



Home SUNBEAMS.

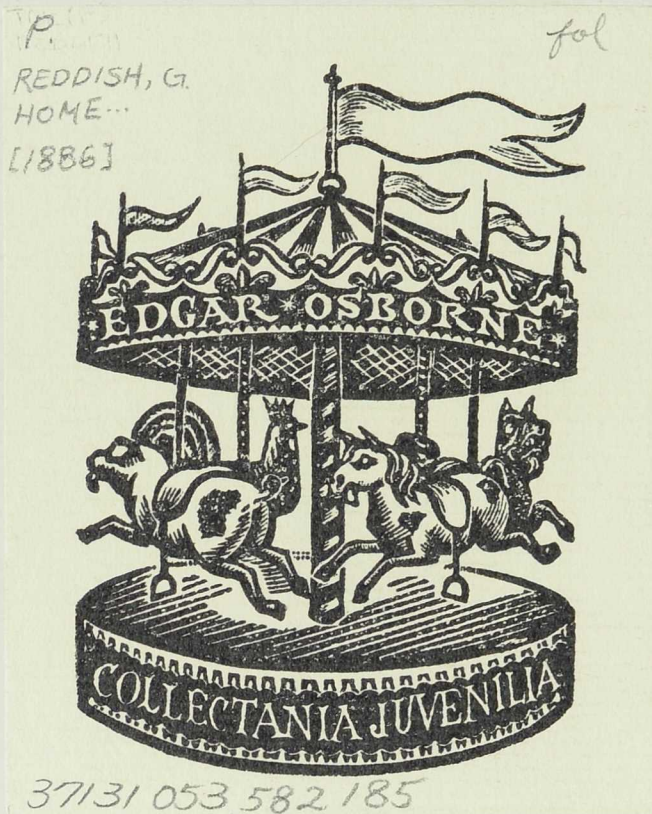
with pictures by
Woldemar Friedrich.

and poems by
Gain Reddish.

LONDON:

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.

NEW YORK: E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.



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WRITTEN

by

GAIN REDDISH.

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43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.,
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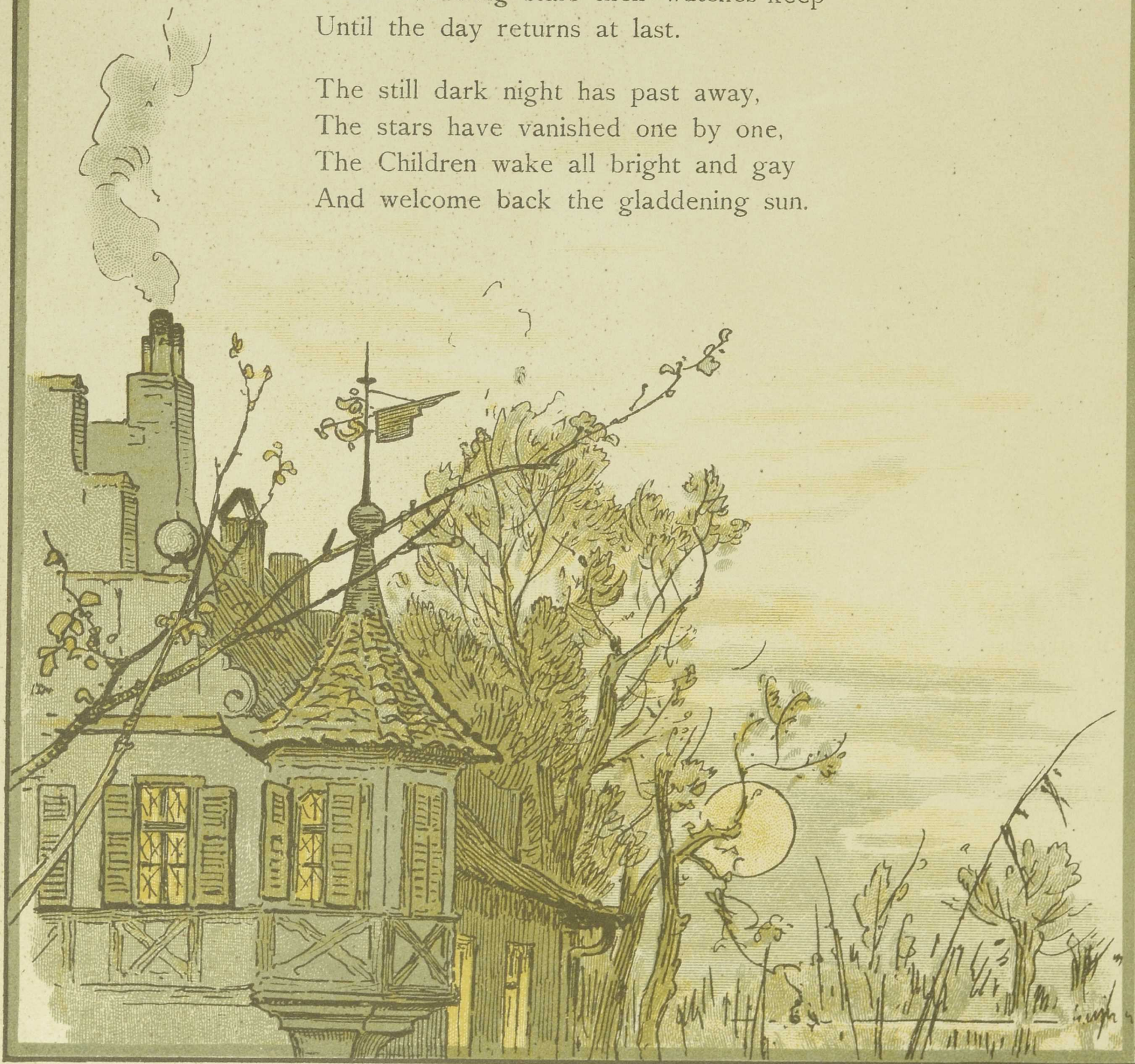
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NIGHT-TIME.

Each little bird is in his nest,
All the children are in bed.
The sun sinks slowly in the West
A ball of fire it seems so red.

The little children softly sleep;
The long dark night creeps slowly past,
While twinkling stars their watches keep
Until the day returns at last.

The still dark night has past away,
The stars have vanished one by one,
The Children wake all bright and gay
And welcome back the gladdening sun.





THE NEW BROTHER.

What can rival our new
treasure?

What could give us greater
pleasure?

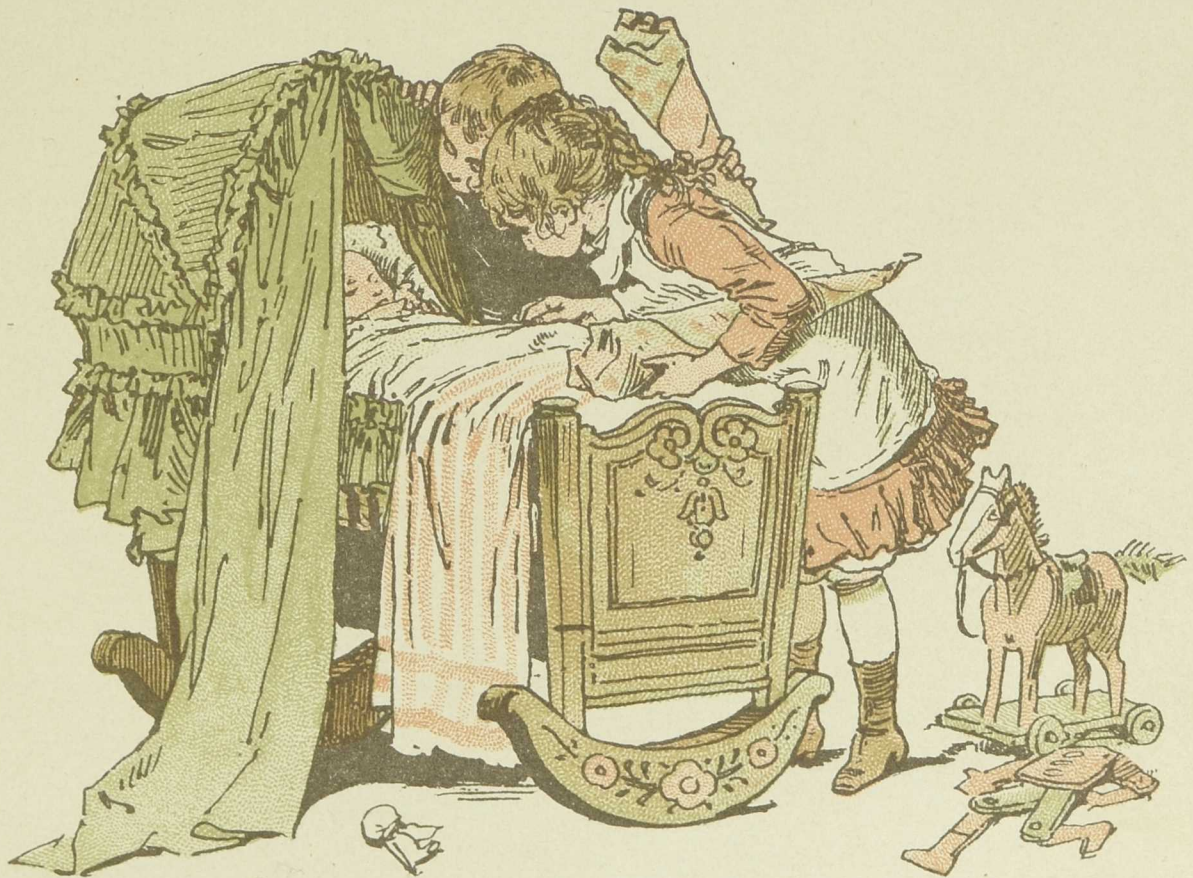
Than the welcome tiny guest
Lying in his cosy nest.

