# : Make-Believe : & Reality :

: Depicted by Richard André :

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge:
New York: E: & J: B: Young & Co:

Constance Mary Bott.
from
Bobby Segar.
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# Take-Believe: Reality:

Depicted by Richard André

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: LONDON.
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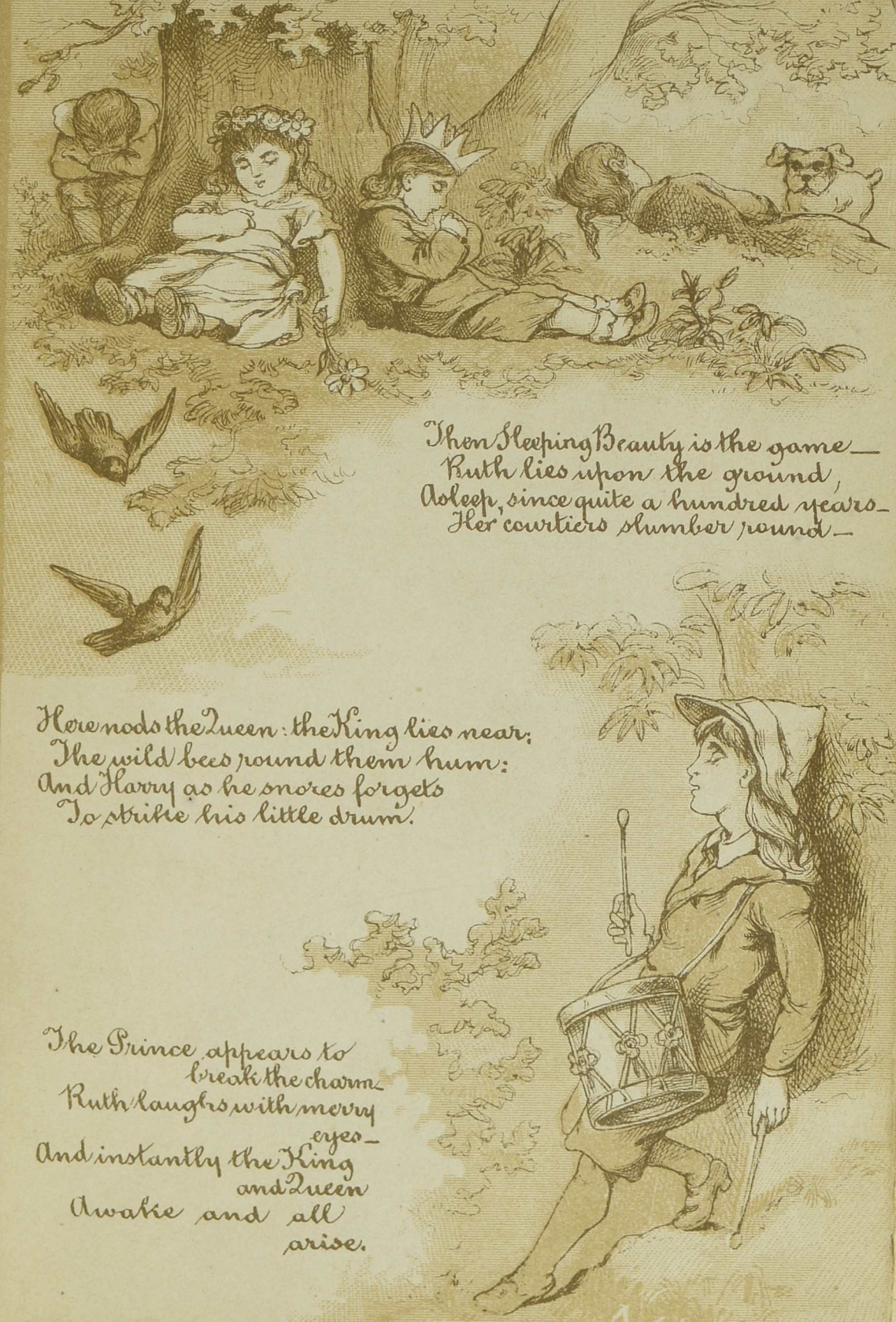
Make-Believe & Reality:
Beneath an ancient
walnut tree
That stood in sunny glade,
At games of merry
"Make believe"
A group of children played.
"Who'll play at Soldiers?" "I" cries Will,
And "I" lisps Tiny May.
And Harry soon in single file,
Leads on his brave array.

