

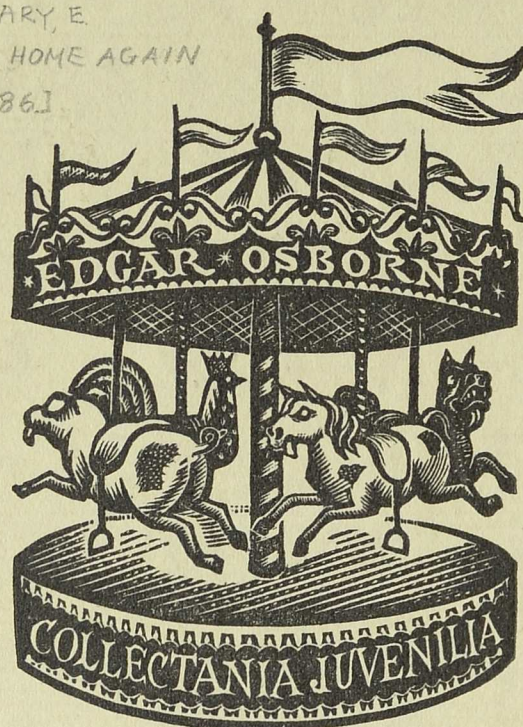
AT HOME AGAIN

* MARCUS WARD & CO LIMITED *



J. G. Sowerby & Thos. Crane

P KEARY, E.
AT HOME AGAIN
[1886]



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To
Dollie

With Uncle Edwin's

best Xmas wishes

25 Dec 1886

PS

Will try to borrow some ink if you bring
the book down with you next week.

It's scarce today

EBB

AT HOME
AGAIN







WELCOME

CHILDREN, WE WELCOME YOU ONCE MORE!
OUR PICTURED PAGES PLEASE EXPLORE.
'TIS NOW SOME YEARS SINCE FIRST WE MET:
THAT TIME, WE HOPE YOU DON'T FORGET.
"AT HOME" YOU FOUND US FIRST, AND THEN
"ABROAD;" NOW WE'RE "AT HOME AGAIN."
YOU SEE WE'VE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU;
BUT THAT, INDEED, 'T WERE HARD TO DO.
THE WORLD WOULD BE BUT DULL AND SAD
IF CHILDREN DID NOT MAKE IT GLAD;
WITH HAPPY HEARTS, AND LOVING WAYS,
AND MERRY LAUGH, THEY CHEER OUR DAYS.
SO TO ALL CHILDREN, FAR AND NEAR,
WE DEDICATE OUR BOOK THIS YEAR.



AT HOME AGAIN



J. G. Sowerby
&
Thos. Crane

MARCUS WARD & CO LIMITED

LONDON BELFAST & NEW YORK

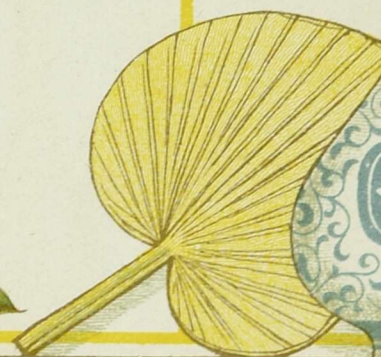






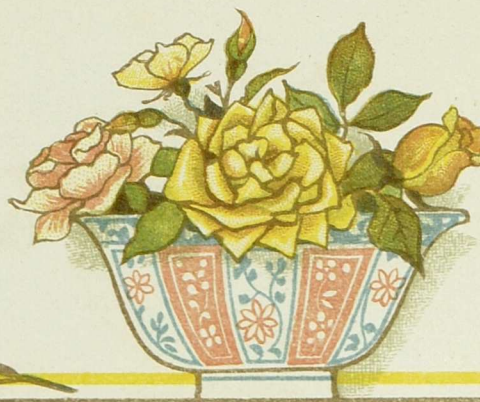
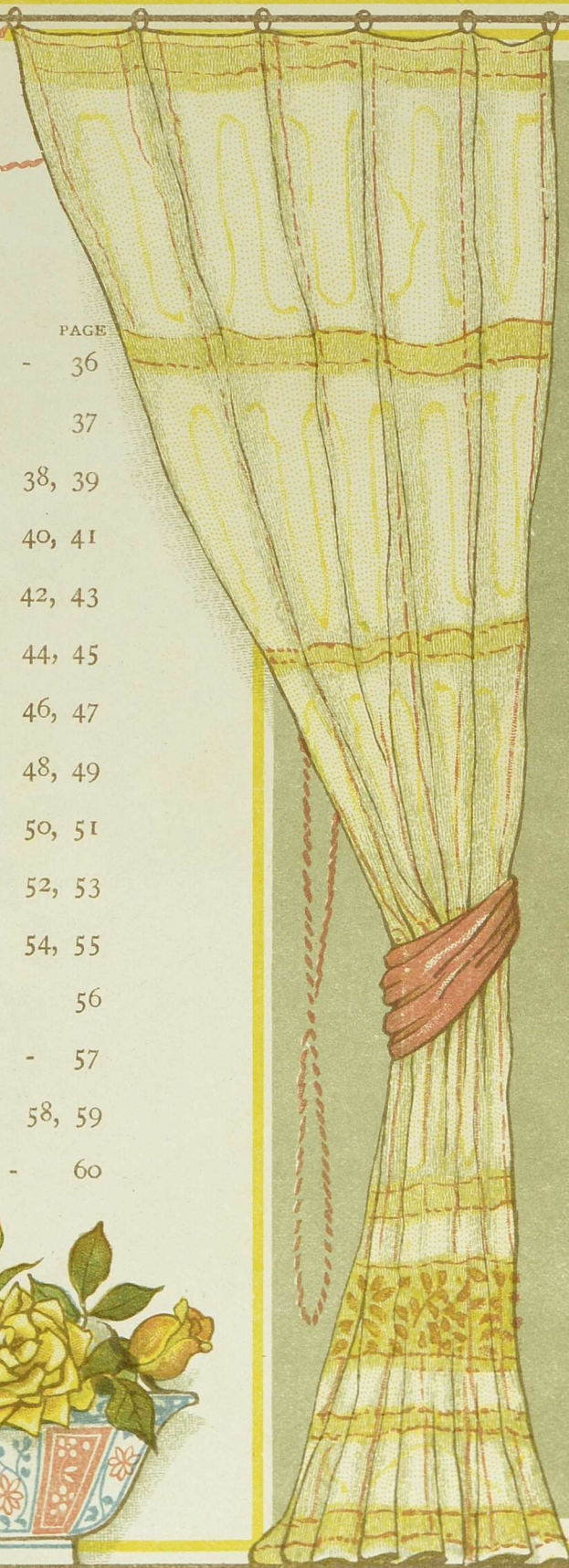
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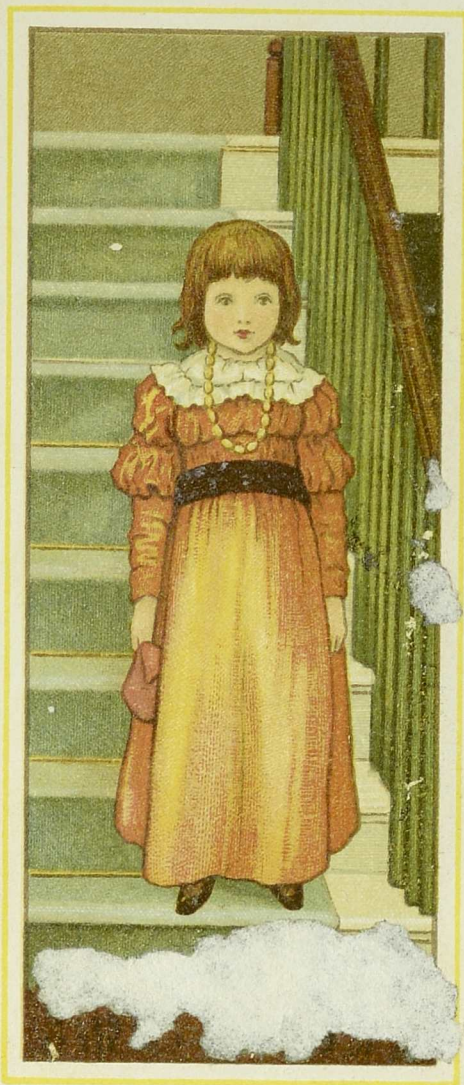
GOOD MORNING

HERE'S Marjorie ; see how still she lies ;
She knows quite well she ought to rise.
“ Up, Marjorie, up,” the Sparrows say,
“ We came before at peep of day—
You wouldn't turn one look our way,
Or answer our ‘ Tweet, tweet.’ ”

She sees them as they flit about
The Jasmine blossoms, in and out ;
“Get up at once,” the Sparrows cry ;
But Marjorie answers, “By-and-by ;
Not *now*,” she says, “but by-and-by :”
The Sparrows cry, “Tweet, tweet.”



