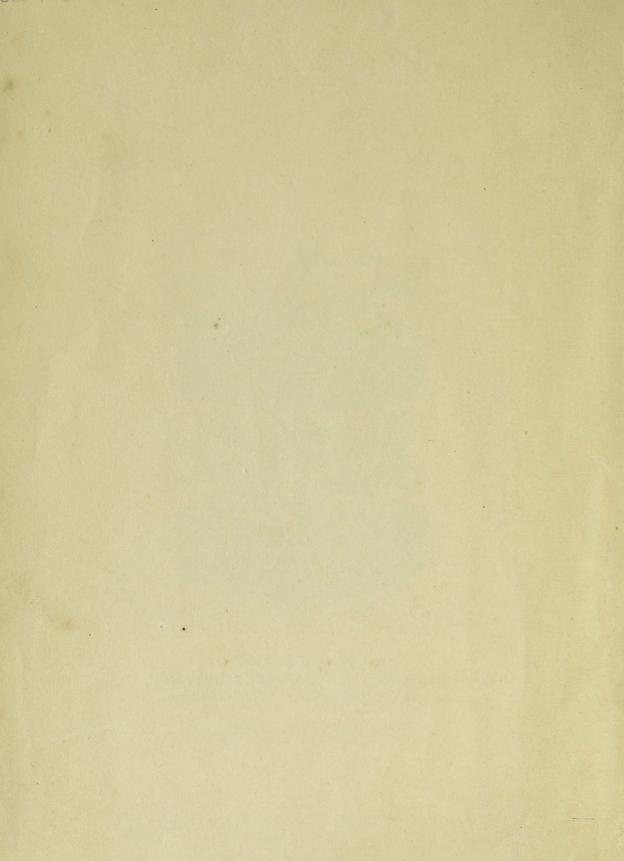
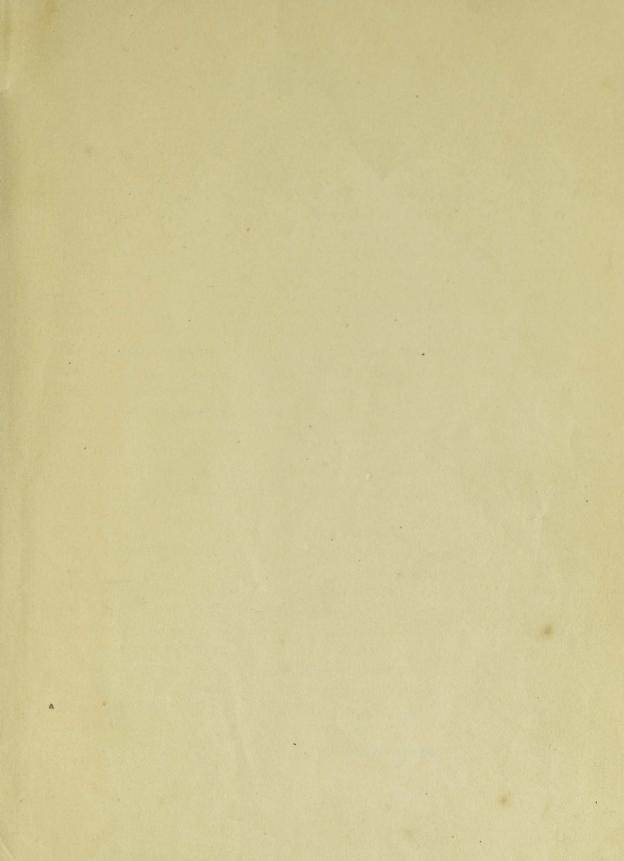


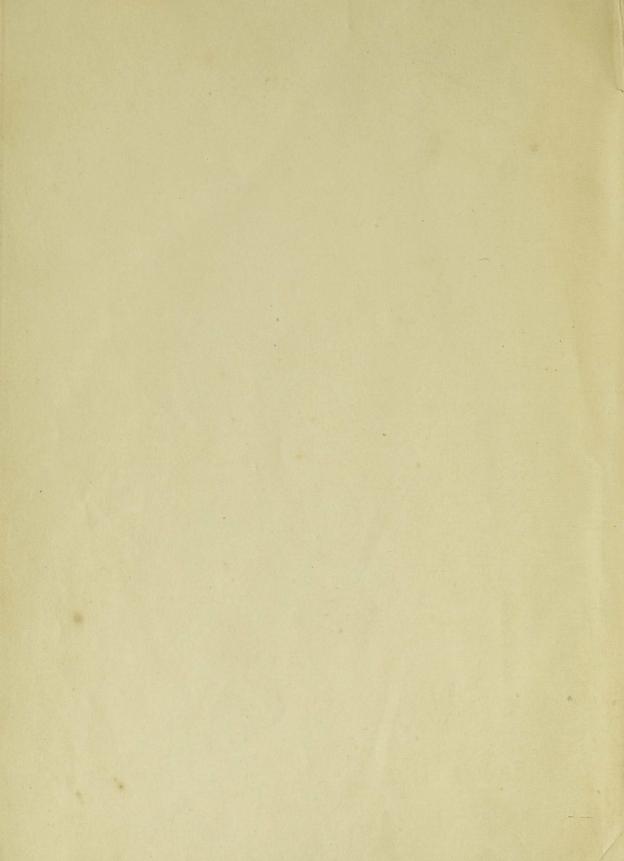
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MR AND MRS EDGAR OSBORNE

The LoMargaret Jannings







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INTRODUCTION.

As trail our steps along the path of life, Faint with its toil, or halting from its strife,— As each fresh object, sought with busiest care, Eludes our grasp, or melts in viewless air,—

Oh! then a backward glance we often cast, On days and scenes long numbered with the past, And sigh, as guilt and gloom around we see, For childhood's innocence and childhood's glee.

Oh! that while manly hearts to all were given, To serve, in each one's time, the will of Heaven, The childish heart might still abide within, Untrained in guile, unsteeped in varied sin.

That simple, docile, faithful each might be, Meet for that kingdom of eternity, Where He, who said, "By such shall heaven be won," Might welcome each as God's adopted son.



MINNIE.

Learn your lessons well to-day,
Little Minnie;
Then we will have merry play,
Minnie! Minnie!
Now, first say your A, B, C;
Then count numbers, One, Two,
Three;
Then your verses say to me,
Minnie!

You are but a little one,

Minnie! Minnie!

And you like best play and fun,

Little Minnie.

But it can't be always play;

Not to work throughout the day,

Would be wasting time away,

Minnie!

BABY.

Baby, with the golden hair, Climbing here, and climbing there, Climbing on the rocking-chair— Sweet Baby!

