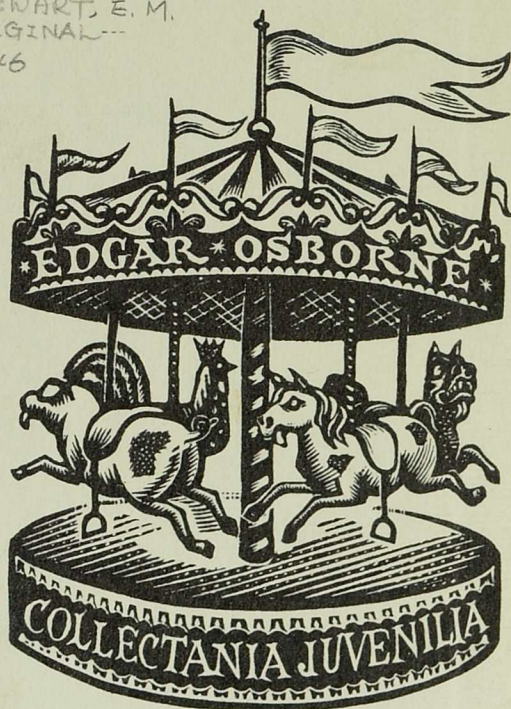


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MARY & THE PET LAMB.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR

YOUNG PERSONS,

BY

ELIZABETH M. STEWART.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WAX DOLL, AND THE IDLE GIRL.

A LITTLE girl chose to be idle one day,
Of three lessons, not one could she perfectly
say ;

And when told of the ills to which idleness led,
She only looked sulky, and tossed up her head.
So she stood in disgrace, but the clock struck
at last,

She was merry to think that school hours
were past :

But, alas ! when the maid came to fetch
her away,

She was told that Miss Jane had been naughty
all day.

Though shamed by this tale, she walked
home with an air,

That the maid might imagine she did not
much care,

The poor silly child, she discover'd too late,

2 THE WAX DOLL, AND THE IDLE GIRL.

That on such ill-behaviour great punishments wait.

When at home she arrived, with delighted surprise,

A wax doll dressed in silk of most beautiful dyes,

On the table she found, which with friendly intent,

As a present for Jane, her young cousin had sent.

But alas for poor Jane, when mamma had been told,

How at school she was idle, and sulky, and bold ;

She said it was only for good little girls

Were made the wax dolls with the beautiful curls ;

And then locked up the doll with the gay silken dress,

Which she did not think Jane good enough to possess :

She cried much that night, but I'm happy to say,

She repeated her lessons correctly next day.

THE WATER CRESS BOY.

HARK to little Roger's voice,
Water cresses crying,
Down in yonder vale, where yet
Morning mists are lying !

When the sun's first streak of red
O'er the hill was peeping,
Roger left his mother's cot,
While you yet were sleeping.

Though across both moor and vale,
Morning winds blew coldly,
He bent him from the streamlet's bank,
And plucked his cresses boldly.

He has passed the hazel copse,
And is coming near us,
Call him from the garden gate,
Now that he can hear us !

“What can make you, Roger, so
Through the mist go creeping,
For water cresses to the stream,
While all the world is sleeping ?”

“Lady dear, for six long months,”

Roger is replying,

“In the grave so dark and cold,

“My father has been lying.

“Ill, and worn with bitter woe,

And weary is my mother,

Scarce can she find bread to feed,

Myself, and little brother.

“What are mists, or morning winds,

When I hear her sighing,

When for food in vain, I know

My little brother crying.

“Lady, buy my water cress,

A mite of your bestowing,

For this day at least may stop

My mother’s tears from flowing !”

“Roger, bid your mother hope,

And this sovereign take her,

While she has so good a son,

God will not forsake her ?”

THE PROUD LITTLE GIRL.

“ I’M a gentleman’s daughter, and none that
I know,

Can wear such fine ribbons, or trinkets,
or lace,

And mamma, I have seen that where’er she
may go,

The ladies will give her the very first place.

Our table is covered with silver and gold,

We have gardens, and horses, and chariots
beside,

I have seen my acquaintances walk in the cold,
And I dare say they very much wished for
a ride.

But the rain and the cold they must learn to
endure,

And with patience their betters in carriages
see,

From this time I’ll not speak to these girls
who are poor,

For they really are not fit companions for
me !”

Thus spoke little Emma, unfeeling and vain,
But the God who beheld all the pride of
her heart,
Knew that heart though it slighted another
one's pain,
For a grief of its own could in bitterness
smart.

A terrible judgment to Emma was sent,
Her papa lost his jewels, and houses, and
lands,
And too soon Emma learned that his gold
was all spent,
And they henceforth must live, on the
work of his hands.

But yet a far greater misfortune was nigh.
Her mother 'mid wealth's highest luxuries
bred,
Sunk with grief at the change, and her dim
hollow eye,
Told that soon she would rest in the sleep
of the dead.

And then with her father the poor Emma
 wept,
 O'er the mother she loved, in the garb of
 the tomb,
She marked his pale cheek, and fear over her
 crept,
 That he might soon share in its darkness
 and gloom.

And she saw the dark coffin lid over him close,
 And toilsome henceforth was her lot, and
 obscure,
But to Emma's eyes often a bitter tear rose
 For the time when she mocked at the cares
 of the poor.

THE SNOWDROP.

OH the pretty snowdrop,
 It grows down in the vale,
Though still it whistles round us,
 Winter's biting gale :
Trembling on its slender stalk,
 The floweret is seen,

Half hiding its pale blossom,
'Mid its leaves of green.

Pretty little snowdrop,
Earliest of flowers,
Roses, they are very fair,
Grown in summer bowers :
But the rose in glowing beauty,
Is not dear to me,
Snowdrop, as thy blossoms white,
Have been, and will be.

Yet a lesson we may learn
Snowdrop of the vale !
From thy leaflets trembling so
In the winter gale ;
Wherefore do we prize thee
With thy blossoms wan ?
Is't not that they come whispering,
Winter time is gone !

A promise of a coming good,
The treasures of the spring,
To hearts that ache at winter's cold
Thy fragile flowrets bring.

So in those the disregarded,
The lowly ones of earth,
Snowdrop, as in thee we find
Whisperings of worth.

THE ENVIOUS LITTLE GIRL.

WITHIN that cot, o'er which the rose
Creeps, mixing with the sweet woodbine,
Dwelt once a silly child, who chose
For riches and fine clothes to pine.

Her real wants were fulfilled 'tis true,
The board was plentiful and neat,
And in her father's garden grew
A store of herbs and flowrets sweet.

And neat the cottage robes they wore,
When as returned the seventh day,
They crossed the vale and heathy moor,
And bent them to the church to pray.

But Phœbe was unhappy still,
Dear child, you well may ask me why?

Yon stately house upon the hill,
Drew from her heart the frequent sigh.

One little girl alone had she,
The wealthy lady, who lived there,
And Phœbe would draw nigh to see
Those ladies in their carriage fair.

And when she saw the silk and lace,
The feathers, and gay gems they wore,
Oft homeward turning, down her face,
Would tears of wicked envy pour.

But envy, like a poison weed,
Dear child, o'erruns the fairest ground,
And where it once takes root, the seed
Of worth, is never fruitful found.

And Phœbe fell in sad disgrace,
At school, for lessons badly said ;
Her vanished smile and sullen face,
At home brought anger on her head.

Her mother, who till now had known
Her temper generous, and mild,
Much wondered how that change had grown,
She mourned at, in her altered child.

So time passed on, till one fine day,
A village gossip chanced to call,
And little Phœbe heard her say,
“There is great trouble at the hall !”

Their only child you know is dead,
’Twas always ill, poor little thing,
A month ago the doctor said,
It would not live throughout the spring.

The servants at the house, I know,
And if you like to come with me,
This very afternoon we’ll go,
The coffin and fine rooms to see !

Ah who shall tell what self reproach,
What shame, and anguish Phœbe felt,
To think how on the gaudy coach,
Her envious thoughts had often dwelt.

And when she stood the corpse beside,
And marked the features pinched with pain;
The emblems of a human pride,
Which made death’s victory more plain.

The coffin with its nails of gold,
And covering of velvet blue,

The shroud, whose lace, and satin fold,
But mocked the wearer's ghastly hue.

And heard, the poor dead child, was lame,
And oft had raised her hands to pray,
That God, when her keen anguish came,
Would take her from the world away.

Then Phœbe learned gold's little worth,
And knew her heart its depths within,
In envying that poor child's birth,
Had nursed a vile, a foolish sin.

And that night at her mother's knee,
She owned her fault with deep remorse,
And then, with heart, and spirit free,
She turned her to a better course.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

It was a fine midsummer day,
When little George went out to play,
He rambles through the garden walks,
And blithely to himself he talks.

Nor though where'er he turned his head,
He saw gay pinks, and roses red,
Did he presume the flowers to touch,
He knew his parents prized so much.

Alas poor George ! he learned that joy,
Is subject still to some annoy,
And soon a pelting shower of rain,
Made him to seek some shelter fain.

