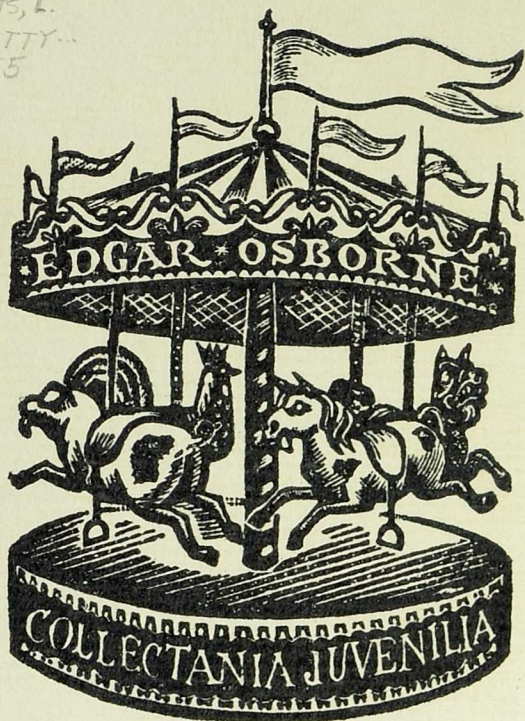


PRETTY LITTLE POEMS
BY
LOUISA WATTS
FOR
PRETTY LITTLE PEOPLE



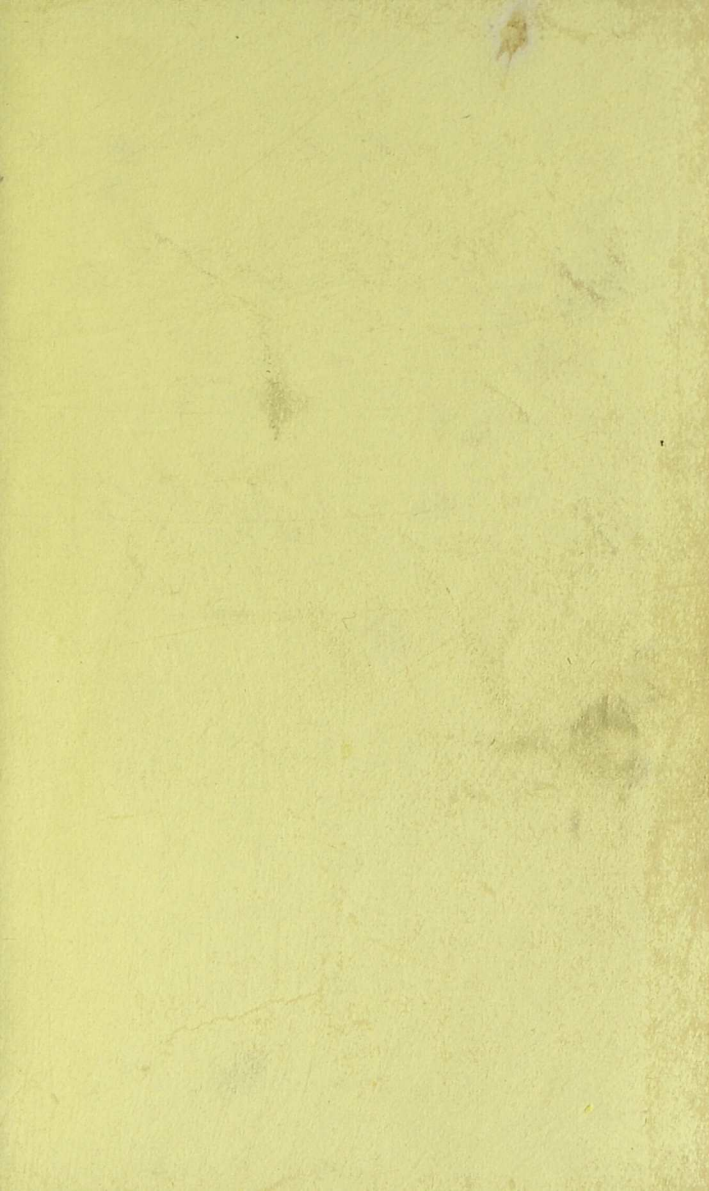
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PRETTY...
1855




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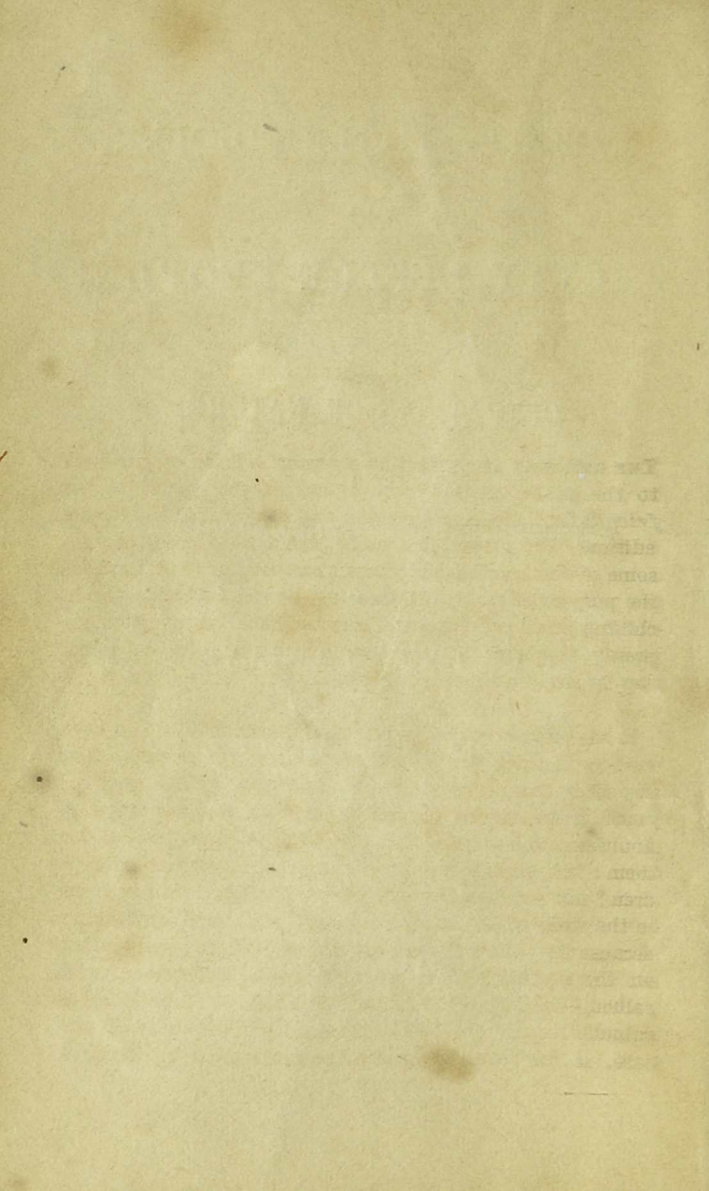
Presented to
Alfred Dalton
by his Father
August 30th 1853


PRETTY LITTLE POEMS,
FOR
PRETTY LITTLE PEOPLE;
EXPLANATORY OF THE
OPERATIONS OF NATURE,
IN A
STYLE SUITED TO THEIR CAPACITIES,
FROM
THE AGE OF TWO TO TWELVE YEARS.

BY LOUISA WATTS,
AUTHORESS OF "MARY MAGDALENE."—A POEM.

HALIFAX:
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1855.



PREFACE.

THE authoress in presenting a second edition of her work to the public, begs to return her sincere thanks to her *friends* for their kind reception and approval of the former edition. The present has undergone a very careful revise, some of the lengthened pieces have been left out, and for the purpose of making it amusing, as well as instructive to children of all ages, a great number have been written expressly, to please the infant mind ; and thus to lead them, step by step, to those which contain solid instruction.

It has often occurred to her, that less endeavour has been used to instruct youth in the operations of nature, than any other branch of study (at least the juvenile part of youth, if she may be allowed the expression ;) the cause is, doubtless, it has been thought a subject too abstruse for them : but what is less interesting than grammar to children ? and yet how few are there who neglect to put them to the study of it, as soon as they can learn any thing ; because they know the importance of its being well grafted on the memory ; that, when its use is understood, and valued,—the former being well finished,—will be found a valuable acquisition. Why, then, should the study of nature, in her beautiful variety, be unattended to, because

uninteresting to them? She can assign no cause; and has, therefore, in the following pages, endeavoured to attract attention, by inquiry or detail of natural circumstances; and to state both cause and effect as simply and concisely as possible. How far she has succeeded in blending simplicity with instruction, she leaves an impartial and discerning public to decide. She has chosen to convey the instruction in rhyme, (poetry she certainly presumes not to call it,) because her own experience in teaching convinces her, that it is not only committed to memory with less labour, but that it there makes a more lasting impression. That this is the opinion of many who have written for youth, cannot be doubted, when we consider the number of quotations from our best poets introduced into some of their works.

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PRETTY LITTLE POEMS,

FOR

PRETTY LITTLE PEOPLE.

—0000—

NAUGHTY PUSSY.

Go, naughty pussy, go away,
You do not mind a word I say,
Mamma has often bade you go,
And still you disobey her so.

There, there, upon the stool you get
Why puss you do not mind a bit !
Mamma wants all the room you see,
So go away till after tea.

— — —

LEARNING TO READ.

COME, come, my dear Mary, come sit on my knee,
And let me now hear you say, A B C D ;

And round O for Orange, and P for Pappa,
And great A for Apple, and M for Mamma.

O no, no, miss puss, I shall not hear you read,
For you would not look at your letters indeed ;
But my little Mary will at them all look,
And then she shall have a pretty new book.

LEARNING TO WORK.

O HERE'S a needle, I declare,
So sit upon your little chair,
Here is some thread, and work, for you,
And, I declare, a thimble too.

Don't be in such a hurry quite,
And mind you hold your needle right ;
Take little stitches, and a few,
O, they will very nicely do.

BEING WASHED.

COME, little pussy, come and see
These dirty hands and face ;
O yours are clean and white, I see,
You're not in such disgrace.

Ah, George will soon be clean as you,
He will not make a fuss ;
His hands and face are both washed too,
As clean as yours, miss puss.

GETTING UP.

COME, wake little Fanny, 'tis now morning light,
The sun it is shining, so warmly and bright ;
The birds are all singing, the flowers are gay,
So get up, and run in the garden to play :

There is nice bread and milk preparing down stairs,
So now very nicely kneel down to your prayers,
Now washed and drest neatly, and nothing amiss,
You can run to Papa, and Mamma, for a kiss.

THE LITTLE BOY AND DOG.

COME, Fido, come and play with me,
I want to have some fun,
For John is gone to school to-day,
And left me all alone.

O dear, I wish that I could read,
And then I'd have a book,
When tired, it would be nice indeed
At pictures fine to look.

But, Mamma says, I tear books so,
She cannot give me one ;
I know 'tis no use crying though,
So let us have some fun.

THE OBSTINATE CHILD.

O no, you shall not hold my hand,
Said little Ann one day,
I very well can walk alone,
And off, she ran away ;

Mamma will not be angry, Jane,
You only tell me so,
So off, she quickly ran again,
As fast as she could go ;

But very soon she struck her foot,
Against a broken stone,
And being hurt, 'twas wrong found out,
To rudely run alone.

THE PRETTY MOON.

O PRETTY moon ! you shine so bright,
I'll go and bid Mamma good night,
And then I'll lie upon my bed,
And watch you move above my head ;

Ah, there, a cloud has hidden you,
But I can see your light shine through,
To hide you quite, it tries in vain,
For there, you quickly come again ,

'Tis God, I know, that makes you shine
Upon this pretty bed of mine,
But I shall all about you know,
When I can read and older grow.

THE GOOD BOY.

O, WHAT a very pretty sight,
It is to see the sun shine bright,
I'll get up now and say my prayers,
Be washed, and drest, and go down stairs ;

How very good of God to keep
Me here in safety while I sleep,
And good to send me food each day,
And strength, to run about and play ;

But breakfast is not ready yet,
So I my pretty book will get ;
I'll try and please Mamma to-day,
And perfectly my lessons say.

TO THE CAT.

COME, come, pretty pussy, come sit on my knee,
And tell me how is it, at night, you can see,
Without any candle, to catch all the mice,
Which nibble the pudding, and all that is nice.

Let me look at you puss, or do you look at me,
Ah, there's a great ring round your eye I can see,
Mamma says it smaller becomes in the night,
And then you can see, just as well as in light ;

But go to sleep, pussy, or else go to play,
For I to Mamma have my lesson to say,
To idle all day, will I know not be right,
So good bye, and be sure you don't sleep all the night.

THE GOOD GIRL.

COME, come, my little Charlotte dear,
And see what I have for you here,
Because your work was neatly done,
And lessons perfect every one ;

Ah, ah, I see that you can guess,
So give me now a pretty kiss
For this fine doll, with curly hair,
This cradle too, and nice arm chair :

O, how much better to be good,
Than idle, passionate, or rude ;
I'll try, said Charlotte, to improve,
And show how much Mamma I love.

THE QUIET CHILDREN.

O GEORGE, Mamma is very ill,
So let us try to be quite still,
'Twill make her head-ache worse, if we
Should run about, and noisy be :

I'll sit down here, and mind my book,
And you shall at the pictures look ;
But, if you let me find them out,
I'll tell you what they are about.