“We called you once, we called you twice ;
Why, Marjorie, we have called you thrice ;
The sun has now been up for hours,
And wakened all the sleeping flowers,—
You waste the merry morning hours ;
Get up at once—Tweet, tweet.”

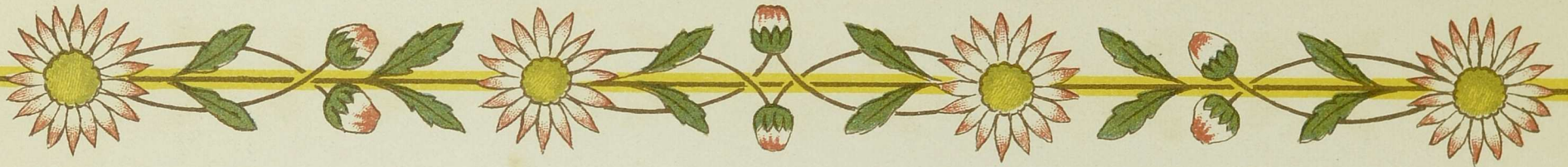


Here's Cecily upon the stair—
She heard the little Sparrows cry,
So blithe and bonnie, fresh and fair—
She did not answer, "By-and-by,"
But up at once from sleep arose.
Now tripping down the stair she goes
Into the garden gay and sweet,
Where birds and flowers and children meet.

But Dolly is already there ;
Did she, too, hear the Sparrows' call ?
What was it that awakened her,
And brought her out the first of all ?
Perhaps some purpose Dolly had
Awakened her so fresh and glad,
And brought her out amongst the flowers
Thus early in the morning hours.

She looks about what flower to find ;—
Soon she will gather Jasmine white,
And with it red Carnations bind
Into a posy sweet and bright ;
Then running to the house she'll go,
And Dolly's purpose now we know :
'Tis that her posy by-and-by
On Mother's breakfast plate shall lie.





BEFORE BREAKFAST

“LET’S carry a lady to London town !
There’s plenty of time before Mother comes down ;
Cups and plates on the table, and bread on the platter,
The breakfast’s all ready, but that doesn’t matter !
‘To London and back,’ Lady Betty decrees,
And we always delight little Betty to please ;
Swift galloping horses are Milly and I,
To London and back we shall rapidly fly !

“We’re back again now ; Betty, where have you been ?”
“I went to the Palace and called on the Queen.”
“Did you wish her ‘Good morning’ in gay London town ?”
“No, the Queen was like Mother, she hadn’t come down.”
“Was breakfast all ready ? say, what did you see ?”
“Cups and saucers like ours, as like as could be,
An egg on the table, and certain I am,
That the bread it was spread with *both butter and jam* !”







ROSES AND HONEYSUCKLE

OH! who will come to gather posies,
On a summer's day,
Of honeysuckle, and sweet roses?—
They will not always stay :—
Come, children! gather whilst you may,
For summer flowers will pass away.

The blithesome birds will fly to meet you,
With their welcoming song,
And every fragrant flower will greet you,
As you trip along.
Come, children! gather whilst you may,
For summer hours will pass away.



Gay butterflies go hovering by,
In the soft, scented air ;
From flower to flower untired they fly,
Without a thought or care,
But to enjoy the summer day,
For soon their hour will pass away.

Come, children, come, and gather posies
On this summer's day,
The honeysuckle sweet, and roses—
You shall take them all away.
Though summer cannot with us stay,
May joy from you ne'er pass away.








VIOLET'S WASHING DAY

YOU know in winter everywhere
That dollies sober dresses wear,
Of red or blue or grey ;
But when the sunny spring comes round,
Then lighter dresses must be found,
And dark ones put away.

This morning Violet looked about,
Took Dolly's prints and muslins out,
And held them up to view,
And said, " These look too crumpled far,
For dolls to wear just as they are ;
I see what I must do.

" To-day my washing-day shall be."
Well has she worked, as you can see ;
And now 'tis afternoon,
And Violet hangs the dresses there,
Where shining sun and fresh spring air
Will dry them very soon.

When all are dry, our little maid
Each dress will on a table spread,
And, when they're smoothed and pressed,
She'll fold them up and lay them by.
To-morrow in spring finery
The dollies will be dressed.





THE OLD CLOCK

FOUR peacock's feathers on the wall,
Above two pictures old
Of ancestors long passed away,
As Mary oft was told.

And yon tall clock of ancient date,
Up-standing in his place,
Ticking for ever to himself,
With fair and open face.

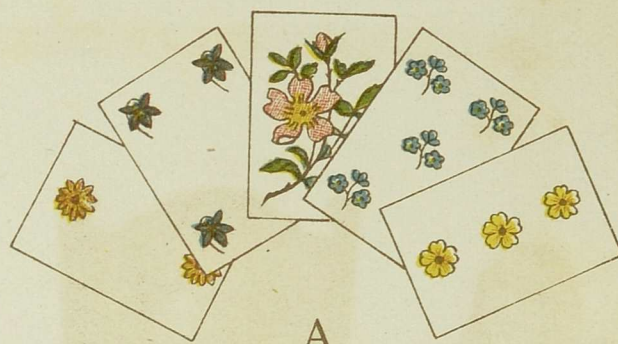
And Mary, in the Hall alone,
Thinks she will now endeavour
To find out why that curious clock
Goes ticking on for ever.

With one hand on the pulley laid,
One holding back the door :
Ah! Mary, all the secrets there
You cannot now explore.

For though you've opened wide the door,
And though you're rather clever,
The clock still ticks, and time still flies—
You're just as wise as ever.

Go, run into the fields and learn
The secret of the flowers,
And blow the fluffy balls that tell
The sum of happy hours.





GAME OF FLOWERS

IT had rained all the day ;—say now, what would *you* do,
In the house forced to stay, through a long rainy day,
When you'd played every play, and could find nothing new?
What, on just such a day, could these five sisters do?

“I would read,” exclaimed Flo, “but there isn't a tale
In the house I don't know. All our old games are slow—
There is nowhere to go—and oh! everything's stale:
I have searched high and low, and can't find a new tale.”

All at once cried Lenore, “Oh, I've got a bright thought;
I was stupid before to forget,” cried Lenore,
As she ran through the door, and soon back with her brought
A small box. Said Lenore, “Here's that game Mother bought!”



A small box with cards in it—a new game called “Posies.”

All sat down that minute, in haste to begin it,
Each one eager to win it, with her Daisies or Roses.

Here you see them deep in it—the new game called “Posies.”



A COSY CORNER

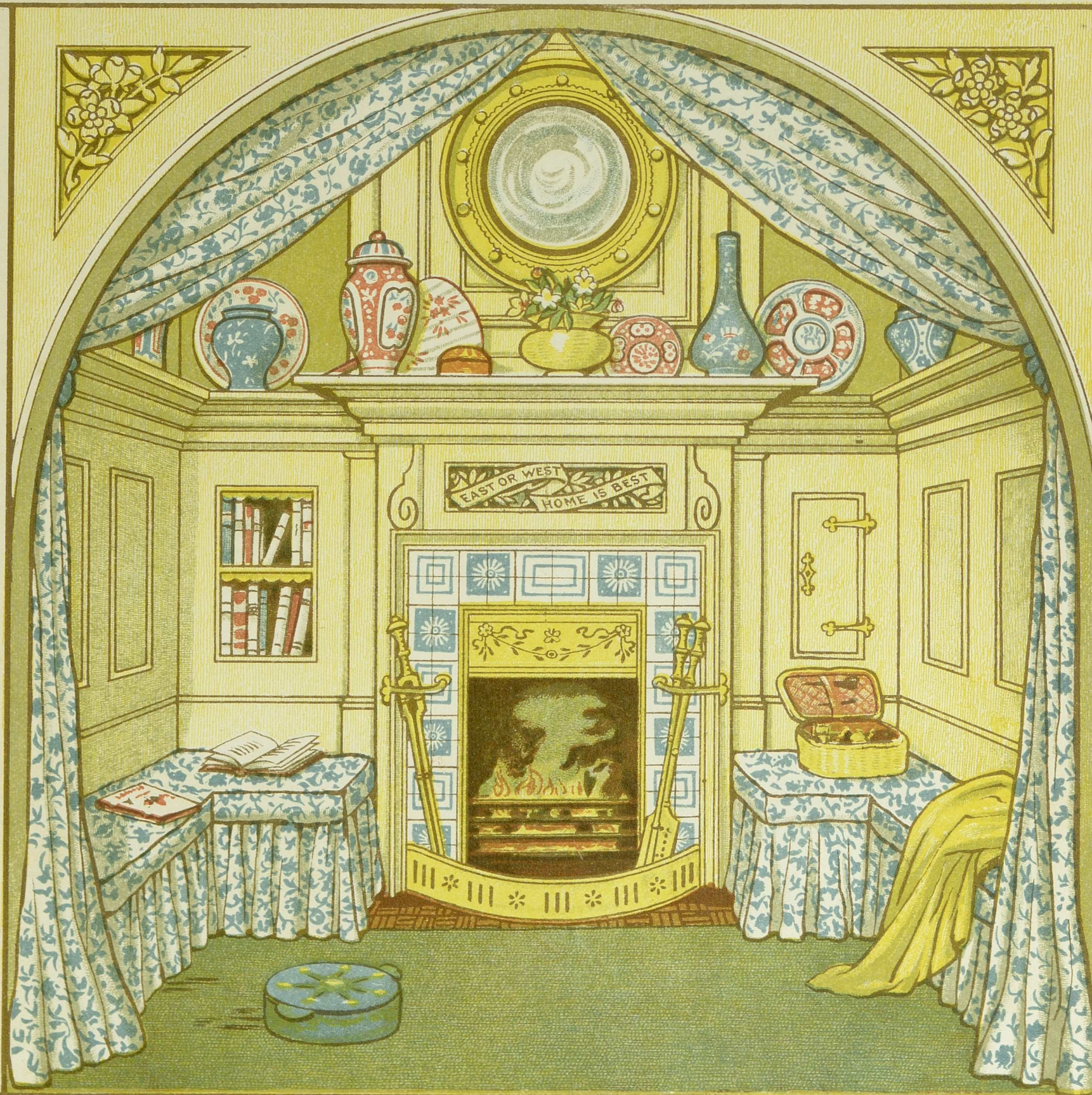
A COSY corner! yes, indeed!
Where one might gladly come,
Who, after travelling far, has found
There is no place like home.

