water, and supports a thin membrane between them, which it throws out to serve as

a sail ; sometimes it hoists and spreads three of these little sails at once, whilst the two other arms hang out of the shell to be used as oars, and with these it rows itself on the water.

When the sea is calm, hundreds of these little creatures are often seen diverting themselves in this manner ; but as soon as a storm arises, or any danger approaches, they draw in their arms and take in as much water as makes them a little heavier than the sea-water in which they swim, and by that means sink to the bottom. When the storm is over and they wish to rise again, they expel this abundant water, through a number of holes which they have in their arms, and presently re-ascend to the surface.

SIMPLE SUSAN.

DANCING on the verdant green
Is little simple Susan seen,
Or twining perhaps some favorite flower
Around the rural trellis bower ;

Or in her frock of olive hue,
Her hat of straw, and apron blue,
Perhaps at her spinning-wheel she sings
While many a flow'ret round her springs ;

Or, with a basket on her arm
Homeward she hastens from the farm,
There having bought a little corn
To feed her bantams every morn ;

Or perhaps within the humble home,
From which her wishes never roam,
She lulls the little babe to rest
Or soothes it if it be distress ;

Or, perhaps she mends her father's hose,
Or else prepares his Sunday clothes ;
But always gay and full of glee
Is simple Susan known to be.

Content and happy, though so poor
She ne'er requires nor longs for more :
When such contentment is possess'd
The owner of it must be blest.

AN ACORN'S SOLILOQUY.

“How quickly does the rustling breeze
Strew the bright foliage round the trees,
 Yellow and brown, and green,
And all their naked boughs expose
To every pelting wind that blows
 The few last leaves between!

“The grass is withered, and the ground
Looks bare and sterile all around,
 Nor does one flower remain
With vivid tints to please the eye
Of any one who passes by
 Across the dreary plain.

“The little fieldmouse seeks in vain
'Midst the dead leaves some food to gain ;
 The squirrel, full of glee,
Skips merrily from bough to bough,
But neither nuts nor acorns now
 Are left upon the tree.

“For snow has robed the trees and plains,
Extensive desolation reigns—

And I remain alone
Trembling upon the topmost spray,
Soon, soon, alas ! to pass away,
Unheeded and unknown.

“But, since a little thing like me
Can of no lasting service be,
At this I must not wonder.”

As thus the little acorn spoke
A howling blast swept by the oak
And snapt its stalk asunder.

Into a hole it chanced to fall,
And there of course a thing so small,
For months unnoticed lay ;
But winter passed—and spring, again,
With beauty cheered the barren plain
And made the fields look gay.

The flow'rets peeped above the ground
Diffusing soft perfumes around,
With all their buds unrolled ;

Among the rest a little tree
Sprung up, so small you just could see
Its tiny leaves unfold.

Secluded from the public view
Amidst the coppice wood it grew
A little *wee wee* plant,
That scarce could with the daisy vie,
Or furnish shelter for a fly
If it should shelter want.

And many a revolving year
Passed swiftly on in its career,
Until at length the tree,
Though *once* so small, displayed a sight
That filled spectators with delight,
And squirrels too with glee.

Large and luxuriant branches spread
On every side above one's head,
And midst its foliage green,
A thousand warblers sweetly sang,
And with their notes the woodlands rang
Whilst they remained unseen.

That scaly trunk, those ample boughs,
Which from the tiny acorn rose,
 Will form a ship, I'm told ;
A ship to sail across the seas,
To bring us sugar, coffee, teas,
 Spice, diamonds, and gold.

Well, little reader, do you know
That as the oak, some years ago,
 Was but an acorn small,
And now a full-grown tree is found
Extending numerous branches round,
 And lending shade to all ;

So you, though once a little child,
When many a summer's sun has smiled
 May be a full-grown man :
If, like the acorn, you would thrive
You must, however, daily strive
 To do the best you can.

For, though you may not *now* produce
A single thing of lasting use,

You may in *future years* ;
And earnestly we hope and pray
That then you amply may repay
Your parents' hopes and fears.

CAROLINE.

AND who is this with rosy cheeks,
And curling auburn hair ?
A little sparkling blue-eyed maid
E'en as the lilly fair.

It is the lovely Caroline !
—Lightly she trips along,
Dancing about the verdant grass
And singing many a song.

In youthful accents full of joy
And innocent delight—
Her little life knows no alloy,
Her sun is always bright.

And now she tends her favorite flowers
That peep above the mould,
Anxious to view their opening leaves
And see their buds unfold:

Anxious to mark their varied tints,
Emerging from the green,
To fill the air with balmy sweets
And beautify the scene.

Sweet girl! thou art thyself a flower
Advancing towards thy prime,
One destined too, to bloom beyond
The fading flowers of time.

And when the roses that bespread
Thy little laughing face,
Have lost their bloom, may *they*, my love,
To higher charms give place.

And may thy daily thoughts ascend
To worlds beyond the tomb,
And look towards the heavenly joys
Which there *for ever* bloom.



Disrobing the meadows and covering the fields.
see page 65.

London: William Darton; 58, Holborn Hill.

HAYMAKING TIME.

It was summer, all nature looked lovely and gay,
The trees were enveloped in green ;
Little birds sang in chorus on every spray,
And enlivened the beautiful scene.

The vernal grass quivered in every breeze,
And wild dog-roses grew in the wood,
Sweet flowers wafted fragrance, delighting the
bees
With supplies of mellifluent food.

Not a sound could be heard save the song of the
bird,
Or the accents of infantile glee ;
For 'twas haymaking time, and the hay-
makers all
Were as busy as busy could be.

The sharp crooked scythe of the labourer was
seen
Swiftly mowing the richly grown grass,
Disrobing the meadows and covering the fields
With loose herbage, as quickly they pass,

Men following the mowers, with forks in their
hands,

Who scatter the grass all around,
Whilst rosy girls gaily continue the work,
And ply rakes o'er the soft verdant ground.

'Twas delightful to witness so busy a scene,
And to wander amidst the sweet hay,
And as often as spring clothes the meadows
with green,

I shall think of the haymaking day.

NOTE.—When grass is first cut down it is full of moisture; this moisture is called sap. While the sap remains in the grass it will not keep. If it were made into a rick it would soon spoil, and become unfit for any useful purpose. People, called haymakers, are therefore employed by the farmer, to spread and turn it about in the fields as soon as it is mown, that the sun and wind may dry it; when it is perfectly dry there is no longer any danger, and it may be stacked, and kept for a very

long time. This is prudent foresight on the part of the farmer, for he knows that as there is a great deal of grass in the summer, and but little in winter, that if he did not reserve a store of hay, his horses would at one time have more than they could eat, and at another time they would starve. That great and good Being, who caused the grass to grow, gives enough for the whole year, but then he requires of us that we should, in the season of abundance, lay up for the time of need.

PROCRASTINATION.

“THE wind will break the stalk, I fear,
Of your fine clove carnation ;
I think you'd better run, my dear,
Just through the new plantation,
And tie it up ere yet too late.”
Said Mrs. G. to little Kate.

Now Kate, though candid, generous,
Affectionate, and kind,
Of one sad failing was possess'd,—
A failing all should mind
To guard against in early life,
Because it is with sorrow rife.

Whatever she might have to do
She always would incline
To put it off a little while,
Against another time.

“I am sure *to-morrow*,” she would say,
“Will do as nicely as *to-day*.”

So, acting on her usual plan,
She left her favorite flower;
The wind, alas! swept rudely by,
And, within half an hour
After the time her mother spoke,
For want of care, the stalk was broke.

Nor was this all, for Kate possess'd
A beautiful canary,
And, just at first, she took great care
To feed and tend it daily;

Sprinkling the cage with sand so clean,
And decking it with groundsel green.

Too soon, however, she began
To think another day
Would do as nicely as *just then*,
And that she'd rather play
Than carry linseed to her bird,
"No matter if it were deferred."

Alas! experience quickly proved
Canaries must be fed,
To-morrow came, and Kate was told
That little Dick was dead.
She then in vain bewailed its fate
And owned it was indeed *too late*.

One day she was to take a ride,
To visit Vincent's rock;
The morning came, and Kate was called
At half-past six o'clock.
"Oh dear," said she, "it is not late,
I'm sure I shall be dressed by eight."

And then she closed her eyes again
To take a little nap ;
The clock struck seven, Betty came,
And with another tap
Disturbed poor little Kate's repose,
And half asleep at length she rose.

But now she just bethought herself,
That, on the previous night,
Instead of having looked her things,
And placed them all quite right,
She had, with her well-known delay,
Deferr'd it till the following day.

The pealing breakfast-bell was heard
Before her stays were laced,
And then her sash could not be found,
For all things were displaced
In searching for a silver hasp
Belonging to her bracelet clasp.

The carriage wheels, now rolling near,
Enter'd the outer gate,
And every one was quickly in,
Except poor little Kate.

