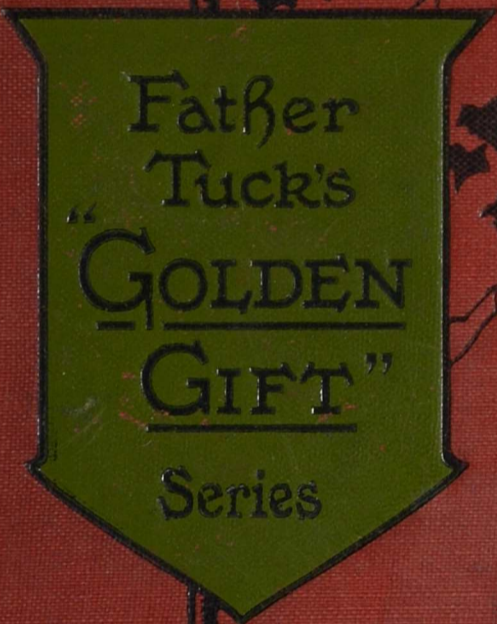


THE CHILDREN'S HOUR



Father
Tuck's
"GOLDEN
GIFT"
Series



To Glen

from

Mrs Wade.

1910

Port Dalhousie



THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR



Edited by
EDRIC
VREDENBURG

Profusely
illustrated
by

ARTHUR DIXON,
EDITH M. TAYLOR,
MABEL F. TAYLOR,
etc, etc

With stories and verse by
NORMAN GALE,
E. NESBIT,
etc, etc



Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.
London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Montreal

Printed in England

Publishers to Their Majesties
The King & Queen,
& T.R.H. The Prince & Princess of Wales.





THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ONE afternoon, not very long ago, Uncle sat himself down in his arm-chair before the bright fire. He had not been sitting there more than one minute and three-quarters, when a peculiar pit-a-patter sort of noise might have been heard in the hall ; then the door opened very quietly, and a round curly head popped in, then another curly head popped in, and four pairs of bright eyes shone and sparkled in the dancing firelight. Then there came a mad rush and shrill cries of "Story, Uncle, story!" and Uncle for the moment was so much startled that he nearly tumbled into the fire. "Really, children," he said, "I'm so busy."

"Mustn't be busy now," they all shouted; "this is our hour, Uncle ; Papa always says so. This is the children's hour. A story, a story!"

And so Uncle had to give in with a laugh, and when he had unwound some of the arms from about his neck, he told the little ones a lovely tale ; and this same thing he had to do every afternoon afterwards.

These are some of the stories he told in "The Children's Hour."

THE SNOW-MAN'S VISIT.

HIS name was Christopher, but they called him "Chris" for short. "Christopher" seemed altogether too long for so small a person. Chris had a red coat, and a red cap, and red cheeks this Christmas-time, and he had blue eyes and a happy smile, and his golden curls fluttered in the cold north wind as it began to snow again.

Yes, it was Christmas-time, and Chris was across the white fields, and in the white woods gathering holly to decorate the house. And as he went, he wondered at many things ;

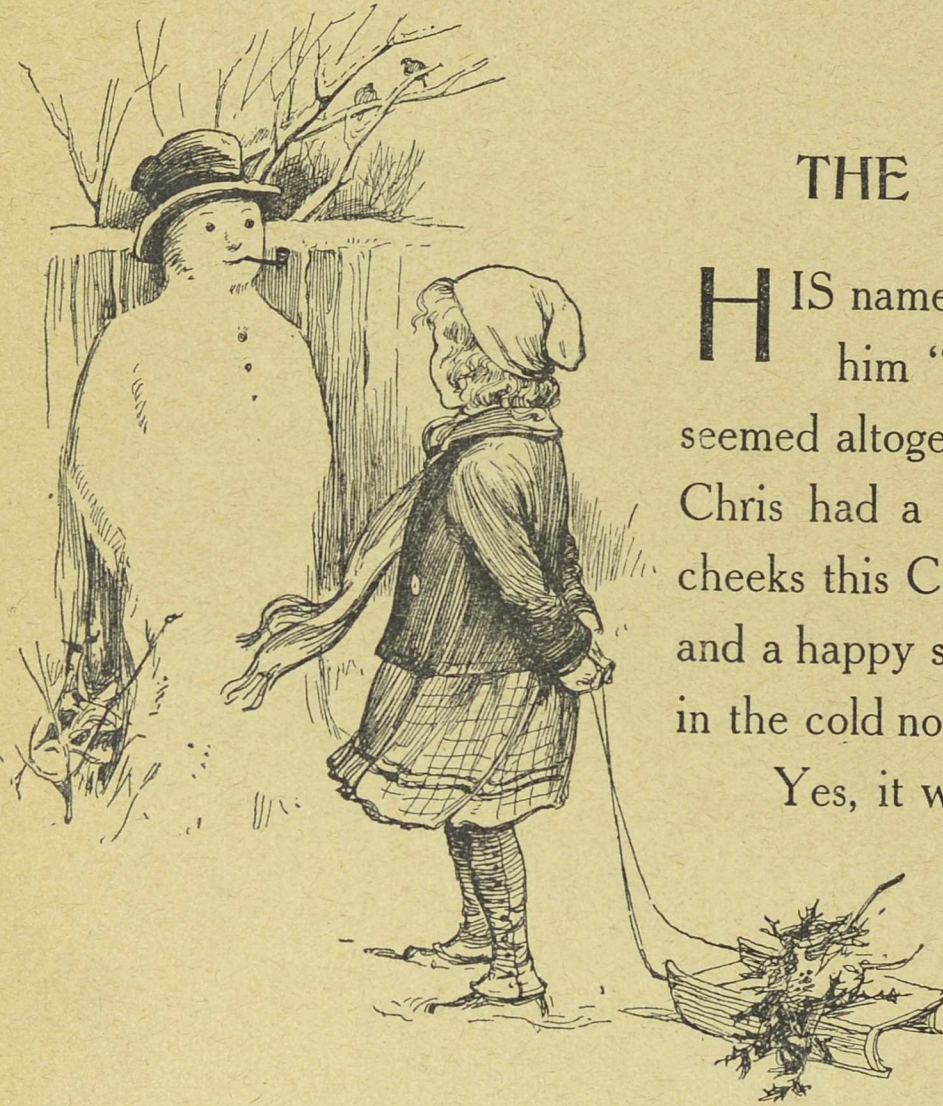
there is always something to wonder at and marvel at in the country, if you only knew it. He wondered at the blackness of the rooks as they flew across the snow. He marvelled at the beautiful white frost-covered threads of the spiders' webs in the hedges. Then a hare sprang from the ditch, and Chris wondered what it found to eat this hard weather.

"I should like to ask them all to dinner," he said aloud.

He turned the corner of a lane, and came upon a Snow-man. The village children had made him, and for a Snow-man he was rather good-looking, and, of course, he had a pipe in his mouth. Snow-men are not complete unless they have pipes in their mouths, and they begin to smoke at a very early age.

"Good-morning," said Chris, "and a merry Christmas."

The Snow-man made no reply, but looked straight in front of him.





ANOTHER ALLIANCE.

Here's little China, brown and almond-eyed;
Small England, shyly peeping, at his side.



Chris sat down on the stump of a tree to rest, but it is not wise to sit down on the stump of a tree to rest when a cruel North Wind is about, coming keenly round corners, and driving the snow into drifts. It's good for Snow-men, but not for little boys.

"I should like you to come to dinner, too," said Chris to the Snow-man, "because you look rather kind, but I don't know what I could give you to eat." Again the Snow-man made no reply, but I don't think Chris expected him to do so.

"I should like you to come very much," said the little boy again, "and I would put you at the head of the table."

After awhile, Chris, wishing the Snow-man "Good-bye," rose to go home, and he shivered as he went, and his little legs ached; for the cruel North Wind had kissed him, and it is such a cruel kiss, that of the North Wind. And how shall I tell you that a great "Hush" came to the village? It was so silent, with its carpet of snow, so silent with the whisperings of the village folk; and the Manor House was the most silent spot of all, for up in his little room lay Chris on his snow-white bed, his golden curls covering the snow-white pillow, his blue eyes too bright, his red cheeks too high in colour.

"They are coming, every one," he said. "I can see them, the rooks, and the hares, and the little birds, they are coming all to dinner."

The doctor shook his head, and the mother stifled her sobs, while the father bit his lips in his agony.

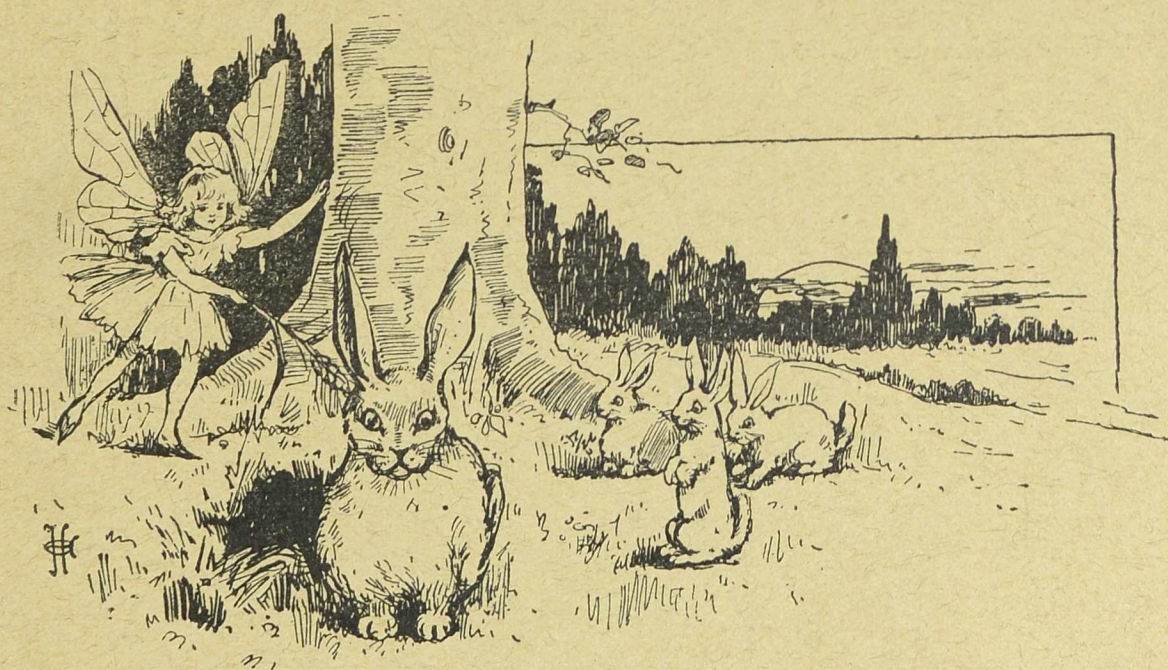
“But how hot my cheeks are!” went on Chris; “when the Snow-man comes, he will cool my cheeks, and my poor hands, for I’m sure he is kind. And, ah, here he is!”

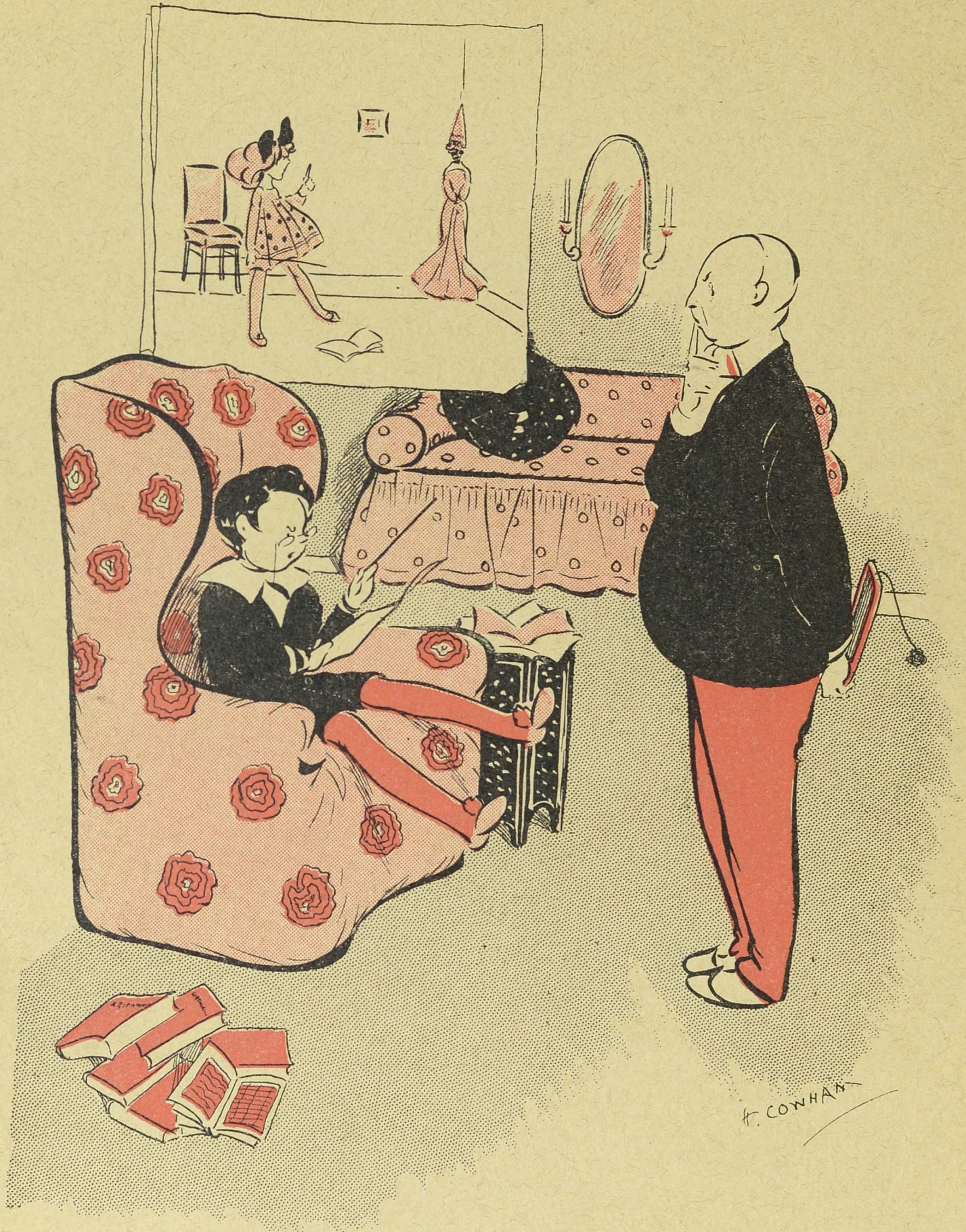
A glad light lit up the face of the boy, as he held out his hands, and—was it fancy?—there seemed quite a cold air in the room. And—was it fancy?—half-an-hour later, when the doctor felt the hands and the cheeks of the now sleeping boy, they were cooler, much cooler; indeed, the fever had left him.

It was a wonderful medicine, that of the doctor, everybody said. But Chris knew better; it was the Snow-man who had touched his hot cheeks and made him well.

When he was able to go out, he went down the lane, and stood by that tree-stump, but the Snow-man had vanished, for the fields were green, and the rooks were nesting in the elm-trees—and God had provided the dinner.