Baby must you always sleep?
Won't you take one little peep
At us? We love you, do not fear,
Just look at us Baby dear.

See! this is sister Margaret,

We call her Daisy, little pet.
I am Frank; I'm eight and so
Every day to school I go —
My lessons are not always done
For I am fonder far of fun
Than work, but still I mean to try

To learn them better by and by.
Now baby dear you look so cosy.
Your cheeks are warm, and soft
and rosy
Lie still and sleep; we'll run away
And eat the cake that came to-day.



THE FIRST WALK.

Golden sunshine lend thy
glory,
West-wind wave the trees
above,
Lark and Thrush sing out
your story
Teach my child your Maker's
love.

Baby darling, look around
thee,
See the cloudlets floating by,
See the pleasures which sur-
round thee
In the sunny earth and sky.

Watch the swallows swiftly flying,
See the wild flowers brightly
gay,
Hear the echo faintly dying
As the Lark pours forth
his lay.

He Who decked the
earth with flowers
Keeps and guards my
tender child.
Safely through the sum-
mer hours,
And when storms are rag-
ing wild.



THE HAPPY DRIVE.

(See next page.)

Hurrah! hurrah, we're off at
last!
The wheels go over stones
and sand
Away we go, and drive so fast
The Donkey cannot gallop
past,
While baby brother waves
his hand.

The rough wind tosses frocks
and hair,
But never mind, away we run,
While baby rides by flowrets
fair, —

Through grass, and corn
and everywhere
We shouting go with
noisy fun.

The butterflies around
us play,
And honey bees hum
as we pass,
They seem to whisper,
"children stay,"
But, no, we can't, for
we're away,
To eat our dinner on
the grass.







BABY'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

Now did you think that it would be
So wonderful and fine?

Such beauties did you hope to see
Dear little brother mine?

Why Baby! how surprised you look!
And oh! how wonderwise!

Is it a pretty picture book
That spreads before your eyes?

Look at the mountains far away,
The streamlet rushing by,

The apple blossom and the May,
The birds, the bees, that dragon
fly!

The springing corn, the cherry
tree,

That robin, and those pigeons
white,

Now did you think that you
would see

So wonderful a sight.





THE MORNING BATH.

"One little kiss, now just one more,
"Oh dear! I love you so.
How much, my dearest best Mama
I'm sure you cannot know."

"You little rogue, don't squeeze so
tight!
You kiss so hard and hold so fast,"
You're hugging me with all your might
Now surely that will do at last.

Now quick! Are you ready?
A moment be steady!
Away from this splashing your clothes let
me take
Your fishes and boat
Are ready to float
Long, long have they waited for you to
awake.

MY SUNBEAM.

(See next page.)

My Sunbeam! darling of our home,
Shining alike in weal and woe,
Eternal summer fills your room
Even 'midst winter frost and snow.

Your loving heart and nature true
Make friends of any who draw nigh,
Our grave old neighbour smiles at you
And waves his hand when passing by.

Where ere you are my bonny boy
Is sunshine, happiness and peace.
Where you are missing love and joy
Have fled, and all delight doth cease.

The red rose with the lily vies
To bloom in beauty on your face.
For-get-me-nots with in your eyes
So sweetly blue have found a place.



Like rays of sunshine warm and bright,
As gifts from heaven children come

Their prattle fills us with delight
Without them drear would be each home.



SUMMER SONG.

(See next page.)

In the happy summer days,
When the barley bows its golden head.
The birds pour forth their gladsome
lays,
And roses blossom white and red.
'Tis then from every shady nook
We hear the sound of life and glee,
And flowers glow where e'er we look
While welcome shadow gives each tree.

Sheltered by the thicket shade,
There we sit, we boys and girls,
A storm of summer snow is made
By roses falling on our curls.
The crickets chirp their roundelays
Amongst the grass at early morn.
How happy are the summer days
When gaily waves the golden corn.



GOOD MORNING.

Good morning my darling,
at last you're awake

Why surely I see not a
tear?

Away from your roses that
dewdrop I'll take



Which shines like a diamond
so clear.

Just listen! your pigeons,
the cooing they make

The cherry twigs tap on
the pane,



I think they are asking if you are awake
And ready for play time again.
Be quick, or they will not be willing
to wait.

First the bath then the shoes and the socks—

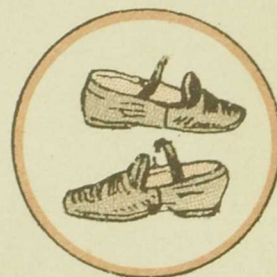
— They wonder what's keeping their little
play mate —

At last comes the whitest of frocks!

The bonny blue sash let me tie in a bow —

— O dear! those strings they are such a
tease! —

Never mind, you are ready, now I'd like to know
Who there is that my boy would not please.





SWING-SONG.

What is that hanging from
the tree
And swaying gently to and fro?
'Tis our new swing, do come
and see
How very very high we go.

Backwards and forwards goes the swing,
Down to the ground, up to the sky:
We follow the butterflies on the wing,
There back to nurse from our upward flight.

Off flies Ellen's shoe, Sylvia hold fast:
Right merrily they enjoy the fun.
But babies even get tired at last.
Two kisses for toll and the journey is done.



EVERY ONES DARLING.

See! the snowflakes they are flying
Softly 'gainst the window panes,
See! how very hard they're trying
To cover up the streets and lanes.
See! the crystals thick and shining
Hanging from the hoary trees:
Listen to the wind's low whining!
How it seems to bite and freeze!
What can Martha be about?
Why does she keep our treasure out?
Ah! here she comes so brightly glowing,
Bring her in, what does she say?
Why there are two red roses growing
On her cheeks this wintry day.
Daisy help me to undress her,
Take her muff and snowy wrap,
She's our darling, Heaven bless her!
Let me loose her little cap —
Now a kiss, then let us know
What you found amidst the snow?
Your cheeks are like two apples red
What! the right one's for Papa?
Well then I think it may be said
The left belongs to dear Mamma. —



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

(See previous page.)

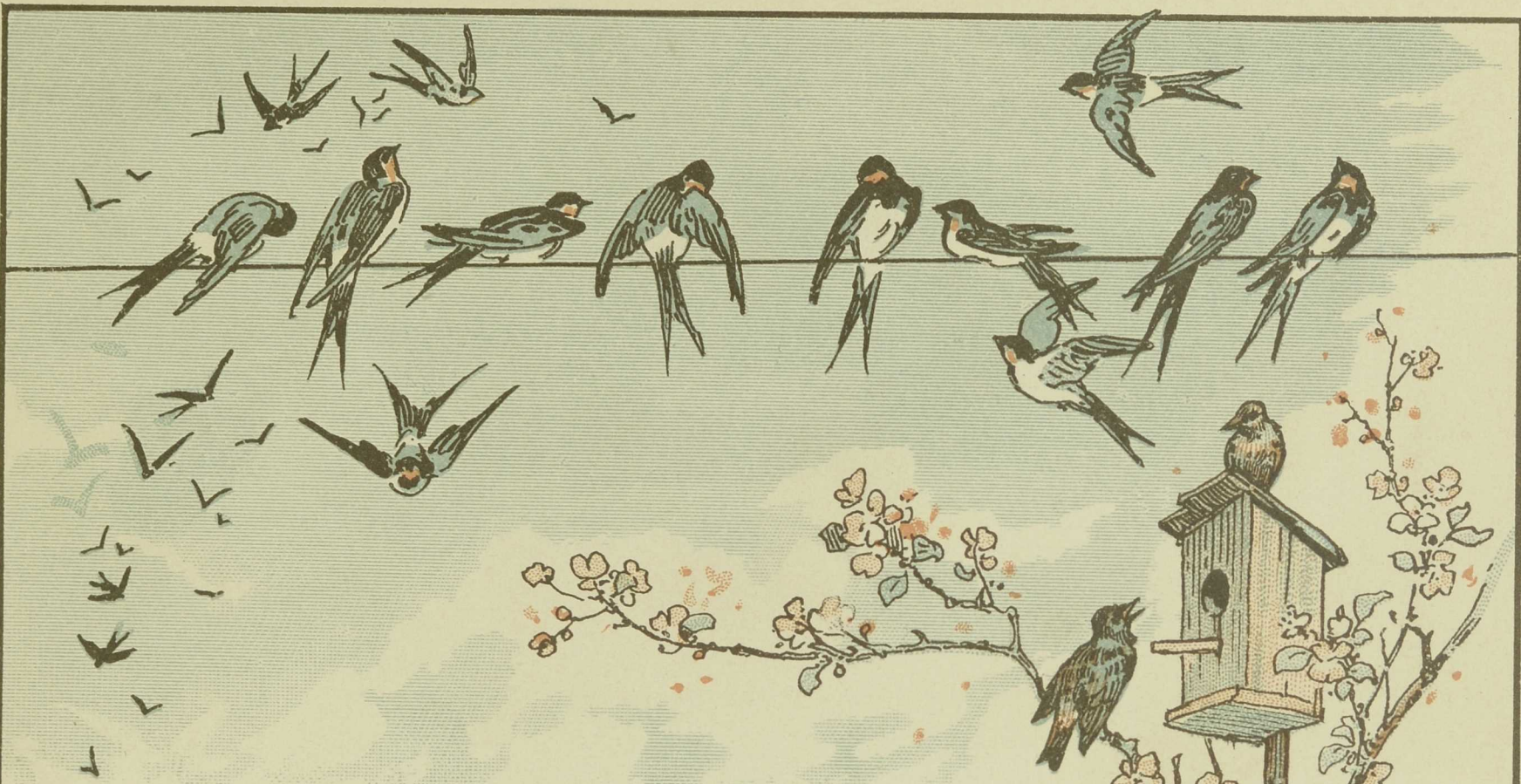
The happiest day for all at home,
See, what a whispering crowd is here:
"If Mother would be quick and come!
Hark, hush! at last a step I hear!
Johnny stand still, I hear a sound.
She comes, ah! no, 'tis but Lisette
Who wants to hand the coffee round:
Lisa is Mother coming yet?"