And when Mamma gets well again,
She told this morning, sister Jane,
If we were good, and quiet boys,
She'd take us out to buy some toys.

LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR MAMMA.

ALMIGHTY God ! Mamma is ill ;
But thou can'st cure her, if thy will,
O, grant the med'cine she may take,
May make her well, for Jesu's sake.

THE GREEDY BOY.

ONE day a large plum-cake was brought
From town, so large and sweet,
The children, Grandmamma had thought,
Would like to have a treat.

They heard the news, and jumped for joy,
And soon Mamma came in,
With a large plateful piled up high,
And some nice ginger wine ;

They all were very good, but one,
And he ate his so fast,
That his Mamma said, naughty John,
Next time, I'll serve you last ;

But Johnny cried, and was so rude,
That his Mamma then said,
Here's a piece more for all who're good,
But John shall go to bed.

THE GENEROUS GIRL.

Come, Albert, Letitia, and Johnny, and all,
Come, brothers and sisters, come, come at my call ;
I have apple, and cake, and sugar plums too,
They were given to me, and I'll share them with you.

They collected their play-things, and ran in a trice
To share with their sister these things all so nice,
Played at ladies, and gentlemen, kept shops and
schools,

And not once departed from good temper's rules ;

And when it was bed time, Mamma said, to-day
You've been such good children, together at play,
That though you of sweetmeats have had a great deal,
I have for you each, now, a nice little meal ;

And soon in the parlour upon a tray came,
A nice little dishful of bread, and of ham,
And soon as these dear happy children prayer said,
Kiss'd Mamma, each other, and jumped into bed

THE TIMID CHILD.

How silly, dear, to be afraid,
Have you forgotten I have said—
That God can see you every where,
And makes you, though a child, his care.

Now take my hand, and come with me,
There's nothing here to fear you see,
And if there were, Papa, and all,
Could hear the moment that you call.

You fear you could not help to-day,
But henceforth you must not give way
To idle fancies such as these,
Or else you will me much displease.

When next you feel this foolish fear,
Try to remember,—God is here ;
And he can you in safety keep,
Better than I can, while you sleep.

PRETTY STAR.

O you pretty, pretty star,
Shining all so bright ;
God has made you what you are,
To twinkle in the night.

There I can count you one, two, three,
All shining in a row ;
To learn about you, sure will be,
When old enough I grow.

I think it strange that you should be,
So large as is the sun ;
And some of you have field and tree,
Like this world I am on.

You look so very small I know,
Because you're up so high ;
Your use, and why you twinkle so,
I shall learn by-and-by.

THE CHILD THAT WOULD NOT LEARN
TO READ.

O NAUGHTY boy, not like to read,
What a sad dunce you'll be ;
I'm very angry indeed,
I'll take you not with me.

There, go away, and hide your face,
I cannot see you pout,
I'm sorry quite for this disgrace,
For now I'm going out.

What think you Grandmanma will say ?
To find you stay at home,
And not on this fine sunny day,
With me to see her come.

Now little Thomas sadly cried,
And thought Mamma unkind ;
But she had oft forgiveness tried,
And found he did not mind.

WRONG TO PLAY ON SUNDAY.

COME, Julia, let us have some play ;
No, no, said Ann, 'tis Sabbath-day,
So do sit down and quiet be,
And learn your hymn along with me.

These hymns, she cried, I cannot bear,
For they so unamusing are,
So up she climbed to get a book,
That she might at the pictures look ;

She reached too far, and sad to tell,
Miss Julia on the fender fell,
And she so badly cut her head,
They feared some time that she was dead.

'Twas very long e'er she could be
Removed from bed, or even see ;
But never more she wished to play,
Or clamber, on the Sabbath-day.

GOD CAN ALWAYS SEE US.

IN a parlour were two little children one day,
Who having amused themselves some time at play,
Were tired of what they'd been doing, and so
They began to consider, what next they should do.

I wish we'd an apple, said Robert the least,
And then we could make such an excellent feast ;
O look ! in the cupboard Mamma's left the key,
And I think I some cake, and an apple can see :

They opened the cupboard door softly, with care,
And apple, and plum-cake, and sugar, were there ;
O look here ! said Robert, we'll take only one,
Mamma will not miss it, or know what is done.

Ann shut to the door, and said—Robert, O no,
I will not take one, 'twould be stealing, you know ;
Mamma may not know it, but God, he can see,
And would with us both very angry be.

Robert stood with his eyes now fixed on the floor,
And Mamma, in an instant, was heard at the door ;
That she would his conduct have found out he saw,
Asked God to forgive him, and did so no more.

THE RUDE LITTLE BOY.

O DEAR, how rude to make a noise,
And fill your mouth so full,
You're like an Abyssinian, Sam,
While eating the live bull.

How very shocking, dear Mamma,
What eat the bull alive ?
Yes, dear, they tie it to the door,
And when the guests arrive—

They cut the flesh off smoking hot,
And lay it on the table,
And then the ladies feed the men,
As fast as they are able ;

And with their fingers, turn by turn,
They feed them at this meal,
And he who makes the greatest noise,
Is thought the most genteel :

And when the men have had enough,
They feed the ladies too,
With just one piece, and then they make
A noise, as great as you.

THE LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

I wish that I was rich, Mamma,
I'd tell you what I'd do ;
I'd buy a carriage for Papa,
And, also, one for you.

He should not with his books be teased,
Nor with the people so ;
But with a garden he'd be pleased,
Where flowers and fruit-trees grow.

We'd have such nice rich pies, and cake,
And fruit, and furniture ;
And then such rambles we would take,
O, would we not, Mamma ?

I thank you for your wish, my Fred,
But do not grieve, 'tis vain ;
For people who are clothed and fed
By what their hands obtain,—

Are often happier far than they,
Who have no work to do :
Contentment is a heavenly ray,
I wish, my dear, for you.

BUILDING HOUSES.

Look, look Mamma, I've made a house,
With chimnies, and a door ;
And here's a trap to catch a mouse,
I'm going to make some more.

O, now I'll make a stable too,
To put my Jackey in :
O dear, O dear, what shall I do,
O how shall I begin ?

Did people always, dear Mamma,
Have houses such as ours ?
No—they were made of mud and straw,
And some had only bowers ;

But some were made of stone, and wood,
So clumsy and so thick ;
In Alfred's reign, the wise and good,
They first were made of brick.

And rooms had no nice chimnies then,
To carry up the smoke ;
How nasty, to be sure, said Ben—
I'm sure that I should choke.

TEARING PAPER.

THERE was a naughty little girl,
Who wanted once her hair to curl ;
She looked about, but could not find,
A piece of paper to her mind.

A stool she got, and reached a drawer,
A small piece folded there she saw,
She thought though small it yet would do,
To make a little curl or two.

Mamma just entered at the door,
From hearing Fanny at the drawer ;
And grieved she was, to find she'd torn,
A note of value—paid that morn.

Mamma then had her put to bed,
With only just a piece of bread,
Though she had made an apple tart,
And meant that she should have a part.

Her punishment was not in vain,
For never more she tore again
A piece of paper, from that day,
Until she knew 'twas thrown away.

NAUGHTY CHARLES.

O NAUGHTY children, thus to fight ;
Who ever saw so sad a sight—
You, Charles, now look like such another
As wicked Cain, who kill'd his brother.

I saw your passion, and your frown,
I saw you push your brother down,
And now with me you must not stay,
Go, naughty boy, go, go away.

O do forgive me, dear Mamma !
I will not do so any more ;
And, William, do forgive me too,
I hope I have not much hurt you ?

They both forgave him, and again,
He said, Mamma, am I like Cain ?
He kill'd his brother with a stick,
I did not such a wicked trick.

True, Charles, but when in girls or boys,
Such very wicked passions rise,
Though sorry, when the mischief's past,
It often gets them hang'd at last.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, twopence a pound,
Come buy my cherries, ripe and sound ;
Mamma, will you my cherries buy ?
Do, pray, I'll let you taste and try.

O here is one both large and sweet,
How kind of Aunt to send this treat :
Will cherries in my garden grow ?
Mamma, you said some time ago
That nuts, and oranges, were brought
From somewhere, I've the name forgot ;
In Spain, replied Mamma, they grow,
And 'tis a thousand years ago,
Since first was brought the cherry-tree,
And planted here—from Italy.

Currants and apples, plums and pears,
Have grown in England many years ;
They first, from other countries came,
But you would soon forget the name ;
I won't forget, said George, that they
Are good to eat, and run to play.

POOR DOG TRAY.

THERE was a tailor, I have read,
Who almost died for want of bread ;
But though so poor, his little Tray,
Was his companion night and day ;
And when his poor old master died,
He followed by the coffin's side—
He watched them while the grave was made,
And then he down upon it laid ;
And although driven oft away,
He came again, and there would stay :
'Twas very sad to hear him cry,
The people wished, he too, would die.
A clergyman there was, so good,
As every day to send him food,
And then a house he sent, that he,
Might drier and much warmer be :—
Thus two whole years had pass away,
Then dead was found the poor dog Tray
Let little children try to be,
Affectionate and kind as he ;
Then people will not have to say,
They're not so good as little Tray.

A GOOD THING TO KNOW HOW TO
READ.

SOME little children went one day
To gather pretty flowers, and play ;
They all were very poor indeed,
And only one of them could read.

One of them quickly made a stop,
And pick'd a piece of paper up ;
But as there nothing was therein,
He quickly threw it down again.

They rambled on a long, long way,
Till it was nearly close of day,
And then agreed, without dissent,
Home to return the way they went.

The paper lay there open still,
And was pick'd up by little Will ;
Who scarcely could believe his eyes,
Which told him—he had found a prize.

The paper proved a five pound note,
And when they found no owner for't ;
His parents bought a pig and cow,
And shoes for little Willy too :

Their comforts thus increased each day,
And very often they would say—
It was a right good thing indeed,
That little Will had learn'd to read.

THE FOURTEEN CHIEF RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

THE Tyne, the Tees, the Humber, the Trent,
The Witham, the Welland, the Dee,
The Medway, the Mersey, the Ouse, and the Trent,
And the Wye, with its famed scenery ;

The Severn, one hundred and fifty miles flows,
The largest we have in the land ;
The Thames, ten miles shorter, and very much famed,
For bridges exceedingly grand.

There are, than these fourteen, a number beside,
All useful you very well know,
For drinking, and washing—the water we use,
And fish, too, in all of them grow.

The Salmon's the largest of all river fish,
O, Salmon's delicious, Mamma !
That much of it comes from the Tyne, you will then
Be glad to remember, I'm sure.

WHO TEACHES LITTLE BIRDS.

SWEET bird, I like to hear you sing,
This pleasant morning in the spring ;
O, do not fly so far away,
I will not hurt you if you stay.

O, you are busy I can see,
Building your nest in yonder tree ;
Here is some moss, and wool, and hay,
You'll fetch it when I'm gone away.

Who teaches little birds to make
Their nest, Mamma ? and what to take ?
For though I both can hem and sew,
I could not make a nest—could you ?

God teaches all things to provide
Itself a home, and then beside,
They have no care for clothes you know—
He makes their pretty feathers grow.

The old birds teach the young to fly,
First a few inches, then up high,
And then they take their little brood,
And show them how to find their food

DO LITTLE BIRDS TALK.

O do you really think, Mamma,
Birds understand each other—
That when they chirp, or when they caw,
They talk to one another ?

Yes, they each other's meaning know,
As well as I, or you ;
A tale I read some time ago,
I'll tell you, it is true :—

A swallow left her nest one day,
And when she came again,
She found a sparrow in it lay,
Which would not let her in ;

So to some friends the swallow flew,
They heard the tale she told ;
And soon they settled what to do,—
For full as it could hold,

They fill'd their beak with mud and dirt,
First one, and then the other ;
And as they could not get him out,
This naughty bird they'd smother.

ARE BIRDS OF ANY USE.

ARE little birds of any use,
Mamma? I've heard you say—
That God has made all things for us,
In one, or other way.

I know that some are good to eat,
But they are very few;
I cannot all their names repeat,
But many mischief do :

The cherries, and all other fruit,
They very much destroy ;
To frighten them, some people shoot,
Or other noise employ.

All that you say is very true,
Still birds of use are found,
By eating worms, and insects too,
That in the earth abound.

So if they eat a little fruit,
Or now and then some seed,
I think they have a right unto't ;
Their use doth harm exceed.

THE GOOD FIRE.

O, WHAT a comfortable fire
You have, my dear Mamma !
I'm sure we it this day require ;
What useful things coals are :

If they should be forbidden us,
O dear, what should we do ?
As when they first came into use,
Five hundred years ago.

England abounds in coal, I know,
And much abroad is sent ;
It labour finds for thousands too,
And makes much money spent.

But how much better, dear Mamma,
To sit beside this fire,
Than working down in mines, so far,
I'm sure I soon should tire.

Be thankful, then, my child, that you
Have comforts, without care,
That you have not such work to do,
As fall to miner's share.

THE SPIDER.

JULIA, do not so silly be,
Look at this spider work ;
He spins his web so curiously,
Look ! for that fly he'll lurk.

I think that spiders have eight eyes,
Fix'd all around their head ;
And so the little venturous flies,
Have very much to dread.

A gummy liquid from the tail,
Which hardens in the air,
Compose the web, which stands the gale,
But not the servant's care.