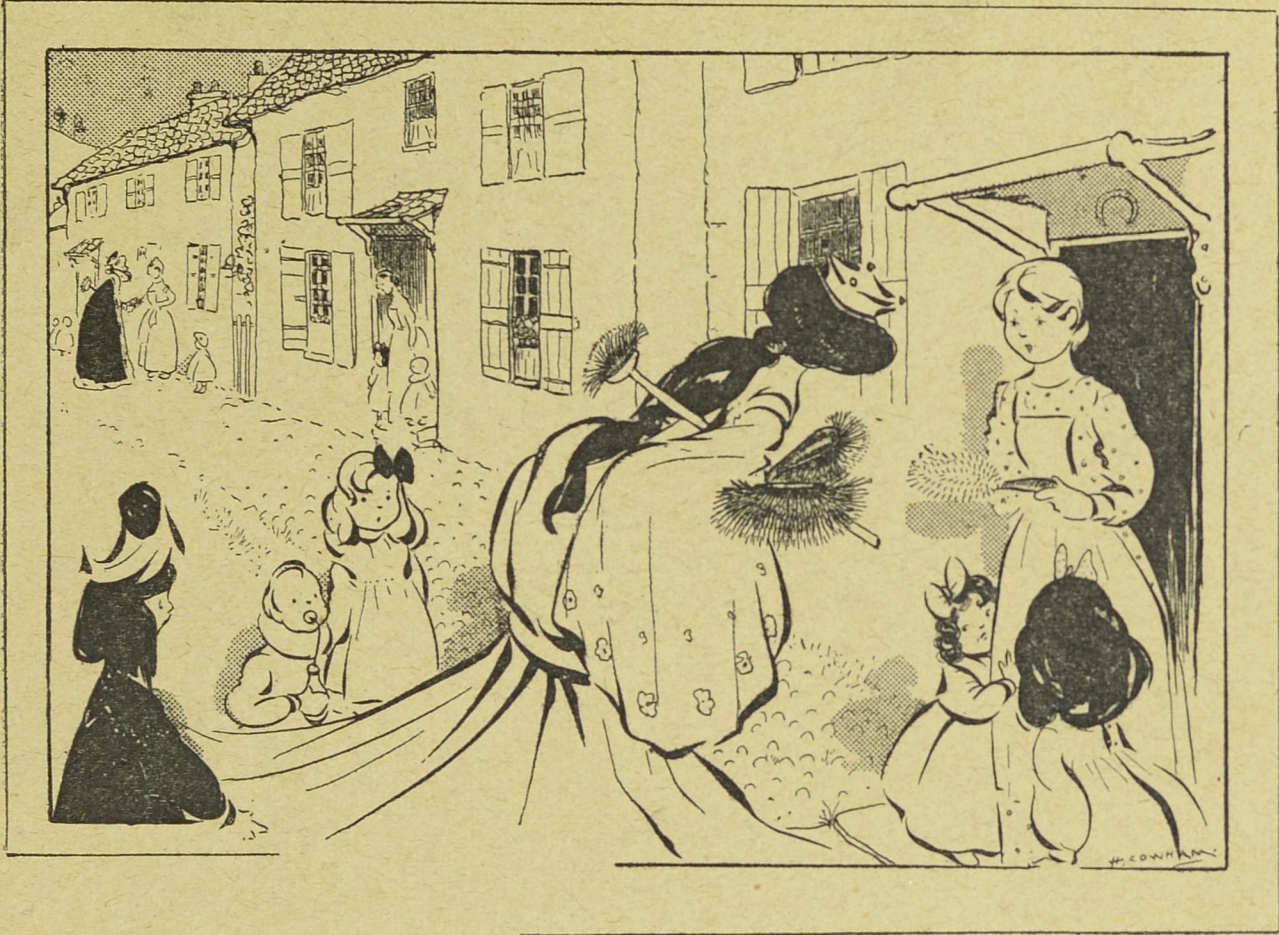
Edric Vredenburg.





TOPSY TURVEYDOM.

The children taught the mothers French,
 And made the fathers say their tables;
 The horses sat upon a bench
 While grooms were champing corn in stables.

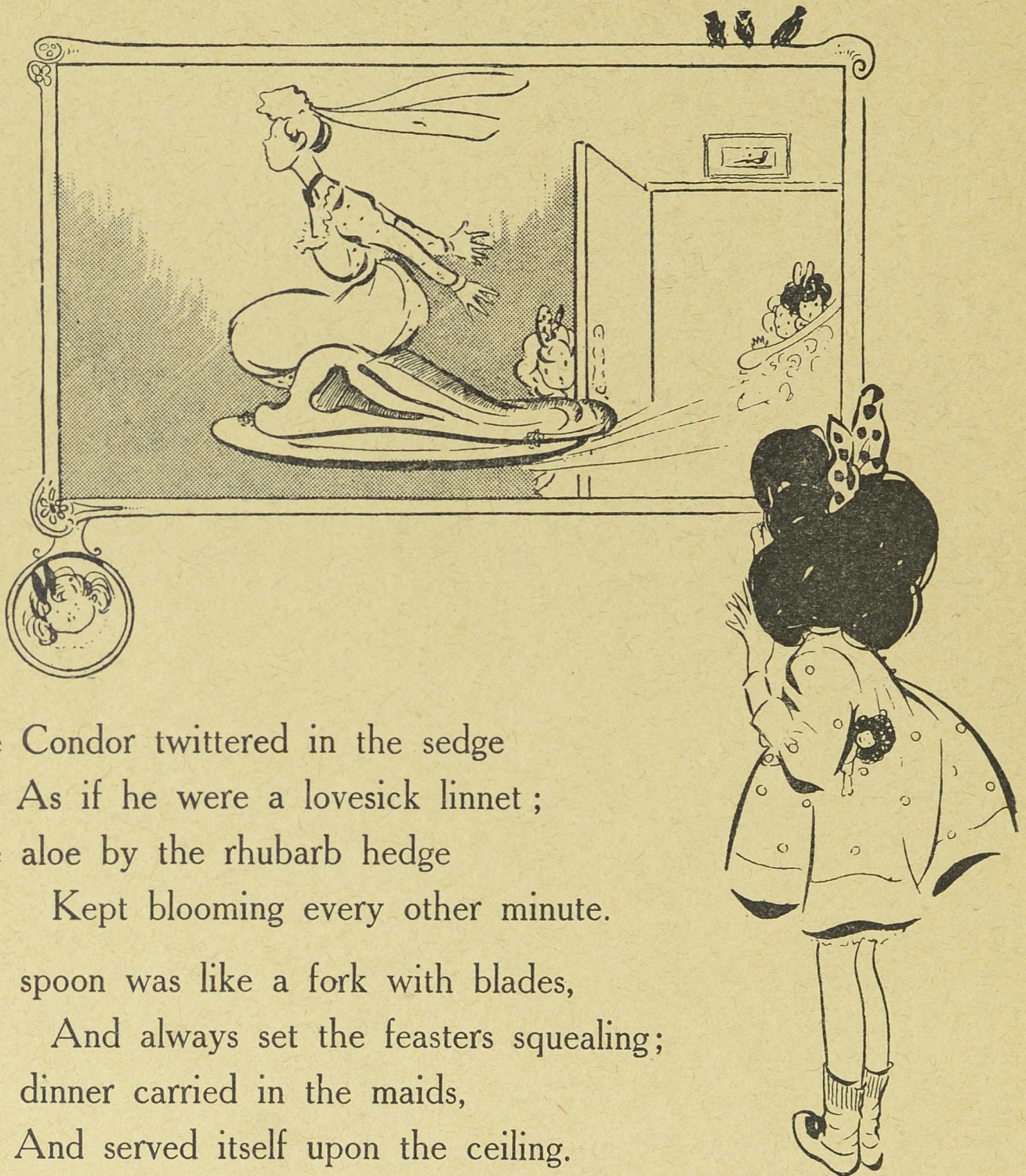


MUDDLE.

There was a time when, long ago,
 The earth was full of shocking muddles ;
 The drifts were made of purple snow,
 And children dried themselves with puddles.

The stars sat sulky on the ground ;
 The lizards piped as sweet as thrushes ;
 And kings and queens went daily round
 To sell the peasants brooms and brushes.

The children taught the mothers French,
 And made the fathers say their Tables ;
 The horses sat upon a bench
 While grooms were champing corn in stables.



The Condor twittered in the sedge
 As if he were a lovesick linnet ;
 The aloe by the rhubarb hedge
 Kept blooming every other minute.

The spoon was like a fork with blades,
 And always set the feasters squealing ;
 The dinner carried in the maids,
 And served itself upon the ceiling.

It was that rough and bitter age
 When dragons stole their pocket-money ;
 When bees flew in a fearful rage
 If asked to fill a comb with honey.

So let us thank our lucky star
 That we belong to times less fickle,
 When tar is only honest tar,
 And walnut pickle is a pickle. *Norman Gale.*

PRUE

THERE'S a little Quaker maiden
 With eyes of bonny blue ;
 Her home is in New Plymouth,
 And her pretty name is Prue.

She has a busy spinning-wheel,
 That turns and hums all day ;
 And *thee* and *thou* she talks of,
 For that's the Quaker way.

The plates of willow pattern
 You see upon her shelf
 Are not so fine and dainty
 As is her pretty self.



Her cap and muslin kerchief
 Are white as snowdrops are ;
 To see a fairer maiden
 You must look wide and far.

Leaves that grow brown in autumn
 May match her curly hair,
 But in no neighbour's garden
 Are roses half so fair

As those that are in blossom
 On cheeks and lips that you
 See blushing in the picture
 We give you here of Prue.

Her mother is a widow ;
 Her father died at sea ;
 She is the last sweet rosebud
 Upon a roseless tree.

She keeps the home together
 With spinning at her wheel
 Fine webs of snowy linen,
 Fit for a queen to feel.

The beds in Prue's own garden
 Are full and green to see,
 With mint, and thyme, and marjoram,
 And summer savory.



There's bush on bush of lavender,
 Moonwort and purple sage,
 Tall spikes of evening primrose,
 And white-flowered saxifrage.

When summer days are over,
 Among her beds she goes
 And gathers store of lavender,
 And sheaves of hose-in-hose.

She picks the seeds of moonwort,
 And lays them by till spring
 Brings thoughts of summer flowering
 And autumn harvesting.

Safe by the chimney-corner
 She hangs her herbs to dry,
 Ere in the weekly market
 She sells them by-and-by.

With hanks of fine-spun linen,
 And herbs both dry and new,
 She goes her way to market,
 This busy little Prue.





“You see, Sir, what’s for dinner.
If you dine here you’ll not grow thinner!”

Demure in cap and
kerchief,
She trudges through the
town,
A rose, still half a rose-
bud,
Clad in a Quaker
gown.



And if we chanced to meet her,
Sitting, demurely shy,
Would we not buy her linen?
Her herbs would we not buy?

Dear, you might take the bunches
Of summer savory,
And marjoram, and lavender,
And thyme that tempts the bee;



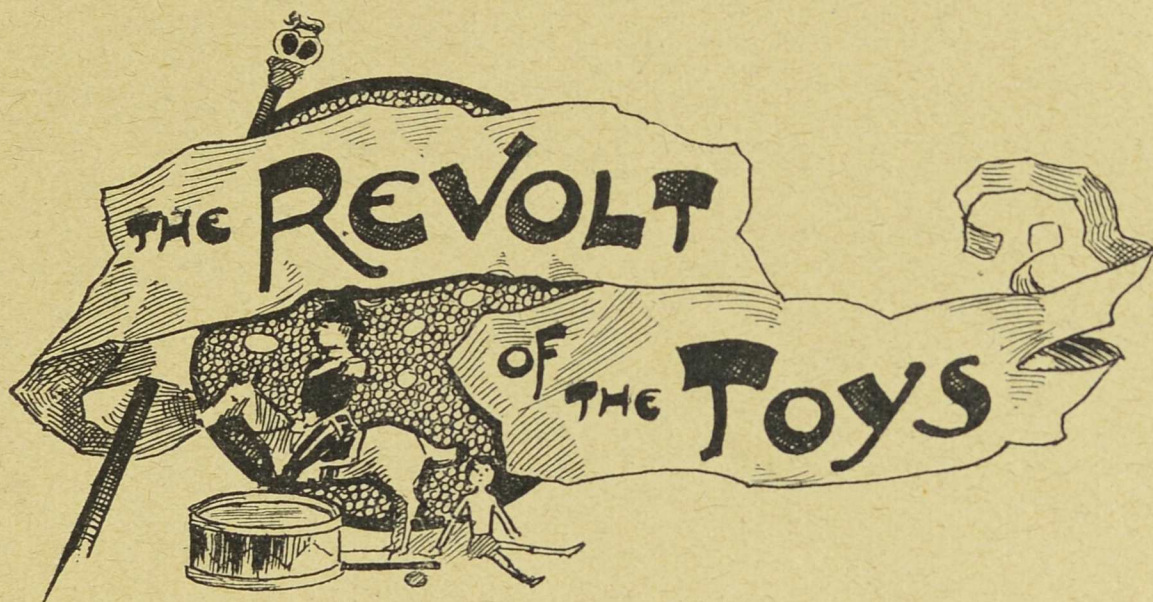
While I would buy the linen
Your lavender would scent,
And with my gold and silver
Leave pretty Prue content.

She'd part from us with blessings
Upon her lips, and eyes
As sunny as the sapphire
Of blue New England skies.

“Thee'st kind” and “Thee art welcome;
Good day to both of you.”
And she would smile upon us,
For that's the way of Prue.

Nora Chesson.





THE toys were in a towering rage. They had been shamefully treated all day, and now they were left strewn on the floor of the dark, deserted nursery, with the fire almost out, and, what is more, no coals to mend it with. It was abominable.

“Somebody ought to do something,” said the grey felt Rabbit in a weak voice, as he sorrowfully surveyed a bit of white fluff, a yard or two away, that had once been his tail.

“I shall put my foot down,” said the One-legged Soldier, “see if I don’t.” “I should if I were you,” cried the Cavalry Officer, scornfully; “it will amuse you and do them no —” Here the toy Monkey, against which his wounded horse was leaning, began to scratch himself, and the officer and horse rolled over in a heap.

“We must hold a come-to-tea-meeting; nothing else will save us,” said the Engine, in a very solemn, important manner. “What’s that?” cried the younger toys in chorus. The Engine was pleased at his own superior knowledge.



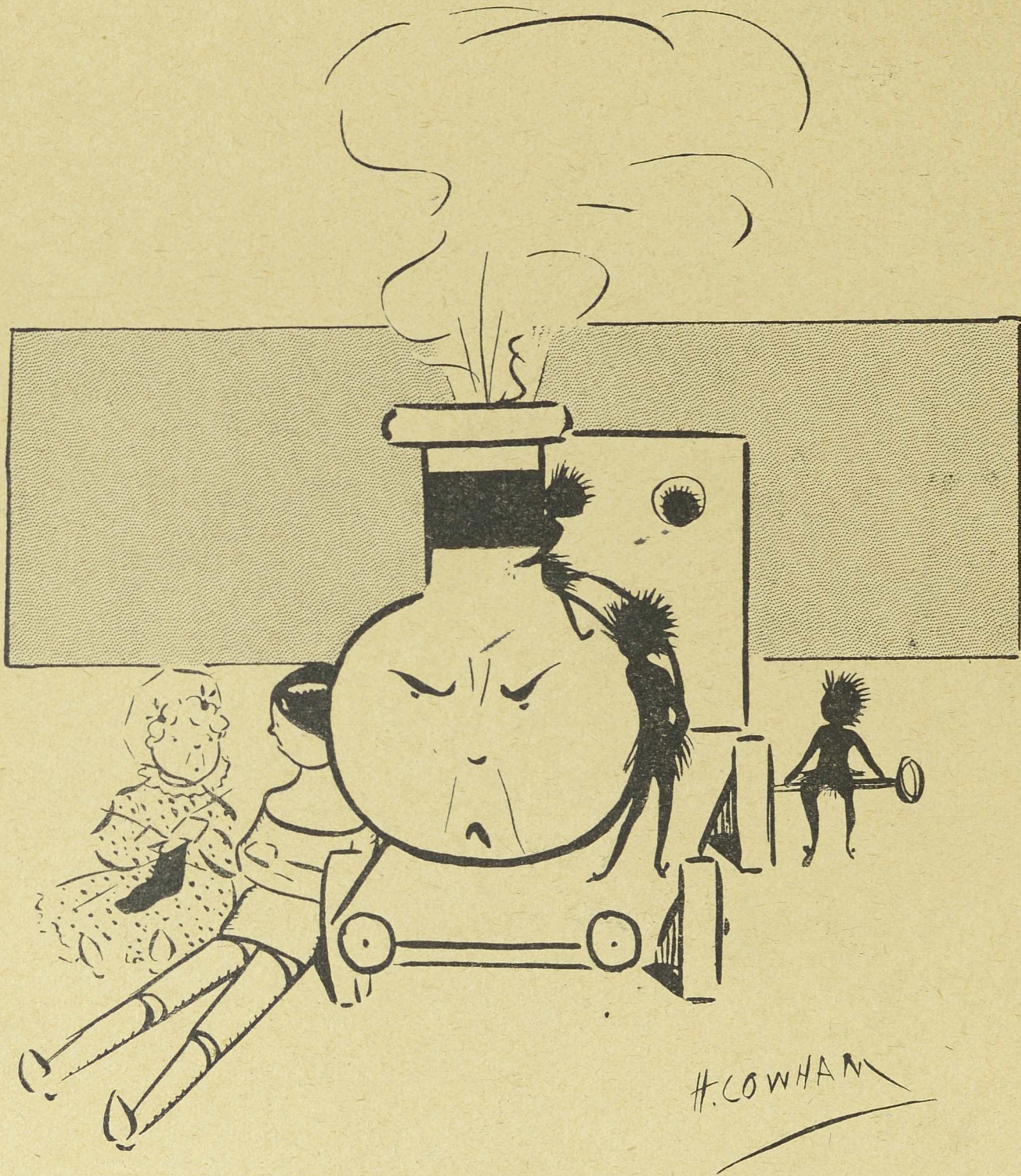
“Why, you all come to tea, of course, sillies; then we talk about the bad times and the way the shareholders—that’s the children—abuse us, and we move amendments. My directors are always doing it.”

