

Little Sunbeams



Father Tuck's GOLDEN GIFT Series.

Christmas 1912.

16 Isabel St.

St. Thomas.

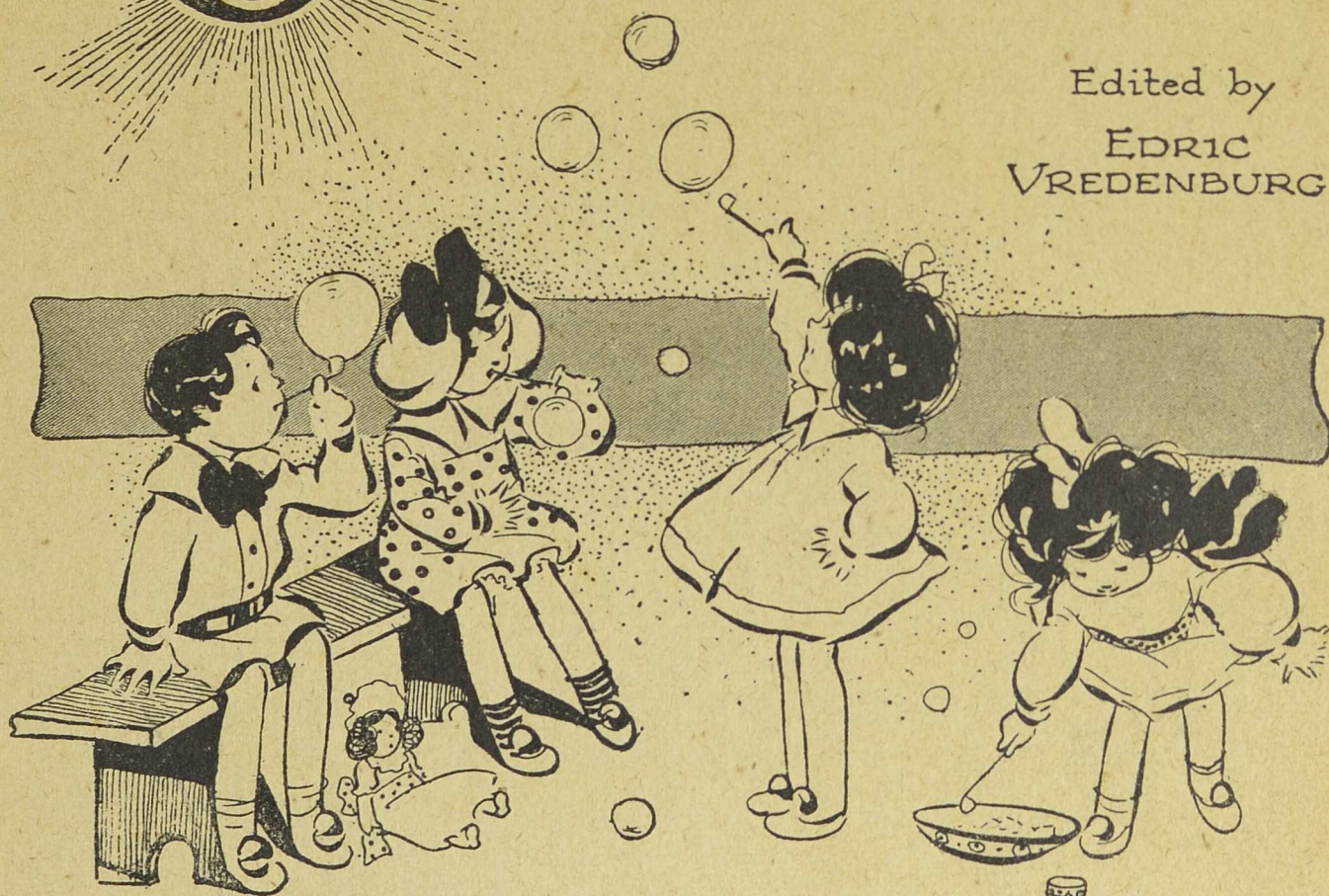
From Mr. Thomson.



FLOWERS OF SPRING.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS

Edited by
EDRIC
VREDENBURG.



H. COWHAM

STORIES & VERSES TOLD BY
NORA CHESSEON, &&&&&
G. C. FLOYD, &c., &c.. &&&&



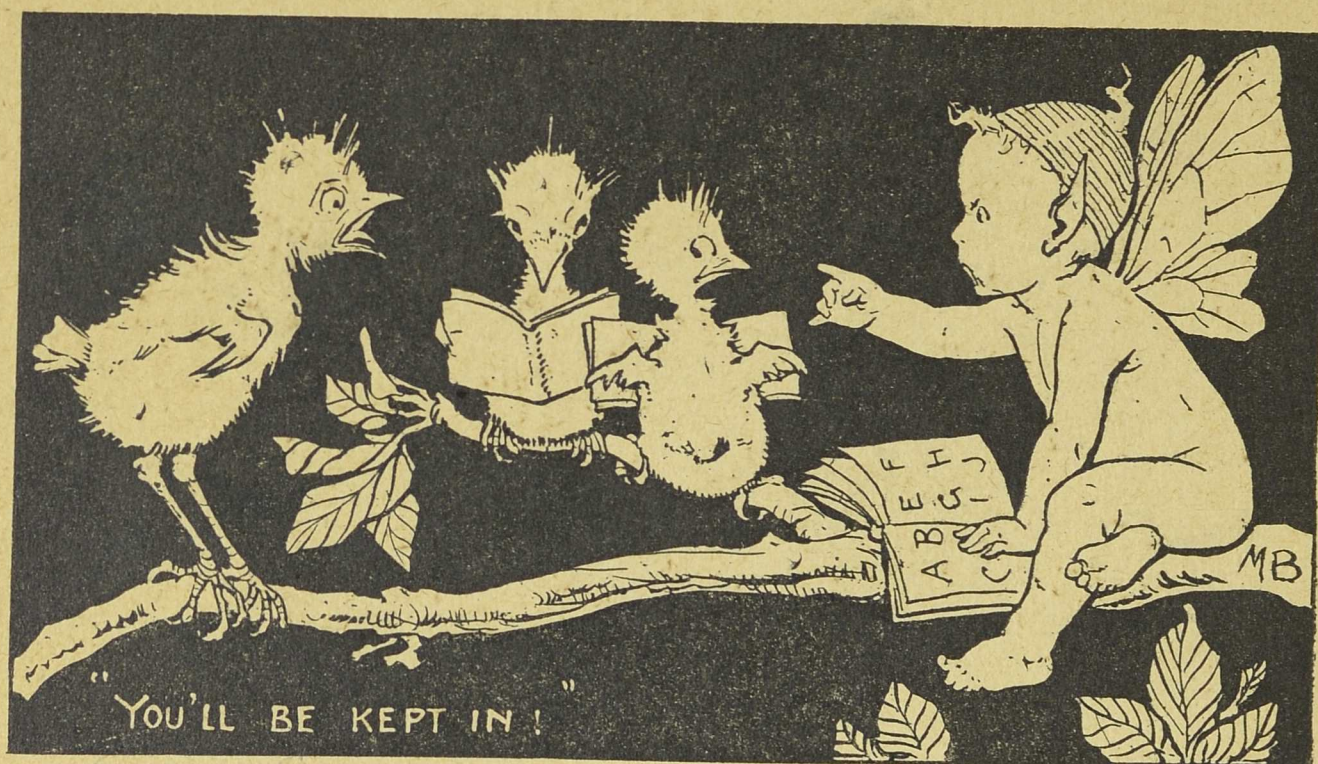
PICTURED BY &&
HILDA COWHAM,
T. NOYES LEWIS.
&c., &c..