Ah! he finds it is not steady;
He is tottering already;
He is frightened—save him, Eddy!
Save Baby!

Now he's safely on the ground, But the rogue is turning round, For the rocking-chair still bound— Oh, Baby!

Blue-eyed Baby, oh! beware How you clamber everywhere; Treacherous is the rocking-chair, My Baby!

Better far not climb at all,
But upon the carpet crawl,
If you would not fear to fall,
Dear Baby!

ASPIRATIONS.

I AM four years old this birthday, So I'm getting very big; I am never frightened—never— No, not even by the pig.

When I'm a little older,
I'm to have a beaver hat;
Not a white one, with a feather—
Such a baby one as that!

And I shall go to college, too—
How pleasant that will be!
And may I fight the boys, Mamma—
I mean, if they fight me?

And I shall learn my lessons,
Not with letters on the floor,
But in great books, like Papa's,
And be a dunce no more.

Oh! I wish that I was bigger!

Do you think I'm growing tall?

Will you measure me, Mamma,

If I stand against the wall?

For I'm four years old this birthday, So I must be brave and bold, And take care of little children, Since I am grown so old.



MAY-DAY.

Hall to the verdant Spring once more!
Hail to the merry month of May!
Behold around the plenteous store
Of garlands and of chaplets gay.

So many little hands employed
In weaving wreaths this festive day;
Delight to them, pure, unalloyed,
To crown their little Queen of May.

Now on the joyous scene I gaze,

The feast of innocence and love,

And there it seems my mind to raise

From things of earth to things above.

In thought, it carries me from here,
To what we hope to see one day—
Eternal Spring, more bright and clear,
A cloudless sunshine, endless May.

Oh, glorious thought!—to rise from dust,
To leave all grief, from earth take wing;
To taste, amid the good and just,
Undying joy, unfading Spring!



THE ORANGE.

What is that fruit, so round and sweet, So nice to smell, so good to eat, Which gives to children such a treat? An Orange!

How yellow and how bright its skin,
So smooth without, so sweet within!
To scorn thee surely were a sin,
Bright Orange!

What treat so great for little boys,
When, tired with their games and toys,
They're safe with thee from tricks and noise,
Kind Orange!

Right glad am I when Christmas comes, With puddings, mince-pies, tarts, and buns, And, best of all, thy golden suns, Round Orange!

Oh! kindly native of Azores,*
Round which the broad Atlantic roars—
We bid thee welcome to our shores,
Sweet Orange!

^{*} The St. Michael oranges are brought from one of the Azore Islands.

CHARLIE'S BOAT.

"Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow:" Where are they seen, if not with Charlie now? In that round tub, with wooden spade for oar, He bravely sails, the brooklet to explore; The captain, crew, and pilot, all in one, Whilst Arthur, Ned, and little Rose look on. In circles round and round the boat will go, No matter that the progress is but slow. Triumphant Charlie calls to Ned, in glee, "Throw in some stones, and make high waves for me! Then watch me, in a dreadful storm at sea! Now, weeds for icebergs coming round the ship; There! that will do; she does begin to dip. Now she comes into port, my gallant craft!" Rose wished to try-oh! how the sailor laughed: "You! little goose, you might as well go fly, As steer a boat like me—I'm Captain Bligh! Come, never mind; I'll have a yacht some day, And you shall sail with me to Baffin's Bay."



APPLES.

Down! down! down!

Down under the tree,

See the apples falling,

As ripe as they can be.

Beautiful golden apples,
Yellow, brown, and red;
Down they fall in showers,
And over the green grass spread.

Come, little girls and boys,
Leave your books and play;
Help to gather the apples—
No more school to-day.

Fill your hats and aprons,
Shake the tree again!
See, they fall around you,
Like the summer rain.

Some take into the kitchen, Heap the basket high; Cook, your paste get ready, Make us an apple-pie.

Some are meant for cider—
Those leave under the tree,
To make them ripe and mellow,
As cider-apples should be.

Some we'll keep till Winter,
Till the merry Christmas days,
When friends are met together
Around the bright wood blaze.

So, help and gather the apples,
Working while you play;
Put away the lessons—
No more school to-day!

THE WOOD-STRAWBERRY.

PLEASANT thoughts of by-gone days, Youthful frolics, merry plays; Recollections thronging fast, Visions dim of hours past,—All recur at sight of thee, Little wild wood-strawberry.

Years have passed away since we Mustered round the walnut-tree, Boys and girls, like rose-buds fair, Fresh from school, and free from care, Setting out in search of thee, Little wild wood-strawberry.

Well each sunny dell we knew, Where the finest berries grew; Eagerly we sought the prize— What so precious in our eyes, As our baskets filled with thee, Little wild wood-strawberry?

Was it that the Summer's heat Made us glad the wood to greet? Was it that the Summer's prime Seemed to us the merriest time, That we loved to seek for thee, Little wild wood-strawberry? In the earliest days of Spring,
We were ever on the wing,
To the copse for violets sweet,
Always first the Spring to greet;
But we gave the palm to thee,
Little wild wood-strawberry.

Pleasant, too, it was in May,
When the violets passed away,
Frocks and aprons all to fill
With the cowslips on the hill;
But 'twas not like gathering thee,
Little wild wood-strawberry.

And when Autumn's touch had laid On the trees its yellow shade, Nutting-parties echoing, Made the woods with laughter ring; But we'd rather hunt for thee, Lowly wild wood-strawberry.

Years have passed away since then, Boys have grown to sober men, Girls have seen, with loving eyes, Sons and daughters round them rise; Thee alone unchanged we see, Little wild wood-strawberry!



PLAY.

PLAY, children, play, whilst hope is hovering round your Play whilst roses bloom, and Summer joys surround. The flowers will not be half so sweet, the small you think the world so fair who.

He says, the sun will surely shine,
For mists are rising from the dell;
But not a single step I'll take,
Till I've consulted Pimpernel.

Grandfather's weather-glass says "Dry," (The sea-weed hanging by the well);
The swallows, too, are soaring high—
But I must ask my Pimpernel.

Ah! Pimpernel, you're wide awake, Brightly your scarlet flowers glow; No rain will fall this livelong day, So, John, I'm ready—let us go.



THE GIRL OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[Supposed to be spoken by a young girl who had lived till the age of 17 in the lighthouse on the Casket Rocks, and who, having paid a visit to one of the neighbouring Channel Islands, to "see the world," had returned to her rocky home, sated with the bustle of life.]

OH! I'm happy, my own dear mother,
To be here once more with you,
And I would not leave your side again,
Though the Queen herself should sue;
But I'm still bewildered, mother,
And my head turns round and round,
For the noise and bustle of the world
Still in my ears resound.