“Well, I’m sure we need a lot of ’mendments,” sighed the Rabbit, still looking regretfully at his tail. “To hear you talk, one would think you were the only one that had suffered from this day’s work,” grumbled the Cavalry Officer. “Do somebody take this horse from on top of me! I can scarcely speak, and my figure will be ruined. I shall be flat-chested for the rest of my life.”

“It was so beautiful,” mused the Rabbit, still thinking of his tail, “and Dumpy was so proud of it. Every time she showed me to visitors she always said, ‘My bunny, and ’ook what it’s dot behi-i-ind.’” Here the



So we all hurried home very fast to our beds,
While the stars twinkled laughingly over our heads!



Rabbit burst into tears, and threw himself with such force into the arms of the talking Doll that she got indigestion in her squeaker, and screamed, "Pap-pa! Mam-ma! Pap-pa! Mam-ma!" twenty times before she could stop herself.

"Silence!" cried the Engine, and he blew his whistle. "Come to tea."

When the Engine talked like that, the other toys always obeyed, partly because he was the oldest of them all, and partly because he had a nasty

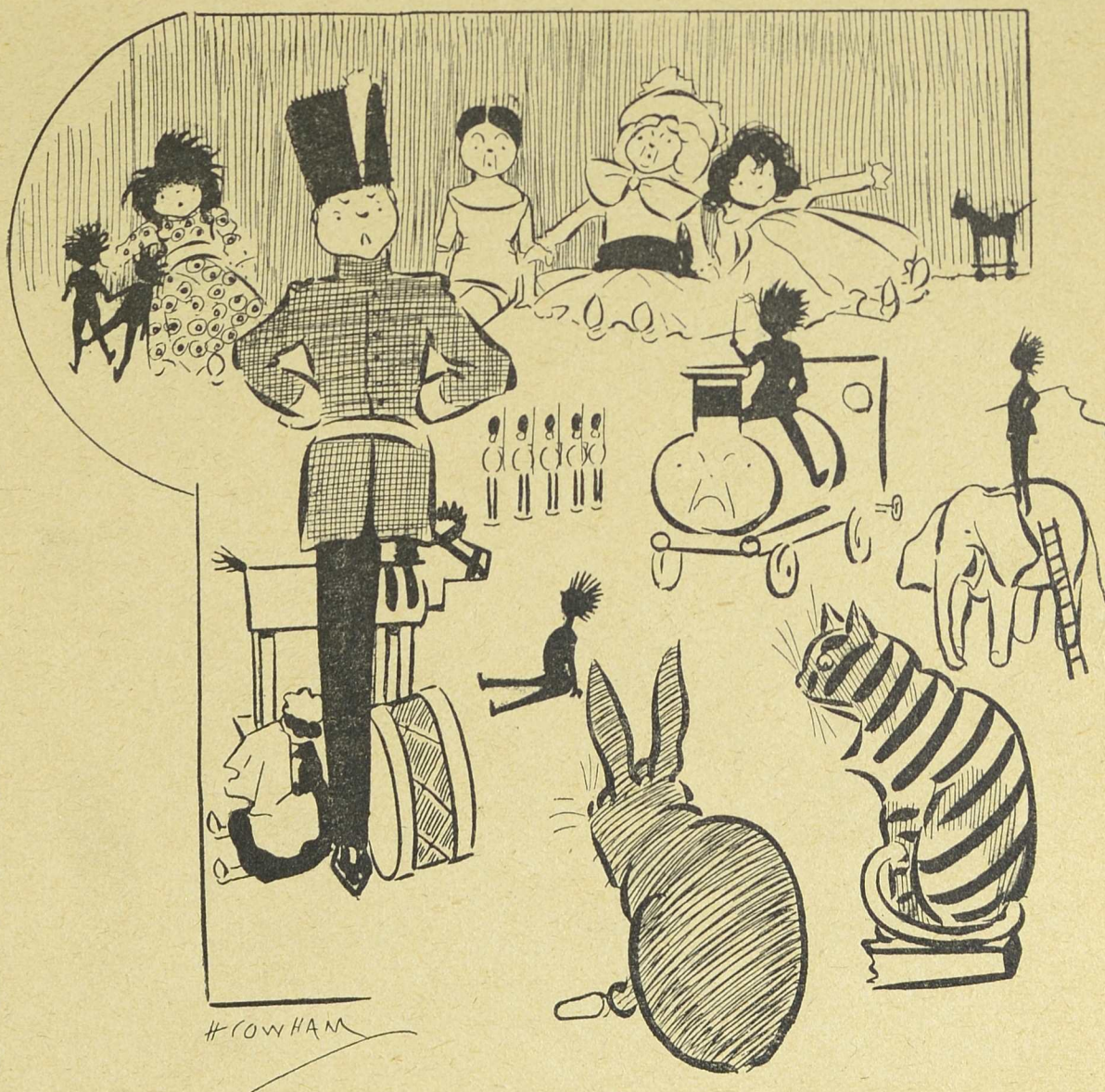
trick of running over them if they did not do as he wished. When they had all come, the Engine cleared his throat and addressed them in a very pompous manner :

“Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman—that’s myself. I assure you, gentlemen, his services to the company in the past years have been inval——”

“Fiddlesticks! where’s the tea?” interrupted the Officer; “that was to come first.”

“There isn’t any tea; there never is,” snapped out the Engine, forgetting his dignity; “and if you had a spring inside you that had been wound up six turns too tight, you’d know better than to ask for tea. Tea is no use!” There was a good deal of indignation and disappointment all

round about the tea, and the toys got so excited and talked so loudly that at last the nursery Kettle, who was still sitting on the top of the ashes in the grate, thought it her duty to interfere. She began to sing at the top of her voice, and as the toys had a great respect for her, they gradually ceased their hubbub to





DREAMLAND ADVENTURES.

(1) Tommy goes for a ride, (2) And does not quite like it,
(3) Till he finds himself in bed.

listen to what she had to say.

“What’s the good of quarrelling?” she began. “One would think, to listen to you all, you were a lot of silly humans, instead of sensible, self-respecting toys. State your grievances in turn, and I will advise you. I have lived in this family for many

years, and have been frequently promoted for good conduct, so you may trust me. I began life in the parlour—slow work and poor pay; then I went to the kit-

chen, where there was better pay, but a fearful deal to do; then I rose to a sick-room, but my nerves could not stand the anxiety and night-work, so I was promoted to the nursery at the top of the house; my life has been one series of triumphs!” She coughed modestly before continuing: “Now for your grievances. Officer, begin!”

The Officer stepped forward and saluted the Kettle.

“Horse severely wounded, bayonet bent, insulted and sword taken from me. Reginald’s fault.”



“Humph! Rabbit—your turn.”

“My tail! oh, Dumpy, my beautiful ta-a-ail!”

“Somebody give him the smelling salts at once; he’s going to have hysterics! Dutch Doll—your turn.”

“My clothes have been taken from me,” began the Dutch Doll, mincingly, “and I am quite stiff with cold, having only my blushes to cover me. Heartless desertion on the part of my mother, Amy.”

“Private Jones—your turn.”

“Right leg shot off with glass alley, whilst under shelter of flag of truce. Reginald’s fault.”

“Engine—your turn.”

“The whole affair is a piece of abominable injustice!” began the Engine, spluttering with excitement and wrath at not being the first to be questioned; “there is nothing for it but to hold a com——”

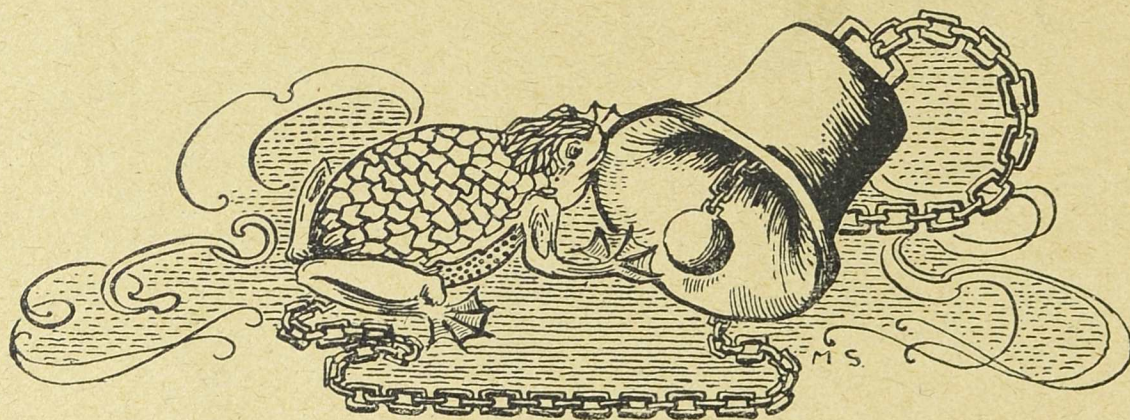
“Never mind the remedy,” interrupted the Kettle; “that’s my business. What’s your injury?”

“Mainspring broken,” replied the Engine, sulkily.

“Whose fault?”

“Reginald’s.”

“Thank you. I cannot question you all; there are too many of you; but I take it you all have grievances?”



“We have!” cried the other toys in chorus.

“Very well, then, you must seek revenge.”

“How?”

The Kettle hummed softly to herself as she turned the matter over in her mind.

“I have it!” she cried, a minute later. “To-morrow morning, when the humans come to the nursery, make them into your toys, and treat them as they have treated you — exactly, neither better nor worse.”

“But Dumpy hasn’t got a tail to pull off,” objected the Rabbit, feebly, between his sobs.

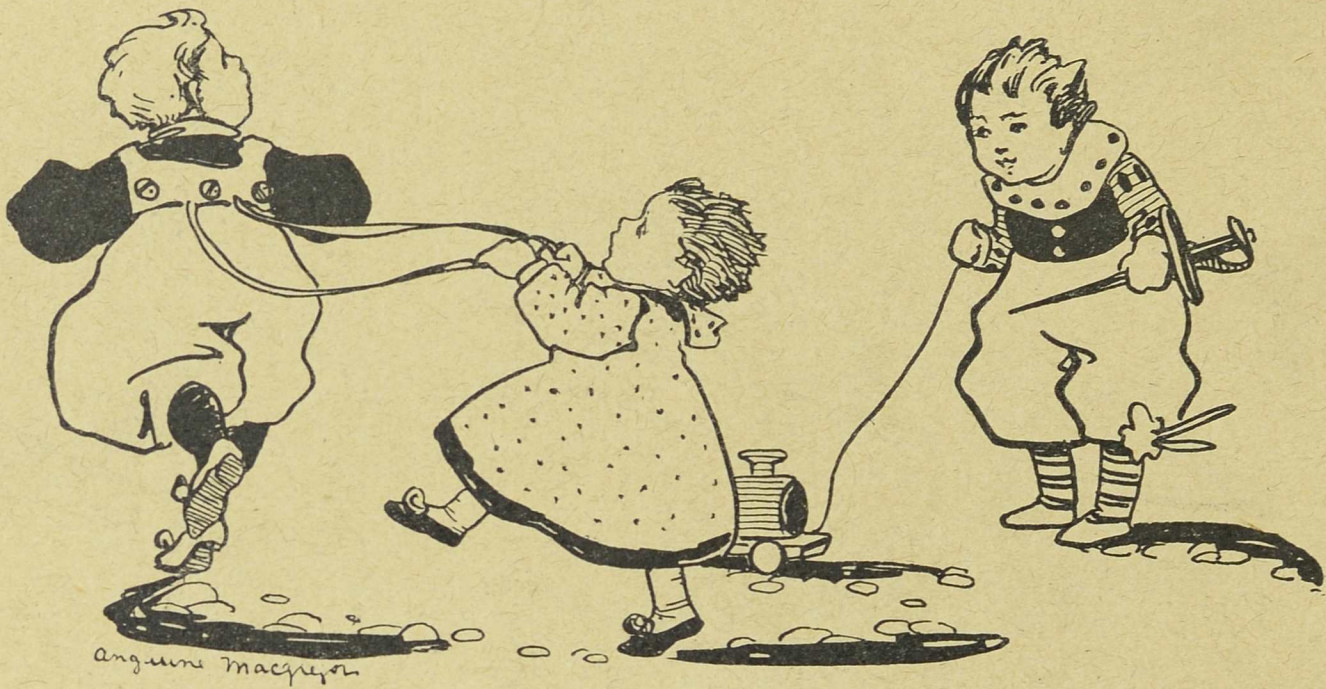
“Don’t be such a ninny!” scolded the Kettle; “can’t you pull her hair out? Now, I can’t waste any more time over you. I have an important dispute, on the way, with a pan on the hob—Amy’s toffee pan—which is too disgustingly black for words. You must manage the rest yourselves.”

The toys drew back from the fire, and, after a little quiet discussion amongst themselves, retired to bed to get what rest they could before the day of their revenge should dawn.

* * * * *

The first to enter the nursery the next morning was Amy. Hardly





had she got as far as the doll's house when she was fiercely set upon from behind by the Dutch Doll, who began tearing her clothes off her back quite savagely, regardless of buttons and strings.

Amy's shrieks attracted the other children, who came scampering in to see what was the matter. In a moment a scene of wildest confusion reigned.

Reginald, the chief offender of the family, was pelted with marbles, shot at from cannons, belaboured with swords; his riding-whip—he had just returned from his morning's canter—was torn from his hand, and his nose was severely pulled.

Unable to defend himself any longer, he fled from the room, closely followed by the unhappy Amy, reduced to a short knitted vest and a pair of suspenders, whilst the short-legged Dumpy brought up the rear, hotly pursued by the grey felt Rabbit.

The Kettle laughed till her lid tumbled off, and the toys wiped the perspiration from their brows as they surveyed the scene of their revenge.

A moment later the Rabbit was hurled into their midst from some



DOGGIE'S BATH

E.M.T.

HOPE HE WILL LIKE IT!



unseen power without, and the door was shut with a heavy bang. The Rabbit had a large tuft of Dumpy's hair in its mouth.

For hours they were left severely alone, till they all began to grow quite nervous as they looked back on the badness of their conduct, and wondered what would happen next.