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LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

Dear children, whom again we meet—
 Before whose eyes again we place
 Our little book, which you will greet,
 We trust, with glad and smiling face.

We know the things and people well
 We tell about in tales and rhymes;
 And such adventures that befell
 Have really happened scores of times.

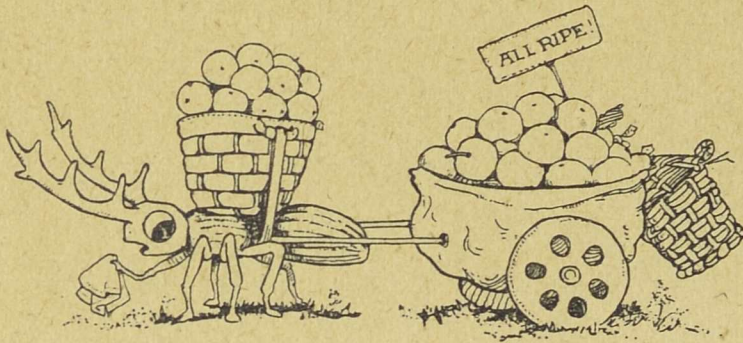
And, children dear, we know you too,
 Who read our little book to-day,
 And think, and plan, and work for you,
 And hold you in our hearts away.



"BERRIES FOR SALE"!

"BERRIES FOR SALE, PLEASE BUY JUST A FEW!
THEY WERE PICKED WHEN THE HILL-SIDE WAS SPARKLING WITH DEW."

["Twas so damp" said the Beetle, beginning to sneeze,
"That it gave me rheumatics in all my six knees."]



"BERRIES, FINE BERRIES, TAKE ALL YOU CAN HOLD,
AND PAY ME TO-MORROW IN FAERIE GOLD!"

["Do be quick" said the Beetle "This cold in my head
Gets worse every minute --- I'm going to bed"!]

ELSIE BLUMFIELD



MAY-TIME ALL THE WHILE.

Every day hath some bright minute.

Every year hath May-time in it.

We have passed the time of flowers,

And the snow-wreaths now are ours.

But what matter? with a smile

Love can wintry days beguile,

And make May-time all the while.

Mary R. Jarvis.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Why shouldn't the Dollies enjoy themselves at Christmas as well as the children, I should like to know? At any rate, these are having a happy time.



A MAY DAY IN THE GREAT CITY.

FLOWERS do not grow in the slums of London. Trees are not there, neither is there any grass—in fact, nothing grows in these narrow streets and close courts except the children, and many of them do not grow much. Wonderful to think about, that there are hundreds of little people who have never seen a green field, and all they know of the lovely blue sky is the glimpse they get between the black roofs of the tall houses and the sooty chimney-pots—wonderful and sad to think about!

And yet do you know that in these London slums the first of May is kept, although with never a flower or branch of a tree to help it? Away out in the country there are revels; there is the May Queen splendid with her wreath of bluebells and her bouquet of daffodils, surrounded by a band of rosy-cheeked children, as she sits on a throne

of leaves and flowers and soft green moss, and receives their homage ; and oh ! it is a pleasant sight to see the children dance and sing, and afterwards scamper away to the lovely tea provided by the good-natured farmer in the old barn.

But wait a moment- these little country mice do not have it all to themselves ; the little town mouse of the back streets must have his share. Now this is what happened one first of May.

Dolly woke early, and her first thought was of the weather. Running to the window, she looked up at the little patch of sky that was visible, and to her delight she found it blue, and the sun was shining. "It's fine, mummie !" she cried, clapping her hands ; "it's a fine day, mummie !"

