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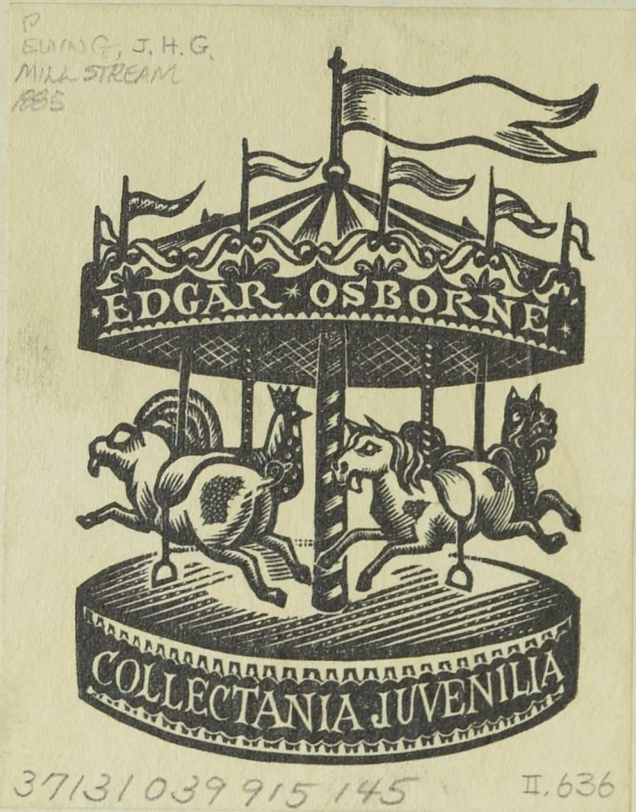
New York
E. & J. B. Young & Co.



Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing:
Depicted by
R. Andre:

