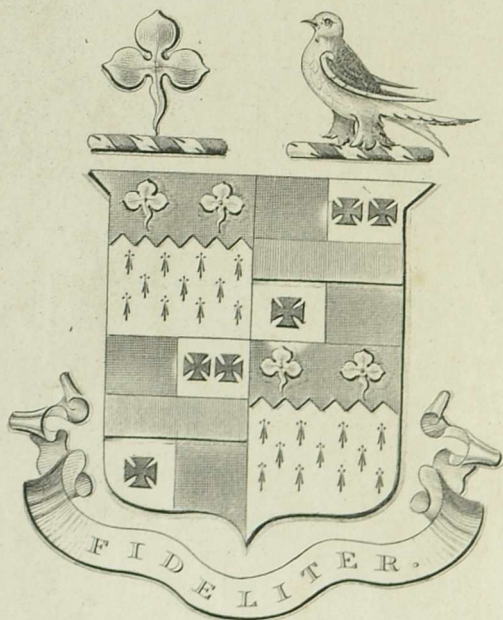


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Edward Balme Wheatley-Balme.

LEESON [Jame Eliza]

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The Child's Book of Ballads.



OUR LITTLE KATE.

The
Child's Book of Ballads.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "HYMNS AND SCENES OF CHILDHOOD,"
"THE LADY ELLA," ETC.

Come from the fairy land of spring,
My audience small and meet,
Like garland of the merry May,
So dewy fair, and sweet !
Ye, whom the loving heart recalls,
Or fancy pictures fair,
While gentle echoes wake within
Of Childhood's song and prayer.

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TO THE

ORPHAN CHILDREN OF A BELOVED SISTER,

ANNA MARIA, MATILDA, SARAH, MARY JANE, CHARLOTTE,
MARTHA, AND JOHN GEORGE DE MERVEILLEUX,

This Little Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

By J. E. L.

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The
Child's Book of Ballads.

OUR LITTLE KATE.

A BRIEF, brief tale is little Kate's,
A summer child was she,
And summer shine, and summer flowers,
Her dowry seem'd to be.
When summer roses first unfold
Their beauties to the sun,
We look'd into her deep blue eyes,
Whose life was just begun.

Four summers scarce had pass'd away,
The rose was still in bloom,
When those bright eyes were clos'd for sleep
Within the silent tomb.

'Twas but as she had laid her down
To slumber for a night,
And waken like a joyous lark
At break of morning light.

Oh! had you seen her flinging back
Her sunny silken hair,
From laughter-loving lifeful eyes,
And open forehead fair,
And had you mark'd her dimpling smiles,
The music of her song,
Like liquid tones of mountain rill
Gushing in light along,

You had not dream'd that she could pass
So quickly from this earth,
And leave us all forlorn to miss
Her ways of gentlest mirth.
Yet more than for each childish grace,
Though she was fair to see,
We priz'd her for the loving heart,
From guile and envy free.

She seem'd to have no thought of self,
No happiness alone,
But ever in another's joy,
Our darling found her own;

And when her elder sister lay,
Of scarlet fever ill,
There was no need for dear mamma
To bid her Kate be still.

The others hush'd their merry laugh
Beside the sick one's door,
But onward passing, sported soon
As gaily as before.
But little Katie sat apart
Too sorrowful for play,
Till with a toy that morning given,
She stole unmark'd away.

It was a box of Tunbridge ware,
And in her gentle heart
She thought but how to Emily
Her treasures to impart.—
“I will be quiet as a mouse,
And if I may not speak,
I will but lay it by her side,
And softly kiss her cheek.”

So eagerly on tiptoe tread,
She sought the guarded room,
Paus'd at the door, then glided in
Like sunbeam mid its gloom.

She found her Emily alone,
Mamma had left her side,
And only by her dear mamma,
Might Katie be denied.

“ Don't bid me go, dear Emily!
I will not make a noise,
I only want to show you all
These pretty Tunbridge toys.”
She spread her treasures on the bed,
And then in gentle strife,
She kiss'd her sister's fever'd lips,
A kiss that cost her life.

In sore dismay, her fond mamma,
Of Katie's visit heard,
But all day long our little pet
Was blithesome as a bird.
Perhaps it was the joy of giving
Her treasur'd toy away,
That made her when we walk'd abroad,
The gayest of the gay.

Lily was better, and mamma
Smil'd as she us'd to do,
And dear papa the party join'd,
And he was merry too.

I think the summer evenings now
Are not so bright as then,
Or is it that we may not bear
Such buoyant hearts again?

Before us through the breezy park
With very gladness wild,
Our Katie danc'd, and strangers stopp'd,
To bless the happy child.
Her fearless joyance seem'd from all
Companionship to claim,
A mother mid her little ones
Inquir'd our fairy's name.

“They call me *Rigdum Funnydoss,
Papa will tell you so.”—
And to the shelter of his side
She bounded like a roe.
We little thought the playful name
Our frolic pet had found,
Thenceforward in our mirth would be
An unfamiliar sound.

At night her little cheek was flush'd,
And heavy seem'd her head—
We only thought that she was tir'd,
And ready for her bed.

* A pet name given her by her father.

We bid her fold her fluttering wings,
And slumber like a bird,
But through the night her restless moan
The sorrowing servant heard.

At morn against her dear mamma,
She lean'd her fever'd brow,
And full of trustfulness and love
Were all her prattlings now.
"I'll take the medicine, my mamma,
For that you know is right,
But I would rather fly away
And be an angel bright.

"Oh, I would like an angel's wings
To fly behind mamma,
And I would whisper songs of Heaven
To you and dear papa!
I could not bear to leave you all,
But with you I would dwell,
With JESUS in that blessed Home,
Of which you often tell."

With anguish'd heart her poor mamma,
Upon the sufferer smil'd,
"GOD's will be done, my dearest one!
But may He spare my child!"

The fever rag'd and little Kate
Unconscious on her bed
Toss'd wearily a night, a day,
Till earthly hopes were fled.

Then came the blessed sleep—she lay
So cool, so calm at last,
We almost hop'd that from our cup,
Death's bitterness had pass'd!
She woke, herself;—her faithful nurse
Just heard her faintly call,
“Papa, mamma, and sisters too,
I want to see them all.”

We gather'd round her just in time
To catch her parting smile,
The memory of whose sweetness might
Our yearning hearts beguile!
She does but slumber for a night,
Although the hours seem long!
The morn shall find her in her rest,
And waken into song!



LILY'S LESSON.

O WHY does Lily look so sad,
This sunbright summer's day?
And why does she refuse to join
Her sisters at their play,
And in such angry accents chide
Poor little Fido from her side?

“Come, Lily dear, we want you so,”
Cry Caroline and Jane,
While little Kate beseechingly
Looks up consent to gain,
But Lily says, “Don't tease me so,
I only wish that you would go.”

And they are gone with Isabel,
At hide and seek to play,
Though little Kate had rather lik'd
By Lily's side to stay,
But Lily look'd so cross, that she
Had fear'd to keep her company.

Then Lily sought a leafy nook,
Where she might sit apart;
Their far off laughter fails to wake
An echo in her heart.
Nor sunny shine, nor Fido's play,
Can chase her sullen mood away.

The shadow of her spirit's gloom,
Is darkening all around,
Till e'en the thrush's merry note
Seems mournfully to sound,
And Fido with a wistful gaze,
Beside her from his gambols stays.

List, Lily, to the gentle voice
That whispers thee within,
From sullenness to penitence,
Thy wayward heart to win.
Flow, gentle tears ! like April shower,
Washing the earth-stain from the flower.

“Poor little Fido,” Lily cries,
“ I have been cross with you,
And with poor Jane, and Caroline,
And gentle Katie too.—
But now, indeed, I must not play,
So go, good Fido, go away.”

But Fido at her feet outstretch'd,
Doth in the sunshine bask,
While Lily taketh out her book,
And conneth o'er her task ;
Nor bee, nor butterfly, nor bird,
Have once her fix'd attention stirr'd.

The fretful shadow from her brow,
Is passing fast away,
Though grave and thoughtful is her look,
Who us'd to be so gay,
And now she riseth from her nook,
And meets her aunt with open book.

“ Forgive me, dear Aunt Emily ;
I know that you were right,—
You told me if I could enjoy
A merry game, I might ;
But I was cross as well as sad,
Nor lik'd to see the others glad.

“I know that I was very wrong,
And so unhappy too!
But may I say my lesson now,
Aunt Emily, to you?
For I sat down and never stirr'd
Till I had learnt it every word.”

Aunt Emily has heard the task,
And kiss'd her tearful cheek,
And bid her join her sisters now
To play at hide and seek;
While foremost of the joyous band,
Springs happy Kate to claim her hand;

Away! away, like frolic things
With Lily at their head!
A merry chase through mazy path,
The little maiden led,
And Katie said, “We never play
Like this when Lily is away.”

But Lily will not soon forget
What on that day she learn'd,
How lightsome heart for hours at play
By diligence is earn'd,
And sunshine in ourselves must be,
If we would share in others' glee.



THE CAPTAIN'S CHILD.

A STORY OF OBEDIENCE.

A GOOD thing is it, to obey,
Whom GOD hath set to rule,
And happy are the children train'd
Betimes in duty's school!

Of such an one, my little boy,
A story I will tell,
A truthful and a touching tale,
I prithee mark it well.

There was a child, whose early home
Was on the rolling deep,
The waters sung his lullaby,
And rock'd him to his sleep.

He was the captain's only child,
And when his mother died,
He would not to her kindred send
The prattler from his side.

And so the little boy grew up,
A dweller on the sea:
For feats of horsemanship, he learn'd
To climb the tall mast tree.

The song of birds at early morn,
It was not his to hear,
But the ocean breeze, that swept the seas,
Was music in his ear.

Yet was the ship a rugged school,
For one so fair and young,
And harshly in his hearing oft
His father's accents rung.

For dearly as he lov'd the boy,
That love was never shown
In fond endearment, but in care
Of discipline alone.

Yet Harry was a merry boy,
Brimful of fearless fun,
And blithely with a shipboy's skill
Could up the rigging run.

Oh, but the sailors lov'd him well !
The sunshine of his smile,
With memories of their childish days
Could homesick hearts beguile.

All household loves on him were shower'd,
As in their sight he grew,
And so the captain's child became
The darling of the crew.

Now of a monkey I must tell,
A droll and knavish elf,
The sailors' pet, and Harry's plague,
A mimic of himself.

A grinning chattering plague it was,
And mischievous full oft,—
It clutch'd his cap from Harry's head,
And darted up aloft.

Up in the rigging with his prize,
The thievish creature flew,
Now here, now there, it dodg'd about,
And Harry follow'd too.

“Hollo, hollo,” the boy exclaim’d,
“Such manners suit not me,
Come, Master Jacko, I must teach
Civility to thee.”

At first it was a merry chase,
And blithely all look’d on,
But many a weather-beaten face
Pal’d ere the cap was won.

The eager boy without a thought
Of danger or of dread,
Had reach’d at length the topmost pole,
Where scarce was room to tread.

Where none could turn, and none could bend,
He stood in dizzy trance,
Beyond the reach of others’ help,
Nor dar’d the downward glance.

Breathless with fear, the crew look’d up,
None spoke, and no one stirr’d,
Not even when the captain’s tread
Upon the deck was heard.

“What is the matter now, my men?
Why stand ye moonstruck here?”
None answer’d him—one look above
Reveal’d the speechless fear.

Pale with his agony, the boy,
Is trembling ere he fall
Upon the deck, with murderous crash,—
The captain saw it all.—

But not a nerve or muscle yet
With quivering anguish shook,—
“Bring me my fowling piece,” he said,
And steadfast aim he took.

Then stern, and loud, and trumpet clear,
He cried, “Attend to me!
This moment, sir, I fire, unless
You jump into the sea.”

A life-long agony compress'd,
Throbs in the breast of all!
Not on the deck, not on the deck,
Resounds the dreaded fall!

Off at his father's word, he sprang,
Far in the yielding wave,
And many a sailor overboard
Dash'd after him, to save.

Safe, safe, how quickly! on the deck
The rescu'd boy they bear,—
Then fail'd at once the father's heart,
He might not linger there.

No, ere his trembling arms enfold
The child to hope restor'd,
Lock'd in his cabin, all alone,
His wordless thanks are pour'd.

Too deeply stirr'd his being's tide,
Another's eye to brook,
While shuddering sobs so long suppress'd,
His frame with tremblings shook.

Calm in the might of prayer, at length
He bade them bring his boy,
And clasp'd him to his yearning heart
With all a father's joy.

I tell not of the interview,
Which none beside might share,
The loves of father and of son,
What language can declare ?

Yet from my story, thou, my boy,
May'st of obedience learn,
And how the truest love may wear,
An aspect strange and stern.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

THE summer shine was flinging
Its spangles o'er the lea,
And little birds were singing
Their matin songs of glee,
And Janet's heart was glowing, to think of all the
Love,
That made this earth so fair to see, and heaven so
bright above.

Beside the water, dancing
In ecstasy of mirth,
Her bright blue eyes were glancing
O'er gem-like things of earth,
For dragon flies shot past her in panoply of sheen,
And butterfly and bird flew by in sunlit air serene.

Why did her soft lip quiver,
Her rosy cheek grow pale?
She heard adown the river
A voice of childish wail—
It was a village maiden, stood sobbing by its side
And bitterly she wrung her hands, and bitterly she
cried.

A broken pitcher by her,
The maiden's grief explain'd,
And Janet drawing nigh her,
From weeping scarce refrain'd.
"I've broken mother's pitcher! O dearie! dearie
me!
Whatever will my mother do? How angry she
will be!

"So oft as mother told me
To be so careful too!
And, oh, how she will scold me!
Whatever shall I do?"

She bade me mind her errand, and not to stop for
play,
But fill the water jug at once, and bring it right
away.

“ It was but for a minute
I set it on the ground ;
I thought no harm was in it,
And did but turn me round
To throw a little pebble, and watch it's shining
splash,
And quite forgot the water jug, until I heard the
crash.

“ I know we have no other,
It was our only one ;
We cannot buy another,
For money we have none.”
The broken pieces gathering, she strove to fit
them in,
A fruitless toil, for evermore, the work was to
begin.

And while her tears were gushing,
To give the folly o'er,
Poor little Janet, blushing,
Has proffer'd all her store,

“ Will three pence buy another ?” “ O, miss, I fear me not !”

“ Yet take it,” said the pitying child, “ ’tis all that I have got.”