Some curious persons though have bred
Spiders, and found a way
To wind this fine and brittle thread,
But 'twill not care repay.

Though gloves and stockings, actually,
Have of the thread been made ;
But, 'tis not thought 'twill ever be
An article of trade.

THE UNKIND LITTLE GIRL.

O WHY this unkindness? my dear Mary Ann,
What, take all your playthings away
From your little sick sister, my poor Georgianne ;
What makes you this conduct display ?

What, you've eaten your orange ! and all your cake
too,
And not saved your sister a bit ;
O fie, Mary Ann, I'm astonished that you,
So soon can past kindness forget.

When you were recov'ring from sickness, did she
Thus treat you ? though younger by far ;—
She did all you bade her, and watch'd you to see,
Which plaything you most would prefer.

The cat, when you stroke her, will happily pur,
The dog, lick your hand in his joy,
The little bird warbles, more sweetly and clear,
Whene'er you address it—and why ?

All creatures love kindness, it gladdens the heart,
But unkindness—how sharp is its sting !
And you, Mary Ann, have inflicted this dart
On your sister ; O, what a sad thing !

THE SHIP.

MAMMA, John says he saw to-day,
A ship that's going so far away ;
In it he sheep and horses saw,
Beside the food, they call the store ;
And several hundred persons too :
I really think it can't be true !
How clever though the man must be
Who built the first ship, was not he ?
Who was that man ? Mamma replied,
I know, 'twas Noah, his sister cried ;
And how to make it, well he knew,
God told him all he was to do.
And while 'twas building, Noah went
And told the people to repent,
Or God intended to send down
Such constant rain, as all would drown ;
They only mock'd, and thought that he
Would be himself drown'd in the sea.
In it when finished, two by two,
Went beasts, and birds, and insects too ;
And then his family, and food
For all this living multitude.
And soon as God had shut them in,
They heard the wind and rain begin ;

And soon the people all were dead,
That would not mind what he had said ;
But here's the Bible, and to you
I'll read this pretty story through.

THE PIN.

I WANT a pin, I want a pin,
O, what a bustle you are in,
Said Emma, pray what would you do,
Had pins been never made for you ?

You talk exceedingly absurd,
Pray, who of such a thing e'er heard,
Said Ellen, have no pins indeed !
That my belief doth far exceed.

I've read, said Emma, pins were brought
From France, and at the English Court,
First used by Catherine,—a queen ;
Since that four hundred years have been.

They used before that, hooks and eyes,
Laces with tags, and skewers of size ;
Such as I think must tear the dress,
Though made of silver, gold, or brass.

Well, well, said Ellen, I am glad,
That pins so cheaply can be had ;
Although I must confess to you,
They help to make me careless too.

GOOD TEMPER BETTER THAN WISDOM OR RICHES.

THERE were two little boys of about the same age,
And one of them, William, read well ;
But, Edward, a long time was reading a page,
Because he had so much to spell.

But William would very oft jeer him, and say—
You're a dunce, Ned, you know you can't read ;
And tyrannize over him often at play,
And be very vexatious indeed.

I know I'm not clever as you, Ned would say,
And often with tears in his eyes ;
But, Papa says,—that if attention I pay,
I may become learn'd, good, and wise :

Beside, said his Father, who heard him one day,
A good disposition's more worth
Than knowledge, or riches, although they display
So many attractions to earth.

They both are God's gifts, but abused are, when we
Feel of their acquirement proud ;
We ought, it is true, for them thankful to be,
But, can they make welcome a shroud ?

Good temper will help us life's burthens to bear,
And tinge every cloud with a ray
Of cheerful contentment, and oft unknown where—
Either riches, or wisdom have sway.

THE HAPPY HAYMAKER.

As down a green and shady lane,
Young Albert walk'd one day,
He saw a large and happy train
Of people, making hay.

Now, he was a rich 'squire's son,
And had no work to do ;
And so he thought it would be fun
To go and help them too.

He soon fatigued and heated grew,
The rake, it hurt his hand ;
His shoulders, arms, and back ached too—
He could no longer stand.

Poor boy, said Albert, unto one,
I pity you, I'm sure ;
How you must wish your work was done ;
I can't the heat endure.

I'm used to it, replied the boy,
And though I'm hot and tired,
I'm very glad of this employ,
We greatly it required ;

My Mother's sick, and I can earn
A shilling every day,
Which makes me happy while I turn
This meadow of fine hay.

THE NAUGHTY GIRL PUNISHED.

THERE was a little girl, who had
A habit, that was very bad,
Of saying,—no, Mamma, I can't,
Or to the servant oft,—I shan't.
Go, get your book, Mamma would say,
O no, she'd cry, I can't to-day ;
Or here's some work for you to do,
O no, Mamma, I cannot sew.

Go, fetch me something, Ann, I want,
Go, John, or Jane, she'd say, I can't !
Mamma, at last, resolved to take
Some plan, this naughty trick to break ;
So, bid her once, directly go
And change her frock and stockings too :
Why must I change them ? dear Mamma,
They are not dirty, I am sure ;
So, she no farther notice took,
But out of window went to look ;
And very soon a coach she saw
Drive rapidly towards the door,
And in it—Aunt, and Cousins three,
With sisters Rose, and Emily,
Drive off again, with wond'rous speed ;
Then she was grieved, and vex'd indeed.
Mamma came in, and said,—you see
The fruit of disobeying me ;
And this shall be my plan, each day,
Until you cease to disobey.

THE INATTENTIVE CHILD.

Two children one fine summer's day,
Had work to do, and tasks to say ;

When done, they were to have a walk,
So both agreed,—they would not talk.
Clara, attentive always was,
Whate'er employment might be hers ;
But, Julia would not steady look
On any kind of work, or book ;
She did a stitch, then spelt a word,
Then something else was more preferr'd.
In at the window came a bee,
Where that was flying she must see ;
And then again she'd take her book,
And at it for a moment look ;
And then again her work she'd take,
But not the slightest progress make ;
She found the thread had either got
Broken or twisted in a knot :
At last, she heard her Mother's tread,
And Clara's lessons soon were said ;
Her work, all but a stitch or two,
Was finish'd, and quite neatly too.
Ah, Julia, you may hang your head,
Your lessons blunderingly said,
Your work it is not nearly done,
So you must finish it alone,—
Your inattention, it is plain,
Has caused both you and me this pain ;
You can both quickly learn and sew,
But not on any thing you do

You fix your eyes or thoughts a minute,
Attentively, my child, upon it ;
Until you do, indeed you'll never
Be amiable, or good, or clever.

WE CAN BE GOOD IF WE TRY.

O, how I wish I could be good,
Said Julia ! in a thoughtful mood ;
I'm sure you could if you would try,
Said Clara, who was standing by :
O no, I cannot, Julia cried,
Indeed, in vain, I oft have tried,
You know I said the other day
I would not either talk or play.
I oft, said Clara, feel like you,
Quite disinclined to read or sew ;
But do to-day, now sit with me,
And try to learn attentively.
They both sat down, and not a word
From either of the girls was heard ;
When Julia's thoughts would rambling be,
She call'd them back immediately.
The lesson part was quickly done,
And then to work they both begun ;

Oft Julia felt inclined to stop,
But saw, whenever she look'd up,
Her sister, fast was going on,
And she again her work begun.
The work was finish'd long before
They heard their Mother at the door ;
And Julia's little heart beat high,
To meet her well-approving eye ;
She told Mamma, how she had tried
To make her roving thoughts subside—
That when she felt inclined to play,
Something within her seemed to say,
Try, Julia, to be good to-day.
Mamma replied—this self-denial,
Has been to you, my child, a trial,
And it will cost you much, I fear,
In this good path to persevere :
But O, said Julia, I'm repaid,
I feel I'm doubly happy made ;
My heart, and your approving smile,
Will well repay such useful toil :
Clara, who now has been my friend,
Will help, and urge me to attend.

LITTLE FANNY.

ONE day as Fanny sat to spin,
The sun shone warm and bright,
And many children on the green
Were playing with delight.

Thought Fanny, I should like to go
And with those children play,
But money must be earn'd I know,
For food another day.

Mother is sick, and very poor ;
We must have food and fire :
Of playing I will think no more,
Although of work I tire.

But Fanny's Mother grew much worse,
And lay all day in bed,
And then she proved a good kind nurse,
And earn'd by night their bread.

At length her poor old mother died,
And a rich lady who
Had seen all Fanny's goodness, said —
She should not hard work do.

She gave her clothes, and money too,
But Fanny ne'er forgot,
When by her kindness, rich she grew,
Her childhood, and her cot.

WILLIAM AND JOHN.

THERE once were two brothers, named William
and John,

Who were forced to work hard every day ;
So one of them thought, that it could not be wrong,
On the Sabbath to ramble and play.

Said John to his brother, one fine Sabbath morn,
Come, a ramble will do you some good ;
'Tis a parcel of nonsense going always to church,
Or else to see Grandmother Wood.

But William refused, and John was soon join'd
By some boys, who all laughed at his brother ;
But William, as usual, went clean first to church,
And then to dine with his Grandmother.—

He told her the sermon, and sung her some hymns,
And then in the Bible he read ;
And soon after tea was prepared to go home,
When his brother was brought home quite dead.

He'd climbed to the uttermost branch of a tree,
When it broke, and he fell on his head,
And frightened were all his companions when they
Discovered, indeed, he was dead.

Then William resolved more than ever to pray
To be kept from the idle and rude ;
He grew up a man, became wealthy and wise,
And loved by the pious and good.

WHY MAY WE NOT PLAY ON SUNDAY.

WHY, dear Mamma, may we not play,
A little on the Sabbath-day ?
And why would God so angry be
With little children such as we ?
God is, my dear, your kindest friend,
He doth to you all blessings send—
Your health, and parents, friends, and food,
And every thing to do you good ;
And what can you to him repay
For comforts given every day ?
He knows you nothing have to give,
And so has promised to receive
Willing obedience, in its stead,
To all the laws that he has made :

And this is one,—to work six days,
The seventh, spend in prayer and praise,
And as you're old enough to know
That from him all your comforts flow,
You're old enough him to obey,
By keeping right the Sabbath-day ;
And if you do not, mind that he
Will always very angry be.

PRAYER FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN NAUGHTY.

ALMIGHTY God ! I've naughty been,
My words, my thoughts, and actions too,
Have by thy piercing eye been seen,
Which marks whatever I may do.

Forgive my conduct, Lord, I pray,
My passion, selfishness, and pride,
The angry words I dared to say,
And all my wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lie me down to sleep,
In happiness upon my bed ;
It is for sin that I now weep,
With sin thou'rt angry, thou hast said ;

And I'm a sinful child, O Lord,
But for forgiveness now I cry ;
I've read it in thy holy word—
That Jesus died for such as I.

O, for his sake, forgive my sin,
And let me not offend thee more ;
I'll try to-morrow to begin,
To serve thee better than before.

THE DUTIFUL GIRL AND THE KING.

THE famed King of Sweeden, Gustavus, one day,
Was riding on horseback alone,
When a girl drawing water he saw in the way,
And he stopped as she put her pail down.

His rank was unknown, and he ask'd her for some,
Which she gave so politely, that he
Said, would she to Stockholm, his capital, come,
It would to her interest be.

Ah, could I believe you, the little girl said,
And had you a palace to give ;
While my poor dearest Mother could not earn her
bread,
I would not be induced her to leave.

And where dwells your mother, the monarch replied,

She dwells in yon cottage, so mean ;
There Gustavus entered, and inwardly sighed,
To see so distressing a scene :

The poor woman lay on the ground, on some straw,
And appear'd much distress'd and in pain ;
Poor woman, he said, you're unhappy I'm sure,
How do you your living obtain ?

I am not unhappy, the poor woman said,—
My daughter does all that she can,
She nurses me kindly, and earns us our bread,
And may God bless my dear little Ann.

A purse full of gold then Gustavus gave her,
And enough to supply all their need,
Was sent every year, and to Ann for her care,
When her Mother from suffering was freed.

THE DUTIFUL BOY AND THE KING.

FREDERICK, the famous Prussian King,
Rung one day for his page ;
Whom, when he found it failed to bring,
Was almost in a rage.

At length he op'd his chamber door,
And found his page asleep ;
A letter too was on the floor,
At which he thought he'd peep.

The letter said,—I thank my son
For all his care to me,
And hope and pray, my dearest John,
May heaven rewarded be.

The pleased king in his pocket put
A purse with gold quite full,
And then the door he softly shut,
Then gave the bell a pull.

The page awoke, his fear was great,
But soon it greater grew ;
He felt the purse's heavy weight,
And knew not what to do.

At length he fell upon his knees,
In agony of mind,
And said,—I know not whence came this,
I in my pocket find.

The king replied—dispel your fear,
For God has sent it you,
For taking of your Mother care ;
I henceforth that will do.

JOHNNY HEYNE.

COME, learn your lesson, Charles and Jane,
I'll tell you then 'bout Johnny Heyne,
He learned quite young to read and spell,
Then Latin wished to learn as well.
His parents being very poor,
Could not afford to pay for more,
And he was forced to work all day,
While other children were at play.
Once to a baker's shop he went ;
On learning Latin, still intent :
And as he waiting stood, he cried,
His tears the good old baker spied ;
He learn'd the cause, stroked Johnny's cheek,
And promis'd sixpence every week ;
That of his late schoolmaster's son,
He might be taught, when work was done.
Hurrah ! he cried, how glad am I :
And running home, half wild with joy,
Into the dirt, with bread and all,
Poor Johnny had a shocking fall ;
But up he got, and home he ran,
And to learn Latin, soon began.
A wise and learned man he grew ;
Said Charles, I'll try to be so too.

THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

THERE was once a poor boy, whose parents were dead,

And he wander'd a long time about begging bread,
And one dark snowy night he thought he would creep
Into an old stable, and on the straw sleep ;
There snugly he slept 'till the dawning of day,
When he found a great bear by the side of him lay.
Too frightened to move, and afraid to lie still—
He thought that the bear would him certainly kill.
Did he know, said Eliza, that God saw him there ?
Did he pray to be saved from the paws of the bear ?
Perhaps he did, said Mamma, for the bear made
him know—

He need not be afraid, or to stay, or to go ;
He lay at his feet, and showed him some food,
Which the poor hungry boy thought remarkably
good :

And then he looked at him as if he would say,
Do come again soon, if you cannot now stay.
So for many nights after he went there to sleep,
And a supper provided, old Marco would keep.
More early than usual the servant once came
To feed his friend Marco, and as he was tame,
Was greatly surprised that he growled rather low,
And came not to eat, or to say how d'ye do ?
But looking minutely—he saw that the bear
Was guarding of something with very great care :

And seeing the boy so well guarded—he fled,
To tell what a wonder he'd seen in the shed.
Next morn, Marco's master, a prince, saw with joy,
Fast asleep, side by side, lay the bear and the boy :
The boy soon awoke, told the prince his sad state—
Said that death had from cold or from want been
his fate,
Had God, by his power, disposed not the bear
To feed and to warm him with so much kind care ;
And the kind prince no longer allow'd him to roam,
But fed him, and clothed him, and gave him a home.

THE BENEFIT OF LEARNING AND GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

THERE was a little cottage girl,
Once forced from morn till night to whirl
The spinning wheel, to earn the bread,
With which her mother might be fed ;
But though she had so much to do,
She learn'd to read, and spell, and sew.
Soon as her poor old Mother died,
Her wants were comfortably supplied
By a good clergyman—and she
Taught all his little family :

But soon a dreadful war began,
And many people in the town
Were kill'd, and had their houses too
Burnt, then what could poor Catherine do?
To hide, she in an oven got,
But soon the soldiers found her out,
And would have kill'd her very soon,
But as she scream'd, her voice was know
By a young gallant officer,
Who took her home and married her ;
But he was forced to go away
To battle, and was kill'd that day.
Poor Cath'rine then became a slave
To a rich man, who one day gave
An entertainment to the king,
Whom Cath'rine served, and a sad thing
He thought it, she a slave should be,
With so much grace and modesty.
He heard with wonder and delight,
Poor Catherine her tale recite ;
But more delighted was to find
She had a cultivated mind :
And very soon was changed the scene,
For Catherine became a queen.

THE BREAKFAST.

PRAY how many trades do you think are employed
In procuring your breakfast, Maria ?
I really can't tell you, Mamma, she replied,
Then 'twill be worth while to inquire.

The miner is first, who procures us the ore
Of which the bright ploughshare is made ;
The wood-cutter, secondly, wood must procure ;
The machinist, in order these laid ;

The ploughman who guides this machine, call'd a
plough,
By horses 'tis drawn ; and the grain,
In the moist upturn'd earth, another must throw,
Then carefully cover again.

The seasons their kind evolutions perform :
In Autumn the corn is full grown ;
Then come the blythe reapers—brown, weary, and
warm—
To cut it, with sharp sickles, down.

Some tie it in bundles, some bear to the barn,
There cleansed from the husk and the straw ;
In this prepared state, to the miller 'tis borne,
Who soon has it ground into flour.

Salt, yeast, and potatoes, the baker employ'd,
They baked it while we lay in bed.
A great many others I might name beside,
Who have help'd to form this loaf of bread.

From Turkey the coffee, from China the tea,
From Jamaica the nice sugar came,
And, perhaps, you have seen, in your own country,
How butter is made from the cream.

Then think of the vessels, and sailors beside,
That backward and forward swift sail :
Thus several thousands are doubtless employed
In procuring this sociable meal.

This shows us how very dependant we are
On others for all we enjoy :
The rich are in this more dependant than poor ;
Their wants yield the latter employ.

For us the poor miner has work'd all the day :
For us, others now are employed :
Our comforts without them would quickly decay ;
Then sure we've no reason for pride.

Man's station must vary, and greatly, 'tis true,
But gratitude it should excite
In you, my Maria, if God has for you
Ease appointed, to serve Him delight.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

AH ! why was hapless Zemias made
Of grosser mould, if such he be,
Than white man ? why is death delay'd,
Since life to him is misery ?

No white man cares for Zemias woe ;
He tells his sorrow to the wind :
And if they see his tears fast flow,
No pity kindles in their mind.

When white man's darling baby dies,
Then Zemias very sorry be ;
At his bereavement Zemias cries,
But white man has no tear for me !

I make my baby's grave alone ;
Alone I lay my baby there ;
And not one white man's pitying tone
Descends upon poor Zemias ear.

But some whites tell us there's a God,
Who hears alike all men complain ;
But sure if heaven's our joint abode,
They there poor Zemias would disdain.

No, Zemina pleased, I'd tell thee, no.
Could'st thou but hear my pitying voice ;
One white for thee a tear could show,
Would bid thee look up and rejoice.

That where the prince of pity dwells,
Will not be heard one scorning tone ;
Philanthropy each bosom swells,
And Zemina's bliss would aid their own.

THE DEAD BABY.

MAMMA, I saw a baby dead,
Within a narrow coffin laid !
Its eyes were shut, and cold its cheek ;
I call'd it, but it could not speak.

And must I die ? my dear Mamma,
I really hope not, I am sure ;
I thought the doctor life could save,
And keep us from the dark cold grave.

No, Julia, no, Mamma replied,
Death will with none the spoil divide ;
So certain as we draw our breath,
So certain we are claimed by death.

Nature all lovely now appears—
In spring her loveliest dress she wears ;
But soon these lovely flowers will die,
And fresh their place take by and by.

Temples and palaces arise,—
Their grandeur fills us with surprise ;
But piece by piece these all decay ;
Time at last bears them quite away.

Their fragments mingle with the earth,
And very soon another birth
They have, though diff'rent it may be
From that they have had formerly.

Thus, if we nature look throughout,
We find that all things change about,—
Trees become houses, ships, and more,
Of them is made our furniture.

So our bodies, though they die,
And in the grave a long time lie,
Yet God will raise each one again,
To live in happiness or pain.

It should then be our chief concern,
God's will to do, as well as learn ;
Death will not then unwelcome be,
Since from the pain of life 'twill free,
And yield us immortality.

THE DEAD MAGPIE.

A MAGPIE lately built her nest,
A well-stocked orchard near,
Esteeming it of places best
Her progeny to rear.

Of all the trees that therein grew,
One cherry-tree full soon
Attracted her maternal view,
And made her visits known.

Full many a ripen'd cherry she
On wide-stretched pinions bore,
To her scarce half-fledged progeny,
Who, chirping, ask'd for more.

But soon her active course was stay'd,
For aim was taken well,—
A farmer shot her through the head,
And motionless she fell.

Ah ! hapless bird, thou paid'st full dear,
For such a paltry prize ;
Now vain thy nestlings' mournings are,
And vain thy lone mate cries.

The prize still holden is by thee ;
 But what can it avail
 To thee ? ah ! nothing ; but to me
 It tells this useful tale :—

That mortals, as they pass through life
 Catch at each fancied good,
 And very quickly rises strife,
 If it their grasp elude.

And oft, like thee, if they obtain
 That which their hearts desire,
 The hoped for pleasure proves their pain,—
 They grasp it, and expire.

CHARITY REWARDED.

SUSANNAH, one cold winter's day,
 Was by her Mother's side
 Tripping, with spirits light and gay,—
 A shivering child she spied.

Her little limbs scarce cover'd were,
 With rags, of many a hue ;
 Her little feet were chill'd and bare ;
 Her cheeks with cold were blue.

Susan beheld, with sympathy,
The little sufferer's pain ;
And her compassion rose so high,
She tears could not restrain.

Just at that time, it happened so,
One shilling was her all,
And that, in part, was meant to go
Toward a new wax doll.

But as they passed a gay deck'd shop,
At which they made a stand,
The tender-hearted child let drop
The shilling in her hand.

Their ramble finish'd, they return'd ;
The hour arrived for play ;
When in her play-room she discern'd
A doll extended lay.

In ringlets hung its auburn hair ;
Its eyes were lovely blue ;
Its waxen arms extended were ;
Mamma, it uttered too.

With joy she ran Mamma to tell,
The treasure found, how great !
Who heard the quick told wond'rous tale
With joy, not less elate.

She, answering, said, I heard the sigh,
For sufferings not your own ;
I mark'd the wanderings of your eye,
And saw the bounty shown.

And never did a scene more joy
To your fond parent give,
Than when she saw you silently
The suffering child relieve.

I hope this germ of sympathy
Will never know decay ;
But that 'twill bloom luxuriantly,
Still blessings to convey.

For charity consists in this,
Although indeed 'tis rare,
To give that which is of real use,
Not what we well can spare.

Take, then, thy Mother's gift, and let
It this great truth convey,—
That gifts, to poor, impoverish not,
But blessings large convey.

THE EFFECTS OF TEMPER.

WHAT first with human blood earth dy'd ?
What first fed death, with jaws spread wide,
And human food to worms supplied ?
Cain's envious temper.

What was it made sad Hagar flee
From Sarah, as an enemy,
And, weeping, sit beneath a tree,
Mutual bad temper.

What caused poor Joseph to be cast
Into a pit, and then, at last,
Sold unto Ishmaelites, who pass'd ?
A jealous temper.

How was the life of Pharaoh lost,
His horses, and his num'rous host ?
What with dead bodies strew'd the coast ?
His furious temper.

What was it forced from friends and home,
Poor David, who, compell'd to roam,
Sought refuge in the mountain's gloom ?
Saul's envious temper.

How was it Haman came to die,
Upon a gibbet wond'rous high,
The just meed of his infamy ?
An arrogant temper.

What was it in the lion's den
Caused Daniel to be put by men,
Though God preserv'd his servant then ?
A malicious temper.

As up in life all children grow,
'Twill not be long before they know,
That much of happiness must flow
From temper.

By being gentle, kind, and meek,
Their own felicity they seek ;
Then surely children ought to check
Bad temper.

For if they're peevish and unkind,
Furious or spiteful, then we find
They pests are render'd to mankind
By temper.

Then surely children ought to pray
To their Creator every day,
For grace, a due regard to pay
To temper.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

My dear little friend, whom afflictions attend,
To you may they sanctified be ;
May Jesus impart his free grace to your heart,
Himself manifest unto thee.

O say, have you felt sin a burden, and knelt,
With repentance and awe at his throne ?
Has sin caused you pain, has it made you complain,
And fear you were none of his own ?

Have you felt, though a child, sin has often beguiled
And led you in Satan's broad path ?
That path scriptures say, from God leads away,
That none can escape his just wrath.

At home and at school you have oft sung by rule,
The praises of Jesus your king ;
But in heaven, sweet thought, sin can never be
brought,
Nor ever alloy what we sing.

You often have read, Jesus suffer'd and bled,
That himself did for sinners atone ;
May time clearly show, he has suffer'd for you,
And mark'd you for one of his own.

Little children, we're told, are the lambs of his fold,
He gathers the lambs in his arms ;
It is likely that you may be taken there too,
From a world in which vice hath such charms.

With the redeem'd race made perfect through grace,
To praise him in heaven you'll join ;
And O ! that to meet in that happy retreat,
May be your blissful portion, and mine.

My dear little friend, to these things pray attend,
While time for improvement is given ;
Try it to improve, that when summon'd above,
You may dwell with your Saviour in heaven.

DUTY TO GOD.

CHILDREN should love the Lord,
Above all things beside,
If they obey his word,
He will for them provide.

Children the Lord should love,
Because 'tis he that sends
Them every comfort from above,
Their food, their health, and friends.

Parents, you know, may die,
And all beside forsake ;
If they on him rely,
He will provision make,

If they will not obey,
And serve him here below ;
By death when call'd away,
To heaven they cannot go.

They may, perhaps, be told,
To serve him they're too young ;
'Tis time enough, when old ;
But surely this is wrong.

If to their parents so,
They had been taught to act ;
All little children know,
They anger must expect.

If parents angry be,
When children disobey
Their just commands, then we
Must God displease each day.

SABBATH DAY.

MAMMA, said Ann, will you allow
Us each to take a walk ?
We went to church this morn, you know,
And then we did not talk.

Is it, indeed, my children true,
That duty once perform'd,
Is all you think to God is due ?
I'm at the thought alarm'd.

Holy we bidden are to keep,
Each moment of this day ;
Nor pass in walking, play, or sleep,
Its sacred hours away.

Have you forgot the man was stoned,
Who dared first break this law ;
He gath'ring sticks by some was found,
Who witness 'gainst him bore.

Would not that servant censure have,
Who did her morning task ;
But all her after duties leave,
In idleness to bask.

Expulsion doubtless would ensue,—
It must then madness be
To think that God, to whom is due
So much, should heedless be.

His wise authority abused,
His threat'nings so defied,
Obedience, too, if not refused,
Is often marred by pride.