A cosy corner, where two friends
Might one another greet;
A pleasant and a peaceful place,
After the crowded street.

A cosy spot for Mother dear
To sew in, or to rest;
A place to make us think and dream
Of those we love the best.

A cosy corner, warm and bright,
Where stories might be read
To children, after work or play,
Before they go to bed.

A place where any one might wish
An hour or so to stay;
But no, we only take a peep,
Then go upon our way.





IN THE HAMMOCK



IN THE HAMMOCK

IN the hammock gently rocking,
 'Neath the rowan tree,
With head upon the pillow laid :
Why so languid, little maid ?
 What may the reason be ?

Bertha feels a little weary—
 She has been ill, you know ;
For three long weeks in bed she lay,
And came out first this very day,
 That she might stronger grow.

Little Jenny there beside her,
 With her book and fan—
Now reads aloud a fairy tale,
Then kisses Bertha's face so pale,
 And cheers her all she can.

The warm, bright sun and balmy air,
 And bonnie little Jane,
And rocking 'neath the rowan tree,
Will soothe her day by day, till she
 Has grown quite strong again.



THE DOVES

ALL the almonds in blossom,
All birds everywhere,
Flying hither and thither
In sweet sunny air.

Other birds may fly yonder,
And spread o'er the land,
But my doves must come hither,
And feed from my hand.

Ah! you know when I call you,
And answer "Coo-oo,"
For you love little Fanny,
And Fanny loves you.

THE DUCKS

SAYS one little duck to the other,
“What a good world we live in, my brother!”
Says the other, “Yes, all one can wish,
Frogs and tadpoles and nice little fish.”
There comes o’er the field to the water
A maiden, good Mrs. Bond’s daughter—
Says she, “They will make a nice dish.”
Says one little duck to the other,
“How happy all ducks are, my brother!”
Says the other, “That’s true as can be,
And none are more happy than we.”
There comes o’er the field to the water
A maiden, good Mrs. Bond’s daughter—
“They’re just fit for killing,” says she.

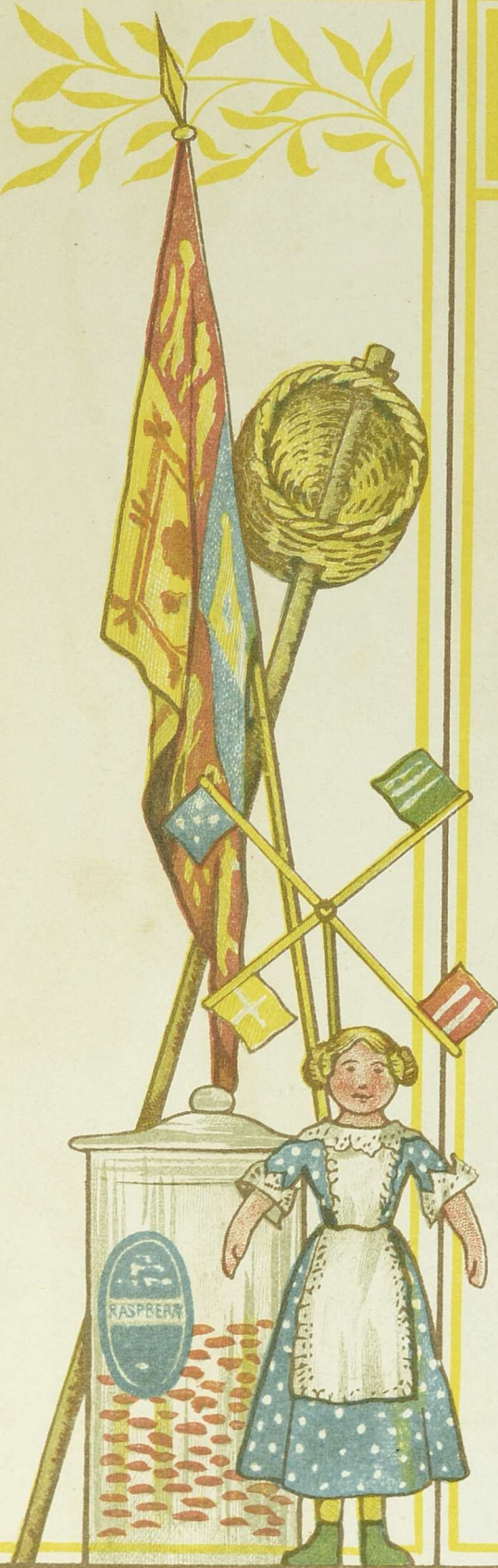


THE TOY SHOP

IN a quiet village street
Stands a shop both gay and neat ;
Conrad, going out to play,
Passes by it on his way ;
Mother tells him every day,
“Conrad, dear, when you go out,
Never stop before the shop, but always run about.”

Conrad goes with full intent
Just to do what Mother meant—
Rolls his hoop along the street,
Running on with tripping feet
Past that window gay and neat.
Look at Conrad standing there !
“Never stop before the shop”—he’s done it, I declare !

Now his little heart is sad,
Wishing he a shilling had,
And could buy some pretty thing,
Trumpet, top, or kite and string,
Lollipops, or any thing.
Conrad, wishing more and more,
Doesn’t stop before the shop, but runs in at the door.





Conrad in his pocket found
 Something flat and large and round,
 A copper penny—that is why
 He goes into the shop to buy.

What do you think that penny buys?

Three enormous pink bulls'-eyes!!!

O! to stop inside that shop, and eat three large bulls'-eyes!

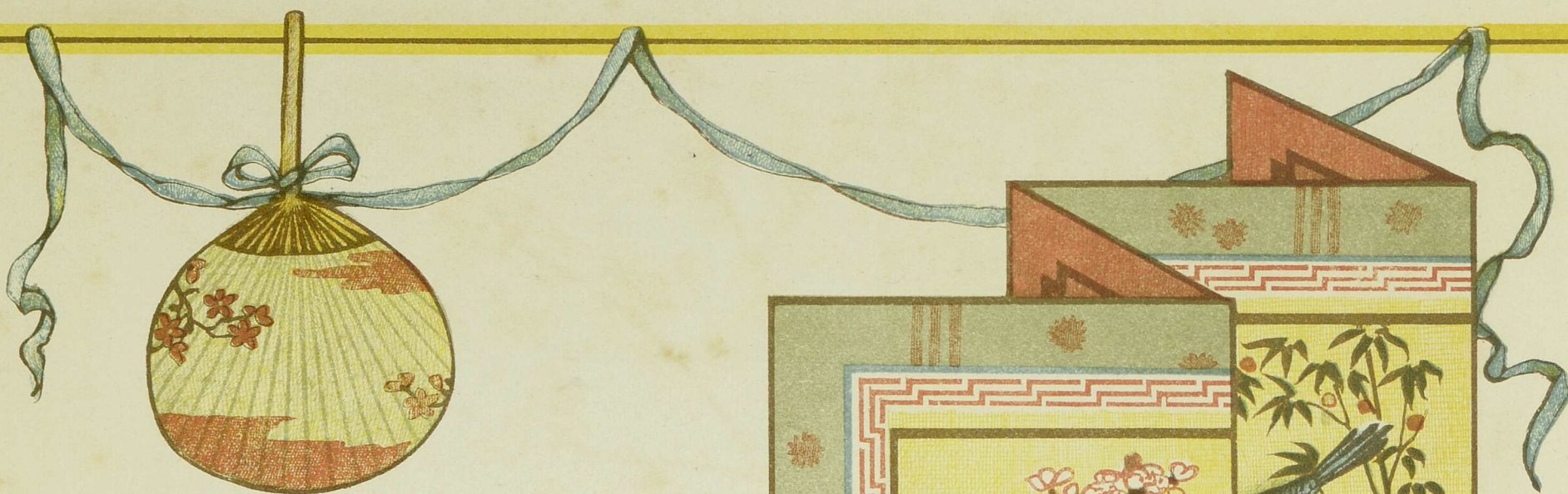


HIDE AND SEEK

A SCROLL, gaily painted,
A beautiful screen,
And a fan, and a Dolly
Are here to be seen.