She stayed not for replying,
But hasten’d down the glade,
And left the money lying
Beside the village maid.

Afar she watch’d her slowly her homeward steps
retrace,

While with her apron oft she paus’d to wipe her
tearful face.

The shadow of that sadness,
Oppress’d the little child,
And from her trustful gladness,
To murmuring thoughts beguil’d.

The little birds sang gaily, as gaily as before,
But Janet’s step, and Janet’s voice kept cadence
now no more.

“ And why are purses empty,
And poor ones left to grieve,
For, what, if I had plenty,
I quickly would relieve ?”

And since the gold and silver belong to GOD
above,
Why gives He not abundance to all men in His
love?"

Yet tell me, silly maiden,
With burdens of thine own,
And anxious thoughts o'erladen,
If thou hast never known
How 'mong the poor and lowly, the Blessed One
was found,
In poverty content to dwell with poverty around?

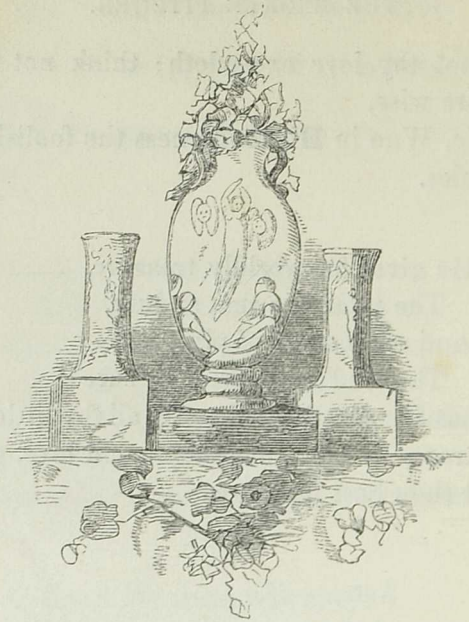
And saw He none who needed
What riches might supply?
Or were their wants unheeded?
Or did He pass them by?
The Holy Child of Nazareth, lack'd all that thou
wouldst crave,
Yet rich the bounty He bestow'd, Himself Who
freely gave!

He taught of One in Heaven,
Who doth our need behold,
And Who His SON hath given,
No good thing will withhold!

Think not thy love exceedeth; think not thyself
more wise,
Than He, Who in His tenderness the foolish wish
denies.

He gives for worldly treasure,
The treasures that endure,
And oft instead of pleasure,
The med'cined grief, to cure!

Give what He giveth freely, give all thy little store,
Then strong in faith, and hope, and love, grudge
not thou hast no more.



THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY SPRAY.

“ I had laid a spray of silver holly on a grassy mound in the churchyard the day before Christmas, and some weeks after, finding it unfaded, I placed it in the vase from which my little favourite used so often to snatch a flower with her tiny fingers.”

It had not wither'd, had not chang'd its green and
 silvery hue,
Though sever'd from the parent-tree, still fresh
 and fair to view ;
Green as the fadeless hope that keeps
 Undimm'd its emerald light,

And silvery, as the ray that sleeps
Upon thy couch by night!

And it shall deck thy mother's room, plac'd in the
vase, whence thou
With fairy fingers oft wouldst snatch the flowerets,
faded now;
My faltering lips may never tell
Where many a night it lay,
Yet mother's heart shall love full well
My Christmas holly spray.

For not alone with thoughts of *thee* its fadeless leaf
is fraught—
Of mother's hope, 'the Virgin-born,' glad memo-
ries it hath brought:
He died and rose; and *thou* shalt rise,
My lov'd, my treasur'd one,
When tears are wip'd from all our eyes,
And love's glad rest is won!



MELANCTHON, AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER ANN.

“I was holding her in my arms in the morning, when she had only her night-gown on. She observed tears stealing down my cheeks, and she took up her skirt and wiped them away. This little action of hers so penetrated my soul, that I could not but think it significant.”—*From his Letters.*

THE man of GOD was sad at heart,
Oppress'd with anxious care,
And long, perchance, ere dawn, had risen
To pour his soul in prayer.

Beside him, in her cradle nest,
His little daughter slept
The quiet sleep of infancy,
While tearful watch he kept.

'Twas strange to hear her even breath
So softly come and go,
While in the enduring night of faith
He wrestled with his woe :
Alas, for him ! his lot had fallen
On days of storm and strife,
When schism rent the Christian Church,
And heresies were rife.

And he had sigh'd for peace and rest,
A man of gentlest mood,
Yet for the truth he might not yield,
The battle's brunt he stood.
But now when only GOD might see,
When only He might hear,
He bow'd his manly head, and wept
The Christian hero's tear.

And there she lay, his eldest born,
In sweet repose the while,
Till sunrise and the lark's glad song
Awoke her with a smile ;

Herself as blithe as little bird
In sunny shine of morn,
And lovely as the opening bud,
Unconscious of a thorn.

Health sparkled in her cloudless eye,
And glow'd upon her cheek,
As forth she stretch'd her dimpled arms,
Her wonted nurse to seek :
And, rising at her joyous call,
Through tears her father smil'd,
As closely to his loving heart
He press'd the blessed child.

But her bright eyes were quick to mark
How his with grief were dim—
The spirit of his gentle babe
Was fain to comfort him;
And as within his sheltering arms
Confidingly she lay,
She lifted up her little skirt
To wipe those tears away.

A parent's heart alone may tell
What then her father felt,
With what endearing tenderness
His bosom seem'd to melt;

Perchance he deem'd his darling's lot
Was even then foreshown,
To minister to others' need,
Regardless of her own.

Oh, childhood's sympathy is sweet,
As many a mourner knows,—
But who can say in parent's heart
How deep its gladdening glows?
When the soft lips that press their own
Of mute endearment tell,
And the small fingers in their clasp
Hold tight, as by a spell!

In after days, when grief was her's,
The gentle and the kind,
How did her sorrowing sire recall
That childish act to mind;
As oft she chid his tears away,
And bade him hope in GOD,
Nor grudge for her, resign'd to bear
A tenderer FATHER's rod!

Yea, woman's gentleness hath strength
That yields not to despair,
Enduring many a martyr-pang
Unutter'd, save in prayer:

Enduring with the angel smile,
So saintly, pure, and calm,
Of those whose cross, in meekness borne,
Shall prove a conqueror's palm.



MY SNOWDROP.

My snowdrop is no strangers' pet,
But oh, I love her well !
Deep thoughts, and holy, in her heart
With warm affections dwell.
I call her by such name, for she
In wintry hour was born,
And the first snowdrops lent their smile
On her baptismal morn.

I say not that the darling child
From childish thoughts is free ;
I may not say that she is *all*
I fondly hope to see :

Too quickly doth a passing breath
Her harp-strings rudely jar
And fitful, froward fancies oft
Her childish joyance mar.

The earliest pang of hearts bereav'd
Had scarcely pass'd away,
When first she open'd her blue eyes,
In dark and cloudy day ;
And all too wistfully, perchance,
Her mother sought to trace
The cherub smile her sister wore,
On the young stranger's face.

And still, as though our sadness were
On all around her laid,
I fancy that those loving eyes
Look out too much in shade :
Yet wherefore grudge if her's should prove
The precious gift of tears,—
Pledge of a pearly coronal
Through everlasting years ?

She shall have smiles of gladness too,
O'er wintry waste to fling,
Such pure meek gladness as beseems
The harbinger of spring ;

And haply her's may prove a strength
To summer flowers denied,
In virgin gentleness, unharm'd,
The lingering blast to bide.

Oh, who but hails spring's first-born child,
The gem of leafless bowers,
More gladly than the summer rose,
'Mid summer's wealth of flowers?
Then covet not for that pale cheek
A richer sunnier hue,
Nor dark-eyed Lulie's quiet glee
For those deep eyes of blue.

I would not change my Ellen's mood
To win a stranger's praise,
For deeper charms are her's than strike
The unobservant gaze;
A Spanish rose-bud, rich as small,
Our little Lulie seems,
Such as beneath a southern sky
Might haunt Murillo's dreams.

And baby-boy, a royal rose
Mamma may proudly call,
Such as in England only bloom—
The sovereign flower of all.

But GOD hath to my snowdrop given
A beauty of her own—
The rare sweet grace of ladyhood
Is all around her thrown :

And her's the snowdrop's modest charm
That, mantled all in white,
Spreads not her chalice to the sun,
But droopeth from our sight :
Fit emblem of a virgin heart,
To holiest feelings true,
That treasures up its pure, sweet thoughts
From all intrusive view.

Such thoughts as, many a time, methinks,
I read in Ellen's eyes,
While fondly to myself I say,
"The child is wondrous wise."
She speaketh not familiar words
In every listening ear,
That in her little heart are link'd
With holy thoughts, and dear.

Yea, in the bosom of a child,
The plant of GOD, be sure,
Folds up its leaflets from our touch,
As sensitive as pure !

The breath of heaven alone is free
Its opening buds to fan,
And, quivering to the gentlest breeze,
They gleam, untouch'd by man.

They show'd my Ellen once a cross,
Worn round a lady's neck—
Strange ornament to her it seem'd
A lady gay to deck ;
So when they bade her mark it well,
And questioned of its name,
Abash'd my little favourite stood,
And silent as in shame :

Only at night to dear mamma
She said, " I would not tell
That holy thing was call'd a cross,
Although I knew it well."
She told not what she scarce might skill,
Whence that reluctance sprung,
But was it not a heav'n-taught awe
That chain'd the ready tongue ?

And would that elder hearts might learn,
From childhood's reverent fear,
How none may with the symbol sport,
While they the truth revere !

I, too, have watch'd my darling shrink,
In silence fain to dwell,
When others all too rudely seem'd
Of holy things to tell.

I mark'd her once, beside papa,
In haste and trembling trace
Upon herself the holy sign
Of our REDEEMER'S grace ;
And quick as thought a crimson blush
The fair young face o'erspread,
Lest by another's curious eye
Her secret should be read.

I could not choose but breathe a prayer
For grace in after days,
In holy confidence to brook
The unsympathising gaze ;
Uncareful from the eye of man
The approving glance to win,
But steadfast in His sight, Who reads
The lowly heart within.

Hide in thy FATHER'S bosom now
The blush too quickly brought,
And gather in His shelter strength
For lessons He hath taught—

To wear in meekness, unasham'd,
CHRIST'S badge upon thy brow,
The pledge of overcoming faith,
The token of thy vow.

For thou art vow'd, my little one,
To glory in the cross,
And in the might of faith to count
The gold of earth for dross.
Oh, let not, then, my darling shrink
In indolence or pride,
But may she "cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside."

So still may little Ellen keep
That blessing from above,
The quickness of that holy fear,
Close link'd with holy love!
And skilful be her parents' touch,
The music to unwind,
The deeper notes, the finer tones,
Of that young heart and mind!



ISABEL, AND THE NEW DOLL ;

OR,

LOVING MAMMA.

“ O COME and see the lovely doll
Mamma has bought for me,”
Cried happy little Isabel,
Dancing for very glee.

“ She has soft hair beneath her cap,
And eyes so very blue,
And when I touch this little wire,
They shut and open too !

“In long white robes that touch the floor,
Like baby she is dressed,
And I can hush her to her sleep,
In this soft cradle nest.

“I think she is like baby, nurse,
And so I'll call her, too,
Miss Emily, my heart's delight,
You pretty tiny, you!”

Then Isabel ran back again
To thank her kind mamma,
And show her beautiful wax doll
To aunt, and to papa.

And “Dear mamma, I love you so!”
Said little Isabel:
“I love you twenty thousand times!
Oh, more than I can tell!”

With many a kiss, around her neck
Her little arms she twin'd,
Repeating oft, “I love you so,
You are so very kind.”

Mamma look'd on, and fondly smil'd,
As pleas'd as Isabel;
And who was happiest of the two
In truth I cannot tell.

But when the little prattler talk'd
So much about her love,
Mamma said gravely, "Lesson time
My darling's words will prove."

Next day, at lesson time, mamma
Call'd Isabel from play,
And bid her bring her lesson-book,
And put her doll away ;

But Isabel to fetch her book
Did not at all incline,
But answer made, with doleful look,
In most discordant whine :

Oh dear! oh dear! do let me stay
A very little bit,
Just while I make my dolly's bed,
And lay her down in it!"

"Nay, come at once!" replied mamma,
In grave but gentle tone,
"And let my little darling's love
Be by obedience shown!"

Then Isabel look'd up in tears,
With blushes overspread,
And readily, and steadily,
Her little lesson said.

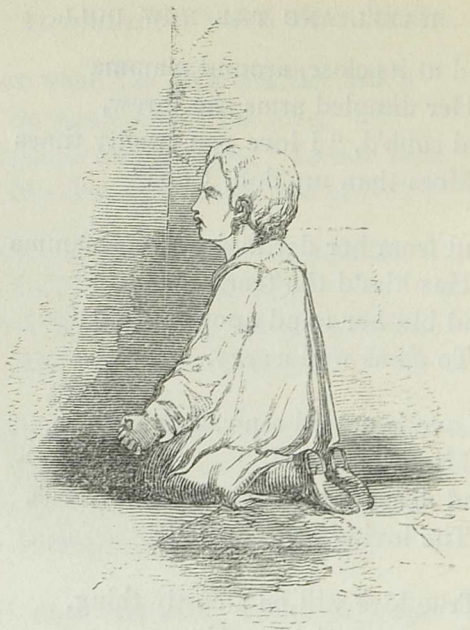
And at its close, around mamma
Her dimpled arms she threw,
And sobb'd, " I love you twenty times
More than my doll, I do !"

And from her darling's cheek, mamma
Has kiss'd the tears away,
And bid her mind another time
To *do* as well as *say*.

" Love is not all a pleasant play,
My little Isabel,
And deeds are better far than words,
The loving heart to tell :

" True love will be a costly thing,
By self-denial prov'd,—
The blessed sign* of grace divine
Tells us *how* JESUS lov'd !"

* The Cross.



“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD.”

“ WHY does that widow'd mother wear
A look so very sad?
And wherefore weep those little ones,
In tatter'd garments clad?”

They weep for bread, and she has none
To give them, ere she part
To win it by a day of toil,
And with a breaking heart.

She hears each little hungry moan,
And sorely doth she grieve,
To think how long the hours will seem
Ere she return at eve.

“And oh, my little ones!” she says,
“In vain ye should not crave,
If your dear father were alive;
But he is in his grave.”

Her little boy looks in her face—
(A thoughtful child was he,)
And answers, “There is One in heav’n,
Who both can hear and see!