Conscience or custom sometimes may
Our bodies drag, 'tis true,
To church, but, perhaps, 'tis to display
A frock, or something new.

But mark, my children, God is there,
He knows your ev'ry thought ;
Whether you merely mockers were,
Or serv'd him as you ought.

THE SILK PELISSE.

AMELIA, what are you attending to, pray ?
Oh, oh, it is only to silk-worms, you say.
I hope you to them display proper care ;
Since they work for you, you know 'tis but fair.

For me do they work ? dear Mamma how is that ?
Their method I really don't understand yet :
I've seen little silk-balls ; but how can they be
Made up into any thing useful for me ?

It is not unlikely your green silk pelisse
Has been made of silk, made by them in Greece ;
For Turkey, France, Italy, Persia, and Spain,
From the work of these insects much profit gain.

The worm is brought forth by the sun's heat, 'tis
clear,
From eggs that were laid the preceding year :
They find both their food and their residence too,
In the mulberry-tree, where in numbers they grow.

To a leaf it suspends itself, soon as grown,
And then rolls itself in a small silken cone ;
But not the least worthy of notice is this,
That it, in that state, becomes a chrysalis.

Though it in this state but a little time lays,
For a butterfly moth, in a very few days,
Eats its way through the cone, delighted it flies
In the bright cheering sunshine, lays eggs, then dies.

The cones, which are mostly of pale yellow found,
I here must observe, are generally wound,
While yet in a chrysalis state in the moth,
Which otherwise renders it of nothing worth.

To the weaver 'tis very soon after conveyed,
By whom ingenuity great is displayed ;
The dyer and presser perform their part too,
And the dress-maker, ere this pelisse we could view.

In dress, though 'tis sinful if pride we display,
'Tis needful that to it attention we pay,
According to station, if lofty or low ;
For benefit from it to others will flow.

FLOWERS.

PRAY what so attracts your attention, my dear ?
Said Ellen, the flowers in yonder parterre :
Don't you, Mamma, think it is wond'rous indeed,
How each is produced from a very small seed ?

That process, my child, being hidden from view,
Has puzzled a great many wiser than you :
Though something we know of cause and effect,
We cannot tell how water, earth, and air act.

In whatever position the seed may be sown
In the earth, the fibrous parts always strike down :
The green struggles upward, through earth, into
air,
And very soon after, the flowers appear.

Observe now the number of nerves in this leaf ;
The under are larger, and, therefore, are chief
In preparing the moisture rising from earth,
And conveys it so as to aid the bud's birth.

The leaves are to shade the small buds from the sun,
By which all their moisture would soon be with-
drawn :

The air also enters the leaves, it is plain,
Through the plantruns, and leaves at the root again.

The beautiful leaves are called the corrola,
And these for their hue and scent, we admire,
Design'd the protectors of certain parts are,
Which contain the seed to be sown the next year.

These balsams, though now they so lovely appear,
Are annual—that is, they live but one year :
These stocks are biennial—that is, if we sow
The seed this season, the next it will blow.

And some are perennial—that is, many years
They live ; such are most kind of fruit-trees and firs :
The first are deadious—that is, their leaves fall ;
But not so the fir-trees, they change not at all.

Iron mixes with most of their particles too,
And is the cause of the fine colours we view ;
But the hue of the large outside leaves is green,
Which rises, 'tis said, from the oil they contain.

I think I've said now all you can understand,
And, therefore I shall, with the rose in your hand,
Leave you your curious thoughts to pursue ;
For nature too much cannot be studied by you.

THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF MANKIND.

CHARLOTTE and Henry chanc'd one day
To ramble from a little way
Their parent, but they soon back ran,
Alarm'd at seeing a black man.
Mamma suppress'd their foolish fear,
By showing how absurd they were ;
And told them, as they journey'd back,
The cause of many being black.
Some have divided all mankind
But into classes six, we find :
Each class, or each variety
Produced by food and clime may be ;
And length of time, we find as well,
Renders it constitutional.
The people of the north pole all
Are very black and very small ;
Their food is fish, train oil their drink,
Which last a luxury they think :

They live in huts beneath the ground,
Because, no doubt, 'tis warmer found.
The constant glare of snow, we find,
Occasions many to be blind ;
Yet happy and contentedly
They live, and love their country.
The people of the south pole are
Extremely black, because it there
So hot is, that the people go
Cov'ring without, or nearly so.
Between these two extremes, we find
People of ev'ry hue and kind :
And some, indeed, quite ugly are ;
But so they make themselves appear.
For strange ideas of beauty they,
According to our views display :
Some black their teeth, because, if white,
They think 'twould be an ugly sight :
Some stretch their ears so very low,
That they their shoulders hang below :
Some drive sticks through their nose, so that
The nostrils on the cheeks lie flat :
Some stretch their eyes, so that between
A space quite frightful may be seen :
Some press their lips, to make them thick,
And others curiously prick
Their legs and arms, thus they appear
As flowers, because they shaded are :

Some black their skin, and rub it too,
Which makes it shine just like your shoe.
Their customs quite as strange appear ;
But them I shall not mention here.
These beings we should not despise ;
Their acts from ignorance arise :
They organs have of sense like you,
As may be seen by Prince Le Boo.
'Tis true, indeed, they're bought and sold
Like cattle, whether young or old.
By those who churlishly obey
An English monarch's gentle sway ;
For many 'gainst oppression cry
Who scruple not to sell or buy
A black—but human—family.

THE HISTORY OF TULLIA.

MAMMA, if I sit quietly,
Said Rosa, perhaps you'll favour me
With the recital of a tale ?
I know your memory will not fail.
As you are good, Mamma replied,
Your wishes shall be gratified :—
Among the Roman kings was one,
Who but a little slave was born ;

His name was Servius, and, we find,
He was a king, both good and kind.
This king, we read, had daughters two,
And as they up from childhood grew,
One was unruly, rude, and wild,
'The other an obedient child.
In course of time, they married were ;
But haughty Tullia could not bear
Her husband's temper, which was meek—
So she resolved his death to seek.
Her sister's husband she best loved,
And for his sake a murderess proved ;
For he was bold, and fierce like her,
'Thus they in temper suited were.
He, to have Tullia for his wife,
Soon took away her sister's life.
Lucius Tarquinius was his name ;
He soon display'd ambition's flame ;
Resolv'd King Servius to dethrone,
And claim the kingdom as his own.
Soon to the Senate House he went,
Big with his murderous intent ;
And, making his intentions known,
Seated himself upon the throne.
The poor old king soon entered, when
He was thrown down by young Tarquin,
And finding their intentions, he
Struggl'd from them to get away ;

But ere he could his palace gain,
Not only cruelly was slain,
But they his mangled body threw
Into the street, for public view.
Tullia, his cruel daughter, she,
Was waiting, all anxiety,
Her husband monarch to proclaim,
And bear herself a regal name :
And when her humane charioteer,
Had to the bleeding corpse drawn near,
And there the mangled Servius saw,
Turn'd from him with becoming awe ;
But this enrag'd fierce Tullia so,
She at his head the footstool threw,
And bid him, heedless, o'er her dead,
Still bleeding father, drive with speed,
Rejoicing in the dreadful deed.
From hence, I hope, my Rose and Ann,
Each disobedient act will shun,
For fear, like Tullia, they should be
Harden'd in their impiety ;
Those weeds at first but small appear,
Which afterwards infect the air ;
And disobedient acts are sure
To increase, in magnitude and pow'r ;
But their own punishment they bring,
For conscience has a dreadful sting,
With which she punishes all those

Who her repeated checks abuse,
And to attend her voice refuse.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE children of England were once very rude,
They prayed not to God, but to stone and to wood ;
They wore not nice clothing, as children now do,
But were naked, or else a rough skin round them
threw.

But a great many people, called Romans, here came,
And taught them to make many things I could
name,—

Till the ground, sow the seed, from whence the
corn springs,

Build houses, make clothes, and a great many things.

They had no nice schools, nor yet any book,
Nor yet pretty pictures at which they could look ;
But idly they rambled about all the day ;
Some sold were for slaves, and were carried away.

At Rome, once, some children with fair rosy face
Were standing for sale in the great market-place ;
A good man who saw them, thought it a sad thing
That they should be Pagans, and went to the king.

He told him of God, Jesus, heaven, and he
Said the gods the king worshipp'd could not hear
or see ;

And Ethelbert thought what he said must be true,
So he left all his idols and worshipp'd God too.

The priests very soon taught the children to pray,
Though not any of them could the alphabet say ;
And now, little children the Bible can read,
And so if they're wicked, 'tis shocking indeed.

THE SAXON INVASION.

WHEN the Romans left England, two brothers soon
came

From Saxony, Hengist, and Horsa, their name ;
They came to help to drive some bad people away,
But liked England so well, they determined to stay.

A great many others came over, and then—
They burnt up the houses, and women, and men ;
And children, and cattle, they carried away,
And every thing else they their hands on could lay.

They did a great number of sad wicked things,
Till in England, at one time, they had seven kings :
And this, by all children remember'd should be,
'Tis called, when we read of it, the heptarchy.

These kingdoms were all, at length, into one join'd,
By Egbert, first King of *all* England, pray, mind.
In England, though seventeen Saxon kings reigned,
King Alfred the most love and gratitude gained.

THE SEVENTEEN SAXON KINGS.

EGBERT, the first king of *all* England, was brave,
But it, from the Danes, he had trouble to save.
Ethelwolf was the second, and he had a son,
Who wanted to take both his kingdom and crown.
Ethelbald was the third, he did that sad thing.
Ethelbert was the fourth, our first *Christian* king.
Ethelred was the fifth, he in battle was slain ;
Then Alfred the great began his glorious reign.
Then Edward, the seventh king, was not so wise,
But Athelstan wisdom and commerce made rise.
Then Edmund the pious, and tenth king, his reign
Was stopped by a robber, by whom he was slain.
The eleventh king, Edred, then came to the throne,
But had not sufficiently will of his own.
Poor Edwy, the twelfth king, had sorrow and pain ;
Broken hearted he died, the fifth year of his reign :
His wife the priests cruelly treated, for they
Burnt her face, cut her legs, and drove her away.

Then Edgar, the thirteenth, proved good, though
so young ;

But, Edward the martyr, reigned not very long :
His Mother-in-law had a son of her own,
So Edward was stabbed, to place him on the throne ;
But Ethelred had not a very long reign—
He was forced from his throne by the Danish king,
Sweyn.

Edmund Ironside was the fifteenth king, and he
Reigned only one year, and was murder'd basely.
Edward the confessor, the last of his race,
In Westminster—made his own burial place.
But Harold, the seventeenth Saxon king's reign
Was scarcely one year ;—he at Hastings was slain.

DANISH INVASION.

ENGLAND was troubled by the Danes,
At first in Egbert's reign ;
And although driven oft away,
They often came again :

And often many battles fought,
And many thousands slain ;
At last, the English conquer'd were,
And had for king a Dane.

Canute, the first of Danish line,
Was justly call'd the great ;
For England, Norway, Denmark, all
Belong'd to his estate.

But Harold was a wicked king,
And such a life he led,
That all the people were rejoic'd
To hear that he was dead.

Hardicanute, his brother, was
A great deal worse than he ;
He reign'd about two years, and died
Through his own gluttony.

THE ENGLISH LINE OF KINGS.

THERE were seventeen Saxons, three Danes ;
Not any had very long reigns.
Four Normans, oppressive and proud ;
Then the fourteen Plantagenet crowd :
Of these Harry the Second was first,
And Richard the Third was the last.
The first of the five Tudor race,
Was Henry the Seventh ; his place

Was at first very troublesome—peace
He loved, and he made the war cease.
And next to King Alfred the great,
Was the best who had govern'd the state.
Six Stuarts of Scottish renown,
Were the next that ascended the throne.
One Orange, or Nassau, and he
Ascended the throne joyfully.
Five there have been of the Brunswick chain ;
Queen Victoria's the sixth, and long may she reign.

SNOW.

MAMMA, I should like to know,
Said Ann, the cause and use of snow ?
To me it is a wonder quite
How it becomes so very white.

With pleasure, her Mamma replied,
Your wishes shall be gratified ;
I heed no pains I thus bestow,
If you in useful knowledge grow.

I think you heard, last night the rain,
Loud beating 'gainst the window pane ;
But now the air is much too keen
To let mere water fall as then.

Snow, first, is vapours, light and thin,
Which freeze ere they to fall begin ;
The air expands, and makes it light,
And light, refracted, makes it white.

But snow is of much service found,
And pleased the farmers view the ground,
When thickly cover'd, it destroys
The vermin that conceal'd there lies.

It warms and fructifies the soil,
And makes the earth with plenty smile ;
We thankful, therefore, ought to be,
When thus it covers field and tree.

RAIN.

I AM so vex'd to see the rain,
To her Mamma, said little Jane,
Indeed it oft has puzzled me
To fancy what its use can be.

This proves you are a silly child,
Said her Mamma, in accents mild ;
'Tis therefore time that you should know
From whence it comes, and also how.

That pond, you know, the other day,
Was full, now part is gone away ;
And, pray, can you inform me where ?
You can't, 'tis floating in the air.

You know the sun has heat and pow'r ;
You felt it had before this show'r ;
The sun, from oceans, seas, and streams,
Exhales the water with his beams.