Can you guess where all came from ?
I'm sure that you can.
Dolly's features show plainly
He came from Japan.

Do you wonder if now, he
Would like to go back
To his own native land,
O'er the long ocean track ?



And why does he stare so,
In that funny way?
Is he cross or unhappy,
Or only in play?

It is this—he's in hiding,
For Rose hid him there,
And the children are seeking
For him everywhere.

They have searched in each corner,
But no doll have seen;
Perhaps one of them shortly
Will peep round the screen.

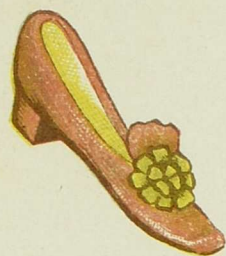


HUNT THE SLIPPER

"YES, I've got it," cries Rose,
"Now let all look at me,
So that every one knows
I have got it," said Rose;
"Before any one throws,
She should let each one see,
As I'm doing," says Rose,
"Whilst you all look at me."



“ Now, my slipper, go hide
On the ground out of sight,
And in no place abide,
But in every place hide ;
Sometimes out again glide,
Not to puzzle us quite,
Then slip under and hide
Quite away out of sight.



“ Ah ! 'tis stopping with Grace,
I can almost declare,
What is that I can trace ?
It *is* stopping with Grace.
Here, Maggie, give place,
I shall capture it there ;
No, *it isn't* with Grace,
I must frankly declare.”

Little Violet tries
Unconcerned to appear ;
She has tale-telling eyes.
Little Violet tries
To put on a disguise ;
But *she has it*, 'tis clear,
Though she certainly *tries*
Unconcerned to appear.



SWEETS
TO THE SWEET


BRIGHT dewy meadows,
Soft-blowing breeze,
Sweet-scented flowers,
Fruit-laden trees.

Wish you good morning,
Sweet little Prue ;
Sweet are *all* blackberries
Gathered by you.

WHITE
WINGS

WHAT song is this that Nelly sings,
To those two swans with snow-white wings?
“O pretty swans! we give you bread,
You come each morning to be fed;
O pretty swans! what will you do
For us, who are so good to you?
If we across the lake would float,
Would you be each a stately boat—
Spread your white wings and waft us o’er,
And land us safe on yonder shore?”



