

The Infant's Delight: Poetry

Anonymous

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THE INFANT'S DELIGHT

[Illustration: THE MISTLETOE-SELLERS.]

[Illustration: THE DEAD ROBIN.]

[Illustration]

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

When the win-ter winds are blow-ing,
And we ga-ther glad and gay,
Where the fire its light is throw-ing,
For a mer-ry game at play,
There is none that to my know-ing,--
And I've play-ed at games enough,--
Makes us laugh, and sets us glow-ing
Like a game at Blind-man's Buff.

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THE DEAD ROBIN.

All through the win-ter, long and cold,
Dear Minnie ev-ery morn-ing fed
The little spar-rows, pert and bold,
And ro-bins, with their breasts so red.

She lov-ed to see the lit-tle birds
Come flut-ter-ing to the win-dow pane,
In answer to the gen-tle words
With which she scat-ter-ed crumbs and grain.

One ro-bin, bol-der than the rest,
Would perch up-on her fin-ger fair,
And this of all she lov-ed the best,
And daily fed with ten-der-est care.

But one sad morn, when Minnie came,
Her pre-ci-ous lit-tle pet she found,
Not hop-ping, when she call-ed his name,
But ly-ing dead up-on the ground.

ALL THINGS OBEY GOD.

"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."

God's works are very great, but still
His hands do not ap-pear:
Though hea-ven and earth o-bey His will,
His voice we can-not hear.

And yet we know that it is He
Who moves and governs all,
Who stills the rag-ing of the sea,
And makes the showers to fall.

Alike in mer-cy He be-stows
The sun-shine and the rain;
That which is best for us He knows,
And we must not com-plain,

Whe-ther He makes His winds to blow,
And gives His tem-pests birth,
Or sends His frost, or bids the snow--
"Be thou up-on the earth."

[Illustration: HE SAITH TO THE SNOW: BE THOU ON THE EARTH. JOB 37.6]

[Illustration: SNOW-BALL-ING.]

SNOW-BALL-ING.

See these mer-ry ones at play,
On this snowy New Year's Day:
How they run, and jump, and throw
Hand-fuls of the soft, white snow.
You should hear them laugh and shout
As they fling the snow about!
'Tis by Frank and Gus alone
That the balls are chief-ly thrown,
While their cou-sins make and bring
Other balls for them to fling.
Ka-tie is pre-par-ing thus,
Quite a store of balls for Gus;
But her mer-ry sis-ter May
From her task has run a-way,
All that heavy lump of snow,
At her cou-sin Gus to throw.
E-dith is not very bold,
And at first she fear-ed the cold;
Now at last you see her run
Down the steps to join the fun.

THE SICK DOLL.

Oh! is there any cause to fear
That dol-ly will be very ill?
To cure my lit-tle dar-ling here,
Pray, doc-tor, use your ut-most skill.

And dol-ly, if you would get well,
Hold out your arm, that Dr. Gray
May feel your tiny pulse, and tell
What best will take the pain a-way.

And do not say: "I will not touch
That nas-ty phy-sic, nor the pill."
If lit-tle dolls will eat too much,
They must not won-der if they're ill.

If your mam-ma ate too much cake,
She would be very poor-ly too,
And nas-ty phy-sic have to take;
And, lit-tle dol-ly, so must you.

[Illustration: Those who the South-ern O-cean cross,
Meet with the wide-wing-ed Al-ba-tross.]

[Illustration: In ri-vers near the hot E-quar-tor,
Lives the huge, sca-ly Al-li-ga-tor.]

[Illustration: In north-ern snows, the Po-lar Bear,
'Mid glit-ter-ing ice-bergs makes his lair.]

[Illustration: In shel-ter-ed nooks, by ri-ver-sides,

The strange-ly-beard-ed Bar-bel hides.]

[Illustration: THE SICK DOLL.]

[Illustration: LITTLE ROSE'S VALENTINE.]

[Illustration]

NEL-LY'S PET LAMB.

This lit-tle Lamb was brought to Nell
The day its old ewe mo-ther died,
And, now it knows and loves her well,
It will not go from Nel-ly's side.
A-long the hall, and up the stair,
You hear its lit-tle pat-ter-ing toes:
Her Pet will fol-low every-where
A-bout the house, where Nel-ly goes.

ROSE'S VA-LEN-TINE.

ROSE.

The post-man has been, dear mam-ma,
And has brought me a let-ter so fine;
And Su-san has one, but it is not, by far,
So pret-ty a let-ter as mine.
And, pray, will you read it to me,
Mam-ma, if I give you a kiss?
I wish very much to know who it can be
That has sent me a let-ter like this.

MAM-MA.

To the lot of our dear lit-tle Rose
We trust every bless-ing may fall;
And this is the prayer and the fond hope of those
Who love her most dear-ly of all.