Later in the day, the Governess cautiously opened the door and peeped in; she had a bottle of liquid glue in her hand. All the toys sat quite still, and she ventured in a little further.

Gradually she grew bolder and bolder, till at last she sat down, and, picking them up one by one, began silently to repair their injuries.

Hurrah! The victory was theirs! There could be no doubt about that. The humans had learnt to fear and respect them.

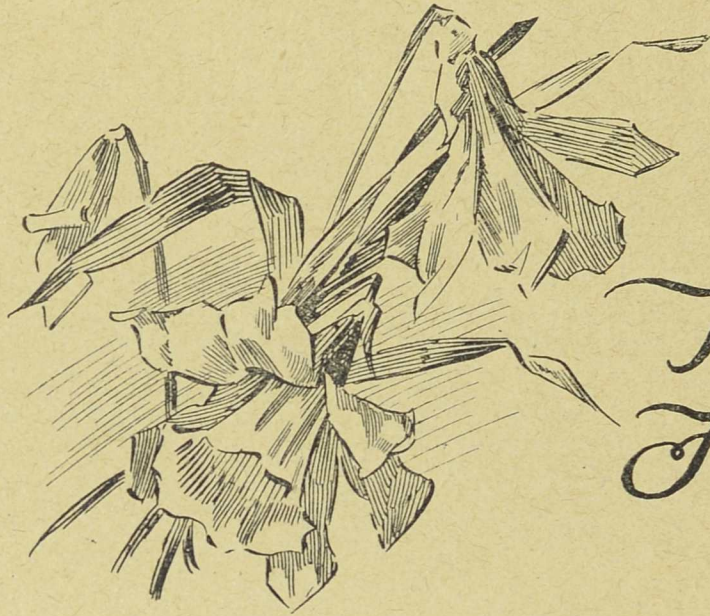
That night they proposed a vote of thanks to the Kettle, and went to bed in immense spirits.

But triumph is short-lived.

The very next day they were packed up, one and all, and sent off with a lot of old clothes to a jumble sale, where they were actually sold for the sum of one penny to a little boy who lived in a court.

Esther Dale.



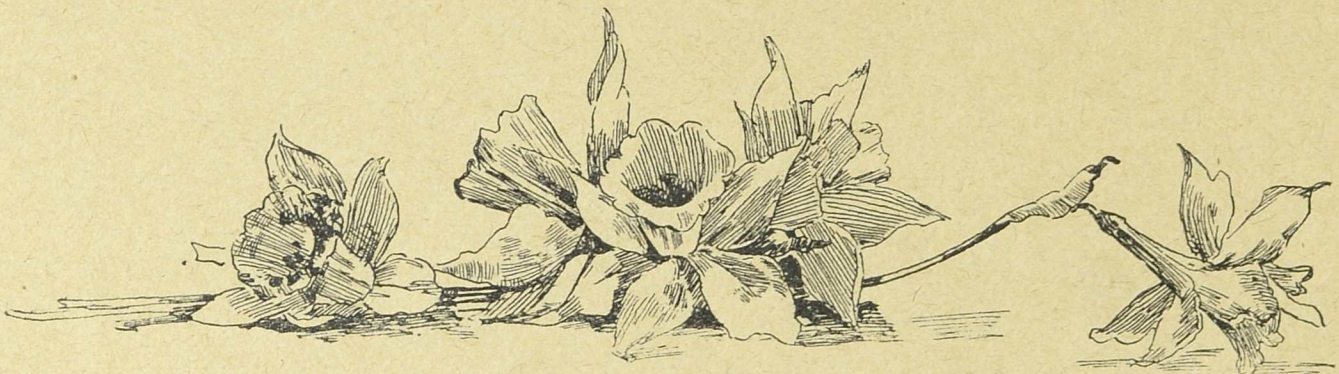


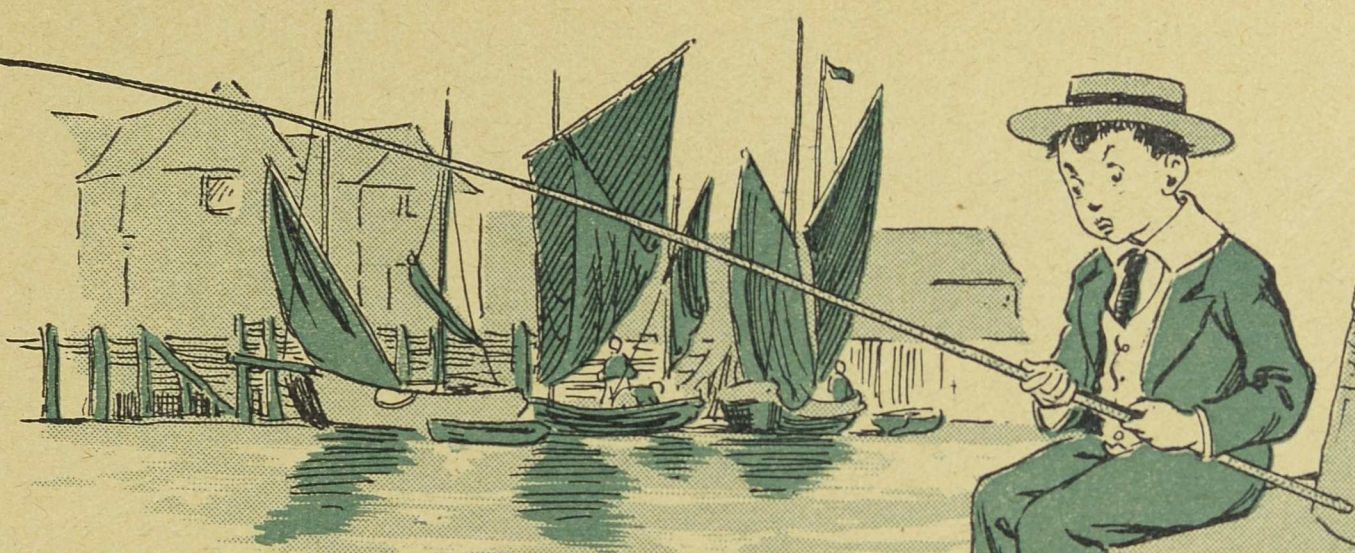
The Happy Flowers.

Said the Daffodils one morn,
Nodding round the soft green lawn,
“ ’Tis, indeed, a happy thing
Thus to bloom in joyous spring ;

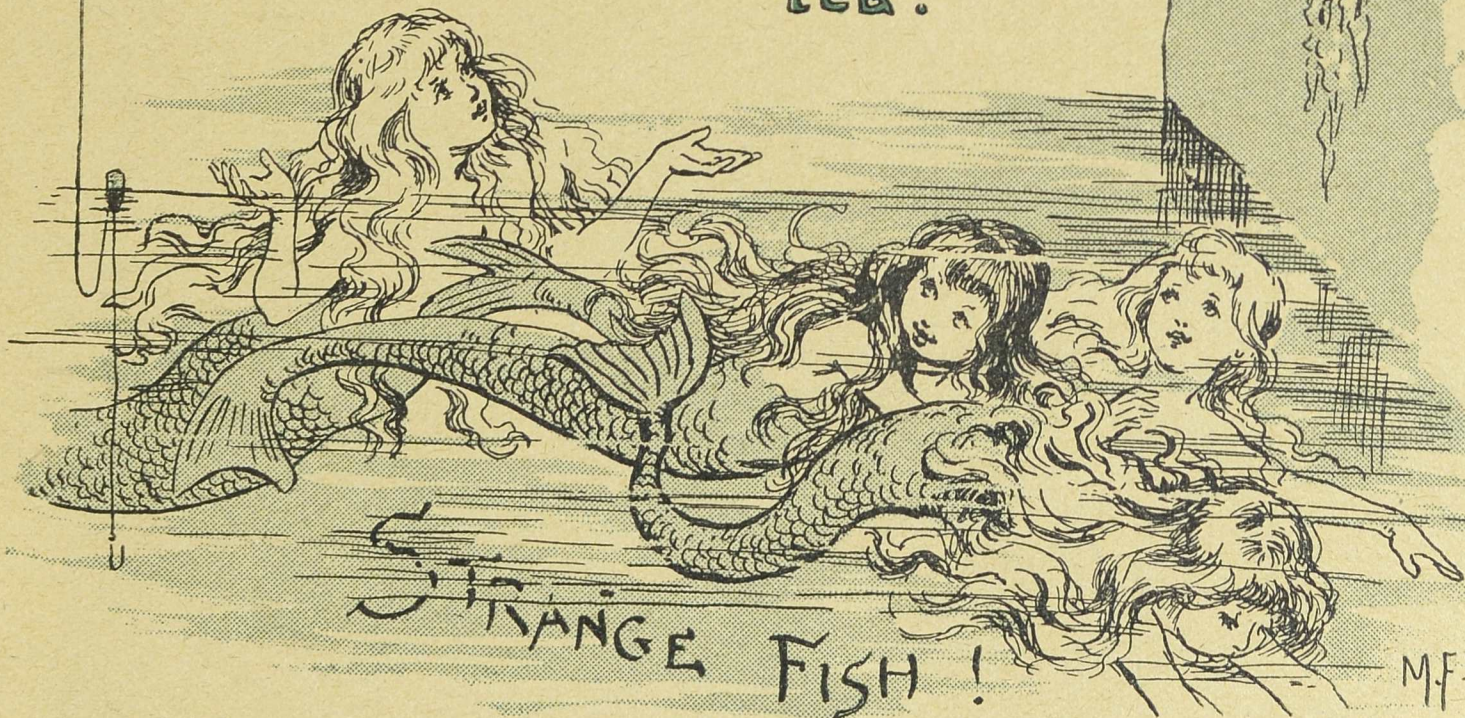
Winter scarce has pass'd away
Ere we come so fresh and gay,
Brightening the world once more
With our yellow, golden store.”

Nodding, nodding went their heads
In the pretty garden-beds.





What funny fish
 Down there I see,
 Swimming away
 So merrily!
 "Oh, No!" they're calling
 Up to me,
 "Little boy, you won't
 Catch us for
 tea!"



M.F.T.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

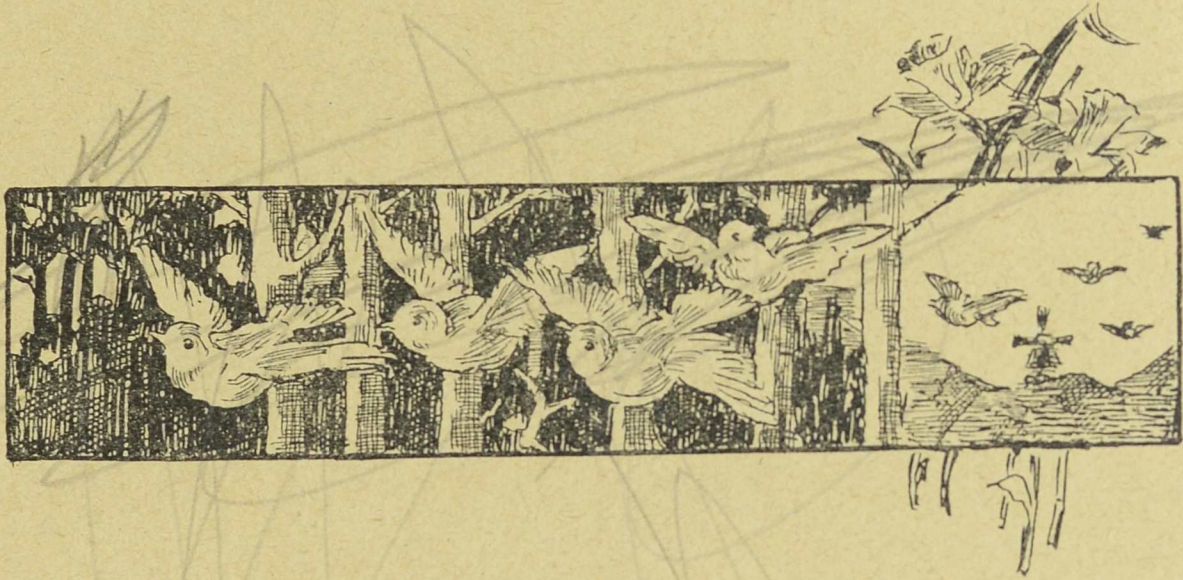


Bye-and-bye a little
maid,
Dancing through the
light and shade,

In the garden came to play
On this bright and sunny day.

To the daffodils she ran,
And in prattling tones began :

“ Darling little yellow flow’rs,
Brought to life by Spring’s warm show’rs,
Oh, how prettily you grow !
Daffodils, I love you so ! ”



Nodding in their joy and pride,

Said the Daffodils, aside—

“ What a charming maid is this !

How the sun must love to kiss

Such a pretty flaxen head,

Turning it to gold instead !

Never can a flower be

Half so sweet and fair as
she ;

’Mid the blossoms, big and
small,

She’s the fairest of us all ! ”



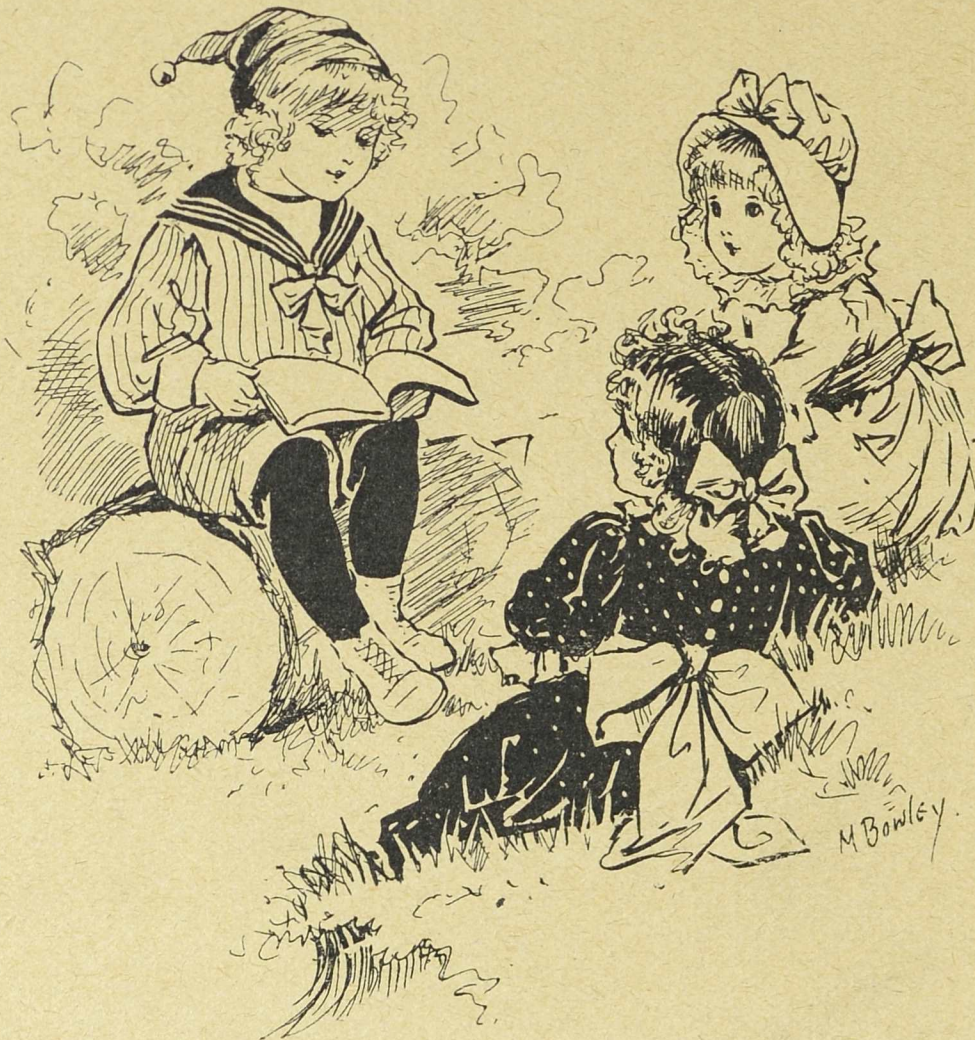
THE HAPPY FLOWERS.