Oh! I am weary, mother,
Of the world, where I have been;
It will take a long, long winter's night
To tell you all I've seen,—
The trees you've often talked about,
With their pretty leaves of green,
The tulip bright, and the lily white,
And the blushing rose I've seen.

I've seen a church, too, mother,
And I've heard the organ peal;
But I like far better, mother,
Upon the rocks to kneel.
The crowd of strange, new faces,
They awed and frightened me;
I longed to be alone with you,
The wild birds, and the sea.

I've trod the busy, noisy streets,
And entered shops so gay;
I've seen the brilliant gas, that makes
The night as clear as day;
But I longed for you, my mother,
And to rest my fevered brow
Upon your soft and gentle cheek,
As it is resting now.

All seemed to me but vanity,
And I do not wish to roam
Again far from my native isle,
My little rocky home;
So, by your side, my mother,
Let me from henceforth stay,
And tend the light that through the night
Shows mariners their way.



HAY-MAKING.

In the hay, in the hay,
Toss we and tumble;
No one to say us nay,
All through this Summer's day,
No one to grumble.

In the hay, in the hay,
Arthur we'll smother;
Bring armfuls, heap them high,
Pile them up—now good-bye,
Poor little brother!

In the hay, in the hay,
Snugly reclining,
Shaded from noontide heat,
Smelling the clover sweet,
See us all dining;

While the hay-makers sit
Under the willows,
Each with their bread and cheese
Spread out upon their knees,
Hay for their pillows.

Hark! how they laugh and chat,
Happy, light-hearted!
Now to their work they go,
Raking up one long row,
Fit to be carted.

Now comes the waggon near,
Quickly they 're loading;
Rake away! rake away!
While it's fine, make the hay—
Rain I'm foreboding.

Now that the sunset ray
Says the day's over,
Homeward we take our way,
In the cart strewn with hay,
Smelling of clover.



THE FIRST SLEEP.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

"From the moonbeams where away, Royal lady, fair Mabelle? Nightingales are silent now, By your bower and wishing-well."

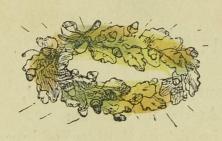
QUEEN MAB.

- "Not for song or greenwood dance
 Do I summon you to-night;
 To a child's first sleep on earth
 I command each happy sprite.
- "Ere that cloud has hid the moon, Meet me round the infant's bed, All endowed with gifts to shower On that guileless mortal's head.
- "Go! before the Elf arise
 Of the willow-branch and yew;
 Haste, ere Sorrow, with her sighs,
 Circle round the cradle too."

Gemm'd with dew, and robed in green, Soon the Fairy Court and Queen Hover round the trysting-place, Looking in the baby's face. In clear small voice, the brightest fay,
Bidden, came forth, as all made way:
"Have Truth," said Una of the well,
As from her brow a crystal fell;
"Let Beauty, Virtue, Grace, be thine,"
Added the Lady Eglantine.
"Hope, Love, and Faith thy steps attend,"
Said one, "and never want a friend."
"Be wise, and joyous as a bird,"—
Hark! in the air a sigh is heard;
A shadow now the moon o'ercast,
Touched the young sleeper as it passed:
Fluttered, as with a sudden chill,
Each little wing—and all was still!

Then sadly spake the Fairy Queen:
"Sorrow has looked upon the scene;
But powerless shall be her sway,
If, gentle one, day after day,
You do the thing that's right, and keep
The innocence of your first sleep."

Then vanished she, with all her train, On moonbeams through the window-pane.





FEEDING CHICKENS.

Come, see the chickens fed,
Annie and Charlie;
Who'll take the bowl of bread?
Who'll carry barley?

See the white pigeons come, Quickly down flying; Ducks waddle from the pond, Barley-meal spying.

There is the fine old cock, Gallantly crowing, Calling the hens to come, For the corn's going.

See all those yellow chicks, Close to their mothers; Won't they be trod upon By all the others?

Now, fill your little hands
Quite full of barley—
Scatter it far and wide,
Annie and Charlie.



THE IRON MONSTER.

Wно 'LL come and see the Monster, With its many-jointed tail, Snorting, panting, rushing, Along the quiet vale?

With eyes all fierce and fiery,
Darting a crimson ray;
With a mouth that scatters cinders,
Red-hot, along its way;

With breath of black smoke rolling,
And a whistle loud and shrill,
The Monster comes a-panting—
But he can't get up the hill.

So don't be frightened, Annie—
Indeed, you need not fear;
It may snort, and pant, and whistle,
But it cannot get up here.

It's coming! now it's coming!

I hear the rumble deep;
See! the white wreaths in the distance
Under the arches peep.

Hundreds of people, Annie,
He swallows every day,
But he lets them all get out again,
When he's helped them on their way.

THE BUTTERFLY.

So he's a good old Monster—
Not like the Dragon grim
Who fought with brave St. George of old,
And almost conquered him.

But brave St. George was stronger,
On his side he had the right;
So he fought him till he killed him,
And became Old England's Knight.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A BEAUTIFUL butterfly, one Summer's day, Burst into being near fair Dicart bay, And fluttered from flower to flower in glee, As happy an insect as ever could be.

Ah! it might have been happy, that butterfly gay,
To the end of its short life—a long Summer's day—
If it had not got tired of valley and glade,
And 'mid the sweet roses and wild thyme had stayed.

"How I hate this dull place!" said the foolish young thing "There are none to admire the down on my wing, Save a few ugly bees, who are vulgar and low, And some beetles and spiders, who hate me, I know.

"I'm tired of roses, and heath, and wild thyme, Of cowslips, and daisies, and sickly woodbine; In short, I'm determined that here I won't stay, And when I'm determined, I will have my way."

"Oh, stop! do not go!" said a red lady-bird, Who this foolish design had by chance overheard; "Do not go, Sir, I pray you, but listen to me— That way there is nothing but rocks and the sea."

The butterfly gave a contemptuous look,
And without more delay that direction he took:
"I will not be thwarted—I will have my way,
For all that that meddling red insect can say!"

It flew, and it flew, and it flew further still, Till it came to the end of the heath-covered hill, And stopped to repose for a moment or so On a Michaelmas daisy just going to blow.

"Ha! ha!" thought the butterfly, "I hear the sea; What a venturous traveller, in truth, I must be! Few insects would, like me, have courage to roam So far from the flowers, so far from their home."

It flew further still, and it came to the sea,
And it fluttered about in the merriest glee;
For the sea-flies and gnats crowded round with delight—
They never had seen any insect so bright.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Said the butterfly, "Pray give me something to eat— The dew on a lily would be a great treat; For I've travelled so far, that, though vulgar, I fear, I should much like some supper, and sun-set is near."