So now, lit-tle Rose, can you guess
Who sent you this let-ter by post?

ROSE.

Oh, yes, dear mam-ma, I can tell you; oh, yes!
For you, and pa-pa, love me most.

"YOUR HEA-VEN-LY FA-THER FEED-ETH THEM."

God loves His lit-tle birds; for all

His ten-der care He shows;
A sin-gle spar-row can-not fall
But its Cre-a-tor knows.

They do not sow, nor reap the corn,
Gar-ner nor barn have they;
God gives them break-fast every morn,
And feeds them through the day.

And this we know; for in His Word,
Where all His ways we read,
We find that eve-ry lit-tle bird
He cares for, and will feed.

God loves each lit-tle bird; but still
More ten-der is His care
For chil-dren who o-bey His will,
Than for the fowls of air.

[Illustration: YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER FEEDETH THEM. MATT. vi. 26.]

[Illustration: PLOUGH-ING.]

PLOUGH-ING.

The lit-tle birds by God are fed
But man must earn his dai-ly bread,
And work that he may eat;
Striv-ing his best, as John does now,
The broad ten-acre field to plough,
Where-in to sow the wheat.

Old John, the plough-man, ne'er re-pines,
Whe-ther it blows, or rains, or shines,
But hap-py still does seem;
And Dick, who leads the fore-most horse,
Goes whist-ling as he walks across
The field be-side the team.

Let us per-form as glad-ly, too,
The work our Mas-ter bids us do,
And then we need not fear;
But when from earth-ly toil we rest,
We all shall meet a-mong the blest
Who served Him tru-ly here.

"HOW IS THE WEA-THER?"

Cold win-ter has come,
And the cru-el winds blow--
The trees are all leaf-less and brown;
These two pret-ty rob-ins,

Oh, where shall they go
To shel-ter their lit-tle brown heads from the snow?
Just look at the flakes com-ing down.

But see, they have found a snug shel-ter at last,
And hark, how they talk, while the storm whis-tles past:

Says Pol-ly to Dick-y,
"You're near-est the door,
And you are the gen-tle-man, too:
Just peep out and see
When the storm will be o'er;
Be-cause, if the wea-ther's as bad as be-fore,
I think we will stay, do not you?"

[Illustration: Far up a-mong the moun-tain peaks,
His food the lone-ly Con-dor seeks.]

[Illustration: The Co-bra has a dead-ly bite.
And yet in mu-sic takes de-light.]

[Illustration: The A-rabs through the de-sert wide,
On the swift Dro-me-dary ride.]

[Illustration: In gen-tle ri-vers, still and clear,
We see the shin-ing Dace ap-pear.]

[Illustration: "HOW IS THE WEATHER?"]

[Illustration: NELLY'S NEW PARASOL.]

NAUGH-TY NEL-LY AND HER NEW PA-RA-SOL.

"No, Nel-ly! not to-day, my child!
I can-not let you take it;
This cold March wind, so strong and wild,
Your pa-ra-sol, 'twould break it!"

So said Mam-ma; but Nel-ly thought,
"I will take my new pre-sent:
Tis mine; to please me it was bought;
The wea-ther's bright and plea-sant."

So naugh-ty Nel-ly sli-ly took
What kind Mam-ma had bought her,
And out she went--and, only look!
The wild March wind has caught her!

The silk tore up, the ribs broke out,
In spite of Nel-ly's sway-ing;
And peo-ple laugh-ed at her, no doubt--
That comes of dis-o-bey-ing.

"THE FLOW-ERS AP-PEAR ON THE EARTH."

(SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 12.)

Now the win-ter cold is past,
And blithe March winds are blow-ing,
In shel-ter-ed nooks we find at last
Bright flow-ers of spring are grow-ing.

Along the hedge-row's mossy bank,
Where ivy green is creep-ing,
We see through weeds and net-tles rank
The dark-blue vi-o-let peep-ing.

And in the sun-ny gar-den beds
Gay a-co-nites are show-ing,
And snow-drops bend their grace-ful heads,
And cro-cus-es are glow-ing.

God makes the buds and leaves un-fold,
All flow-ers are of His giv-ing;
He guards them through the win-ter's cold,
He cares for all things liv-ing.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: WHO TORE IT?]

[Illustration: The E-mu in Aus-tra-lia's found,
Where the wild bush spreads far a-round.]

[Illustration: The ant-lered Elk comes pranc-ing forth
From the pine for-ests of the North.]

[Illustration: The Frog is of-ten-est to be seen
In grassy mea-dows, damp and green.]

[Illustration: The Fly-ing Fish can swim with ease,
Or flut-ter o'er the tro-pic seas.]

[Illustration: THE LITTLE HERO.]