L. C. E. Bell

W. J. Buswell
1888

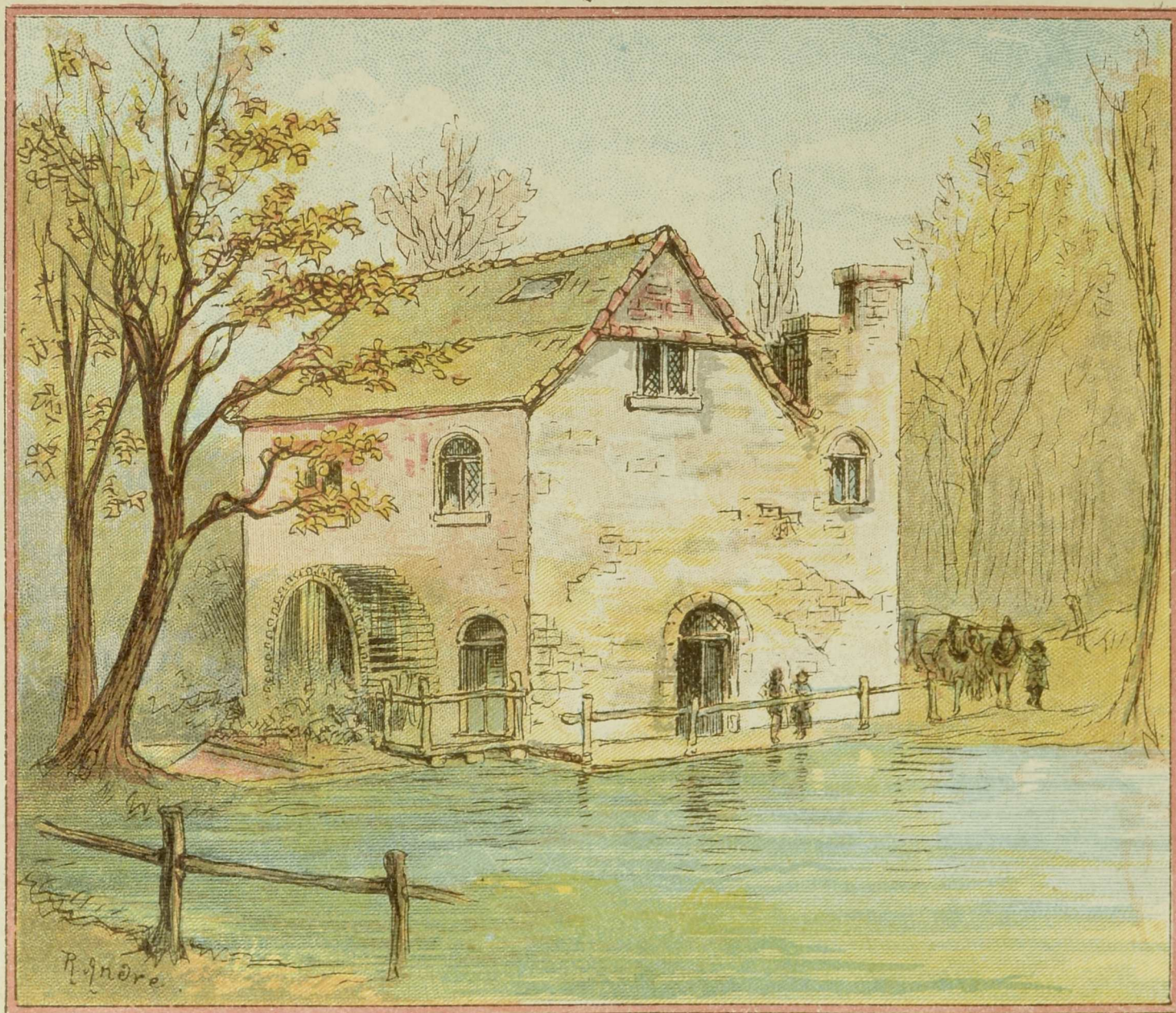


The Mill Stream:

Written by
Juliana-Horatia-Ewing:

Depicted by
R. André:





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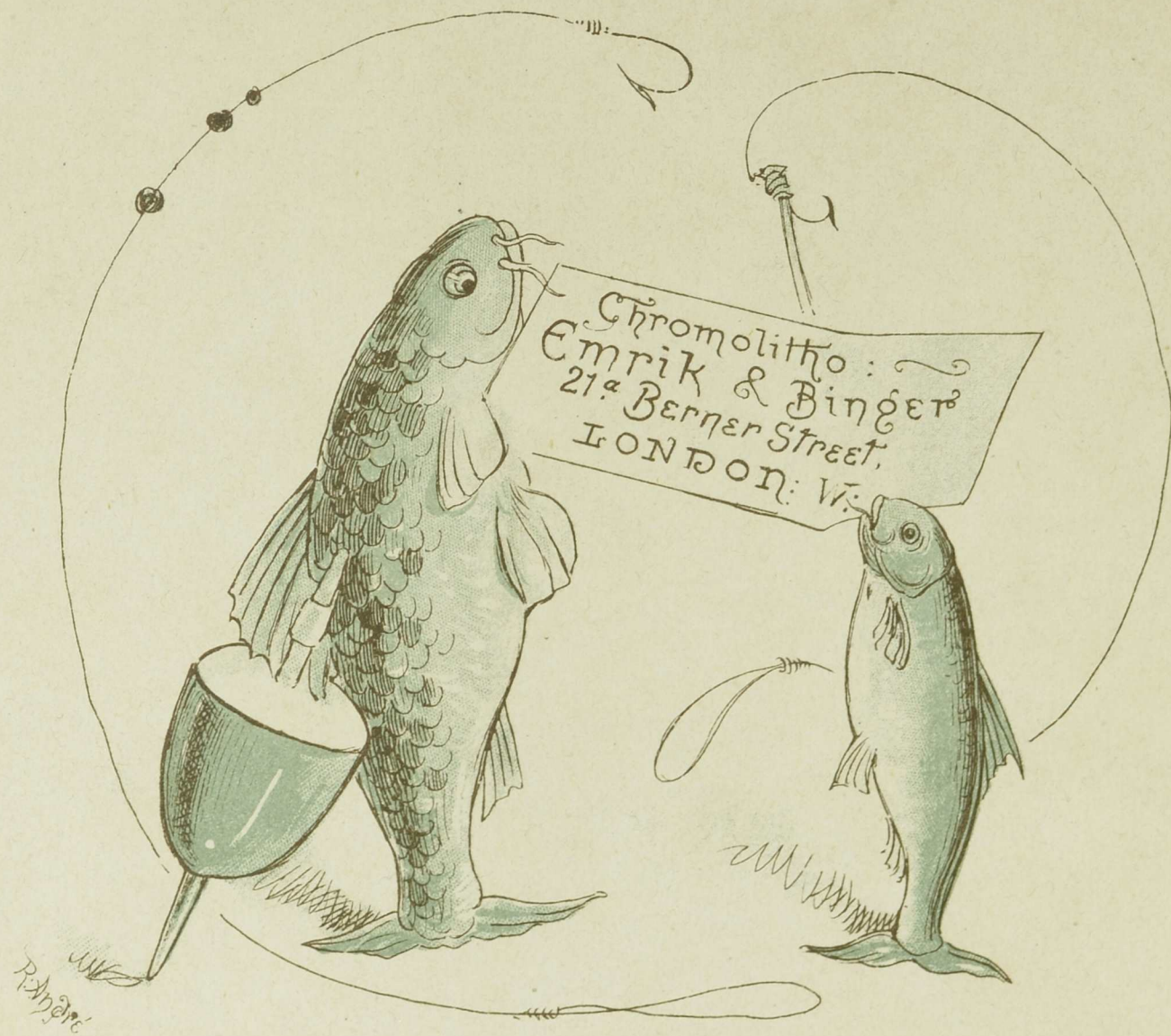
The Mill Stream