As he ran by the garden wall,
He heard his sister Laura call,
She told him when the rain was o'er,
He must not venture from the door.

For after such a drenching shower,
The trees would drip for full an hour,
The puddles then his shoes would fill,
And surely make him very ill.

Now George in doors stood patiently,
Till all the clouds had left the sky ;
Then thought he, "it is past, the rain
I should like to go out again.

“Though Laura said I must not go,
’Twas very cross to tell me so,
She knows not what she talks about,
I do think I will venture out.”

In spite then of his sister kind,
George chose to follow his own mind,
And thought it very famous fun,
Across the soaking paths to run.

But naughty boys have punishment,
More quick than they imagine sent,
Not long he paddled in the rain,
Before he felt a dreadful pain.

Fain was he then to go in doors,
Complaining to his mother, who pours
Some physic in a table spoon,
She said, would make him better soon.

George took this physic in a trice,
Because he found it very nice,
So nice, to taste of it again,
He said, next day, he had the pain.

Now this was yet a greater sin,
Than he before had fallen in ;

To run on paths that were not dry,
Was wrong, but worse to tell a lie.

But think not that an evil deed,
In men, or children, will succeed,
And after all, he did not win
The juice that tempted him to sin.

His mother grieved to hear the pain,
So quickly had returned again,
And then she mixed for him in haste,
A dose that made him sick to taste.

And when the dinner came, no meat
Or fish she suffered him to eat,
Poor George beheld with swimming eye,
Pushed past his plate, a currant pie.

But for his wicked lie, some more
Of punishment, was yet in store,
When first he heard his father say,
That, that should be a pleasant day.

And bid his sister ready make,
A walk into the fields to take,

16 THE LITTLE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

Then said he, with a smile, "we may
Find cherry gardens in our way."

George let them go, he did not dare
Before them all his fault declare ;
And mid their joy it grieved them still,
To think he was alone and ill.

But when he heard the closing door,
He could command his tears no more :
And sinking at his mother's eye,
He owned to her his wicked lie.

"Dear child," she said, "let this day's pain,
A warning for your life remain,
The paltry syrup though procured,
Was that worth all you have endured ?

Or was it worth the pain it gave,
Your sister's counsel kind to brave,
My child, be sure they never win,
Whose ends must be wrought out in sin !"

TO A BOY SPINNING A COCK- CHAFER.

PRAY what is it, sir, at the end of that string?
That you giggle, and seem so delighted to
swing?

A cockchafer alive I declare!
For shame, I had thought far too well of your
heart,
To believe you could act such a barbarous
part,
As to string a poor insect on there!

It is merry you say, and the noise that it makes,
Is a proof the poor thing of your pleasure
partakes,

Ah no 'tis a proof of its pain!
Why its body is pierced with your needle
quite through,
And the humming which seems so delightful
to you,
Is a struggle its freedom to gain!

Suppose now a giant this moment came in,
And run you upon a great skewer like a pin,
You would think he was cruel indeed;

18 TO A BOY SPINNING A COCK-CHAFER.

We'll suppose too he swung you about on a
chain,

And did nothing but laugh and make fun of
your pain,

While you struggled in vain to be freed !

That were cruel :—indeed then 'tis cruel in
you,

Who precisely such conduct towards insects
pursue,

But you did not suppose they could feel !
But indeed love they do, and birds, reptiles,
and fly,

I assure you can feel bitter pain when they die,
Or when pierced with a sharp pointed steel.

Nay, nay do not cry, I believe you indeed,
You did not imagine what pain you decreed,
For your sport, the cockchafer should
know :

But believe me, dear child, that the proud
human race.

By compassion, and kindness should merit
its place,

Nor a pang that is needless bestow.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

FLOWERS, flowers, who will buy ?
Will buy my opening flowers ?
I have sought them low, and high,
In the summer bowers !

Here you have the dappled pink,
Mixed with half shut roses,
Honeysuckles, which I link,
With jasmines, in my posies.

Ladies, you should buy of me,
The flowers in their twining,
Have a moral that may be,
Worthy your divining.

See the bright carnation's dye,
And learn of it your duty,
When its colours as they fly,
Show the worth of beauty !

Children, newly born of earth,
Ye who should seem given,
In your young unconscious worth,
As promises from heaven !

Buy, oh buy my flowrets sweet,
With your freshness vieing,
To your souls the moral meet,
They contain, applying.

Life is pleasant, little one,
But each fond desire,
With its thorns, is overrun,
Like the scented briar.

And sweet at eve the faded rose,
With dew upon it sleeping,
But sweeter far in death are those,
Whom virtue's self is weeping.

THE PERT GIRL REFORMED.

IN London's wide and famous town,
Lived once a little maid,
So pert, and rude, that of her frown,
Her friends were all afraid.

To come and see her, did not care
The children at her school,

No little girl the tongue would bear,
Which called her dunce, or fool.

'Tis true that Caroline might boast
Herself a clever child,
But did not think that talent most
Should be serene, and mild.

And from this pert young vixen's airs,
Drew one, and then another,
Till not a child her temper bears,
Except her little brother.

A gentleman, it chanced one day,
Came to the house to dine,
Who with displeasure marked the sway,
And frowns of Caroline.

He saw that did the little boy,
Dispute her high command,
The pert young miss would then annoy,
Both with her tongue, and hand.

But Caroline this guest at last
Heard to her mother say,
"Madam, I think you know I past
Through France the other day.

And there some soldiers did I see
 With whiskers, which they trim ;
 And caps, which made their looks to me
 Seem most uncouth, and grim.

If I had such a child, as now
 Miss Caroline appears,
 I'd place that huge cap on her brow,
 And whiskers round her ears.

And when she looked so fierce and grim,
 More reason we should find,
 Your son should bear that rule of him,
 To which she is inclined !”

I may not tell how deep a glow
 Flushed Caroline's poor cheek,
 Who knew that guest had cause to so
 Satirically speak.

But such a change her mind came o'er,
 That none henceforth could say
 A huge cap would become her more,
 Than frocks and ribbons gay.

THE STOLEN BIRD'S NEST.

OH! Charles, have you robbed the poor bird
of its nest?

How my dear will you lie down at night to
your rest?

Think, think how forlorn the poor mother
will roam,

When she seeks, but may find not her once
happy home.

Think, think how you've robbed us of songs
from the tree,

These nestlings had piped on, if they had
been free.

You thought they would live, but indeed
they will die :

See they are not half fledged, and how feeble
their cry ;

See they open their poor little mouths for
the food,

Which their mother will never more give to
her brood,

Poor, poor little birds, all your necks we
must strain,

For to keep you in life is to keep you in
pain ?

“ How cruel, mamma !” No, 'twas cruel 'tis
true,

To take the poor bird's nest, down from the
old yew ;

Nay 'tis no use to cry, you have often been
told,

How soon nestlings perish, with want, and
with cold ;

It is not in your power, however you strive,
To keep those poor birds till to-morrow
alive.

You'll not do so again, no indeed I hope not,
For an error like this is not lightly forgot ;

Only think what keen grief on my bosom
would prey,

If some one should come and steal you,
Charles, away,

And robbed you at once of my kisses and
words,

Then remember that so you have robbed the
young birds.

PLAYING WITH FIRE ARMS..

A LITTLE girl and boy one day,
 Were shut into a room to play,
 Sometimes they tossed a feather ball,
 Or, "whoop, whoop," would in hiding call.

But William tired of that at last,
 His eyes upon the sideboard cast,
 "Oh, there are pistols here I vow,
 We'll play at soldiers, Clara, now!"

"No, no," cried Clara, much afraid,
 "You know how oft mamma has said,
 We must not in our pastime, such
 As knives, or swords, or pistols touch."

"You silly girl, what needless fear!"
 Cried William, "pray would they be here
 If they were loaded; why you know
 Your father never leaves them so!"

With these words, in his sister's hand,
 He forced the weapon, and they stand
 Apart to take the mimic aim,
 He purposed, in his dangerous game.

“Hold up your head,” he cried, “and be
A soldier, Clara, just like me,
Stand there now, and when I desire,
Look full at me, present, and fire !”

Alas ! too true an aim they took,
A dreadful noise the dwelling shook,
The triggers were drawn all too well,
And dead upon the floor they fell.

The noise appalled their mother’s ears,
Who runs down in distracting fears,
But even on the threshold lay,
Poor Clara’s body in her way.

Shot like his sister through the head
The boy too, on the rug lay dead ;
Their mother at the ghastly sight,
Fainted with anguish, and affright.

Dear children ! let this dreadful tale
To warn you of such tricks avail,
As cost those little ones their lives,
Then touch not pistols, forks, or knives !
’Tis true that much befitting blame,
Upon the careless servant came,

Who left charged pistols in the way,
Of little children in their play.

The man we may condemn, but yet
We must not William's fault forget,
Who when he with the pistols played,
Knew his mamma was disobeyed.

MARY, AND HER PET LAMB.

It was a sunny young May morn,
The birds sung on the blossomed spray,
The branches of the old hawthorn,
Were sprinkled o'er with flowrets gay.