Her mother was as glad as the six-year-old child ; and proud she

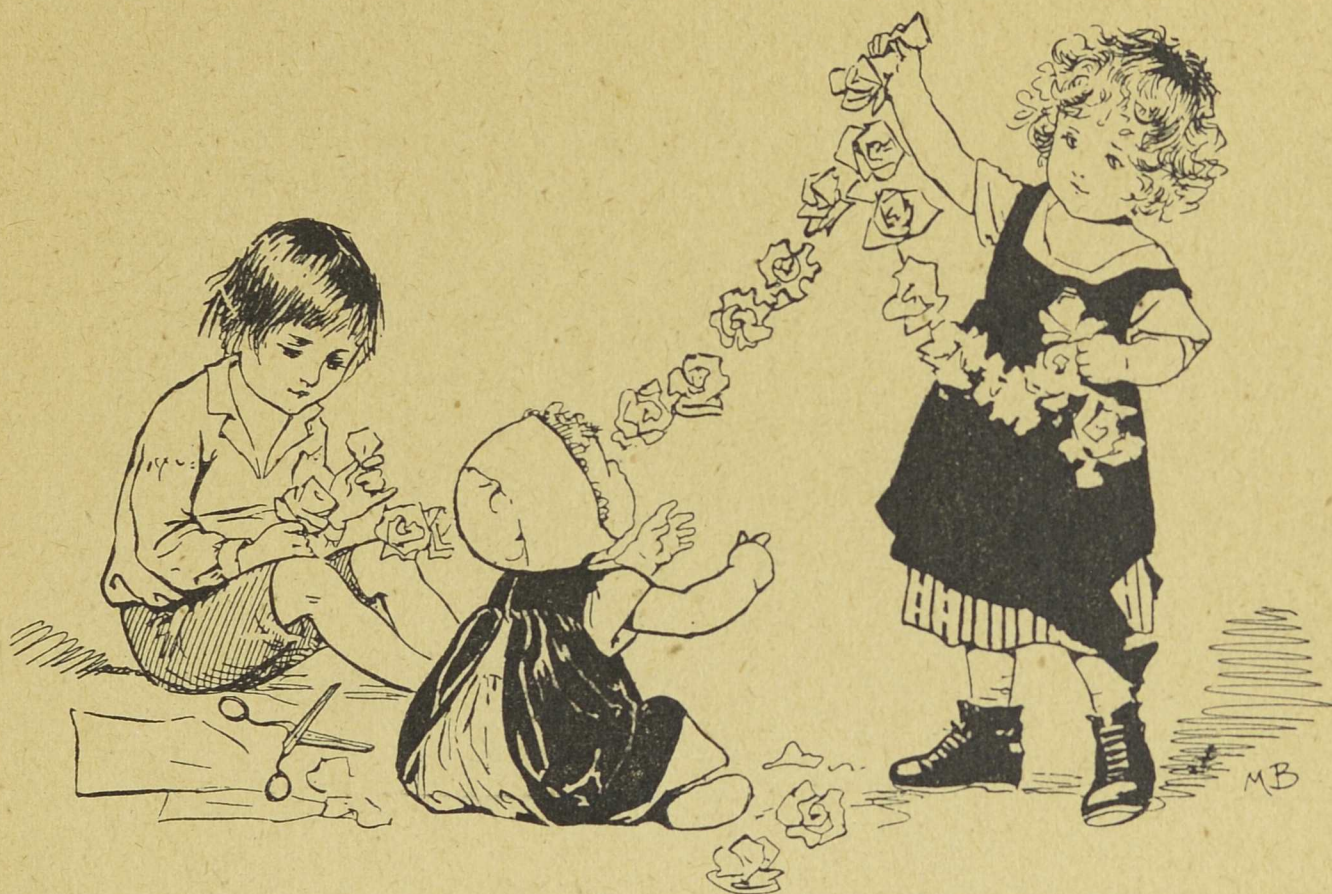


Elsie and Toby have played in the sand
All through the heat of a sunshiny day
Weary at last they go off hand in hand
Seeking what pleasures may come in their way.
Down by the rockpools they wander together
Far from the rest of the children and there
Quite undismayed by the very hot weather
Sits a wee mermaiden combing her hair.



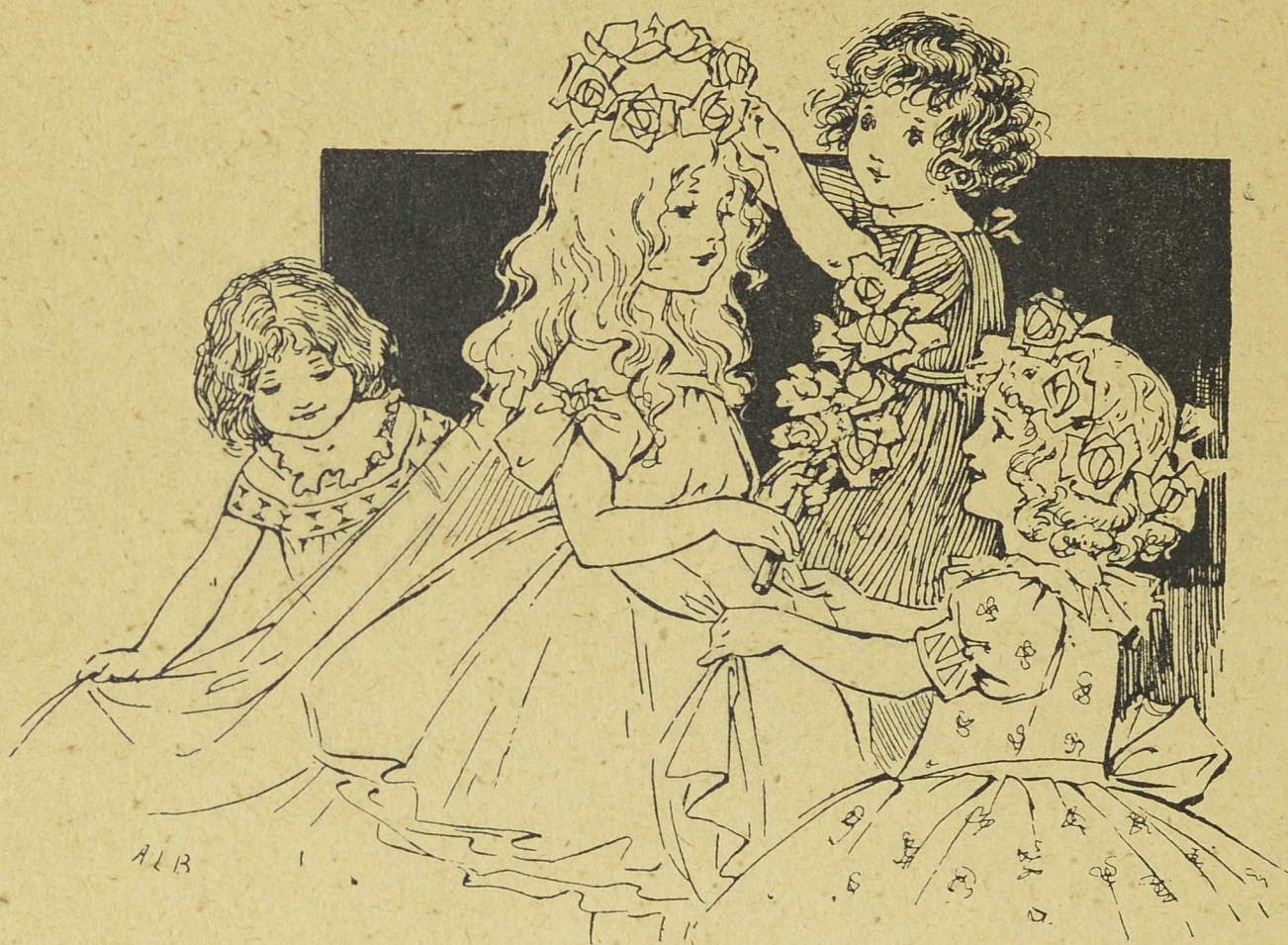
THE MERMAID'S VISIT.