“And I will kneel, and unto Him
The ‘Our FATHER’ prayer will say,
And ask of GOD to give us all
Our daily bread this day!”

“GOD bless thee, child!” the mother cries,
And clasps her babes once more;
Then, bursting from their tiny grasp,
She hurries from the door.

The door is shut; the little boy
Kneels down beside the wall,
And tearfully, yet trustfully,
Doth on our FATHER call.

He hears his little sister's sob,
But, strong in childlike faith,
Only with more imploring trust,
The children's prayer he saith.

Doubt not above the Angel's song
His voice is heard on high !
And doubt not but, while yet he prays,
His FATHER'S help is nigh !

A stranger, with a father's heart
Hath paus'd beside the door,
Touch'd by the childish tones that oft
" Our daily bread " implore.

He lifts the latch and enters in,
And questions of their grief ;
Then bids them be of joyful heart,
For GOD hath sent relief.

" Well hast thou done, my little boy,
To pour thy heart in prayer
To Him Who doth the ravens feed,
And for His children care.

" Now give Him thanks, and ready make,
While I for breakfast go ;
And *how* our FATHER answers prayer
Full quickly thou shalt know."

Their porringers in order set,
With hope and joy elate,
The little ones beside the door
The stranger's coming wait.

Joy! for their mother hastens home
Her hungry tribe to feed,
And with her comes the stranger-friend,
Well laden for their need!

And little voices eagerly
Proclaim their welcome back,
And little hands full skilfully
The basket's store unpack.

A festival that day they kept,
And thankfully was said
The wonted grace, to Him, Who thus
Supplied their daily bread.

O ye, for whom the board is spread
With plenty every day,
By parents taught, at morn and eve,
The 'Our FATHER' prayer to say—

Forget not 'tis our FATHER's hand
Your daily bread supplies;
And daily for His mercy's store
Let glad thanksgivings rise!



THE JEWISH CHILD'S DREAM.

“ In my seventh year, I dreamt that I saw God quite near me, and His mantle was the whole sky ; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me ; and in my worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of His mantle, and He screened me from all sorrow there : He permitted it.”—*From the Memoirs of a German Lady.*

IN peaceful slumber lay
A child of seven years old,
The shadowy calmness of her brow
Irradiate with the glory now
That childhood's dreams unfold.

From the far East she came,
Of Israel's homeless race,
And quickly might the stranger's eye
Read stamp of Hebrew ancestry
Upon her thoughtful face :

For strongly sternly mark'd,
Her Jewish features were ;
Not her's the dove-like eyes of blue,
The silken locks of sunny hue,
Of Saxon children fair.

Yet her's was beauty's dower,
Of high, imperial tone ;
And lip and brow seem'd form'd to tell
Thoughts that in high-born bosoms swell,
To others all unknown.

Her's the dark eyes that shine
As stars shine out by night,
When angels fold their wings most nigh,
And tones of heaven's own minstrelsy
The inward ear delight.

Was she not Abraham's child,
And vers'd in sacred lore,
Of wondrous angel guests receiv'd,
By sires, who in the LORD believ'd,
And heard His voice of yore ?

And now in sleep she knew
Her fathers' GOD was nigh—
An exile in a world so wide,
She saw Him standing at her side ;
His mantle was the sky.

Oh, all-embracing heaven !
Oh, cloudless depth above !
Soothing our spirits with the sense
Of watchful love's omnipotence,
Where'er our footsteps rove.

How dost Thou meet our gaze
With answering smile of love !
Looking on each as though we were
Alone Thy nursling, and Thy care,
From all of ill to screen !

Thus canopied, methinks,
Repos'd the Jewish child ;
While softly as the dew from heaven,
The very peace of GOD was given,
And in its bliss she smil'd.

Above her, and around,
His Presence was confess'd ;
And on His mantle widely spread,
Softly as on her cradle bed,
He gave her leave to rest.

One little corner seem'd
A more than ample space,
And to lie down in safety there,
Conscious of His protecting care,
An all-sufficient grace !

No marvel that the bliss,
Unearthly and Divine,
Should lighten up her face in sleep,
And through long years of sorrow keep
A place in memory's shrine.

How was the hidden sense
Of childhood's dream reveal'd,
When taught in after days to own*
The VIRGIN-BORN upon the throne,
In light till then conceal'd ?

Well might her gushing tears
Confess His love Divine,
Who, for our sakes unrobing, spread
His mantle underneath our head,
And bids us thus recline !

* She became a Christian.

And yet the LORD of all,
An exile in our stead,
Laid in the manger at His birth,
Had nowhere in this thankless earth
A pillow for His head !

And still He would not leave
His weary ones forlorn ;
Vainly would they the vigil keep !
So gives He His beloved sleep,
His curtain round them drawn !

Thus, nigher than at first,
The *Jewish* maiden thought
To hide beneath her SAVIOUR'S wing,
Her Brother, yet her LORD and King,
His *Christen'd* one was brought !

And when, for parents' love,
The trustful spirit yearn'd,
In saddest mood, in darkest hour,
Back on her soul with healing power
That wondrous dream return'd !

So the true heart bore on—
The patient sufferer smil'd !
Till, shadow'd in His mantle's fold,
She slept the blessed sleep of old,
A love-encircled child !



NELLY,

OR THE OLD MAN'S GRANDCHILD.

SHE lieth on her lowly couch,
In moonlight all alone,
With carven work of angels round,
Well might she pass for one,
With her small hands together press'd,
As she in prayer had sunk to rest.

Earth's shadows have not dimm'd the light
Of that pure, open brow,
Though on her eyelid's silken fringe
The tears are gathering now,
And like a flower by night winds stirr'd,
Low childlike whisperings are heard.

Perchance the listener might hear,
Her parted lips repeat,
One name belov'd, in softer tones
Than o'er the harpstrings fleet,
His name, who even from her birth,
Hath been her only friend on earth.

Like rosebud on autumnal stem,
When leaves are scant and sere,
She blooms in her young loveliness
Forlorn, unshelter'd here,
An orphan child, she may not rest
Her head upon a mother's breast.

And Nelly sleeps not—sad at heart
In that old house is she,
Like princess of some fabled tale
So passing fair to see,
Mid antique figures, pictures rare,
And ancient suits of armour there.

Strange furniture for Nelly's bower,
Relics of olden time!
And now from clock of quaint device
Rings out the midnight chime,
And still her grandsire does not come
To bless her in her lonely home.

And whither doth he wend his way,
Abroad at hour like this,
The sleep which wearied nature craves,
Night after night to miss?
She knows not, but her prayers shall track
His faltering feet, and win him back.

At every sound the weary child
Startles, but not in fear,
She listens even in her sleep,
A well known step to hear,
And when 'tis heard, her beating heart,
Might well have made her grandsire start.

Hush, tell-tale throb! on lip and cheek,
Must be no trace of tears!
Spell-bound in deepest slumbers now
That fair young child appears,
Lest he should dream how for his sake,
So early she had learn'd to wake.

Skill'd was that gentle heart, I ween,
In guileless love to hide
Her secret from that aged man,
Who stole her couch beside,
And bless'd her in a tone so deep,
That to recall it made her weep.

He never knew how anxiously,
What time he deem'd she slept,
Night after night the loving child
Her lonely vigil kept,
Waiting the kiss, imprinted now
So softly on her marble brow.

Yet how he lov'd her ! How he pray'd
For blessings on her head,
And kiss'd her soft cheek o'er and o'er !
Or e'er he sought his bed,
To dream of her, while she for him
Pray'd softly in her chamber dim.

She was the darling of his heart,
The bird that to his bower
Such fairy tones of joyance brought
To charm the lingering hour,
And yet her morn of life was dim,
With tearful tenderness for him.

Yet joy for her whom angels tend
In all her gentle ways,
Training in lore of love to pour
Her heart in prayer and praise !
Joy, even in that lonely home !
But who shall tell the joy to come ?

There's not a prayer, a sigh, a tear,
Of meek true-hearted love,
That is not stor'd for rich return
Of benison above,
And when the trial hour is o'er,
The loving child shall weep no more.



A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE child was straying
Along the heathery lea,
With summer flow'rets playing,
She scatter'd them in glee.
With radiant eyes of laughter,
That scarce three years had seen,
She shook her flow'ry sceptre,
And look'd a fairy queen.

On tiptoe lightly dancing,
 She chas'd the butterfly,
Whose painted winglets glancing
 In sunshine, flitted by.
Now, on the daisy brooding,
 She thought to catch it there,
Her dimpled hand eluding,
 'Twas soaring high in air.

Anon, her arms extending,
 As if to soar away,
Her joyous shout seem'd blending
 With skylark's air-born lay.
No little playmate nigh her,
 Companions she had found
In all that flutter'd by her,
 In all that liv'd around.

But they who should have tended
 The helpless innocent,
Had left her undefended,
 On other cares intent.
And now her path had brought her,
 Unwatch'd by human eye,
To where the deep still water
 In sunny sheen flow'd by.

Then laugh'd the little creature
As bending o'er the stream,
She mark'd each cherub feature,
Reflected in its gleam.
She stoop'd to kiss the stranger
Who imag'd back her smile—
Alas ! of fear and danger,
She never dream'd the while.

No sister's arms embrac'd her !
A moment ! and anon
Only the ripple trac'd her,
It pass'd, and she was gone !
On, on, the water bore her
Far distant from the spot,
Where soon lamenting o'er her,
They sought, but found her not.

They call'd, but no replying !
Along the water's edge
Her gather'd flowers were lying
Upon the rushy sedge,—
A tiny foot had slidden,
And left its impress there,
And hope so sternly chidden,
Was yielding to despair.

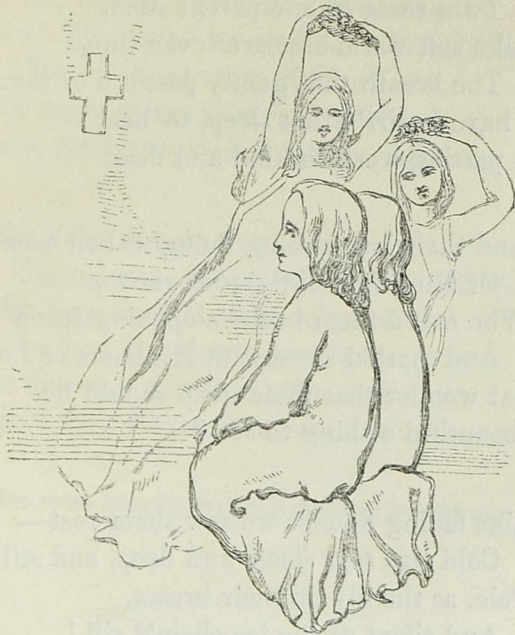
But (grief to rapture turning !)
Words might not speak their awe,
When from afar returning,
The missing child they saw ;
Her infant cheek as rosy,
Her laughing eye as bright,
As when with fresh pull'd posy,
She last had bless'd their sight.

And yet her dress was dripping,
Her sunny locks were wet,
As homeward lightly tripping,
Their anxious gaze she met ;
But nought of fear and sadness,
Her smiling looks unfold,
Of wonder and of gladness,
Her lisping accents told.

“ I have been in the water,
Then came a lady bright,
She took me from the water,
That lady all in white !
And oh, but it was pretty,
Her shining robe to see !
And sweetly did she pity,
And sweetly smile on me !

“ And in her arms she press'd me,
And kiss'd away the tear,
So fondly she caress'd me,
And bade me hasten here !”
They trembled at her story,
For no one was in sight,
“ Then hath our GOD watch'd o'er thee,
And sent one all in white !”

“ The family quite believed that the life of the little one was saved, as it seemed to them it only could have been, by the interposition of an angel, but they were so awed by the circumstance as scarcely to like speaking of it. The child herself could only repeat in answer to every question, ‘Oh, such a bonnie ladie! All in white! Such a sweet ladie! So bright!’”



THEIR SLEEP.

LIKE lovely flowers they us'd to sleep,
Whose cups were wet with heavenly dew,
When the fring'd eyelids seem'd to keep
Soft vigils o'er that eye of blue,
And deeper shade was wont to fall
On that dark eye, the gem of all.

They slept like roses side by side,
Twin roses on one parent stem,
Like soft warm breeze at even-tide,
The breath that gently pass'd o'er them ;
Oft have I stirr'd that sleep, to hear
The parting word so kind and dear.

And their last waking thoughts had been
Of Him Who intercedes above,
Who call'd them in life's opening scene
And mark'd them with His name of Love :
What wonder that their sleep should be
So beautiful a thing to see ?

Like fading flowers we saw them rest—
Cold was *that* sleep, and deep, and still,
Pale, as the lily on their breast,
And silent as the ice-chain'd rill !
How could we bear to watch that sleep,
So calm, so beauteous, and so deep ?

They sleep in JESUS, and the smile
Of heaven is on their lowly bed,
Where, at the sabbath bell erewhile
Their willing feet were wont to tread,
And JESUS loves their sleeping dust,
And guards it as His precious trust.

Can this be all? can aught so bright
Lie buried 'neath the senseless sod?
No! Their glad spirits bath'd in light,
Rest in the bosom of their GOD,
With angel choirs they join to bless
JESUS, the LORD, their Righteousness.

The daisy flowers they us'd to love,
Spring from the turf that veils their sleep,
Nor long shall He who reigns above,
In dust His chosen jewels keep,
Like morning dew they soon shall rise
To join their SAVIOUR in the skies.

For these lines the writer is indebted to a friend.



WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jem,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”

“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering look’d at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven, I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till GOD releas'd her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“ So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John, and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forc'd to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you then,” said I,
“ If they two are in heaven ?”
The little maiden did reply,
“ O master, we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !”
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven !”



TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child, O brother mine,
Who draws baptismal breath
In consciousness of life Divine,
What should she think of death ?

'Tis but to her a veil that shrouds
Her dear ones from her sight,
And sunshine is behind the clouds,
And daybreak follows night.

Like joyous song of early lark,
Her guileless answer rings,
To heaven's own gate, beyond the dark,
Upbearing as on wings ;

For well she knows the family
But one in earth, or heaven,
And trustfully, and readily,
She answers, "We are seven."

O minstrel, with thy master mind,
Thy philosophic skill,
How hath thy true heart danc'd to find
An infant wiser still!

And oh, but I have laugh'd for glee,
And felt my heart beat quick,
To think a babe should baffle thee
With faith's arithmetic!