A cottage girl her milk and bread,
Sat eating at her mother's door,
Beneath the shade an old oak spread,
That poor, but happy cot before.

While thus, her bread and milk she eat,
Or gaily glanced o'er dale and hill,
She thought she heard a feeble bleat,
Beside a little babbling rill.

And there a poor young lamb she found,
 Stretched out upon the roadside stones,
Sore marked with many a bruise and wound,
 And breathing faint, with feeble moans.

Kind was that little cottage girl,
 “ This poor young lamb may live,” thought
 she,

“ I’ll wash it in these streams that purl
 About our rugged old oak tree ;”

And soon the wounded lamb revives
 Enough, her bread and milk to share,
Looks up and bleats, as if it strives
 To thank her for her tender care.

Then for her lamb, of flowrets sweet
 And fresh young grass, a bed she made ;
It soon got well, and at her feet,
 Full many a grateful gambol played.

Now Mary’s mother, old and poor,
 Yet breathed no murmur at her lot ;
While frugal meals she could procure
 And keep in peace her humble cot.

And night, as well as day, she spun,
 And said to Mary, mid her tears,

Too small amount her labour won,
To keep their little home of years.

And Mary laid awake, and wept,
The first part of that summer night,
And softly from the cottage crept,
When glimmer'd faint the morning light.

“And whither at these early hours?”
A traveller said, in accent mild,
“Lead you, so gay in crown of flowers,
That pretty lamb, my gentle child?”

The sun broke on her peaceful brow,
As Mary answer'd, “Sir, I am
In haste, bound to the market now,
To sell my own dear little lamb!

My mother, she is poor and old,
And cannot now our cottage keep,
My little lamb will bring me gold,
And then I shall not see her weep!”

“Love you your lamb, my little maid?”
“Yes, but I love my mother more:
Yet would I that he might have played
Still with me at our cottage door!”

“He shall do so !” the stranger said,—
Low were his accents, sweet and mild
He placed his hand on Mary’s head,
And called her blest and happy child.

And happy was indeed her lot,
Their little debt the stranger paid ;
And Mary’s mother in her cot,
Smiled at the child, and lamb, who play
That evening in the old oak’s shade ?

THE PARROT.

“THAT stupid parrot, dear mamma,
Makes such a dreadful din,
He puzzles me whate’er I do,
And makes my head quite spin ;
’Tis very hard indeed, mamma,
He should make such a riot,
I cannot learn my task at all
If he will not be quiet.
’Tis very well for little Sam
His cage with flowers to deck,
I wish the nasty bird were mine
That I might wring its neck !”

“If you are so severe, dear Tom,
About a parrot’s noise,”
Replied mamma, “what do you think
Would fitly punish boys,
Who, when their elders would discuss,
Some interesting matter,
Each moment rudely would break in
With their insipid chatter?
Of some such silly boy, dear Tom,
Both you and I have heard;
I really think he should not be
So hard upon the bird!

“The parrot shall be moved, and not
Annoy you so again :
But ev’n his silly screaming tongue
Has not been used in vain ;
If you, when next disposed to take
Your foolish talking way,
Remember what the parrot’s noise
Made you endure to-day.
Remember, too, the noisy bird
Cannot be better taught,
And knows not when to hold his tongue,
While boys most surely ought !”

THE MORNING WALK.

COME, come, little girl, for the sun-beams
have tinged

The sky, with a beautiful red,
'Tis far better to walk in the morning's cool
gale,
Than lie loitering here in your bed.

Now, is it not pleasant these flowers to see,
All spangled with glittering dew,
And that park with its deer, and its stately
old trees,
And the river that limits the view?

We this footpath will take, and shall quickly
come where

The sun rises over the hill,
And we'll sit by that clump of the pretty
wild rose,
And list to the clack of the mill.

See the cows and the sheep to the pasture
are led,
Beside the clear murmuring stream.

The haymaker yonder is whetting his scythe,
And the ploughman abroad with his team.

Mark that rosy-cheek'd lad, how he whistles
and sings,

Despite his fatiguing employ ;
The troubles that tend on ambition and
wealth,
May never his bosom annoy.

The pleasures confined to the rich, and the
proud,

Are poisoned by many a sting,
But nature grants joys to the sensible mind,
Which no after uneasiness bring.

THE EVENING WALK.

THE moonbeam ascends o'er the old cedar
bough,

And has chased with her lustre so pale,
The shadows, that since the sun's setting, till
now,

So darkly hung over the dale.

Come with me, my child, and together we'll
talk

Of the wonders which God has displayed,
In the solemn dominion of night, while we
walk

In the avenue's moon-chequered shade.

Hark ! how awfully whispers the summer
night breeze !

On the grass, see the glow-worm glide by,
His clear azure lamp, mid the roots of the
trees,

Shines, as though with the stars it would
vie !

And those stars, little child, which so thickly
are sown,

On the heavenly arch of clear blue,
Do you think that their numbers may ever
be known,

Or they shine, but to light me and you ?

A world, little child, is each beautiful star,

It may be, perhaps, like unto this,
And beings like us, in those regions afar,
May be tremble to grief or to bliss.

And the Lord of those worlds which we never
may tell,

Think how terrible 'tis to offend :

And how sweeter than all, in the knowledge
to dwell,

That a Being so great is your friend.

THROWING STONES.

A VERY little girl, one day,

Came whispering in a fearful tone,

“Mamma, with little Fanny Grey

I do not like to be alone !

Her face such frightful seams has got,

And her right eye you sure must own,

So staring, and so strange, is not

Like any eyes that have been known !”

Mamma replied, “Hush, cruel child,

You do not know what things you say ;

’Twere well if you were good and mild,

And clever as poor Fanny Grey !”

“Yes, she is very good I know,

And also very kind to me ;

I wish, mamma, I did not so
Dislike alone with her to be."

"The good we never must despise,
Though they are plain," mamma begun,
"And Fanny once had prettier eyes
Than yours, my own dear little Anne .

Come here, and sit upon my knee,
And when her story is told o'er,
I think that you will promise me,
Poor Fanny you will shun no more.

Not quite so old, I think as you,
To school one day was Fanny led,
She then had pretty eyes of blue,
And skin unseamed, of white and red.

As with her servant, down the street
Poor Fanny walked, a troop of boys,
Disputing in their vulgar heat,
Dealt blows with violence and noise.

And one whose head a blow had swelled,
Had, in his rage, to stones recourse,
Alas ! the flint his hand impelled
Struck Fanny's face with dreadful force.

Alas ! of her sweet eyes, no more
Than one, its gift of sight retains,
They took her home, all drenched with gore,
And screaming in her dreadful pains.

Long was poor Fanny ill, alas !
And when her seared face better grew,
They fixed a staring piece of glass,
Where once had been an eye of blue !”

“ Oh ! dear mamma,” replied the child,
“ Poor Fanny I no more will shun,
But love her who can be so mild,
To whom such evil hath been done.”

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS OWN MIND.

A BOY, who was used to possess his own
way,
Went once with a friend of his father to stay,
He had lost his mamma, who was prudent
and mild,
And the servants had quite spoiled the poor
little child.

His father, to see him so naughty, was grieved,
And from the kind lady, his friend, had received

A promise that she would a measure pursue,
Which the little bad tricks of the boy might subdue.

When she came with her carriage to take
him away,

Little Harry jumped in, quite good tempered
and gay ;

For she lived out of town, and he very well
knew

That her gardens had fruits, and nice flower-
beds too.

But when he heard say, she would take him
to spend

The very next day at the house of a friend,
Who a garden had too, and a nice little boy,
He became rather noisy and rude in his joy.

He was good through the whole of the fol-
lowing day,

For the kind little boy let him have his own
way ;

He gave him a ball and some marbles to keep,
And Harry was asked to stay with him to
sleep.

He was pleased in the garden the whole day
to roam,
But when it was ready, the coach to take home
His friend Mrs. Conway, they suddenly find
The perverse little fellow has altered his
mind.

He kicked and he screamed, whether she will
or no,
With her in the coach the young urchin
must go ;
No word of reproof on their journey she said,
And when they got home sent him calmly
to bed.

So he thought his ill conduct passed by, and
next day,
He was highly delighted to hear his friend
say
She intended to row on the river's clear
stream,
And give a collation of nice fruits and cream.

But how his looks changed, when she said,

“ You must be

Contented at home, for I cannot with me,

To parties of pleasure take rude fickle boys,

To worry my friends with their whims and
their noise.”

His promise of better behaviour was vain,

She said, “ You would perhaps wish to come
back again,

So will not go with me, and 'tis fit that you
find,

Though so soon you changed yours, that I
know my own mind !”

When left all alone, on his conduct to brood,

Harry found it had been very foolish and rude,

So resolved to reform such sad tricks from
that day,

And that he succeeded, I'm happy to say.

THE IDIOT.

“ PRAY, John, what meant that dreadful noise

Among that flock of vulgar boys ?

I was surprised, and grieved to see
You could with such companions be !”