By this machine, uprais'd in air,
The vapours then as clouds appear ;
Through air, distill'd, in drops quite small,
We see them on the garden fall.

If God decreed it should not rain,
My child more justly might complain :
Herbs, fruits, and cattle, soon would die ;
Nor could the earth our wants supply.

Behold the flowers in yon parterre,
How fresh and lovely they appear,
Even the humble field blue-bell
Regales us with its fragrant smell.

Even when wintry floods appear,
They, too, display God's gracious care ;
Then give no more such murm'rings vent,
They show a sinful discontent.

HAIL.

MAMMA, how is it, tell me, pray,
We have hail on a Summer's day ?
If, said Mamma, you wish to know,
I readily will answer you.

Beyond the highest clouds that fly,
Vapours are floating constantly ;
But it so very cold is there,
They in a freezing state appear.

And as these vapours lower fall,
They then form drops of water small ;
So sudden, too, is their descent,
That heat, their freezing can't prevent.

That hail is oft attended, too,
With thunder-storms you doubtless know ;
And hence, electric fluid in air
Its cause in chief is, we infer.

DEW.

'Twas early on a Summer's morn,
Before the sun had risen high,
That Mary, on the dewy lawn,
Was gazing very thoughtfully.

When, suddenly, Mamma inquir'd—
What so attracts my Mary's view?
She answer'd, as she was desir'd,
Only the pretty sparkling dew.

The dew, my child, is nothing more
Than vapours, though they don't descend
Like rain, of which I spake before ;
But do from earth and plants ascend.

During the fervent heat of day,
Continued exhalations rise,
And though the wind bears part away,
The greater part its power defies.

These vapours by the cooler air
Of evening, soon condens'd become,
And thus it is they now appear,
Of sparkling gems, a countless sum.

And surely you need not be told
Its use, since that we plainly see,—
This in each flower we behold,
In every leaf and every tree.

These, all refresh'd by this supply,
The mid-day heat can well sustain ;
Without it they would shortly die—
For dew supplies the want of rain.

CLOUDS.

PRAY, Ellen, do notice that beautiful cloud,
Said Caroline once to her sister aloud ;
What a singular form, and its edges how bright,
I seldom have seen a more beautiful sight.

Nor I, answer'd Ellen ; but it puzzles me
To know how clouds form'd are, or what they can be ;
But here comes Mamma, we well know our task,
She, therefore, will tell us, I think, if we ask.

The clouds a phenomenon wonderful are,
In answer to Ellen, replied her Mamma ;
Philosophers, for us, these regions explore,
And tell us, their classes or orders, are four.

The first is the cirrus, which soaring so high,
Presents a grand spectacle oft to the eye ;
This, rising aloft, meets the rays of the sun,
And hence its red hue when its circuit is run.

The next is the cumulus, so dark and low,
That oft it occasions much terror you know ;
Explosions proceed from it, often so loud,
That most people call it the dense thunder cloud.

The expanded strata appears like a sheet,
With water, or earth, it seems always to meet,
It is form'd in the night, and at morn breaks away,
And promises mostly a very fine day.

The nimbus, or rain-cloud, the fourth is, and last,
And from it the rain falls in quantities vast ;
A dark dreary prospect it is to the view,
When aided by cirrus and cumulus too.

Clouds are but collections of vapours, that are
Suspended at various heights in the air :
But chiefly from oceans and seas they are drawn,
And are by the winds to distant lands borne.

Their forms systematic and regular are ;
But I shall not stay now to make this appear ;
I hope what I've said you'll in memory retain,
Then I shall be pleas'd that my labour's not vain.

AIR.

MAMMA, said Ann, the evening's fine,
I should so like to take a walk,
George would our party gladly join ;
About the air we wish to talk.

Mamma, while walking on the road,
Said, although air we cannot see,
It makes all nature its abode,
Just like its author,—Deity.

It is a fluid—that we know,—
Or else we could not it inhale,
And if 'twere not a body too,
We should not feel this gentle gale.

This air, or atmosphere, surrounds
Our globe to forty-four miles high ;
Its colour—blue, and hence 'tis found
It gives that colour to the sky.

With air, bright burns the winter fire,
And air it is supplies our breath ;
We must it constantly respire,
Or we should find it certain death.

The sportive fish would quickly die ;
The birds that high above us soar ;
The smallest insect we espy ;
And every tree, and plant, and flower.

Azote and oxygen combin'd,
Its chief constituent parts appear,
Kept in a gaseous state we find
By heat, which also makes it clear.

'Tis this unseen, this mystic pow'r,
The mighty fabric—earth—supports :
Through it descends the fertile shower ;
In it the clouds and meteors sport.

In part I've with your wish complied,
And if you more desire to know,
Let application be applied,
And you will then in knowledge grow.

FIRE.

GEORGIANA was sitting one cold winter's night,
With Mamma, in the parlour, at work ;
The fire was burning so lively and bright,
On its comfort she made some remark.

Subtle, elastic, and active we find,
Said Mamma, its nature to be ;
It penetrates bodies of every kind,
Turns some into fluidity.

It exists throughout nature, in every part ;
Unseen, yet as gen'ral as air ;
Heat is an effect, it is made to impart,
By motion, from facts we infer.

Steel, to the touch, for example, is cold ;
But holds fire, in a quiescent state ;
For, struck by a flint, we this may behold
In sparks, either more or less great.

Heat causes bodies, both solid and fluid,
In vapours to rise, you well know ;
Thus, a candle, when lighted, will be understood,
Its substance to vapour will go.

Flame is a luminous vapour, by fire
Raised, with such increase of heat,
As the substance, or body, may seem to require,
Which will light in proportion emit.

Of its use, I am sure, I nothing need say,
This so great to some heathens appear'd,
They thought it the first cause of life, and hence they
Temples for its divine worship rear'd.

COMBUSTION.

COMBUSTION is but of fire an effect,
Which cannot take place without air,—
Thus a fire, to burn well, in vain we expect,
If we keep not the bottom quite clear.

That air is essential to bright, active fire,
A common occurrence will show,
For often when 'tis on the point to expire,
The bellows will raise it you know.

If a candle, when lighted, we place in a bell,
Made of glass of particular height,—
This reversely placed in a vessel, half full
Of water, we see a strange sight.

The flame of the candle burns faint and then blue,
Soon goes out, and the water arise ;
The air that remains is mephitic found, too,
For an insect plac'd in it soon dies.

Decomposed air may be by any kind
Of metal ; it imbibes the pure gas,
And leaves the remainder quite unfit, we find,
For burning, or breathing, or use.

If the metal, thus calcined, again we expose
To unusual intenseness of heat,
It will, with the oxygen, quickly dispose ;
In proof, I a fact will repeat :—

A candle, when placed in this very pure air,
Burns with splendour, uncommonly great ;
And animals live with much gaiety there,
Though 'tis but of very short date.

They soon are exhausted by life so intense ;
And the candle is soon burnt away ;
Azote's use, in the atmosphere, manifest thence
Life's early extinction to stay.

WIND.

MAMMA, said George, you were so kind
As to inform me what is air ;
Pray, will you now the cause of wind ?
For that doth very strange appear.

The wind is simply moving air,
For that, by nature, is at rest ;
By various causes, it is clear,
It of its ease is disposess'd.

Though several causes are assign'd
For air's first motion, there are two
Which are of greatest note we find ;
These we will separately view.

Heat very much the air expands,
And makes it, in some places, light ;
The air, thus rarified, ascends,
And thus a void makes by its flight.

This suddenly is filled by fresh,
Which from all parts towards it flow ;
Sometimes with an impetuous rush,
At other times 'tis soft and slow.

The speed with which it travels, you
I think, have an observer been :
Five miles an hour is counted slow,
A hundred is an hurricane.

Though the solanoe's scorching power,—
The hurricane's, which trees up tear,—
The wild tornado's pelting shower,—
Sufficient are to raise our fear ;

We must not rashly thence infer,
Winds are without utility ;
They of essential service are,
By cleansing from impurity.

If air was not in motion kept,
It putrified would soon become ;
For pestilences oft are swept,
By wind, both from our land and home.

SOUND.

How pleasant 'tis the bells to hear !
Pray is it not, Mamma ?
She answer'd, yes, it is my dear,
Sounds enlivening are.

But list attentive to the bells,
And mark their varied tone.
One minute, and the sound loud swells,
Then to a whisper gone.

These various sounds are by the air
Produc'd, which may be seen,
If we to yonder pond repair,
And throw a stone therein.

According to the size and force
Of that therein we throw,
It follows, as a thing of course,
The circles larger grow.

These circles represent the air,
Which forward moves and round ;
These strokes, or pulses, on the ear
Fall, and are then call'd sound.

This cannot be discern'd, 'tis true,
When quick, and we are nigh ;
But I would recommend that you
Experiments should try.

LIGHT.

CHARLES, can you tell me what is light ?
Ask'd his Mamma, one morn,
While gazing on that lovely sight,
The crimson-clouded dawn.

I can't, Mamma, said Charles, but you
Will, perhaps, inform me now ;
I have not thought of it, 'tis true,
But much should like to know.

The light is, like the air, a fluid,
Compos'd of particles,
Small, but of diff'ring magnitude,
Which on our planet falls,—

From that vast wond'rous orb, the sun,
With such amazing speed,
That it, in travelling, 'tis known,
Eight minutes don't exceed.

A hundred and fifty thousand miles,
Light, in a second, flies ;
And ninety-five millions, Newton tells,
Ere it illumes our skies.

Contented we should not remain
With merely viewing things ;
But try true wisdom to obtain,
From whence true pleasure springs.

THE EARTH.

MAMMA, you say the earth is round,
Said Frederick, with look profound ;
If so, at times it seems to me,
We walking on our heads should be.

Beside, the seas and oceans, too,
Would often their contents out-throw ;
Of mountains, too, I've heard, so high,
Their summit seemed to touch the sky.

This reasoning proves, said his Mamma,
My Frederick's no philosopher ;
But if this yield you such surprise,
What will its swiftness and its size ?

For it is more surprising sure,
That fifty-eight thousand miles each hour
The earth should move, from west to east,
And we not feel it in the least.

The mountains do not touch the sky,
The highest are but four miles high.
Twenty-four thousand miles earth's round,
Across, above eight thousand found.

I think, then, they compar'd may be
To gnats upon a large oak-tree ;
They have been liken'd oft, we find,
To specks upon an orange rind.

The earth just like a loadstone acts ;
That is, all bodies it attracts :
A deluge, then, we need not fear ;
The seas can't fall from whence they are.

But now, my Frederick, bring your ball,
And roll it slowly to the wall ;
Observe its motion, and you'll see
It round, and round, turns rapidly.

Also observe, that this is done,
As to the wall it travels on :
This the earth's motion clearly may
Portray, both by the year and day.

Its quickest turnings will display
The motion of the earth each day ;
Its forward movements, 'twill be found,
Is that which brings the seasons round.

THEORY OF THE EARTH.

MAMMA, I have very agreeably found
One inquiry produces another.
I know the earth moves, and is nearly round,
From what you have said to my brother.

Of what is composed this wonderful ball,
I am anxious to hear, I declare ?
You should, my dear James, if your knowledge is
small,
Said Mamma, to the study repair.

Composed 'tis of water, and matters that are,
From their firmness in general, call'd earth ;
These matters are metals, stones, salts, and sulphur,
And mould, in which plants have their birth.

That God made the world is doubted by none ;
How, some have attempted to show,—
By saying it once was a part of the sun,
And that God caused the severing blow

'To be struck by a comet ; and hence arise
The inflammable matters therein.
If this be the case, we need not feel surprise
That the earth doth so much heat contain.

At six hundred feet, it is said, under ground,
Heat gradually is on the rise ;
Beside, at the bed of the ocean, is found
Often warm springs, but never there ice.

That changes take place on the earth ev'ry day,
Those may see who have leisure and choose :
We told are by those who these changes survey,
That the seas do them chiefly produce.

The ground upon which we now stand has once been
The bed of the ocean, 'tis said ;
The land, which was then peopled, fertile and green,
Is now by the ocean o'erspread.

But James, on creation whenever you look,
Be sure it is never without
Viewing God as its author ; then in this book
You will wonders discover no doubt.

WATER.

ONE evening very fine and clear,
Ann and Eliza walking were,
And being very near the sea,
They view'd it each attentively.

Curious Eliza very soon
Said, dear Mamma, pray is it known
What water is? If you can tell,
Ann and myself would like it well.

The element of water is
Composed of only two gases ;
One part of hydrogen is there,
Four oxygen, or vital air.

But, perhaps, you now would have me halt,
And tell you why sea-water's salt ?
At bottom there are mines, or beds,
From whence the savour so proceeds.

This saltiness is considerably
Productive of utility,
In seas and oceans, only there ;
The rivers are from saltness clear

Salt gives a firmness to the waves,
To bear the massy ship, which braves
Its ruffled surface ; and does more,
It helps to keep the waters pure.

The agency of water, too,
Is universal, as we know.
Its having no peculiar taste
Renders it of importance vast.

Here how conspicuously we see
The wisdom of the Deity !
The more we nature's myst'ries know,
The more it bids our praises flow.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

GEORGE, John, and Amelia, were one day at play,
Although 'twas unusually warm ;
Too busy, however, attention to pay
To what was approaching—a storm.

Till the thunder and lightning astounded them all,
And Amelia retreated with fright ;
George, too, with astonishment let drop his ball,
And John, with concern, view'd the sight.