Written by
J. H. Ewing

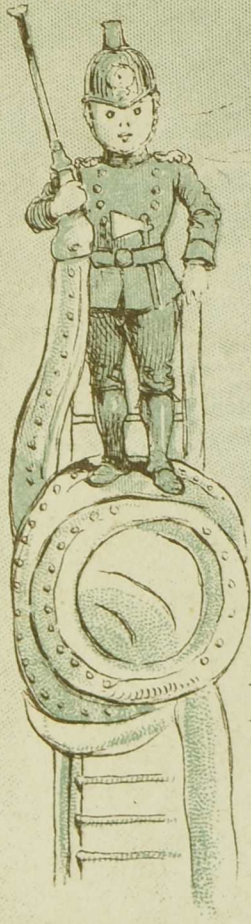
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P. J. More





The Mill Stream



ONE of a hundred little rills
 Born in the hills,
 Nourished with dews by the earth, and with tears by the sky,
 Sang — "Who so mighty as I?
 The farther I flow
 The bigger I grow."

R. Anderson

I, who was
born but a
little rill,
Now turn the
big wheel of
the Mill,
Though the
surly slave
would rather
stand still.



Old and weed-hung and grim,
I am not afraid of him.
For when I come running and
dance on his toes.
With a creak and a groan
the monster goes.

And turns
faster and faster
As he learns
who is master,
Round and round,
Till the corn is
ground.





And the miller smiles as he stands on the bank,
And knows he has me to thank.

Then when he swings the fine sacks of flour,
I feel my power.



But when the children enjoy their food
I know I'm not only great but good!"

Furthermore sang the brook
 "Who loves the beautiful, let him look!
 Garlanding me in shady spots
 The forget me nots
 Are blue as the summer sky:



A detailed black and white illustration of a mouse perched on a large, textured object, possibly a piece of fabric or a rock. The mouse is facing left, with its body angled slightly towards the viewer. It has a long, thin tail extending downwards and to the right. The background is simple, with some faint lines suggesting a surface.