The poor simple insects all flew off in haste, To bring what was most to the butterfly's taste; One brought a dead fly on its silvery wing, And another some delicate sea-weed, poor thing!

The butterfly looked at their feast in dismay:
"Oh! have you no flowers to give me, I pray?
I don't like the sea-weed—I can't eat a fly;
Indeed, though I'm hungry, it's useless to try."

But the insects knew not what he meant by the flowers, For they'd spent on the beach all their short sunny hours; So they flew far away from their delicate friend: He repented, and died; and my tale's at an end.





POOR TOM.

When the dreary Winter's gone, It is Tom's delight and pride. Though he's crippled and forlorn In the sweet fresh air to ride. Seated in the wooden chair
In his little spring-cart, he
Drives the donkey, who will hear
And obey him readily.

Little children round him play— Joy, if they a ride can get! While they find him every day A primrose or a violet.

Thus, in Summer's plenteous time,
Does he spend the livelong day,
Resting now beneath the lime,
Driving now through fields of hay.

Now he eats his frugal meal,
In the lonely shady glen;
Scarce a sorrow does he feel,
That he's not like other men.

All he loves have passed away—
Father, brother, all are gone;
Little is his weekly pay,
Yet he's neither poor nor lone.

He has found a Friend in One,
Who is nearer than a brother;
And his rest, he knows, will come,
Not in this world, but another.

THE DAY-DREAM.

Dull is the day and dreary,

The Autumn leaves are sere,

No sky 'mid clouds appearing,

Peeps forth the scene to cheer;

But I heed not mud and mire,

The stripped and cheerless trees,

Or the wintry aspect dire—

My thoughts are far from these.

They roam 'mid climes more sunny,
Where Winter is not known,
And odours sweet and balmy
On the evening breeze are blown;
Where all is strange and wondrous,
Where all is wild and fair,—
As I walk I wander thither,
For one I love is there.

My fancy turns you elm-trees,
Which bare and lifeless stand,
Into palm-trees tall, and bending
O'er the hot and desert sand;
The sky, so dark and leaden,
I tinge with many a dye,
Till it takes the gorgeous shading
Of the tropic Indian sky.

THE DAY-DREAM.

For the land of travellers' stories,
The land of fairy lore,
Of wonders and of glories,
Of gems and precious ore,—
The city great and mighty,
Of many a palace dome,
Calcutta's queenly city,
Is now our sister's home.





FAIRIES.

"What are fairies? Have they wings? Are they good or naughty things? Can they dance, and can they talk? Do they fly, or swim, or walk?

Do they make a dreadful noise? Do they eat up girls and boys? Please, Mamma, tell me and Mary What's the meaning of a fairy."

"Fairies are very tiny things,
With golden hair and gauzy wings,
And sparkling crowns like dew-drops bright,
And robes all glistening with light;
And rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes,
And wands, in which their power lies.

"And there are fairies everywhere,
On the earth and in the air;
Some peep out of roses red,
Some in lilies go to bed;
Some live in heather's crimson bell,
Some love the honeysuckle well,
And many a one doth snugly lie
Under the wings of a butterfly.

"And fairies fly and flit about,
Through the keyholes in and out;
Well they love the tidy child,
But they hate the rough and wild;
And they pinch, and scratch, and bite
All who quarrel or who fight:
So, I hope that you and Mary
Won't be punished by a fairy."

THE WISHING-WELL.

SIR ULRIC owns a crested hill,
Where, in a little nook,
You'll find a babbling silver spring,
If carefully you look.

They call this spring the wishing-well;
Lucky, for them that know it,
If they take out a thimblefull,
And o'er their shoulder throw it.

They say, if you perform this feat,
And wish for what you will,
Your wish is sure to be fulfilled
By the Fairy of the Rill.

It is a dismal, lonely spot,
In a deep and shady dell,
And branching fir-trees close it round,
That elfish wishing-well!

It lies embosomed in a trench
Of an ancient Roman fort;
Now, unmolested round its brim
The timid rabbits sport.

For trespassers are warned away,
By stout Sir Ulric's orders,
And boards put up to tell them so,
Round the old castle borders.

And, 'midst the gnarlèd oaks and firs
That clothe the old hill-top,
Within the circling wall, sometimes
A bull the grass doth crop,—

A bull of wild and savage mien,
Who, from his leathern throat,
An angry muttering murmur sends,
As he prowls about the moat.

So, little children all, beware How to the well you go; In old Sir Ulric, or the bull, You're sure to find a foe.

THE PARISH CLERK.

Above the low thatched cottage roof
The winter sun rose high;
Beneath that roof an old man lay,
With still, unwaking eye.

His was the solemn sleep of death,

His work at last was done;

He could not see the dim dawn pass,

Nor watch the rising sun.

For threescore years and ten, aye, more—
Oh! weary, weary time—
He dwelt within that cottage home
In babyhood and prime.

His young wife thither he had brought,
Years upon years before,
And boys and girls soon clustered round
His hearth and cottage door.

He long had been the parish clerk, And weekly tolled the bell; Each Sunday saw him in his place, The loud Amen to swell.

He rang for birth, he tolled for death,
Struck out each wedding peal,
And by each baby at the font
For forty years did kneel.

And when the solemn parting words
By the grave's side were said,
His hands threw in the crumbling earth
Upon the coffin-head.

At wedding-feast, at funeral board, At rustic christening-teas, He always went, a willing guest, His simple pleasures these.

His children grew and throve apace,
And left their father's side;
His daughters married in their turn—
Some married—and some died.

And thus he lived for seventy years,
Within his village bound,
And cleaving wood and felling trees
Made up his labour's round.

And now he lies where each must lie,
The rich, the poor and low:
Nor grave beneath, nor heaven above,
Do such distinctions know.

One thing alone is needful now— Was earth his portion here, Or did he seek a home above, And was his treasure there?

If, through his Master's death, he knew
His sins were all forgiven,
How glorious must the change now be,
From wintry earth to Heaven!—

From poverty to untold wealth,
From grief to endless joy,
From earthly stains to holiness,
And bliss without alloy.





THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

"GIVE me a penny, do, dear Aunt," Louisa said, one day,

"And do not ask me what I want, But give it to me, pray!" Her Aunt, in too indulgent mood,
Granted the trifling boon;
The gift, alas! more kind than good,
Brought dire disaster soon.

Quick with the penny to the shop Louy with Eddy flies; Alas! it is no sugar-drop The little lady buys.

A folded paper now she holds,

That little dame so pretty;

The paper carries in its folds

A powder black and gritty,—

A powder black and gritty, and (Oh! dreadful, but quite true) Lucifer-matches in her hand She carries, one or two!