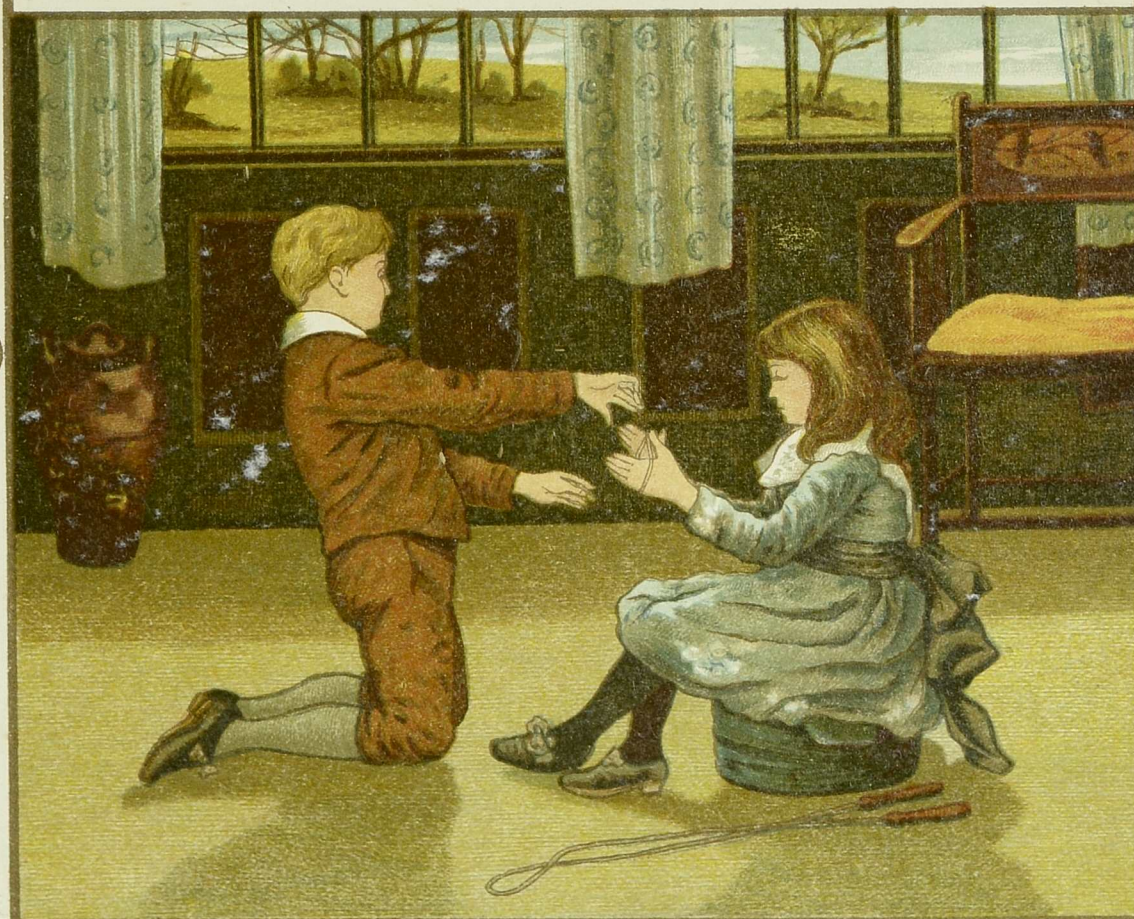


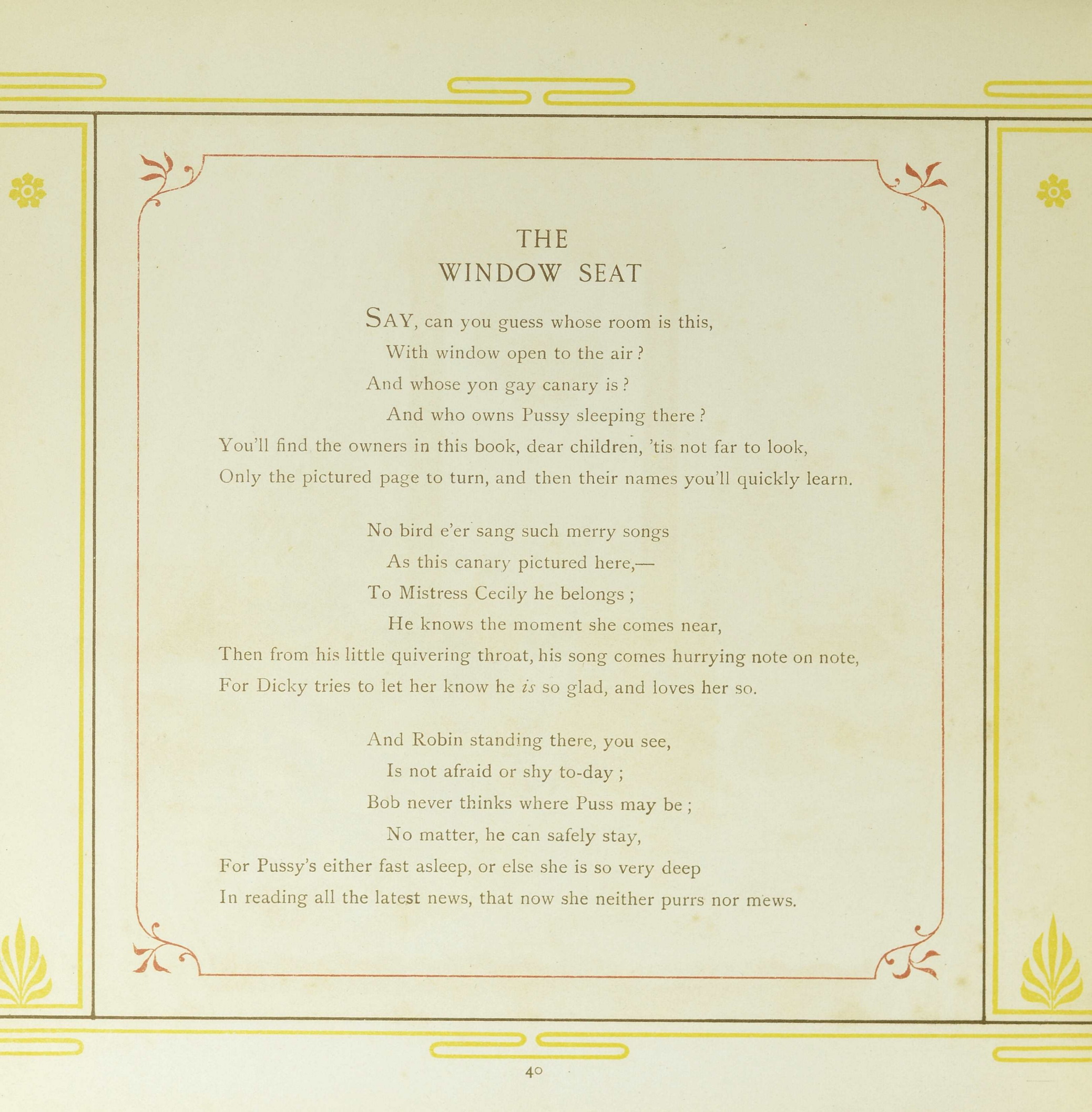
CAT'S CRADLE

"NO, Leonard," said Fanny ; "we will not go out,
'Tis so very hot, dear, for running about,—
But quietly here awhile do let us stay,
And think of some sensible sitting-down play."
"All right," said her brother, "I've got a long string,—
Let's play at Cat's Cradle." "Yes, that's just the thing."

"Oh, Leonard!" says Fanny, "you've pulled it so tight,
I can't get the string off, or make it come right."
"No, Fanny," her brother says ; "that isn't so,—
You let the cord slip from your finger, you know."
"Well, perhaps I was stupid ; I know you are wise ;
Let us try it again, Leonard," Fanny replies.

“PUSSY Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?
That you’re in the cradle can plainly be seen.
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what will you do
When Nurse comes with Baby?—she’ll soon settle you.”





THE WINDOW SEAT

SAY, can you guess whose room is this,
With window open to the air?
And whose yon gay canary is?
And who owns Pussy sleeping there?
You'll find the owners in this book, dear children, 'tis not far to look,
Only the pictured page to turn, and then their names you'll quickly learn.

No bird e'er sang such merry songs
As this canary pictured here,—
To Mistress Cecily he belongs;
He knows the moment she comes near,
Then from his little quivering throat, his song comes hurrying note on note,
For Dicky tries to let her know he *is* so glad, and loves her so.

And Robin standing there, you see,
Is not afraid or shy to-day;
Bob never thinks where Puss may be;
No matter, he can safely stay,
For Pussy's either fast asleep, or else she is so very deep
In reading all the latest news, that now she neither purrs nor mews.



AT HOME AGAIN

CECILY, Dolly, and Marjorie,
Three little sisters here we see.





Cecily, deep in a book of rhymes
Of children "At Home" in holiday times ;

Marjorie better it seems to please
To travel "Abroad" across the seas,

From Dover to Paris and back, and then
Marjorie goes through it all again.

Up from her book she looks to say,
"How dull it is *always* at home to stay."

But Cecily does not speak or stir,
She's too much "At Home" to answer her.

Says Dolly, "If Marjorie journeys afar,
Pussy and I will stay where we are,

"Ready to welcome her back, when we
All three 'At Home Again' shall be—
Cecily, Dolly, and Marjorie."

MAY AND HER SISTERS

SAYS May, "The sunshine is so very strong,
I must not keep my baby out too long ;
One little turn won't do her any harm,
So nicely shaded, resting on my arm."




While May with Baby walks about,
Her sisters get the big bath out,
As you can plainly see, no doubt,
For the Dolls' tubbing.

There's water, too, both hot and cold,
And dolls of all sorts, new and old,
Black Topsy also, brave and bold,
In for a scrubbing.

FINE fun for little folks is bathing day ;
Dolls *must* be washed, whatever Nurse may say ;
And if some soap should get into their eyes,
Good Dollies *never* let us hear their cries.



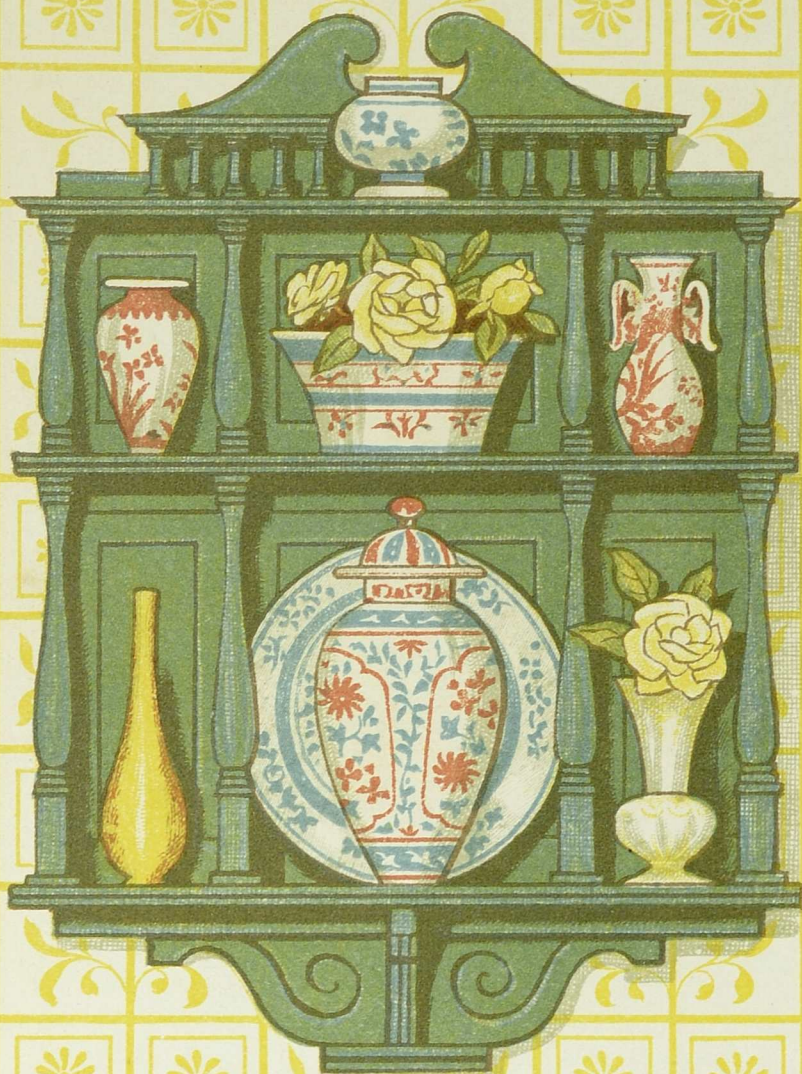


THE DOLLS' TEA-PARTY

DRESSED and bonnie and neat,
Fresh and blooming and sweet,
Their toilet completed,
Beside the board seated,
To wait for their meal,
How happy they feel !
Di, Tiny, and Winnie and Willie and Wee,
With their two trusty motherlings, Mabel and me.

So now for a feast,
Bread and jam at the least,
And there's cake on a dish
For those who may wish ;
Milk and water and sugar and very weak tea,
They shall all share alike, this doll family ;
Di, Tiny, and Winnie and Willie and Wee,
With their two trusty motherlings, Mabel and me.