Wiser than we, in reasonings train'd,
Beyond her learning's reach,
The little maid her words maintain'd,
Nor varied in her speech.

Reason may argue—childlike faith,
Content with, "yea," or "nay,"
Affirmeth as her teacher saith,
And would affirm for aye.

She walketh in a light that shames
The wisdom of the schools,
And in her innocence proclaims
Earth's disputants as fools.

So telleth she the Sadducees,
 "Nay, but ye greatly err,"
And let them cavil as they please,
 They cannot answer her.

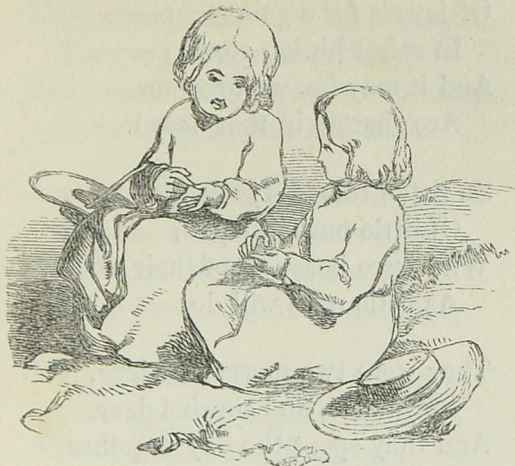
I think of thee, thou poet sage,
 School'd in a saintlier lore,
Thus counting in thy hoary age,
 Thine own belov'd ones o'er.

Now with thy father's heart intense,
 Of yearning tenderness,
Thou numb'rest not by sight or sense,
 Thy treasures more or less.

The gentle daughter low in dust,
 Is not forgotten then,
But faith tells o'er the precious trust,
 To claim love's own again.

With more than childhood's marvelling brow—
 With half indignant smile,
How would'st thou spurn as folly now
 Thy questioning erewhile!

But let it pass—but let it pass,
 For I am fain to tell
A simple tale, dear bard, like thine,—
Would that the minstrel skill were mine
 To tell it half as well!



WHO IS RICHEST?

OR,

MINE AND THINE.

I SING no nursery legend,
No famous song of old,
Of the king who in his closet,
Was counting up his gold.

Yet if ye list, dear children,
To hearken to my lay,
I will tell you of such treasures
As none can take away ;

Of jewels for a gala
In safest hiding stor'd ;
And it may be, we together
Are sharers in that hoard.

So listen to a story
Of little ones like you,
Who were boasting of their riches,
As little ones will do.

They were two merry maidens,
Playmates, and cousins dear,
And they spent the day together
In loving-hearted cheer.

With innocent devices
Of game, or plaything new,
The happy hours uncounted sped,
Till a strife between them grew.

One said, " I am the richest,"—
The other said, " Not so,"—
" But I am," said cousin Gertrude,
And Bessie answer'd " No !"

Then each on her small fingers
Would tell her riches o'er,
And their riches in the reckoning
Seem'd ever more, and more.

Now would you know the treasures
They counted with such care?
They were brothers dear, and sisters,
Love's jewels, rich and rare.

And one on earth had fewer,
But she shook her little head,
"For I have a baby sister
With JESUS CHRIST," she said.

With flushing cheek the other,
(An orphan,) made reply,
"I tell you, cousin Gertrude,
You are not as rich as I,

"For I have a little sister,
And a baby brother too,
And a father, and a mother,
In heaven more than you!"

Blame not their childish fancies—
A blessing from above,
For the kingdom's bliss had hallow'd
Each household link of love!

And surely they were wiser
Than some whom I have known,
Counting pennies like a miser,
For treasures of their own.

But still the strife continued,
And each of more would tell ;
While grandparents, aunts, and uncles,
Their treasury serv'd to swell ;

Till Gertrude's gentle mother
Was fain to interfere,
And I know not what she told them,
For I was not there to hear.

I know not what she told them,
But when the tale I heard,
Within me a sweet memory
For a fitting answer stirr'd.

I thought of One Who answer'd,
" FATHER, all Mine are Thine,
And Thine are Mine." O mystery
Of fellowship divine !

Ye children of one FATHER,
So should ye too be one,
That the riches of each sister
Were for both a gladdening won.

Oh, learn ye then Love's lesson,
Till one in mind and heart,
In the kingdom's bliss ye covet,
No happiness apart !

So when before GOD's altar,
Ye count your darlings o'er,
Count ye all your FATHER's children,
And none can number more.

Now, fare ye well, sweet maidens,
And in our FATHER's Home,
May I meet you with your treasures,
Where never thief can come.

And thou, belovèd minstrel,
If thou should'st read my lay,
Think of one who at the Altar
Doth for thy daughter pray,

Till morn shall bring our gladdening,
The rending of the veil,
And the waking up in glory,
CHRIST and His saints to hail.

Till then, the link endureth,
And one in earth, or heaven,
With a trusting heart, we answer,
"CHRIST's household still are *seven*."*

* *Seven*, the perfect number.



WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Two bright young faces lent their smiles
To cheer us all day long—
Two joyous voices fill'd the house
With laughter and with song ;
But sickness came and dimm'd the smile,
And hush'd the voice of glee,
And sad it was in few short hours
Each faded flower to see!

One voice was still'd—the blithesome babe's
Whose fife-like tones rung out
Such joyous response heretofore
To his young brother's shout—

Pale in his snowy shroud he lay,
A consecrated child,
Calm mid our passionate distress,
In meekness undefil'd.

We could not tell the elder child
His playmate dear was gone—
We thought that Willie would not long
Be left on earth alone.
In darken'd chamber far apart,
The little sufferer lay,
But waking up from short repose,
We wondering heard him say,

“I dream'd that baby was with Claude,
And with my sister dear,
And that I heard my brothers ask,
Why is not Willie here?
And then I thought GOD bade them wait
For me awhile, papa,
And I would rather wait for you,
And for my dear mamma.”

I knew the father's anguish'd heart,
Of all but one bereft,
And trembling lest another morn
Might see him childless left ;

Yet calmly to his suffering boy
Of JESUS' love he told,
The Shepherd, Who the little lambs
Doth tenderly enfold.

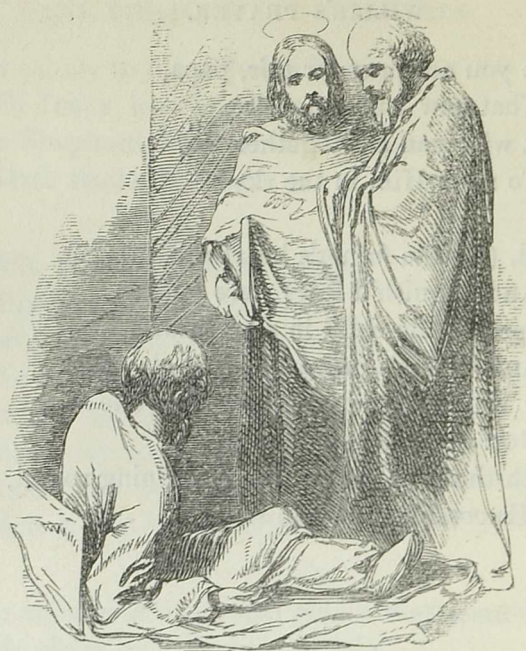
“ Will Willie like papa to kneel
Beside his couch, and pray
That if it be the SAVIOUR'S will
To take him too away,
Then he may meekly bear the pain,
And may not fear to die,
A little lamb whom JESUS calls
Safe in His breast to lie ?”

The child look'd up with glance that seem'd
To chide such thought of grief,
Marvelling, as childhood well may do,
At manhood's unbelief.—
A lifeful glance that sham'd at once
Our faint and faltering prayer,
In radiancy of faith and hope,
That reck'd not of despair.

“ Can you not pray to GOD, papa,
To take away my pain,
And make me well to wait with you
Till JESUS comes again ?

Can you not pray for *this*, papa,
That now I may not die,
But with you all, together, go
To meet Him in the sky?"

And, (for the father's heart was full,
And anguish'd fears were stirr'd)
So pray'd the child in simple faith,
And Willie's prayer was heard—
For Willie sleeps not—spar'd awhile—
GOD grant that it may be
With those he pray'd for, gladd'ning round,
His coming LORD to see!



FREDDY'S WISH.

“ I wish I was a prince, mamma,
With a purse of fairy gold.
A purse that would be always full,
As full as it could hold!
Do you know what I would do, mamma?
Do you know what I would do?
I'd take it with me when I went
To see the poor with you ;

“And then whatever they might want,
They should not want it long,
For I would buy all sorts of things
To make them well and strong.
And I would buy the children toys,
To make them jump for glee—
Oh, with a purse of fairy gold,
How happy I would be!”

“And would a purse of fairy gold
Be such a boon, my boy?
And would it purchase all we want
For comfort and for joy?
'Tis little, love, that gold can buy—
But little, be thou sure!
And better than with purse of gold
The poor can help the poor.”

“Nay, but mamma, the gold would buy
All things to do them good,
Medicine, and food, and fire, and clothes,
You know, mamma, it would!
And many times, you too, mamma,
Are sorrowful, I know,
Because you have not more to give
To those who want it so.”

“They are happy who have gold to give,
Yet others may give more,
Without thy purse of fairy gold,
Without an earthly store.
And listen now, my little boy,
Listen, and I will tell
A truthful story to my child,
Though perchance he knows it well.—

“There was a poor man once, my boy,
A cripple from his birth,
Who never knew how glad it is
To tread this pleasant earth.
O'er Zion Mount—by Siloam's fount,
He could not roam at will,
But where they plac'd him he must lie,
A helpless cripple still.

“And, for the man was very poor,
And quite unable too,
To labour for his daily bread,
As other men might do,
They carried him from day to day,
And at the temple gate
They laid him down in sight of all,
Their pity to create.

“ And Beautiful that gate was call'd,
For it was fair to see,
As still the entrance to GOD'S House,
In faithful eyes should be.
They thought it beautiful, who there
Might enter when they would,
And the poor cripple had rejoic'd
To follow if he could.

“ But sad it was, oh, very sad!
In weakness there to lie,
Craving an alms from day to day
Of those who pass'd him by.
But once the cripple rais'd his eyes,
('Twas at the hour of prayer)
To meet the pitying look of two,
Who came to worship there.

“ One was a man advanc'd in years,
A youthful stranger one,
But on each brow a peace divine,
The gazer's marvel won.
Poor though they seem'd, the cripple knew
By long experience taught,
How often such, an alms bestow'd,
From others vainly sought.

“ He ask'd, and to his piteous plea,
A ready ear they lent,
And 'Look on us,' the elder said,
With steadfast eye intent.
Good heed the cripple gave, an alms
Expecting to receive,
But little knew what heavenly grace
Should all his need relieve.

“ Then Peter told, Silver and gold
Of this world he had none,
But from Apostles of the LORD,
A richer boon was won.
And in the Name of JESUS CHRIST
Of Nazareth, he bade
Arise and walk, while kingly grace,
The kingly words convey'd,

“ For as he took him by the hand
To lift him from the ground,
At once his feet and ankle-bones
Unwonted vigour found;
With sudden bound, he stood, and walk'd,
He trod the temple floor,
Rejoicing in the holy place
His grateful thanks to pour.

“ And never did my darling leap
So lightly o'er this earth,
In health's and freedom's ecstasy,
And boyhood's bounding mirth,
As leap'd the cripple in that hour,
Through faith in CHRIST made whole,
While JESUS' Name, and JESUS' power
With rapture fill'd his soul.

“ And tell me now, my little boy,
If gold or silver e'er
Might with the blessings *poor* ones gave,
Be worthy to compare ?”

“ Oh no, mamma, that was a thing
Of joy and wonder too,
But then, you know, such things as these
No people now can do.

“ My little boy is wondrous wise,
And wiser far than I,
To know what can, or can't be done,
By saints beneath the sky ;
“ And not by power or holiness,”
Said Peter, ‘ of our own
Hath this been done, but by the faith
In JESUS' Name alone.’

“ And still my child, it only needs
Faith in a SAVIOUR'S Name,
To-day, and yesterday, and yet
For evermore the same !
To work on earth the work of GOD,
To give as CHRIST hath given,
Dispensing blessings in His Name,
The royal grace of heaven.

“ And art not thou a prince, my boy,
Son of the heavenly King ?
Thou need'st not sigh for earthly gold
Around this world to fling.
A richer boon is given to thee,
A child's true heart of love,
To win in every time of need
A blessing from above.

“ But lay thy foolish wish aside,
For aught withholden now,
And deeper trace within thy heart,
The token on thy brow.
And when the Church's prayer out tells
The longing of her love,
Then let thy own Amen, my boy,
Be heard with her's above.

“ Remember, *poor yet rich in faith,*
Were JESUS' Saints of old,
' As poor yet making many rich,'
With bounty all untold !
And covet but a faith like their's,
Our SAVIOUR's steps to trace,
Who still through poverty makes rich
' The darlings of His grace.' ”



CHARLIE AND THE SNOWDROPS.

SOFT on earth's lap the sunlight fell,
Through the scarcely budding bowers,
Wooping with breeze, and birds' sweet song,
The springtide flow'rets, shrouded long
From dark and wintry hours.

And here and there an aconite,
Or primrose met the eye,
But not a blossom'd thorn was seen,
Only the laurels ever green,
And Charlie pass'd them by.

There was a grassy nook afar,
And soon as he came there,
He clapp'd his hands, and danc'd about,
While the music of his merry shout
Went sounding through the air.

And sooth it was a pretty sight,
When posies yet were few,
For snowdrops here in many a ring,
Those fairest maidens of the spring,
By tens and twenties grew.

You might have deem'd a fairy's hand
Had prank'd the mossy lawn,
Flinging in gay profusion wild,
Her favours like a sportive child,
And laughing art to scorn.

“Now for a posy,” cried the boy,
And on the ground he knelt,
And joyous as a queen of May,
By handfuls pluck'd the flow'rets gay,
And stuck them in his belt.

So through the sunbright noon he play'd,
And at the hour of prayer,
He sought his aunt, and cried in glee,
“A garland for a girdle, see,
Of snowdrops fresh and fair!”

And gracefully those spotless flowers
 Became his guileless mirth,
Bright as the robe of innocence
Fresh from Baptismal fountain, whence
 His heav'n-lit smile had birth.

“ Am I not white, as white as snow ?
 Look, auntie, look at me !”
And glancing at his girdle gay,
He clasp'd his little hands to pray,
 And bent to GOD his knee.