"Now, Eddy, get the cannon, dear,
And load it with the powder;
I'm not afraid the noise to hear,
I'm sure I've heard much louder."

And now the match is burning bright;
But the adventurous two
Begin to doubt, in some affright,
What they are next to do.

And, as they hesitating stand,

The match goes burning on;
The fire is touching Eddy's hand—
He throws it down—it's gone!

Gone right into the powder-heap!—
Then comes a blaze and din,
Then follow cries both shrill and deep,
For the agony they're in!

The powder, with its fiery flash,
Has burnt hair, hands, and face;
Of pretty eyebrow or eyelash
There scarce remains a trace.

And I could tell how pained and ill They were for many days, And how their blistered faces still Proclaim their thoughtless ways.

But they have learnt a lesson now,
Which will not be forgot,
And neither will again, I trow,
Hatch a gunpowder plot.

THE CHILDREN OF TOWN.

From the smoky town,
From the dusty street,
Let us seek the fields,
And the country greet.

Telling us of Spring;
Telling us of flowers,
Giving hope of joy
In the Summer hours.

We have lived in town
All this twelvemonth long,
In its fog and smoke,
In its noisy throng;

Stone walls all around,
Houses everywhere,
All our daily walk
Round and round the square.

Come, oh! let us come
Where the green fields lie,
Where the dingy smoke
Clouds not heaven's sky.

Not yet early flowers

Can we hope to see,

But the fields and lanes

Where they soon will be.

Little blades of grass,

Birds upon the wing,

Tiny lambs at play—

All give hopes of Spring.

So, though March is cold,

Though the rough winds blow,

Let us leave the town,

To the country go.



THE HERB-GATHERER.

Long have I lived in a weary world,
And now I am left a branchless tree;
For all I have loved have passed away,
And none there are who care for me.

My neighbours think I'm fit for nought,
So old, and worn, and bent am I;
But there is strength in the old man yet,
I've work to do before I die.

I know the name of many a herb,
I know the medicine they yield;
And, weak and lame, I still go forth,
To seek the treasures of the field.

For few there are who know my lore;
Ungrateful man the herb disdains,
And knoweth not the healing store
That grows in meadows and in plains.

The mallow is good for coughs and colds; "Borage brings courage," saith the say; The yarrow will heal the sorry and sad, And wormwood insects drives away.

The poppy brings back gentle sleep;
And many a plant neglected blows,
That banishes pain and heals the sick,
Which Heaven has sent to cure our woes.

Yes! Heaven has strewn our path with gifts, Of which man, thankless, takes no heed; But while I have strength to wander forth, I'll cull the healthful flower and weed.

THE ARUM-LEAF OF SPRING.

Oh! welcome is the snowdrop,
When it peeps above the ground,
And joyous 'tis when little birds
Their chorus peal around;
And merry when the butterfly
Comes forth, with yellow wing;
But pleasanter than all of them,
The arum-leaf of Spring.

When in the cold bare hedges,
Shattered with Winter's woe,
The blackened ferns and withered leaves
All hopelessly lie low;
We see a bright green token,
A tender shining thing—
It tells us there is life below,
'Tis the arum-leaf of Spring.



NAUGHTY BABY.

Baby, Baby Charlie, Naughty in his play, Slapping little Annie, Pushing her away;

Patting with his soft hands, Laughing in his fun; Slapping with such good-will, That the tear-drops run.

Do not cry, dear Annie, Wipe away the tear; Keep away from Charlie, Do not come so near;

Or his little hands will
Pull your curly hair.
Peep at baby, Annie—
Peep behind the chair.

Kiss the baby, darling,
Kiss the little one;
He is only playing,
In his baby fun.

EFFIE'S SORROW.

A SEQUEL TO THE "MAY QUEEN."

The sun is on the green, mother, it shines between the trees,
And the scent of many flowers comes on the pleasant breeze,
For shepherd lads and lasses there are weaving garlands gay,
To deck the Queen of the May, mother, to deck the Queen of the
May.

The honeysuckle in the porch still hangs its blossoms down,
And they wove it, with the cuckoo-flower and the violet, in her
crown;

Oh! when I saw that, mother, I thought my heart would break:
They should have spared those flowers—have spared them for her sake!

There was Caroline, and Mary, and Kate, and Margaret; Had they forgotten Alice, did they think I could forget? They came around me, mother, and they said I should be Queen, But not for all the fairest flowers that blow, would I have been.

My tears were falling fast, and I could no longer stay,
But Robin met me at the gate, as I turned to come away;
He took me by the hand, and he led me, you know where—
Where the hawthorn spreads its branches o'er the mound so green and fair.

EFFIE'S SORROW.

He showed me how the buds, mother, were bursting all in white, And he told me she was fairer far in the regions of the light; The buds, he said, would bloom and fade, and the green leaves die away,

But she would ever, ever be more bright and pure than they.

He said, we must not weep, mother, for she is happier now,
No wreath of fading flowers, but a crown is on her brow—
A crown more beauteous far than the flowers she loved so well,
And the light that shines about her no mortal tongue can tell.

So do not weep, dear mother—rejoice in this bright day,
And come and see them on the green, ere the morn has passed
away;

And I will be to you, mother, what Alice would have been,
Though she was Queen of the May, mother, and I never can be
Queen.





DRESSING UP.

Dressing up! Who can forget—
Who, that childhood's days remember,
When the days were dark and wet,
In the dull month of December—

Dressing up, the joy of all, For gay charade, or mimic ball?

Old brocades we brought to light,
Seized upon each knot and feather,
Glad to find a ribbon bright
In the spoil we heaped together.
How each masker did aspire
To be tricked in quaint attire!

Emily was made a queen,
Grace was dressed up as a peasant,
Johnny, too, could something glean
From Aunt Lucy's noble present,
Ere we met her laughing gaze:
Happy, happy early days!



THE PILGRIMS OF TRÈVES.

SEE the pilgrims, slowly pouring
From the banks of blue Moselle;
Blessings they have been imploring—
Holy angels, guard them well!

See! they come, with banners waving, Chanting on their lengthened way, Weariness and hunger braving— Hopeful, trustful pilgrims they.

They have left their friends and kindred,
Heavenly blessings to procure—
Each loved home and pleasant vineyard,
Pains and hardships to endure.

For to Trèves they have been wending,
To the garment there enshrined;
Many with diseases bending,
Many deaf, and lame, and blind.

Sick, and sorrowful, and dying,
All were taken to be healed,
On a perfect cure relying,
If before that shrine they kneeled.

THE PILGRIMS OF TREVES.