[Illustration: BLOWING BUBBLES.]

[Illustration]

JUMP! PUS-SY!

Pus-sy, jump! for all the day
You have time e-nough to play;
Though at night, in barn and house,
You must watch for rat or mouse.

Pus-sy, jump! and if you do,
We will pour some milk for you;

Pus-sy, you shall be ca-ressed,
If you try and jump your best.

BLOW-ING BUB-BLES.

Har-ry and Tom, the o-ther day,
Went out in-to the yard to play;
Their great de-light, in wea-ther bright,
Is blow-ing bub-bles with pipes of clay.

Tom took a ba-sin deep and wide,
And Har-ry brought his mug be-side;
They fil-led them quite with soap-suds white,
And each to blow the big-est tried.

Poor Tom, he blew with might and main,
And so, of course, he blew in vain;
For all his trou-ble he made no bub-ble,
But Tom was brave and tried a-gain.

Till Har-ry said, "Dear Tom, you see,
You blow too hard; now--look at me.
There! that will rise to-ward the skies,
And float a-bove the li-lac tree."

A-PRIL SHOW-ERS.

"Thou makest the earth soft with show-ers: Thou bless-est the spring-ing
there-of."--PSALM Ixv. 10.

When A-pril skies be-gin to frown,
And the cold rain comes pelt-ing down,
We must not grum-ble nor com-plain,
Nor i-dly say, we hate the rain.

God sends the rain; the dust-y ground
It soft-ens in the fields a-round;
The mois-ture ev-e-ry plant re-ceives,
And springs a-fresh in flow-ers and leaves.

Should God for-bid the show-ers to fall,
Nor send us any rain at all,
The ground would all grow hard and dry,
And ev-e-ry liv-ing plant would die.

All things would starve and per-ish then--
No food for birds, nor beasts, nor men;
Then do not mur-mur, nor com-plain,
God, in His good-ness, sends the rain.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: "SNAP, BE GOOD!"]

"SNAP, BE GOOD!"

"Dear lit-tle Snap, you fun-ny pup,
I love to see you beg,
So cle-ver-ly do you sit up
And bend each slen-der leg,
Drop-ping the paw;
And raise your ears a-bove your head,
Look-ing so very wise;
You seem to know I have some bread;
And then, such bright green eyes
I never saw.

"Your shag-gy coat is long and rough,
Your tail is rough-er still;
Now, Snap, I think you've had e-nough,
And more would make you ill--
In-deed it would.
But sis-ter Lot-ty has some cake,
And so if you will sit
Quite still and good, till I say 'Take!'
Then you shall have a bit;
So, Snap, be good!"

THE STRAY KIT-TEN.

"Come, Kit-ty, come; you need not fear,
Nor make that plain-tive mew;
Don't be a-fraid, but ven-ture near,
And lap the milk we bring you here,
For none will in-jure you.

"And, Kit-ty, since you've lost your way,
You need no fur-ther roam;
But stop, and dine with us to-day,
And then, if you would wish to stay,
Poor Kit-ty, here's your home.

"And we will feed you fine and fat,
On fresh new milk and nice;
And, when you grow to be a cat,
You can re-quite us well for that,
By catch-ing all the mice."

[Illustration: Where the wide wastes of o-cean lie,
The greed-y Gan-net loves to fly.]

[Illustration: Though ve-nom-ous, as authors write,

The Gek-ko is not known to bite.]

[Illustration: The Ri-ver Horse a-mong the reeds
Of A-fric's lone-ly ri-vers feeds.]

[Illustration: A-round our coasts the fish-ers meet
With Had-docks, which, when dri-ed, we eat.]

[Illustration: THE STRAY KITTEN.]

[Illustration: THE FIRST OF MAY.]

[Illustration]

THE MAY-POLE.

Round the May-pole, on the grass,
Mer-ry lit-tle foot-steps pass;
In the mid-dle Bes-sie stands,
With the May-pole in her hands;
While her play-mates dance and sing
Round her in an end-less ring.
Soon, in-deed, a feast they'll make,
Cow-slip tea, with nice plum-cake--
And so our leave of them we'll take.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

The haw-thorn blos-som, snow-y white,
Hangs thick upon the hedge to-day;
With many flow-ers the fields are bright
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

So let us ga-ther flow-er-ets fair,
And blos-soms from the haw-thorn spray,
To deck our May-pole stand-ing there,
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

And then, like fai-ries, in a ring,
A-round it we will dance or play,
And all our glad-dest songs will sing
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

And dear-est Maud shall there be seen
With crown of haw-thorn blos-soms gay,
And she shall be our lit-tle queen,
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

UNI-VER-SAL PRAISE.