“ Nay, little child, bethink thee now,
 Who waits thy prayer to hear !
And if those snowy flowers should win
Thy wandering thoughts, it were a sin
 To grieve thy SAVIOUR dear !”

The shadow of GOD'S Presence fell
 Upon the bright young face,
And as His fear within him wrought,
The workings of his earnest thought,
 It was a joy to trace.

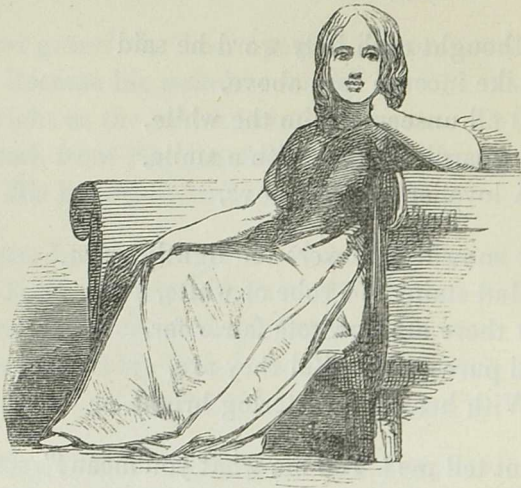
“ I cannot help it,” Charlie said,
 “ But I know what I must do,”
And from his belt the snowdrops tore,
And clasp'd his hands for prayer once more,
 With lowly heart and true.

Methought each holy word he said
Like incense rose above,
And all unseen of him the while,
His guardian angel with a smile,
A lovelier garland wove,

The snowdrop flowers too lightly worn,
Had stain'd his robe of white,
But there are flow'rets fairer far,
And pure as beautiful they are,
With heav'nly glistening bright.

“But tell me! Tell me what you mean!”
Some little one exclaims,
“The snowdrops are so very fair,
That *these* must be beyond compare;
So tell me now their names!”

“Obedient, pure, meek-hearted thoughts,
Taught by GOD'S Spirit now,
These are the flowers, Baptizèd child,
Of fadeless beauty undefil'd,
To grace thy cross-sign'd brow.”



CLEAN WATER.

WRITTEN FOR MARY R——.

“CLEAN water was on Mamie pour’d,”
Did a tiny maiden say,
In the gladness of her guileless heart
On her baptismal day.
She is growing up to womanhood,
A maiden fair and tall,
But the brightness of her open brow
Doth still that word recall.

With a countenance transparent
She looketh in our face,
It needeth but an earnest gaze
Her every thought to trace,

'Tis mirror'd in the maiden's smile,
It glistens in her tear,
For still upon her forehead gleam,
Those drops as crystal clear.

And so sweet Mary, when for thee
To weave a rhyme I sought,
To the cadence of that matin song
Its melody was wrought.

“Clean water was on Mamie pour'd,”
Was sounding in mine ear,
Like the echo of a whisper'd chant
From an angel guardian near.

A token unto faith it seem'd
Of gladness to be given,
When the pure in heart with joy shall see
The face of GOD in heaven.
For ever, Mary, in thy breast
Oh, may that joy endure,
And ever be thy Cross-sign'd brow
As innocent and pure.

Yet forget not—oh! forget not
In thy buoyant-hearted mood,
That the crystal drops flung o'er thee,
Were drops of precious blood!

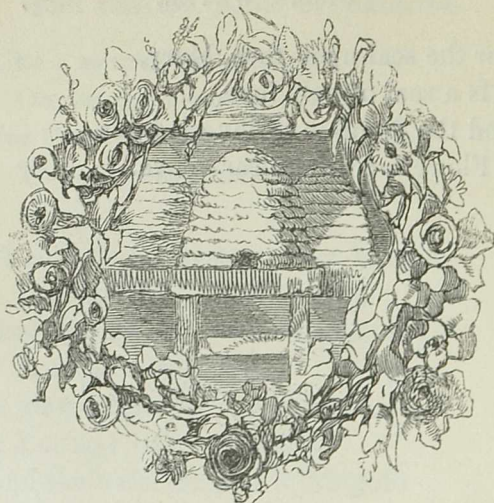
Like a sanctifying shadow
Oh, let the memory be
For the deepening of thy gladness
To "a grave sweet melody."

Thou art very young, sweet Mary,
Unschool'd by grief or care,
And the world around thee seemeth
A sunlit region fair,
A glad bright face thou lovest,
For so I heard thee say,
And the welcome that it bringeth
Is as the flowers of May.

Yet the saintly name thou bearest,
May tell of *one* who knew
In the gladdening of her virgin heart,
A fount of sorrow too.
For a thorny pathway ever
Leads to the kingdom's bliss,
And yet, who for Mary's anguish,
Would Mary's blessing miss?

So, Mary, in the trial hour,
Thou wilt not turn aside;
Clean water hath been pour'd on thee,
In cleanness to abide,

For the seal upon thee, Mary,
Is a seal of holy love,
And the fountain of thy gladness,
Floweth crystal clear above.



A TALK WITH THE BEE.

“Buz, buz, buz,” in the hottest day,
The diligent bee is toiling away,
And Lulie asks what the bee is about,
Ruffling the heather, now in, and now out,
As busy as if he’d the world to make,
And might not a moment’s merriment take.

“Buz, buz, buz,” quoth the little bee,
“Follow who will, but don’t hinder me ;
I have many a flower to rifle yet,
To fill my bag ere the sun be set,
And many a bee is abroad to-day,
So Buz, buz, buz, I’ve no time to stay.”

“Buz, buz, buz,” when the bees come out,
As if in a fury some thief to rout,
And Lulie startles, and wonders why,
But “Buz, buz, buz,” is his sole reply ;
He thought to drink of a nectar'd cup,
And one before him has drunk it up.

“Buz, buz, buz,” there is many a bell,
With store of sweets in its tiny cell,
And while he speeds on his search away,
Shall I tell my Lulie a simple lay
Of one, who marvell'd like her to see
The unwearied toil of the diligent bee ?

I fancy, Lulie, 'twas written by one
Who knew the joy when his work was done,
To be welcom'd home like your dear papa,
By little children, and fond mamma,
With one on each side, and one on each knee,
And a place for all as close as may be.

'Tis a Scotchman's song, but I like it well,
And the difficult words we can easily spell,
We'll set it to music, and merrily then
My Lulie shall sing it again and again,
And the Buz, buz, buz, of the busy bee
Shall the Twang, twang, twang, of a wild harp be.

THE SONG TO THE WILD BEE.

“CANNIE, wee body, wha risest sae early,
And fa'st to thy wark in the morning sae merrily,
Brushing thy boots on the fog at thy door,
And washing thy face in the cup o' a flower,
Welcoming blithely the sun in the east,
Then skimming awa' to the green mountain's
 breast,
Or crooning sae cantie thy sweet simmer sang
While roaming the meadows the sunny day lang.

“Hast thou any bairnies wha claim a' thy care,
That thou must e'en toil though thy banes may be
 sair?
Do they hing round thy wee legs sae weary and
 lame,
A' seeking for guid things when father comes
 hame?
Na doot thou'lt be happy to see them sae fain,
For a kind father aye maun be proud o' his ain;
And their mither will tell how they've wearied
 a' day,
And a' that has happen'd since thou gaedst away.”



GOD MADE IT.

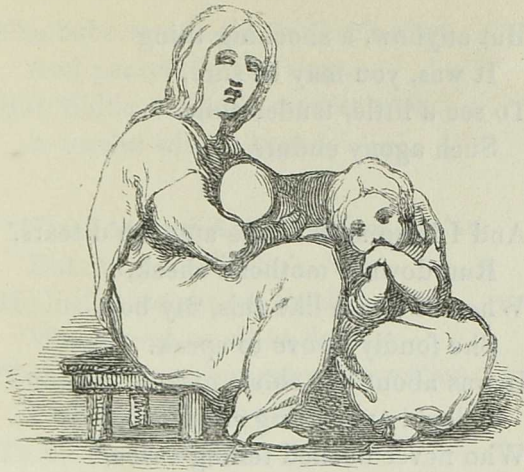
MERRILY sped my little boy
The gravel walk along—
What sight of pity caught his eye,
And check'd his gleeful song?

It was but that a little worm
Lay twisting on the ground;
He might have pass'd regardless by,
Or clear'd it with a bound.

But no! he would not leave it thus,
For heedless foot to tread,
And carefully he took it up
And laid on mossy bed.

“And why did Freddy take such care
The helpless thing to save?”
With half reproving wondering look,
A quick reply he gave.

“GOD made the little worm,” he said—
I knew his meaning well,
And joy'd to think such loving care,
In his young heart should dwell.



PLAYING WITH FIRE.

NAY, nay, my little Arthur, throw
That lighted spell away,
And never, never play with fire,
But mind the words I say,
For many little ones, my boy,
Foolish and young as you,
Have come to die a cruel death,
From doing as you do.

It may have been they were not told
Of danger to beware,
Or heedlessly they had forgot,
Or else they did not care,

But anyhow, a shocking thing
It was, you may be sure,
To see a little, tender child
Such agony endure.

And I have mark'd the anguish'd tears,
Run down a mother's cheek,
When of a tale like this, my boy,
She fondly strove to speak.
It was about her eldest girl,
A lov'd and loving child,
Who never needed telling twice,
Of temper meek and mild.

And I had seen her glad and gay
But few short days before,
With other little ones at play,
Beside her mother's door,
A blue-eyed boy of three years old,
With face of roguish glee,
Was laughing at the merry babe
That crow'd upon her knee.

I came again, and all was chang'd—
The little girl was dead,
And from her younger brother's face
The merry smile was fled,

The babe was in the mother's arms,
And peacefully she slept,
But Willie while his mother spoke
A tearful silence kept.

"'Twas not my Annie's doing, ma'am,
But our poor Willie's, here,
He little thought his childish play
Would cost us all so dear.

'Twas but the other morning, ma'am,
I left the house awhile
To fill the kettle ; coming back
I stood beside the stile.

"'Twas early, and I had not wash'd,
Or dress'd the children yet,
But all was ready to begin,
The tub in order set.

And Annie in her bedgown stood,
Beside the cradle, ma'am,
And Willie play'd before the fire,
And sure he meant no harm !

" But with a lighted straw, the child
Behind his sister came,
And in a minute he had set
Her bedgown in a flame.

I heard a cry—Oh, such a cry!
 I saw the neighbours run,
 And hasten'd back, but all too late,
 The mischief, ma'am, was done.

“The flames were out, but Annie lay
 In anguish on the bed,
 And ‘Mother, Willie meant no harm,’
 Was all the darling said.
 So like a quiet lamb she lay
 Two days in cruel pain,
 And then she nam'd her SAVIOUR'S Name,
 And never spoke again.

“I would not wish her back with us—
 It would be wrong, I know,
 But oh, she was so sweet a child,
 And we do miss her so!
 And then to hear her questions, ma'am,
 They were so wondrous wise,
 That oftentimes her prattle brought
 Tears to her father's eyes.

“And she would take the baby, ma'am,
 And sing a cradle-song,
 If I was busy for an hour,
 And never think it long.

And if we had but bread to eat,
She'd look into my face
With such a smile, and fold her hands
And say her thankful grace,

“ And tell me, ‘ He Who feeds the birds,
Gives daily bread to us,
So, mother dear, we shall not want
While He supplies us thus.’
But she is gone, and Willie frets,
And pines himself away;
I think the child has scarcely ate
A morsel since that day.”

She cover'd up her face and wept,
And Willie at her side,
Hung down his head, and bitterly
For sister Annie cried.
And young as little Willie was,
I thought how long 'twould be
Before his heart would beat again
With childhood's buoyant glee.

And so the mournful tale I tell
For warning to my boy,
That sadness of such sore regret
May never damp his joy.

So never, Arthur, from this day,
Forget mamma's desire,
That you should mind the words I say,
And *never play with fire.*



HAY MAKING.

COME, Mary and Susy,
Come, let us away
To make hay in the meadow,
This beautiful day.

Away down the green lane,
And by the brook side,
To the field that so lately
With flow'rets was pied.

The scent of the mown grass
Comes sweet on the air,
A race then, my darlings,
Who first will get there.

We need not fear wetting
Our feet as we pass,
Where dewdrops at dawning
Were spangling the grass.

'Twill stand up no longer
As high as your knees,
To waver and glisten
In sunshine and breeze.

For the mowers this morning
Were up with the sun,
And long ere we waken'd
Their work was begun,

With forks on their shoulders,
The hay-makers then,
Came to toss the long grass
In the sunshine again.

And hark, what glad voices
So merrily ring!
I doubt not they'll welcome
The helpers I bring.

Here, Thomas and Bessie,
Here, Edward and Ann,
Are two little lasses
To do what they can.

But, Mary, be wary !
That fork will not do ;
'Tis a great deal too heavy
And awkward for you.

Here are wooden forks suited
To each little maid ;
Of iron forks, darling,
I'm somewhat afraid.

So toss the hay lightly,
And when you have done,
A roll in the hay-cock
Is capital fun.

Or if you are lazy,
Why then you may lie
On a couch ready pillow'd
Beneath the blue sky,

And list to the little birds
Twining a song,
While yet trees are leafy
The sunny day long.

A song like June garlands
When roses abound,
And ever unfolding
Some fresh bud is found.

So sport on, my darlings,
With light hearts and free.
It makes my own cheery
To hearken your glee!

Oh, 'tis merry, 'tis merry
In hay-making time,
With songs, and with sunshine,
And flowers in their prime!

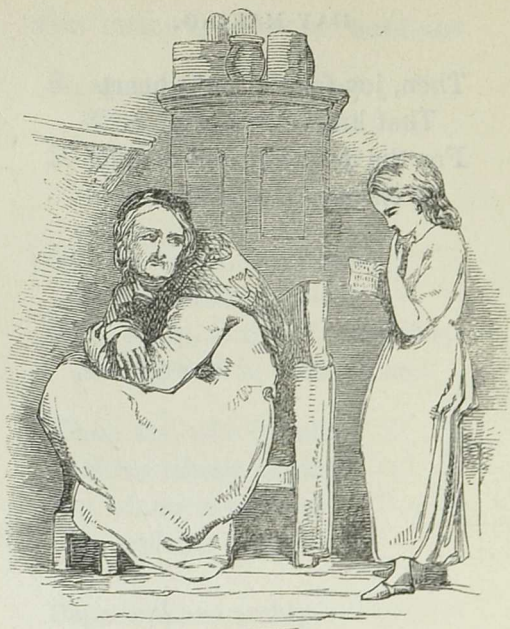
There are, who in folly
Make labour of play,
But labour is pastime
In making of hay.