And the yellow heads once more
Nodded, nodded as before,
While the little maid stood still,
Watching ev'ry daffodil.

“Oh! you funny flow'rs,” cried she,
“How you nod your heads at me!
Do you really love me, too?
Pretty flow'rs, I think you do!”

And they nodded, nodded, still—
Ev'ry golden daffodil!

Constance M. Lowe.





A BAD BOY.

And so take care each morning-tide
 That you get out the proper side,
 Then you'll be sweet as cherry pie,
 Till Dustman comes to close your eye.



THE FARTHING CHANGE.

LOTTCHEN was a very solitary little girl, for she lived alone with her father in the great forest far away from any village. Her father went away early in the morning with his axe over his shoulder, and came back late in the evening and sat by the fire, and thought about things too deeply to talk to Lottchen. But he always asked one question, and that was, "Has anyone been here to-day, Lottchen?"

And every day but Monday she would answer: "No, dear Vaterchen, no one!"

But on Mondays she would say, "Yes, dear Vaterchen, the old man has been for his rent."

"And did he say anything?"

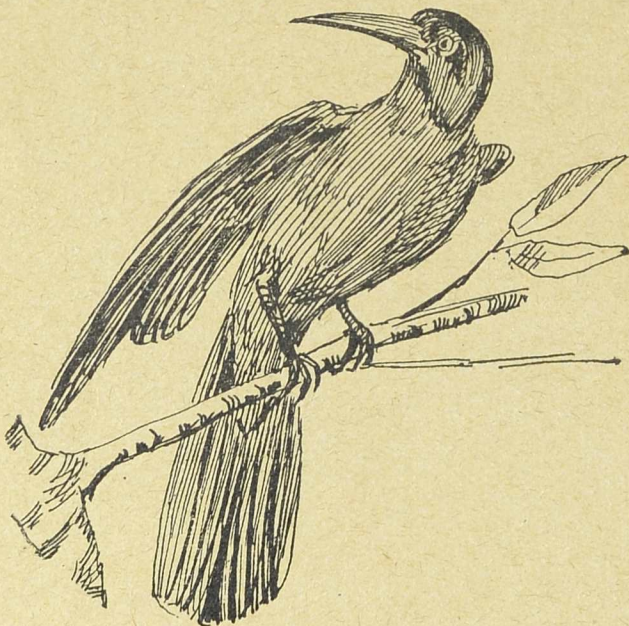
Vaterchen would ask.

"No, dear Vaterchen; not a word!"

"And you asked him nothing, Lottchen?"

"No, Vaterchen—what should I ask him?"

Then Vaterchen would sigh, and murmur it was a long time coming! But



when Lottchen asked him *what* was a long time coming he never answered. Lottchen was a busy little girl. She had to be up early to make the porridge for breakfast ; and when Vaterchen had gone off to his work she swept the house, and made the beds, and fetched water from the spring, and put on the pease soup to cook for supper. Then sometimes she would go for a walk in the forest, and listen to the birds, and sit among the flowers, and think about things. Why was her father so sad and silent, and why did they live alone in the forest, when once they had dwelt in a big house, and she had had pretty frocks to wear and ladies to wait on her ? And what did her father want her to ask the little old man who came for the rent ? Such an ugly little man, with bright twinkling eyes, who always made her feel rather frightened. He used to tap at the door, and when she opened it, put out his claw-like hand for the money, and go away without a word.

One day she was sitting near a big foxglove, thinking of all these things, when suddenly she heard a queer little buzzing voice, saying, "Let me out ! oh ! *do* let me out, and I will tell you what you want to know !"

Lottchen looked round, startled.

"Where are you ?" she cried.

"Why, here, of course !" said the voice.

"Can't you see ? That nasty old Bumblebee has stuck me in here with a dab of honey, because I said he was a clumsy old fogie, and so he is !"

Then Lottchen saw that one of the bells of the foxglove was shaking about furiously.

"Are you in there ?" she cried. "Are you a fairy ?"

"Why, where should I be ?" answered





A dreadful tale I have to tell—
 "My Dear" fell down a darksome well,
 And she would have been drowned, no doubt,
 But "Dick," the gardener, fished her out.
 And O! she caught a dreadful chill,
 And is so very, very ill!

the voice. "Oh! do make haste; but don't tear the flower, or they will be so cross!"

So Lottchen undid the bud very carefully, and out popped a gay little creature and began to preen his gauzy wings.

"Thanks," he said. "You have nice little fingers. Pretty little Princess fingers, hey? And you will like to be one again, won't you? Well, why don't you ask him why he has forgotten the Farthing Change?"



"The Farthing Change!" cried Lottchen. "What change? and whom am I to ask?"

"Oh! if you don't know, I can't tell you," said the Fairy. "I dare say I have put my foot in it as it is. But I don't much care if I have. He is a spiteful old thing, and did me a bad turn once with the Queen. And you have done me good turns often!"

"Have I?" said Lottchen, wonderingly.

"Yes, and I'll do the same for you. We, at any rate, are honest. So good-bye, and don't forget the Farthing Change."

And off fluttered the Fairy, singing:

"The Farthing Change, the Farthing Change
Oh! isn't it strange,
What a lot can depend on a Farthing Change?"

"How very funny!" thought Lottchen. "That must have been a fairy. But whom am I to ask for the change? I don't pay anything. Oh, yes, I do, I pay the rent! Oh!! Yes, and to-day is the day."

Lottchen flew home, and there at the door was the old man waiting for his rent. "It is all ready," she cried, as she ran to fetch the money. "Here it is. But haven't you forgotten the Farthing Change?"

The little old man gave a great jump. He stared at Lottchen, while his face crumpled up into all sorts of shapes, and she thought he was going to cry. Then he flung down the money and fled away with a yell.

"Oh! oh! the villain has told!" he screamed, as he fled down the path.

Lottchen stared after him, amazed. Then some curious and unwonted sounds fell upon her ear—unusual sounds. There was certainly a murmur of voices, and the trampling of horses' feet. And who were these riding along the forest glade? Gentlemen in velvet doublets, with swords by their sides and feathers in their caps. And somebody—oh! was it Vaterchen?—riding on a white horse with a circlet of gold round his

helmet? And ladies—ladies in silks and satins—who came running up the path to her, calling her their dear, sweet little Princess!

* * * *

For, you see, Lottchen and Vaterchen had been enchanted, and when you are enchanted, till you ask the right person the right question—well, you remain enchanted, that's all.

M. A. Hoyer.



The Old Oak Chest.

We were staying indoors on a wet, wet
day,

And were grumbling that we had nothing
to play,

When mother said, "Darlings, I think it were
best

If I let you peep into the old oak chest."



So away we ran, in the highest of glee ;

Our mother had given to Charley the key ;

We soon raised the lid, we could never
have guessed

What treasures were hidden in that old
oak chest.



There were dresses and cloaks of wonderful hue,
Very nearly as bright and fresh as when new ;
Smart ribbons and fans, cloaks and bonnets were
pressed,

All folded together in that old oak chest.



E. M. TAYLOR

FACES IN THE FIRE.

They were things that our grandparents used to
wear,

And they'd lain many years quite forgotten there ;

Fine things, that were once in the greatest
request,

But no longer worn, in that old oak chest.

We put on the clothes, oh, it was a queer sight !

Because some were too large, and some were too
tight ;

But we looked very fine, all the same, when
dressed,

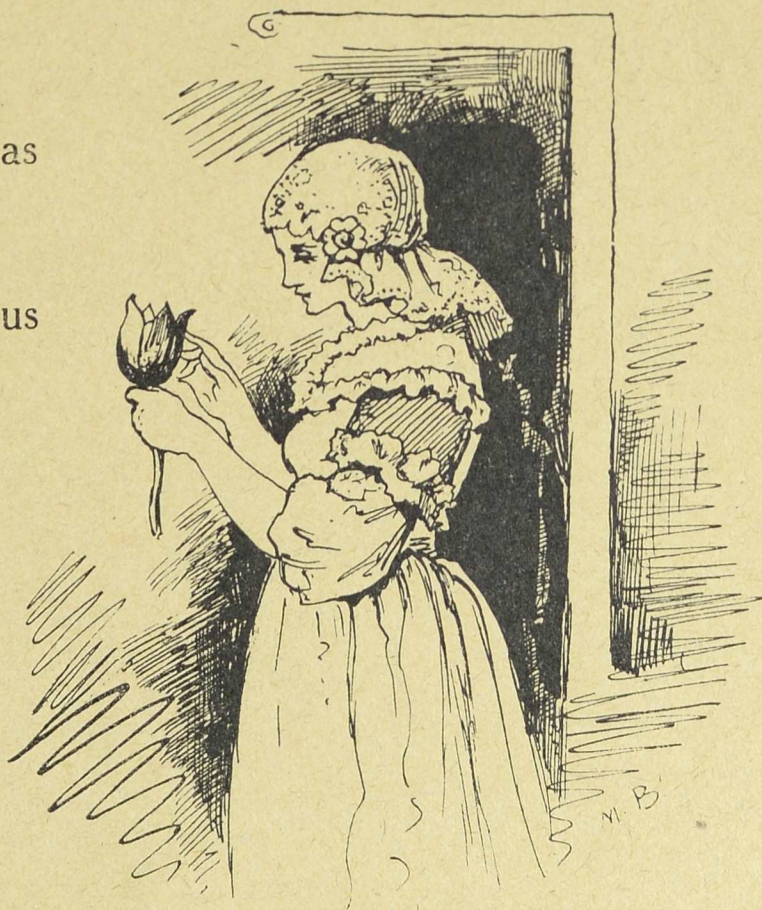
In the things that came out of that old oak
chest.

We dressed up as knights, and as
soldiers and dames,

And we called each other tremendous
long names ;

And we fought fearful battles—
'twas all in jest—

As we played with the things
from the old oak chest.





Dorothea was a lady of high
degree,

And she talked a great deal of
her pedigree ;

And she showed us, with pride,
a seal with a crest,

She had found in the depths of
that old oak chest.

But the happiest day will come to an end,
And small children nodding, to Drowsyland send ;
And the Dustman will come—an unbidden guest—
Though you play with the things from an old oak chest.

But we all declared, when that evening he came,
That we never could have a more lovely game ;
We folded the treasures, and laid them to rest
Once again in the care of the old oak chest.



1.—KITE.

2.—NIGHTINGALE

3.—SWALLOW.

4.—FIELDFARE.

5.—KINGFISHER.

EMT

PRINCE OLAF

AND

THE CRUMBS

OF

BREAD.



I SUPPOSE you think it a very nice thing to be a Prince, and so I believe it is in the ordinary way. But Princes have to suffer just like other people, and sometimes very severely indeed.

Prince Olaf made this discovery when quite a little boy, only ten years old, and his sufferings were greater than those of most Princes.

Prince Olaf was a prisoner in what was but a short time ago his father's beautiful castle, but another King who reigned in a far country had come with his ships and his armies and turned Olaf's father off the throne, and ruled the country in his stead.

He was a hard, cruel King, this conquering King, and he locked the poor little Prince up in a stone tower, and fed him on bread and water, and not much of that either. Fancy only bread and water, and a wooden bed to sleep on, stone walls, and a stone floor, and no one to talk to! It would

have been a terrible thing for any little boy, but for a Prince used to everything that was lovely, everything that his heart desired, it was indeed doubly hard.

It was winter-time too, and that made it worse for Prince Olaf, for his window was open to the wild country without, iron bars taking the place of the pretty blinds and curtains he had been accustomed to. He woke shivering and hungry, and spent the day seated on a rude wooden bench, looking out at the distant hills, and wondering if happiness would ever come to him again ; so the day passed dull and dreary, and Prince Olaf went to bed shivering and hungry as he had risen in the morning.

The weather grew colder and colder, the ground became frost-bound, and the rivers covered with ice, and the poor of the country were hungry, and the birds of the fields and the woods were hungry, but not one was so miserable as Prince Olaf in his tower of stone, and with his meals of bread and water.

But now he was not alone ; he had company by day and night, for those birds of the fields and woods found him out. Only one or two of them called at first, and standing in the opening of the iron-barred window, begged mutely for crumbs. And the Prince gave them crumbs, though he had little to spare, but

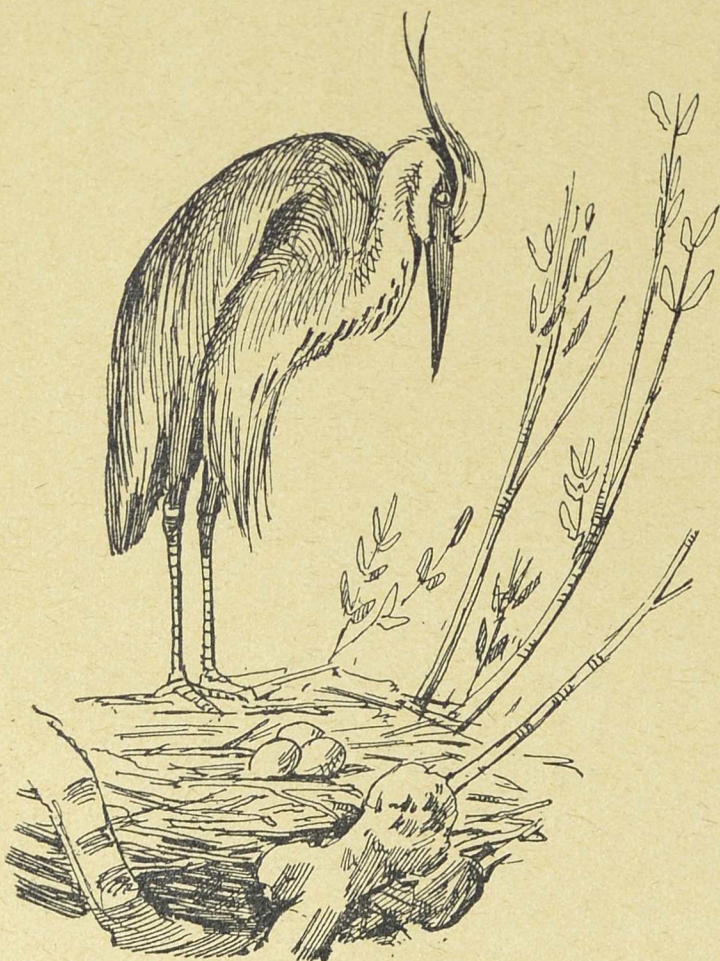


he was a generous boy, and hated to see any living thing suffer. The next day more birds came, a dozen or so ; and the next day more still, perhaps a hundred ; and the day after that many more came, quite a thousand.

And now it was that Prince Olaf kept the crumbs for himself and gave the rest to his visitors ; so the poor boy starved while the birds kept on increasing in numbers every day, and the Prince would surely have died of hunger if something very strange and wonderful had not happened.

No matter how many birds came—and now they came in their countless thousands—Olaf with his one piece of bread had enough to give crumbs to all. The bread that he held in his hand as he broke it into bits and threw it from his window never grew less, and when all those birds had been fed, there remained for the boy a sweet white loaf, while the water in the earthenware pitcher had turned to rich milk.

Such bread and such milk ! No Prince had ever tasted the like of them. They put new life into him. They made him strong and happy, rosy and bright, as he had never been before. Whence came this wonderful food ?



And now the people in the castle and those without, and those in the villages near by, began to wonder, for never before in the memory of man had so many birds been seen together ; and they came in still greater numbers, and gathered in their millions and millions as near to the window of the tower as was possible.

The sight was more than marvellous. People in towns far away, and in cities many miles distant, heard of this wonderful thing, and came trooping to the castle to see for themselves, and as the birds increased in numbers so Prince Olaf increased in strength and beauty.