Though dressed, she had mislaid her shoe,
And lost the string that tied it too.

And now she wept and sighed in vain,

But useless was her sorrow;

"I never will defer again,"

Said she, "until to-morrow,
Whatever should be done to-day,
Whether in school-time or in play.

'Twas owing to procrastination

That my canary died,

And that I lost my clove carnation,

And now the pleasant ride

I might have had this lovely morn,

Instead of sitting here forlorn."

May all who hear of little Kate

Remember that delay

Will certainly, or soon, or late,—

Though which I cannot say,—

Open a source of grief or woe,

For no real joy can *it* bestow.

We know not that to-morrow's sun
For us will ever rise,
And earnestly we ought to catch
Each moment as it flies.
For time itself will soon be o'er,
And e'en *to-day* be ours no more.

THE DEW-DROP.

GLITTERING on a lovely rose,
That fragrance round it threw,
I saw a drop, and found it was
A pearly drop of dew.

Sparkling on a tender stalk
That bent towards the ground,
And hung across the gravel walk,
A drop of dew I found.

Shining in the morning sun
And, like a diamond bright,
On a sweet violet, there was one,
One little dew-drop light.

Glittering on each blade of grass,
Like pearls of orient hue,
Tiny drops are thickly strung,
And they are drops of dew.

NOTE.—The heat of the sun during the day evaporates the moisture that is in the earth, and this evaporation, when condensed into small drops of water, is called *dew*.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

THE sun had set, the cold wind blew
In many a hollow blast,
And, from the trees, the wan leaves flew,
As it drove quickly past.

Thick chilling mists obscur'd the road,
And not one star appear'd
To shew the wanderer his abode,
The home that love endear'd.

Bending beneath his load of furze,
He sought the path in vain,
For quickly fell large flakes of snow,
And pelting was the rain.

He thought of all the joys of home,
The pleasures there in store;
His rosy children, full of play,
Some prattling on the floor,

And others round their mother's chair
Dancing away with glee,
Whilst she caress'd the lovely babe
That slept upon her knee.

Louder the pealing tempest swept
Across the gloomy sky,
Of every hope he seemed bereft,
Nor light could he descry.

Poor weary wanderer! there is One
Can soothe the billowy main,
Can still the rolling tempest's rage,
And bid it sleep again.

This thought, and this alone, had power
His sinking heart to cheer;
He roused himself, and sought, once more,
The path, devoid of fear.

Fresh hope inspired his sorrowing breast,
Right onward as he hied,
And, presently, a glimmering light
His aching eye descried.

He bent towards it, full of joy—
It was the well-known spot!
Shaded between two chesnut trees
Appear'd his little cot.

The home of peace and happiness,—
And sweet his welcome there,
Sweet the affectionate caress,
And sweet the homely fare

Prepared by her whose anxious heart
Had thrilled with hope and fears
For one whom she had fondly loved
Many revolving years.

Whene'er with sorrow overcast,
Let us on Him depend,
Who, as he cheer'd the wanderer's path,
Can consolation send.

ALFRED AND HIS SQUIRREL.

LITTLE Alfred, in search of wild berries and
nuts,

In the forests and woods would delightedly
roam,

Enjoying the pleasures that nature affords,

Unmindful of hunger, unmindful of home.

His attention was one day arrested by seeing

A beautiful animal climb a tall tree,

And amidst the green boughs it was merrily
leaping,

And enjoying itself in no common degree.

He observed all its motions with joy and
delight,

And watched it pick acorns and hazel-nuts
too,

Then scamper away to some old hollow trunk,

And carefully try to secure them from view.

“But what is this beautiful animal called,
 With its bright sparkling eyes, and its long
 bushy tail?”

Said he, to a man who was felling an oak
 That grew a few yards farther on in the vale.

“A Squirrel! a Squirrel, sir!—do you not
 know

That that is its name? and it lays up a store
 Of acorns and nuts, that when winter winds
 blow,

And it is unable to find any more,

It may have a supply for itself and its young,
 To preserve them from hunger, and furnish
 them food, [snow,

For in winter the trees will be cover'd with
 And no acorns or nuts will be left in the
 wood.”

What is it that teaches the Squirrel to take
 Such pains in procuring an ample supply,
 Against that cold season when large snowy
 flakes [sky?

Will rapidly fall through the cloud-cover'd

What is it that teaches th' industrious bee
To dip its proboscis in every flower,
Collecting its sweets, and then flying away
To the next fragrant woodbine or jessamine
bower?

What is it that teaches the robin to build
Its nest in some corner secured from the view,
Where no rude hand can touch it—no cat can
attempt
To reach or destroy it—or rend it in two?

What is it that teaches the swallow to seek
A warm southern climate when winter
is come, take wing,
And, when summer approaches, again to
And return back to England, its own native
home?

It is *instinct* that guides both the robin and
bee,
And that teaches the squirrel to make
stores in time: [low,
It is instinct conducts the far wandering swal-
And brings it back safe to its own native clime.

This instinct is given by God to all creatures,
For their comforts and also their young to
provide;

They are guided by instinct, as people by reason,
Though reason and instinct seem sometimes
allied.

It does not depend on instruction from others,
'Tis a gift which no study or toil can acquire;
'Tis implanted by nature, in order to furnish
All the comforts and joys living creatures
require.

NOTE.—Swallows, as well as Martins, Storks, Cuckoos, and many other birds, are called *birds of passage*: that is, they go to different countries according to the seasons of the year. Swallows, for instance, assemble together in large flocks, towards the end of October, and fly across the sea to spend the winter in some warmer climate than that of England, and return again about the beginning of May. They are peculiarly adapted for their habits

of life, which lead them to be almost constantly on the wing; their bodies being very light and small, and their wings long in proportion, they are enabled to fly with great ease and celerity; whilst, as they have little occasion to be on the ground, their legs are short and not very well adapted for walking.

The more notice we take of the objects around us, the more reason we shall have for admiring the wonderful wisdom and goodness of that Being who has equally adapted every bird, and indeed every animal, to the state for which He designed it.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

“FAR, far have I wander'd this cold dewy morn,
 Notwithstanding the clouds that enveloped
 the sky,
 Notwithstanding the hail, and the rain, and the
 snow, [by.
 And the cold wintry blast that swept hastily

I sought for the winding brook under the hill,
In order to gather my water-cress green ;
But there was not sufficient my basket to fill,
Although 'tis the finest that ever was seen.

I hope you will give me a penny or two,
To buy some brown bread, for my mammy is
poor,
And unable to furnish her children with food ;
So, lady, don't turn me away from your door."

The lively young Harriet, hearing the voice
Of the poor little wanderer, hastily flew
Tow'rd's the open hall door, and was highly
rejoiced
To exhibit a bright silver sixpence to view.

The cheeks of the grateful girl glowed with
delight,
And those of the generous Harriet as well ;
What pleasure we feel when we try to do right,
The kind and compassionate only can tell !

THE RAINBOW.

WHAT is yonder beauteous bow,
 Spanning the sky so blue?
 How brightly all its colours glow,
 Of every varied hue!

The violet soft, and indigo
 Purple, and emerald green,
 Orange, and red, and yellow too,
 Are there distinctly seen.

The sunbeams glisten on the trees,
 Whilst drops of gentle rain
 Patter amongst their foliage,
 And reach the earth again.

Meantime that grand ethereal bow
 Adorns the distant scene,
 Crossing the mountain, fields, and woods,
 And bending o'er the green.

What is it, with its colours bright
 And beauteous to behold?
 Filling spectators with delight,—
 But transient as the gold—

The gold and azure that adorn
The west, when sunset gleams,
And yonder village spire is tipped
With its declining beams :

And transient as the blushing red
That tints the eastern sky,
When you are in your downy bed
Unconscious morn is nigh.

For there! e'en whilst we gaze, it fades,
And vanishes away ;
The bright enchantment disappears
With all its colours gay!

It hastens with the passing shower,
And is beheld no more,
Although the sunbeams glisten still
As brightly as before.—

Those sunbeams caused that bow, my love,
Shining on drops of rain ;
And soon as they have ceased to fall
We seek for it in vain.

The rainbow as a pledge is sent,
That, until Time be past,
So long shall God's Almighty power,
Mercy, and goodness, last.

NOTE.—The rainbow is never seen but in the time of rain, and when the sun shines. It is a meteor, in the form of half a circle, and is always seen in that point of the heavens which is opposite to the sun; and it is caused by the rays of the sun, falling on drops of water, and reflected to the eye of the spectator.

We are told, in the Bible, that the rainbow was placed, in the clouds, as a token of God's covenant between himself and every living creature, "that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." What a sublime emblem of hope is this phenomenon, alike consonant with nature and with reason!

This reflection should excite our gratitude to that great and good Being, who so often renews a covenant of kindness and mercy, by causing the frequent appearance of a spectacle at once so beautiful and so interesting.

GRIEF.