"I cannot, cannot longer wait,
I shall forget my verse I know,
Oh why does Mother come so late?
My poetry — I forget it so.

Here is my rose quite fresh and red,
I know how very pleased she'll be
If but my lines they are well said —
But mine's the hardest of the three."

"I've dressed my dolly smart and fine,
The strawberries on the table lie
But Mother keeps us such a time
They say she's coming by and by."
Ah! now at last is Mother here,
Listen! what happy shouts of glee.
"On this and all days of the year,
May you, dear Mother, happy be."





WELCOME TO THE SWALLOWS.

When the winter is over how gladly we welcome
The swallows again from their home o'er the sea,
How they twit in the eaves at the rise of the red sun
And at eventide flit over meadow and lea.

Oh swallows your old nests no longer will hold you
They've been spoilt by the cold winter snow and the rain.
The sparrows stayed with us, so surely they've told you.
You'll have to rebuild your old houses again.

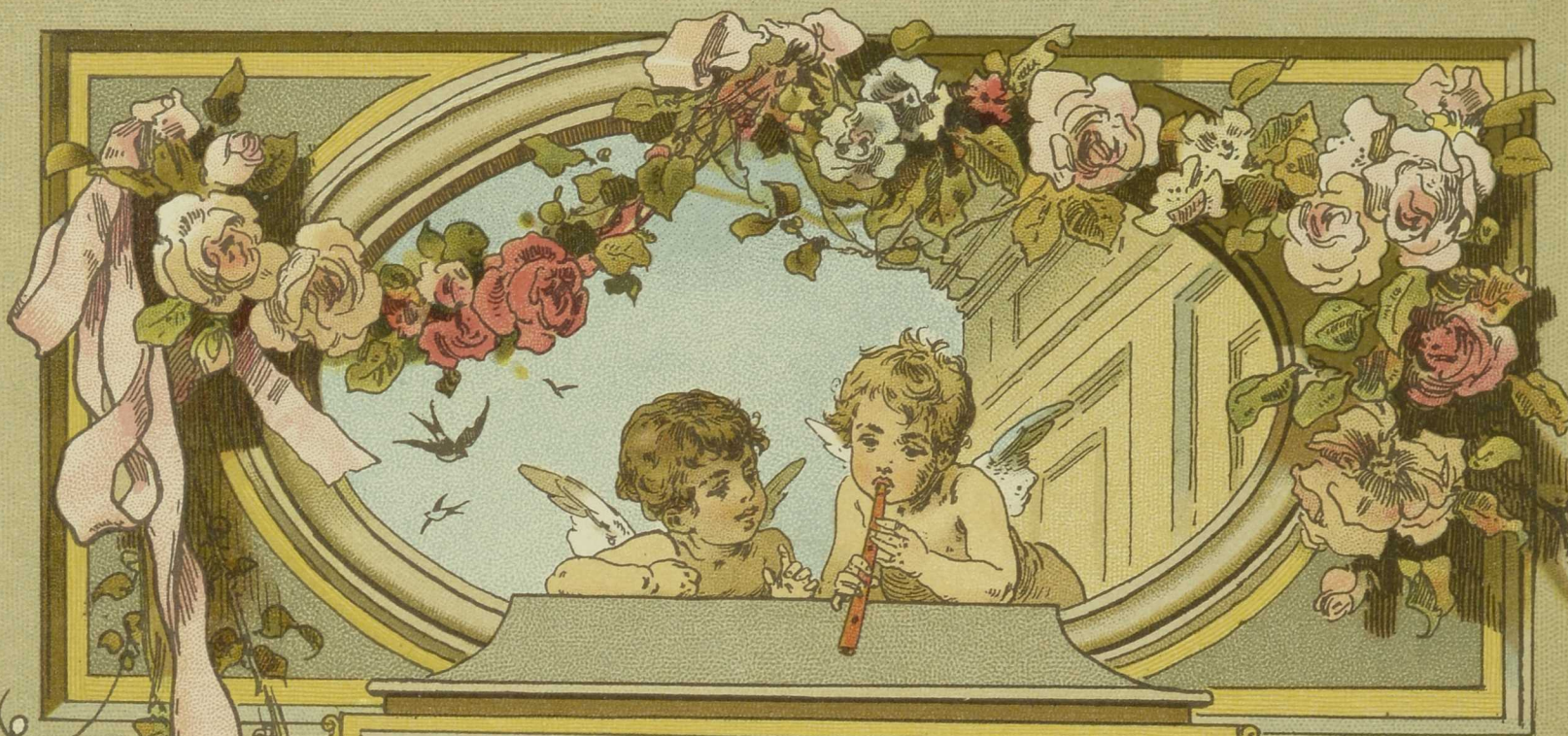
Dear swallow, you that were with us
last year

Say where are your mate and your
little ones four?

We hoped you would bring them
again when you came here
And build a fine nest for them over
our door.

We children have waited long days when 't was
snowing,
And talked of your homes on a warm distant
shore;
Now the summer is here, the roses are blowing,
And the dear happy swallows are with us
once more.





A HOME CONCERT.

"Hearts of Oak," "our ships and men,"
That's the song that I love best
Mother plays it for us when
We're tired of play and want a rest.

To-day we had a concert fine
And Daisy sang and so did I —
I played the drum and beat the time,
While Johnny sat at work close by.

And oh! how very loud we sang!
Even the swallows flitting by
As through the room our voices rang
Began to join us with their cry.

"Twit, twit, we sing as well as you"
And all at once upon the air,
Floating as from the Heavens blue
We heard a sound of Music rare.





TEASING THE CHICKENS.

"Peter, Peter,
twice to-day
You 've been
told to come
away
And not to
tease the poor
old hen —



Can it be you're there
again?

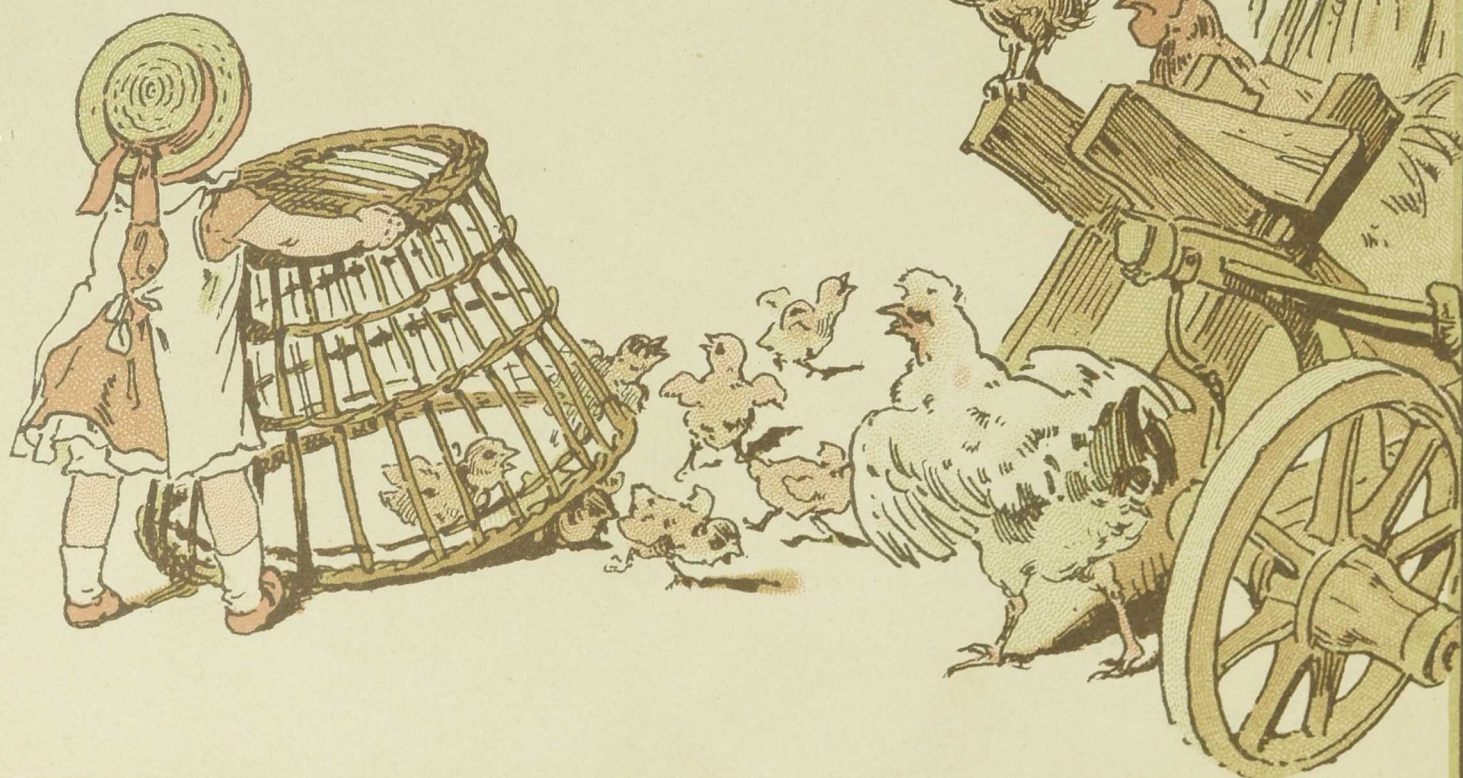
Let those little chickens
be,

They are frightened; don't
you see?