Then that conquering King became nervous ; indeed, he became filled with terror, for he could not understand it one little bit. He gave orders that the Prince was to have no food at all, but this made no difference. The wonderful bread and the wonderful milk were in the boy's room every morning. Then the wicked King told some of his soldiers to kill the Prince, but when they came to the door in the tower that led to the place where Olaf was kept a prisoner, they could not open it. Iron crowbars could not open that door—nothing indeed could have any effect upon it.

All this time the birds increased and increased in numbers, as did the people who came to see them. They came from countries over the seas, such was the wonderful story.

Now a great number of persons do not meet together without much talking, and they asked one another who lived up there in that high stone tower. And when they came to know they grew very angry, and every day they talked more and became still more angry.

At last this mighty multitude rose up and overpowered the wicked King's soldiers, and they tore the wicked King from the throne and placed him in the tower instead of the little Prince.



Then Olaf's father came back and sat upon the throne, and the great multitude of people shouted "Hurrah!" and everybody said that everybody was going to be happy from that time forth.

But

Now, isn't it a shame that that wretched word "but" should creep in, as it does into so many places, and spoil so much happiness?

But the King had no money. The treasury was empty. And it's the most awkward thing in the world for a treasury to be empty.

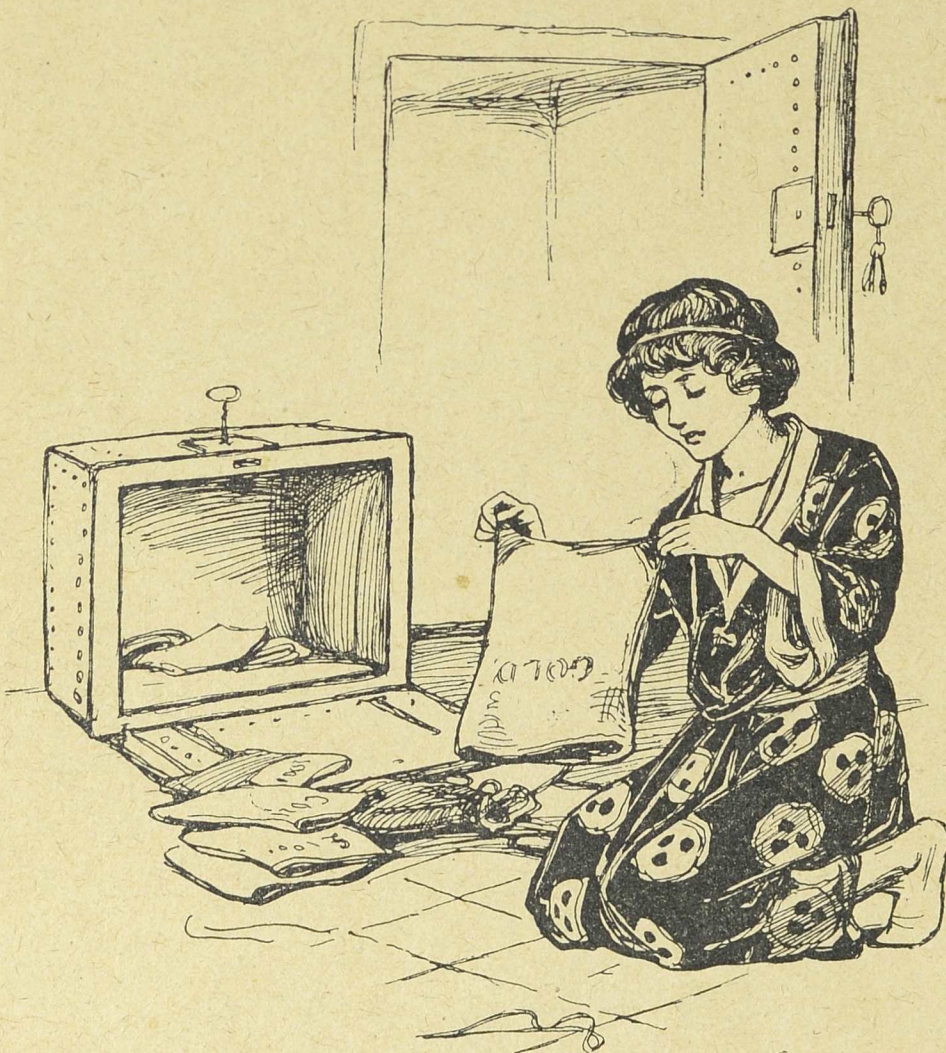
There was no money to pay the soldiers with, or the sailors, or anybody. The wicked King had taken every penny and spent it.

What *was* to be done? What, indeed, was to be done?

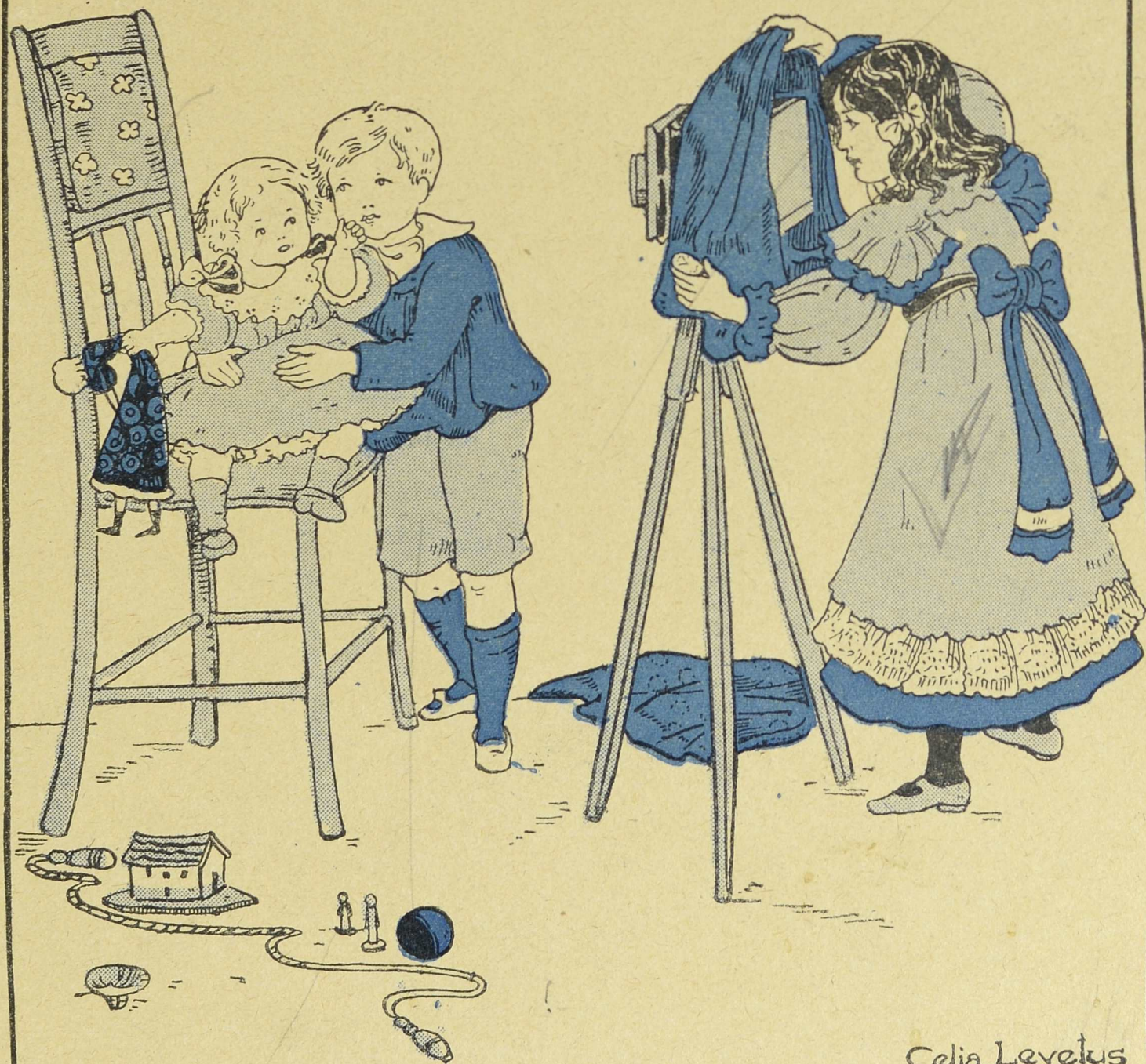
It was the birds that settled the question. The very next morning as the sun rose they all rose on the wing, and soaring up into the sky,

looked like a great brown cloud that extended for miles. They flew away in one enormous mass straight to the East, right into the face of the Golden Sun.

They returned in the evening, when the sun was setting red in the West, and lo and behold! every bird had a crumb of gold in his beak, and these crumbs they laid at the feet of Prince Olaf! They were so many that



I am taking Baby's portrait,
Johnny tries to keep him still
He is very good and patient
If he cannot, nothing will.



Celia Levelus

“Dear, sit still a little while.
Johnny, try to make him smile!”



they weighed no less than twenty tons.

Then in the morning the birds went away again to the Golden Sun, to return again in the evening with an equal amount of treasure, and this went on for exactly as many days as Olaf had fed the birds with bread.

At last one morning the cloud of feathered creatures flew away never to return, and when they went they left the country behind them one of the richest in the world.

And Olaf's father reigned for many years, and when he

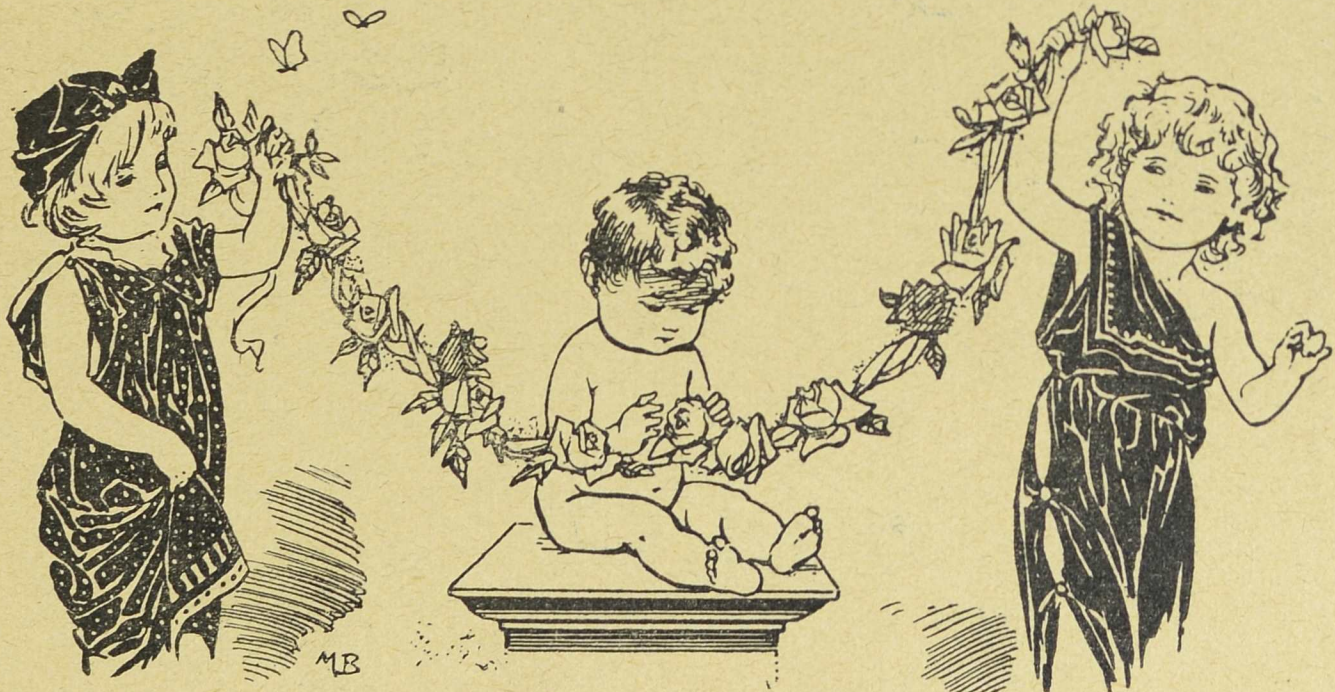
died Olaf reigned in his stead, and was a good, a wise, and a generous king.

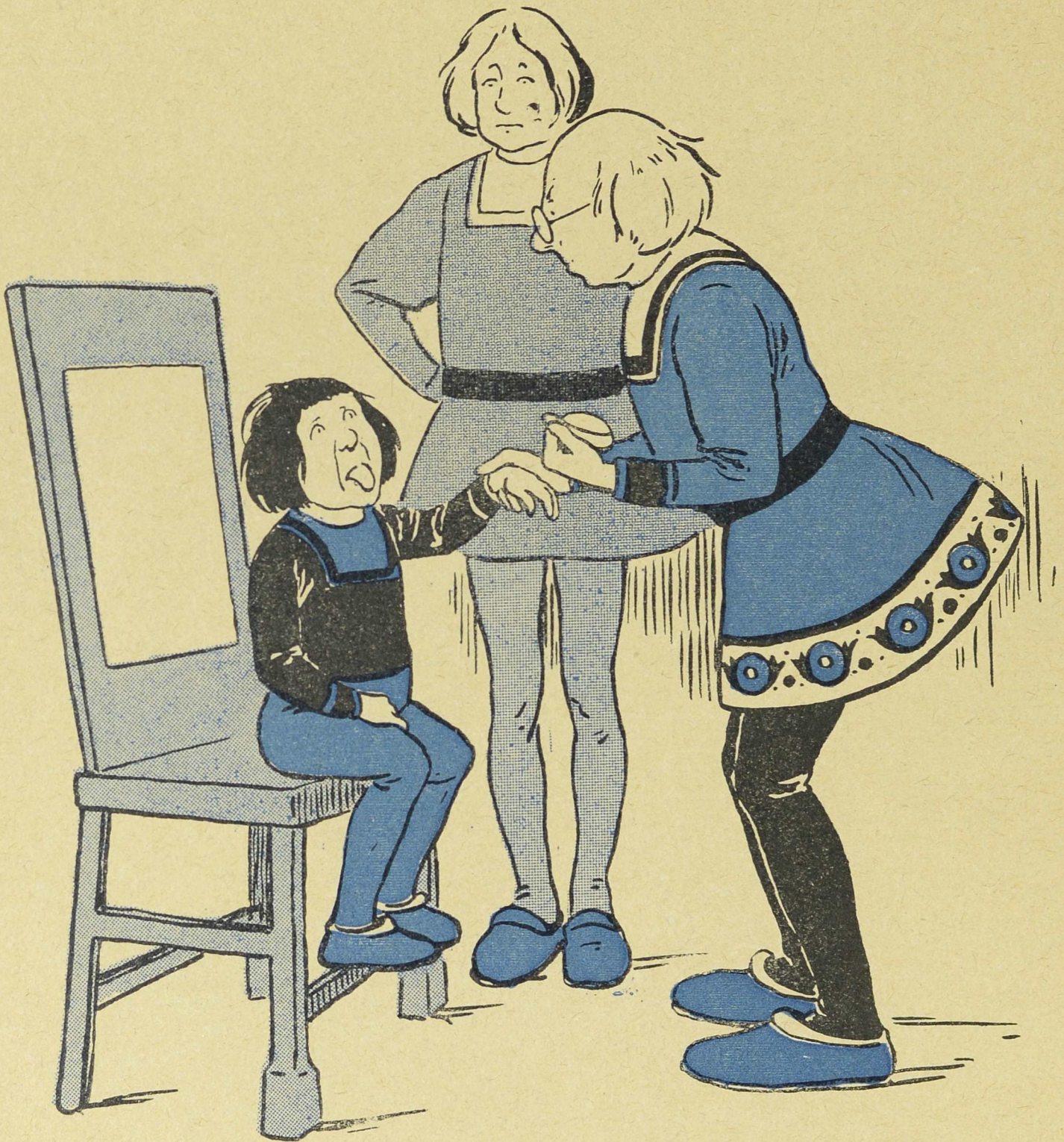
The wicked King who had conquered the country was sent away over the seas, and nobody ever heard anything more about him, and nobody was very sorry for that.