Next Reggie coaxes little Madge
To play Red Riding Hood,
That he as wolf (in Mother's Cloak)
May meet her in the wood,
While Arthur blows the
Woodman's horn,
And their good dog,
Old Tray,
Is watching for the slightest
sign
To join them in their play.

"Tis now my turn to
make believe"
Cries saucy little Dot,
"I'll be the Queen!. and you
must come
And crown me on the spot.
They seat her on a
fallen tree,
Her head with flowers
they crown,
A foxglove sceptre in
her hand
In homage all
bow down.



Then Sleeping Beauty is the game—
Ruth lies upon the ground,
Asleep, since quite a hundred years—
Her courtiers slumber round—

Here nods the Queen: the King lies near:
The wild bees round them hum:
And Harry as he snores forgets
To strike his little drum.

The Prince appears to break the charm—
Ruth laughs with merry eyes—
And instantly the King and Queen
Awake and all arise.

The Prince then leads his fairy
bride
In triumph by the hand;
And two and two with songs
of joy
Follow the merry band.

Thus to the walnut
shade they go—
But what is this they
see?
A brown and ragged
beggar boy
Standing beneath
the tree

A gipsy child! yet
wild with glee,
Tray licks the boys
brown hand.

Why thus he greets the ragged elf
They cannot understand.

Then Reggie speaks "Why
are you here?
From whence, boy, do
you come?"
The little lad abashed
replies,
"I want to find my
home."

"I once lived in a place
like this,
Indeed - indeed it's
true
Though now I am a
beggarboy
I once was dressed like
you."

"And pretty birds lived at my home,
Their feathers out I tore -
I stuffed their tails, and in my hat
The great blue eyes I wore."

"Oh, Reggie" cried
astonished Ruth
"This gipsy boy
must be,
The very
child Aunt
Ella lost,
So long
ago at
Leigh."

"He tore the
peacock's feathers
out,
(They found them
on the ground)
Then fled, they think in fear of nurse,
And never more was found."——

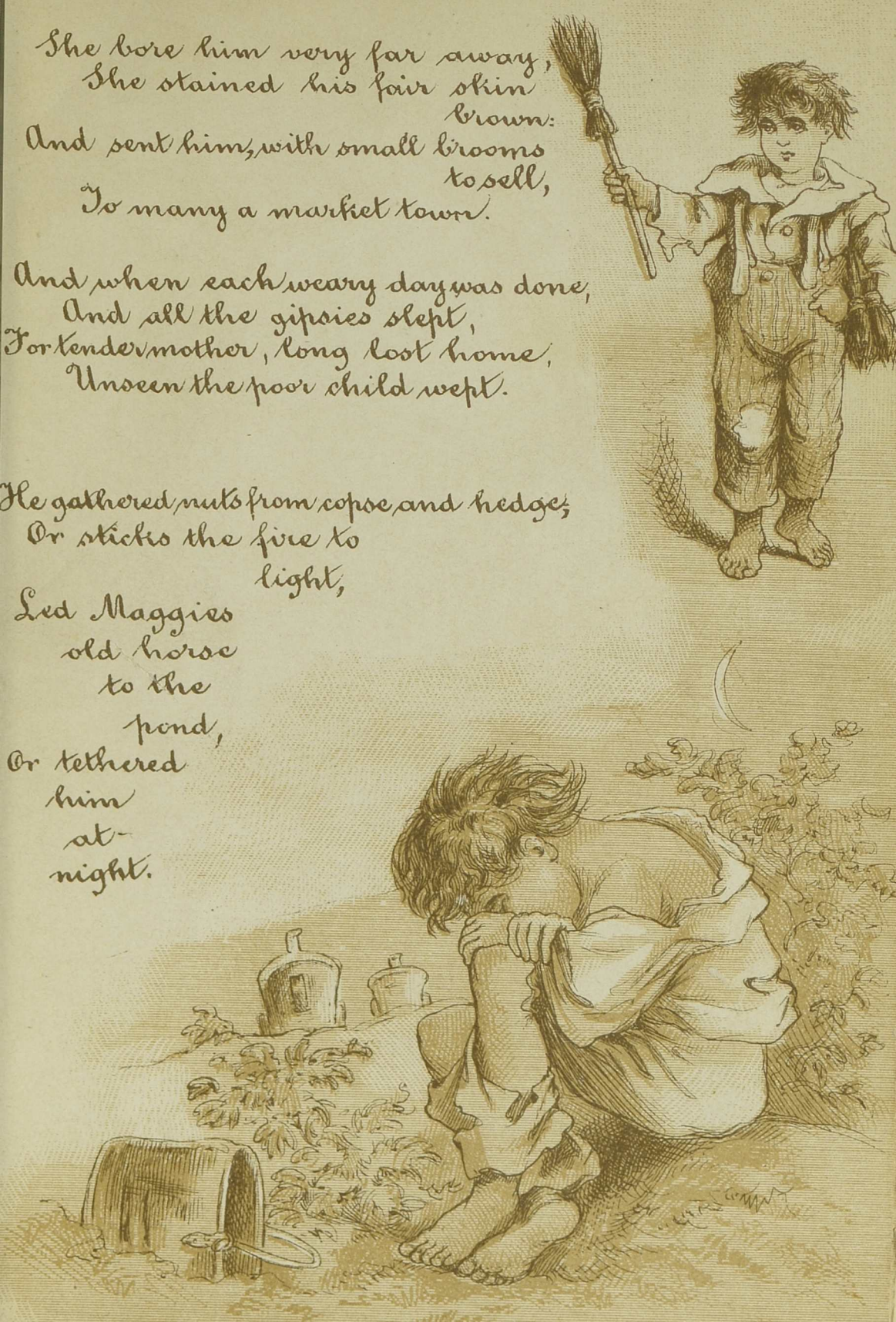
They took the little gipsy home,
And there with tears of joy,
Aunt Ella recognized her child,
In the poor gipsy boy.