“ I wondered what they were about,
And followed them to find it out ;
And, by the mill, papa, they said,
Was famous sport with idiot Ned !”

“ I know how that poor witless boy,
The vulgar for their sport annoy,
And trust you turned another way,
Nor joined them in their cruel play ?”

“ Papa, Ned made such strange grimaces,”
John stammered out, “ in all our faces,
I own I laughed a little too,
But I no harm to him would do.”

“ A pretty boast indeed to make—
And so you would not really take
Pleasure to see a great sharp stone
At that poor little idiot thrown ?”

John deeply blushed, and hung his head,
While his papa severely said,

“ Child, in your conduct of to-day
You did wrong in a double way.

Do you not know it is not meet
To play with rude boys in the street ;
But mixed with them, at least you ought
To show yourself much better taught.

But what has your example been ?
More than you think for I have seen ;
When you were gone, the poor bruised Ned,
Home, I myself in pity led.

It seems to me the hapless child
Is both affectionate and mild ;
Upon his darkened mind a ray
Of gratitude and love makes way.

And on this poor afflicted thing,
How could you join contempt to fling ?
You did not throw the stone indeed
Which made the idiot's forehead bleed.

But why among those boys were you,
Who could such cruelties pursue ;—
Why did you join them in their jeers,
And laugh at the poor idiot's fears ?

Alas ! kind words and aid, instead,
Are due to poor unhappy Ned :

Remember, when at night you pray,
You have offended God to-day ?”

THE IDLE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

A LITTLE boy who lived in state,
His father being rich and great,
Though in all things he had his will
Was dull, and discontented still.

Rich dainties, and fine clothes and toys
He had beyond most other boys,
Too much indeed was in his power,
New toys seemed old ones in an hour.

On satin couches he would loll,
Then chatter with the parrot poll ;
Then rouse himself his dog to beat,
Or grumble at the cold or heat.

Then if to read a line he tries,
He finds the print has hurt his eyes,
’Twas a great thing his tutor knew,
A whole half page to get him through.

His health at last began to fail,
Each day he grew more thin and pale ;

Yet all which ailed this little boy,
In truth, was want of some employ.

And had the doctor aught denied,
Then for that very thing he cried,
And would not be contented till
His mother yielded to his will.

One day when he was ill, indeed,
His gilded coach across the mead,
Was by his servants dragged, among
The healthful little peasant throng.

A little boy with rosy cheeks,
Looks at him, and his mother seeks,
And asked her why he looked so sad,
Who such fine clothes and servants had.

“That little boy,” his mother said,
“Is sick and has an aching head,
Because he feeds on dainties fine,
And in his gilt coach may recline.

He soon were well, and merry too,
If he would run about like you ;
And was but for a month decreed
Upon our barley bread to feed !”

And so, soon after it befell,
The rosy boy a dismal bell
Heard tolling, and his mother said
The little gentleman was dead !

And when he saw them hide away,
The coffin from the light of day,
He said, " I am more happy than
Was e'er that idle gentleman !"

THE VIOLET.

" MAMMA, dear mamma, here's a present for
you,

I have searched in my own little bower,
And have found what I think you will never
despise,

This sweet little violet flower.

'Tis the first of the season, and mid the green
leaves,

It was hiding its delicate head ;
And I found it, mamma, by the luscious per-
fume,

Which over my bower it spread !"

“Yes indeed, dearest child, I have prized
among flowers,
The first violet’s beautiful blue,
But were it the humblest of weeds, dearest
child,
It were sweet when presented by you.

And mark me, my love, as this violet now
You traced out by its fragrant perfume,
So good deeds have an odour undying, that
spreads
From the lowliest spot where they bloom !”

THE PRETTY CHILD AND THE PEAR TREE.

It was a lovely autumn day,
A child her father’s garden walked,
And with a young companion gay,
Of dolls, and fruits, and flowrets talked.

A straight and handsome child was she,
Whose father owned that garden fair,
Her eyes were bright, her motion free,
Her cheek might with the rose compare.

And oft she cast a glance of pride,
Upon her young friend's sallow hue,
Or with disdainful feelings eyed
The hump that on her shoulder grew.

Loud was her tone, and rude her air,
Her playmate's voice was low, and mild,
Sweet meekness' self might seem to share,
The soul of that misshapen child.

With silence, or soft words she bore,
The gibes of Lucy's taunting tongue,
No frown her pale face darkened o'er,
Howe'er she felt those gibes had stung.

She spoke no answering word of blame,
As ruder still the beauty grew,
Though tears into her soft eye came,
She meekly to her home withdrew.

And some remorse touch'd Lucy's heart,
As mild Matilda turn'd away,
And only said, "We now will part,
And I will come some other day!"

And as the garden path so fair,
Matilda, in departing paced,

How Lucy started to see there,
Her father coming in much haste.

Matilda's hand she sees him take,
And kiss her on the gentle brow,
And hears him kind inquiries make,
Of why she leaves his daughter now.

But still Matilda would depart,
And when she went—his daughter's hand
He takes, misdoubting of her heart,
And leads her where some pear trees stand.

“And now, my child, what word of praise
Have you for this fine stately tree?”
And Lucy's rapture almost says—
“In beauty it resembles me!”

And tall and straight that pear tree grew,
And jealously the foliage clung
Around the fruit, of golden hue,
Which to the boughs in clusters hung.

Another pear tree grew thereby,
With crooked trunk, and branches grey,
And dark brown fruit; with scornful eye,
Turned Lucy from that tree away.

Her father smiled,—from either tree

He plucked what seemed the finest pear,
“Taste each,” he said, “and then to me
Which you would call the best declare?”

“This beauteous pear must be the best?”

Cried Lucy as the fruit she took;
One piece she tasted, but the rest
She threw away with humbled look.

“Now taste the brown and ugly fruit,
Which you despised!” her father said,
She did as he desired, then mute,
And all abashed, she hung her head.

“Since you have tasted either pear,”
Her father cries, “come, tell me now,
What flavour has the fruit so fair,
That grows upon the smooth young bough?”

Then Lucy said, with downcast eye,
“That fine tall tree has little use,
Its pretty pears are hard and dry,
The brown ones sweet, and full of juice!”

“Then use, not show, we most should seek,”
Her father cried, “your sense must own,”

And then he took her hand, to speak,
Though kindly in a graver tone.

“My child, when least you thought me by,
I heard, with deep surprise, and pain,
How you could poor Matilda try,
With boasts, both insolent and vain !

You well may learn by yonder tree,
How beauty for itself we prize :
And that the truest worth may be,
Where nature outward charms denies.

If you the gentler virtues spurn,
Disdaining to be kind and mild,
The good will from the beauty turn,
To love the pale, misshapen child.

And not alone, the wise of earth,
Will poor Matilda's merits own,
Rewards await her patient worth,
From God, upon his heavenly throne.”

THE GOOD POOR GIRL.

CICELY she looks always neat
In her frock of cottage brown ;

Jessamine and woodbine sweet,
Are about her casement grown.

Cicely never lies in bed
When the summer sunbeams shine,
The morning meal is neatly spread,
Her work done at the hour of nine.

Neat is then her sanded floor,
Her pewter platters shining gay,
The earthen jug is at the door
With newly gathered flowers of May.

When the morning meal is past
And her brothers gone to school,
She may perhaps sit down at last,
To knitting in the arbour cool.

If that from her weary bed,
Her sick mother may arise,
And be to that cool arbour led,
Joy is then in Cicely's eyes.

Tired when at noon comes back,
Cicely's father with his boys,
Nothing does his dinner lack,
Nothing mars his humble joys.

When it falls the dewy night,
And the cottage casements close,
Cicely with a bosom light,
Sinks from prayer, to sweet repose.

THE GOOD RICH GIRL.

SEE at yonder cottage door,
Ellen with her basket neat,
Honest lips, fond blessings pour !
Wheresoe'er she sets her feet.

“ See the little lady dear
From the hall is passing by ;
Going poor old Jane to cheer,”
Mothers to their infants cry.

“ Jane for work is grown too old,
And her good son Hugh, is ill,
But the kind young lady's gold,
Will revive, and cheer them still.”

“ When I saw my baby die,
Then the little lady came,”

Says another, "and to sigh,
For my sorrow, did not shame.

Clever too, as good, I've heard
Is this lady sweet, of ours,
She can sing like any bird,
In our fairest summer bowers.

Books, and work, she loves, I know
One thing she will not endure,
That in all the vale should go
Any comfortless and poor.

Blessings on the gentle child,
Blessings on her spirit free,
One while young, so good, so mild
Must the best of women be."

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Two little children once I knew,
Of whom their friends would often say,
That both were good, and clever too,
And one bad trick alone had they.

I never knew them tell a lie,
Or too much fruit, or cakes desire,
But when their mother was not by,
Alas! they often played with fire.

And when she had one day gone out
To see their uncle who was sick,
The servant too, her work about,
They went to their old naughty trick.

Within the grate the fire burned low,
But on the hearth the children raise
A heap of sticks, and James says "so,
We soon shall have a famous blaze!"