They have kissed the holy vesture,
When it was exposed to view;
But no virtue from its texture
To their wasted frames they drew.

Now, with sobs and sad hearts burning,
Pains and penance all in vain,
They their weary steps are turning
Sorrowfully home again.

As they go, kind Heaven befriend them— Erring, weak, yet strong in Faith; May their angel guards defend them, On their weary homeward path!





WORK BEFORE PLAY.

"Mother has sent me to the well,
To fetch a jug of water,
And I am very glad to be
A useful little daughter;

And that is why I cannot play With you and Mary Ann to-day.

"Some afternoon I'll come with you,
And make you wreaths and posies—
I know a place where blue-bells grow,
And daisies and primroses;
But not to-day, for I must go
And help my mother, dears, you know.

"She says, that I am nearly eight,
So I can fill the kettle,
And sweep the room, and clean the grate,
And even scrub a little;
Oh! I'm so very glad to be
A useful little girl, you see.

"So, Johnny, do not ask to-day—
Perhaps I'll come to-morrow,
But you'd not wish me now to stay,
And give my mother sorrow;
When she can spare me, she will say,
'Now, Susan, you may go and play.'"



OLD MILLY.

NEAR the lane, where blossoms early
Violet blue and primrose pale,
Lives Old Milly in her cottage,
Snugly sheltered from the gale.

There the trees spread forth their branches,
Arching thickly overhead;
There the sparrows perch, and twitter
Joyful news that Winter's fled.

Overgrown with moss and lichen,
Gaily coloured is the thatch,
And long years and damp have printed
On the old walls many a patch.

Through one window, rays of morning
Brighten up the cottage old;
Through the other, evening sunbeams
Turn each platter into gold.

Honeysuckles cluster over,
Breathing round a rich perfume,
And the scent of hay and clover
Fills the little cottage room.

THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

Wно has gathered the rose, And then flung it away, In its beauty and fragrance, To fade and decay?

Scarce had it ventured,
All blushing and red,
To look at the sun
From its green mossy bed;

Scarce had it smiled
On the bright summer's day,
When some ruthless hand plucked it,
And bore it away.

From the bees, and the flowers,
And the gay butterfly,
It was torn, and there left,
On the hard stone to die.

Oh! weep for the rose,
It is dying alone,
Far from its sister buds,
On the cold stone.

Long ere another
So beautiful blows;
Weep, flower spirits,
Oh! weep for your rose!



THE RIVER.

RIVER! on thy pebbly bed
Ever rippling, ever flowing,
How, this long day, hast thou sped?
Whither are thy waters going?
Running on by night and day,
Not a moment will they stay.

Hast thou round the water-mill
Poured, with loud and sudden gushing,
Where the foam is lingering still,
With the fierceness of thy rushing?
Didst thou then, with softer song,
Through the meadows steal along?

Or, by banks of verdant grass,
Didst thou skirt the churchyard lonely,
Where thy waters, as they pass,
Image yew and willow only?
Dark and sad the shadows there,
In thy ripples bright and fair.

Didst thou lave the little feet
Of the merry children playing,
While they flung thee blossoms sweet,
Scented triumphs of their maying?
Didst thou bear away the prize
Swiftly from their laughing eyes?

On the bridge did maiden stand,
Gazing on thy onward motion?
One she loves has left the land
For a life upon the ocean,
And she knows thou soon wilt be
Mingling with the briny sea.

River, thou wilt soon be there,
And, thy pleasant journey ending,
Birds and bees no longer near,
Flowers no more thy course attending,
There, amidst the salt sea's foam,
River, thou wilt find thy home.

FAR AWAY.

Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing round the Christmas fire,
Brightened by its ruddy glow;
Or, in Summer's balmy evenings,
In the field upon the hay?
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away—far away!

Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home;
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam;
Some are gone from us for ever,
Longer here they might not stay—
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away—far away!

There are still some few remaining,
Who remind us of the past;
But they change, as all things change here,
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on, and pass for ever;
What is coming, who can say?
Ere this closes, many may be
Far away—far away!

HOPE.

Oн! Winter days are dreary,
Harsh the cold winds blow,
But smiles can make them cheery,
'Mid all their frost and snow;
And Hope, that brightest thing on earth,
Can turn our sadness into mirth,
And e'en to happiness give birth,—
Then hope!

Though sunshine now is banished,
And cheerless falls the rain—
Though Summer flowers have vanished,
Yet they will bloom again;
The heavy rain will cease to pour,
The blustering wind to rage and roar,
And merry days will come once more,—
Then hope!



THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

- "Where do you come from, Pigeon, I pray, And what has brought you here to-day?"
- "From Scotland I come, and under my wing A letter from Grandmamma I bring."
- "Oh! Pigeon, what does the letter say?"

 "It says, that though she is far away,

 Grandmamma loves her darling well—

 A great deal more than she can tell.
- "And she hopes that you are a good little child, Gentle, obedient, docile, and mild; And she sends in the letter kisses three, For Mary, and you, and the baby wee."
- "Oh! pretty Pigeon, fly back once more;
 The fields are covered with golden store,
 But stay not a single grain to taste—
 Fly back to my Grandmamma with haste;
- "And tell her, you pretty white-winged dove,
 That I send her a kiss, and I send her my love;
 And tell her, I wish she would come and see
 The new little baby, and Mary, and me."

COWSLIP-GATHERING.

Merry time, when cowslips bloom; Merry time, when thrushes sing; Merry time, when wild-rose sprays Far abroad their branches fling!

Merry time for girls and boys,
When the cowslips first appear,
Gilding meadows with their cups;
Happiest time of all the year!

When the bees, with busy hum,
Play amongst their golden bells,
And the butterflies are come—
All of joy and pleasure tells.

Happy children! roaming far,
Gather cowslips at your will;
Fill your baskets—fill them full—
Thousands will be left there still.

Oh! the joyous time of youth,

Like the spring-tide of the year;

Could it but, like cowslip-bells,

Come again each coming year!



THE GIANT.

"Do tell me why the kettle's lid
Is moving up and down?
And why that smoke comes puffing out
So fiercely from the kettle's spout?
It sprinkles, see, your gown!

- "Ah! Charlie, boy, you do not know
 That under that small lid
 A giant, powerful and strong,
 Who pushes ships and trains along,
 Is in the kettle hid."
- "A real giant! Oh, Mamma!
 You must be in a dream."

 "No dream, my child; the slave of man,
 He does more work than horses can:
 The giant's name is Steam.
- "Giants, of old, were mighty men,
 Who mighty deeds could do;
 So, when one does the work of ten,
 In digging mine, or draining fen,
 We call him giant too.
- "And steam has strength for works so vast,
 You can no giant name,
 In all the books, from first to last,
 Which tell the story of the past,
 That ever did the same.
- "And you, my boy, will learn one day,
 How that which moves the lid
 Can with the ponderous piston play,
 And make the fly-wheel spin away,
 And work as it is bid."