THE tear that glistens in my Lucy's eye
 Is not unnoticed by her Friend in Heaven ;
 For he will listen to the Orphan's cry,
 And soothe the grief that was in mercy given,
 To wean her, perhaps, from what she loved
 too well, [soar,
 To teach her thoughts beyond the tomb to
 To that bright land where saints and angels
 dwell, [more.
 And where such sorrows can be known no

THE THREE LITTLE GARDENERS.

By the thick foliage of some trees,
 The pine, and fir, and yew,
 Louisa's garden lies concealed,
 And screen'd from public view ;
 Close by a little rivulet springs,—
 And midst the shrubs the linnet sings.

Just underneath the greenhouse wall,
Fronting the morning sun,
Is Adelaide's small spot of ground—
A very favorite one !
There she delights to tend her flowers
And twine their tendrils round her bowers.
Shaded behind a laurel hedge,
Whose shining leaves outvie
The verdure of the meadows green,
Does Ellen's garden lie;
Containing flowers of every hue,
Orange, and pink, and red, and blue.
There the three sisters love to work
On every summer's morn,
Rearing their plants of tender growth,
And striving to adorn
Their little beds with flow'rets sweet,
Trimming them all with order neat.
Nor do they strive or work in vain,
For there the Chinese rose,
The mignonette, and jessamine,
Their soft perfumes disclose ;

And aster rears its crimson crown,
Raised from the seeds which they have
sown.

The fragrant pink and woodbine too
Perfume the passing gale,
And there the modest hearts-ease grows
Beside the wax-wort pale ;
As well as lupins, and sweet-peas,
And all that, by their beauty, please.

Wandering along the nut-tree walk,
Mamma one day passed by,
When they were busily employed,
Unconscious she was nigh ;
She stopped, and watched them for
awhile,
But soon attracted Ellen's smile.

The little watering-pot was placed
Upon the grass-plot green,
And tow'rds her dear mamma she flew,
Who clasped her hand between

Her own; and thus began to talk,
Whilst pacing on the gravel walk:

“You sow your seeds, and tend your flowers,”

Said she, “but do you know,
Who kindly makes the product ours,
And causes them to grow?

Who waters them with genial rain,
That you may not have toil'd in vain?

“Who causes them to rise above
The surface of the mould?

Who strikes out little fibrous roots,
And makes their leaves unfold?

Who colours every flower we see,
And robes with foliage every tree?

“God, who is wise, and great, and good,
Caused them to grow and bloom;

He tinged their petals, clothed their sprays,
And gave them their perfume;

He made the world, and all we see,
As well as every flower and tree.

“In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There, in majestic power, He reigns
An ever-present God :”*
And He is worthy of our praise,
For wonderful are all His ways.

HARVEST-HOME.

THE golden corn that, lately,
Had rustled in the breeze,
Contributing so greatly
The wanderer's eye to please,

Underneath the reapinghook
Has bent towards the ground,
And now, in many a yellow shock,
About the fields is found.

The waggon, loaded heavily,
Is passing slowly by,
And men and boys are merrily
Piling the corn on high.

* Taylor.

And now 'tis slowly bending
To yonder distant farm,
The farmer there intending
To place it in a barn.

The boys are all exclaiming
That harvest-home is come!
The gleaners all are claiming
The remainder as their own.

And little rosy urchins
Wander about the fields,
To pick the scattered ears,
—A gift that harvest yields.

The greatest joy of reapers
Is Harvest-home to sing;
The greatest joy of gleaners,
A little corn to bring.

THE PEARL BRACELET.

THESE little pearls of orient hue,
 That in my bracelet shine,
 Once lay concealed from mortal view,
 An oyster-shell their shrine :

Midst coral groves, in ocean deep,
 Where yellow sea-weed eaves ;
 The rocks fantastic, wild, and steep,
 Amongst the eddy waves.

Or, where the tide delights to play
 Upon the sandy coast,
 Concealed amongst the pebbles white,
 Or midst the billows tost,

The beauties of my little pearls
 Were for a time unknown,
 Till human hands descried their shell,
 And made them all my own.

NOTE.—Those little white shining things,
 known by the name of pearls, are found in

the shell of a peculiar species of oyster, usually called the pearl-oyster. The pearl-oysters inhabit the seas on the coast of Persia, and of the Island of Ceylon in the East Indies. Spring is the proper season for procuring them; and two or three hundred little boats are sometimes to be seen at once sailing towards the rocks where the fish are supposed to be, with only two fishermen in each. Having arrived at their place of destination, they cast anchor, and each diver ties a large stone under his arm, to prevent his being driven away by the violence of the water, and also to enable him to walk more steadily amongst the waves; besides this, he ties another heavy stone to one foot, in order that he may sink to the bottom of the sea; and, as the oysters generally adhere closely to the rocks, he defends his hands and arms with thick leather gloves, and takes an iron rake to displace them with: lastly, he is furnished with a large net, which is tied to his neck by a long cord, the other end being

fastened to the side of his little bark. The net is intended to contain the oysters he may collect; and the cord is for the other fisherman to pull him up by, when his bag is full or when he wants air. Thus equipped, he throws himself out of his little boat into the sea; and no sooner arrives at the bottom, than he begins to tear them off the rocks with his iron rake, and to place them in his bag. When he has collected as many as he well can at one time, the other fisherman draws him up again. But it is a dangerous undertaking, and we can scarcely refrain from wishing that the poor divers had some better means of procuring subsistence for themselves and their families, than what arises from an employ so prejudicial to their health, and, at the same time, hazardous to their lives.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

EVENING was come, and twilight gray
Had clothed the distant scene ;
The trees no longer seemed to wear
A robe of emerald green ;
The setting sun had sunk afar,
And mildly shone the evening star.

The curtains all were closely drawn,
The sofa wheeled around,
The blazing fire more brightly burned
Its warmth more cheering found ;
And little voices, full of glee,
Were heard conversing merrily.

To me, it was a charming sight
To see a group at play,
Dancing, with infantile delight,
Upon the carpet gay ;
Or, sometimes running breathless by,
With mimic fear and sparkling eye:

And, as I watched this youthful band,
I saw the mother's cheeks
Glow with maternal fondness, whilst
She shared their lively freaks,
Or kissed her little rosy boy
Exulting in his artless joy.

“ Now tell me all about their play,”
Some little girl exclaims,
“ Describe their various sports to me,
And mention all their names :
You smile, but you can surely try
A proper answer to supply.”

First on the list, then, Clara came,
With modest beauty blushing,
And with the pencil in her hand
A picture she was touching,
A little cot, beside a hill,
Sprung up beneath her magic skill :

Fanny and Jane, for blindman's buff,
Left their dissected map ;
And Henry beat his new-bought drum
With no ungentle tap,

Delighted with its clamorous sound
And gaily hastening round and round—

The little chair, where Lucy sat,
Her favorite doll caressing,
Or dancing it upon her lap,
And all its ringlets dressing,
Smoothing its curls of auburn hue,
And tying on its bonnet blue.

Reposing on its mother's breast,
The smiling infant lay,
Ringing its little coral bells,
Till even tired of play :
Delightful was the busy scene,
Such as I seldom since have seen !

And, as I eyed the youthful group
With interest and with joy,
I fondly wished their happiness
Might never know alloy,
And that, as they in stature grew,
They might advance in wisdom too.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

“ WELCOME most delightful day,
The twenty-first is come!
Now for holiday and play,
And all the joys of home :

“ ’Tis true the fields are robed in snow,
And loudly blows the wind,
But Christmas is arrived, you know,
Therefore we need not mind :”

Exclaimed Maria, as, full of glee,
She skipped across the room,
Whilst Jane, in chorus merrily,
Sang “ Happy, happy home!”

“ The carriage will be soon in sight,
Oh, hasten ! quickly drive :
What joy, what gladness, what delight
At home, when we arrive !

“Hark! now the rolling wheels are heard,
And we shall soon be seated,
Mamma will soon embrace us both,
Her every wish completed.

“Papa will kiss us with delight,
And little Frederick cling;
Winter itself will then seem bright,
And charming as the spring!

“Oh, happy, happy, happy home!
What joy is *there* in store!
The Christmas holidays are come,—
And I can wish no more.”

THE ROSE.

GROWING on a slender stem,
An opening flower is seen,
A dewdrop, like a diadem,
Adorns its calyx green.

Emerging from the velvet moss,
Its crimson leaves disclose,
And fragrance, on the zephyr brought,
Tells me it is a rose.

Sweet flower, thy bloom is transient,
For ere tomorrow morn,
Thou mayst have drooped, and left thy stem,
Deserted and forlorn.

So, when a few short months are past,
The joys of youth will fly,
Then let us seek for those which last,—
Pleasures that never die!

WHAT IS MEMORY?

THINK of all the joys, my Emma,
That beguiled your youthful hours ;
Surely you can truly say
That time for you has trod on flowers!