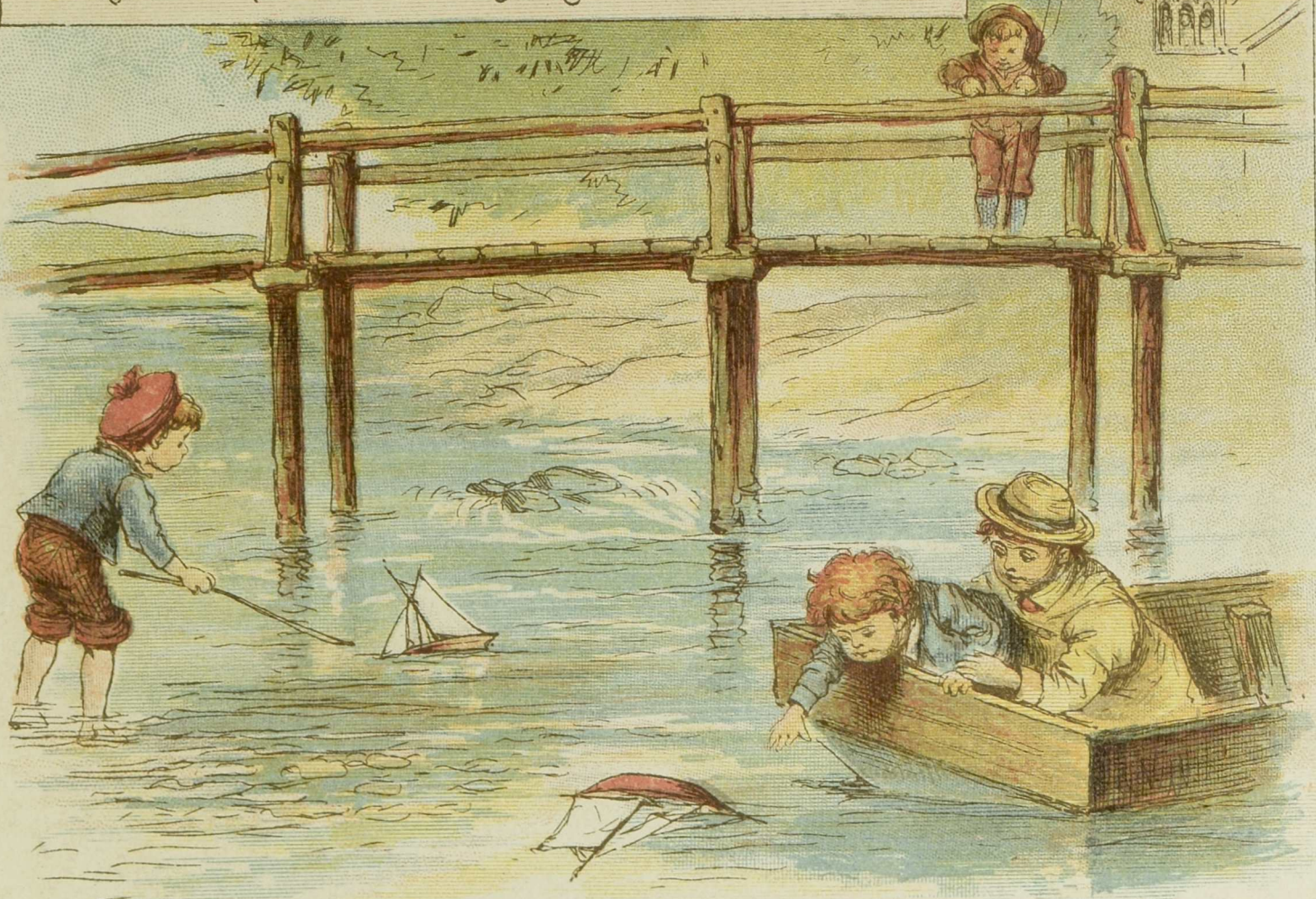


From below
 The frog-bit spreads me its blossoms of snow,
 And in masses,
 The willow-herb, the flags, and the grasses,
 Reeds, rushes, and sedges,
 Flower and fringe and feather my
 edges.



To be beautiful is not amiss,
But to be loved is more than this;
And who more sought than I,
By all that run or swim or crawl or fly?

Sober shell fish and frivolous gnats,
Tawny-eyed water-raits,
The poet with rippling rhymes so fluent,
Boys with boats playing truant;



Cattle wading knee-deep for water,
And the flower-plucking parson's daughter.



Down in my depths dwell creeping things
 Who rise from my bosom on rainbow wings,
 For-too swift for a schoolboy's prize.—



Hither and thither above me dart the prismatic-tued dragon flies.

At my side the lover lingers
And with lack-a-daisical fingers,
The Weeping Willow, woe-begone
Strives to stay me as I run on."