Every thing you tease
and bother —

See the poor old clucking Mother
All her feathers flying round
Strew'd about upon the ground.

What she'll do I do not know.
How can you tease her chickens so?
But, Peter, you had best take care
For I see some one coming there.
You know what happened once before; —
What stands behind the cupboard door."





IN THE SULKS.

Oh dear! how very cross I am,
I don't know what to say,
With trumpet, rocking-horse and drum
I do not care to play.
My puzzles, too, are no more good,
I cannot use them if I would.

Even Aunt Kitty teases me.
I do not like my ball.
My gun, and my new helmet bright,
They please me not at all.
And then I'm *always* cross they say;
Perhaps that's why I'm so to-day.



IN THE PARK.

In the Park, beneath the shady trees,
Whose young leaves rustle in the balmy
breeze.

Whilst Finch and Blackbird merrily do sing
Their joyous welcome to returning spring;
Two little sisters sit, enchanted quite
With Fairy tale of wonder and delight!
Walter who never can sit still
Runs about and capers at his will.
Now a butterfly he pursues in chase,
Now rests to cool his glowing face,

Then off again; here comes a beauty!
This time he *must* secure his booty.
His hat is on it! He tries to hold it tight
Ah! no, too bad! Again it takes its flight.

Shine, golden sun, and linger, happy hours
Blow, balmy breeze, stay with us, tender
flowers!

With joy and love let Finch and Black-
bird sing
Their merry welcome to each newborn
spring.







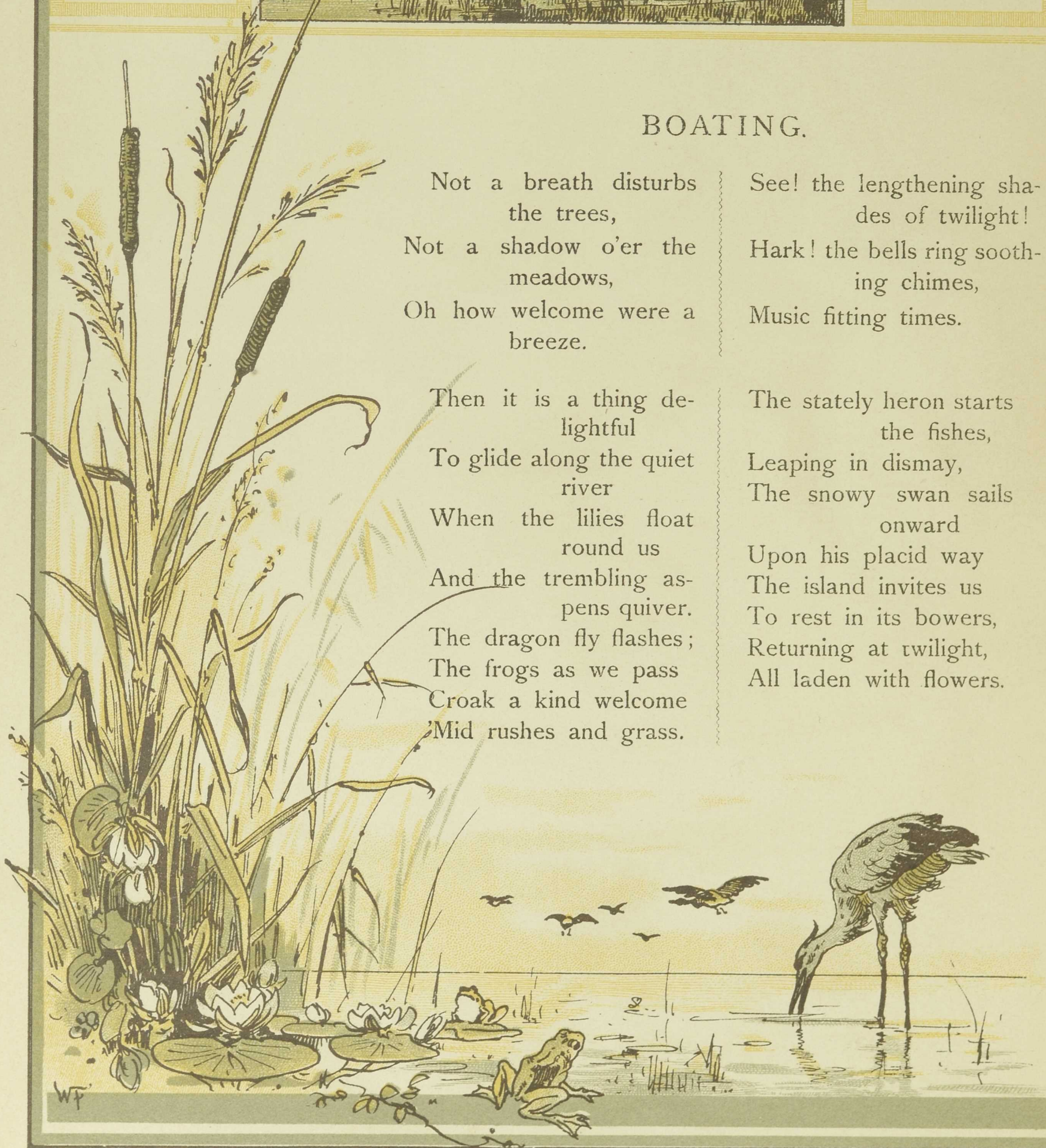
BOATING.

Not a breath disturbs
the trees,
Not a shadow o'er the
meadows,
Oh how welcome were a
breeze.

See! the lengthening sha-
des of twilight!
Hark! the bells ring sooth-
ing chimes,
Music fitting times.

Then it is a thing de-
lightful
To glide along the quiet
river
When the lilies float
round us
And the trembling as-
pens quiver.
The dragon fly flashes;
The frogs as we pass
Croak a kind welcome
Mid rushes and grass.

The stately heron starts
the fishes,
Leaping in dismay,
The snowy swan sails
onward
Upon his placid way
The island invites us
To rest in its bowers,
Returning at twilight,
All laden with flowers.





MAKING FRIENDS.

Now Elsie, you're not cross I'm *sure*,
I did not mean to tease you, dear,
I'll never do so any *more*;
So don't you shed another tear.
Come, shall I give you all these
flowers?

Or fetch some poppies from the
wheat?

Some blowing clocks to count the
hours,

Or else a hedge-rose, wild and sweet?
Perhaps I'll find some shaking grass
Of that I know you're very fond;
Or some for-get-me-nots; we pass
Them, coming by the pond.
But we *are* friends again?

Now see,
'Tis time for us to leave
the dell;

So I will take you home; and we
Will go the way you love so well.
And I'll tell tales to you the while
As we are walking slowly on.
Ah! ah! you rogue, I see a smile
At last we're friends, the quarrel's
done.



THE PARTY.



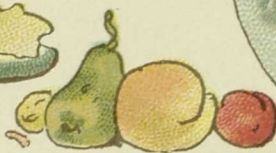
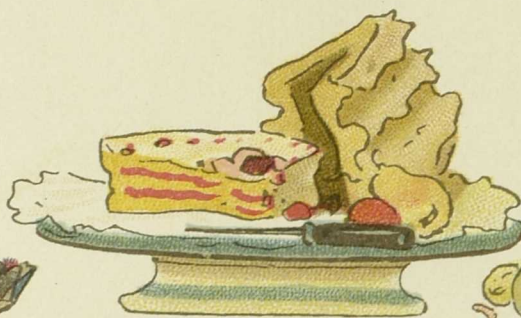
In the next room, at a table,
There are sitting children four,
Johnny, Kitty, George and Mabel;
How they watch the open door!
It's like a scene from fairy land,
The glittering glass and plate —
They feast their eyes, that little band,
And all impatient wait;
Then softly stealing o'er the floor
They gaze within the open door.

They watch the great cake in dismay
Becoming every minute less;
May whispers, she heard Mother say

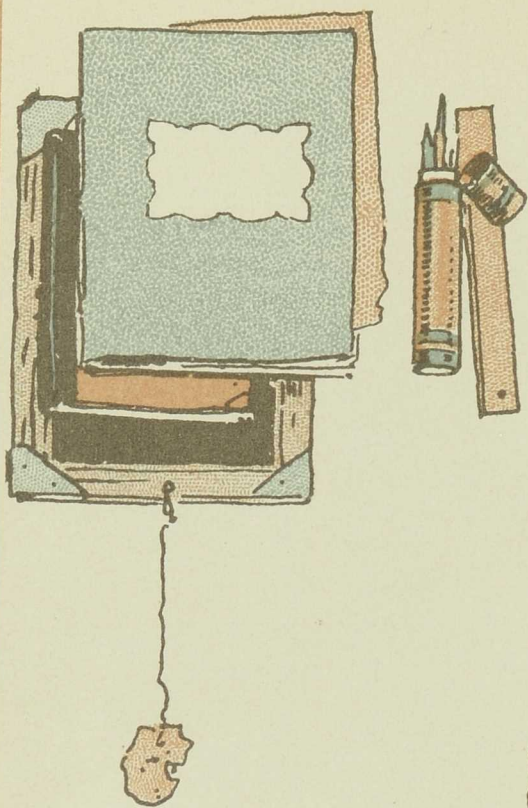
There'd be enough for all.
Ah now it comes, she ne'er forgets
'Midst all her cares and pleasures
To send a large plate to her pets
Upheaped with cakes and treasures,
Ice-cream, and apples, crackers fine,
And just a sip of currant wine.

Now some one speaks: the children listen;
But what he says they can't quite make out.
Their faces flush, their bright eyes glisten;
They look as if they longed to shout.
But Father has not made the sign
For which they have to wait;

They are so anxious for the time:
They fear to be too late.
Now, now 'tis time, now shout hurrah
And give three cheers for Grandmama.







A TINY WRITER.