"Tell us, dear Mermaid, how come you to roam
From your palace of coral beneath the sea foam?"



was, too, of her little daughter, as she dressed her as Queen of the May. Fancy! Dolly had been chosen May Queen by all the children in Rickets Court and the adjoining streets, for this slum child with the pale cheeks had large and wistful blue eyes, and her hair was as golden as any fairy's, and her little friends appreciated her beauty and her gentle ways as if she were something above and beyond them.

Rickets Court and the adjoining streets all helped. The second-hand clothes shop lent the frock. And it *was* a frock! You might have walked a long way indeed and not have seen such another frock as this; it was of bright green gauze and without a hole in it. It was hardly on when there came a tap at the door, and the little girl from over the way called with her crippled brother. They brought with them the roses—red and white roses, and what hours they had taken to make, cut out of red and white paper; but there they were, wreaths and garlands of them, and covering the broom handle, so that no one in



the world would have known it to be a broom-handle that looked so gay as the Queen's sceptre.

Soon the other children came, some bringing more paper flowers, while one little boy arrived with a tambourine and a bunch of bright-coloured ribbons. Lucky fellow! he was honoured by one of the best places in the procession.

They started early, for they were eager. Proud little Queen, as the troop of merry children went on their way! Proud mother, who watched her go! Rickets Court and the adjoining streets turned out to greet the children, who stopped at various points and sang hymns. One special place was the second-hand clothes shop, another was where lived the crippled boy, and where the roses came from.

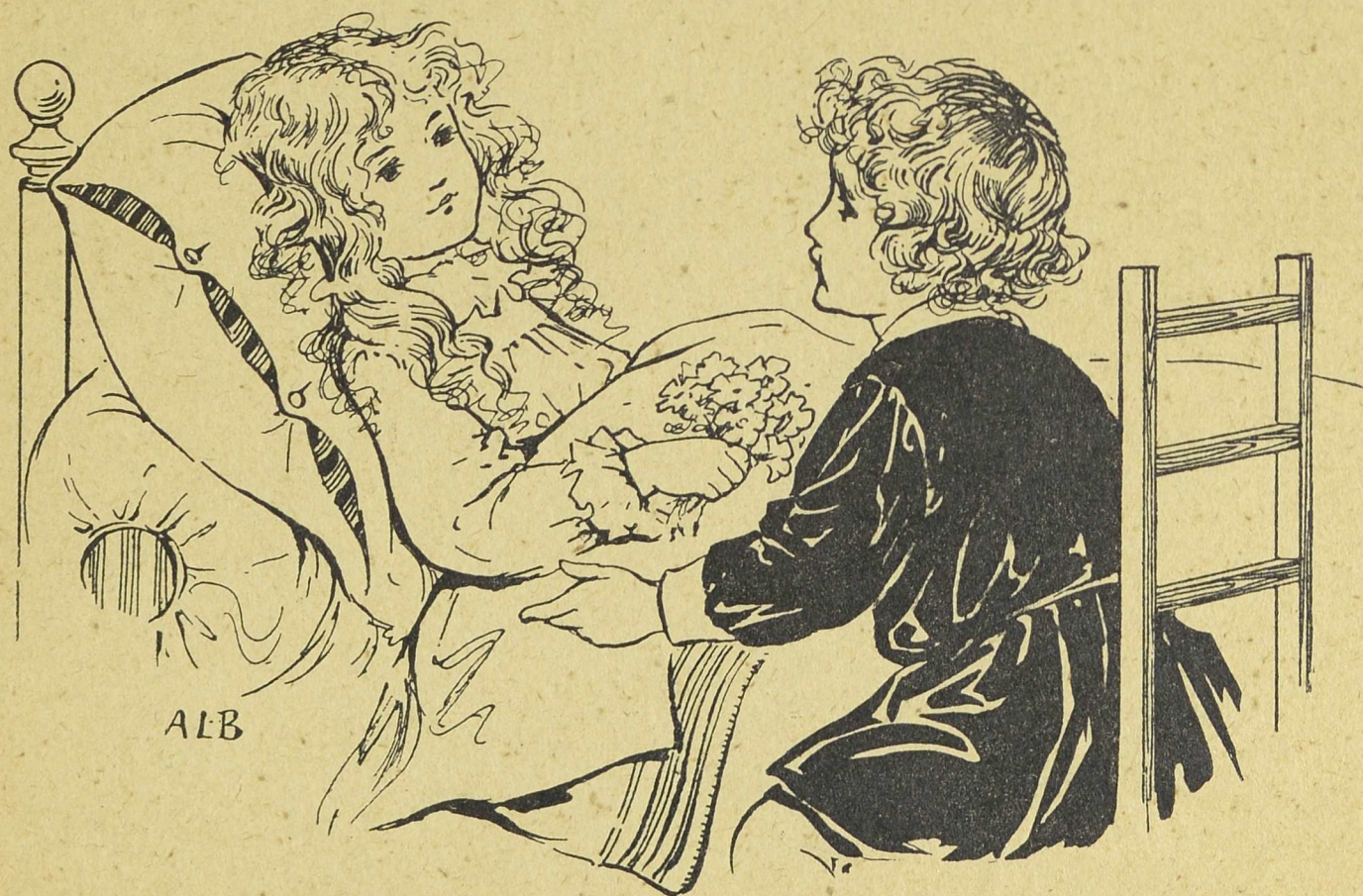
And one and all had words of praise for the May Queen, for her beauty, for her wistful blue eyes, and her hair as golden as any fairy's.

And the sun shone, and strips of blue sky could be seen here and there, and all was as happy as could be.