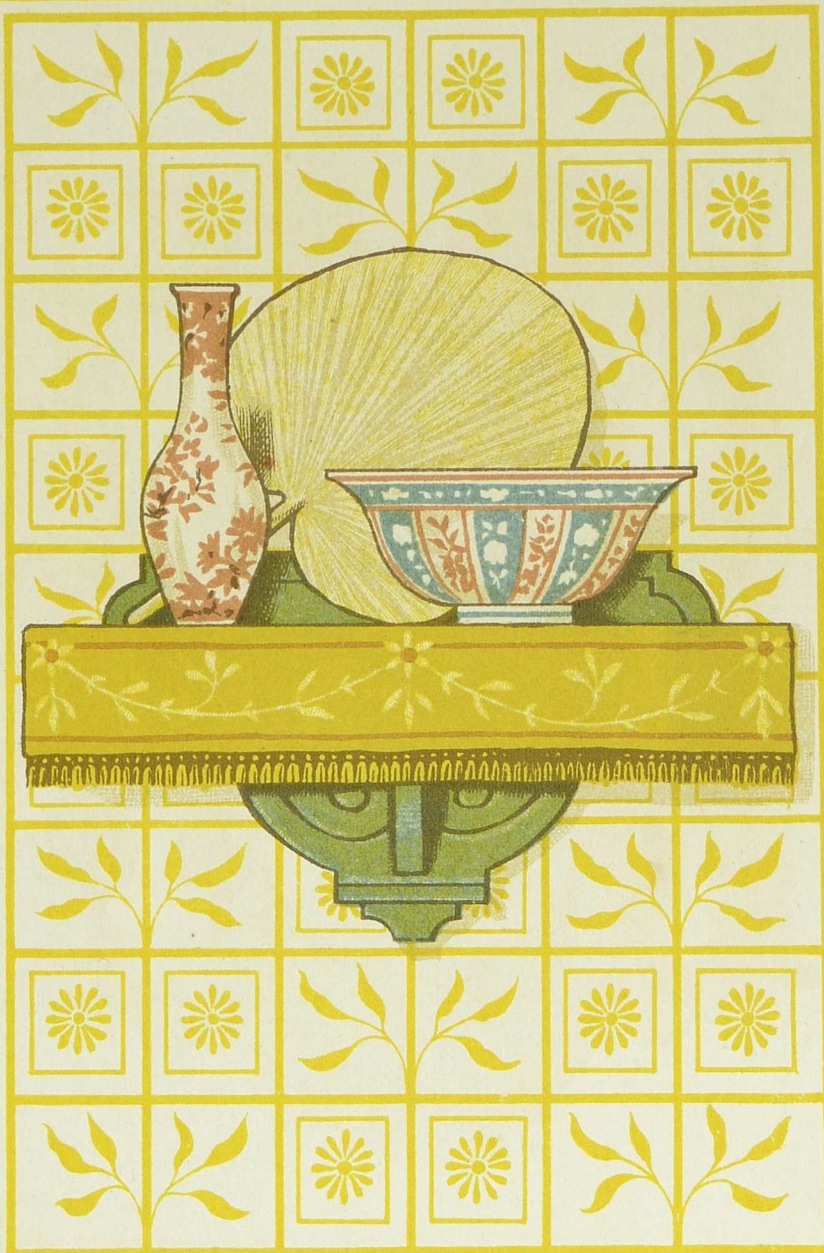




AFTER TEA

WHEN tea was finished, Mabel said,
" 'Tis time for dolls to go to bed ;
Upstairs the cots all ready lie,
So you must come with me, Miss Di."
Di seemed to say, " Oh, please, not me !
For I'm the biggest, don't you see ? "
" That's true," said Beatrix, " Tiny, then ;
Don't let us have to speak again."
But Tiny seemed to say, " Oh no !
As I'm not tired, why should I go ? "
" Well, then," said Mabel, " Winnie *must*."
But Winnie also showed disgust.

“ Then, Willie, *you* in bed shall lie ; ”
But Willie boldly said, “ Not I ,
Going to bed *just* after tea,
You know, is never good for me.”
“ Let’s give it up, then,” Beatrix said,
“ And to the drawing-room go instead,
And show our dolls the pictures there,
The ornaments and china rare.”
Just then a knock comes at the door ;
And Nurse says, “ Children, twice before
I’ve called you ; come at once, I say ! ”
And like good children they obey.

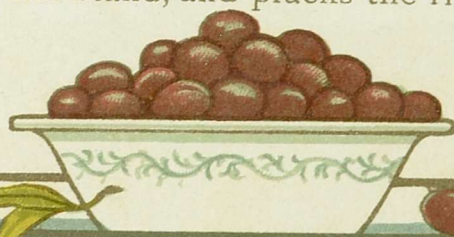


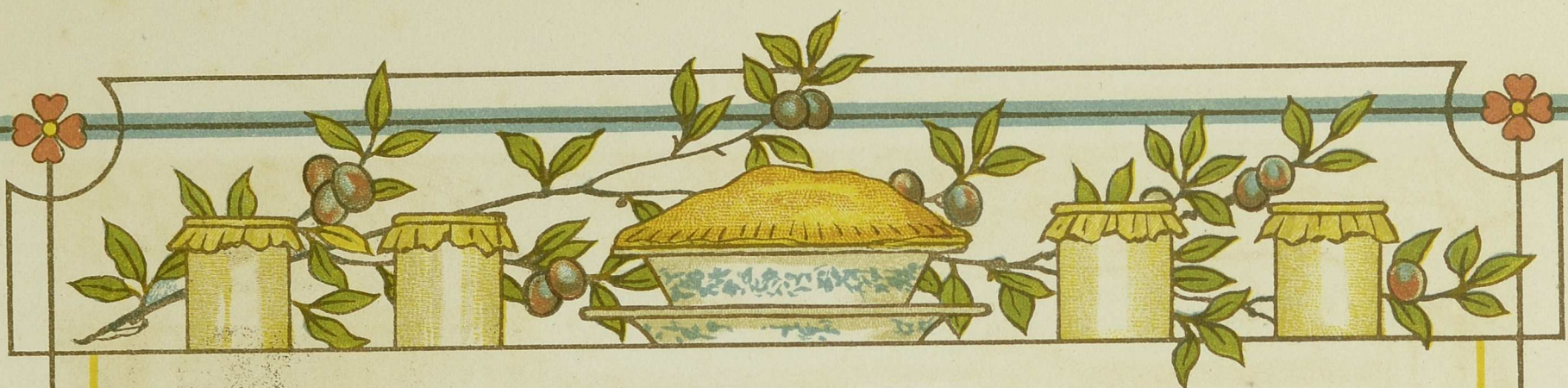


RIPE PLUMS

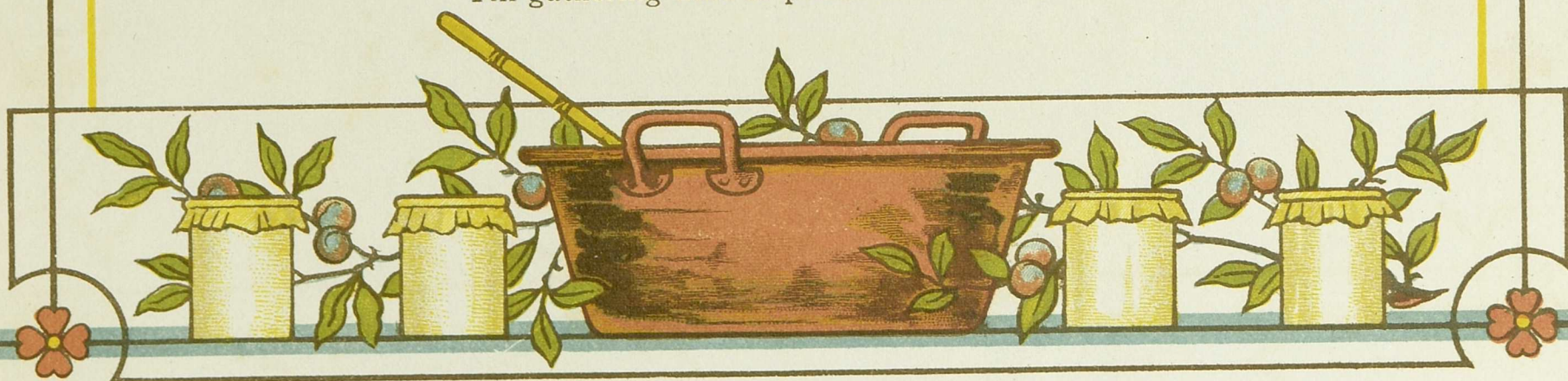
SAID Mother, "Matty dear, the season comes
When we must gather all our juicy plums ;
You see how ripe they are, and rich and sweet,
We must not leave them there for wasps to eat!"

So at the window Matty takes her stand, and plucks the ripe fruit growing near her hand.





Matty, you know, is honest as the day,
No plum into her mouth will find its way ;
“Children are greedy,” she has often been told,
And Matty, you must know is five years old ;
So *now* she feels 'tis time she should be steady,
When Mother wants her help, she's always ready.
Below the window, in a cranny small,
Beside the plum-tree on the garden wall,
An angry wasp complains, with many a sigh,
That he must bid the purple plums good-bye.
When all are gathered, Mother takes a part—
Two pounds or so—and makes a noble tart,
And then invites some little friends to share
The dish with Matty—see it standing there !
Next morning, Mother's jam pots are brought out,—
'Twas Matty fetched and placed them all about,—
Whilst Mother in the pan some sugar strewed
Amongst the fruit, and all together stewed.
When winter comes, and fruit we cannot get,
Those pots of jam good Mother won't forget
She'll take them one by one from out her store,
Till gathering-time of plums comes round once more.