Of course, all the people wondered where the birds brought the gold from, and a great many persons went out to seek for it, and a great many persons are seeking for it to this day, but most of them forgot that Olaf received the golden crumbs because he shared his bread with others when he was starving.

So you want to know how the bread never failed, and how the water became milk in the earthenware pitcher? Well, that's a secret I cannot tell you to-day; some day, when you are old, you may be able to find out for yourself.

Edric Vredenburg.





“Merry is the feast-making till we come to the reckoning.”

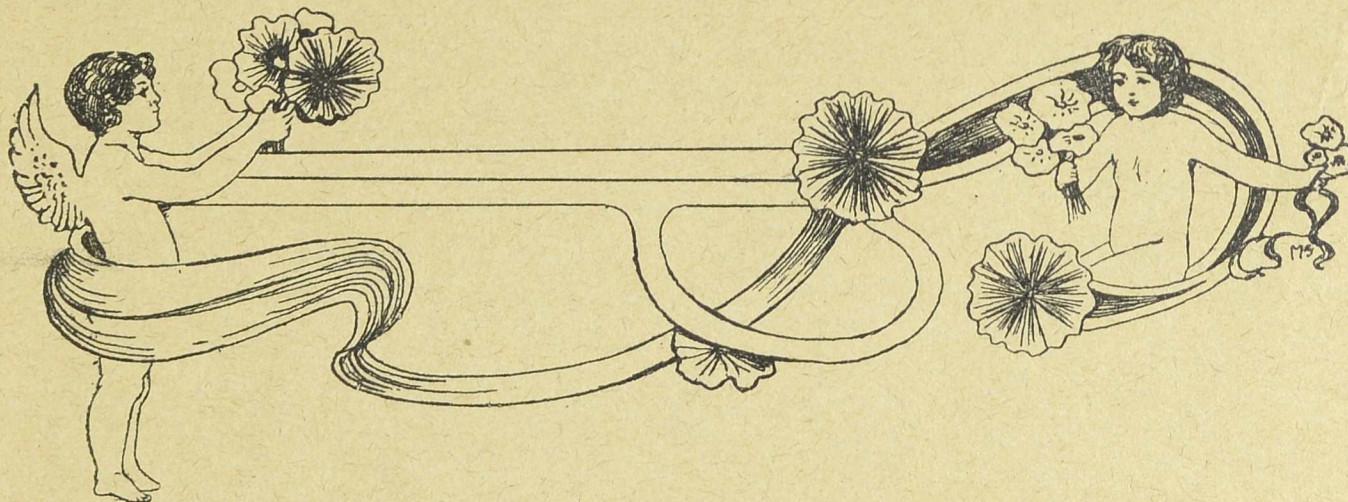
When feasting, think of this at least,
“Enough” is better than a feast;
For sometimes if too much you take,
Both bill and pill will make you ache.

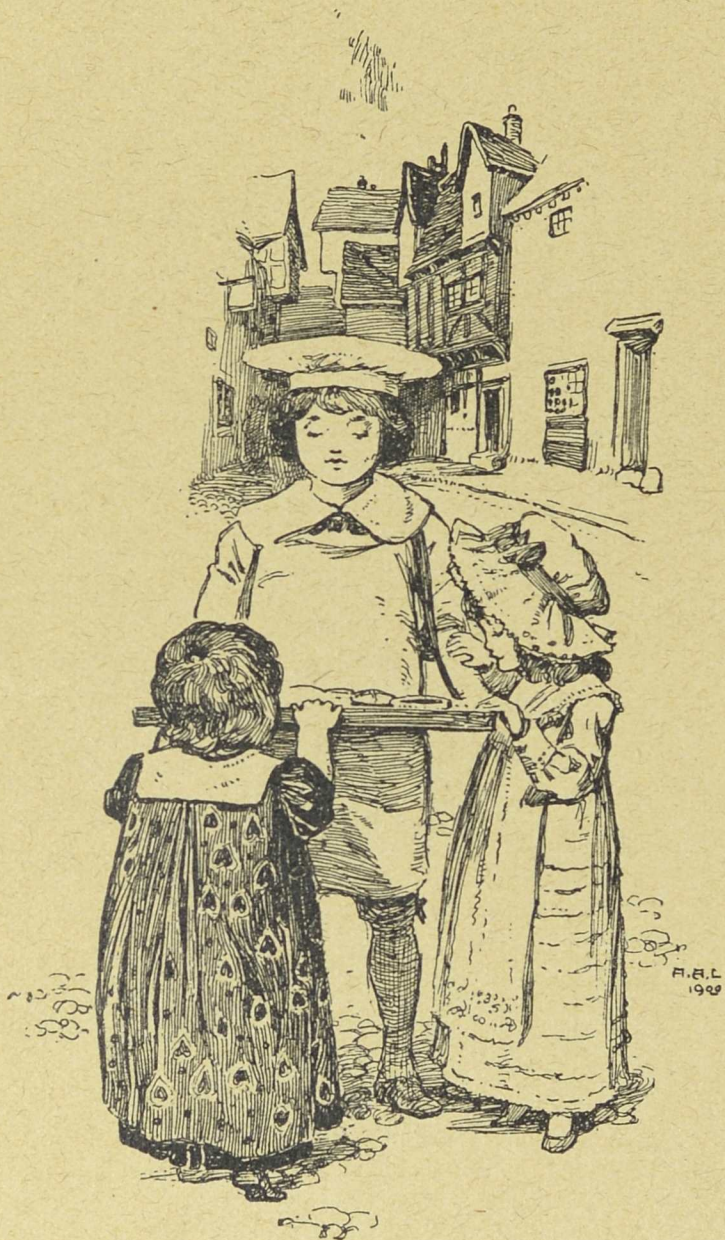


“Come buy, come buy a lovely pie,”
 Along the busy streets I go,
 With shirt-sleeves rolled up elbow-high,
 And cap and apron white as snow.

A merry little cook am I,
 And carry tartlets in my tray,
 Cranberry tarts “come buy, come buy,”
 Pinker than blossoms of the May.

I plucked the berries ripe, myself,
 Picked them and rolled the pastry out—
 And set them on the oven shelf—
 And now I hawk them round about.





“Cranberry pies, a joy to eat,”
 Highways and byways hear my cry ;
 “Raspberry tartlets,” down the street,
 And round the square, “come buy,
 come buy !”

About my tray the children come,
 To see what wares I have to sell ;
 As soldiers gather to the drum,
 Or gossips to the crier’s bell.

So when they hear me call my pies,
 The children down their doorsteps
 run,

Some do but look with longing eyes,
 But I am known of everyone.

Miss Margery, with her silver groat,
 Three minutes takes ere she will
 choose ;

A frock of silk, a velvet coat
 She wears, and silver-buckled shoes.

Twixt raspberry and cranberry
 She hesitates with doubtful eyes ;
 A lady discontent is she,
 And hardly worthy of my pies.

There’s Tod and Tiny, twins of four,
 Come, clinging to their father’s hands ;
 They stand on tip-toe to look o’er
 My tray, and Tod a pie demands.

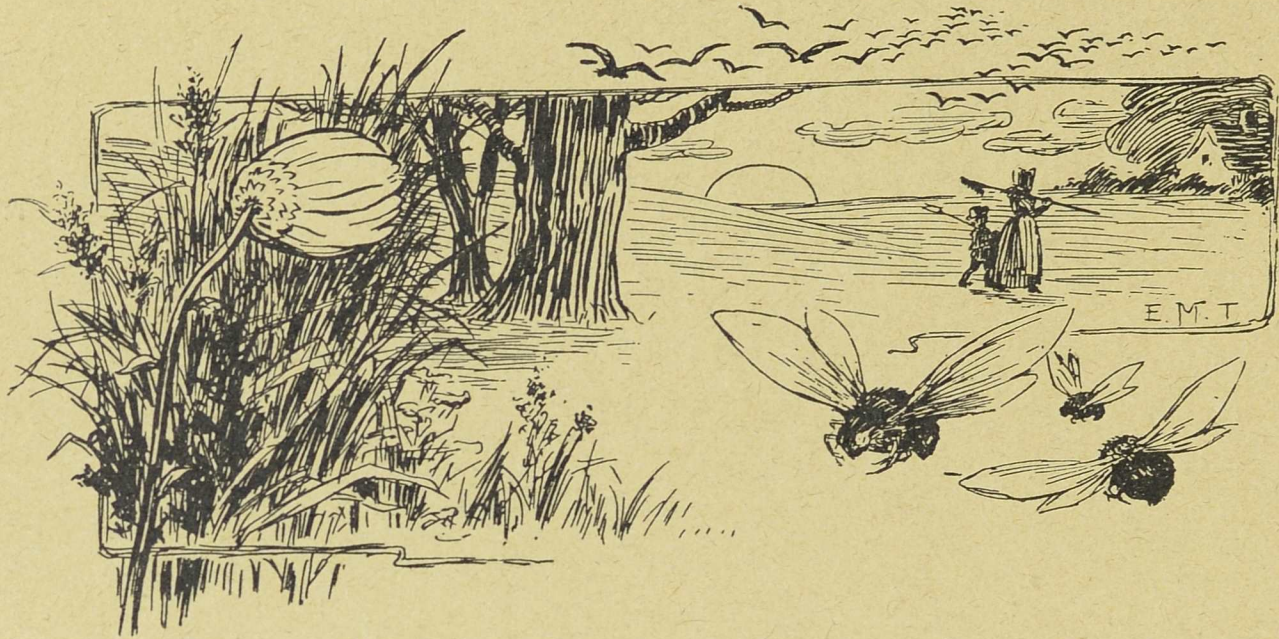
“The biggest pie in London town,
With blackbirds in it that will sing
Under the top-crust, crisp and brown,
Just as they sang once for a king.’

But Tiny wants to buy a tart
As little as herself, she says ;
“ A pie as warm as Tiny’s heart,
And sweet as Tiny’s pretty ways,”

Says Father, “Pieman could not bake
A pie so wonderful as this.”
But still he buys for Tiny’s sake,
And Tiny thanks him with a kiss.

There’s Rose, whose face like picture shows,
In white mob-cap tied round with blue,
The neatest Rose, the sweetest Rose,
The prettiest Rose I ever knew.





Her brown curls cluster round her face,
 As the leaves cluster round the rose ;
 Her apron's border is of lace,
 And violet-coloured are her hose.

Her bodice green and rosy skirt
 Make her more like a damask rose,
 And round about her waist close-girt
 A belt of rosy ribbon goes.

There hangs her bag of flowered silk,
 Her housewife and housekeeping keys ;
 Her apron is as white as milk,
 Or any blackthorn flower you please.

This Rose comes day by day to me
 To view my stock, and cannot quite
 Make up her mind if nicer be
 The tarts pink-sugared, or the white.

But I am sure of my own mind,
And when she's grown and I am grown,
And our two childhoods lie behind,
I'll take this Rosebud for my own.

I'll take her for my little wife,
And she will bake and I will sell ;
And of our happy, happy life,
The sweetness of our pies shall tell.

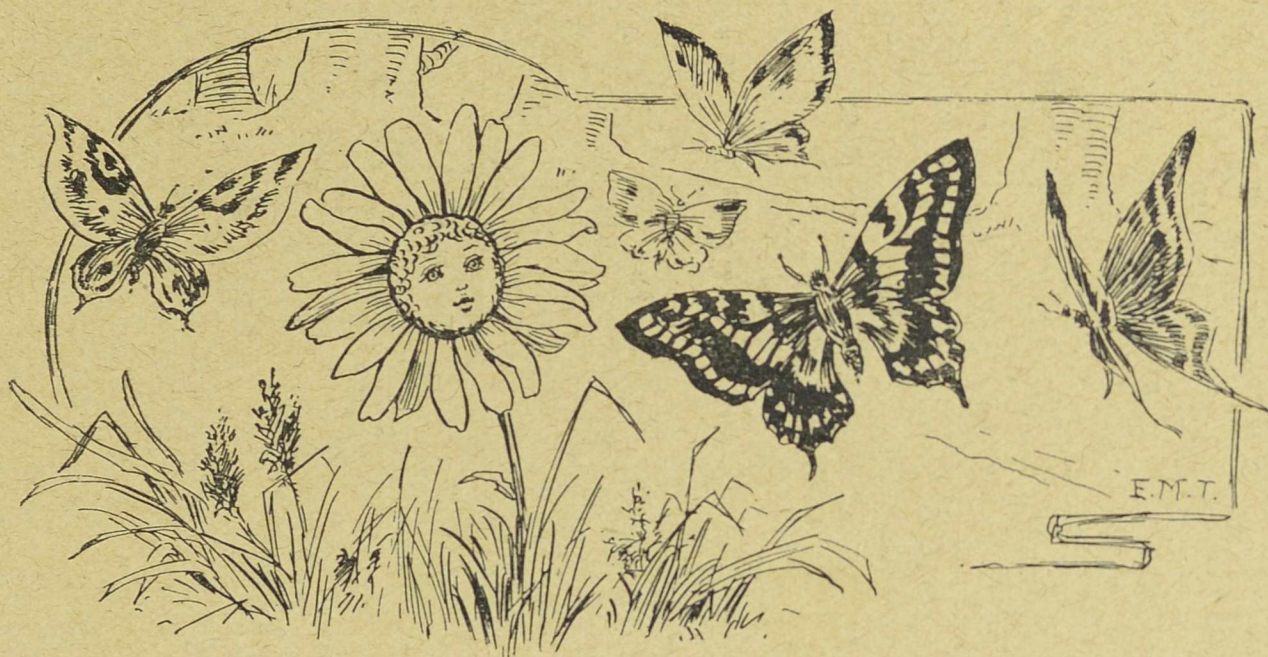
And if we're rich or if we're
poor,
With merry voices we will
cry,
"Sweet pies, sweet pies!" from
door to door,
"Sweet pies, sweet pies, come
out and buy!"

Nora Hopper.





A PERFECT FIT.



FAIRIES.

You must have heard of Fairies,
 There are thousands everywhere,
 In wood, and field, and meadow,
 In water, earth, and air.

They hide from foolish people,
 Who think that they are wise,
 But they are seen by poets' hearts
 And little children's eyes.

You know, sometimes at evening,
 When all the world grows grey,
 You sit and think of all the things
 You've said and done all day.

And as you look across the fields,
 And down the quiet glen,
 If ever fairies can be seen,
 You're sure to see one then.

The fairies teach the flowers to grow,
They teach the birds to sing,
They make the trees grow green again,
To greet the baby spring.



They play at fairy games beneath
The mushrooms, day and night ;
They fill with scent and honey sweet
The clover blossoms bright.

They dance upon the sunbeams
That pierce the cloudy bars ;
They light the Christmas candles,
The glow-worms and the stars.



It's mostly in the country
 That fairies may be seen,
 For they only live in places
 That are beautiful and clean.

But even in the dusty streets,
 'Mid crowds of busy men,
 You may chance to find a fairy
 In the city now and then.

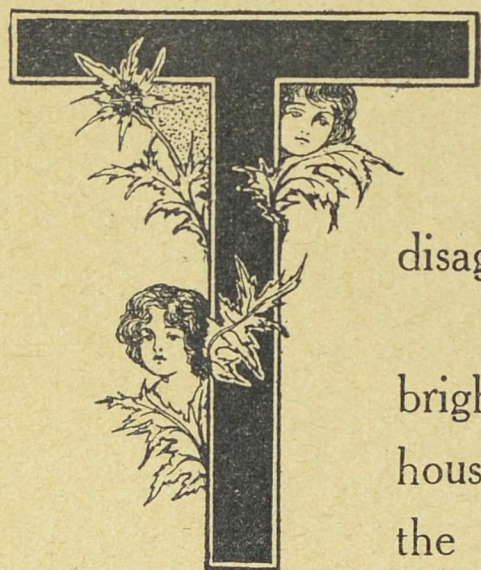
Where faith and honour live,
 and light
 A patient human face,
 There anyone who looks will
 find
 The fairy's dwelling place.

