

The Infant's Delight: Poetry eBook

The Infant's Delight: Poetry

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Contents

The Infant's Delight: Poetry eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Page 1.....	5
Page 2.....	7
Page 3.....	9
Page 4.....	11
Page 5.....	13
Page 6.....	16
Page 7.....	18
Page 8.....	21
Page 9.....	23
Page 10.....	25
Page 11.....	28
Page 12.....	30
Page 13.....	32
Page 14.....	34
Page 15.....	36



Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
THE DEAD ROBIN.		1
ALL THINGS OBEY GOD.		1
SNOW-BALL-ING.		1
THE SICK DOLL.		1
NEL-LY'S PET LAMB.		2
ROSE'S VA-LEN-TINE.		2
PLOUGH-ING.		2
NAUGH-TY NEL-LY AND HER NEW PA-RA-SOL.		3
JUMP! PUS-SY!		4
BLOW-ING BUB-BLES.		4
THE STRAY KIT-TEN.		5
THE MAY-POLE.		5
UNI-VER-SAL PRAISE.		6
THE DAN-DE-LION CLOCK.		6
TAK-ING CARE OF BA-BY.		6
SUM-MER FLOW-ERS.		6
PLAY-ING AT OM-NI-BUS.		7
GA-THER-ING POP-PIES.		7
ON THE WA-TER.		8
HURT-FUL WEEDS.		8
THE BUT-TER-FLY.		8
THE RUSH PA-RA-SOL.		9
PLAY-ING A-MONG THE SHEAVES.		10
KEEP-ING SCHOOL.		10
SNAP AP-PLE.		10
MILK-ING TIME.		10
AU-TUMN.		11
THE SQUIR-REL.		11
BAT-TLE-DORE AND SHUT-TLE- COCK.		12
CUT-TING NAMES.		12
THE CON-CERT.		12
PLAY-ING WITH WOOD-EN BRICKS.		13
CAUGHT IN THE FOG.		13
TRUST IN GOD.		13
HOME FROM SCHOOL.		14
THE KIT-TENS' BATH.		14



TURN-ING THE TRENCH-ER.
THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

14
14



Page 1

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.



Page 2

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-qua-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.



Page 3

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.



Page 4

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-gest 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 lxx. 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.



Page 5

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.



Page 6

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.



Page 7

“The de-sert shall re-joice, and blos-som as the rose.”—*Isaiah XXXV. 1.*

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.



Page 8

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-lect-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-throw
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!”



Page 9

“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-rished 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.



Page 10

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-frain.
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.



Page 11

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.



Page 12

[Illustration: When the warm summer days draw near, From southern climes the Quails appear.]

[Illustration: South Africa's plains the Quagga roam, Remote from farm or settler's home.]

[Illustration: The fisherman the Roach may hook, In quiet pond or gentle brook.]

[Illustration: When the fell Rattlesnake slides near, The Indian may its rattle hear.]

[Illustration: "Contrary winds."]

[Illustration: *Naughty Dick.*]

[Illustration]

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

See these merry children four,
Now their lesson time is o'er,
Dealing with the bat-tle-dore
Steady blow on blow;

Till the feathered shut-tle-cocks
Fly at their alternate knocks,
"Regular as kitchen clocks,"
Spinning to and fro.

[Illustration: *Our god is merciful.*

Psalms CXVI. 5]

[Illustration: *Cutting names.*]

CUT-TING NAMES.

See where the spreading beech has made
Beneath its boughs a pleasant shade
To screen them from the sun;
There George, and Anne, and Mary play,
Or read upon each sunny 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.]



Page 13

[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 treasures.*

Psalm CXXXV. 7.]

[Illustration: *Home from school.*]



Page 14

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.

Page 15

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?