Who's so busy with the ink?
It is little Paul I think.
Joe can write — that's very true
But he cannot scrawl like you.
What a busy little man,
'Tis not often that you can
Undisturbed, with ink and pen,
Write, as do quite grown up men.

Joe writes with pencil, that's a pity
Thinks Paul, he finds the ink so pretty;
Now he has finished, in a row
Stand six tall P.s — a splendid show.
But on the fingers, frock and hair,
The pinafore, and everywhere
Are blots; and there will be, I fear,
Six slaps for all this mis-chief here.





SO PERPLEXED.

I wish I knew what it should be —
Which plaything I should take with me! —

Stay, should I pretty
bubbles blow?
Or else to play with
Frank I'll go,
Or to cousin Charlie
run,
He's sure to like a bit
of fun!



My horse? Or else my
bouncing ball?
I like my new hoop
best of all. —
No, on my tricycle I'll
ride,
Or dig my garden bed
more wide.

At least I think that he could say
What toys I should bring out to-day.
But then, the last time that he came
We wanted both to use the same.

I wish I knew what it should be —
Which plaything I should take with me! —

A SAD CATASTROPHE.

"O how shall I tell you, my dears,
Of something which happened to-day?
I scarcely can keep back my tears,
Come and listen to what I would say."

"Poor Ellen's doll, her very best,
The one Aunt Jane bought at the Fair
That she and Sylvia often dressed,
And tried to comb and curl her hair —

"Basil christened her Miss Nancy,
In truth she was a dainty dame" —
"But what has happened?" "Only fancy!
Her sad, sad end I scarce can name.

"Ellen tells me, she was lying
In the doll's bed on the floor.
When two dogs, poor Nancy spying,
Pulled her out and through the door.





"Ellen screamed, and Philip hearing
Something of the dreadful fray,
Hurried off, a stout stick bearing
Nance to save from Dick and Tray.

"'T was in vain; they bit and shook her,
First her legs, and then her head,
Till at last when Philip took her
From them both she was quite dead.

"All her pretty clothes are lying
In the garden on the ground;
And her golden hair is flying
On the bushes all around."

"Poor Ellen sits in sad dismay,
But in her grief she's not alone,
For Sylvia cries the livelong day,
As if Miss Nancy were her own."





FATHER'S RETURN.

Now at the window, and now at the
gate
All the day long Jack does nothing
but wait,

Impatiently wishing the stage coach would come;
For will it not bring his dear Father back home?
"Tis coming, 'tis coming!" he cries out; "hurrah!
I see someone waving; it must be Papa!
Come Daisy, come Nancy; dear Father is here:
Be quick, oh be quick, for the coach is quite near.
They hurry, they scramble to reach the front door.
But, quick as they are, Mamma's there before,
With Baby; yet still they are not very late;
For Father is just coming in at the gate.
Now Daisy springs to him, and knocks off his hat!
Then, running, comes Nancy so rosy and fat, —

Look at Baby; he capers
and crows with delight;
And even old Trusty, tries all his might
To show he is happy his Master to see,
And frisks round about him as pleased as
can be.

Now Daisy looks anxiously at a large
packet,

She wonders if Father has
brought Dolly's
jacket!

Or any new treasures of sweet-
meats or toys

Which he promis'd if all would be good girls
and boys.

Look, he's asking Mamma; she replies, "Yes
indeed,"

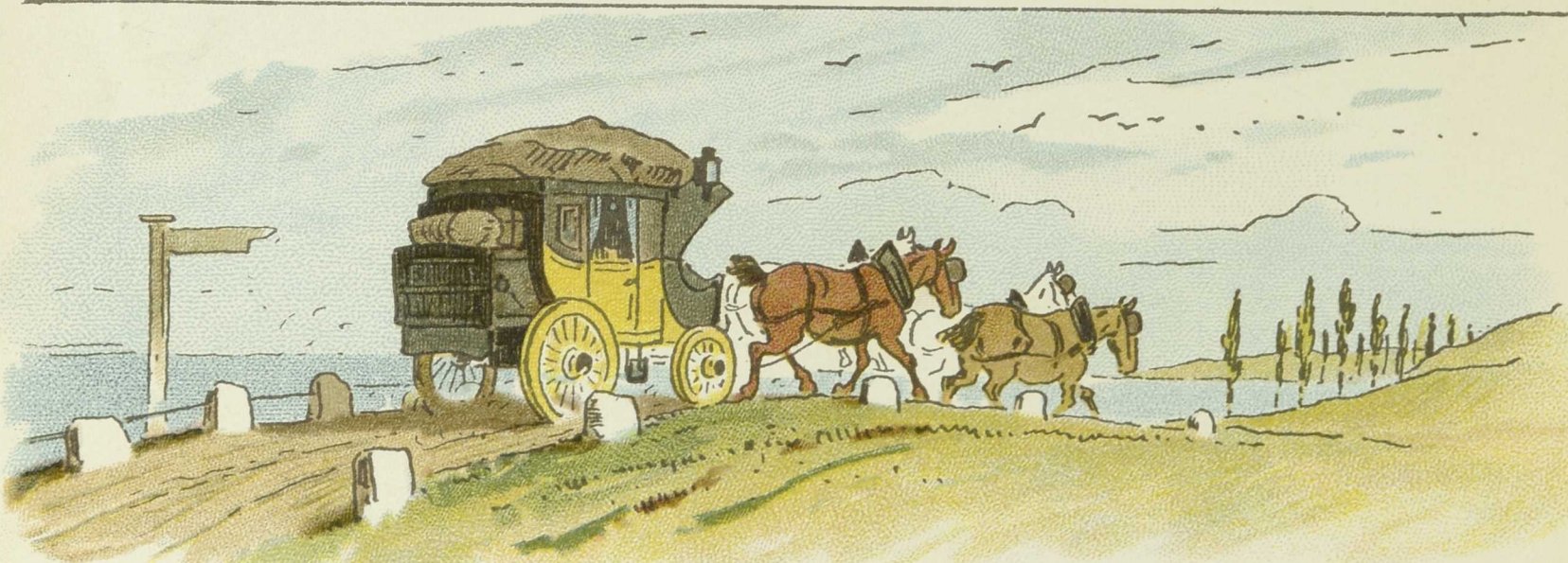
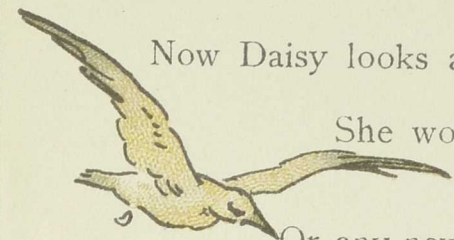
Then open the packet! Tis opened with
speed.

What joy, what excitement, what shouts of
surprise!

What kisses, what "thank yous", and what
sparkling eyes!

Yet the best is, dear Father is with them once
more,

The children were never so joyous before.





TURNING OUT THE BASKET.

Oh, so quiet! that means mis-chief:
What can Robin be about?
There he is, the little sly thief,

Turning all my basket out.
Rumaging about and looking
If no treasure he can spy:—
“Surely ’t is not all for cooking”!
“What did Mother say she’d buy?”..



What may follow never minding,
Look, he's got it, what a shout.
Turnips, carrots, onions finding
See, he strews them all about;

Grasps the apple! what a treasure!
Can I scold my bonny boy,
Flushed and laughing loud with pleasure?
No, his Mother shares his joy.

OUR GARDEN.



The winter wind and wild March weather
Have ruined our garden you see;
And that is the reason we're working to-
gether

As busy as ever can be.

In a short time 't will once more be tidy
With roses and lilacs and lilies,

There are some pinks we set them on
Friday;

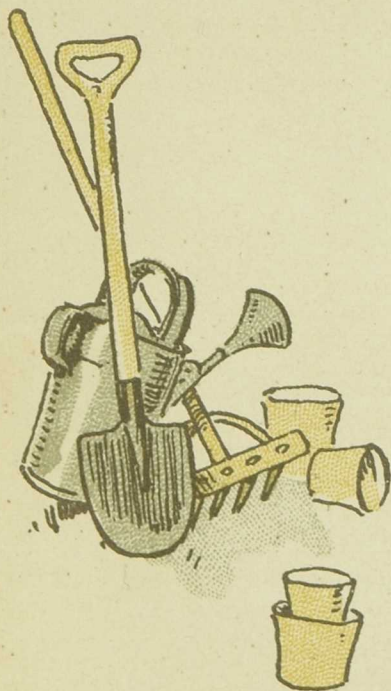
And here are some daffadown-dillys.

The birds and the butterflies all love our
flowers,

The robin will build in that tree,
And so we are working these sunshiny
hours,

That our garden in order may be,
When they come back again in the summer.

And we hope that the stately Queen Bee
As she gathers her honey will murmur
"Thank you, little gardeners three."





BY THE BROOK.

When the June sun
Shines warm o'er the land,
Away to the brooklet,
Away, happy band.

Then off, shoes and stockings,
And in, little toes!
No waiting, no shaking,
In every one goes.