Soon Mamma with her trembling Amelia appear'd,
In the parlour assembled all were ;
And though still the loud claps of thunder were
heard,

They seem'd to lose some of their fear.

How vivid the flashes of lightning, how blue ;
What a wonderful sight this, said John ;
Its cause, dear Mamma, is, I think, known to you ;
If you'll tell us, we'll quickly sit down.

That particles saline, and sulphurous too,
In the atmosphere are, it is known ;
Their ascent and mixture, philosophers show
Are its cause, though they act not alone.

'Tis by friction, or rubbing of matters contain'd
In the air, that ignition ensues :
By experiment is this opinion maintain'd,
And this we do wrong to refuse.

When a cloud that's composed of these matters, is
drawn

To one not at all so, quite nigh,
A rushing of matter ensues from each then,
And the flash, or their passing we spy.

The thunder is but undulations of air
Produc'd by the sudden discharge ;
And the reverberations long or short are,
As the quantity's more or less large.

And though 'tis produc'd at the very same time
With ignition, or lightning, we know
Sound cannot with light in velocity chime,
But travels more heavy and slow.

The thunder is harmless, though dreadful the noise;
But the silent wing'd lightning consumes
Herbs, trees, ships, and houses it often destroys,
And man by its stifling perfumes.

If a storm e'er comes on when in summer you roam,
Be sure you keep far from the trees ;
For trees attract lightning, the oak more than some;
It therefore most dangerous is.

THE RAINBOW.

OBSERVE, once said Charlotte, that beautiful bow !
How lovely its colours appear :
But how is it formed, Mamma, pray do you know ?
If you do, I should much like to hear.

Notice first, said Mamma, the way we now stand,
It is with our back to the sun ;
That cloud, too, before us, majestic and grand,
The rain has from thence just begun.

Now each drop of rain a globule we call,
Because it is perfectly round ;
And 'tis in proportion as the globules fall,
That the colours are bright or faint found.

For each ray of light enters each at the top,
And being by nothing appall'd,
Makes its exit again at the end of the drop ;
This double refraction is call'd.

Its colours are seven in number, you know ;
Red, orange, then yellow appear,
Fourth green, fifth blue, and the sixth indigo,
Then violet, in white all mixed are.

Now if the sun's rays were of one sort and size,
One colour there only could be ;
It is from their diff'ring in both that arise
The beautiful colours we see.

But now, my dear Charlotte, I would you remind,
That it is the token which God
Has given to man, of his promise, we find,
That he'll punish no more by a flood.

SUMMER HEAT.

O ! HOW excessive is the heat,
Said Ellen, as she chang'd her seat ;
'Tis quite oppressive, I declare,
And almost more than I can bear.

The cause of heat, Mamma, I own,
She said, to me is quite unknown ;
At least, I can but think of one,
Which is, we're nearer to the sun.

I thought that was my child's idea,
But no, indeed, we're not so near ;
But at the farthest distance now,
Though, perhaps, you cannot fancy so

You know we in the winter see
The sun but very transiently ;
And, although this may strange appear,
'Tis then some thousand miles more near.

We then scarce feel the heat at all,
Because his rays obliquely fall ;
But in the summer's height, as now,
It dries and scorches all below.

The cause of this I will explain,
If your attention I obtain ;
For though the causes various are,
I but the chief shall mention here.

Suppose I touch you with this ball,
You scarcely would it feel at all,
As now you stand : the cause is clear,
To strike with force it is too near.

But were it thrown from yonder hill,
And then should strike you, perhaps 'twould
kill :
Because the force increased would be
By distance and velocity.

Thus distance and the lengthen'd stay
Of the sun's rays, increase each day
The heat, and with it comforts too,
And flowers, and fruits, so loved by you.

THE SUN.

I'm really anxious, I declare,
The nature of the sun to hear,
Said Julia, perhaps, to me and Jane,
Mamma, its nature you'll explain ?

The sun by most is thought to be
A globe like ours, *not fiery* ;
Larger than earth a million times ;
The cause of light and varying climes.

The light and heat which we enjoy,
His *atmosphere* doth us supply ;
And that is generated heat,
When *that* and *ours* commingling meet.

His journey though we seem to see,
Indeed is no reality ;
The earth and planets round him turn,
Like boys who round a bonfire run.

The sun's apparent annual path,
As visitor upon this earth,
Is called the ecliptic : this beside,
The learned in twelve signs divide.

Philosophers can well discern,
It does upon an axis turn
In twenty-five days, fifteen hours,
And sixteen minutes, just like ours.

Nature both dull and dreary seems
When not enliven'd with his beams ;
But soon her flowery robe she wears,
When he again in spring appears.

But, perhaps, my Julia did not know
That he is always shining too ;
'Tis but the clouds that hide by day
The lustre of his useful ray.

Millions of insects in an hour,
Burst into life, when he, with pow'r,
Strides o'er the earth, and bids arise
Herbs, fruits, and flowers for our supplies.

Ninety-five million miles he is
Distant from earth, and hence, in size,
He sometimes looks almost as small
As yonder rolling skittle ball.

Since, then, so vast his power we see,
What must his great Creator's be ?
Let's be reminded by these sights,
Of God the father of all lights.

THE MOON.

THE birds had a long time been gone to repose,
When Emily from the snug fire arose,
And casting her eyes on the moon-illum'd green,
Stood still for some moments to view the bright scene.

At length, she exclaim'd, what a beautiful night !
The moon and the stars are all shining so bright ;
And, having re-seated herself very soon,
Ask'd Mamma for a little account of the moon.

With very great pleasure replied her Mamma,
I wonder you've not this requested before,—
Philosophers think that the moon is a world,
Which in twenty-nine days round its axis is whirl'd.

And thus the inhabitants, some of them say,
Have a very long night and a very long day,
For reckoning time according to ours,
Each lasts between three and four hundred hours ;

If those we may credit, who say it is true,
Day and night are the length of from full moon
till new ;
But it may be proper, perhaps, to remark,
We must not imagine them quite in the dark.

The earth is to them, what the moon is to us,
Only very much larger, and therefore more use ;
And while we are viewing the moon full of mirth,
They may be admiring the beautiful earth.

Of miles, 'tis two hundred and forty thousand
From earth, and consists of both water and land ;
'Tis two thousand miles in diameter found ;
Six thousand three hundred in circuit, or round.

'Tis said there are mountains so high in the moon,
So high upon earth none have ever been known ;
Thus, finding earth, water, mines, and mountains too,
We well may conclude there are people also.

By some the dark places, are fancied beside
Caverns, in which, perhaps, the people reside ;
For the sun's constant glare so fatiguing may be,
As to render their shade quite necessary.

The moon, like the earth, has no light of her own,
So she gives us but what she receives from the sun ;
And while round the earth she is moving, displays,
Each evening a different figure, or phase.

The cause of these differing figures may be
Discovered, whenever meat roasting you see,—
To the fire each part is successively turn'd—
The cause and the figure thus plainly discerned.

THE TIDES.

MAMMA, we home despair'd to reach,
Said Julia, for, while on the beach
We gather'd shells, the water rose,
I thought it would have spoil'd my clothes.

But pray, Mamma, do tell me why
The waters sometimes rise so high ?
I watch'd it yesterday, and saw
It backward roll as much I'm sure.

These motions of the sea, replied
Mamma, are mostly call'd the tide ;
And by philosophers 'tis shown
The moon o'er them doth influence own.

For while she passes o'er the sea,
It drawn towards her then will be ;
And as from it again she rolls,
The sea as gradually falls.

They this phenomenon display
Fifty minutes later ev'ry day ;
And if you watch, you'll see this sight,
Twice every day, and every night.

Sometimes both sun and moon concur
To cause these motions, we are sure ;
Tides are call'd high at each full moon,
And low when half her circuit's run :

But some philosophers declare
By the earth's motion they caused are ;
That by its turnings they display,
These oscillations every day.

FIXED STARS.

I THINK there's not a lovelier sight,
Said Ellen, than a star-light night—
While trotting by her Mother's side—
Who answering, thus to her replied :

I wonder does my Ellen know
Aught of the stars, but that they glow
With tiny and oft sullied light,
Because the mists obscure the sight !

But, perhaps, you'll be surpris'd to hear
That all day long they shining are ;
'Tis but the sun's superior ray
That hides them from our sight by day.

If, now, these glitt'ring orbs you view,
You soon will find their sorts are two,
And these distinguish'd well may be,
If we them view attentively.

The planets motionless appear,
But twinkling all the fix'd stars are ;
And this, by most is thought to arise
From interception of their rays,—

By particles, which, though minute,
Do in the air, like vapours, float ;
Each twinkling star is thought to be
A sun, like that we daily see.

Above one hundred thousand, too,
Are plain to telescopic view ;
Four hundred thousand miles, 'tis known,
The nearest is beyond the sun.

Than this, there is much more to know
About them, when you older grow :
The constellations, and their names,
From each a mark'd attention claims.

PLANETS.

THERE seven prim'ry planets are
Revolving round the sun,
And perhaps you'll be surpris'd to hear
That this our earth is one.

Mercury, Venus, then our world,
Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn,
And Herschel, with their moons, are whirl'd
Around the sun, 'tis certain.

The earth, you know, has but one moon,
And Jupiter has four ;
Herschel has six ; and it is known
That Saturn has one more.

Some larger and some smaller are
Than earth on which we live ;
Some are more distant, some more near ;
All solar heat receive.

And light and heat from him alone,
Hence all their comforts, too,
For if the former two were gone,
Their number would be few.

Scripture and reason both concur
To lead us to conclude
They like the world constructed are,
And therefore an abode

For man and beast ; for though they may
Be climes unfit for us,
Presumption it would be to say,
God made them without use.

MERCURY.

MERCURY, the nearest to the sun,
The shortest journey has to run,
Of eight and eighty days, or near,
Which must, of course, complete its year.
Thirty-two million miles it is
Off from the sun, and is in size
Less than our planet fourteen times :
And, we are told, that in its clime
Iron would melt, because the heat
In Mercury is so very great.
Discover'd it has also been,
Although it is so seldom seen,
Because so near the sun's his range,
That, like the moon, his phases change.

VENUS.

THEN comes pretty Venus, and that to the sight,
Presents itself shining in yellowish white ;
Is sixty-five million of miles from the sun,
And sixty-nine thousand, each hour moves on

Two hundred and twenty-four days are its year ;
But some computators have made it appear
Its days are to ours, one to twenty-four,
And that it has nine days eight hours—no more.
But Venus has mountains, miles five or six high ;
And most people know, that she alternately
Is morning or evening star through the year,
For why, I will try to make plainly appear :—
When Venus appears to us *west* of the sun,
It rises to view ere his course is begun ;
But when in the *east*, it a long time is seen,
After he us has enlightening been ;
And regularly this appearance displays,
Successively two hundred and ninety days.
There are at its equator two summers, two springs,
Two winters, two autumns : than this, many things
I might of this beautiful planet declare,
But think you imagine it time to forbear.

MARS.

MARS is the first above
Earth's orbit, it is known ;
Hundred and forty-five
Million miles 'tis from the sun.

It nearly takes two years
To travel it around ;
Its day and night appears
Longer than ours found.

Its hue—a fiery red—
Diff'rent from all beside,
With telescopic aid,
Thus easily descried.

JUPITER.

JUPITER larger is, by far,
Than any of the others are ;
Besides, its distance from the sun,
Is miles four hundred million.

Its colour is a splendid white,
And than the others shines more bright ;
And from the learned it appears
Its year makes twelve of our years.

Jupiter, just like Venus, too,
Is morn or evening star, we view ;
Besides, it is surrounded quite
By belts, which are a curious sight.

These clouds, by most, are thought to be
 (For we through telescopes might see
 Them change their place, contract and spread,)
 Like those which float above our head.

SATURN.

THE next is slow Saturn, and that from the sun
 Is miles seven hundred and eighty million :
 Eighteen thousand miles moves each hour, tis clear,
 Though thirty of our years make but one there.

Than earth, 'tis six hundred times larger, we're told,
 And that it must there be surprisingly cold ;
 Surrounded it is by a curious thing—
 Which is a thin, broad, and luminous ring.

This is twenty-one thousand miles broad, and besides,
 Its distance the same from Saturn on all sides ;
 Determined its nature and use cannot be,
 By those who have studied with much certainty.

The sun, on this planet, successively shines
 Fifteen years together, and as long time declines ;
 Saturn turns on an axis, the learn'd Herschel's
 powers
 Has placed beyond doubt, in ten of our hours.

GEORGIUM SIDUS.

THIS planet, miles is from the sun,
One thousand eight hundred million ;
And more than eighty years doth take,
Its journey round the sun to make.

Than earth, 'tis larger, it is shown ;
Its length of day and night unknown ;
Moves seven thousand miles each hour ;
And seen through glasses of great power.

Herschel discover'd it we know,
Not very many years ago ;
The name he gave it, perhaps you've heard,
Of the Queen's grandfather, George the Third.

COMETS.

BUT what are Comets, dear Mamma ?
I think I've heard such things there are.
From Newton, said Mamma, we find
Comets are of the planet kind :
Large globes of *fire* they have been *thought* ;
But by the learned now we're taught

They're habitable worlds, like ours,
But length of days, or years, or hours,
Cannot by them computed be
With any kind of certainty.
And they are bearded, tail'd, or hair'd,
As their positions have appear'd.
Its *atmosphere* occasions heat,
Whene'er it doth with ours meet :
But the return of three is known,
Though there may be 'bout twenty-one ;
There still are those who do declare,
That for the sun they fuel are.