Think how your little heart exulted,
When, full of innocence and glee,
A lively, playful, smiling girl,
You used to climb your father's knee :

Or softly, gently, touch his coat,
And then retreat with mimic fear,
Whilst he would just extend his hand,
To catch you if you came too near.

Think of the infantile delight
With which you ran about the fields,
Admiring the blue sky so bright,
And all the beauties summer yields.

Think with what joy you used to listen
To every little warbling bird,
And how your sparkling eyes would glisten
Whene'er the skylark's song was heard.

Think how you once would love to fill
Your little basket full of flowers,
When rambling on yon verdant hill,
Or through our favorite woodland bowers.

And, in retracing all these joys,
Although they may remain untold,
You'll feel, my love, that MEMORY
Is something in the heart enrolled.

A *something* that delights to dwell,
On pleasures that have long since flown,
And though they *were* and now *are* not,
'Twill make them still appear your own.

BIRDS.

PEEPING from its ivied tower,
When darkness robes the summer scene,
The Owl, to hail the evening hour,
Pours forth its loud discordant scream.

In the woodland vales among,
Or in some sequestered grove,
Resounds the Linnet's vernal song,
Telling its tales of tender love.

Bosomed in the lofty elm,
Or amidst its foliage green,
Or rocking on the topmost bough,
The busy, cawing Rook is seen.

Tapping some old hollow trunk,
In search of tiny insects there,
The timid Wood-pecker attempts
To procure its favorite fare.

Quickly o'er the impurpled heath,
Or common, will the Lapwing run,
Thus practising parental care,
T'allure the schoolboy from its young.

High in air the Skylark chants
Its melodious morning song,
Whilst every note is gently borne
Upon the passing gale along.

Perched upon a holly bush,
Or on the top of some high tree,
Far removed from scenes of noise,
The Thrush pours forth its melody.

Down in yonder leafy vale,
And just at the decline of day,
Is heard the lovely Nightingale
Carolling her evening lay.

When winter's snows have robed the fields,
The little "bird with bosom red"
Hovers about our window sills,
Beseeching us for crumbs of bread.

On the surface of the lake
The Swallow dips her pointed wing,
Or, far above the poplar trees,
Sports in many an airy ring.

Underneath our cottage eaves,
The Sparrow builds its little nest,
Of feathers, hay, and withered leaves,
A safe retreat for peace and rest.

From the thistle's downy seed,
That grows in some secluded lane,
The Goldfinch, singing songs of joy,
Seeks its daily food to gain.

Not a single bird can sing,
Nor for a moment wave its wing,
Unseen by God on high ;
HE causes them, in tuneful lays,
To chant their songs of joy and praise,
And flit along the sky.

GIPSIES.

SEATED on her weary ass,
Let the little gipsy pass,
Look, Eliza, what a troop !
Fathers, mothers, girls, and boys,
Making such a jabbering noise ;
What a strange and motley group !

Yonder rides an aged man,
Perhaps the father of the clan,
And the little baby there,
In its mother's tattered hood,
Would assure you, if it could,
That it sits devoid of care.

Then the other asses bring
The tinker's tools, and every thing
That the gipsies may possess,
Blankets, bellows, pots of tin,
Rugs to wrap their children in,
And their articles of dress.

Now they enter yonder field,
And pull what stakes the hedges yield,
To hoist their wretched tent:
Upon the ground some straw they spread,
And with a blanket form the bed,
With which they're well content.

Some sticks compose their little fire,
Some tattered rags their poor attire,—
But they are full of glee,
Sleeping the live-long night away,
And then, throughout the live-long day,
Rejoicing merrily.

For, being destitute of care,
And satisfied with homely fare,

They seldom taste of sorrow ;
Today they live on what they find,
But, to the future ever blind,
Ne'er think upon the morrow.

EMMA'S GRAVE.

SURROUNDED by some aged elms,
Yon ruined gothic tower uprears
Its turrets, thickly overgrown
With the gray moss of countless years.

One eve the sunbeams lingered still,
When the tall trees their branches wave,
And tinged the grass and flowers that grew,
Upon a little infant's grave.

Lucy and Anna wandering by,
Seated themselves a moment there,
Read little Emma's name, and sighed,
For fondly they remembered her.

“ Only one summer’s sun had smiled,”
Said Lucy, “ ere the lovely babe,
Snatched from its tender mother’s arms,
Slept in this lowly silent grave.

“ We know not, Anna, that another
Shall smile, ere *we* may there repose ;
For, transient as the summer flower,
And short-lived as the summer rose,

“ May be the bloom of health and joy,
That we have hitherto possest :
Then let us, love, in future strive
To be prepared for endless rest :

“ Let us endeavour to improve
Each passing moment as it flies,
That we may meet our darling Emma,
And live with her beyond the skies.”

SPRING.

A ROBE of light and emerald green
Adorns the fields and meadows gay,
And many flow'rets peep between,
Their opening beauties to display.

The hawthorn, decked in snowy white,
Imparts its fragrance to the breeze,
The golden broom, and bluebell bright,
Blossom beneath the hazel trees.

The skies have lost their wintry gloom,
The chilling blasts have flown away,
The snow has disappeared from view,
Nor longer covers every spray.

The cuckoo's merry strain is heard,
Hailing the time of vernal flowers,
The skylark's early carol too,
Chanted above our cottage bowers.

The young lambs frisk about with joy,
The feathered choir most sweetly sing,
And seem as glad as we can be
To welcome the return of Spring.

SUMMER.

THE gayest flowers are now in bloom ;
The woodbine, and the Provence rose
Fill the soft air with mild perfume,
And all their balmy sweets disclose.

The grazing flocks are homeward driven ;
And there the shearer's sounding shears
Clip their soft fleece, so thick and white,
Regardless of their timid fears.

Bright verdure clothes the fields around,
And merry lads and lasses gay
Scatter the grass about the ground,
And quickly turn it into hay.

The yellow corn is nearly ripe,
 Waving across the harvest field,
And soon the busy reapers will
 Their sharp and bending sickles wield:

For Summer has commenced her reign,
 Our fruits are tinged with roseate hue,
Our flowers display their loveliest tints,
 And every scene delights our view!

A U T U M N.

Now, hastening towards the harvest field,
 Observe the busy reapers go,
With sickles in their sunburnt hands,
 Ere long to lay its produce low.

Soon the waggon, heavy laden,
 Will bear it to yon distant farm,
When the men, with forks, will pile it
 In the large and useful barn.

Then the little rosy gleaners
Will toil upon the stubble ground,
Anxious to pick the scattered ears
That happen to be dropped around.

Autumn, clothed in varying tints,
Has her delightful reign begun;
Yonder sport the active swallows,
Whose swiftness is excelled by none:

Ere long to foreign climes they'll steer
Their venturous course, and there remain
Until the spring shall reappear,
And vernal beauty smile again.

W I N T E R.

Now the foliage of the trees
Is thickly scattered o'er the ground,
And every wind, or whispering breeze,
Strews the remaining leaves around.

Winter approaches, frost and snows
Clothe each forsaken bough and spray,
And loud the pealing tempest blows
Throughout the short and gloomy day.

One sheet of ice is yonder pond,
And there the boys delight to slide,
Or else, equipped in iron skates,
Across its frozen surface glide.

Shivering along the dirty street,
The little barefoot beggar goes,
No cheerful home has he to seek,
Nor blazing fire, nor nice warm clothes.

How thankful then ought we to be,
For all the comforts we possess!
And it should be our constant wish
To render those around us blest.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

SHRINKING from the slightest touch,
 See the tender plant retreat,
 Folding up its light-green leaves
 With the nicest care replete.

So, retiring from the gaze
 Of admiration, does my Jane
 Conceal the virtues and the charms
 That commendation might obtain.

True it is, that modest merit
 Seeks to hide itself from view ;
 And this tender plant I call,
 As such, an emblem, Jane, of you.

 VIRTUE IS LASTING.

THE rose, while its fragrance exhaling
 And shedding soft perfumes around,
 May delight us—but then, whilst inhaling
 Its sweetness, it falls to the ground !

The dewdrop, yon flow'ret adorning,
Like a diamond may shine in the sun,
And then, ere the close of the morning,
Its lustre for ever be gone !

The butterfly now sporting gaily
And hovering around that sweet flower,
Like the dewdrop ephemeral may be,
And die within less than an hour !

The sunbeams that glisten so brightly
May, perhaps, disappear very soon,
And the clouds that are now flitting lightly
May have vanished away before noon !

Is there *nothing*, whose beauty remaining,
More permanent joys can supply?—
Yes! VIRTUE, its sweetness retaining,
Will blossom *for ever* on high !

THE LITTLE LORD, WHO DID NOT
KNOW HIS OWN MIND.

“COME, bring me my boots, and then saddle
my horse,”

Said the little Lord Linger, one day,
“I think I will ride across Shrubbery Hill,
For, indeed, I am weary of play.”