Papa looks so archly—
I know by his smile
The thoughts that are passing
In his mind meanwhile.

Shall I set them to music
As part of my song?
Then list while I tell them,
And say if I'm wrong.

To make hay in sunshine
Is pleasant enough,
But not when the weather
Is stormy and rough.

Then, joy for the light heart
That knoweth to win,
For the dark day and cloudy
A charm from within!



SKIP AND GO ON.

“SKIP and go on,” as my grandmamma told,
A village dame said to her scholars of old—
When they came to a hard word that puzzled them
sore,
They skipp’d, and went on as wise as before.

“Skip and go on,” might be easily said,
But it left after all the hard words unread,
And I fancy the scholars would find to their cost,
That skip and go on, was a holiday lost.

The work of to-day, if left for to-morrow,
Will double the toil, we shall find to our sorrow,
So pluck up a brave heart, and manfully try
To master the hard words which others pass by.

For trust me, my boy, when the lesson is learn'd,
It is then, and then only the holiday's earn'd,
To take it beforehand, is running in debt,
As lazy ones find, to their cost and regret.



TELLING THE TRUTH.

My little one, my hope, my joy,
I look upon thy brow
To trace the radiant token there
Of thy baptismal vow.

The guileful wisdom of the world
For thee I cannot brook,
Nor that the shadow of untruth
Should dim thy open look.

It may be thou wilt never know
What I have felt for thee,
How sore a pang my heart hath wrung
Thine alter'd ways to see!

For well I knew, my treasur'd one,
How since I saw thee last,
A blight had on my flow'ret breath'd,
A change had o'er thee pass'd.

I knew it by the alter'd tone,
For holy words no more
Seem'd fitted in my darling's lips,
As they had been before.

Only the lip of truth may tell
Of heaven and holy things,
And the quick ear the metal proves,
By how the metal rings.

I cannot bear, my little one,
To hear thee lightly speak
Of what should dim the earnest eye,
And veil the blushing cheek.

Keep silence, love, a little while,
Till holier thoughts return,
And grudge thou not in penitence
Love's reverent fear to learn.

There is a charm to win thee back
 The freshness of thy bloom,
 The stainless beauty of the flower,
 Its sweetness of perfume.

But thou art slow, my little one,
 To own thy fault, and say,
 "LORD, I have sinn'd, my sin forgive,
 For JESUS' sake, I pray."

And yet thou walkest in untruth,
 Till then, my little child,
 And by unreal words and ways,
 Thy white robes show defil'd.

The change when others mark'd it not,
 Hath fill'd my heart with fears,
 And looking in thine eyes, my child,
 My own are dim with tears.

Bethink thee of thine own true words,
 Which but the other day,
 A list'ner when thou knew'st it not,
 I heard my darling say,

For thou didst speak with earnest tone
 Of one who told a lie,
 And JESUS came, and saints arose
 To meet him in the sky.

The angels sang a joyful song,
I heard thee say, my love,
But the little girl who told a lie,
Could not lift her eyes above.

And she was left on earth behind,
To hide her face and pray,
For the lie was on her like a stain
That was not wash'd away.

I listen'd to thy simple tale,
And fondly pray'd for thee,
That in that day no stain unwash'd,
On thy white robe might be.

So when thou doest wrong, my child,
Hide not the shame and grief,
But pour it in a parent's ear,
And seek and find relief.

Thou dost not know how tenderly
A parent's love is fain,
To treasure tears of penitence,
And wash away the stain.

Thy heavenly FATHER, little one,
Thy heavenly Mother dear,
Are nigh in those whom GOD hath given
To be thy guardians here.

Then tell out all, and bow thy head,
And listen not to pride,
But trace His token on thy brow,
Who to redeem us, died.

Fear not confession's med'cin'd shame,
Fear not the bitter smart,
But fear the untruthful word and way,
That wounds a parent's heart.

Yea, tell the truth, belovèd child,
Whatever else you do,
For GOD our FATHER hates a lie—
See that thou hate it too.



A LITTLE CHILD'S QUESTIONS

ABOUT THE BENEDICITE, AND THE GLORIA IN
EXCELSIS.

Do the little birds praise GOD, mamma,
With a merry matin song?

Do they praise Him when the sun goes down
The greenwood bowers among?

Do the shady trees praise GOD, mamma,
The rosebush, and the may?

Do they praise Him with their branches tall,
And with each tiny spray?

Do the blue hills praise the LORD, mamma,
And each little grassy mound?
Do the green fields praise the LORD, mamma,
When the summer breezes sound?
Do the little flowers praise GOD, mamma,
The lily, and the rose,
The daisy stars among the grass,
And everything that grows?

Does the deep blue sea praise GOD, mamma,
With a great and mighty swell?
Does the little brook His praise, mamma,
In every ripple tell?
Do sun and moon praise GOD, mamma,
And tiny twinkling star?
Is the sounding of their praise, mamma?
The light that shines so far?

Do all GOD'S creatures praise the LORD?
All things that He hath made?
The lion with its lordly roar
That makes one feel afraid?
And the bleating of the little lamb,
And the tiny insect's hum—
Are they all a voice of praise, mamma,
Is there nothing that is dumb?

Do they praise Him both for sunny shine,
And for their daily food?
Do they praise Him with the breath He gives,
Because He is so good?
Is joyfulness GOD'S praise, mamma?
I'm merry when I sing,
And in the Bible I have read
Praise is a pleasant thing.

But what is giving thanks, mamma?
Is it to tell His love,
Who sent to die and rise again
The SAVIOUR from above?
Is it a graver joy, mamma,
A very solemn thing,
When at the holy Eucharist
The 'glory' hymn we sing?

And do we praise GOD then, mamma,
As no one else can do?
And learn and sing before His face
The song that GOD calls "*new*?"
I am not merry then, mamma,
I'm more than merry then,
And I long for Sunday to return
To sing that song again!

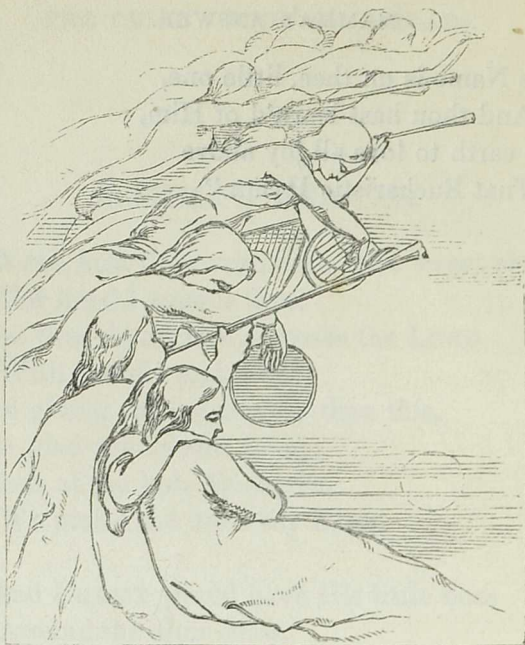
MAMMA'S ANSWER.

“WELL hast thou said, mine own sweet child,
Nor need I answer thee,
That thus do all things praise the LORD
With melody and glee.
And giving thanks *is* more than this,
A glad yet solemn thing;
When at the holy Eucharist,
We praise the heavenly King.

“And CHRIST would have His little ones
Around the altar draw,
And blend their voices in the song
That thrills thee with such awe.
It may be that the angels hush
Their melody to hear
The voices of GOD'S ransom'd ones,
In mercy brought so near.

“For not to angels is it given
Such brotherhood to claim,
With Him Who was of Mary born,
And Holy is His Name.

His Name is on thee, little one,
And thou hast learn'd of Him,
On earth to love all joy above
That Eucharistic Hymn."



MUSIC BY NIGHT ;

OR,

A TALE OF A LITTLE BOY AT EDINBURGH.

IT was a mother's touching tale—
A mother's of her boy,
And in the telling, her pale cheek,
Flush'd up with heavenly joy.

She told me how her little son
Had woke her in the night,
But not as startled children wake,
With cry of wild affright.

With hush'd yet eager voice he spoke,
And softly touch'd her arm,
While word and touch her spirit thrill'd
With sweet unearthly calm.

“Hark, hark, mamma! How sweetly sounds
Heaven's music in mine ear,
Sounds as of angel trumpeters,
Now distant, and now near!”

“I hear it not,” the mother said,
“But it may be that thou
Of music such as angels make,
Wert dreaming even now—”

“Nay, but, mamma, I hear it still,
So solemn and so grand,
Holy as music in the church,
Yet of a martial band.”

The mother listen'd, but in vain,
Nor long the vigil kept,
For soon soft pillow'd by her side,
The little dreamer slept.

O'ershadowed as by angel wings,
Together they repos'd,
Till rous'd once more by Eddy's call,
Her weary lids unclos'd.

“ Oh, waken up, my own mamma,
And listen once again,
For louder, nearer than before,
I hear that heavenly strain;

“ I hear it, as I heard it once
When all was hush'd beside,
And in the still and solemn night
My little sister died.

“ Hark ! like a trumpet's stirring call,
I hear it overhead—
And is it like the archangel's trump
That soon shall wake the dead,

“ When Mary Ann with joyful haste
Back to our arms shall spring,
And all the air with angel-songs
And angel music ring ?”

“ How can I answer thee, my boy,
Of sounds I may not hear,
Though in the stillness well I know
That angel hosts are near ;

‘ And it may be, mine own sweet child,
That unto thee is given
In fearless innocence to list
The trumpet tones of heaven—”

“Hush, hush, mamma,” the child exclaim’d,
“Hush!” and he listen’d on,
Till gentle sleep the mastery
O’er weariness had won :

But freshly at his waking hour
That memory return’d,
And yet again those tones to hear,
With strong desire he burn’d.

“And tell me now, my own mamma,”
Her little Eddy said,
“If earthly trumpets sound like those,
That woke me on my bed ?

“We have no trumpets in the church
To sound so glad and grand,
But let me to the castle go
To hear the soldiers’ band.”

The mother smil’d, but fondly gave
To Eddy’s wish consent,
And mark’d her darling’s thoughtful brow
In listening mood attent,

What time the Highland band rang out
A spirit-stirring strain,
While ever at the trumpet’s sound
The eager boy was fain ;

Yet at the close he shook his head,
And answer'd with a sigh,
"They are not like those trumpets *though*,
That sounded in the sky."

And do not let the wise ones laugh
At Eddy's childish thought,
When on that day a man of GOD
To him a trumpet brought.

Such gift by priestly hands bestow'd,
He fondly deem'd might be
A heav'n-sent token to recall
That midnight minstrelsy.

Yet ere he put it to his lips,
His knee to GOD he bent,
To thank Him for the goodness that
Each childish gladdening sent.

But Eddy found he might not wake
Those wondrous tones at will,
For heavenly echoes thence to win,
Surpass'd his childish skill.

He look'd into his mother's face,
A shadow dimm'd his brow,
But looks that met and read his own,
Dispers'd it even now.

“’Tis but a plaything, dear mamma,
And though I like its sound,
It does not like those trumpets make
My heart within me bound.”

“I know it well, yet wait awhile,
A little while, my boy,
And angel trumpeters again
Shall wake the thrill of joy.”

Full many a day hath pass’d away
Since then in shine and shade—
The gentle one who told the tale,
Low in the dust is laid—

Low with her little ones at rest,
Sisters and brothers small,
While Eddy listens yet by night
To hear the archangel’s call.

’Tis but the shadow of the night
That veils each loving face,
Morn shall restore the long’d for joy,
The fervent, fond embrace.

So, Eddy, when thy heart is sad,
Bethink thee, morn is near,
When all thy lov’d ones shall awake
Those trumpet tones to hear.



ROMANUS AND THE CHILD.

A STORY OF MARTYRDOM.

It was a little Christian child,
Beside his mother stood,
What time a holy martyr seal'd
His witness with his blood.

A piteous sight it was to see,
For such a babe, I ween,
Though dauntless was the martyr's heart ;
And dauntless was his mien.

“And mark, my boy,” the mother said,
“How Christian soldiers fight;
And see how JESUS CHRIST can clothe
With more than mortal might.

“O blessed wounds, endur’d for Him!
How gloriously they shine,
While every earnest feature glows
With majesty divine!

“No comrades’ voices urge him on,
No clarion call of cheer,
But angel songs unheard by us,
Are sounding in his ear.

“And visions of the Blessed One
Are to the martyr given—
The Crucified, the Glorified
Looks down from yon blue heaven!”

Pale with the fervour of his thought,
In angel brightness fair,
The little child the closer clasp’d
His hands in silent prayer.

“Look ye,” the blessed martyr cried,
“How when your worst is done,
In this my body rent and torn,
CHRIST’S victory is won.

“As many wounds as ye have given,
 So many mouths have I
 The triumphs of His Cross to tell,
 And praise the LORD Most High.”

“Cease from thy folly,” cried the judge,
 “And talk of CHRIST no more,
 A GOD of yesterday is thine,
 The emperor's gods adore.”

“And call ye then the Crucified
 A GOD of yesterday?
 Yet bring me here a little child,
 And mark what such will say.”

Was it a mother's weakness dimm'd
 That listening mother's brow,
 To read the look that met her own
 With brightening lustre now?

“Hush thee, my boy,”—“Nay, let me speak,
 Sweet mother, let me go—
 A little one by CHRIST made strong,
 Shall still the taunting foe.

“Oh, mother dear, I would not fear,
 To combat by his side,
 And in the might that JESUS gives
 The torturing scourge abide.

“ See, mother, see, he beckons me !
To keep me back were wrong—
Forbid me not the martyr’s crown,
The martyr’s joyful song !”

His was no heart to turn aside,
No soon repented word—
Bless’d of his mother, forth he press’d
To witness for his LORD.

Back shrank the multitude in awe,
That such a babe should dare
To answer to the martyr’s call,
The martyr’s lot to share.

Fear’d not Romanus, for his age
In sufferings sore untrain’d ?
Nay, for from babe’s and suckling’s tongue
He knew the strength ordain’d.

In heart he bless’d him, as the child
Drew nigh with reverence meet,
And fain had knelt him down to kiss
The martyr’s bleeding feet.

“ Speak, master, speak, for I am here
To answer at thy call,
Ask me, and I will answer thee,
Here in the sight of all.”—

“Tell me, my babe, in His dear Name,
 Who yet thy faith shall crown,
 Are there gods many, or but One
 To whom we should bow down?”