* * * * *

But of a sudden there came a cry, a confused cry, as the runaway horse came lumbering down the narrow street, scattering the bewildered and frightened children to the right and to the left! It passed away quickly—so quickly that it was difficult to realize all that had happened. There in the road lay a little heap of bright green gauze, beside it was the broom-handle stripped of its decoration, while the white and red roses were trampled in the mud.

A crowd of white faces bent over the prostrate form, Rickets Court and the adjoining streets came quickly to the scene, and shortly after separated to stand in little groups and talk about it—while tears stood in the men's eyes and the lips of the hardest trembled. And they spoke of her beauty, her wistful blue eyes, and her hair more golden



than that of a fairy's. And there she lay in the London Hospital, receiving as much attention as if she had been a real queen ruling over a real country.

But the doctors looked very grave, and the nurses were very sad when they stood by Dolly's cot. And never a day passed but what the cripple boy who had made the paper flowers called at the hospital to ask after his little friend.

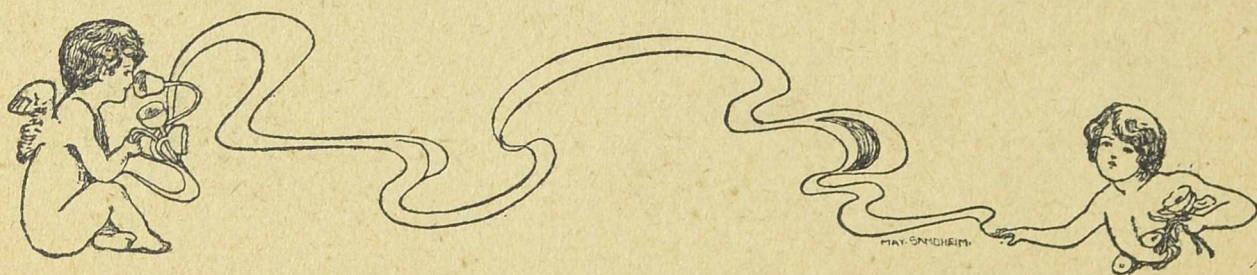
But at last those blue eyes woke to wonderment at the large room, and the beautiful red and white roses on the table, and the white sheets of her bed, and the smiling, tearful face of her mother, for the worst was over, and Dolly would not die.

In a few weeks she was back again in her home in the slums. There was nothing much changed; her face was a little paler and her eyes looked a little larger, and she had still more of her lovely hair. Rickets Court and the adjoining streets tell her she shall be Queen of the May next year, the owner of the green gauze dress promises her a much finer one for the next occasion, while one good-hearted person says she shall have real roses for her wreath and her garlands and her sceptre.

But Dolly shakes her head at this—no, she will have her paper roses, if you please, much as she loves the real flowers, and at this, of course, the cripple boy is radiant.

And so you had no idea, I am sure, that they think so much of such things in the slums of this great city.

Edric Vredenburg.



WANDERING MINSTRELS

I 'M a wandering minstrel,
 Allan is my name,
 Out of merry Scotland
 Into Wales I came.

Travelled into England
 Up to London town,
 At the Palace gateway
 There I sat me down.

There I played and sang
 them

All the tunes we know,
 We the wandering minstrels
 That a-tramping go.





THE RACE.

"We're racing, Mary, don't you see? and waiting to begin;
We've left for you the smallest horse, but still perhaps you'll win!"

First I played the Cushion Dance,
Then a Border tune,
“What’s the way to Wallingford?”
Last, “The Harvest Moon.”

Out from her tall windows
Looked the Lady Queen,
“Beat me off that beggar
On the Palace green.”
Page and servant hurried,
Me away to thrust,
Threw me from the gateway
Sprawling in the dust.
So I went out sadly
Through the careless town,
I had hoped for silver,
Gathered coppers brown.

But I found a comrade
In a narrow street,
Daisies in her brown hair,
Bare and rosy feet.



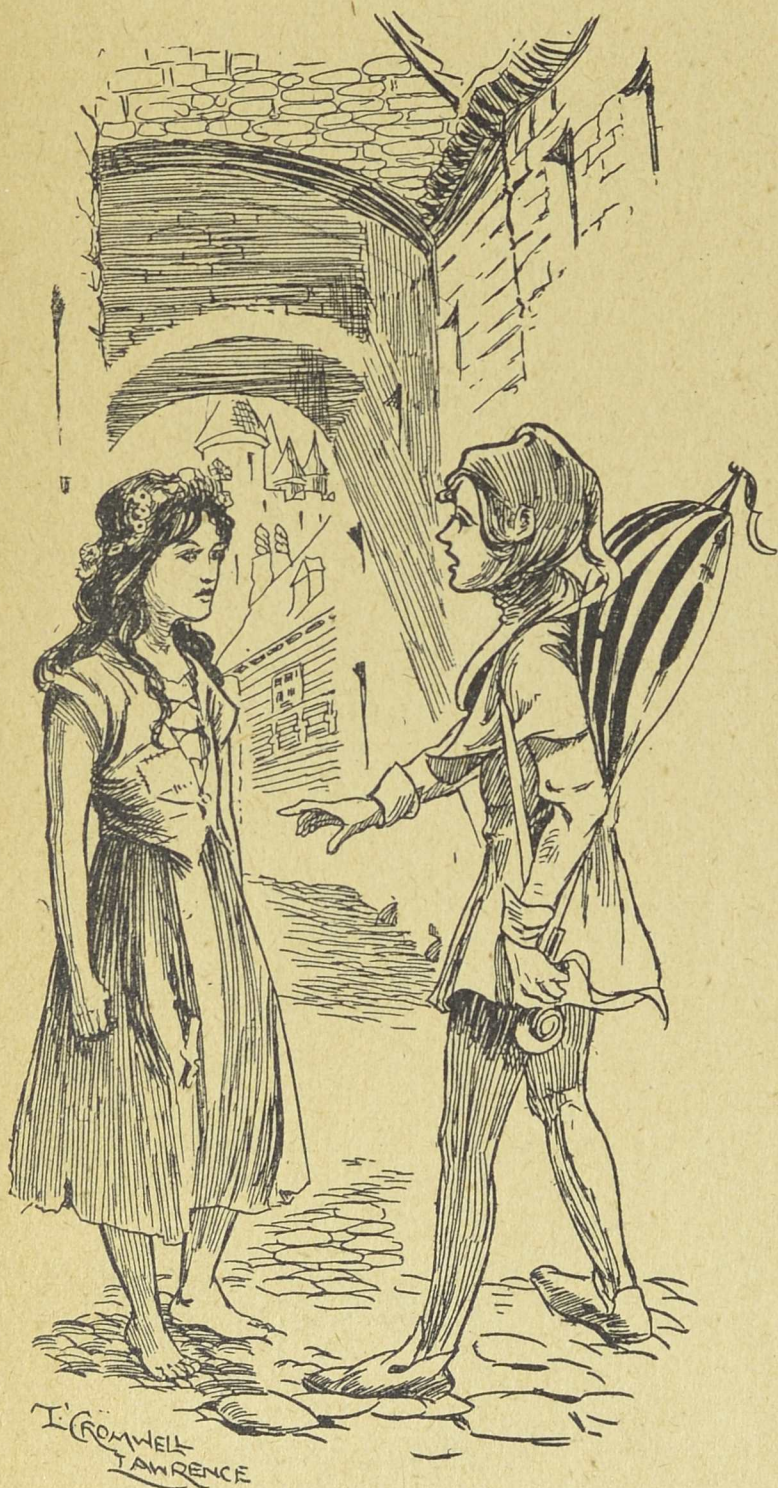
Such a bonny maiden
 I had never seen,
 Fairer than the lily
 That's of flowers the Queen.