See how na-ture now re-joices
In this sun-ny month of May;
Still to God from all its voices
Giv-ing prais-es day by day.
In the glad green wood-land al-leys
Ev-e-ry bird its an-them trills!
While flocks feed-ing in the val-leys,
Herds up-on a thou-sand hills,
Join with ev-ery crea-ture liv-ing,
Here on land, in air, or sea,
In one great world-wide thanks-giv-ing,
Yield-ing praise, O God, to Thee!
All a-round us swells the cho-rus
From this good-ly world of ours,
And earth's al-tar stands be-fore us
Sweet with in-cense from her flow-ers.
So, with Na-ture still con-fess-ing
His great good-ness, let us pay
Grate-ful hom-age for each bless-ing
Of this sun-ny month of May.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: LOST LABOUR.]

[Illustration: The sa-cred I-bis, we are told,
The E-gyp-tians much re-vered of old]

[Illustration: The I-gua-na's flesh is sweet and good;
It haunts the riv-er and the wood.]

[Illustration: On hin-der legs and tail so strong,
The slim Jer-boa bounds a-long.]

[Illustration: A row of prick-les, long and keen,
On the John-Do-ry's back is seen.]

[Illustration: WASHING MY CHILDREN.]

[Illustration: TAKING CARE OF BABY]

[Illustration]

THE DAN-DE-LION CLOCK.

The dan-de-lion blos-soms gay
From the fields have passed away,
And in their place left heads of grey.
Now, Min-nie, won't it be good fun
For each of us to ga-ther one,
And sit and blow them in the sun?
Very hard we both must blow,
And scat-ter all the seeds like snow,
That will be 'one o'clock,' you know."

TAK-ING CARE OF BA-BY.

Lit-tle, help-less ba-by dear,
While with-in your cot you lie,
Sis-ter May is sit-ting near--
She will sing your lul-la-by.

When at last you fall a-sleep,
Not the slight-est noise she'll make;
Quiet as a mouse she'll keep,
Lest she should her dar-ling wake.

May will watch you well, for though
She can play and prat-tle too,
'Tis not very long ago
Since she was a babe like you.

Then mam-ma o'er lit-tle May
Day and night her watch would keep;
May her care can now re-pay,
Watch-ing ba-by whilst a-sleep.

SUM-MER FLOW-ERS.

"The de-sert shall re-joice, and blos-som as the rose."--ISAIAH XXXV. I.

Be-hold the flow-ers of June! how fair
And bright their buds ap-pear,
As, open-ing to the sum-mer air,
Our eyes and hearts they cheer!

Who would have thought there could a-bound
Such beau-ty and de-light
Be-neath the cold and win-try ground
That hid those flow-ers from sight?

That pow-er which made and governs all--
The might-y pow-er of God--
A-lone could life and beau-ty call
Out of the life-less sod.

And He, who from the Win-ter's gloom
Can Sum-mer thus dis-close,
Shall one day make the de-sert bloom,
And blos-som as the rose.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: "WHERE'S DICK-EY?"]

"WHERE'S DICK-EY?"

"Look there!" lit-tle Lot-ty cried,
"Dick-ey's cage is o-pen wide,
And, I fear, he's not in-side. Cou-sin John,
Do please stand up-on this chair,
Just to see if he is there.
Pret-ty Dick, I won-der where
 You are gone!"

"Naugh-ty puss, your jaws, you lick!
Have you eat-en lit-tle Dick?
That would be a cru-el trick! No, I see
Pret-ty Dick has flown a-way,
And is sing-ing blithe and gay,
Sit-ting yon-der on a spray
 Of the tree.

"Well, I too should think it wrong,
If a gi-ant, tall and strong,
Just to hear my lit-tle song ev-ery day,
Shut me in a cage; and yet
Thus I did my lit-tle pet---
So he must be glad to get
 Safe a-way."

PLAY-ING AT OM-NI-BUS.

Says Hu-bert, "Look, how fast it pours!
I'm sure we can't go out of doors
 While it is rain-ing thus;
So let us in the nur-se-ry stay,
To have a mer-ry game, and play
 At driv-ing om-ni-bus.

"Flo-ra and Ted-dy, you must be
The horses, and be driv-en by me.
 Mind you go stea-dy--do!
A place for Char-lie we shall find;
To guard the 'bus he'll ride be-hind,
 And take the mon-ey too.

"Dick, with pa-pa's old hat to wear,
Looks just the thing to be a fare
 Who wants to ride with us.
Jump up, sir! Six-pence all the way!
Gee, gee, you horses! Gee, I say!"--
 Off goes the om-ni-bus!

[Illustration: With wings scarce mov-ing, through the sky,
The lazy Kite is seen to fly.]

[Illustration: The Kan-ga-roo a poc-ket wears,

In which her lit-tle ones she bears.]