“Master, there is one only GOD,
 Blessed for evermore,
 And JESUS CHRIST is GOD'S dear SON,
 Whom only we adore.

“FATHER, and SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Eternal Three in One.
 Such was the faith my mother taught,
 Ye people, to her son.”—

And while in meekest majesty
 His lips the truth proclaim'd,
 Those heathen men were fain to blush,
 Before a child asham'd.

“Where is thy mother? she shall see
 Her lesson's bitter fruit,
 And learn in agony to wish
 Her babe had aye been mute.”

The cruel scourge the child endur'd,
 His mother standing by—
 The torturers turn'd to hide a tear,
 Joy glisten'd in her eye.

Yet once, once only from her boy

A cry of weakness burst,

“ Oh give me but a moment’s ease!

Bring water, for I thirst.”

“ Nay, crave thou not, faint-hearted one,

Another cup to drink!

Of Bethlehem’s martyr’d innocents,

Of duteous Isaac, think!

“ Courage, my child, for His dear sake,

Who bore the cross for thee,

And if thou thirst, His martyr’s cup

Shall for refreshment be :

“ A sweeter draught, my babe, than e’er

I gave thee from my breast!

And in thy SAVIOUR’S bosom soon

My little one shall rest.—

“ Pluck they the hair from off thy head?

Grudge not the suffering now!

A crown of glory CHRIST shall place

Upon my darling’s brow.”

O Christian mothers, had ye borne

In like affliction tried,

A child’s beseeching, suffering cry,

In words like these to chide?

Ye, who of self-denial deem
 As of a bygone thing,
 How can ye train your little ones
 For CHRIST the Martyr's King ?

Ye, who refuse not aught they crave,
 And spare the chastening rod,
 How can ye when He calleth, yield
 Your Isaacs unto GOD ?

Nor think that mother's heart was form'd
 Of sterner mood than your's—
 Love was her strength, the Love that still
 For JESUS' sake endures.

In prison cast, the child at last
 Release from suffering won,
 But not before the morning might
 The mother clasp her son.

Oh what a depth of love untold
 O'erflow'd in that embrace—
 "CHRIST'S sealèd one, in glory yet
 I shall behold thy face !"

She gave him to the headsman's axe,
 And with his parting breath
 Rang out the mother's joyful song
 Of victory over death ;

Faint echo of a song to wake
The dwellers in the dust,
Though yet awhile earth's sepulchres
Retain their precious trust.

And how did good Romanus share
The mother's holy joy,
Sending before her unto GOD
Her bless'd, her martyr'd boy!

A longer strife remain'd for him,
To agony inur'd,
But for the joy before him set,
The steadfast saint endured.

The fire they kindled to consume,
Was quench'd by heav'n-sent rain—
The tongue torn out that told of CHRIST,
The martyr spake again,

“*Thus* vainly would ye seek to still
The hallelujah song,
Behold, to speak of CHRIST the LORD,
It needeth not a tongue!”

They brought him to the prison back,
As though they might not brook
Upon their coward deed of shame
The eye of day to look.

And there by murderous hands he died,
 In glory yet to rise,
 When CHRIST shall summon all His saints
 To meet Him in the skies.

So did the martyrs fall on sleep,
 When faith's good fight was fought,
 And who shall say what work like theirs,
 Remaineth to be wrought ?

O Christian child, I call on thee
 Through faith in JESUS' Name,
 Fearless before a scoffing world,
 His glory to proclaim !

Yet must the spark of faith be nurs'd
 With mother's holiest care,
 And many a thorny path be trod
 In penitence and prayer ;

Ere with the martyr's eagle ken,
 The martyr's quenchless zeal,
 Thou too shalt win the onward way,
 Seal'd with the SPIRIT'S seal.



HEROES AND SAINTS.

“Do you think, mamma, that when I grow up
I shall be a hero bold,
Like those of whom I delight to hear,
The great, and the good of old?”

“I would like to be a brave boy, mamma,
And I would not mind for pain,
But if any one gave me a blow, mamma,
I’d give it him back again.”

“For I would not like that any should say
 ‘*He is but a coward*, you know,
 But I’d fight for my friends through thick and
 through thin,
 And be ready to face each foe.”

“And is that your dream of a hero, boy?
 It might do for a heathen child,
 But tell me how does it suit, my boy,
 The vow of a Christian child:
 To take up his cross and follow his LORD,
 The Lowly and Undefil’d?”

“But Christians are soldiers sometimes, mamma,
 And a soldier must learn to fight,
 And a boy that never return’d a blow
 Would be laugh’d to scorn outright.

“He’d be called a Molly all days of his life,
 And you know that would not do,
 Though I never would fight in a cause, mamma,
 That was not good and true.

“I would like to fight in a noble cause,
 Like a Red Cross Knight of old,
 I would like to fight in that battle, mamma,
 Of which the clergyman told.

“’Twas the battle of Armageddon, I think,
And it made me long the more
To grow up a valiant and mighty man,
Like an Israelite of yore.

“Like Joshua, and Samson, and Jephtha, you
know,
And many more saints beside,
Who lov’d the LORD and His people too,
And stood on the rightful side.”

“There are other battles to fight, my boy,
Ere the battle of which you speak;
There are battles which none can win, my boy,
But the lowly in heart and meek;
There are battles in which earth’s mightiest
fail,
And the strong ones are the *weak*.

“There’s a battle, my boy, with the world’s rude
laugh
At the lessons our SAVIOUR taught,
And many a battle with self before
We do only the things we ought,
A battle which not for the praise of man,
Is in secret, and silence fought.

“There are those whom the world counts heroes,
love,

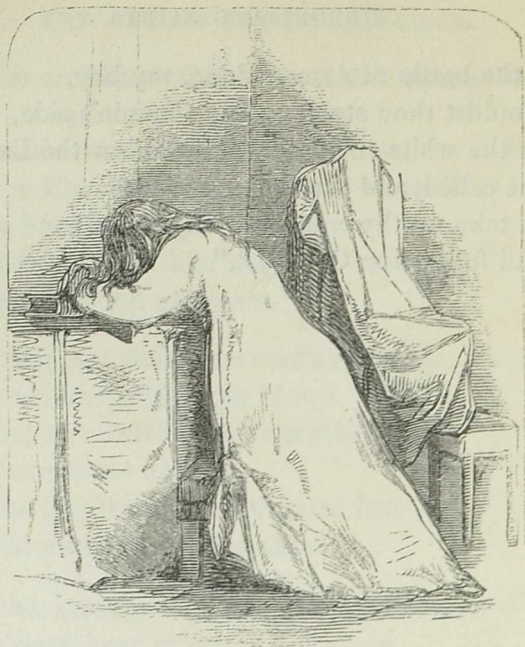
And the world will praise her own,
But the Christian hero, my boy, will seek
His honour from GOD alone,
Nor grudge to be like his LORD on earth,
Unnotic'd and unknown.

“He may not shun a coward's reproach
By rendering blow for blow :
He may not strive with an earthly arm
To overcome his foe,
But the gentleness of unwearied love
Must his royal lineage show.

“For an earthly name, for the hero's fame,
He must bear reproach and scorn,
And for crown of laurel, content him here,
With a crown of prickly thorn,
Winning the meed of a Red Cross Knight
By the cross in meekness borne.

“And such an one thou wert pledg'd to be
By the sign on thy infant brow,
And not for ought that the world esteems,
May'st thou shrink from thy calling now,
Steadfast in faith, in hope, and in love,
Fulfilling thy Christian vow.

“ In the battle of Armageddon, my boy,
Wouldst thou stand on thy Captain's side,
With the white-rob'd hosts that follow the Lamb,
The callèd, and chosen, and tried?
Then take up thy cross, denying thyself,
And follow the Crucified.”



THE MAIDEN'S VEIL.

O MAIDEN, with thy childlike heart,
And thy quickly glowing cheek,
Whose changeful hue, and tearful smiles,
Each varying feeling speak.

Thy heart is ever on thy lips,
And thy soul beams in thine eye,
Where wilt thou look around to find
Such quick warm sympathy?

The selfish ways of this rude world,
How will thy young heart brook ?
Will not her dim dark shadow steal
O'er that open, sunny look ?

How canst thou mark the chilling smile,
The courtesy constrain'd,
Yet keep thine own as bright the while,
As gladsome, and unfeign'd ?

The pulses that so quickly dance,
Must be by anguish school'd—
The dove-like heart-appealing glance
Must droop by wisdom rul'd—

The tears that now so freely flow,
For lonely hours reserv'd—
The blushes that so warmly glow,
In thy heart's folds preserv'd.

Yet, Christian maiden, thine must be
No heartless stoic's smile ;
The serpent's wisdom thou must learn,
Yet hate the serpent's guile.

And nestled in thy bosom, hide
The Holy Harmless Dove,
For thine must be a martyr's heart,
A martyr's quenchless love.

Maiden, there is a shadowing *veil*
To wrap thee round from harm,
To keep thy virgin heart from blight,
In truthful meekness warm.

A gift from Him Who was Himself
Of meekest, lowliest heart,
Of Him, Whose Name is named on thee,
One of Whose bride thou art.

Humility, His love should teach
To one so dearly bought,
Remembrance of forgiving Love,
Surpassing human thought—

Humility, that ever dwells
With contrite thoughts within,
Nor turns her tearful eyes to look
Upon another's sin.

Each chilling breath of this bleak world,
Each heartless, cruel word,
Should but awake within thy heart
A memory of thy LORD,

A memory of His broken heart,
Whose love endureth still,
Unquench'd by all the bitter floods
Of hatred, scorn, and ill!

Think if thy love meet cold return,
How hast thou *His* repaid!
Thy Brother's heart of quickest pulse,
How oft to suffer made!

And yet He blesses in His grief,
His countenance benign,
Still wears sweet mercy's pitying smile
Upon thy path to shine!

Then, maiden, learn of Him to love
The loveless and unkind,
And keep thine open sunny smile
With meek and quiet mind.

Be *Humbleness of mind the veil*
Drawn closely round thee still,
To keep thine eyes from seeing wrong,
Thine ears from hearing ill:

But in thy secret chamber kneel
When none but GOD is near,
And pour thy overflowing heart
In His indulgent ear.

To Him thy blushing face unveil,
And tell thy sorrows o'er,
Nor keep one rankling thought conceal'd
To vex thy bosom's core.

Yes, keep for Him thy flowing tears,
Thy spirit's depths of love,
And clothe thy fair young face in smiles
Fresh borrow'd from above,

From Him, Whose glory on thee shed,
Shall cause thy face to shine
In angel-majesty of love,
In meekness all divine.

Oh! ne'er might charméd mantle lend
As fabling poets sing,
Such royal dignity to grace
The daughter of a king.

So in this rude and thankless world,
Sweet maiden, thou shalt be
A witness for that Blessed One,
Who gave Himself for thee.

“He is to thee for a covering of the eyes.”



TO MAMMA ON HER LITTLE GIRL'S
BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

MOTHER, in thy gladness blest,
Fold thy darling to thy breast,
Cherish'd as a gift Divine !
While the sacramental sign,
Trac'd upon her youthful brow,
Tells thee of her holy vow,
And the crown of platted thorn,
Once by Him Who claims her, worn !

Shrink not from its holy lore !
Tell her of the saints of yore,
Till she strong in spirit grow,
Following where their footprints show.
So shall mother's heav'n-taught love
Shield, support, and solace prove,
Leading on from day to day,
In the strait and narrow way.

Soon her little feet shall glide
Lightly onwards by thy side,
And thine own baptismal strain
From her lips be learn'd again.
Freshness of the dewy morn,
Round thee from her presence borne,
While the sign of grace shall shed
Brightening halo round her head.

Tell me not, for well I know
Earthlier visions brightly glow ;
Hard to bid her turn aside,
Follower of the Crucified !
From the bowers with rosebuds rife,
From the pomps and pride of life,
Reckless of the gauds of earth,
Mindful of her heavenly birth !

Yet, oh yet, beloved friend,
 Holier thoughts shall succour lend !
 Yet, oh, yet remember thou,
 Doubly consecrated now
 Is the object of thy care,
 Spar'd in answer to thy prayer ;
 Left in this bad world, to be
 Kept in spotless purity !

Watching by thy child's sick bed
 When thine earthly hopes were fled,
 By a mother's anguish'd fears,
 By the infant sufferer's tears,
 As in feebleness she lay
 Fading from our sight away,—
 GOD hath school'd thy woman's heart
 For the Christian mother's part !

By a more than mother's love,
 By a hope all hopes above,
 By the shadow thou hast known
 O'er thine earthly joyance thrown—
 Covet not for that fair brow
 Other than the thorn-wreath now ;
 Nor with worldly lures offend
 One whom holy angels tend !

Young, fond mother, is the thought
 With too much of sadness fraught,
 While within thy yearning heart
 Human weakness claims a part?
 Yea, I know how we would fain
 Spare our lov'd ones aught of pain!
 Not a wish would we deny,
 Not a cloud should dim their sky!

Sweetest flowers of every hue
 We would o'er their pathway strew,
 Till the blighted earth might seem
 Lovely as a fairy dream;
 And the Cross, which, brought too near,
 Might arouse a thought of fear,
 Be but like a pictur'd scene,
 Dimly in the distance seen!

Tenderer, truer love than our's
 Clouds the sky and fades the flowers!
 Dreamlike ease and bliss suit not
 Little ones to CHRIST devote;
 And His lov'd ones, be thou sure!
 Sorrow's chastening must endure,
 Till they gladlier clasp the Cross,
 Counting all besides but loss.

Seems our lesson all too stern
 For thy little child to learn ?
 Nay, but in her weakness she
 Stronger than ourselves may be,
 Drinking in with childlike faith
 Whatsoe'er her teacher saith,
 While, as yet undimm'd by earth,
 Shines the seal of heav'nly birth !

Oft have mothers fondly sought,
 (In the saintly school untaught)
 With earth's fading flowers to hide
 Tokens of the Crucified !
 Dearly was their rosewreath bought,
 Grievous wrong their folly wrought,
 For the wreath that veil'd the sign,
 Quench'd its radiancy Divine !

Wiser thou ! fling far away
 Fashions of an evil day ;
 Steadfast in true hearted love,
 Point thy darling's hopes above ;
 Teach her unasham'd to trace
 On herself the sign of grace,
 For, of holy innocence,
 All the brightness radiates thence.