So the horse was accoutred and brought to
the door,

When the gentleman altered his mind,
“I’ll have my low chair and the ponies,”
said he,
“And Donald may follow behind.”

The ponies were harnessed, the carriage ap-
peared,

And the footman, in purple and red ;
When the little Lord Linger immediately
thought
That he’d walk in the garden instead.

“After all,” he continued, “I think I will go
And finish the flower I began
My colours are up in the study, you know:”
And thither the little lord ran.

But, before he had painted one petal, he
thought
That he'd rather read Goldsmith, or Blair,
So the latter was reached, one short chapter
was read,
And the volume then closed in despair.

“I think I will work a few problems,” said he,
“Fetch the quadrant of altitude, Ann:”
Then he leaned on his elbows, and twirled
round the globe,
But was weary ere yet he'd began.

“I'll construe a little of Virgil, I think;
I began it a few days ago:”—
Before Virgil appeared, he had altered his
mind,
And had rang for his arrows and bow.

The fine London-made bow, in its pretty green
case,

And the silver-tipped arrows, were brought,
The butts were erected, and all was prepared,
When again his attention was caught

By a different subject—"I'll take a short ride,"
Said he; "tell Tom to bring me my pony;
We'll go through the meadows, along by the
side

Of the river that passes through Olney."

The pony accoutred, his master soon mounted,
Just at twelve to the village they came,
And forth from the schoolhouse a little troop
burst,

With many a joyful acclaim.

Now, over the green turf, they hastily spread,
Full of merriment, pleasure, and glee,
Some fell to their marbles, and some to their
hoops,

All as happy as happy could be!

As little Lord Linger rode over the green

The gardener's son came in sight:

“Well John,” he exclaimed, “tell me how
you like school,

And learning to read and to write?”

“Oh, my Lord, pretty well; though we've
plenty to do,

And a number of lessons to learn,

*But we work when we work, and we play when
we play,*

And thus enjoy each in its turn.

“But my schoolfellows call me, to go in at trap,
And so I must wish you—good bye.”

—“Would I were a schoolboy, as happy as
you!”

The little lord said, with a sigh.

For though little Lord Linger had all that he
wished,

All that constitutes comfort and joy,

*He ne'er knew his own mind, and of course was
become*

A spoilt and an indolent boy.

Though surrounded by all the indulgence of
life

True pleasure we cannot obtain,
Unless we endeavour, and earnestly strive,
A little self-knowledge to gain.

THE WELSH BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the cascade foaming
Spreads its waters white,
There, for ever roaming,
I wander with delight.

Or midst the mountains gray
And craggy, wild, and bare,
Like a wild goat, I play,
Devoid of every care.

The mountain-lark sings gaily
But I sing louder still,
Whilst in my rambles daily
I seek the heathy hill.

The purple bells bloom brightly,
And nature seems to smile,
And I, while skipping lightly,
The passing hours beguile.

For, full of joy and merriment,
My little life is blest,
Whilst wandering on my native hills,
Of every bliss possest.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S CRY.

“OF every form, and every hue,
That can adorn yon woodland bowers,
And glistening with the morning dew,
Are my fresh and fragrant flowers ;
Spicy pinks, and lilies pale,
That their soft perfumes exhale !

“In my little basket peep,
There you'll see the blushing rose,
Wafting all its balmy sweets;
Loveliest flower that Flora knows !

And there the golden-blossomed broom
Mingles with clematis' bloom.

“There the trumpet woodbine too
With the gaudy tulip's seen,
And spiral larkspurs, pink and blue,
Smile amongst the myrtle green ;
And the honied columbine
Is blended with the purple thyme.

“There the scarlet lychnis bright
Dazzles the admiring eye,
And the star-like jessamine white,
And the rural rosemary,
With the drooping harebell pale,
Lend fragrance to the morning gale.

“Come, my lady, come and buy
Flowers of every form and hue,
All that can delight the eye
Are here exhibited to view.
Come and purchase, ere they fade,
The flow'rets in my basket laid.”

THE JUVENILE DORCAS SOCIETY.

"THIS print will make a pretty frock
 For little Sally More,
 My dear mamma," said Adelaide,
 "And that a pinafore.
 This muslin is to make some caps
 Which, to Lucy, we shall give, perhaps."

"Oh no!" said Ellen, "you forget
 That they're for Charlotte Gray;
 The bedgowns and the little skirt
 Are meant for Lucy May.—
 Louisa, bring your work-bag, dear,
 For we have work in plenty here."

Now seated round a table large
 The busy girls are seen,
 Plying their little needles fast,—
 Oh, what a charming scene!
 One hems a baby's tiny shirt,
 The others make a frock and skirt.

In a few days they will be done,
And, full of youthful glee,
The sisters then will seek some cot—
The abode of misery,—
And dress the little ragged babe
In the warm clothes which they have made.

Oh, could you see their sparkling eyes,
Or mark the exulting glow
That animates their blooming cheeks
When mitigating woe,
You'd feel benevolence imparts
True happiness to feeling hearts.

These little girls devote their time,
And all they have to spare,
To furnish nice new clothes for those
Who have no clothes to wear.
For pictures, puzzles, dolls, and toys,
By no means constitute *their* joys.

No! from a very different source,
Their greatest pleasures rise—
The consciousness of doing good
Their fount of joy supplies,

And *this* will still remain their own
When others are for ever flown.

NOTE.—In some places societies are formed for working for the poor who are in necessitous circumstances, and unable to procure sufficient clothing for themselves and their families. These institutions are frequently called *Dorcas* Societies, in reference to the *Dorcas* mentioned in Scripture, who “was full of good works, and made coats and garments for the poor.” Some little girls of my acquaintance, having heard that such a society was formed in the town of ———, immediately resolved to subscribe a certain sum annually, and, with the assistance of some of their young friends, to form a *Juvenile Dorcas Society*. Nearly a twelve-month has now elapsed since its establishment, but I find, on inquiry, that it is still in a very flourishing state, and that many articles of clothing, the produce of their pocket-money,

and of their leisure hours, have been distributed amongst the poor.

I have sometimes entered the room when these little girls have been busily engaged with their work, and have observed with pleasure the animated delight with which they ply their busy needles in the hope of assisting the children of their destitute neighbours. This circumstance is mentioned in the hope that other little girls may be induced to imitate the example of Ellen, Louisa, and Mary Adelaide!

TO HARRIET, SLEEPING.

To welcome the return of day,
The lark begins its early lay

Whilst mounting in the sky :—
Come, leave your downy pillow, love,
And let us wander in the grove,
And list its melody.

Whilst yet the east is tinged with red
The labourer quits *his* lowly bed,

And why should Harriet sleep?—
Why should she pass the hours away
Unconscious of the time of day,
Thus wrapt in slumber deep?

Arise, my love! for once, at least,
Enjoy the universal feast
That sweet Aurora brings;
I'll ramble in the fields with you,
Where all the flowers are wet with dew,
And where the throstle sings.

You know not yet what calm delight
Is wafted on the wings of light
With the return of morn;
Come, leave your downy pillow, love,
And let us wander, let us rove,
Across the verdant lawn.

Where opening buds their fragrance fling,
And where the birds in concert sing
Their vocal matin lays,
There shall *our* earliest thoughts arise
To Him, who lives beyond the skies,
In gratitude and praise.

CONTENTED ROBINET.

RETURNING from his daily work,
Towards his own abode,
Beguiling with a merry song
The long and tedious road,

Poor Robinet one day was seen,
Hasting along with glee;
For, being destitute of care,
What cause for grief had he?

A little basket in his hand
Contained his humble fare ;
“ What a nice supper I shall have,”
Said he, “ when I get there !”

“ This piece of kid well stewed would make
A supper for a king,
Savored with onions, salt, and meal,
’Twill be a charming thing !”

As Robinet thus pleas'd himself,
A squirrel, wild and free,
With bushy tail and sparkling eyes,
Ran up a tall elm tree.

“ Ah, now I know what I will do,”
He soon begins t' exclaim,
“ I'll climb the tree, and catch you too,
And try to make you tame.”

So saying, he set down his load,
Ascending in a minute;
Alas! an hungry dog came by,
And stole the meat within it.

“ Well, to be sure!” said Robinet,
—“ But it was all *my* fault,—
The kid is gone, and nought remains,
Save onions, meal, and salt!

“ But I will try to be content,
And not to care—for, though
I've lost my kid, I'll have some soup,
And that will do, you know.”

So saying, on he trudged again,
 Until he reached a cot,
Where he sat down to rest a time,
 Being fatigued and hot.

Quite unobserved by Robinet,
 A magpie came and stole
His little bag of meal, and hopped
 And hid it in his hole.

In vain they searched in every place,
 But nowhere could they find it;
“The soup will not be quite so good,
 But wherefore should I mind it?”—

Said he, and on he went, until
 A brook must needs be cross'd,
In doing so, his basket fell,
 And all the salt was lost.