But these sticks would not quickly burn,
So then the naughty children bring,
Paper, and scraps of rag by turn,
Which in the fire place they fling.

As still for their impatient eyes,
The smouldering fire too slowly spread,
Her pinafore Maria tries
To fan the wood and make it red.

Alas poor child that garment light
Itself has touched and caught the flame,

Which quickly spreading, fierce and bright,
About her arms and bosom came.

Scared by her screams, so loud and wild,
The servant maid in haste ran down,
And wisely round the burning child,
She wrapt her own thick woollen gown.

And when good Susan loosed her hold,
She found Maria sadly burned,
A knock too at that moment told,
Her mistress suddenly returned.

And at the door the mother hears,
Screams that foretell some dreadful scene,
And when James opened it in tears,
She guessed what accident had been.

The poor burned child at last grew well
But scars upon her face remain,
Which while Maria lives, will tell,
The story of her sin and pain.

THE LITTLE FRUITERER.

“IN a cleanly garb arrayed,
Little maid, little maid!

‘Sitting all alone ;—
In this street of London town,
Where such crowds go up and down,
With your little stall so neat
Of cakes and nuts, and apples sweet,
Since they are your own ;—
Pray do you not often take
Apples for your meals, with cake ?

“No, young lady, not a bit,
Though from morn till night I sit
At my little stall ;
Lady dear, were I to eat,
Of the cakes and apples sweet,
Where for bread would money be
For myself and sisters, we
Should get none at all :
Long my father has been dead,
Hard my mother works for bread :
Something may the profits tell—
Of the sweetmeats that I sell :

For myself I would not take,
 Lady dear, a single cake.
 For my dinner and my tea,
 Milk and bread is sent to me."

"Little maiden, who can bear
 Cheerfully such humble fare.
 Scarcely do I think that I
 Could myself so much deny ;
 I should eat them in a trice,
 Had I charge of things so nice.

See this new half-crown,
 Take it, dear, that I may tell
 Aunt, I spent her present well,
 When she comes to town !"

"Thanks, dear lady, what delight,
 Will my mother's be to-night !"
 Thus the little fruiterer said,
 Bending down her grateful head.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LOST HER WAY.

LITTLE Bella sings a song,
 As she trips the road along,
 By her mother's side.

Plucks at flowers by the way,
Laughs to see the dames so gay,
To the market ride.

When they come more near the town,
Bella holds her mother's gown,
With a tighter hand :
Till, alas ! with much of noise
Comes a troop of men and boys,
With a music band :
Monkeys too, and dogs they had,
With a little tumbling lad.
Bella's mother past, what she
Had been fain to stop and see.

Bella's mother stops to price,
Fine fat geese and chickens nice,
Bella's heart and eyes are where
Merry music fills the air,
Men and monkeys come more near,
Little Bell forgets her fear,
From her mother's gown allowed
Her hand to loosen in the crowd.
Much she liked the monkey's tricks,
To see how from the shell he picks

Nuts, and with a gibbering noise
Throws the shells back to the boys.

Thus with them, in lingering pace,
Bell stole through the market-place,
Turning then she thought to find,
Her mamma was close behind ;
Nowhere her mamma appears,
Bell's young heart is full of fears.
On a bank she sat and cried,
By the busy thronged road-side.
Some few asked her why she wept,
Careless then, they onward stept ;
Some have threats, and some have sneers,
None attempt to stay her tears.

Thus doth poor lost Bella sigh,
Till an old dame passes by ;
When she learned the little maid
From her mother's side had strayed :
Kindly this old woman said,
“ I go to the market way
To sell my new-laid eggs to-day :
Cheer up, then, my little dear,
To find your mother, do not fear ! ”

Then an apple red and sweet,
The dame gave little Bell to eat :
And whispered many a caution kind,
How she in crowded towns, should mind
And keep close to her friends, nor dare
Go after boys, or showmen there.
Scarce they come to market street,
When poor Bell's mamma they meet,
Wandering frightened up and down
To find her daughter in the town.
To her arms as Bella flies,
Tears are sparkling in her eyes :
“Mamma!” she murmured o'er and o'er,
“I will quit your side no more !”

After that day was not found,
Traversing the market's round,
To sell her eggs the good old dame,
Who to the child's assistance came :
Bell's mother and her neighbours too,
Buy up her eggs so fresh and new !

LAURA AND FREDERIC.

YOUNG Frederic was a cruel boy,
No gentle tenderness had he,
When he could tease or much annoy,
The happiest he seemed to be.

But kind and good is Laura's breast,
And it would give sweet Laura pain
To soil a butterfly's gay vest,
Or hurt a worm upon the plain.

And Frederic keeps an ugly cur,
Much like himself, ill-bred and rude,
Such snappish beasts, bad boys prefer,
To dogs of grateful, social mood.

Upon the far Newfoundland shore,
That noble animal was bred,
Who licks the hand of Laura o'er,
And pillows on his neck her head.

Wherever spiteful Frederic goes,
His odious dog is at his side,
To see him other dogs oppose,
And bark and bite, is all his pride.

Wherever gentle Laura walks,
There does the noble Hector go,
He wags his tail as Laura talks,
And seems her very will to know.

One day malicious Frederic chose,
To set his dog upon some men,
Who drove the spiteful cur with blows,
To his bad master back again.

And as the vile cur whining laid,
They seized young Frederic in their gripe,
And for his ill deeds past, he paid
That day with many a bitter stripe.

When they were gone with swelling vein,
He snatched a pitchfork from the ground,
And foaming in his rage and pain,
He gave his dog a dreadful wound.

Though dying, and all drenched with gore,
The dog sprung up, and in their strife,
So terribly his master tore,
That worthless Frederic lost his life.

When Laura from the river side,
Seeking some purple flowers to win,

Slipped down into the sparkling tide,
Her noble dog plunged also in.

Her garments in his teeth he caught,
And on the river's bosom bore,
Though terrified, unscathed in aught,
His gentle mistress to the shore.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO FRIGHT- ENED HIS BROTHER.

Two brothers once, quite little boys,
Together lived in joy and peace,
No quarrelling, no boisterous noise
Of theirs, their parents cares increase.

One only fault young Richard had,
In spite of all his friends could say,
Of such bad tricks, this little lad
Would frighten Alfred in his play.

Their parents were one autumn eve,
Together forced from home to go,
But ere their little sons they leave,
On Richard they a charge bestow.

They bid him of the fire take care,
To go to bed by set of sun,
The supper equally to share,
Nor frighten Alfred for his fun.

Papa, mamma, then both went out,
And quietly the children play,
By turns in house, and garden rout,
And laugh, and talk till close of day.

“We’ll go in doors, dear Richard, now,”
Cried Alfred, “for the evenings close,
I do not like yon apple bough,
Dear Richard, and the shade it throws !”

And Richard laughed : “What in a fright,
At the poor apple tree,” he said,
“Come in, and I will get a light,
Then Alfred we will go to bed.”

While he a candle goes to seek,
Poor Alfred in the parlour dim,
Stood trembling at the light so weak,
Whose shadows so much frightened him.

Richard had found the light he sought,
When glancing at the kitchen door,

The sight of an old coat he caught,
Which some time back his father wore.

It looked a habit strange and wild,
When Richard turned the outside in,
Enough to frighten any child,
For it was lined with black bear skin.

"Now Alfred will be scared," he said,
And drew the capes up round his ears,
A hideous shape without a head,
And black as night, he now appears.

As up the stairs he softly crept,
He heard the little Alfred say,
"I wonder what it is has kept,
My brother with the light away!"

Just at the moment Alfred stands,
Where he can see the open door,
When Richard with extended hands,
Comes suddenly his eyes before.

He gives one brief convulsive start,
And then while screams long, loud, and wild,

From his poor heaving bosom part,
Falls on the floor the frightened child.

Then Richard feared what he had done,
And forward sprung with answering cry,
“Dear Alfred, it was all my fun,
Look up, ’tis Richard ! it is I !”

Then Alfred laughed, but never came
Such laugh before on Richard’s ears !
That moment too, with fright and sham
The door key turned he plainly hears.

His parents enter, mid the shade,
In fits they see poor Alfred lie,
The frightful figure Richard made,
Too certainly informed them why.

“Go, cruel boy !” his father cried,
“And for the doctor while I run,
Put that fantastic dress aside,
In which you have such mischief done !”

He changed his dress, and then in tears,
Poor Richard fell upon his bed,

The doctor stays so long, he fears
That little Alfred may be dead.

But when the doctor went away,
His father, with a mournful brow,
Came to his chamber door to say,
He might see his poor brother now.

And in his bed all cold and pale
The pretty little Alfred lies,
Now babbles he some fairy tale,
And now of frightful shapes he cries.

His mother, with a mother's woe,
Sat there his sick bed weeping o'er,
But Alfred never seemed to know,
His parents or his brother more.

And Richard lived a man to be,
And gained high honours, wealth, and
place,
But rarely his best friends could see,
Real smiles of gladness on his face.

From circles amiable and gay,
And high heaped banquets, oft he crept,

To one regret a constant prey,
And o'er his idiot brother wept.