Sister, by thine own sweet lay,*
 Chanted in an early day
 O'er a lov'd one, young and fair,
 Breathing out her childhood's prayer,
 Sure I am that thou wouldst not
 Change in aught thy darling's lot,
 Nor, to win earth's fairest gem,
 Risk the martyr's diadem!

Therefore, in thy gladness blest,
 Fold her to thy yearning breast,
 Cherish'd as a gift Divine!
 While the sacramental sign,
 Glistening on her uprais'd brow,
 Tells thee of her Christian vow,
 Of the crown of thorns, but more
 Of the unfading crown in store!

* The reference is to a poem in "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," in which are these lines,

"And oh! I would not change thy lot,
 To place earth's fairest gem
 Upon the brow, where yet may shine
 The martyr's diadem."



MARY ANN.

FROM HER MOTHER'S ACCOUNT.

I.

A LITTLE child with outstretch'd arms
Before the window stood,
Upgazing at the starry sky,
In rapt ecstatic mood.

A beauty wondrous to behold
 Her cherub features wore ;
 She seem'd as newly wing'd for heaven,
 In JESUS' track to soar.

She had not seen five summers yet
 Upon this faded earth,
 And freshly on her forehead gleam'd
 The dew of heavenly birth.
 Unconscious of her mother's look
 Of awed yet glad surprise,
 Upward she gaz'd, as heaven had lent
 Its brightness to her eyes.

I know not if the memory
 Within her bosom stirr'd,
 Of holy psalm in GOD'S own house,
 Erewhile at vespers heard ;
 But thus she spoke, in words that seem'd
 By inspiration given,
 And tones whose music well might still
 The angel-harps of heaven—

Sweet SAVIOUR, sore
 We pine for Thee,
 And we long once more
 Thy face to see ;

For the night is long,
 When shall we hear
The angels' song,
 So sweet and dear ?

Since Thou didst go,
 It is dark below,
Though stars shine bright
 Through the weary night ;
We long for dawn,
 For the songs of morn,
When Thou again
 Shalt be seen of men !

O, Blessed LORD,
 We long for Thee,
To hear Thy word,
 And Thy face to see !
And Thou saidst on night
 Should Thy glory burst ;
“ *But the paths of light
 Must be walk'd in first.*”*

* These were the child's own words.

II.

She said to me, "Is the Bread and Wine a very solemn thing, mamma? Is it the Body and the Blood of the LORD? Will you ask Mr. — to give it to me? Did you get it to strengthen the good life, mamma? I would like to get it to strengthen the spirit GOD gave to me when I was baptized, for I cannot be quite good till I get the chief way that GOD takes to strengthen the good spirit."

Tell me, mamma, that Bread and Wine
Which they gave you, was it most Divine?
Was that Bread the Body, that Wine the Blood
Of our LORD Himself, and our heavenly food?

I can't be quite holy, mamma, I think,
Till that Bread and that Cup I eat and drink,
Though in holy baptism I was made
GOD's own dear child, and in white array'd.

The good life He gave me, wants the food
Of that holy Body, that holy Blood;
And I would be holy, I would be strong,
To do GOD's will, and to sing His song.

O, dear mamma, is not this GOD's way
To feed and strengthen us day by day?
Will you ask the Priest to give it to me,
That good and holy I too may be?

III.

Oh, the Spirit of GOD upon me came
 When I was baptiz'd in the Holy Name!
 The Spirit of GOD on the water mov'd,
 To make me His child, His dearly lov'd.

He blessed me then, and He blesses me now,
 And I know the seal that is on my brow;
 The seal of my SAVIOUR, Who died for me,
 That holy and happy I too might be!

I am GOD's for ever, and on my head
 Still rests the blessing in baptism shed;
 And soon will He take me with Him to dwell
 In joy and in peace that no words can tell.

I will thank Him, then, as I cannot now—
 As I fain would do, but I know not how,
 For all the joy and the love I know
 Come down from Him, Who hath lov'd me so.

IV.

“Oh, mamma, I may well thank God for such a papa;
 there never was so kind a papa made on this earth!” And
 then, with a lower tone and deeper look, “There is just One
 kinder, that is God, mamma. Has He more love than all
 fathers and mothers? Is it just His love they love with?”

“Oh, my own mamma, my sweet mamma, my dear mamma, my gentle mamma, my meek mamma, my kind mamma! Many, many a time I thank GOD for giving me you for my mamma; it gladdens me with all the gladness that is in my heart.”

I lay often on a sofa in the sun, and she wandered like a breeze among the walks and flower-beds, “singing to the larks,” or “always thinking on GOD,” as she said; and then with an overflowing heart she would come to me, saying, “Oh, mamma, I never could have conceived of such a GOD as GOD is!” And then she would thank Him that He was such a GOD.

Was there never made such a kind papa
As GOD has given me, dear mamma?
There is just One kinder, and only One—
Our FATHER in heaven and His dear SON!
Do fathers and mothers their little ones love
With the love that is given by GOD above?

And you, too, mamma, my own sweet mamma,
My loving, my gentle, my meek mamma!
I thank GOD many a time, I do,
With a joyful heart for giving me you,
And making so kind a mamma my own,
The dearest and best that ever was known.

Yet I love to think, GOD is kinder far
Than kindest fathers and mothers are!

And I like with Him in my heart to talk,
When among the flower-beds I take my walk.
There is none so good and so gracious, none!
And I thank Him that He is such an One.

V.

“I can understand quite well, mamma, how you are kind when you don't give us things, as well as when you give us things; for GOD gave us to you to keep us from things, if He knew that they would hurt us. Did you know that GOD could be kind when He took your children away, mamma? And were you very lonely without them? And did GOD comfort you with His own love? And did you know that He would keep them safer and happier than you could, mamma? And were you glad, glad, when He sent your own little girl to comfort you? Oh, mamma, it joys my very heart to be a comfort to my own mamma! And could you be glad yet, mamma, if I was to go to JESUS? I would indeed like to go, and I would like papa, and you, and E. to go too: and when the LORD comes, we'll all be together,—all mamma's four children.”

“I was thinking that GOD had made me very happy and good to-day, because you were so ill, that I might comfort you. And have you great delight in your children, mamma? And I asked GOD to make me *gooder* to-morrow than I am to-day.”

Did GOD give me to you when you were sad,
To comfort your heart, and to make you glad?
And it makes my own beat with such delight
To please mamma, when I do what is right,

And I pray GOD ever His grace to give,
To make me *gooder* each day I live!

When GOD took your children, my own mamma,
Did He comfort you and my dear papa?
And did you know that He lov'd you still,
Though He took them hence in His perfect will?
As I know *your* love, when you take from me
Things that I like, which might hurtful be!

My own mamma, will you think that day,
When GOD takes me too for a time away,
That He loves you still with a love so dear,
That you may not grudge, and you may not fear,
Till JESUS comes, and in glory then
Mamma and her children meet again.

VI.

The Sunday before she took ill, we were talking all day of the resurrection. Her interest was intense. "Oh, mamma, that will be the spring of springs; there will be the plants of God's garden, mamma, and they will never die: that will be the glorious spring!"—Marvellously she grew in spiritual stature,—so exquisite her unfolding beauty, so enlarged her perception of love.

She wander'd forth, like a gentle breeze
Among the flowers and the shadowy trees,

Singing to GOD her heaven-taught hymn,
And *talking*, as she would say, with Him.

Angels, methinks, might rejoice to hear
The guileless outpouring of thoughts so dear,
In words that she told us, by GOD were given,
And they seem'd an echo of songs of heaven.

Lovelier and lovelier she seemed to grow,
Unlike to aught we had seen below—
Her joy the joy that GOD'S Presence brings,
And all her musings on heavenly things!

The words are treasur'd in memory still,
Which, the day before she was taken ill,
Told of the glad resurrection day,
And of fairer flowers than the flowers of May.

What a brightness gleam'd in her gentle eye,
As she uttered the words, "They will not die!
The flowers of GOD'S garden will fadeless be,
In that glorious springtide we long to see!

"Our hearts will be glad in that spring of springs
When JESUS cometh, the King of Kings—
O then! mamma, 'twill be joy for ever,
Gladness, and beauty, and glory for ever!"

VII.

She often looked upward sweetly, and raising her hand, pointed steadily in the same direction with that full and intelligent satisfied look, that tells of shadows broken through and substance realised,—so like my little A., that I saw what was coming.

“The LORD made a great calm. I said to Him—

O LORD my GOD ! do Thou Thy holy will,
I will be still, &c.”

Again and again she pointed upward with brightening gaze. She held my hand in hers, and drew me near to kiss her, and she was gone ! And she has left a fragrance of holy love and joy that may well embalm our hearts, till the time which was the point and centre of all her existence, *the coming of the LORD*.

The little one lay on her dying bed—
GOD'S bosom pillow'd her heavy head ;
The gentle mother was standing by,
Listening her lov'd one's latest sigh.

What sight of joy to the child was given,
As the small weak hand was stretch'd to heaven ?
Again and again she pointed there,
With a pale bright face, like an angel's, fair.

She might not speak, but she gently drew
Her mother's hand for a last adieu—

One kiss of love, and the spirit fled,
And the mother bent o'er her precious dead.

But the peace of GOD was a fragrant balm,
And the loving heart in its grief was calm—
“ My FATHER, my GOD, do Thine holy will,
For I know Thy love, and I trust Thee still !”

A PARTING RHYME.

ANOTHER rhyme I fain would weave,
Or e'er I say, Farewell,
For on my last, as on my first,
A funeral shadow fell.

Nor would I that my lays should end
With one that breathes of gloom,
Wronging the Hope that loveth not
To linger by the tomb.

So let me weave another rhyme
A parting smile to win,
A rhyme of hope, though, April like,
The joy in tears begin.

Yet memories of spring flow'rets pluck'd,
Each in their dewy prime,
Of "Little Kate," and "Mary Ann,"
Are blending with this rhyme.

One slumbers in a nameless grave
Beside the chancel walls,
Where high above my native town
S. Mary's shadow falls.

A shrouded secret must the grave
Of little Kate remain,
For they are gone who might have told
The spot oft sought in vain.

I only know what time I stand
Beside that Gothic aisle,
The shine or shade that falls on me
Falls on her couch the while.—

A village church-yard in the west
With wistful eye I pac'd,
To mark the grave of "Mary Ann,"
And no memorial trac'd.

But when I griev'd to miss the spot
Where precious seed was sown,
The glory of the summer heaven
Was on the landscape thrown ;

And answer to myself I made,
"Love's mystery is wise
To win from earth a mourner's look
To yonder sunlit skies,"

Far in the blue serene I look'd,
While joy, and peace, and love,
Fell on me, like a benison
From cloudless heights above.

And thoughts came o'er me how e'en thus
Disciples gaz'd of old
Up into heaven, as fain to see
Its gates once more unfold.

Nor turn'd they to their work on earth,
Till angel words of cheer
Assur'd them that the Ascended One
Should thus again appear.

And now to tell a dreamlike tale
Of evening and of morn,
Of weeping that with night endures,
And joy with daylight born—

Methought a lonely maiden knelt
Love's earnest prayer to pour
Before the altar, while her tears
Fell on the chancel floor.

For many a shrouded little one,
For many a saint she wept,
Nor knew that others by her side
Unseen the vigil kept.

In stillness of the holy place
Grief's fountain was unseal'd,
Thoughts treasur'd in her heart's recess
Were unto GOD reveal'd.

The only sound was of the tears
Before the altar shed,
The only ray was from the lamp,
With pure oil olive fed.

The grief grew calm—the maiden knelt
In thrill'd expectant awe—
Day broke at once, and all around
Celestial forms she saw—

To tell the glory that shall be,
Oh, what can words avail?
Wait we awhile, till Love's own hand
Shall draw aside the veil.

Yet joyous was the maiden's heart,
And joyfully she sung,
While sister voices all around
With glad responses rung.

Anon a white-rob'd cherub band
Of loving children came,
Who clasp'd her in their arms, and gave
A mother's holy name.

“Nay blessed ones ! ye are not mine !”
 In wonderment she cried ;
 They twin'd her in a lily wreath,
 And joyously replied,

“Thine are we, mother, by the songs
 That sooth'd our infant ear,
 Thine by the ready heart to share,
 A mother's hope and fear.

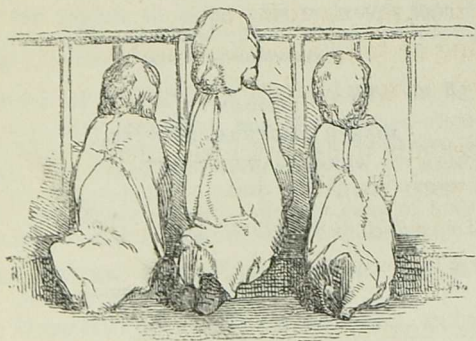
“To cadence of thy lays erewhile
 We trod the narrow way,
 Learning as from a mother's lips,
Love's lesson, to obey!”—

The dream is told—yet, little ones,
 Our work is still to do !
 Pray that I too may learn to tread
 The narrow path with you.

As with the mother of my LORD,
 His mother's sister stood,
 Pray that I too may find a place
 In holiest sisterhood.

So may I learn a mother's love,
 In maiden meekness pure,
 And with CHRIST'S little ones obtain
 The bliss that shall endure.

And now, sweet children, fare ye well,
Known or unknown to me,
GOD grant us in His kingdom yet
Each other's face to see.



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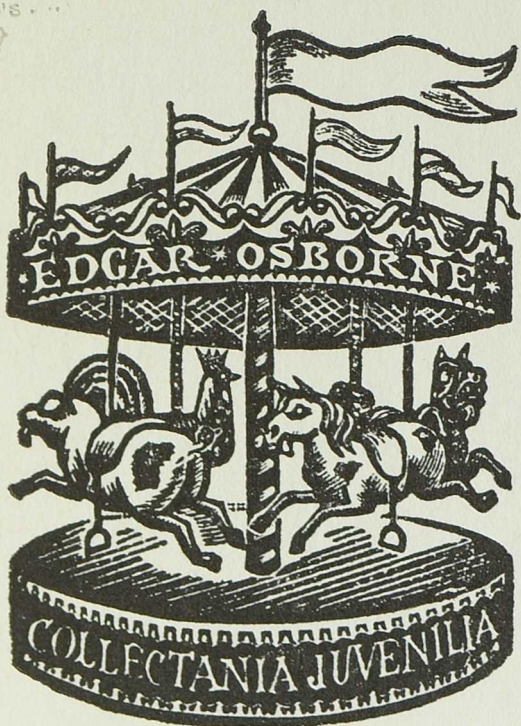
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