VOLCANOES.

I'VE heard, there burning mountains are,
Pray will you tell me, dear Mamma,
Something about them ? once said Ann,
Mamma consented, and began :
If I may use the words of Buffon,
They are a sort of immense cannon,
Ejecting often flames and smoke,
And clouds of cinders, stones, and rock,
In columns through the air ascend,
And then on distant plains descend,

Rivers of melted metal too,
With bitumen and sulphur flow ;
Nor are they spent for many a day,
But last for months successively ;
And hence their depth becomes so great,
As to exceed a hundred feet ;
Almost all modern Italy,
Upon these ruins built must be :
Of course it soon can life destroy,
Cities and forests buried lie ;
And the fam'd Herculaneum now,
Shows what destruction it can do ;
These are effects, and vast indeed,—
To note the cause I now proceed :
That heat exists within the earth,
Is now an undisputed truth ;
With matters quite inflammable,
And every kind of mineral ;
These acted on by damp and air,
Which make a way by some means there,
Cause then a very strong ferment,
And having not a place for vent,
Force out a way with dreadful noise,
And thus it is eruptions rise ;
But some assert that they must be
Caused but by electricity.
The principal in Europe are
Etna in Sicily, and Hecla

In Iceland, and Vesuvius too,
Which travellers very often view ;
If we enumerate great and small,
As scatter'd on this earthly ball,
Their number proves at least three score,
And doubtless there are many more.

EARTHQUAKES.

BUT there are earthquakes, and you now
May feel inclined their cause to know,
Which much the same appears to be
As of eruptions generally ;
And it is no more strange than true,
They happen at the same time too :
Sometimes large cities swallow'd are,
And islands suddenly appear ;
Near to the mountains Cordelier,
Earthquakes so very frequent are,
That houses more than one floor high,
Are only built of reeds when dry ;
Shocks have been strong enough to make
The earth in every part quite shake :
But if, what some affirm, is true,
They are most common in Peru ;

They have been often felt at sea,
And sometimes very forcibly ;
Its bottom is we understand,
Continuation of the land ;
But as I only wish to raise
Desire in your younger days,
To study nature, I shall now
Close my remarks, in hope that you,
The subject further will pursue.

THE CAUSE AND USE OF MOUNTAINS.

BUT are all mountains, dear Mamma,
Of the eruptive kind ?
She answered, they are not my dear,
Of them three sorts we find.

The first, or lowest are the hills,
Then those of moderate height ;
The third, a rank are higher still :
A grand majestic sight.

By some 'tis thought that they have been,
Form'd chiefly by the sea ;
Because all those who dig therein,
Do its productions see.

'Tis thought that they were form'd at first,
As beds of slime and sand ;
By time they were increas'd, at last
They left were on dry land.

Some think they with the world were made,
Much as they now appear,
And that the shells therein now laid,
Placed by the deluge were.

Islands, I think you know, are land,
Surrounded by the sea,
And hence from some we understand
They tops of mountains be.

But mountains are of service too,
Rivers from them arise,
And on their sides provisions grow
For man and beast supplies.

Beside, the earth would very soon
Be covered by the sea ;
For fishes an abode alone,
All else destroy'd would be.

RIVERS.

BUT how can rivers formed be
By mountains, dear Mamma ?
With the recital favour me,
'Tis curious I am sure.

I told you that the vapours were
Drawn from the earth by heat,
And that they then as clouds appear,
These 'gainst the mountains beat ;—

And many a fissure being formed
Upon the mountain sides ;
The clouds are very quickly turned,
To rain, which down them glides.

Caverns, or hollows, we are sure
In mountains oft abound ;
And these a kind of reservoir
Are for the water found.

But all we know does not there stay,
The overplus from there,
Forces itself again away,
Then brooks or streams appear.

These down into the valleys run,
With others readily
Unite their streams, and then as one
Flow on and reach the sea.

THE EYE.

I SEE you've enough, Ann, your thoughts to employ,
By the number of books on the shelf,
I hope they all solid instruction supply ;
Pray what have they taught you of self ?

Has ever that curious complex machine,
Excited a curious thought ?
I fear that because 'tis so frequently seen,
You've slighted it more than you ought.

If we take of the senses a cursory glance,
The time we shall not misapply,
But be making in knowledge some little advance,
We'll begin by considering the eye :—

This organ consists of a transparent coat
Which is outside and call'd the Cornea,
A pure liquid follows, and adjoining that
Is the lens or chrystaline humour.

A jelly-like substance composes the ball,
At the back a fine net work is seen,
On this, the retinas, intended should fall
A picture of each passing scene.

To tell you I must not omit, there's a nerve
Which conveys an idea to the brain,
Of all that is passing, and hence you'll observe,
Without this the eye would be vain.

THE EAR.

Now let us a little examine the ear,
That too, near the brain has its place,
And all the five senses indeed centre there,
But how, I shall not stay to trace.

We first will consider the external part
Which is form'd to collect and convey
The sounds, from whatever object they start,
And here I may, perhaps, as well say,

In Turkey one species of punishment is,
To cut off, or hang up by the ear ;
A lasting and terrible punishment this,—
If the former, they no more can hear.

The turnings within are most curious found,
The reason of this seems to me,
To prevent the too furious rushing of sound,
Which perhaps would an injury be,

But now of what use is the wax you would know,
Its uses are various no doubt,
But one is, kind nature has formed it so,
To keep noxious insects without ;

The next is the membrum tympani, or drum,
To which is attached four small bones,
Then three inner muscles are used
To move them according to loud or soft tones.

There two other cavities are beside these,
Call'd the labyrinth and the cochlea ;
Its uses I'm sure I need not stay to trace,
So I close my account of the ear.

SMELLING.

SINCE we have talk'd of the eye, and the ear, I
suppose
You expect I should something now say of the nose ;
This membrane anatomists make plain appear,
Has not near the number of nerves as the ear :

But of nerves and of nostrils, it consists of two,
The latter are useful in breathing you know ;
The effluvia rising from bodies that are
Scented, are sure to impregnate the air,
And the nerves in the nose, being struck with much
force,
By the air thus impregned, is of smelling the cause ;
By the nerves in the nose we this pleasure enjoy,
For the nerves might be press'd of the arm or the
eye,
By the scented effluvia, exhaled from the rose,
But would not the sense of its fragrance disclose ;
Thus each set of nerves their tasks have assign'd,
Which tasks, I hope you will now bear in mind.

FEELING.

If through a microscope you view
Your skin, 'twould almost frighten you ;
But underneath this outer skin,
A number of fine nerves are seen.
Now if this skin in any part,
Receives from any thing a hurt ;
The joining nervous papillæ,
It irritates immediately ;
And this is call'd the sense of touch,
Of feeling, be it small or much.

This sense is in the fingers found,
The most acute for square or round ;
If bodies are we best can tell,
When with the hand we grasp or feel,
And here I may as well observe,
'There's something wondrous in a nerve ;
In one not thicker than a hair,
There twenty perfect others are,
And each is with a fluid fill'd,
Which very plainly is beheld,
Through a good magnifying glass,
Through each a needle fine might pass.
I surely need not you remind
This sense, most general we find ;
For, can the head be touch'd or foot,
By any thing and we not know't ?
Some fancy that the other four,
Modification of this are ;
For well we know this sense pervades
The others to the nicest shades.

TASTE.

Of senses now, I think the last
I have to mention is the taste ;

Which don't entirely belong,
As some have fancied, to the tongue ;
The gums, the tongue, and palate too,
With tasting something have to do ;
The tongue, besides, has coverings three ;
The last the finest seems to be,
The nerves together run therein,
Like papillæ beneath the skin,
And these if touch'd by food or juice,
Do then the sense of taste produce.

THE BODY.

BUT doubtless now you think the frame,
Has to regard an equal claim ?
The first that I shall mention here,
And make their uses to appear,
Are bones ; their number no less great
Than two hundred and forty-eight.

And thus we move about with ease,
In whatsoever way we please.
There are eight pieces in the head ;
The jaws, you know, the teeth imbed.
And pray how many teeth have you ?
You know not ; there are thirty-two.

I think the next material part
We have to mention is the heart :
This holds the blood, or vital store,
For which it cavities has four.
One, the left ventricle, supplies
With blood, by force, the arteries.
These last throughout the frame are spread,
And bear the blood from foot to head.
But, perhaps, you think it there remains :
Oh, no, 'tis taken back by veins.
To the right ventricle 'tis pass'd,
From whence it to the lungs is forc'd,
Four thousand times in every hour :
The cavities I nam'd before
Open successively, and close,
From life to death, without repose.
The lungs a spongy substance are,
Inhaling and expelling air.
This process is repeated, too,
Each minute twenty times by you.
And all these motions are without
Even your notice, or your thought.
The blood's produc'd by drink and meat,
And also every thing we eat :
From oxygen in air, 'tis said,
Its colour rises, which is red.
This sketch should sure our minds impress
How vast the blessings we possess.

Hundreds of tendons, nerves, and veins,
Art'ries, glands, tubes, like linking chains,
Together work, and commonly,
'Tis in the greatest harmony !
Besides, each hair upon our head
A hollow tube is, and is fed
With moisture of an oily kind,
An ornament to all we find.
Impressions strangely by the brain
Receiv'd are, and we there retain
A sense of what we've learnt or done ;
For mem'ry makes this place her own.

THE SOUL.

MAMMA, said Rose, it puzzles me
To fancy what the soul can be :
You've often told me I have one,
But since unseen, how is it known ?

We read that God made man at first,
As likewise all the beasts of dust ;
But God in man to crown the whole,
Breath'd, and he then possess'd a soul ;

Which indestructible must be,
Because 'tis part of Deity.
This soul must be our life alone ;
For when that life so call'd is gone,
'Tis but the soul remov'd away
From a frail case of diseas'd clay.
Than animals we are no more,
If not thus made superior ;
For they five senses have like we,
They hear, and taste, smell, feel, and see ;
And instinct is, in some so great
As to astonishment create.
The soul of man is more, we find :
It includes mem'ry, reason, mind ;
For mem'ry will with us remain
When into dust is turn'd the brain.
In heaven, 'tis by the Bible shown,
We there shall know as we are known.
The body, then, appears to me
But the soul's agent ; for we see
'Tis moved to act by that within,
To practise good, or practise sin.
But tell me, when you wrong have done,
And wish the action to disown,
When you your lips in silence seal,
Does not a blush your guilt reveal,
And very oft against your will ?
I hope you'll hence attentive be,
When it reproves so faithfully ;

For wicked is that child indeed,
Whom it refuses thus to aid.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

PRAY where is heav'n, and where is hell,
Perhaps you, dear Mamma, can tell ?
Indeed it oft has puzzled me,
Even to think where they can be.
I'm glad you've been so occupied,
Mamma to Mary Ann replied,
I hope you soon will anxious grow,
To know to which you're travelling to ;
Many inquisitive have been,
But never any thing could glean,
For a forc'd silence is maintain'd,
By those who've other things explain'd.
That there is neither up or down
In nature may to you be known ;
Thus heaven above and hell below,
Can only be in fancy so ;
There are some writers who agree,
In saying there are heavens three :—
First, that in which the vapours are,
The second, where the stars appear ;

The third or next is thought to be
The residence of Deity,
Where angels dwell, and where, you know
We all, at death, desire to go.
'Tis true that some absurdly own,
They think that heaven must be the sun ;
And we from them must turn as well,
Who fancy that the sun is hell.
If 'tis material or no,
Nothing decisive we can know :
But we of this assured may be
They each are a reality ;
And whether we believe or no,
We certainly shall find them so.
It shows the mind's impotency,
But to believe what we can see ;
What God has said we should believe,
For he, we know, cannot deceive ;
He has assur'd us there's a place,
For every creature of our race ;
And that he will provide a seat,
For all who him prepare to meet.

THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.

IN search of happiness I strayed,
And soon a field appeared,
With flowers, beauteously arrayed ;
The sight my spirits cheered.
I culled the loveliest that grew ;
Sweet fragrance it supplied ;
But soon the sweet enjoyment flew,—
I culled—I gazed—it died.

I saw its quick decay approach,
And pressed it fonder still ;
It seemed to chide me for the touch,
Which must it quicker kill :
And thus it said, or seemed to say,
Cease pleasure to pursue,
It blooms but where it can't decay,
Impervious to the view.

'Tis true, sweet moralist, I cried !
I this am taught by thee ;
I've others heard the search deride,
But thought 'twould not mock me.
'Tis like thyself, a fading flower,
Or odoriferous breeze,
Which sends its sweet perfumes before,
Then sounds its sad disease.

GLORIFY THY SON.

By strengthening, Father, glorify thy Son,
By giving proofs of my divinity ;
By giving, now, the Mediator's crown,
Accept the sacrifice now offered thee.

THAT THY SON MAY ALSO GLORIFY
THEE.

Let now thy Son thee, Father, glorify,
By proving thou'rt inflexible and true ;
By the young church protecting further, by
Its bounds extending, o'er all nations too.

Thus did the Saviour plead—thus did he pray,
When first his mental agonies began ;
Divinity in him quiescent lay,—
He suffer'd, and expired, as a man.

THE END