His tale was this; the child had fled
Out on the Common wild;
And there to gain his costly dress
A gipsy stole the child.

She bore him very far away,
She stained his fair skin
brown:
And sent him, with small brooms
to sell,
To many a market town.

And when each weary day was done,
And all the gipsies slept,
For tender mother, long lost home,
Unseen the poor child wept.

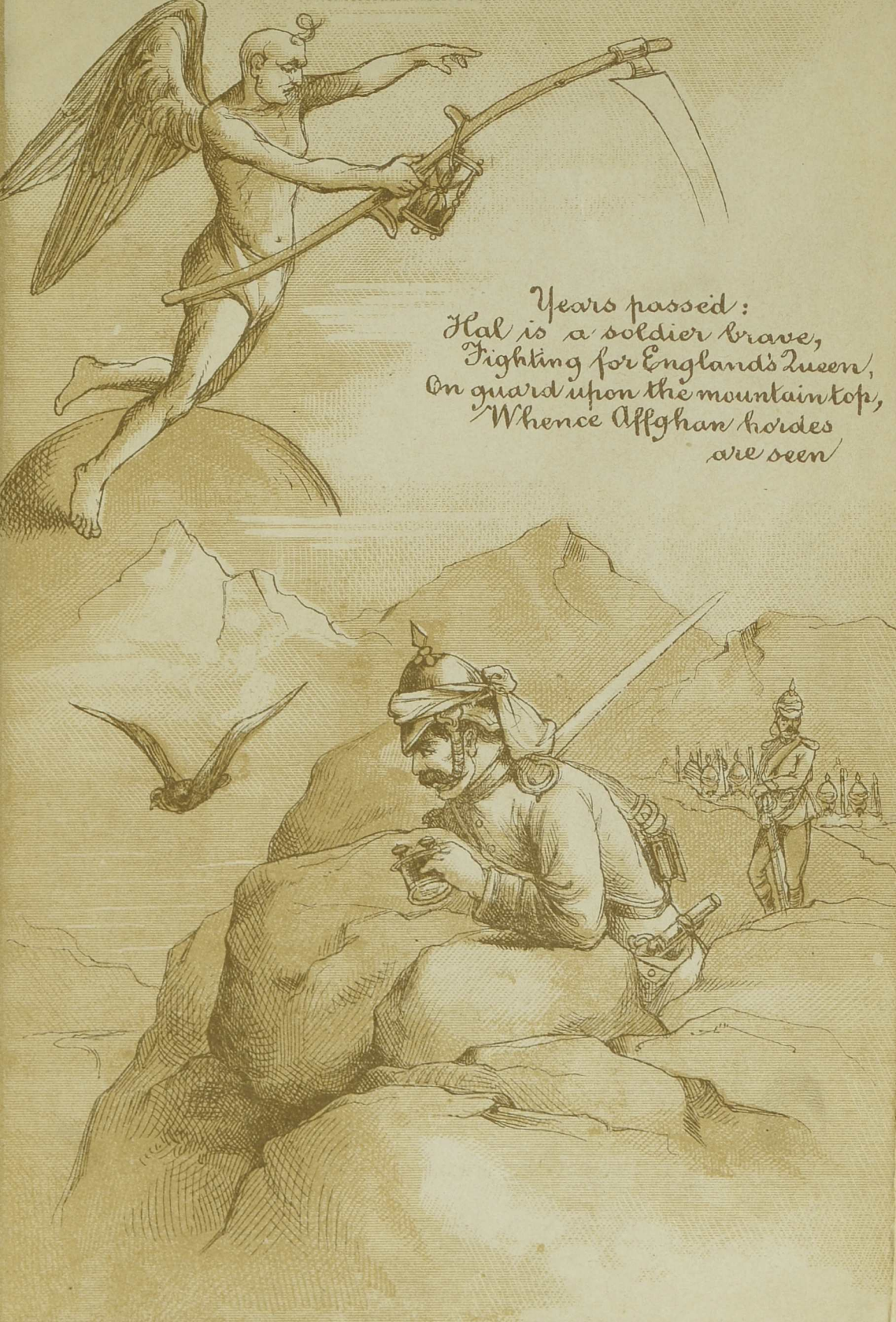
He gathered nuts from copse and hedge;
Or sticks the fire to
light,
Led Maggies
old horse
to the
pond,
Or tethered
him
at-
night.