The onions now alone remained,
 Of all his boasted store,
“Ah, some there are,” said Robinet,
 “Who e'en possess no more.”

“ Last night, I'd only bread alone,”
 Said he, “ and then, tomorrow,
 'Twill little matter what I had,
 So there's no cause of sorrow.

Trifles should never be allowed
 To interrupt our peace,
 For, *if they do*, we cannot hope
 That it will e'er increase!”

LUCY AND AUGUSTA:

OR, THE INCONVENIENCE OF FINE DRESS.

“ THE mower is whetting his scythe,
 All nature looks lovely and gay;
 And yonder the haymakers blithe
 Are turning the grass into hay;
 Let us go and re-load little Frederick's cart,
 And you, Miss Augusta, may help to do part:”

Exclaimed rosy Lucy, one morn,
 As full of good humour and glee
 She tripped merrily over the lawn,
 Gay and happy, as happy need be.

“I am sure,” said Augusta, “that I shall not
go,

For the sun would quite spoil my pink rib-
bons, you know.”

“Well then, let us ramble, instead,
Through the nice shady shrubbery walk.”

“But the thorny sweetbriars, I fear,”

Said Augusta, “would tear my laced
frock,

And perhaps I should lose my fine necklace
of pearl,

And mamma would then call me a sad care-
less girl.”

“I’m glad that I’ve nothing to fear

From running about this fine day ;

And that I’ve no fine frock to wear

To spoil all *my* pleasure and play ;”

Exclaimed little Lucy, whilst, jumping for
joy,

She entreated Augusta to name some employ.

But Augusta her kindness declined,

“For,” said she, “I would rather not
play,

In case I should injure my clothes,

Whilst jumping amongst the new hay.

Do *you* never wear pretty trimmings and lace?

—I’m sure that I would, if I were in your
place.”

“Oh, no,” exclaimed Lucy, “I think

That gingham frocks, ever so plain,

Are far, far more useful than those

Which compel one from play to refrain;

And I’d much sooner wear e’en my pinafore
blue,

Than sit still at home, Miss Augusta, like you,

“For fear that a sweetbriar-rose

Should tear my lace trimmings, or rend

My pink ribbons, or beautiful bows;

For indeed *my* enjoyments depend

Upon sources of pleasure, far different from
those

Which you fancy arise just from wearing fine
clothes.

“ They’re not only more easily gained,
But, from care and from trouble, are free ;
And if *you* would be happy, my friend,
I think you must dress e’en like *me*.
For, whilst lace, silk, and satin, compose all
your joy,
It can never be totally free from alloy.”

THE SNOWDROP.

PEEPING from the dark-brown mould
Midst its taper leaves of green,
Half unfolded to the view
Is the drooping snowdrop seen.

“ Ice still lingers in its veins,”
But it speaks of brighter hours,
Tells us spring will come again,
Crowned with wreaths of lovely flowers.

Therefore, little Snowdrop, though
Cold and wan thy look may be,
As a pledge of vernal joys,
I will always welcome thee.

THE LITTLE SCOTCH PIPER.

OVER the pine-covered mountains and hills
Wanders the little Scotch piper along,
His favorite bagpipe he merrily plays,
And sings, at the same time, a popular song,

Closely around him he draws his warm cloak,
His warm cloak of plaid, checked with
yellow and green ;

And sometimes he gathers the bright purple
heath,

That covers the mountains and valleys
between,

In order to deck his small bonnet of blue,
Or, perhaps, to gird round him, a beautiful
wreath;

For no flower is more dear to the Scotch
piper's soul,

Than that bright blooming flower, the
"Gem-of-the-heath."

For dear to poor Malcolm his own native home,
And dear are the flowers that spring from
its soil,
—From Scotland, blest country! his wishes
ne'er roam
There contented to wander, or labour, or
toil.

A little dog trudges along by his side,
His only companion in grief or in joy,
And, when roaming across the bare mountains
so wide,
No other's required by the happy Scotch
boy.

If weary with walking, his bagpipe beguiles
And enlivens each hour as it passes away;
And the hope too, ere long, to rejoice in the
smiles
Of those who to *him* make the desert look
gay:

For though small and humble his own little
cot,
And though homely his bed and more
homely his fare,
Yet well may he deem it a favorite spot
Since father, and mother, and sisters, are
there!

THE GUM-CISTUS.

FRAIL and perishable flower!
Thy beauties fade within an hour;
E'en the next breeze may tear
Thy blossoms from their slender stem,
Regardless of thy diadem—
A dewdrop glittering there.

Ah, what avails thy opening bloom,
Since it may be destroyed so soon;
Thy buds in green enrolled,
Thy petals, delicately white,
With all their crimson spots so bright
And beauteous to behold?

Emblem of youthful charms art thou !
For they, like thee, begin to blow
And then they fade and die;
But *they* will live and bloom above,
Transplanted to the realms of love,
The gardens of the sky !

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

“IN two or three weeks, my dear mamma,”
Said little Henriette,
“I hope that many flowers will grow
From seeds that I have set.
Sweet-peas, you know, and lupins blue,
And mignonette, and hawkweed too.

“And when my sister Caroline
Returns, she will be pleased
With all the pains that I have ta'en
To tend her flowers and trees.
Oh, how delightful it will be,
My dearest Caroline to see !

“And I shall show her all my shells,
My seaweeds and my treasures,
When she returns from Tunbridge Wells;
— And many, many pleasures,
Shall we, mamma, participate——
Would I had not one week to wait !

“Summer will soon be here, and then
Haymaking-time will come,
And we shall ramble in the fields
Around our happy home,
Or perhaps amongst the nice new hay
Have many a charming game of play.

“And then the harvest will approach,
And the ripe golden grain
Will bend beneath the reaper's hook
Never to rise again ;
And we shall wander in the fields
To pick the ears that harvest yields.

“I mean to give my share, mamma,
To little Mary Green,
For, do you know, her mother makes
Bread of the corn they glean ?

Oh, how delightful will it be,
When this becomes reality !”

“ Why, Henrietta,” said mamma,

“ You then will lose at least
Some pleasures that, at present, yield
An almost constant feast.”

“ *Lose* them ! my dear mamma, why so ?
Pray tell me, for I long to know !”

“ *Hope* brightens every future hour,
My little Henriette,
And, when the future shall arrive,
The “ Star of Hope ” must set.
Its pleasures then will surely cease,
Though those of *Memory* may increase.”

THE SEA.

SWIFTLY are the billows gliding,
Tinged with azure, blue, and green ;
And the silver seafowl riding
On the foaming waves are seen.

Or as lightning quick, descending
 Beneath the surface of the deep,
Then, again, as fast ascending
 O'er its heaving surge they sweep.

There, a little sail skims swiftly,
 Now, for one short moment, lost,—
Whilst you gaze, it rises quickly,
 High as yonder mountain tost.

Brightly are the small waves playing
 All along the pebbly shore,
And the long sea-streamers straying,
 Roll their green leaves o'er and o'er.

There the crimson seaweed creeping,
 Clothes each little shining shell,
Or, a thread-like tissue weaving,
 Robes the limpet's tiny cell.

Now the orb of day, declining,
 Tints with gold the beauteous west,
And the zephyrs soft subsiding
 Lull the foaming waves to rest.

Beautiful, majestic ocean !

Whilst we love to gaze on thee,
May our hearts, with pure devotion,
Praise Him who made both earth and sea!

THE NEGRO BOY'S SONG.

FAR, far from country, friends, and home,
I wander through the street,
Unheeded, and alas ! unknown
By every one I meet.

My skin, you see, is black as jet,
My sun of joy for ever set,
And no one cares for me !

Yet I had once a mother dear
Who loved her darling boy,
Whose smile my infant griefs could cheer,
And heighten every joy ;
Our little hut a palace seemed,
For there contentment always beamed,—
But those bright days are gone !

'Tis true the walls were made of mud,
The roof of bamboo cane,
The interstices filled with grass
That grew upon the plain ;
'Tis true a bullock's hide, outspread
Upon a hurdle, formed our bed—
But it seemed soft to us !

In earthen pots, we dressed our food,
Our soups, or tamarind gruel,
Or kouskous pudding, sweet and good,
Or wholesome malaruel,
Or game, or Indian corn, or rice,
Thickened with sugar, milk, and spice,
And cooked in various ways.

And often in the neighbouring grove
Of liboa, date, or palm,
I loved at eventide to rove,
Fearless of any harm,
To try to catch the wild fowl there,
Thus to enrich our daily fare
With a supply of game.

And often in my light canoe
I skimmed across the stream,
Or plucked the tapering reeds that grew
Upon its banks of green,
And wove a garland round my brow ;
But those bright days are over now,
And sorrow's wreath I wear.

Yes! those delights are past away,
Though in a land unknown,
Remembrance still recalls the day
When they were all my own :
That fond remembrance chills my soul,
For climate never can control
Feelings so warm as mine.