[Illustration: The Liz-ard in the sun's warm rays
De-lights to bask on summer days.]

[Illustration: The Lam-prey, in the Se-vern caught,
Was once the first of dain-ties thought.]

[Illustration: PLAYING AT OMNIBUS.]

[Illustration: ON THE WATER.]

[Illustration]

GA-THER-ING POP-PIES.

Through the corn the chil-dren creep,
Where the nod-ding pop-pies sleep,
Fill-ing hands and a-prons white
With the scar-let blos-soms bright.
Gau-dy pop-pies must not stay
Till the fu-ture har-vest day:
They would wi-ther when the heat
Ri-pens all the gold-en wheat--
Life for them is short and sweet.

ON THE WA-TER.

In our lit-tle boat to glide
On the wa-ter blue and wide,
While the sky is smooth and bright,
What could give us more de-light?
See the rip-ples, how they run,
Twink-ling bright-ly in the sun;
While re-flect-ed we can see
Sha-dows of each hill and tree.
See the li-lies, round and large,
Float-ing near the reed-y marge,
Where the bul-rush has its place
And the hea-vy wa-ter-mace.
See the great green dra-gon-fly,
And the swal-low skim-ming by.
See the fish-es spring and gleam,
Ere they splash in-to the stream,
See the bright king-fish-er too
Dart a gleam of green and blue.
These are all a-round our boat
On the wa-ter whilst we float.

HURT-FUL WEEDS.

"Ev-e-ry plant, which My hea-ven-ly

Fa-ther hath not plant-ed, shall be root-ed up."--ST. MATT. XV. 13.

Though in the corn that waves a-round
Are thorns, and many hurt-ful weeds,
That spring in e-ven good-ly ground
And plant-ed thick with choic-est seeds;

Though in our hearts, how-e-ver taught
And trained to guard them-selves from sin,
The good is mixed with evil thought
Our en-e-my has sown there-in,

God's plant-ing shall not be o'er-thrown
By world-ly weeds that cling a-bout
His corn; and what He hath not sown
Shall in His time be root-ed out.

Then, that our lives may yield their fruit,
Still let it be our con-stant prayer,
That God from out our hearts will root
All seeds He hath not plant-ed there.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: THE BUT-TER-FLY.]

THE BUT-TER-FLY.

A yel-low But-ter-fly one day,
Grown tired of play and tired of fly-ing,
Up-on a this-tle blos-som grey
With out-spread wings was i-dly ly-ing.

The stur-dy bees went hum-ming by,
Draw-ing sweet ho-ney from the clo-ver,
Nor stir-red the yel-low But-ter-fly,
For he was but an i-dle ro-ver.

Two lit-tle girls, named Anne and May,
Came by with mirth and laugh-ter ring-ing,
Anne ran to seize the in-sect gay--
May fol-low-ed fast and ceased her sing-ing.

"Oh! dar-ling An-nie, let it be,
Your touch will rob its plumes of beau-ty;
And God, who made both you and me,
Has taught us kind-ness is a du-ty."

"GO A-WAY, RO-VER!"

"You big black dog, go, go a-way!"

I will not let you bite
My lit-tle pet; it can-not play,
You gave it such a fright!

"I think you want to eat it up
Be-cause it is so small,
But if you dare to touch my pup
For help I mean to call;

"And then pa-pa will bring a stick,
And make you run a-way;
So, Ro-ver, you had best go quick,
And leave us here to play!"

* * * *

Why, Ro-ver, is quite good and tame--
You need not be a-fraid;
He on-ly wants to have a game,
You sil-ly lit-tle maid!

[Illustration: In sum-mer time, a-long our coasts.
The Mack-a-rel swarm in count-less hosts.]

[Illustration: We all at Mon-keys love to gaze,
And watch their fun-ny tricks and ways.]

[Illustration: A bird so fool-ish is the Nod-dy,
It may be caught by a-ny-bo-dy.]

[Illustration: The harm-less Newt is to be seen
In stag-nant ponds, with duck-weed green.]

[Illustration: "GO AWAY, ROVER!"]

[Illustration: LUCY AND ARTHUR.]

[Illustration]

THE RUSH PA-RA-SOL.

"Oh, come to the brook, sis-ter Kate,
Oh, come with me, Het-ty and Gus,
Where rush-es, so long and so straight,
Are grow-ing in thou-sands for us!"

Thus cries, to the rest, lit-tle May;
And off to the mea-dow go all--
For nurse has just shown her the way
Of mak-ing a rush pa-ra-sol.

LU-CY AND AR-THUR.

The day was fine, the sun was hot,

So Lu-cy took her pail and spade,
And went to find a nice dry spot
Where wells and cas-tles might be made.

But all the shore just then was wet,
So Lu-cy took off shoes and socks;
She knew that nurse would fume and fret
If they got spoilt by sand or rocks.