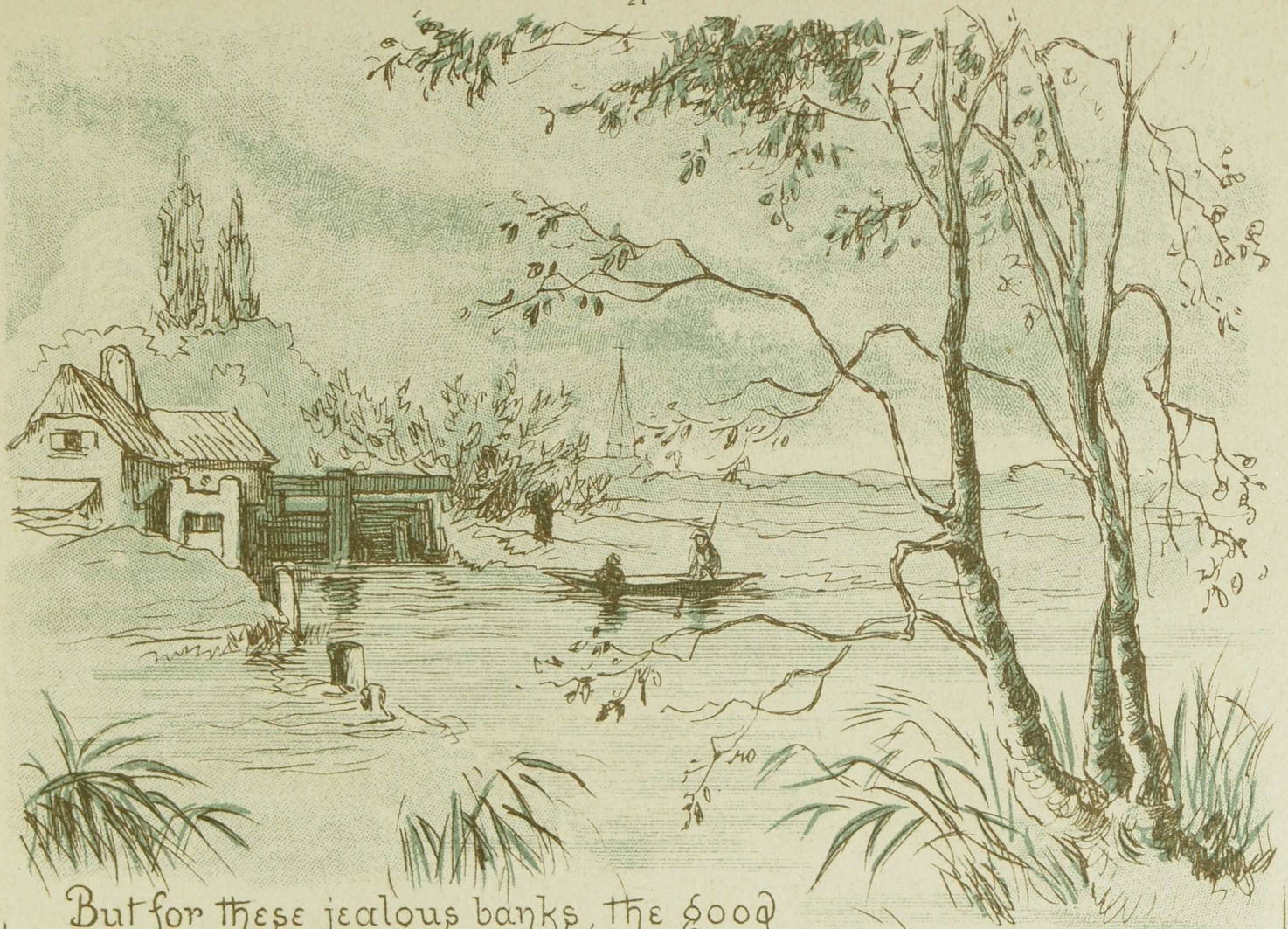
There came an hour
When all this beauty and love and power
Did seem
But a small thing to that Mill Stream.



And then his cry
 Was, "Why, oh! why
 Am I thus surrounded
 With cheeks and
 limits, and bounded
 By bank and border
 To keep me
 in order.



Against my will?
 I, who was born to
 be free and unfettered - a mountain rill!



But for these jealous banks, the good
 Of my gracious and fertilising flood
 Might spread to the barren highways,
 And fill with Forget-me-nots countless neglected by-ways.