A decorative border surrounds the central text area. It features four large daisies at the corners (top-left, top-right, bottom-left, bottom-right) and two vertical stems of smaller daisies on the left and right sides. Each stem has several buds and two bees flying near the flowers. The entire page is framed by a thin black line with ornate scrollwork at the top and bottom centers.

THE VIOLIN

HOW I love to hear the larks sing

From the heavens blue,

The caw of busy rooks in spring,

And the clear cuckoo ;

But oh ! my violin, I love

Your tones all other notes above,

Better than music ever heard,

From wood or sky, of trilling bird.

And I love the hum of bees

Over summer flowers,

And the sound of dripping trees

In the time of showers :

But oh ! my own dear violin,

I love the tones your heart within,

Better than music ever heard,

From flower or tree, of bee or bird.





TO FAIRYLAND

"SAY this is a boat," cries Sister Claire,
"And you are two sailors rowing there."

"I am the helmsman, our boat to guide,—
Where shall we voyage this Christmas-tide?"

"Away from a cold and wintry strand,"
Cries Blanche, "to sunshiny Fairyland."

Says Claire, "Then each must make up her mind
What fairy favours she'd like to find."

"Our Christmas gifts, say what shall they be?"
Says Blanche, "A dear little dog for me."

"For me, gold earrings," says pretty Claire,
"And strings of corals to bind my hair."

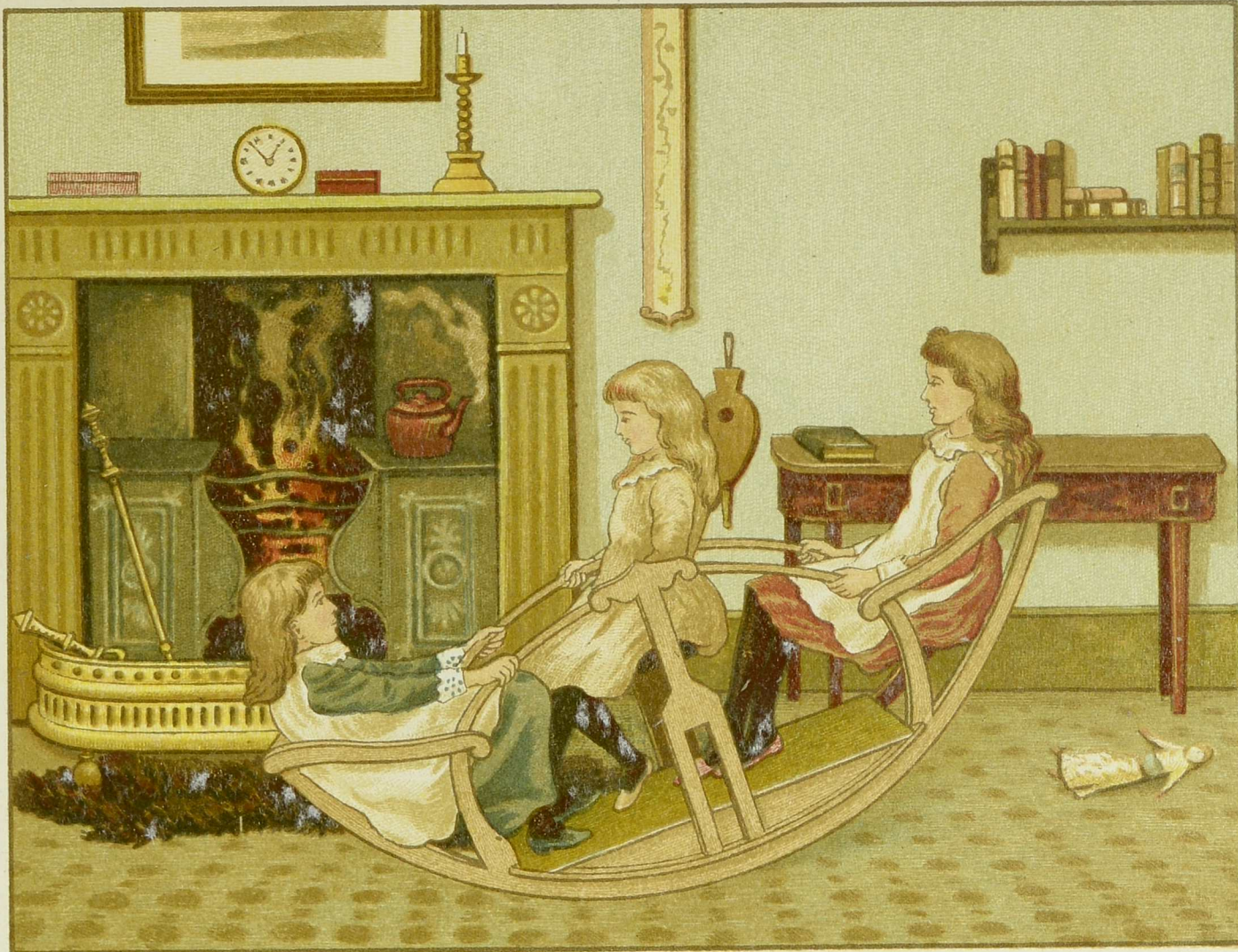
"And for me a pony," Blanche replies,
"And a beautiful kitten with bright green eyes."

"And a watch," says Claire, "and a gorgeous fan,
Lacquered and painted in far Japan."

"Diamonds all in a necklace set,—
Mary, you haven't said one thing yet!"

Says Mary, "I've not been far away
With you into Fairyland to-day."





“I’m wishing the postman’s knock would come
Now at the door of our own dear home,



“And that he should bring a letter for me,
From Brother Frank away on the sea.”



CHRISTMAS-TIME

WE were all bound for Fairyland,
Don't you remember?
We three jolly sailors,
One day in December.

Now we've landed in Fairyland.
How does it seem?
Like a wish, or a story,
Or holiday dream?

Much better than all
That we dreamed of, for now,
Above our Home-Fairyland
Twines the green bough—

Holly and mistletoe,
Graceful and bright,
And lanterns all glowing
On Christmas night.



CAKE AND CRACKERS

UNDER the mistletoe, dancing and fun,
All sorts of merriment now we've begun,
So, let's pull the crackers !
And who'll cut the cake ?
That this is *real* Fairyland,
None can mistake ;
For here nobody lonely or sad can be found !
One could wish it were Christmas-time all the year round.

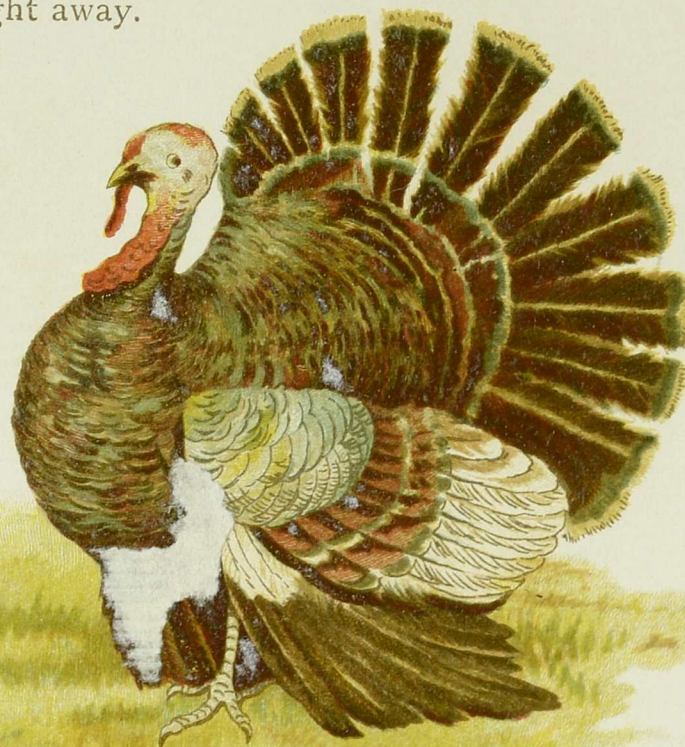


GOBBLER

DICK, Dick, beware!
You think a poke would be a joke,—take care;
Old Gobbler looks at you with proud disdain,
As if to say, "Dick, don't do that again."

Dick didn't care,
But poked again. Then Turkey gobbled so,
There's not a boy would dare to stay, I know.