But Ar-thur was so strong and big,
He thought that he was quite a man,
And he, in boots, would stand and dig,
Which proved a very fool-ish plan.

For soon his boots got wet and cold,
And hurt his feet, and made him cry;
He had to sit and hear nurse scold,
While both his boots were put to dry.

THE PRO-VI-DENCE OF GOD.

"The Lord shall give that which is good,
and our land shall yield her increase."--PSALM lxxxv. 12.

The seed was sown long months a-go,
And, through the win-ter's cold and snow,
We trust-ed that God's care would bring
The green and ten-der blade in spring,
Which che-ri-shed by the sun and rain
Of sum-mer, now has yield-ed grain
In au-tumn, when the reap-er leaves
His cot to cut and bind the sheaves,
And load with them the nod-ding wain
Which bears them home-ward from the plain.

So God's great mer-cies thus a-bound;
His love still brings the sea-sons round;
His bless-ings fill our hap-py fields,
And all our land its in-crease yields:
So if we serve Him as we should,
Our Lord will give us all things good;
And He who doth the ra-vens feed
Much more will give us all we need!

[Illustration]

[Illustration: PLAY-ING A-MONG THE SHEAVES.]

PLAY-ING A-MONG THE SHEAVES.

Oh, who could there be
More mer-ry than we,
On this bright har-vest morn.
As we fro-lic and play,
While we hide a-way,
A-mong the sheaves of corn?

We may fro-lic still
Wher-e-ver we will,
But yet we must not tread
To waste with our feet
The grains of the wheat--
The wheat that makes our bread.

For God, as we need,
Gives the corn to feed
And make us well and strong;
And to waste in vain
His gift of the grain
Would grieve Him, and be wrong.

KEEP-ING SCHOOL.

Oh, tell me if e-ver you knew
A teach-er who looked so se-vere
As sis-ter Ma-ri-a can do,
When les-sons she's go-ing to hear?

Just look how she holds up her cane
And frowns, as she threat-ens each one!
But yet they'll not cry or com-plain,
Be-cause it is only in fun.

The dunce's cap Dol-ly must wear,
Her task was not learnt very well;
And now lit-tle Jane, I de-clare,
Pre-tends she's un-a-ble to spell.

Yet sis-ter may hold up her cane,
And though they'll look so-lemn, each one,
From laugh-ter they scarce can re-fain.
Be-cause it is only in fun.

[Illustration: In i-vy, tree, or barn, or tow-er
The Owl a-waits the e-ven-ing hour.]

[Illustration: The fish-ing Ot-ter may be found
In streams which flow through Eng-lish ground.]

[Illustration: Be-neath the ri-ver's sedg-y side
The sav-age Pike de-lights to hide.]

[Illustration: In cav-ern pools, in end-less night,
The poor blind Pro-teus shuns the light.]

[Illustration: KEEPING SCHOOL.]

[Illustration: MILKING-TIME.]

[Illustration]

SNAP AP-PLE.

"Come, while it spins round, try your luck;
Come, E-thel, and Kate, and your bro-thers!
On two ends two ap-ples are stuck,
And an on-ion on each of the o-thers.
Be ready, and snap as they pass,
Be quick, if you mean to be right,
Or not the sweet ap-ples, a-las!
'Twill be, but the on-ions, you'll bite."

MILK-ING TIME.

Through the long day the cows are seen
All graz-ing as they go,
Wan-der-ing a-long the mea-dows green
Where yel-low hawk-weeds grow.

But when the clock with-in the tower
Strikes five, they al-ways pace
Slow-ly--for well they know the hour--
Home to the milk-ing place.

Then in the yard quite still they stand,
Swing-ing their la-zy tails,
Where Ann and Su-san are at hand
With stools and milk-ing pails

I love to see the white milk flow,
And in the pail froth up;
And Ann, who is so kind, I know,
Will let me fill my cup.

AU-TUMN.

"Be glad then, and re-joice in the Lord your God."--JOEL ii. 23.

'Tis au-tumn now; the corn is cut,
But o-ther gifts for us are spread,
The pur-ple plum, the ripe brown nut,
And pears and ap-ples, streaked with red,
A-mong the dark-green branch-es shine,
Or on the grass be-neath them fall;
While full green clus-ters deck the vine
That trails o'er trel-lis, roof, and wall.

In our dear land the la-den trees
Be-speak God's pro-vi-dence and love;
He sends all need-ful gifts like these
For those who trust in Him a-bove.

How good is He to make such choice
Of plea-sant fruits for us to grow!
'Tis meet, in-deed, that we re-joice
In Him who loves His chil-dren so.