THE TELL TALE.

“MAMMA, mamma,” the tell tale said,
As to his mother's room he ran :
“You surely now will send to bed,
That awkward little creature Anne !
My copy I had finished well,
When she the little table shook,
And then, mamma, the inkstand fell
Directly down upon my book ?”

Mamma in some displeasure rose,
And to the school room bent her way,
But through the passage as she goes,
A broken jar before her lay :
“How could this jar fall from the stand ?”
She asked of Henry with a frown,
Then loosening from his, her hand,
“Mamma,” he said, “I knocked it down.”

“So in the spiteful haste you made
To tell of Anne, you erred much more,”
His mother answered, as she laid
Her hand upon the school room door,
In tears within stood little Anne,
Her brother James his blotted sheet,
Had cut smooth out, ere he began
A copy that looked clean and neat.

“James that your book was blotted too,”
His mother said, “I did not know.”
“The ink had wetted it quite through,
Mamma,” said Anne in accent low.
“How was it that the inkstand fell?”
His mother said, “James answer me,
You I expect the truth will tell
Nor selfish and ill-natured be !”

“Ah dear mamma !” the boy replied,
“’Twas quite by chance the ink fell o’er !”
And little Anne pressed near and cried,
“Mamma I will do so no more !”
“’Twas careless, little Anne, to shake
The table where your brothers write ;

So said mamma, "You will not make
One in the drawing-room to-night!
But James, industrious and kind,
Who hid your little fault away,
A silver inkstand shall remind
That he has acted well to-day!"

"But you who sought not to repair
The mischief which poor Anne had done,
Henry, whose first and only care
Was with ill-natured tales to run.
The worth of many inkstands bore,
The vase you shattered in your way,
'Tis just that from your private store
A portion of its price you pay."

AMELIA, OR THE FROWARD GIRL REFORMED.

AMELIA was a clever child,
Her heart was generous, but yet,
Her father and her mother mild
She teased with many a naughty pet.

To cross her did the servants dare,
Her playthings at them she would fling,
If guests were in the parlor, there
She did not choose to play or sing.

And much her mother grieved to see,
These tricks upon Amelia grow,
That they must still unhappy be,
Who are ill-tempered, she doth know.

Once as the day's last sunbeams broke,
Amelia, tired of doll and ball,
Watch'd, with a bundle 'neath her cloak,
Her mother passing through the hall.

"What have you there?" in wayward mood,
Amelia to her mother cries,
While with loud voice and gesture rude
To look beneath her cloak she tries.

"You shall know presently, my dear,"
In calmest tone, her mother said,
And entering a parlor near,
Amelia to the door she led.

Locked from the room, the wayward child,
With kicks and screams, stood at the door,

Her mother's voice that passion wild
Seemed only to provoke the more.

But ere perhaps half an hour had sped,
Again the door wide open flew,
What wonders on the table spread,
Meet passionate Amelia's view.

Wax dolls she saw with flaxen hair,
And dressed in silk, and small ones laid
In cradles each, with curtains fair,
Of white and yellow muslin made.

And making music, many a toy
From Holland brought, is there that may,
The glad Amelia thinks, employ
Her weary hours many a day.

She does not in her rapture heed,
A written paper lying there,
Until her mother bids her read
Its characters so large and fair.

And poor Amelia's voice sunk low.

“These toys must for a good girl be!”

She sobbed, "Oh, dear mamma, I know,
They cannot then be meant for me!"

"Amelia, see," her mother said,
"Another paper yet is here,
And all shall know when that is read,
For whom the toys are meant, my dear!"

Amelia then read, "For a child
In whom we hope a change to see,
Who prays to be more good and mild,
And tames herself, these toys shall be!"

Then to her mother's arms she springs,
And cries, "No, I deserve to wait,
So put away the pretty things
Till we have wrought this change so great!"

The toys were safely locked away,
And from that night with prayers and sighs,
When naughty passions would make way,
To curb their strength, Amelia tries.

And ere a month its course had run,
Her mother one day kissed her brow,
And said, "Dear child, the prize is won,
The toys are for the good girl now!"

THE ROSE TREE.

As Patty at her cottage door,
One summer afternoon,
Sat, while the breeze around her bore

The fragrant scents of June :

A man, all travel-worn and grey,
Came slowly pacing by the way :
And of the little cottage-maid,
Some slender charity he prayed.

Sick, sick he was, and very sad,
One only hope on earth he had :
To find the widow of a son

For many summers dead,
Had on a weary journey, won

His aged limbs, he said.

The tears of tender Patty flow,
To see this old man's bitter woe,
To cheer and comfort him she spread
Fresh gathered salad, milk, and bread ;
He told of changes he had seen,
So poor he had not always been :
Time was, he had been rich and great,
With servants on his will to wait.
No penny now had he who erst
Was rich, to help his way.

The food that child gave, was the first

He tasted on that day.

Big tears from his old eyelids fell,

Must he not weep his tale to tell?

To market had her mother gone,

And how to help this old man on,

Poor Patty thinks, no pence had she,

No nothing, but a moss rose tree ;

She loved to see the young buds spread

To roses beautiful and red :

And yet she does not now delay

To cut the blooming flowers away.

“ And take,” she said, “ these roses fine,

I wish some better things were mine ;

But take them, poor old man, and they

May win some pence to help your way !”

With blessings on her gentle head,

The old man took the roses red ;

And scarce had passed the garden by,

When a gay equipage drew nigh.

The lady who was riding there,

Attracted by the roses fair,

Bids her tall footman stop the coach,

As she those lovely flowers would buy :

But scarce might that old man approach,
Ere she sunk back with heavy sigh :
The widow of his son was found,
And ever as the year rolled round,
Had Patty cause to bless the day,
She gave her charming flowers away.

THE ORPHAN.

KIND gentle folks some pity take
Upon a little orphan girl ;
Fast as it falls, the chill snow flake,
The winter winds against me whirl.
No home in which to lay my head,
No cheerful fire, or meal, have I,
This freezing snow the only bed,
On which I may lie down to die.
I once possessed a mother kind,
A father, who was dear to me,
But ah, his ship, the winter wind,
Sent down into a distant sea.
Long watching for a coming sail,
My mother on the rocks would stand,
Till one day passed upon the gale
Her spirit to a better land.

Since then exposed to insults rude,
And want, and woe, the world I've trod ;
From man's unfeeling bitter mood,
Appealing only to his God.

Then when the faggot blazes free,
And loved eyes in its lustre shine,
Think what your misery would be,
Were those eyes doomed to weep like mine.

Ah, then, some charity bestow,
Give some poor morsel from your store,
Its absence you will never know,
For plenty on your house will pour.

And to your fire's enlivening heat,
To warm these chilled limbs let me creep,
And light your generous hearts shall beat,
This night when you lie down to sleep.

THE BIRTHDAY.

My birthday ! what a sound of joy
The very name was wont to be,
Then I was quite a little boy,
And only thought of cakes, and glee.

But now that one more year is past,
As this returning day may tell,
My memory let me backward cast,
And learn if I have spent it well.

Have I obedient been, and kind,
My tasks were they correctly said,
With grateful heart, and placid mind,
Each night did I lie down in bed?

Alas, stern conscience will recall,
How oft I left good things undone,
How my impatient will, on all
That most might hurt me, often run.

Oh coming year! oh coming year!
Such may my future conduct be,
That not with one remorseful tear
This day may next return to me.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, good night, dear little child,
The stars begin to peep,
The owlet from the barn screams wild,
The chickens are asleep.

So little boys who have been good
And clever through the day,
Their heads in sweet and cheerful mood,
May on their pillows lay.
But if your lessons were not said,
Or evil you have done,
Remember ere you seek your bed,
God's pardon must be won.
Kneel meekly at your mother's side,
And God most humbly pray,
That he will help you check your pride
And idleness next day.

THE LARK.

PRETTY lark ! pretty lark !
Soaring in the morning sky,
With you I should like to mount,
If such wings as yours had I.
Pretty lark, pretty lark,
Oh what wonders you must see,
All at once the meadows bright,
Villages, and forests free.
Pretty lark, pretty lark,
How your song appears to say,

As to heaven up you soar,
That you thank it for the day.

Pretty lark, pretty lark,
Then what prayers are due from me ;
If so gladly sings a bird,
Should a child less grateful be ?

GOING TO SCHOOL

Go to school, little boy, 'tis a very fine day,
But you must not stand loitering here by the
way,
The fields may look fair, with their butter cups
sown,
But you'll have time to gather them ere they
are mown ;
When school hours are past, and your les-
sons are said,
You may pick a great bunch ere 'tis time for
your bed ;
To a very good boy in the cool evening
breeze,
I may promise a walk beneath yonder green
trees.

'Tis so hard to work, and the whole of your day
You really would idle, in nothing but play :
And I do not work, but indeed, sir, I do,
Who gets the nice dinner, and puddings for
you ?

Who made the white curtains for that little
nest,

Where, when tired with playing, you creep to
your rest ?

Do nothing indeed, you would very soon rue,
If your father and I took to idleness too.