CHILDREN.

What could we without them,
Those flowers of Life?
How bear all the sorrows
With which it is rife?
As long as they blossom,
Whilst brightly they bloom,
Our own griefs are nothing,
Forgotten our gloom.

We joy in the sunshine,
It sheds on them light;
We welcome the showers,
It makes them more bright;
On our pathway of thorns
They are thrown from above,
And they twine round about us,
And bless us with love.

Bright, beautiful flowers,
So fresh and so pure!
How could we without them
Life's troubles endure?
So guileless and holy,
Such soothers of strife;
What could we without them,
Sweet flowers of life?

THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

'Tis Christmas-time!—the joyous time, When loud from belfry towers the chime Of merry bells, so glad and gay, Proclaim the holy Christmas-day.

The church is decked with holly bright; Each face is beaming with delight, And mourners put their grief away, Upon the joyful Christmas-day.

Good-will to man and peace on earth; Rejoice with pure and guileless mirth, And highest praises to Him pay, Through whom we have a Christmas-day.

Give, with free hand, our choicest store To all who need, to old and poor; With friends rejoice, with children play, Make happy all on Christmas-day.

Nor let the common thought appear, That Christmas comes but once a year; And, till next year has passed away, Let it be ever Christmas-day.



GLEANING.

Now our pleasant toil is done,

Homeward let us take our way;
See! the glorious setting sun
Warns us of the close of day.

Since the morning's early dawn,
We have worked with all our might,
Gleaning every ear of corn
Which escaped the reaper's sight.

Hot and toilsome it has been,
Yet, for our dear children's sake,
We are glad the corn to glean,
For a meal of wheaten cake.

Homeward let us take our way,
Needing rest, but free from sorrow;
Through another field we'll stray,
Heaven befriending us, to-morrow.



BIRDS'-NESTING.

I would that I could scale the cliff
Where eagles make their lair,
And spoil the nest where reigns supreme
The monarch of the air.

Or else, with enterprizing foot,
Explore the distant land,
Where her great eggs the ostrich leaves,
To hatch them in the sand.

But homelier haunts to us belong, Ours are the fields and groves; To us the linnet yields her spoil, The sparrow, finch, and dove.

Some may, with stronger head, attempt You ancient elm to scale, And Maggie's high-built citadel With robber hand assail.

While some, on humbler work intent,
Will creep about the bush,
In hopes to find the snug retreat
Of blackbird or of thrush.

BIRDS'-NESTING.

But let us all, whate'er we find,
Be moderate in our deed,
Nor wring the feathered mother's breast,
Through cruelty and greed.

Take but one egg, our cabinet

To stock, and leave the rest;

So will the parent hatch her brood,

And not desert the nest.



PLAYING AT HORSES.

I'm going to Spain, on my chesnut mare, Do as I do, and you'll soon be there; Trotting and cantering fast away— Oh! Johnny, isn't this famous play?

Now, ford this river deep and wide; Now, scale that mighty mountain's side; And in that forest, dark as night, With bandits, perhaps, we shall have to fight.

Perhaps we shall find a lady fair, Tied to a tree by her auburn hair, And a horrible dwarf high up in the tree, Watching her sorrow with malice and glee.

And you shall be page, and I'll be a knight, To rescue the dame from her terrible plight; And in spite of enchanters, and giants, and all, We'll carry her back to her father's hall.

Gallop away! gallop away!
Through them all we'll cut our way;
Gallop, and never draw bridle-rein,
Till we've reached our castle in sunny Spain!

THE FAIRIES' FEAST.

In the fairy ring,
On the grass so green,
We will make a feast
For the Fairy Queen.

Get me acorn-cups,
Gather purple sloes;
Find the crimson fruit
Of the summer rose.

Hawthorn bushes search,
For the haws so sweet;
Pull the petals white
Of daisy Marguerite.

Then, when evening comes,
Foxgloves ring their bells,
Calling all the sprites
From their distant dells.

When the moon is up,
When the night-birds sing,
Then the fairies dance,
Round their magic ring.



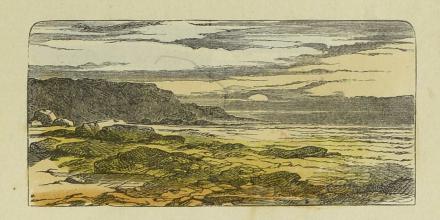
THE PICNIC.

We are going to a picnic,
We are going to the sea,
For the Summer's sun is shining,
As bright as bright can be.

We shall gather shells and sea-weed,
We shall make a fort with sand;
We shall go where crabs and shrimps feed,
In the tide-way close at hand.

And we'll dine within the shadow
Of the high cliff out of reach,
And watch the waves, that ebb and flow
For ever on the beach.

So put away your work, Ann—
We are going to the sea;
And all this Summer's day, Ann,
On the sea-shore we shall be!



OUR SAILOR-BOY.

Our sailor-boy is on the sea,
Our sailor-boy is far away,
And we are longing for the day
When he again with us will be.

We hear the birds upon the eaves,
We smell the roses on the wall,
And sit beneath the elm-tree tall,
In shade of over-arching leaves.

But round him breaks the salt spray now,
The sea-breeze stirs his curly hair;
The southern sun, with ruthless glare,
Embrowns his ruddy cheek and brow.

He coasts along the Syrian strand,
Land which the Christian holds so dear,
Though mosque and minaret are there,
Unhallowed shrines on holy land.

Or roves he 'mid the Grecian isles,
Renowned in story and in song,
Less thinking, as he sails along,
Of mythic lore than home's sweet smiles.

He longs to tread on English ground;
Too long, too long, he's been away,
And joyful shall we hail the day,
That tells us he is homeward bound.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

It's raining, it's raining, so heavily, heavily,
The only dry place is just under the tree;
There let us scamper, so merrily, merrily,
Keeping together as close as can be.

Look at the rainbow, so glorious and wonderful,
Stretching its great arch far up in the sky,
While all around, the clouds, heavy and thunder-full,
Tinge fields and trees with their stormy red dye.

Look, how the hills are all purple behind us; See, how the sky is all gloomy and black. Francis and Willy, indeed you must mind us, Rain is still falling—this moment come back.

Yes, on that side the bright sun is now shining,
Tinting the tops of the trees with its glow;
Rain-drops and sunbeams, their splendours combining,
Colour the beautiful rainbow, you know.