[Illustration: BE GLAD THEN, AND
REJOICE IN THE LORD YOUR GOD.
JOEL II. 23]

[Illustration: THE SQUIR-REL.]

THE SQUIR-REL.

"Squir-rel, squir-rel, brown and brisk,
High a-bove me in the tree,
I can see you bound and frisk,
I can see you peep at me.

"Squir-rel, squir-rel, you can play;
Mer-rier beast is none than you;
Yet you are not only gay,
You are wise and mer-ry too.

You can play till sum-mer's o'er,
And the nuts come fall-ing free,
Then to hoard your win-ter store
You are busy as a bee.

"Squir-rel, squir-rel, I would bound
Gai-ly at my sports as you,
And, like you, I would be found
Care-ful for the fu-ture too."

"CON-TRA-RY WINDS"

Both Tom and Will had e-qual skill
In mak-ing lit-tle boats and ships;
They cut a-way a whole half day,
And co-vered all the floor with chips.

And when the boys had made their toys,
They thought to put them to the test--
To try which boat, when set a-float,
Would sail a-cross a tub the best.

But Will and Tom, each blow-ing from
A dif-fe-rent side, you well may guess,
No boats could go straight on, and so
They tacked a-bout in great dis-tress.

Such heavy gales a-against their sails
Made both the boats go whirl-ing round;

The sails got wet, the boats up-set,
And all the crew on board were drowned.

[Illustration: When the warm sum-mer days draw near,
From south-ern climes the Quails ap-pear.]

[Illustration: South Afric's plains the Quag-gas roam,
Re-mote from farm or set-tler's home.]

[Illustration: The fish-er-man the Roach may hook,
In quiet pond or gentle brook.]

[Illustration: When the fell Rat-tle-snake slides near,
The In-dian may its rat-tle hear.]

[Illustration: "CONTRARY WINDS."]

[Illustration: NAUGHTY DICK.]

[Illustration]

BAT-TLE-DORE AND SHUT-TLE-COCK.

See these mer-ry chil-dren four,
Now their les-son time is o'er,
Deal-ing with the bat-tle-dore
Steady blow on blow;

Till the fea-thered shut-tle-cocks
Fly at their al-ter-nate knocks,
"Re-gu-lar as kitch-en clocks,"
Spin-ning to and fro.

[Illustration: OUR GOD IS MERCIFUL.]

PSALM CXVI. 5]

[Illustration: CUT-TING NAMES.]

CUT-TING NAMES.

See where the spread-ing beech has made
Be-neath its boughs a plea-sant shade
To screen them from the sun;
There George, and Anne, and Ma-ry play,
Or read up-on each sun-ny day,
When all their tasks are done.

George has pulled out his knife, you see,
And on the smooth-barked beech-en tree
Has some-thing found to do;
He's carv-ing deep, and plain, and well

The let-ters, one by one, which spell
His name and An-nie's too.

His sis-ter An-nie, stand-ing by,
Is watch-ing with a cu-ri-ous eye,
And won-der-ing at his skill.
To men and wo-men when they grow,
They'll come and find the beech tree show
Those names quite plain-ly still.

THE CON-CERT.

"See how it rains! We can-not go
Our walk a-cross the fields; and so,
Since Tom and Et-tie Holmes are come,
And cous-in Fred has brought his drum,
And some can sing, and o-thers play,
We'll have a con-cert here to-day.
You, Tom, must in the mid-dle stand,
And mark the time, with stick in hand;
You, bro-ther Ben, the tongs must take,
For they will good tri-an-gles make;
Hal clicks the 'bones,' and Em-me-line
Will beat her lit-tle tam-bour-ine,
And cous-in Fred will drum a-way,
And Kate the con-cer-ti-na play.
All must at-tend to Tom; and mind
None play too fast, nor lag be-hind;
And then, I'm sure, we all shall see
How grand a con-cert this will be,
And say this is the wis-est way
To spend this wet Oc-to-ber day."

[Illustration: The long-billed Snipe fre-quents our clime
About the chil-ly au-tumn time.]

[Illustration: The Ti-ger, from his hid-den lair,
Springs on the tra-vel-ler un-a-ware.]

[Illustration: The U-rano-sco-pus hides a-mong
The mud, and an-gles with its tongue.]

[Illustration: Though gay and pleas-ing to the sight,
The Vi-per has a dead-ly bite.]

[Illustration: THE CONCERT.]

[Illustration: CAUGHT IN THE FOG.]

[Illustration]

PLAY-ING WITH WOOD-EN BRICKS.

An In-di-an tem-ple on the floor
The chil-dren build with wood-en bricks,
They've placed two pil-lars by the door,
And on the roof they now would fix
A good tall spire, so Et-ty takes
A long-er brick, and sets it there;
And though when-e'er we walk it shakes,
It will not tum-ble, I de-clare!