Who think you would notice a lazy young
dunce,

Take your book now, and go like a good boy
at once ;

There's Mary has come back from milking
her cows,

And Richard is clipping the orchard's green
boughs,

Just think how in them you'd find idleness suit,
When deprived of a feast on the nice cream
and fruit.

Ah I see your tears dried, and a smile has
begun ;

Now kiss me again like my good little son.

THE SLEEPY GIRL.

GET up, get up, the sunbeam bright
Has scared away the dismal night,
Come now, you must not on your bed.
Turn round that little lazy head.

Look through the honeysuckle's twine,
How gay the morning sunbeams shine,
They seem as if reproving you,
Hark how the birds are singing too.

The night is made for sleep, 'tis true,
But day brings us our work to do,
Ah that is right, now leave your bed,
There's prayer and lessons to be said.

THE LAME BOY.

KIND mother do not weep for me,
Although I see my comrades gay,
As blithe as is the humming bee,
Go forth into the fields to play.

I am not sad, I am not sad;
Though lonely at our cottage door,
The streamlet's murmurs make me glad,
Or your old tales, told o'er and o'er.

This summer breeze, this summer breeze,
Does it not blow as fresh for me,
Can I not love the flowers, and trees,
Like those whose limbs in health are free?

While summer wreathes bloom round our cot,
And summer birds are on the wing,
With not one murmur at my lot,
I'll sit by this old elm and sing.

And watch its fragrant red rose bed,
The painted butterfly creep in,
Or aiding you to win our bread,
Weave osier baskets while you spin.

When winter clouds drift o'er the sky,
And gaily on the frozen lake,
My comrades skim, without a sigh,
A seat beside our fire I'll take.

Or read to stay your starting tear,
From that blest page which tell how those,
Most heavily afflicted here,
In happier worlds have sure repose.

Then turn with smiles upon your face,
One only thought works me annoy,
Still in your gentle eyes to trace,
Such sorrow for your poor lame boy.

THE POISON BERRIES.

“DEAR mother, on the village green,
Nor where the streamlet flows,
For three long days we have not seen,
Our merry little Rose.
We missed her at our evening sports,
Kept in the wooded dell,
Where hazels grow, and fox-gloves hung,
With many a purple bell.
How glad we were you know to see,
The sunshine bright to-day,
The day our teacher promised us,
For merriment and play.
She helped us from the bending bough,
Its blackberries to strip,
And bind a wreath of woodbines pale,
Upon the scarlet hip.
But still when closer to her side,
Amid our sports I crept,
And asked her for our little Rose
She turned aside and wept.
But what has gone with little Rose?
To tell of her to-day,
Mother, our gentle teacher said,
Would sadden all our play.

Across the village green you know,
Our teacher homeward goes,
But we came past the cottage neat,
Where lives the little Rose.
The bank of turf where Rose would sit,
To eat her evening meal,
Or sing, while still went humming round,
Her mother's spinning wheel!
Was vacant then, but as we came,
More nigh the cottage door,
We saw the last red sunbeam, full
Upon the casement pour.
The large thick ivy leaves, you know,
Are round that casement spread,
But we could see the curtains white,
Of Rose's little bed.
She was not in that pretty bed,
Nor in the chamber fair;
But what was in that ugly box,
Which we saw standing there?
Mother, it almost frightened us,
It looked so dark and grim,
As paled the sun, and on the room,
Came down the twinkling dim!"
And eight years had the little girl,
Who thus spoke to her mother,

And silently they stood beside,
Her sister, and twin brother.
Her mother took her hand, and put
Her hair back from her brows,
Then said,—“That box so grim, and dark,
Contains poor little Rose!
And never more, my children dear,
Will she join in your play,
And soon the churchyard turf will hide,
That long dark box away!
And yet upon the village green,
Poor Rose, in health had played,
If her kind mother’s warning words,
She had not disobeyed!
A better little girl than Rose,
We do not often meet,
Her lessons were correctly learned,
Her work was clean and neat.
But never could poor Rose resist,
The garden’s tempting store,
And though the currant boughs were stript,
She’d hunt them o’er and o’er.
And four days since this little girl,
Had to the coppice strayed,

And there alas, some berries grew,
In scarlet hues arrayed.
Like currants ripe, to many a bush,
The tempting bunches hung,
And gracefully the large green leaves,
Round those clear berries clung.
Poor Rose, had she not oft been told,
Beneath those berries gay,
Which grew so thickly in the wood,
A juice of poison lay.
But sweet and luscious to her lip,
She found those berries red,
And on the fair deceitful fruit,
Abundantly she fed.
Alas, poor silly little girl,
Before she homeward came,
Her head swam round, her chest and throat,
Seemed parching as in flame !
Too late for help, the poison juice
Had spread through all her veins,
With sore remorse, poor Rose confessed,
Her fault amid her pains.
And many many a bitter tear,
Did her poor mother shed,
As helpless to afford relief,
She sat beside her bed.

How many times poor Rose that night,
Repeated mid her pain,
The baleful berries of the wood,
She would not taste again.
But all too late, the morning light,
Beheld poor Rosa dead,
And on her once sweet countenance,
A frightful black was spread.
Those berries in the currant's hues,
Deceitfully arrayed,
Grew on a common poison plant,
Known as the dark Nightshade !
Yet had poor Rose been safe and well,
Had she been always good,
Nor tasted when forbidden them,
The berries of the wood !”
The children's eyes were dropping tears,
They turned them on their mother,
And with one voice together spoke,
The sisters, and their brother.
“Should aught in garden, field, or wood,
Tempt us to disobey,
We'll think of those bad poison plants,
That took poor Rose away.”

THE PASSIONATE BOY.

YOUNG Philip was a clever lad,
 And always won his tutor's praise,
 But one most grievous fault he had,
 Mere trifles would his passion raise.
 'Tis true he had a noble heart,
 Still ready to make all amends,
 Whene'er he found its frailer part,
 That wounded, or had wronged his friends.
 Alas ! it is a tale of old,
 How passion to excess may run,
 What deeds of anger are we told,
 Which penitence has ne'er undone.
 The bitter tear, the deep regret,
 The yearnings of repentant thought,
 Can they win memory to forget,
 Or cancel the real evil wrought.
 Now Philip had one friend more dear,
 More cherished than was all the rest,
 And often would he boast that ne'er,
 That friend moved anger in his breast.
 So time passed, till one evil day,
 By chance some words from Henry fell,
 Made Philip's breast amid their play,
 With mingled pride, and anger swell.

In wrath which he could not restrain,
He hurled his friend upon the floor,
Then Henry gave one cry of pain,
And seemed to breathe or move no more.

In sudden terror Philip knelt,
And raised his comrade from the ground,
But blood upon his hand he felt,
And marked on Henry's brow a wound.

And Philip's parents to a bed,
Poor Henry senseless still, convey,
What bitter tears were o'er him shed,
While on that bed of pain he lay.

And those who stood that bed beside
Thought he might change it for the grave,
For deep, and dangerous, and wide
The wound was that the fender gave.

And when at last, the poor pale boy,
Crept slowly o'er the village green,
With looks of sadness, and of joy
Was Philip at his elbow seen.

And passion's influence was o'er,
A single thought of Henry's pain,
A glance upon the scar he bore,
Could Philip's fiercest wrath restrain.

ADDRESS TO THE SPRING.

BEAUTIFUL spring, art thou coming again,
 To melt the snow wreaths from the field and
 the plain ;

Much have we valued the holly's bright
 green,

But a brighter verdure shall now be seen.

I love, oh, how I love to see,

The young leaves burst on the hawthorn tree.

Sweet, oh, sweet art thou, beautiful spring,
 Pleasant the thoughts to thy name that cling,
 Flowers and sunbeams, beauty and youth,
 Thoughts of freshness, and thoughts of truth,
 Who in this weary world should be
 Beautiful spring, most like to thee ?

Oh, there's spring in the clustering curls that
 spread,

Like waves of gold on the infant's head ;
 And the joyous brightness of these bright skies,
 Are pictured well in sparkling dark eyes ;
 And the lines of beauty that tint the rose,
 Oh, it's smooth pink cheek is more fair than
 those.

Innocent too, as the blooms that now

Spread their white leaves on the hawthorn
bough,

Pure as its own pure buds, may spring,
When next it comes, find that fair young
thing;

Pure may it pass to heaven from earth,
Without a stain of its mortal birth.

SUMMER.

SUMMER, sweet summer, in mid day heat,
Is tinging with yellow the young green wheat,
And thickly they cluster the cherries red,
And flowers spring up in each garden bed;
And sweet is the scent of the new mown hay,
And the song of the birds on the hawthorn
spray.

Wander in gladness my fair young maid,
Where may fan thy forehead, the zephyrs
wild;

List to the burr of the humming bee,
And gaze on the streamlet that bubbles free;
And beauty and joy shall glad thine eyes,
In the verdant heath, and the glowing skies.
Wander thou forth my child, and raise,

To the bounteous heaven a song of praise,
Think but how fair are heaven's bright bowers,
When so 'fair is this pilgrim land of ours,
Walk then this world without stain of sin,
A fairer world there is yet to win.