Do you not hear how the heavy drops clatter
On the broad branches that cover us now?
We are not shorn, like the sheep, so no matter;
See, how they shelter themselves near the cow.

Old Nurse, perhaps, is afraid of the thunder, Guessing in vain where her children can be; After such torrents of rain, she will wonder, To find us all dry 'neath the broad chesnut-tree.



LITTLE SUSAN.

"Grandmother, must I pick up sticks
All through this Summer's day?
I'm very tired, and I wish
You'd let me go and play."

- "My little Susan, all day long
 In this arm-chair I sit;
 To earn your daily bread and mine,
 All day I work and knit.
- "If I could go and gather sticks,
 I'd think it pleasant play;
 But in this dull room, all day long,
 My duty is to stay.
- "You are an orphan, Susan dear,
 Parents you never knew;
 But I have strength to labour still,
 And gain your bread for you.
- "And you think, when you are at school,
 At lessons hard all day,
 That picking sticks is pleasant work,
 And quite as good as play.
- "And you are helping me, you know;
 So, Susan, go again,
 And bring me all the sticks the wind
 Has scattered in the glen."

THE ALPINE HUNTER-BOY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"Love you not the lambs to feed?
Will you not with them abide,
Where they crop the daisied mead,
Sporting by the streamlet's side?"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
Where the mountain-breezes blow."

"Love you not the herd to call,
With the echoes of your horn?
Sweet their bells in tinklings fall
On the silence of the morn."
"Mother, mother, let me go
Hunt amid the mountain-snow."

"Can you leave your pretty flowers,
Looking up to you with love?
You will find no pleasant bowers
In that region wild above."
"Leave the flowers—let them blow;
Mother, mother, I must go."

To the chase the boy repairing,
Fiery passions onward goad—
Onward still, with heedless daring,
To the mountain's drear abode;
There, fleet-footed as the wind,
The chamois leaves him far behind.

O'er hard rocks, of soil bereft,
Clambers she, with easy swing;
Through the granite's open cleft
Light she takes her daring spring;
Not less daring, not more slow,
Follows he, with deadly bow.

Now she gains the topmost height,

Hangs she on the mountain's brow;

Nought but sharp crags meet her sight,

No more path before her now.

Yawning depths beneath appear,

And behind, the foe is near!

With a look of speechless woe,

To the cruel one she bends—

Bends in vain—he draws the bow,

A death-inflicting shaft he sends—

Sudden, starting into sight,

Comes the Spirit of the Height!

And, with outstretched mighty hand,
He has saved his tortured child:
"Dare you," cries he, "on my land
Send stern Death and terror wild?
Earth gives room to all: these rocks
Shall protect my harmless flocks."



THE HAUL OF MACKAREL.

The sea is calm, and bright, and blue,
This pleasant Summer's day,
And purple ripples here and there,
Show where the mack'rel play;

So we will sit upon the beach,
And watch the net thrown in,
While fisher-boys and fishers' wives
Rejoice with noisy din.

The men stand patiently around,
Keeping a good look-out,
Till the good news is heard at last—
"A haul! a haul!" they shout;
And quickly some begin to row,
While some throw out the net,
All edged with rounds of buoyant cork,
The finny prize to get.

Swift flies the boat—the net is thrown—And now they row to land,
And soon all hands, with ready zeal,
Are pulling from the strand.
The mack'rel leap, with changing skin,
Gaily unconscious yet
That round and round them closer draw
The meshes of the net.

Now safe to land the prize is brought—
The haul is large to-day,
And still, within the prison net,
The mack'rel dart and play;
Into the water dash the men,
Loud shout the boys with joy,
And quickly gathering up the fish,
Gives each one full employ.

One struggle more, one leap, one start,
Then the poor mack'rel die,
And stiff and still upon the beach,
A glittering heap they lie;
And dealers crowd around to bid,
Then pack the fish away,
And young and old rejoice, because
The haul is large to-day.

THE HOLIDAY.

Put the books and slates away;
This is the sunny First of June,
And we will go this afternoon
Over the hills and far away.

Hurrah! we'll have a holiday,
And through the wood and up the glade
We'll go, in sunshine and in shade,
Over the hills and far away.

The wild-rose blooms on every spray,
In all the sky is not a cloud,
And merry birds are singing loud,
Over the hills and far away.

Not one of us behind must stay,
But little ones and all shall go,
Where Summer breezes gently blow,
Over the hills and far away.

THE RETURN HOME.

Golden is the light of evening,
Soon will set the Autumn sun;
O'er the fields the lengthening shadows
Show the day is nearly done.

Richly laden from the corn-fields,

Homeward see the gleaners wend,
Where, from cottage chimneys, smoke-wreaths
With the distant landscape blend.

Little children run to meet them, Laughing, shouting with delight, And the eldest brings the baby, Welcome to the mother's sight.

They are happy, these poor gleaners,

Though they work till set of sun,

Though to old age, from their childhood,

Never is their labour done.

Yet their sleep is all the sweeter, Relished is their frugal meal, And, for God's rich gifts of nature, Joy and thankfulness they feel.



AUTUMN TREASURES.

The blackberry, the blackberry! the little children's friend,
Hanging upon the bramble-boughs, that with its clusters bend;

AUTUMN TREASUSES.

How dearly does a school-boy love thy ripe and juicy berry!

He cares for neither scratch nor stain, they only make him merry.

Then come the nuts, the hard brown nuts, so fringed about with green,

That, save by children's searching eyes, they scarcely can be seen; With kernels crisp and milky, and in such plenteous store, That one may take and take again, and yet discover more.

And there is, too, the mimic plum, the little purple sloe;
A harsh and meagre fruit it is, yet children love it so!
And mealy crimson haws are seen on every hawthorn tree,
Enough for children and for birds, whate'er their numbers be.

These are the treasures, Autumn, that thou givest to the poor;
What garden furnishes more treats, or yields more plenteous store,

Than on the hedgerows thou hast spread, with kind and lavish hand,

To tempt to joyous ent rprise the little urchin band?



THE GLOW-WORM.

'Twas evening, and my way was through a wood, Up hill, down dale, by copse and open glade; Hedge-rows on either hand beside me stood, And heaven threw over all a darksome shade.

As yet, the lovely stars remained unseen,
But something like a star threw out its ray
The little twigs and blades of grass between—
Cushioned on earth, in lowly place it lay.

Strange, that the glorious shining element,
Which makes the mighty sun its dwelling-place,
Should condescend, in guise so excellent,
With its bright rays a little worm to grace!

But wherefore shines that living spot of light?

'Tis that its winged mate its place may see:

Nothing is great or small that meets our sight;

From Heaven to Earth—all is one mysterv!