E. Nesbit.





A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS.



HIS was one of the real sort of Christmasses. None of your nasty, moist, dripping, warm Christmasses, nor was it a misty, foggy, dark, disagreeable Christmas.

No, it was one of the right kind. There was a bright blue sky, and sharp, crisp snow covered the houses and roads; there were heaps of red berries on the holly, and any amount of white berries on the mistletoe, and people trotted about with red cheeks and red noses, and wished one another a "Merry Christmas." Everybody *felt* it was Christmas, for a sharp north-east wind blew the snow into drifts, and, if you were not warmly wrapped up, chilled you to the bone.

The streets and the shops were very busy this Christmas Eve. Most people carried parcels—parcels of many and strange shapes, for they contained all sorts of wonderful things. Turkeys, Noah's Arks, almonds and raisins, gollywogs, sweets, oranges, apples, sirloins of beef, dolls, stuffed animals, crackers, jellies—but there, it is quite impossible for me to tell you all that the crowds were carrying to their happy homes. And I must not



“Come back!” cried Hans. Said the hoop, “Not me!
I’ll wed a red herring, and live in the sea.

And I’ll pay a call on a mermaid fair,
Perhaps I shall find her combing her hair.”



forget to mention the Christmas trees ; there they stood outside the florists' and greengrocers' shops, all sizes, some as high as your room, down to the little ones not much more than a foot in height.

Yes, it was indeed a real good sort of Christmas ; so the people thought as they passed swiftly along the street, and the cold wind blew colder than ever. A hard frost was setting in, and that was certain, so pile on the wood logs and the coal, and put extra blankets on the beds, for we must be warm and comfortable this sacred Christmas-tide.

Now in that long street, with the snow-covered houses and the brightly-lit shops, amid the moving crowd there stood two children, a boy and a girl. They stood there in rags, and oh, they knew it was Christmas-time ; they knew, too, that the bitter wind was blowing, for it froze their poor little bodies, and turned their poor little faces blue.

They stood there gazing with wonder at the lovely shops, the turkeys and the fowls, the plum puddings and the toys ; and, to think of it, not one of these things had either of them ever enjoyed ; no, not once in their little lives ! They wandered from shop to shop, hardly speaking, just wondering and shivering, until the lights went out one by one, and the shutters went up. Then these two little children went—I was going to say Home, but I cannot call such a place by such a name—they went back, and creeping up the narrow stairs, stretched their weary little limbs on the bare floor of the dark room, and after a while slept, wrapped in each other's arms for warmth.

They had no wood logs or coal to pile on the fire ; they had no fire to pile them on ; they had no blankets and no bed, but they had sleep, and they had dreams.

And they dreamt that they were asleep in a lovely bed, white and clean and warm ; and they dreamt that they were fat and rosy, and beside the bed there was a Christmas tree, and beautiful toys—all the lovely things they had seen in the shop-windows ; and they dreamt that they had only to wake up to find the best of clothes waiting for them, and coffee and hot rolls and marmalade for breakfast ; and they dreamt that they could smell the roast turkey cooking for dinner, and they saw the blazing plum-pudding brought in, and the almonds and the raisins went round ; and was it not all a wonderful dream ?

Then they awoke ! It was dark, nevertheless it was morning—Christmas morning, mind you. And it *did* freeze ; such a frost had not been known for years, and it snowed and snowed, and the bitter wind drove the white powder through the slits and crevices in the roof and windows. What a day to look forward to with a dry crust of bread and a cup of frozen water !

II.

Now, on that same Christmas Eve there walked along that long street with the snow-covered houses and brightly lit shops, a young man. He was well dressed, was this young man ; he had a



A PUZZLE PAGE



E.M.T.

Take the initial letters of these objects, and then find the order in which you must place them to make the name of a great Country.—
The answer to this Puzzle is the word ENGLAND.

fur-lined coat that kept him ever so warm, to say nothing of his fur-lined gloves, while his pockets were lined with gold, which means to say that he was very rich. But for all his warm clothes, and for all his money, his heart was cold. His heart was cold because he had given it away, and had received nothing in exchange, which seems a strange thing to happen, and rather difficult to understand. However that may be, the young man was unhappy this Christmas-tide, and he said it was a hard, cold, cruel world, where everybody was miserable.

“That’s rubbish,” whispered something in his ear; “look at the smiling faces round you.”

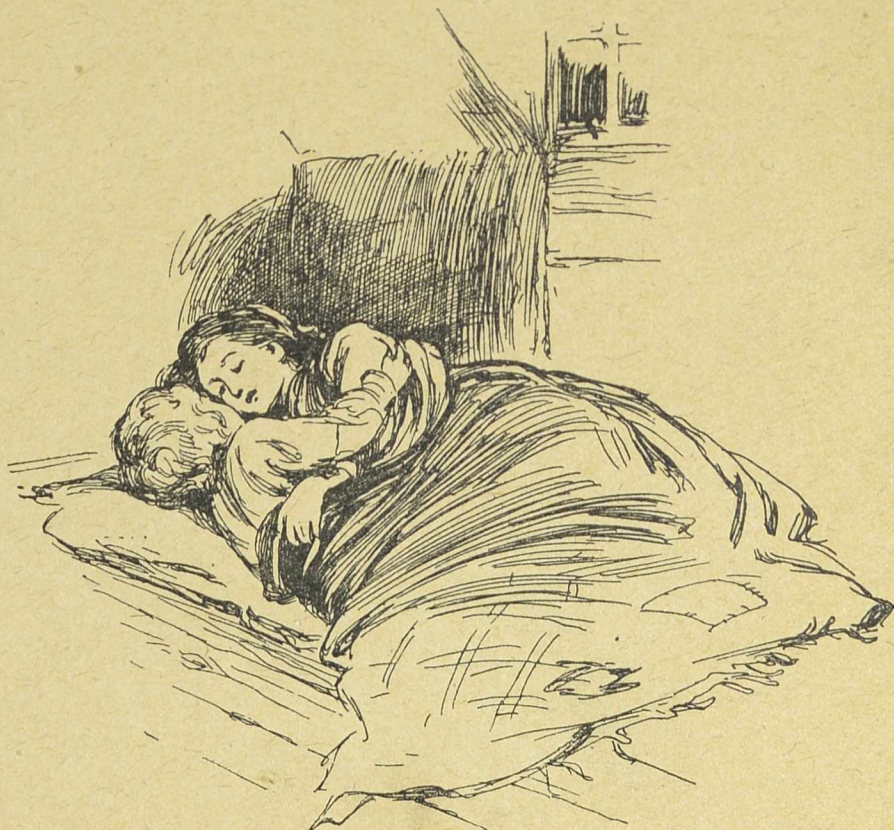
“Bah!” replied the young man, “it’s only for a time, and half of it is put on.” “You are very silly,” said his Conscience, for it was his own Conscience that was whispering to him.

“I should like to know,” he went on, “where true happiness is to be found.”

“True happiness is to be found in giving it to others,” replied his Conscience.

“I believe you are right,” he said after a while, “and let me give it a trial this Christmas. How am I to begin?”

“Oh, *that’s* easy enough,” came the answer; “no one need ever wait such an opportunity. Look around you.” So the young man in the fur-lined coat looked around, and his eyes fell upon a little couple, a ragged boy and girl, staring with wondering eyes into the shop windows.



III.

There came a creaking on the rotting staircase, and a light shone through the cracks of the door. Such a light had never shone there before. The door opened, and the children rose from the floor in wonderment.

“A Merry Christmas,” said the young man in the fur-lined coat. The children did not answer; they hardly knew what the words meant. And what was this strange vision of a man—more dreams?

“A Merry Christmas,” he said again. “I know not what your names



are, even if you have any, but I have made all ready for you, and if you were my lord and my lady you could have no better. Come!” They looked at him in astonishment and fear; they could not understand his words.

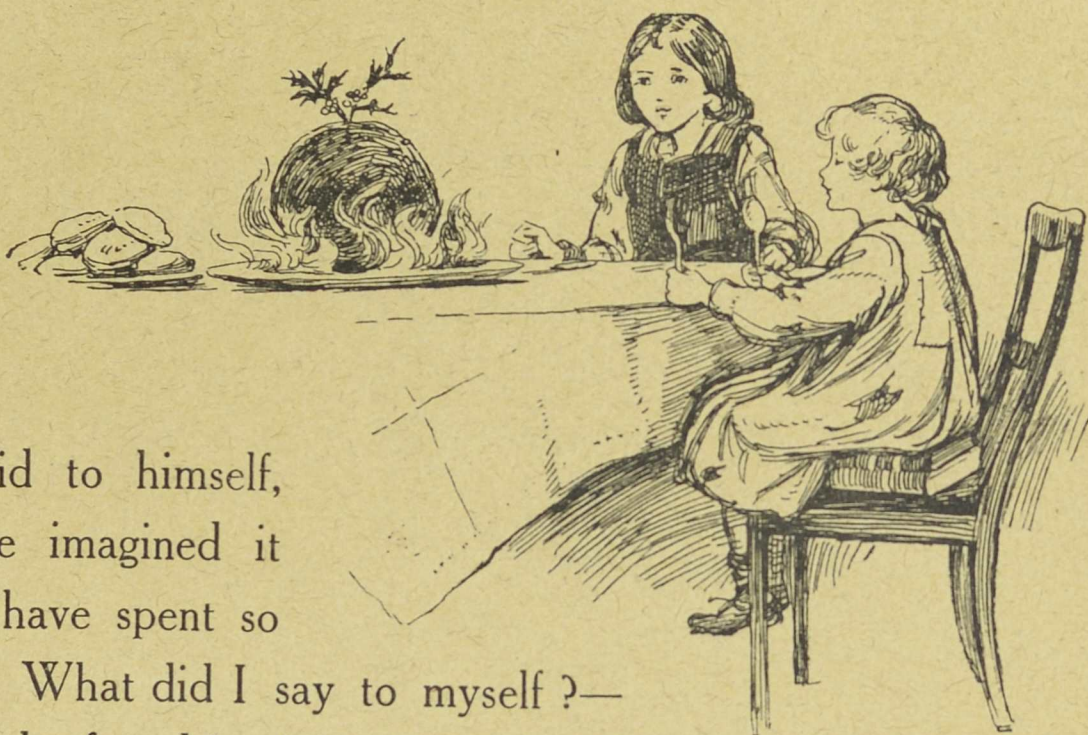
“Poor souls,” he continued softly, and stooping over them, “I have some nice warm breakfast ready for you if you will come with me. I have a cab at the door and will drive you to it.” And so by degrees

they began to understand, and silently they went with the stranger.

Now, it isn't often that dreams come true, is it? Not right off, anyhow. But that very morning they had coffee, hot rolls, and marmalade for breakfast. That very day they not only smelt the turkey, but ate it for dinner, and the plum-pudding too—that was all on fire—and the almonds and the raisins and other good things, until the young man said: “I think you had better rest now until to-morrow.” And they were washed in warm baths, and dressed in good clothes, and slept that night in a bed with blankets on and clean white sheets.

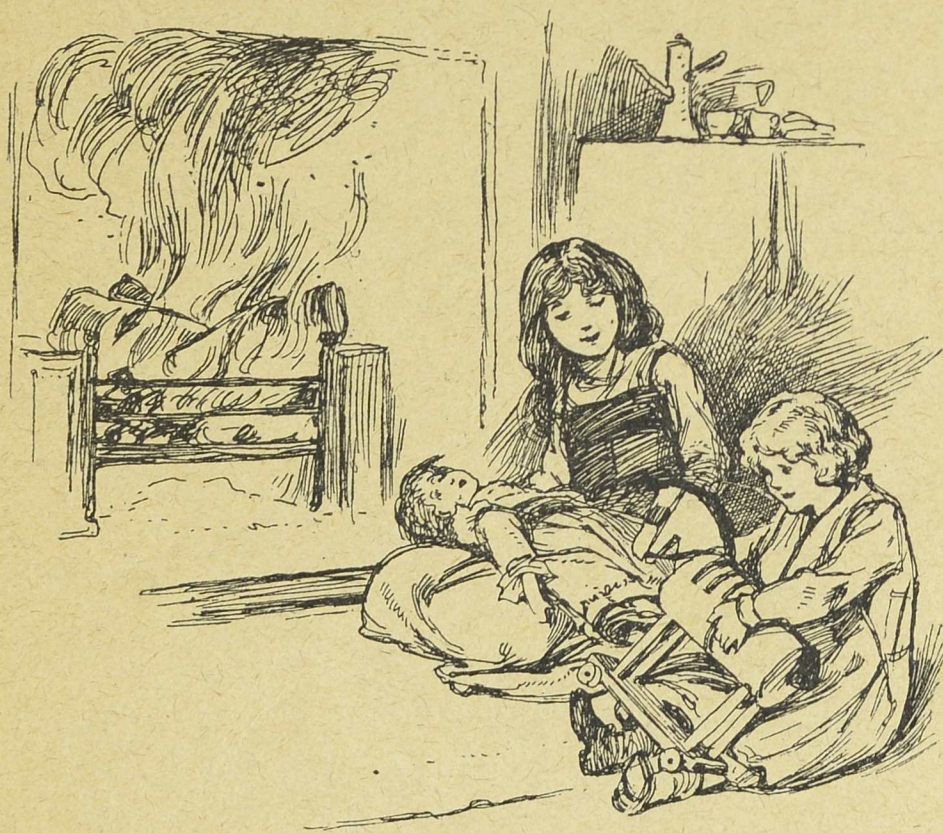
And that same night the young man sat alone before his fire, and his eyes were a little dim with tears.

“Well,” he said to himself, “I could not have imagined it possible for me to have spent so happy a Christmas. What did I say to myself?—‘True happiness is to be found in giving it to others,’ and that is the truth.”



IV.

And now I can imagine your next question. What became of that little boy and little girl? Well, I'm not going to say they lived happily ever afterwards, because you see he was not a Prince and she was not a Princess; but this I can tell you, they never were allowed to return again to that home of dreadful poverty.



Edric Vredenburg.



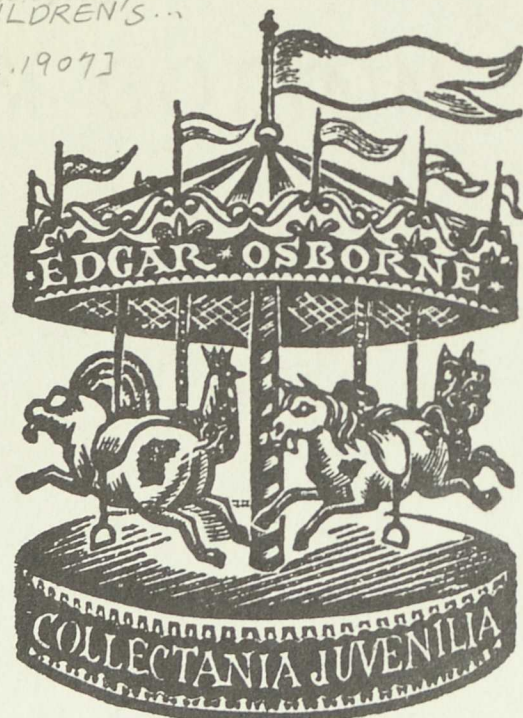
THE SANDMAN.

I heard the Sandman coming up the stair :
“ Is there a baby in the nursery there ? ”

I see the Sandman peeping round the door ;
There ! the sand is in your eyes,
To-night you'll see no more.

“ GOOD-NIGHT ! ”

SACIB fol
CHILDREN'S...
[ca. 1907]



37131 054 877 881