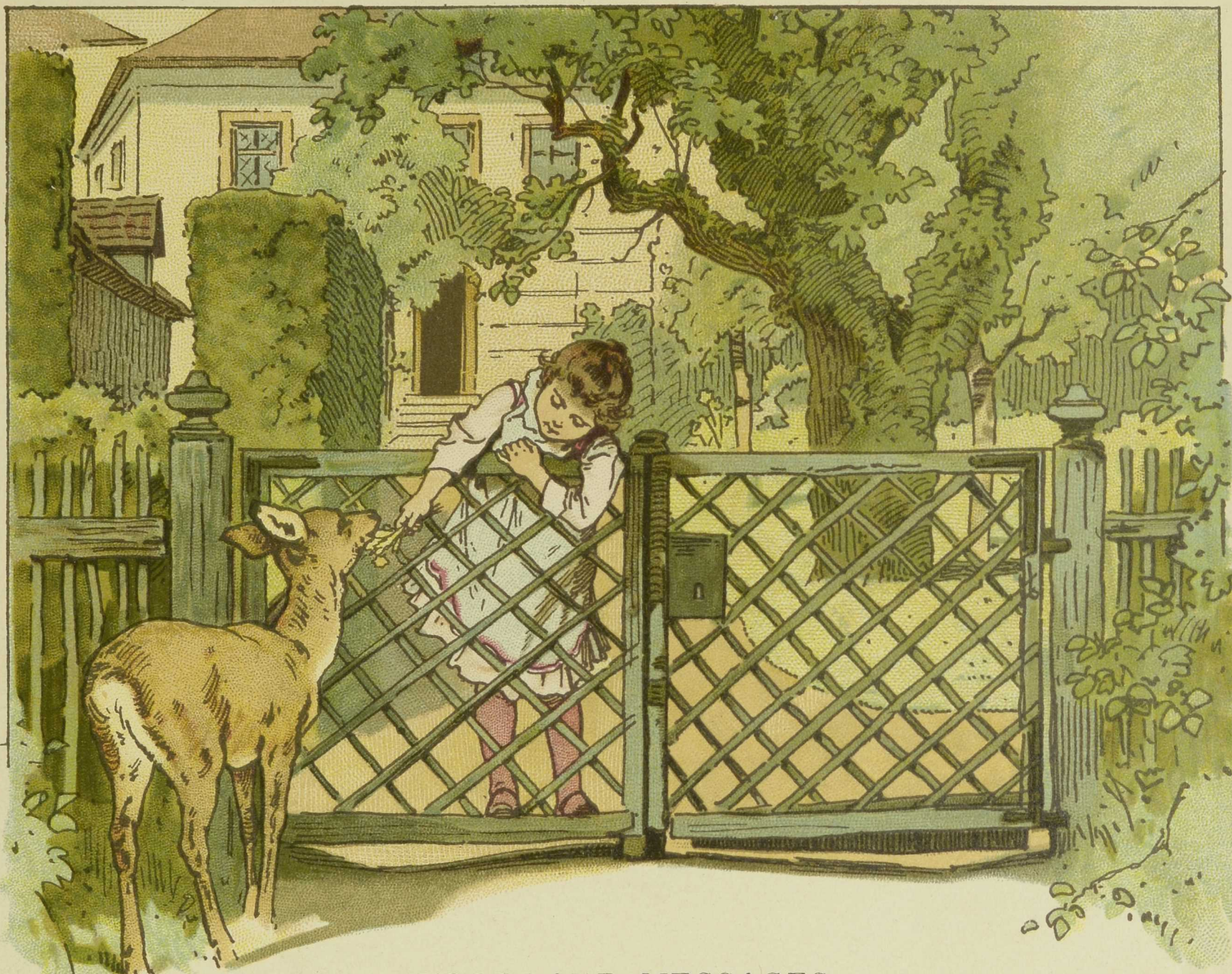
The ducks and the goslings
Look on at the play,
We cannot get near them
They paddle away.

Why, Tommy, you big boy.
You are not afraid!
Just look at Baby,
The brave little maid.

Now come, don't be foolish;
The water is clear.
The fishes won't eat you
They dare not come near.
So don't be a coward,
But give a good spring,
Once, twice, thrice, away!
And then you are in.

For who would be a sailor bold
Must ne'er be afraid when water is cold.





WOODLAND MESSAGES.

„My dear little playmate, my fleetfooted fawn
A message I bring you this fair sunny dawn.”

“Oh who may it be
Sends a message to me?”

“’T is the hare your old comrade; he told me to say
That his life is a happy one—nothing but play.
He feeds upon parsley and all sorts of greens,
Sometimes from the gardens he steals the young beans
And then he’s so nimble, he wanted to know
If you for a race in the forest would go?”



“My dear little playmate, my fleetfooted fawn
A message I bring you this fair sunny dawn.”

“Oh who may it be
Sends a message to me?”

“’T is the squirrel; the old one who lives in a tree,
He sent a message; he’s gay as can be.
He says his home is lined and ready ’gainst the cold,
Filled with nuts and acorns, as many as ’t will hold.
If you’ll go to see him you’ll very welcome be,”
Says your old friend the squirrel in the old oak tree.”



“My dear little playmate, my fleetfooted fawn
A message I bring you this fair sunny dawn.

“Oh who may it be
Sends a message to me?”

“The beech tree who shelter’d the grass you used to eat
And keeps it in the summer tender, cool and sweet;
He sends a tasty branch for you, the last of all the year.
He’s sure you will like it and says that winter’s near.
He’s very glad you’re shelter’d from frost and chilly dew —
That was all the message the beech tree sent to you.”

IN THE RAIN.

During the April showers,
When the road is like a lake,
Oh! what fun in the puddles
A splashing and dashing to make.

When boots are quite wet and the stocking
No longer keeps little foot dry,
How delightful it is, and how shocking
To run through the gutter; oh fie!



Ah, here comes clean cousin Milly,
So tidy, so trim and so neat;
And with her her dogs Buff and Billy,
Who scarcely have wet their small feet.

Miss Milly looks on quite astonished
At this sort of riotous play.
She wonders no doubt what would happen,
Should Auntie be passing this way.





THE GRASSHOPPER.

The summer sun was shining, the grass-
hopper was gay;
Mid the waving gold corn he chirped
the livelong day.

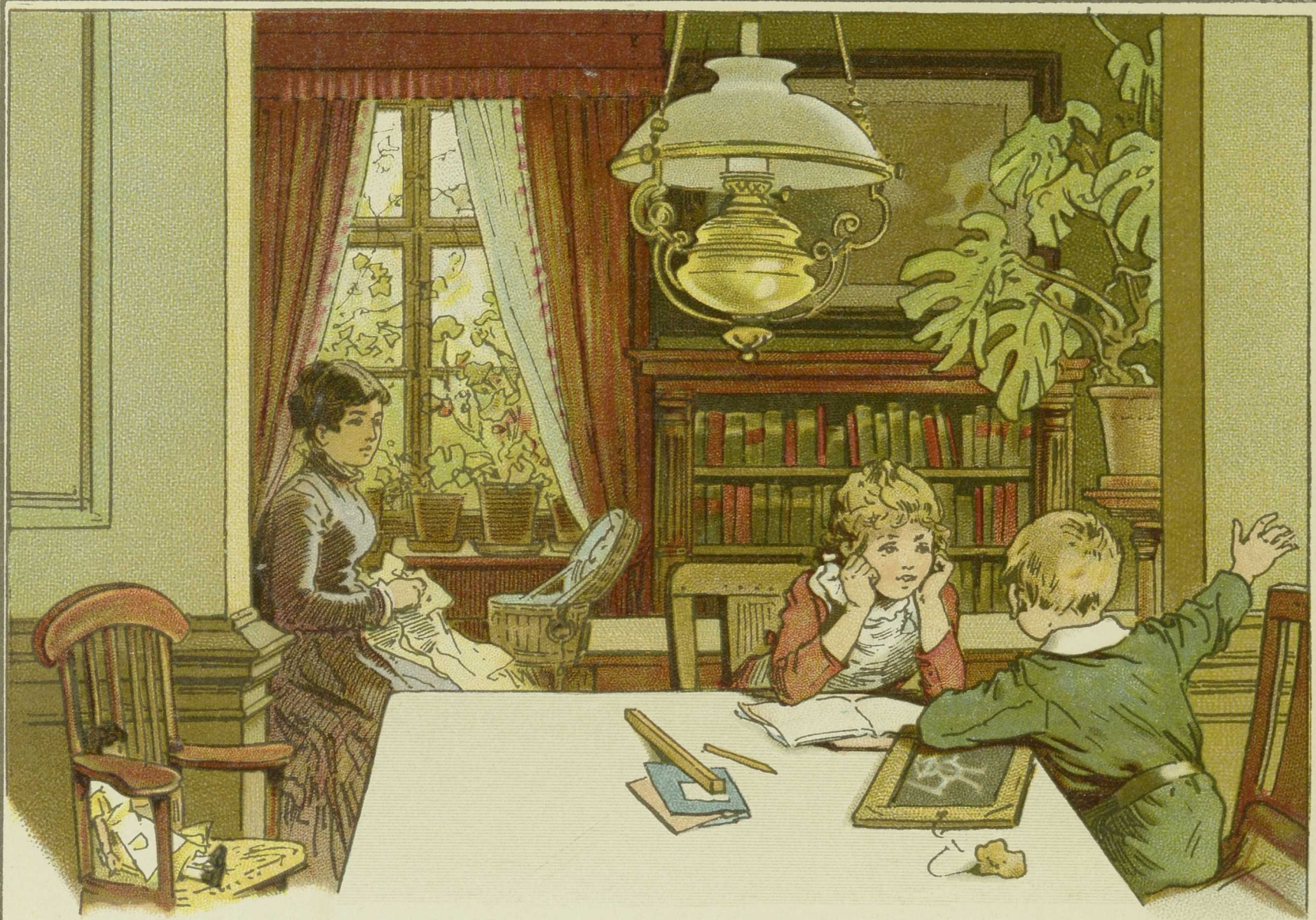
But now he's into prison thrown,
This merry little bard,
In still, dark solitude alone: —
In truth his fate is hard.

Young Tom it was who captured him,
And with exultant shout
He shut him in his sandwich tin
And said: "Stay there to dance
or spin
Or sing a tune, for now you're in
Be sure you won't get out."

So now in deep despair among the
cakes and pies
Squeezed in very tightly, the small
musician lies.