Purple as a violet
 Was her ragged gown,
 Leaf-brown were her soft eyes,
 And her hair was brown.

"Shall we tramp together,
 Little maid?" said I;
 "All the world's before us,
 Over us the sky."

In my hand her fingers
 Nestled softly down—
 Hand in hand we quitted
 The unfriendly town.

Up and down we wandered
 Over hill and howe,
 Green grass was our carpet,
 And our roof a bough.



Village after village
 Heard us sing and play,
 Going always westward
 On the sun's own way.

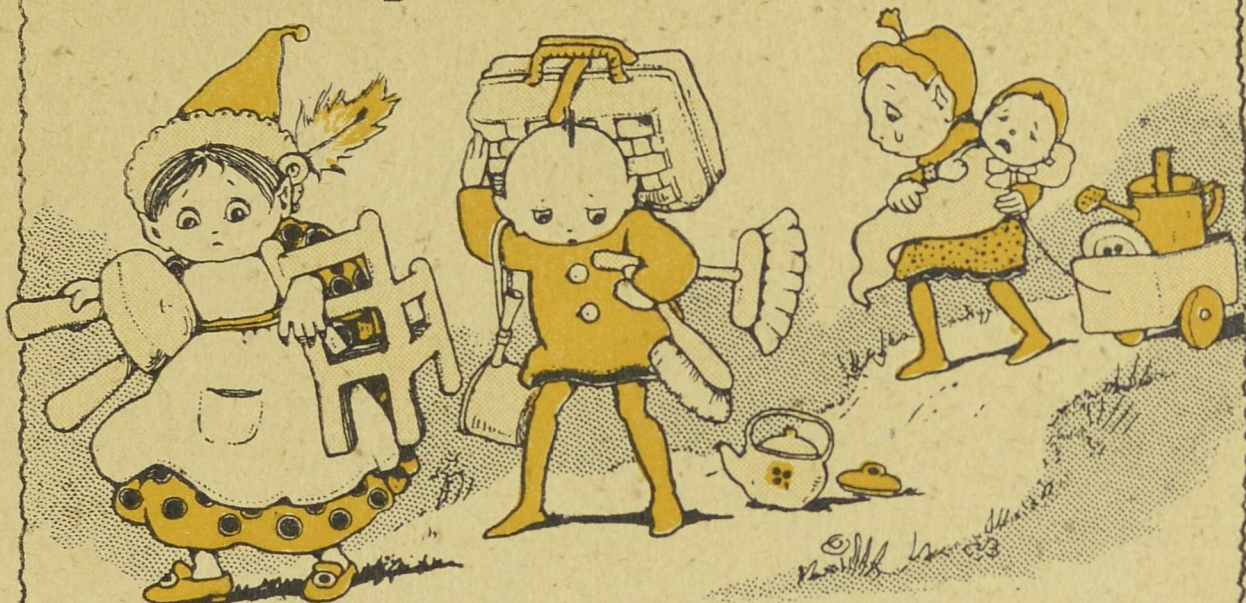


Came a night of
 tempest,
 Comrade Rosemary
 Drew me down to
 shelter
 'Neath an elder-tree.

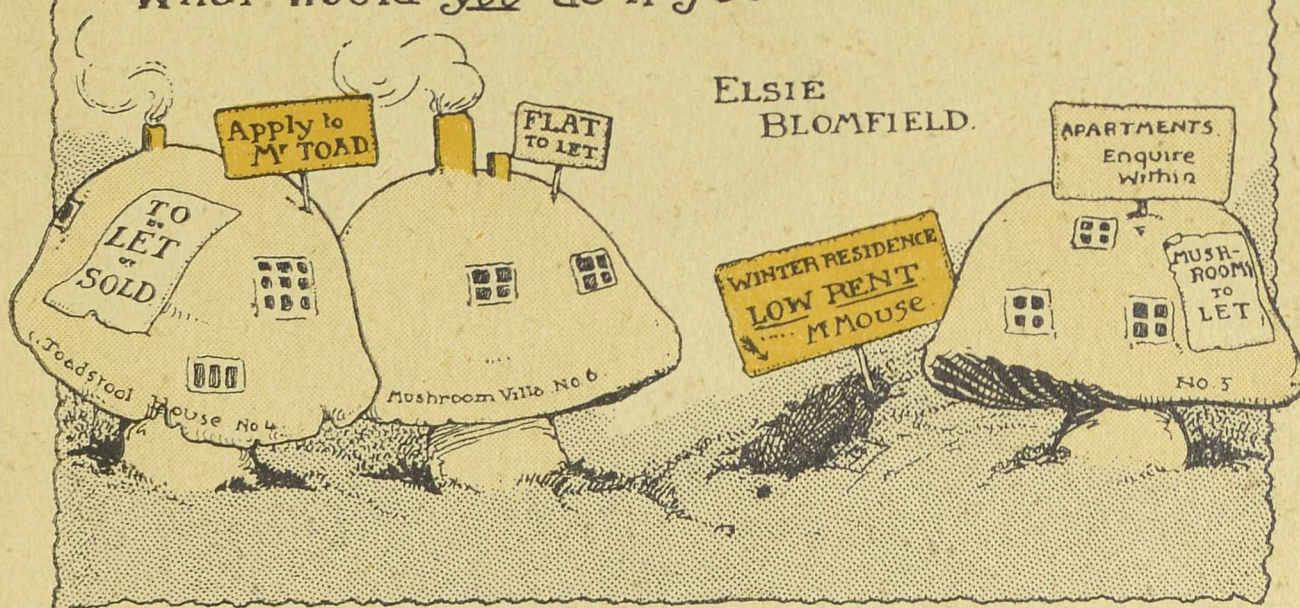
“Here's my home,” she whispered,
 “Enter here and dwell,
 Sharing such sweet pleasures
 Tongue can never tell.”