Nor time nor absence can estrange
My heart from those I love,
Nor my affections know a change
Till, in the world above,
I meet again with sister, brother—
And, dearer still, my father, mother
To be for ever blest !

THE CUCKOO.

WHEN the shrill-toned linnet sings
 His earliest wildest lay ;
 When the returning swallow wings,
 From far, her homeward way ;
 When the music of the thrush
 Is heard in every tree ;
 When the goldfinch in the bush
 Pours forth its harmony,—
 Forming a concert in the grove,
 United strains of joy and love !

When the vernal season smiles
 And the coppiced woods are green ;
 When hawthorns bloom and eglantines
 Decorate the rural scene ;
 When pendent bluebells grow among
 Anemonies and lilies fair ;
 And little lasses trip along
 To pick the flowers that blossom there ;
 Then the vocal Cuckoo's strain
 Tells us spring is come again.

And well may we rejoice to hail
The harbinger of Spring,
Whose voice through yonder woodland vale
So loudly echoing,
Welcomes the time of vernal flowers,
When leaves on every spray,
And beauteous buds amongst the flowers,
Their vivid hues display ;
Yes : well may its repeated tale
Spread gladness through yon woodland vale.

THE BABY.

DANCING in its mother's arms,
See the lovely baby there !
Full of joy it seems to be,
For as yet it knows no care.

How it rings its coral bells !
(Music to an infant's ear ;)
Or, playing with its ivory ring,
Smiles away a transient tear.

And, prattling on the ground beside,
Two rosy boys, with noisy glee,
Beguiled the passing hours away,
With whistles of the elder-tree,

Formed by their elder brother, who
Was twining osiers round and round,
To make a birdcage for a thrush
Which he in yonder grove had found.

A pretty girl was knitting, whilst
Some little ones around her knee
Were pointing to an open book
Learning to read their A B C.

Sweet was the scene, for there content
Dwelt in each unambitious breast;
And though devoid of power or wealth,
Yet were the happy owners blest.

THE TWO COTTAGES.

PART II.

As on I wandered, tow'rds my home,
Another cottage came in sight,
But one far different from the last,
With little in it to delight.

It stood upon a dreary moor,
Its walls were plastered up with clay;
Brown mud composed the cold hard floor,
And all seemed tending to decay.

Some cinders formed the wretched fire,
Some dirty straw the only bed,
And several children, clothed in rags,
Were begging earnestly for bread.

By ruthless poverty oppressed,
No bread their mother could bestow,
She looked at them in keen distress,
And bitter tears began to flow.

“How vainly have I strived,” said she,
“One single penny loaf to gain,
Alas! it cannot, cannot be,
And you, my children, still complain.”

I could not bear to hear such sounds—
Such sounds of wretchedness and woe,
And as I tried t’ assuage their griefs
I wished that every one could know

“The luxury of doing good,”
Of lessening misery like this :
Surely *such* actions would afford
A source of pure and lasting bliss.

THE NURSERY.

WHAT a group of little creatures
Busily engaged at play!
Joy enlivens all their features,
Full of innocence are they!

On the carpet, pretty toys
Are in rich confusion spread,
Boards and bricks for little boys,
Bats, and balls of blue and red.

There the lively Harriet sits,
Her favorite doll caressing,
Trying on its cap of lace
And all its ringlets dressing.

Beside her, rosy Caroline
Prepares the little cradle-bed,
In which the dolls are hushed to sleep
With all their patchwork bedquilts spread.

There, with some scissors in her hand,
The patient little Ellen tries
To cut some paper pictures out,
Birds, rabbits, flowers, and butterflies.

Whilst Arthur, wishing to assist her,
Contrives a mode before unknown,
Although his persevering sister
Succeeds much better when alone.

In nurse's lap, a lovely babe
Is playing with its wooden rattle,
Regardless of the louder noise
Produced by little George's prattle.

All life, and joy, and innocence,
The little creatures seem to be!
And well may it afford delight
So sweet an infant group to see.

THE SCHOOLROOM.

REVOLVING years have fled away,
The infant group are older grown,
No longer fond of children's play,
Aside their pretty toys are thrown.

And, to the cheerful schoolroom now,
They, each returning morn, repair—
To use the drawings, pictures, books,
And globes and maps abounding there.

There, Harriet, with her "*Contes Moraux*,"
Translates the history of "*Les Sœurs*;"
Attention lessens difficulty,
And renders her success secure.

Whilst Caroline, whose blooming cheeks
Still speak of happiness and joy,
Sketches, with ready hand, the head
Of yonder laughing cherub boy.

The little paper-cutter there,
Still persevering, tries, in vain,
To work a problem on the globe,
And Lyra's altitude to gain.

Whilst Arthur, with dissected map,
Seeks in succession for Peru,
Newfoundland, Ceylon, Italy—
The land of figs and lemons too.

And little George essays to write,
Though pothooks, of a curious form,
Straight strokes, and *Oes*, are all that yet
His blotted pages can adorn.

The lovely Rosa, two years old,
Has just begun to learn to spell,
And sugar-plums reward her toil
Whene'er she tries to do it well.

Not e'en the nursery could supply
A more delightful sight than this!
And, as revolving summers fly,
I trust that health, and peace, and bliss,

Will wait upon the happy group,
And that they still will strive to be
All that a mother's heart can wish—
A mother's eye desire to see!

THE LITTLE COWSLIP GATHERERS.

“THE birds are all singing,
'The flow'rets are springing,
And making the meadows look gay;
The waters are flowing,
The cowslips are blowing;
Away to the woodlands, away!

“ The sun ’s shining brightly,
And merry gnats lightly
Are dancing about in the air ;
Yonder valley is smiling,
The morning beguiling,
Let us go and enjoy ourselves there !”

Exclaimed little Phebe, as, over the green
In search of her schoolmate she went ;—
Sure never a happier girl could be seen,
For her face wore the smile of content !

Mirth beamed on her features ; her sparkling
eyes
Spoke of good-humour, innocence, peace ;
And her mother has told me, she constantly
tries
Her comforts and joys to increase.

At length, having found her companions,
they go,
Arm in arm, to the meadows so gay ;
Each carries a basket, intending, you know,
To bring home a handsome display—

Of cowslips, so beautiful, fragrant, and sweet,
Which, like daisies, besprinkle the grass—
So thick, that you trample them under your
feet,
In whatever direction you pass.

Now, hither and thither, the little girls run,
Each wishing the rest to outdo ;
Collecting the cowslips as fast as they can,
And a few scattered violets too.

As lively as linnets, as busy as bees,
They trip over the soft verdant ground,
For, both under the hedgerows and under the
trees,
Are their bright gold-eyed flowers to be
found.

When their baskets at length are as full as
can be,
They will merrily turn towards home,
And there, under the vine-covered porch, you
will see
The young party, with joy all their own,—

Quickly moving their fingers, and picking the
flowers,

(For the pips are intended for wine,)—

And, in liveliest converse, beguiling the hours,
And spending their holiday time.

The pictures of health, and good-humour and
glee,

Are Phebe, and Rachel, and Jane,
And Eliza, and all of the rest whom you see,
At yon little white cot in the lane.

LEAVES IN WINTER.

EXCHANGED their robe of vivid green
For one of varied hue,
Of orange, yellow, brown, and red,
These withered leaves you view.

The shrubbery, once so gay, no more
Inspires us with delight,
For on the snowy ground is spread
Its recent foliage bright.

Each ruthless blast, that loudly sweeps
Across the gloomy sky,
Scatters the few remaining leaves,
Or drives them swiftly by.

Then let us from these fading things
A little lesson take :
Remember Time, in *our* condition,
An equal change may make.

For, as the leaves of autumn fade,
Though once so bright and gay,
So all the pleasures we possess
Ere long may fly away.

Then let us bless the Hand that gives,
And prize them whilst our own;
That the remembrance still may please,
When they're for ever flown.

HAPPINESS.

IF happiness be found on earth,
 Where does she fix her seat?
 Can yonder splendid ball-room be
 Her favorite retreat?
 —No! happiness can never wait
 Solely upon the rich and great.

Then does she, with the sparkling eyes
 Of beauty, love to dwell?
 Or, is she some sage hermit's prize,
 Residing in his cell?
 No! though they may her presence own,
 She never can be theirs alone.

Does she inhabit the abode
 Of riches, wealth, and power?
 Or bless the humble habitant
 Of some more rural bower?
 No! though they both her smiles may share,
 Yet something still is wanting there.

Does genius, as her polar star,
Direct her to the spot,
Where the fagg'd writer toils for fame,
Half weary of his lot ?
No ! happiness is not confined
E'en to the chambers of the mind.

True happiness can ne'er exist
Save in the peaceful breast ;
Where virtue, goodness, love, combine
To hail the welcome guest.
There and *there* only can she reign,
Till she return to Heaven again,—
The happy land from whence she came.

SPRING FLOWERS.