CAUGHT IN THE FOG.

Anne and Jane will long re-mem-her
How, one morn-ing in No-vem-ber,
As they both were home-ward stroll-ing,
Round the Lon-don fog came roll-ing--
First, a yel-low dark-ness fall-ing,
Then a noise of link-boys call-ing,
Cab, and 'bus, and cart-wheels rum-bling,
Hor-ses on the pave-ment stum-bling,
Peo-ple, in the smoke and smo-ther,
Run-ning up a-gainst each other,
No one see-ing, much less know-ing,
Whi-ther he or she was go-ing.
Little Jane clung to her sis-ter,
While Anne com-fort-ed and kissed her,
For the girls felt bro-ken-heart-ed,
Fear-ing lest they should be part-ed.
So they were when Char-lie found them,
Lost a-mid the crowd a-round them,
But so glad when they es-pied him,
And came trip-ping home beside him.

TRUST IN GOD.

"He ma-keth light-nings for the rain;
He bring-eth the wind out of His trea-sur-ies."--Ps. CXXXV. 7.

Our God who reign-est up on high,
Though light-nings flash a-cross the sky,
And howl-ing tem-pests hur-ry by,
We fear not these, for Thou art nigh
To all who trust in Thee.

Though now the sky is o-ver-cast,
And hea-vy rains are fall-ing fast,
And storm and sleet go driv-ing past,
And day by day the moan-ing blast
Sweeps dead leaves from the tree,

No-vem-ber time, that seems so drear,
When days are dark and win-ter near,
Will pass at length, and Christ-mas cheer
The last hours of the dy-ing year

With song and dance and mirth.

And in due time Thy mighty pow-er
Will give the spring, with sun and shower,
The o-pen-ing leaf, the ear-ly flow-er,
And birds in e-ve-ry wood-land bow-er
Will sing to glad-den earth.

[Illustration: HE MAKETH LIGHTNINGS
FOR THE RAIN; HE BRINGETH THE
WIND OUT OF HIS TREASURIES.

PSALM CXXXV. 7.]

[Illustration: HOME FROM SCHOOL.]

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Come, Meg and El-len, don't com-plain,
For, see, the geese en-joy the rain,
And dog-gie does not fret;
And yet,
The drops come rol-ling down his ears,
And nose, and whisk-ers, just like tears;
Poor Mop, he's drip-ping wet!
Our big um-brel-la co-vers three,
And snug and dry we all may be,
And chat-ter as we go,
And show
The grumb-ling peo-ple whom we meet
That nei-ther wind, nor driv-ing sleet,
Can spoil our tem-pers.--No,
We will not take such days as this,
Nor any-thing God sends, a-miss,
But what we can-not cure
Endure;
And this will prove a Gold-en Rule
To prac-tise as we walk from school--
Of that we may be sure.

THE KIT-TENS' BATH.

One day when Lil-lie saw her cat
Sit down and lick a kit-ten's face;
"No, puss," said she, "don't wash like that--
My bath will be the pro-per place.

"I'll show you how to wash them, puss."
So in she dipped them one by one;
Poor Min-nie mewed and made a fuss,
But Lil-lie only thought it fun.

Puss feared her lit-tle kits would drown,

And did her best to get them out;
While Lil-lie dipped them up and down,
And splashed the wa-ter all a-bout.

Till nurse came up and saw the mess,
Took out the kit-tens, and instead
Made thought-less Lil-lie quite un-dress,
And have her bath and go to bed.

[Illustration: We find the snow-y Whi-ting most
A-bound along our South-ern coast.]

[Illustration: Who roams through Eng-land's mea-dows fair
May see the Yel-low-ham-mer there.]

[Illustration: The Xeno-pel-tis has a hide,
With spots of man-y co-lours dyed.]

[Illustration: See, with long tail but scan-ty mane,
The Ze-bra gal-lops o'er the plain.]

[Illustration: THE KITTENS' BATH.]

[Illustration]

TURN-ING THE TRENCH-ER.

If, at this old Christ-mas game,
Kate, who spins the trench-er, call
Any play-er out by name,
He must catch it ere it fall.

If "Move all" she should re-peat,
All sit still; but if she say
"Twi-light," each must change his seat,
Or a for-feit he must pay.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The East-ern sages watched the sky,
They looked from night till morn,
There shone a bright, new star on high,
They knew that Christ was born.

Then up they rose, and came from far,
They jour-neyed night and day,
Led by the shin-ing of that star,
And found Him where He lay.

There is not any need for us
To leave our homes be-hind,
Through dis-tant lands to tra-vel thus

The Son of God to find.

For home to us each Christ-mas Day
The new-born Sa-vi-our brings;
Then shall we not our hom-age pay
Like those good East-ern kings?

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