But they could never make him steal:
Some dim remembrance still
Of teachings at his mothers knee,
Kept him from deeds of ill.
And every night before he slept,
He knelt and tried to say,
The broken words, in which of old
He had been used to pray.

Perhaps that little prayer preserved
The memory of the past,
And brought him back in after years
Safe to his friends at last.
For ever as he said the words,
He seemed to see his home,
And in his dreams & vision fair
Of that sweet spot would come.
And everywhere the gipsies went
That dreamt-of home he sought,
Till providence his wandering feet
To love and shelter brought.

Then Lady Ella and the Squire
To seek old Maggie went,
She owned her crime -- for mercy begged,
And seemed quite penitent.
At Walter's prayer they pardoned her;
But e'er the night came on,
The tents of the wild gipsy tribe,
Were struck, and she was gone.


Years passed:
Hal is a soldier brave,
Fighting for England's Queen,
On guard upon the mountain top,
Whence Affghan hordes
are seen

Young Arthur dearly loves the chase;
He is a sportsman keen;
And often riding by his side
Lovely "Queen" May is seen.

Reggie, a barrister, now pleads
The cause of the distressed;
And Ruth, in many a cottage home,
Is fondly loved and blest.
In Walter, something of the past
Of gipsy life, remains;
A Lion-hunter now he roams
O'er Africa's sandy plains.

That childhood images the man,
As truth we may receive:
The future oft is shadowed forth
In childhoods "Make-believe".

# The End

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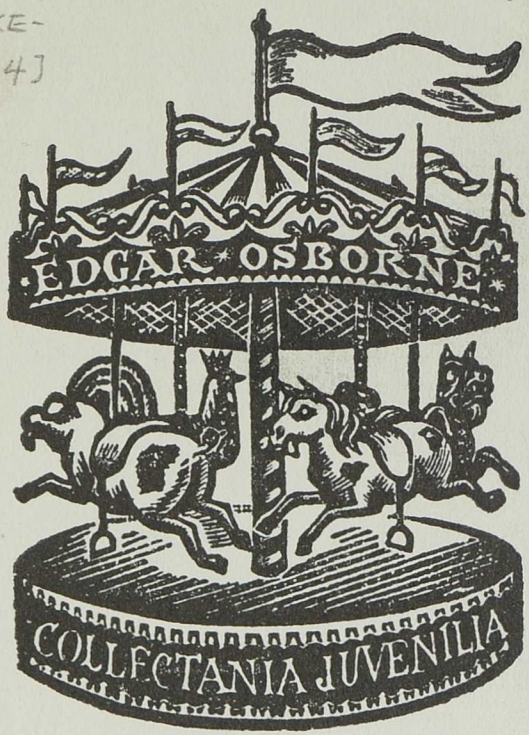


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