FIRST the pendant snowdrop peeps
Above the icy ground ;
And then the golden crocus midst
Its tapering leaves is found ;
Whilst yellow aconites appear
And, smiling, tell us spring is near.

Then down in yonder woodland vale
The modest blue-bell springs ;
And there the rose, to morning's gale,
Its wildest fragrance flings ;
Or weaves a garland round the tree
Where little birds sing merrily.

And underneath the fern leaves there
Anemonies unfold
Their blossoms, delicately fair,
And anthers tipped with gold ;
Whilst purple gentian, on the plain
Opens its little buds again.

Thus flowers of various hues combine
To welcome Spring's return,
And some the woods, and some the fields,
And some the groves, adorn ;
And *we* may weave a wreath again
To hail the time of Flora's reign.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

Now the brightest flow'rets bloom,
And all their sweets display:
The air is filled with rich perfume
Exhaled from blossoms gay,
Of every form and every hue
That Nature can unfold to view.

Yonder, around the trellis porch,
The star-like jasmine grows;
And, climbing o'er the greenhouse wall,
The purple cobeia blows—
Its tendrils form a net-work there
And shade the buds from summer's glare.

The gaudy sunflower, bright and gay,
Shines in the noontide beam;
And floating water-lilies play
Upon the rippling stream;
Or, borne upon its rapid tide,
Like swans upon the surface glide.

The oriental poppies too
Their scarlet leaves unfold,
And larkspurs pink, and white, and blue,
And tulips streaked with gold,
Contribute to adorn the scene,
Mingled with leaves of glossy green.

For summer is the time of flowers,
They in her train attend,
And, to adorn our rural bowers,
Their loveliness they lend ;
Though, transient as the summer's day,
Ere long to vanish quite away.

THE HOME OF * * *.

BLEST be the sweet abode of peace and love,
The home where kindred sympathies unite
To form one band of social intercourse—
To crown each joy with ever new delight.

Affection gilds the dear domestic scene,
Affection gladdens every passing hour ;
Contentment, with her heavenly smile serene,
Beams on each inmate of that happy bower.

Though destitute of wealth or riches they,
Yet every *real possession* they possess ;
The sweets of calm retirement, ease, and joy,
And such as these alone can truly bless.

Describe the home, you say : a charming cot
Embowered in roses, and in woodbines, too ;
For Nature, ever liberal, decks the spot,
And colours it with flowers of every hue.

Her hand made yonder jasmine waft on high
Its soft and odoriferous perfume,
And taught the lovely almond tree, just by,
To open to the day its roseate bloom.

She taught the fragrant lilies 'neath the shade
To rear their tender stalks above the ground,
She decked the greenhouse too, and yonder
glade
And flowery bank with her rich gifts abound.

But turn we to the inmates of that home,
Yes! note the joy that animates the scene
When evening comes, the period of delight,
Surpassing that which in the day was seen.

There, with her book, an elder sister sits
Tracing the course of history on a map;
A younger brother o'er her shoulder peeps,
Another, smiling, leans upon her lap,

Pointing, by turns, to Athens and to Rome,
To mark some great event that happened
there,
Each calls in memory's aid, and strives to
name
Some fact on record, or in Hume, or Blair.

Two blooming sisters, busily engaged
In making baby-clothes, their needles ply,
To robe, perhaps, some little half-starved babe,
Or please its mother with a fresh supply.

Three other lovely girls, with joy elate,
Skip round and round the room with frolic
glee,
Or, e'en of play half weary, rest awhile,
Or place themselves beside their mother's
knee,

A favorite resort; for that fond mother
Eyes, with exulting joy, the youthful
band;
Her presence gilds their home of happiness,
And flowers of bliss are scattered by *her*
hand.

FLOATING GARDENS.

SEE! in his floating garden there,
The young *Chinampa* glide along;
The sky is clear, the day is fair,
And merrily he tunes a song,

As, seated on his mound of grass,
Or in his bower of water-reed,
He sees more splendid vessels pass,
And then in stately pomp recede.

For, though but willows make his raft,
And soil and marsh-plants form the whole ;
Yet the same breezes gently waft
The homely structure towards her goal.

Glide, then, Chinampa, glide away !
With songs thy lonely voyage beguile,
And long may summer sunbeams play
Upon thy little floating isle !

NOTE.—Mexico, a town of South America, is built on several islands in a salt water lake, to which there is no entrance but by five causeways, three of which are about two miles in length. The Mexicans, having been brought into subjection to the Spaniards, who besieged the place, were confined for a very long time to the little islands upon which it

was built. They were quite weary of trying to cultivate the land, as it was so liable to inundations, that their labour seemed only thrown away; but, at last, however, they bethought themselves of making floating gardens of reeds and rushes, and fibrous roots and willows, all twisted together, and covered with mud and soil. This plan answered very well, and many of the people who were fond of flowers, began directly to construct a little floating garden, upon which they cultivated as many flowers as they could, and made a little mound of grass in each to seat themselves on, often beneath a little tree, if they could get one to grow. The proprietor of each garden was called a *Chinampa*; and so delighted was he with his ingenious contrivance, that former troubles were forgotten, and every unfolding flower recompensed all the toil he had in forming it.

THE FARM.

THERE goes old Ralph towards the farm,
With nice clean milk-pails on his arm,
For, at his well-known call,
The cows return, at gentle rate,
Whilst little Charles stands near the gate,
To drive them to the stall.

Behind yon holly hedge you see
A team of oxen cross the lea,
Ploughing the sterile ground,
That corn may spring, where seed is sown,
To make, when it is fully grown,
Bread for the country round.

In yonder room with cool brick floor,
And "DAIRY" painted on the door,
And latticed window neat,
Rose skims the cream, and fills the churn,
That it, by being shook, may turn
To butter fresh and sweet.

And by her side old Deborah stands,
Breaking the curds, with both her hands,
 To make a useful cheese ;
When done she 'll put it out to drain,
Then place it on the board again,
 From thence the whey to squeeze.

Now, look at that fine speckled hen,
With all her chickens—eight, nine, ten,—
 Oh, what a fine young brood !
Galenas, turkeys, peacocks, too—
Lucy must have enough to do,
 To tend and give them food.

The people at this farm must be
Very industrious, I see,
 Their daily work to do ;
And little boys and girls should try
To *their* employments to apply,
 And be as busy too !

EMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

“EMMA, Miss Emma,” said old nurse,
“This is the ninth of June.
Your birthday, love! jump up and dress,
For ’twill strike seven soon.
Young Master Edward’s come, you know;
Jump up! I hear his voice below.”

Emma said “Yes,” and just peeped up,
Then shut her eyes of blue,
And went to sleep again, whilst nurse
The window-blinds undrew.
But, presently—ah! who appears—
She starts, for Edward’s voice she hears,
Exclaiming at the nursery door,
“Come, Emma, follow me
Down through the shrubbery to the lake,
A charming sight to see!
A little boat, all trimmed and new,
For us to take a sail with you.”

Emma, surprised at what she heard,
Arose, and soon was seen
Running along the gravel walk,
And o'er the grass-plot green,
Longing to know what Edward meant,
Whilst, tow'rds the pond, her eye was bent.

There she beheld her dear papa,
With Edward, Charles, and Kate:
"Come," cried the former, "Emma, come,
We thought you very late.
Here, hold my hand, and leave the bank,
Stepping across this little plank.

"There, seat yourself on that green bench,
Now, Edward, for the oars,
Away! away! unmoor the boat,
And prove yourselves good rowers;
Away, we'll gently, smoothly, go,
Whilst summer breezes softly blow!"

And now, with Emma in the midst,
Along the lake they glide,
Beneath the bending hazel trees
That grow on either side,

And singing, as they sail along,
The little Emma's birthday song.

LITTLE MARY'S ADDRESS TO HER
GARDEN.

THE ice and snow are melting fast,
The winter months are almost past,
And I shall work again at last,
 In thee, my little garden!

And, with my useful rake and hoe,
I soon shall smooth the beds, and sow
My flower-seeds too, that flowers may grow
 In thee, my little garden!

And then, sweet-peas of varied hue,
And wax-wort white, and lupins blue,
And mignonette will spring to view,
 In thee, my little garden!

And, when these pretty flowers are seen,
Unfolding midst their leaves of green,
Or peeping from the buds between,
 In thee, my little garden!—

I shall attend them with delight,
And water them at morn and night :
And oh ! I shall enjoy the sight
Of thee, my little garden !

VERSES WRITTEN IN A LITTLE
GIRL'S ALBUM.

NURTURED by sunbeams, gemm'd by dew,
A little lovely floweret grew,
Exhaled its fragrance to the breeze,
And blossomed 'neath its native trees.

And, like my floweret, young and fair,
Cherish'd beneath maternal care,
A little lovely girl, I ween,
Enlivens one domestic scene.

I name her not, but may she be
All that His eye delights to see,
Who caused the little flower to bloom,
And fill'd it with its soft perfume.

William Darton,
at the
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