AUTUMN.

FAINT are the sunbeams, the days are brief,
Slow on the wind whirls the withered leaf,
The yellow sheaves in the barn are stored,
The wood is piled for the winter hoard :
Down the deep vale steals the mist so grey,
Nature is sinking in dull decay.

Man, proud man, there may be for you,
A moral deep in the leaf's brown hue ;
In that dull grey mist o'er the landscape
drawn,

In the oak of its verdant vesture shorn,
In the once bright streamlet which now so
hoarse

And turbid, and swelled takes it darkling
course.

Oh but your beauty shall pass away,
As the flowerets fade, and the leaves decay,

Like the dull grey mist shall your hopes all melt,
Those hopes on which you so fondly dwelt,
Your pomp and your pride of place be clipt,
Like the oak of his leafy garment stript.

And oh the streamlet which late so clear,
Now frets and tumbles so darkly here,
So frets in darkness the wretched soul,
Which passion and pride can alone controul;
Pure must the hopes be the heart is on,
If the autumn of life in peace be won.

WINTER.

WINTER sinks on the landscape now,
Cold lies the snow on the mountain's brow,
The forest giants leafless and bare
Shake their long arms in the piercing air;
No floweret dares the storm to brave,
Nature sinks down to her yearly grave.

Cheerless and mournful, ever again,
Will flowers enamel the verdant plain,
Will the air grow soft, and their song of glee
The young bird pipe on the forest tree:
And the streamlet unbound from its icy chain,
Go murmuring through the fields again?

Yes, soon shall the season of death be past,
 And hushed the wail of the wintry blast ;
 And the woods look green, and the song-
 bird's voice,

Shall say to the bursting buds, rejoice !
 And softly over the meadows fair,
 Shall flutter the gentle summer air.

Man, who art sentenced to pass away
 Doomed like the flowerets to brief decay ;
 Who liveth in beauty, and then art not,
 Thy deeds forgotten, thy name a blot,
 It shall pass the season of death and gloom,
 And a voice call THEE from the silent tomb !
 Then thou art happy, didst thou sink there,
 With a kindly heart, and a conscience fair,
 Did thine eye for the ills of others weep,
 Did mercy thy name in her records keep ;
 Then in a fairer world than this,
 That voice shall call thee to endless bliss !

THE CHILD AND THE BEGGAR.

STAY, poor old man, nor pass the moor,
 The winter winds howl shrilly there,
 Uncovered are your locks so hoar,
 Your bleeding feet alas are bare.

My mother owns this cottage neat,
That looks o'er Avon's silver tide ;
Oh come and share the pleasant heat,
The comfort of our fire-side.

Are we too poor, the poor to aid,
Ah no, contented with our lot,
Our industry has plenty made,
And mirth within our humble cot.

Then poor old man, come, come with me,
My bowl of bread and milk to share,
And in our cottage learn what glee
And happiness is always there.

Think not on my warm little bed
This night I could in comfort lie,
And know that one with aged head
Had sunk upon the snows to die.

Then this night in our cottage rest,
And part not till the rising day,
In light the dreary waste has drest,
To guide you on your lonely way.

Oft has my gentle mother smil'd
To spread for want her little store,
And said, " For what we give, my child,
A gracious heaven will yield us more.

The rich and great have never known
The want which they will not relieve,
But we who 'neath such ills might groan,
For others should sincerely grieve.

Stern judgments shall attend the great
Who look on woes they will not heal,
But we born in a lowlier state,
Should surely for our brethren feel."

THE BOY AND THE APPLES.

A LITTLE boy I once knew well,
I shall not give his name,
The tricks of which I have to tell
Bring on him so much shame.

Besides, as I have lately heard
That he is better grown,
It were not fair to breathe that word
By which he might be known.

Full twenty odious tricks he had,
Was slovenly and pert,
Nay, I was told this little lad
The harmless flies would hurt.

He thought it fun their wings to tear,
And kick poor harmless Tray,

Or pinch or teaze the cat, whene'er
She dared come in his way.

He has been known to tell a lie,
But his most common trick,
Was cakes, and tarts, and sweets to buy,
And eat till he was sick.

It happened that an aunt he had,
One day to London came,
And found how this ill-guided lad
Was constantly in blame.

And much she grieved this tale to hear,
Most for his mother's sake ;
But yet she said she did not fear,
His habits bad to break.

And in the country, when with her,
This urchin soon found out,
At her commands was no demur,
And vain his frowns, and pout.

And one by one she gladly sees
His odious tricks abate,
He now as anxious is to please,
As to annoy of late.

He had not yet grown quite so good
With greediness to make

Much scrupling, in his way if stood
A tartlet he could take.

In hopes to win a promised prize,
One day, at set of sun,
He watched his aunt with eager eyes,
To tell her it was done.

He leaned the window frame quite o'er
As she came up the street,
And saw that in her hand she bore
A basket small and neat.

"What have you in that basket?" said,
In eager tone, the child,
And then he found with apples red
That basket neat was piled.

And with a smile his aunt then set
The fruit upon the table,
And said, "Refrain to touch them yet,
My child, if you are able!"

And with those words she left the room,
And then the boy drew nigh,
To mark the smooth fruit's lovely bloom
With eager longing eye.

To reach them, once he stretched his hand,
Then drew it back again,

And mindful of his aunt's command,
Determined to refrain.

But boys, or even grown up men,
Who in temptation's way
Themselves place heedlessly, will then
Become its easy prey.

He stretched his hand again, and took
An apple from the pile,
Casting an anxious guilty look
About him all the while.

"How smooth," he then said, "is the rind,
The taste too, must be sweet,
Who in this basket-full could find
If I took one to eat!"

The largest reddest apple then
Amid the rest he picks,
But rueful was his visage when
His teeth within it fix.

Of wax most artfully was wrought
Those apples piled up there;
And but that day his aunt had bought
The basket at a fair.

His base mean fault too late he saw,
And while he strove in vain,

From the firm wax his teeth to draw,
His aunt came down again.
Think what a pretty figure then
Of guilt and shame he made,
How much more he was humbled when
His aunt a book displayed.
A fine new book, with bindings gay,
And full of pictures too,
“And this book !” then he heard her say,
“I shall not give to you !
It is a pretty tale, about
A good and clever boy,
Who had no tricks, who did not pout,
Nor would his friends annoy.
But you, at seven, to pick and steal,
At fruits and sweets, it may be,
This book withheld, will make you feel
Such acts disgrace a baby !”
And as the boy thus heard her say,
His face grew red with shame,
But I was told that from that day
Less greedy he became.

THE PARENTS' GRAVE.

Who, wandering in our isle has not
Passed by the village green,

With musings on man's wayward lot,
To seek a graver scene.

The churchyard is a solemn place,
The village hopes to bound,
Whose heaps of turf the wild flowers grace,
Each heap with osiers wound.

The church, too, with its shining spire,
And walls time-worn and grey,
And graceful ivy creeping higher,
To veil their slow decay.

A country churchyard is a spot
Vain hopes and dreams to tame,—
To such a sweet and solemn spot
One day a stranger came.

And marked he there a fair young child,
Who mid the turf heaps played,
And garlands for her ringlets wild
Of leaves and flowrets made.

One grave there was, some tender care
Had decked with garden flowers,
Gay pinks, and roses fresh and fair,
That grow in well trimmed bowers.

And still amid her joyousness
That child away would spring,

And nestling down, that grave caress
As 'twere a living thing.
As near that child the stranger drew,
His sight with tears grew dim,
And she her large clear eyes of blue
Turned carelessly on him.
Amid the flowers her ringlets free
Like waves of gold were spread,
A beauteous type of life was she,
Who sported mid the dead.
The stranger said in gentle tone—
“And are you not afraid,
To linger in the churchyard lone,
My pretty little maid?”
“Alone!—no not alone!”—she said,
And then, as in surprise,
The joyous infant raised her head
With wonder in her eyes.
“Yes! yes, alone—alone,” he cried,
“No living thing is near!”
“Nay, then,” the little maid replied,
“My parents,—they are here!”
Then nestling down, round that turf heap,
Her tiny arms she flung,
The stranger turned aside to weep,
And silent was his tongue.

And then the child looked up again,
"Oh! 'tis a long—long day,
Since that my mother, free from pain,
Smiled on me in my play.

When quietly they laid her here,
My father could but weep;
And very soon his time came near
To join her in her sleep.

Since then I have not liked to play
With village girls and boys,
But with my parents always stay,
Nor vex them with a noise.

A long, long sleep it is they take,
But I think it may be
Some morning they will surely wake,
And kiss, and smile on me!"

"No, they will never wake again,
My brother's gentle child,"
The stranger said, and added then,
In accents kind and mild:

"A wanderer for long, long years,
Ah! weary is my lot!
To find a subject but for tears,
In this beloved home spot.

But thou, last vestige of my race,
Best treasure of my heart!
That heart gives thee a daughter's place,
Not niece, but child thou art."