Till presently there sounds quite near
Another unknown voice,
It falls so softly on his ear
He ventures to rejoice.
'Tis May wants cake, she opens wide,
The gloomy prison door,
Quickly before he is espied,
One hop, one jump and he's outside,
"I hope your luncheon's good," he
cried,
"Hurrah I'm free once more!"





LESSON TIME.

Two little forms at the table,
Heads bending low o'er their books,
Working as hard as they're able —
So Mamma thinks whenever she looks.
But Frankie, who ought to be writing
Is whisp'ring of soldiers and war,
And, teaching May all about fighting
Draws battles that take place atar.

Not one word does May miss, 'tis pleasanter far
Than the history she has in her book
And Frank quite delighted continues to draw.
Thus neither see Mother's last look.
But alas the slate falls with a rattle
A pause — Then Mamma's voice rings clear
"May, have *you* learnt the date of that battle?
Frank, just bring your exercise here."

BY THE FIRE.

(See next page.)

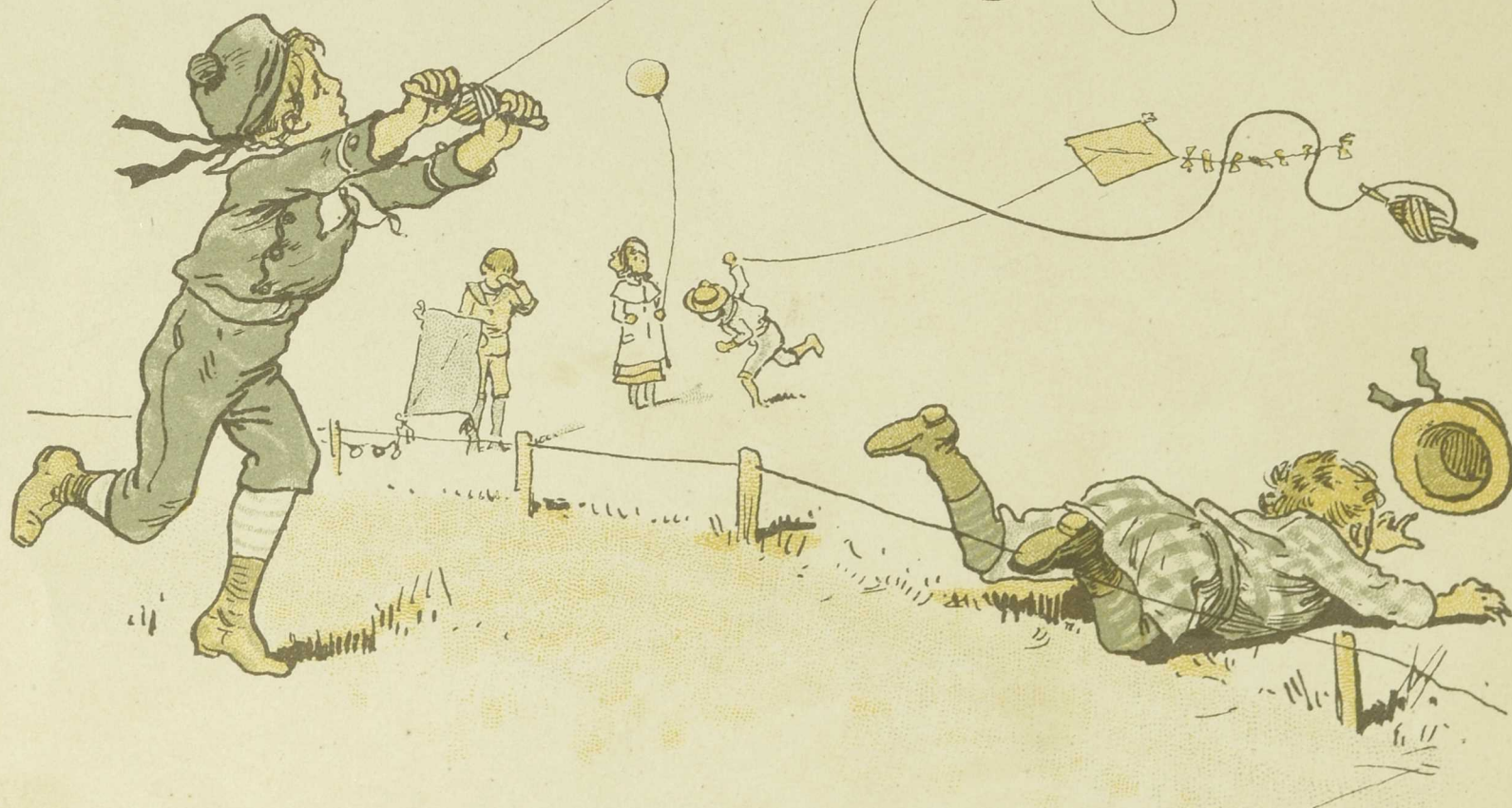
What a storm it blows to-day!
Scarce a leaf left on a tree.
Ah! how they are whirl'd away!
Little sister, can you see?
Draw your little cloak more fast
Round you now — and quickly come.
In such a biting, whistling blast
It is best to be at home.

Sitting in the fireglow,
Charlie reads us tales aloud;
Lion sits by Baby too,
There we are a happy crowd.
Baby pretends her doll can hear,
So to the reading lets her come,
Oh! in such weather, sister dear,
It is best to be at home!



FLYING THE KITE.

Higher and higher my beautiful kite,
Steadily, steadily speed on your flight.
Rise o'er the steeple, away through the air
Gently float onward, the evening is fair.
No wild wind to toss you as upward you fly —
I wish I could ride you, I'd mount to the sky
Over the mountains and rivers and seas —
Anywhere, everywhere, just as I please.
I might find a land where there's
 nothing but play,
No lessons to do, and
 cake every day,
Where sums don't
 come wrong, and all that you wear
Is made of a stuff that won't dirty or tear.
Where peg-tops and skittles are everywhere found,
Hoops that will trundle and balls that will bound;
And — Oh dear there I've fallen right over the wire
That runs round the flowerbed — higher and higher
Away flies my kite, for I've broken the string,
Unchecked and unheeding away it takes wing —
How tiresome, the wire to come in my way!
But that is what happens to dreamers by day.
And Castles in air be they ever so fine,
Are sure to get tumbled and ruined like mine.
And thus it oft happens to people who try,
When running, to keep their eyes
 fixed on the sky.





GATHERING PLUMS.

At last! The plum-tree by the gate
Is full of fruit. The clusters red
Are ripe. We need no longer wait,
Be quick and fetch a basket, Fred.

"And have you found them first
of all?

Oh Greta! is it really true?

I thought they still were green
and small —

That is a bit too bad of you."

"You know I've found them
every year,

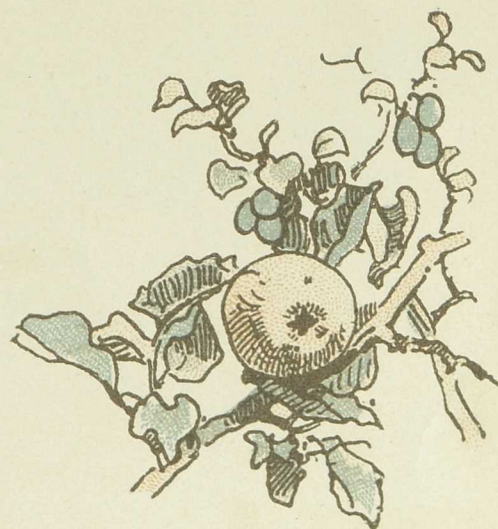
Besides, that is my favourite tree —
But this time I had no idea
That they so quickly ripe would be."

"Still I don't *really* care, my pet,
So come along, take care, don't
fall!

And you shall have the first I get,
The very largest of them all."

And now with many a hearty shake
The plums fall like a shower of rain
"Oh stop!" cries Greta, "you will make
Me cry if I get hit again."

But Freddy laughs aloud with glee:
"Ah! Greta, see, the plum tree knows
'T was you who found her out, and she
Repays you now with these hard blows."



FAIRY TALES.

"Granny," they plead, "you do not know

How much we love the tales you tell!

One more! just one;" — she smiles and so

Begins; — "A king's child once did dwell" —

A stillness falls upon the room,
Breathless, with glistening eyes,
they stand,

Transported quickly into gloom
And dazzling light of Wonder-
land.

To free a princess from the
charmer's bower,
On his gold trapped steed a knight flies by,

Here watch the dwarfs their chests of
gold,

And guard them with their cunning powers;
Here in the forest dark and cold,
Spring friendly, many-colored flowers.
There in the rushing brooklet, seek
The herdsman for the white snakes ring,
From eyrie built on crag's sharp peak
The eagle swoops with powerful wing.

The rose-girt isle on the lake appears
'Ere the chime of the noonday bell doth
cease.

The erring wanderer forgets his fears
Led by a fairy's hand to joy
and peace.

And then at last in splen-
dour's glow

The prince sets free
the beggar boy.

Ah! Granny, surely
you must know
Your fairy tales give
endless joy.