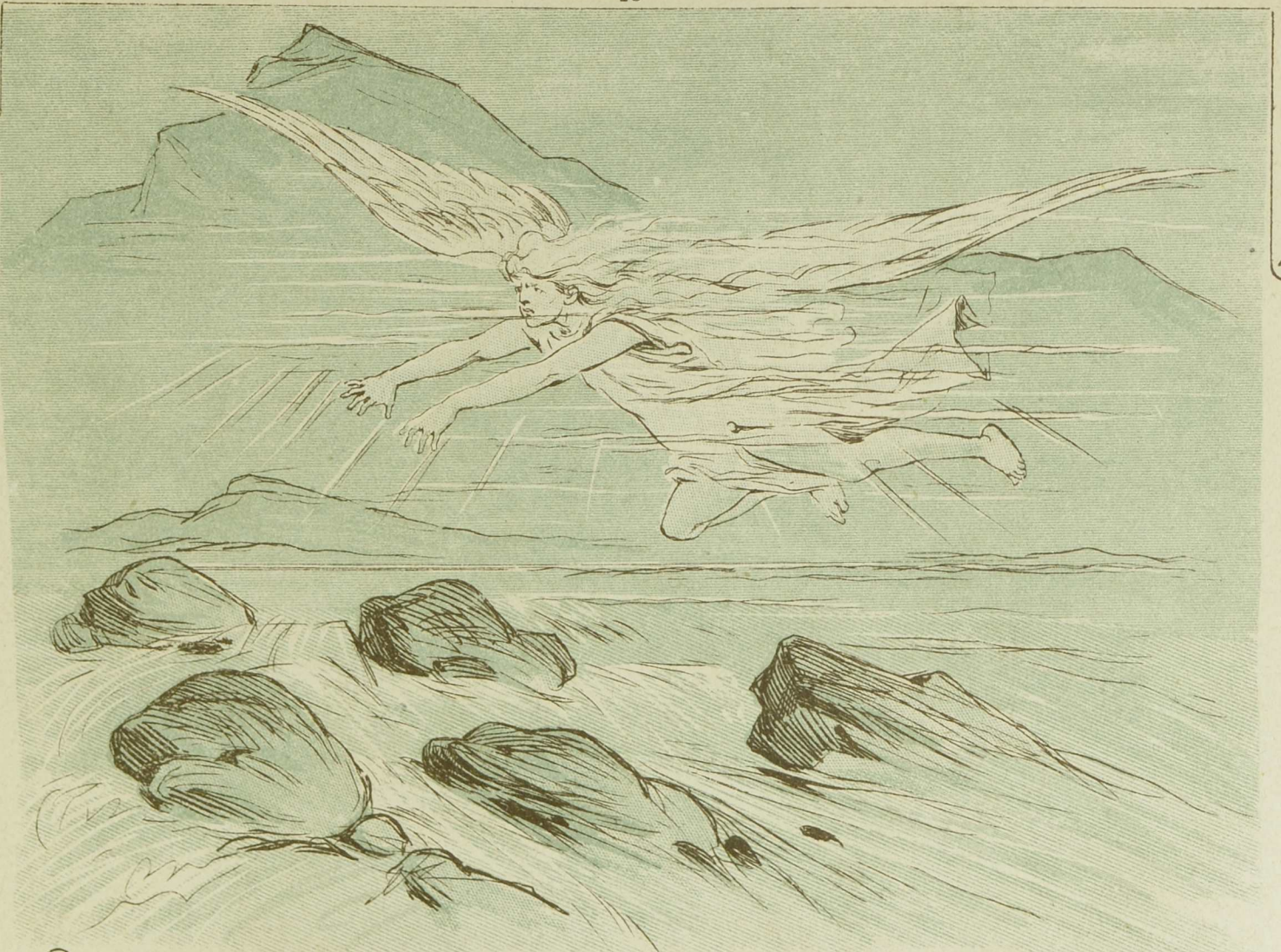


Why should the rough barked Willow for ever lave
Her feet in my cooling wave;
When the tender and beautiful Beech
Faints with midsummer heat in the
meadow just out of my reach?

A day did dawn at last,

When the
spirits of
the storm
and the
blast,





Breaking the bands of the winter's frost and snow
Swept from the mountain source of the stream, and
flooded the valley below.

Dams were broken and weirs came down;
Cottage and mill, country and town,
Shared in the general inundation,
And the following desolation.



Then the Mill stream rose in its might
And burst out of bounds to left and to right
Rushed to the beautiful beech,
In the meadow far out of reach.



H. More

But with such torrents the poor tree died,
Torn up by the roots, and laid on its side.
The cattle swam till they sank,
Trying to find a bank.





Never more shall the broken water-wheel
Grind the corn to make the meal,
To make the children's bread.
The miller was dead.

When the setting sun
Looked to see what the
Mill-Stream had done
In its hour
Of unlimited power,
And what was
left when that had
passed by,



Behold the
channel was
stony and dry.
In uttermost
ruin
The Mill-Stream
had been
its own
undoing.



P. J. Nord

Furthermore it had
drowned its
friend.

This was
the end: ~



The End:

: Poems of Child Life
& Country Life :

Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:
Depicted by R. André:

: In Six Books :



Price One Shilling each : _____

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