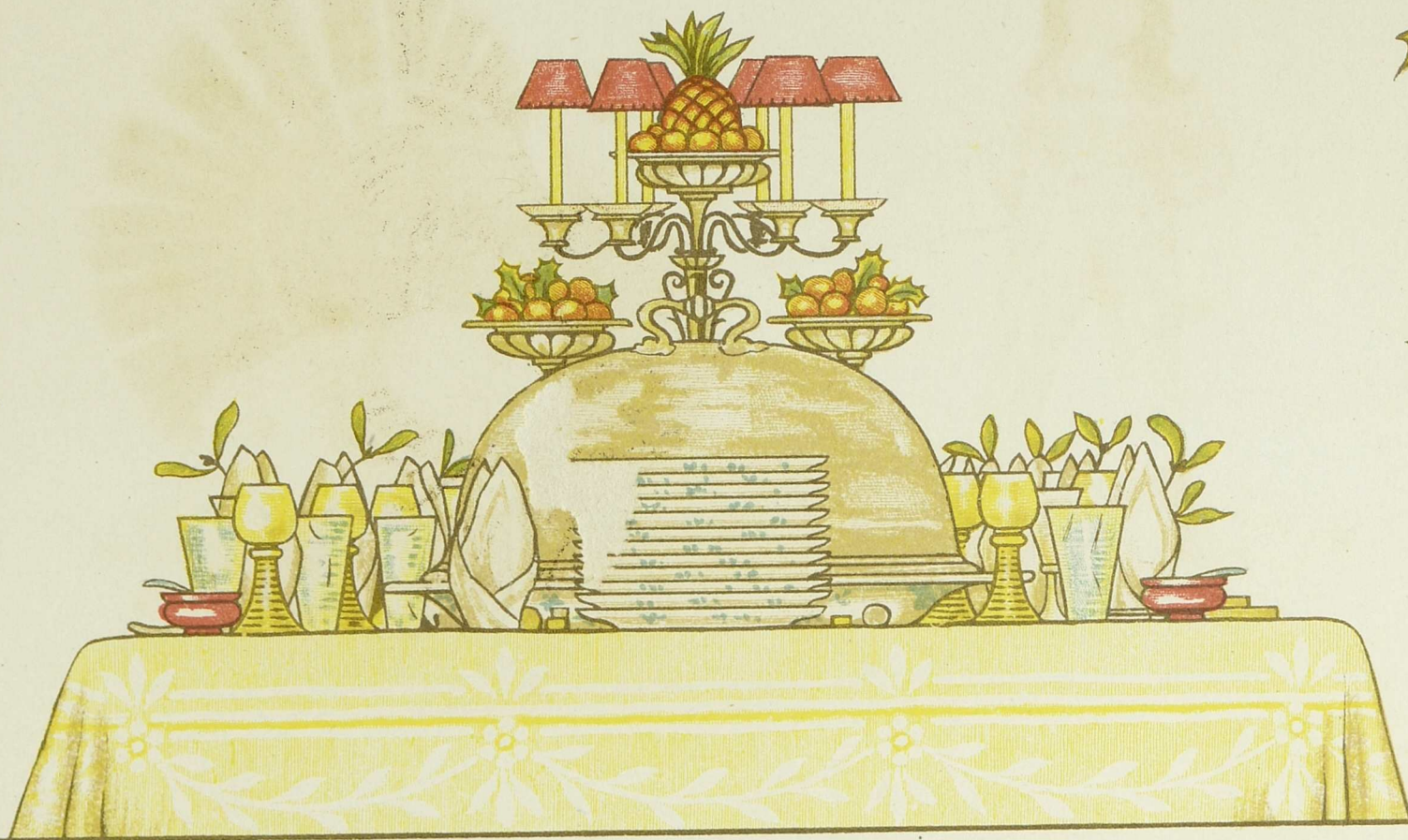
Dick ran,
Soon as those sounds began—
Ran right away.




DICK, Dick, beware !

You mean to feast on your old foe,—take care ;
He cannot scold or gobble. Take your fill ;
But, Dick, beware, for he can harm you still.

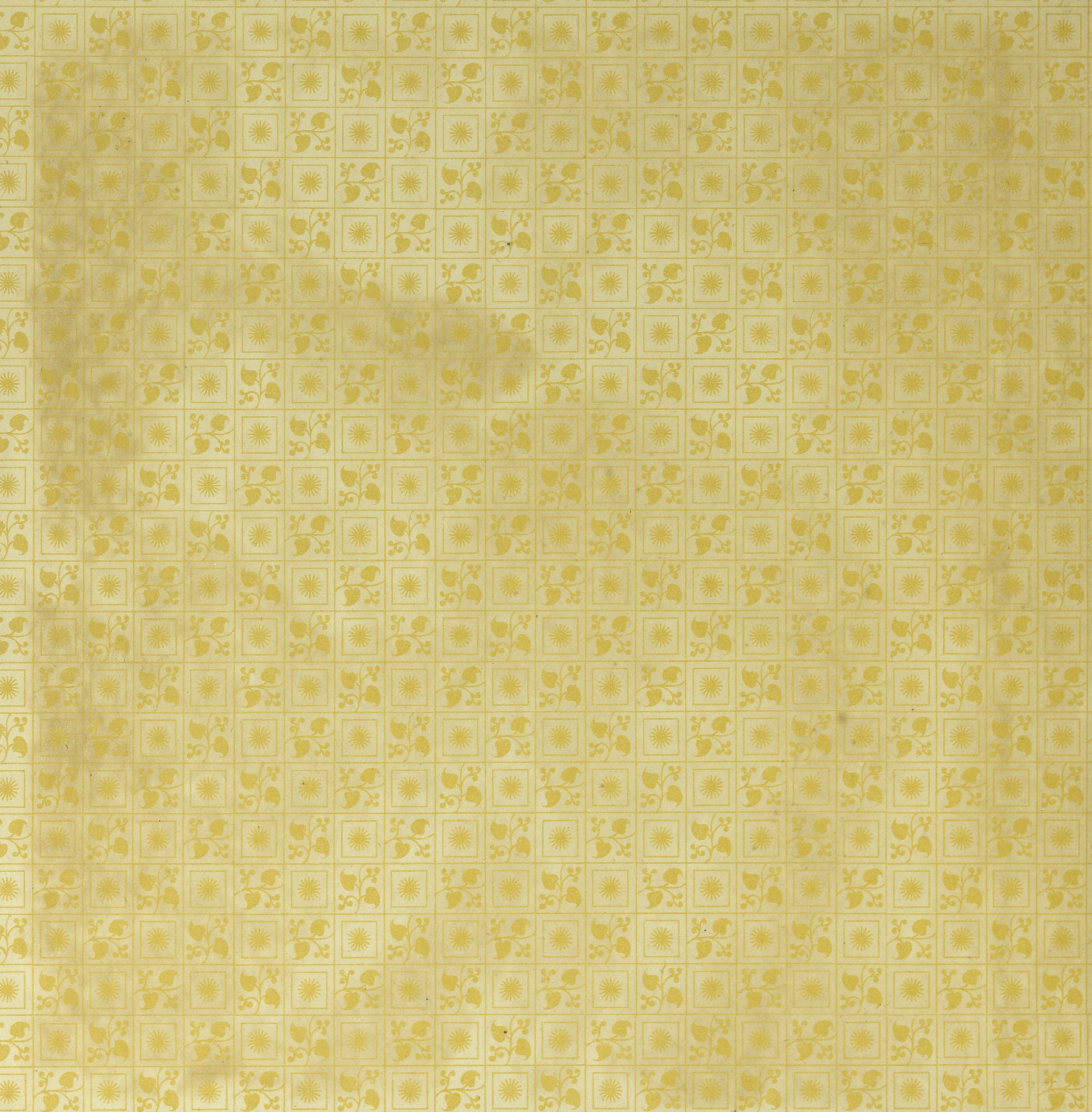
Dick didn't care,
But had three helpings, he did gobble so,
There's not a boy could eat so much, I know.
And not be ill.





FAREWELL

AND NOW, GOOD-BYE! THE HOUR IS PAST:
'TIS TIME TO CLOSE THE BOOK AT LAST,
AND LEAD YOU GENTLY TO OUR DOOR,
AND SAY, "FAREWELL, DEAR FRIENDS," ONCE MORE.
GO NOW, AND ROMP OR DANCE OR PLAY,
AND LAUGH THE MERRY HOURS AWAY.
HERE, FOR THE NONCE, WE END OUR RHYME,
AND WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY TIME;
IN ALL YOUR HOMES, BOTH FAR AND NEAR,
GLAD CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT NEW YEAR!
WHERE'ER BE CAST OUR FUTURE LOT,
WE EACH MAY SAY, "FORGET ME NOT!"
'TIS HARD TO BID "FAREWELL"—BUT THEN—
WHO KNOWS? WE ALL MAY MEET AGAIN!





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