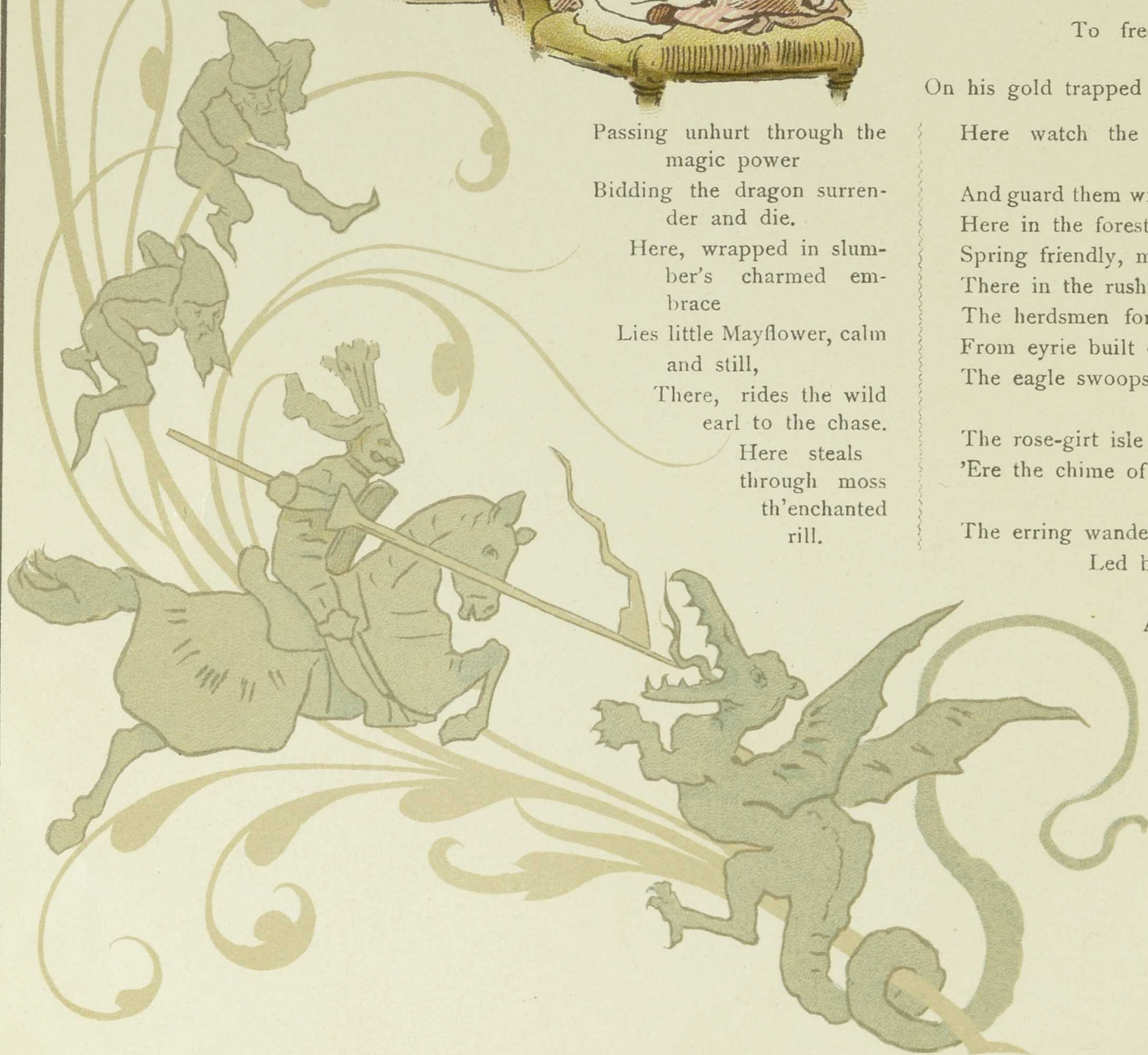
Passing unhurt through the
magic power
Bidding the dragon surren-
der and die.

Here, wrapped in slum-
ber's charmed em-
brace

Lies little Mayflower, calm
and still,

There, rides the wild
earl to the chase.

Here steals
through moss
th'enchanted
rill.





CHRISTMAS MESSENGERS.

Away they trip through ice and snow,
 Whilst twilight steals across the earth.
 With ruddy cheeks, and hearts aglow
 With pity, love, and childlike mirth.

Christmas comforts, many joys,
 To the sick and poor they take,
 The weaver's boy a box of toys,
 Some soldiers and a Christmas cake.

The old Postilion who is lame,
 How he will like his dainty fare,
 Every Christmas comes the same —
 A dinner, of a fine roast hare.

Eva's doll — her dearest treasure,
 The little orphan child she'll give.
 O'er all the children scatter pleasure;
 Even the birds some crumbs receive.

The Christmas bells ring out with glee,
 Hark to the words of thanks and love!
 "Long may the children happy be,"
 With gladsome hearts they homeward move.



AT THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.



Clown:

Pretty Fairy, smart and fine,
Prithee give to me a glance,
Promise that you will be mine
To join the merry dance.
See what pretty flowers I've here!
Every one I give to you,
Roses red and white, my dear,
For-get-me-nots so blue.



Fairy:

Sir Clown, you're most polite, but I
Don't really wish to dance with you,
For underneath your mask I spy
The teasing face of cousin Hugh.

The flowers are very sweet I know,
But then, Sir, I remember too,
The snowballs that you used to throw
When I was on the ice with you.

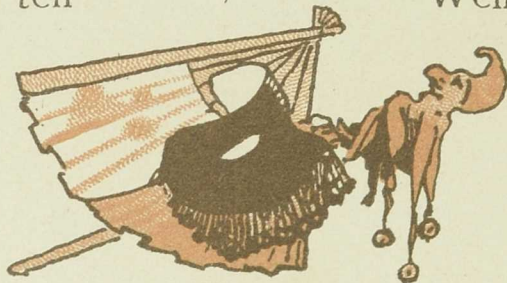
Clown:

Fairy Queen, now is that so?
Are you sure that you can tell

That I am he who threw the snow?
They say my mask fits very well.
But if I did 't was but in fun,
So surely you won't be unkind.
Oh! hark! the dance has just begun,
O come!

Fairy:

Well then — I do not mind.



THE SANDMAN.



How beautiful the night must be!
If I could only keep awake,
The stars and moonshine I could see
As o'er the roof their way they take.

The shining stars peep through the glass,
The moonbeams on the meadows play,
They shine upon the dewy grass
And make it prettier than by day.

Like tiny watchmen in the sky
The stars look down with
laughing eyes.
And elves and fairies
passing by
Look up at them, in
glad surprise.

The nightingale in yon-
der tree
Sings out a lively
wedding march,
A fairy wedding
dance shall be
Beneath the grace-
ful silver larch.

The fireflies come to give their light,
They dance, and fly, and flit about.
Oh! I should dearly like some night
To see a merry fairies' rout.

But ere the cuckoo clock strikes eight,
My heavy eyes are full of sand,
And fairy balls begin so late
That I'm too sleepy far to stand.

O! Sandman, why do you do so?
Always the same bad trick you play,
And I to bed must early go.
And fairies never come by day.

Dear Sandman, just for once be kind,
And do not come again so soon,
If I'm awake I'm sure to find
The dancing elves; and see the moon.

In dreams alone the stars I see,
I never hear the elfking sing.
Oh! Sandman do not come to me
But ride off on your night bird's wing.



THE LAMB'S PORTRAIT

Tap, tap — "Who is it at the door?"
"Please let me in, whoever's there"
"Now, Spot, lie down upon the floor;
'Tis only little Golden-hair."

"The tiny maiden cannot touch
The handle yet, so she must rap.
Fie! Spot, how can you bark at such
A gentle, friendly little tap."

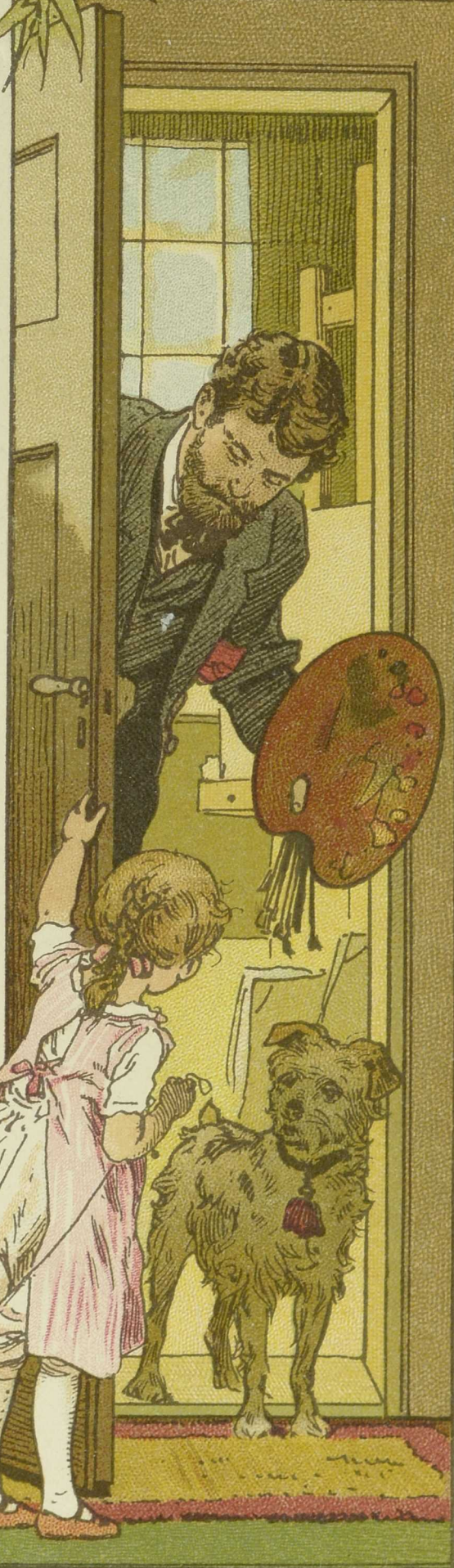
"Come in, — oh yes the dog's quite still;
You need not be at all afraid.

Come here and tell me what you will."

"I've brought my lamb," she softly said.

"O, could you just a picture make?
I know he will be very good.
It would not many minutes take —"
"Dear little Golden-hair, I could."

Now children close the story
book,
If you are good perhaps
there may
More pictures come for you
to look
At on a cold or rainy day.



FINIS.

W. Friedrich



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