Right and left the branches
 Parted, and a gate
 All of pearl and opal
 Opened for us straight.

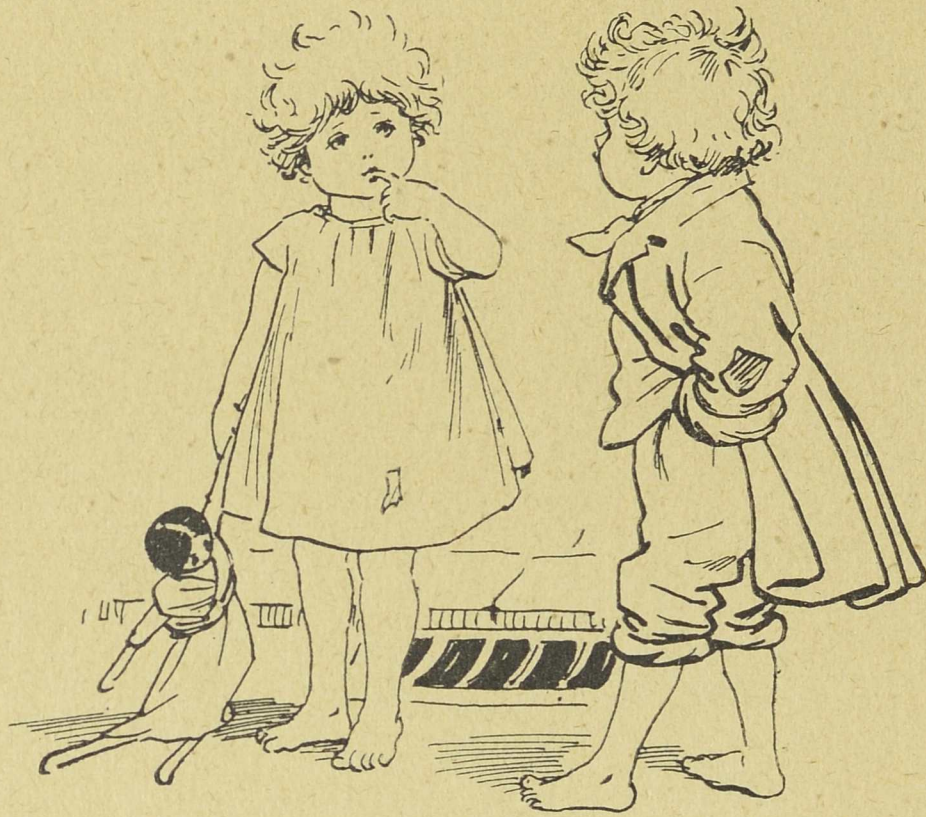
"HOUSE-HUNTING"



"Oh what shall we do"? the Fairies cried
 "What would you do, if your house had died?
 We used to live in the rose-bush red,
 But it withered, and withered, and now it's dead,
 So we are obliged to move away,
 And we've walked, and walked the whole of the day!
 Do you think if we wandered further yet
 We should presently come to a HOUSE TO LET?
 Oh dear, and oh dear" the Fairies sighed
 "What would you do if your house had died?"



Just look at the poor little things, walking along carrying their furniture and luggage. I hope they'll find a suitable house soon, don't you? And they'll be wise to choose something that lasts all the year round.



PLAYFELLOWS.

This little boy and little girl
They always play together ;
Outside when days are dry and bright,
Inside in stormy weather ;
Although their little feet are bare,
Love keeps their hearts warm everywhere.



DOT AND DON.

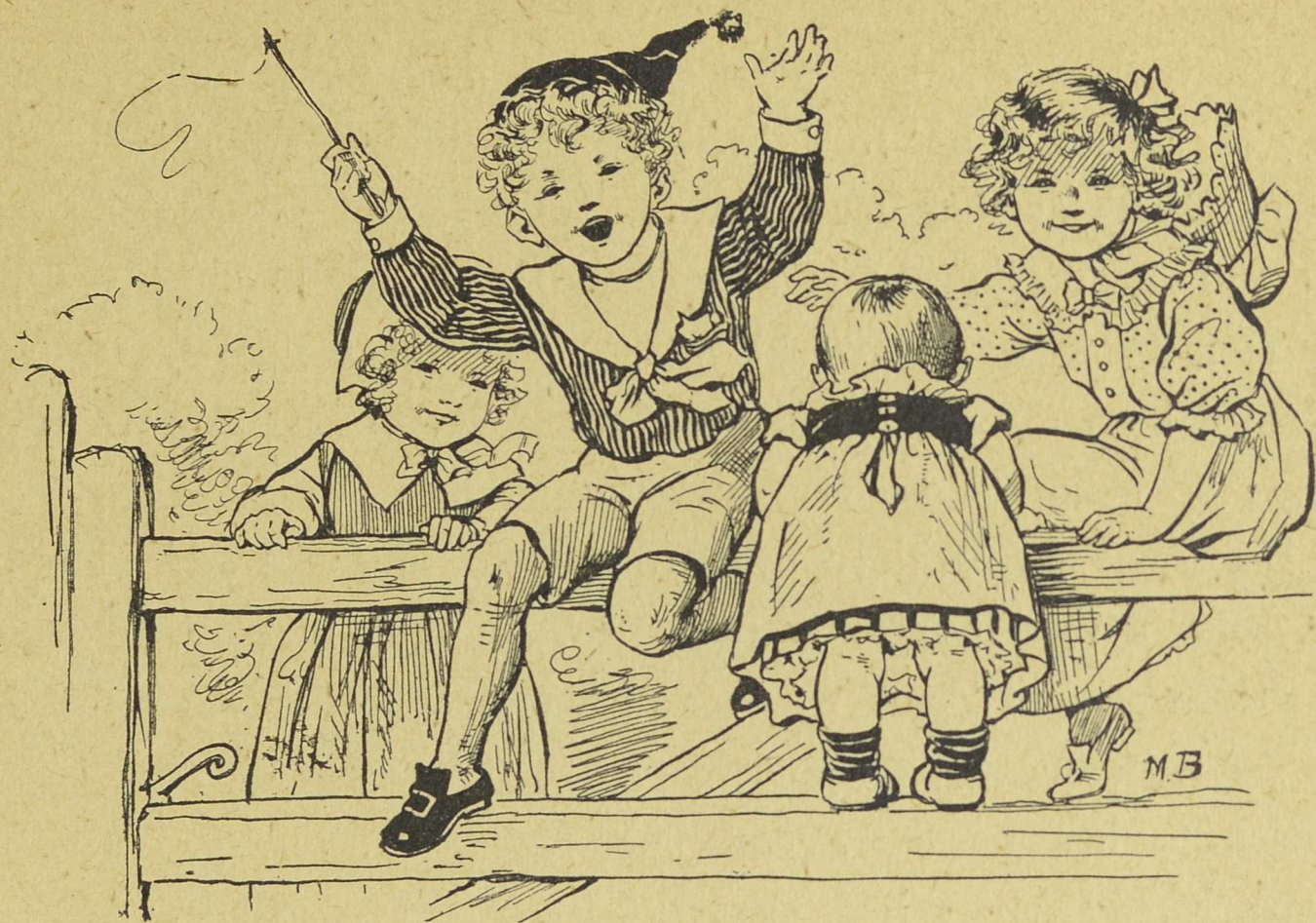
DOT and Don lived with Aunt Maria.

Once they had lived in India, but when they began to look thin and pale, Father put them on board a big ship and sent them over to England, and Aunt Maria took them in charge—Aunt Maria and her maid, Sarah.

Dot and Don missed Father very, very much ; he was so full of fun, and when he wasn't working had always been ready to have a game with them. They missed Mother, too, but not nearly so much, for they were quite small when she went away to that far, far-off country, much farther away than India—that country from which she could never return, but where Dot and Don were told they would go one day if they were good—a country somewhere up in the blue sky where the angels were. When Dot and Don saw the twinkling stars at night they always thought they were angels' eyes, and perhaps Mother's eyes also, peeping at them.



Just think—strawberries and cream, all day and every day! For one day we might like it, and perhaps for a second day, but oh, dear, after that shouldn't we feel inclined for a nice thick piece of bread and butter, or even dry bread? “Oh, yes, please!”



Now, Aunt Maria was a very kind lady, a very kind lady indeed ; they knew that, for she was constantly going about with a little basket on her arm, taking nice things to sick people ; but she was always so busy with that, and Sunday School and Band of Hope, and such lots of other things, that she had very little time to spare for her small niece and nephew, and when she was at home she generally sat at a table with a great many dull-looking books, and if the children made a noise she would say, ‘ Hush, hush ! There now, I must count up all these figures again.’

So Dot and Don were lonely, for Sarah was just as busy as her mistress, and called them “troublesome” when they tried to help her, and said they were “inquisitive” when they asked questions. Father had never called them troublesome, and had always answered their questions.

Cook was better—in fact, Cook was very kind, but they were forbidden to go into the kitchen, and though Dot and Don did many

things that were called naughty and that they were punished for, if they had been told *not* to do a thing they did not do it, for had not Father told them they must always "obey orders"? Father was in the army, and they meant to be soldiers too, though they did not know how Dot, being a girl, would manage it. But they were twins and had never been separated, and never would be, of that they were quite sure. And besides, Joan of Arc was a girl!

But somehow, with the best intentions in the world, Dot and Don, being a very imaginative little pair, managed to get into mischief day after day, until Aunt Maria said her mind was so much distracted from her work that she sometimes had to refer to her books to find out whether Mrs. Graham had coals last week, or Mrs. Tims sugar, and even once forgot a Band of Hope Meeting!

As to Sarah, she said for all her cleaning the place was never fit to be seen, and that she had actually found a doll in the drawing room, a horse on the front stairs, and, horror of horrors, that the children had discovered a mouse's hole and regularly fed the little mouse instead of setting a trap or putting the cat to catch it, and had cried so bitterly when she had





suggested such things, that for once they were allowed their own way, even by Aunt Maria.

So a Governess arrived—Miss Lambkin.

Miss Lambkin was fat, and pink, and sleepy, so she really did not count much, and the children were almost as often in mischief as before she came, for she dozed most of their lesson-time, and when they were out for walks would soon sit down and tell the twins to run about and amuse themselves, which they did, and Aunt Maria found them swinging on a gate with some village children, which scandalized her greatly, so Miss Lambkin had to go.

Then came Miss Sourly, somebody quite different, tall and thin, with a very long nose and spectacles—spectacles which were constantly getting lost just about lesson-time, and as Miss Sourly could do nothing without them, an hour would pass while Dot and Don hunted around, everywhere but in the right place; then Sarah would be called in, and she would triumphantly hold them up, with a suspicious glance at the innocent-looking little couple.

Miss Sourly was very prim and proper. No more games when out for a walk. Dot and Don had to walk on either side holding her

hands, and they were not allowed to speak because they "shouted so." Meal-times were a trial too, for "in my time little children were seen but not heard," said Miss Sourly.

It was very dull, and Dot and Don hugged each other and danced a jig for joy when Miss Sourly declared that she must leave, for she could not find "enough scope for her intellect"—they heard her telling Aunt Maria so; they did not know what she meant, but then they very seldom did, for she used such long words. So Miss Sourly and her spectacles departed.

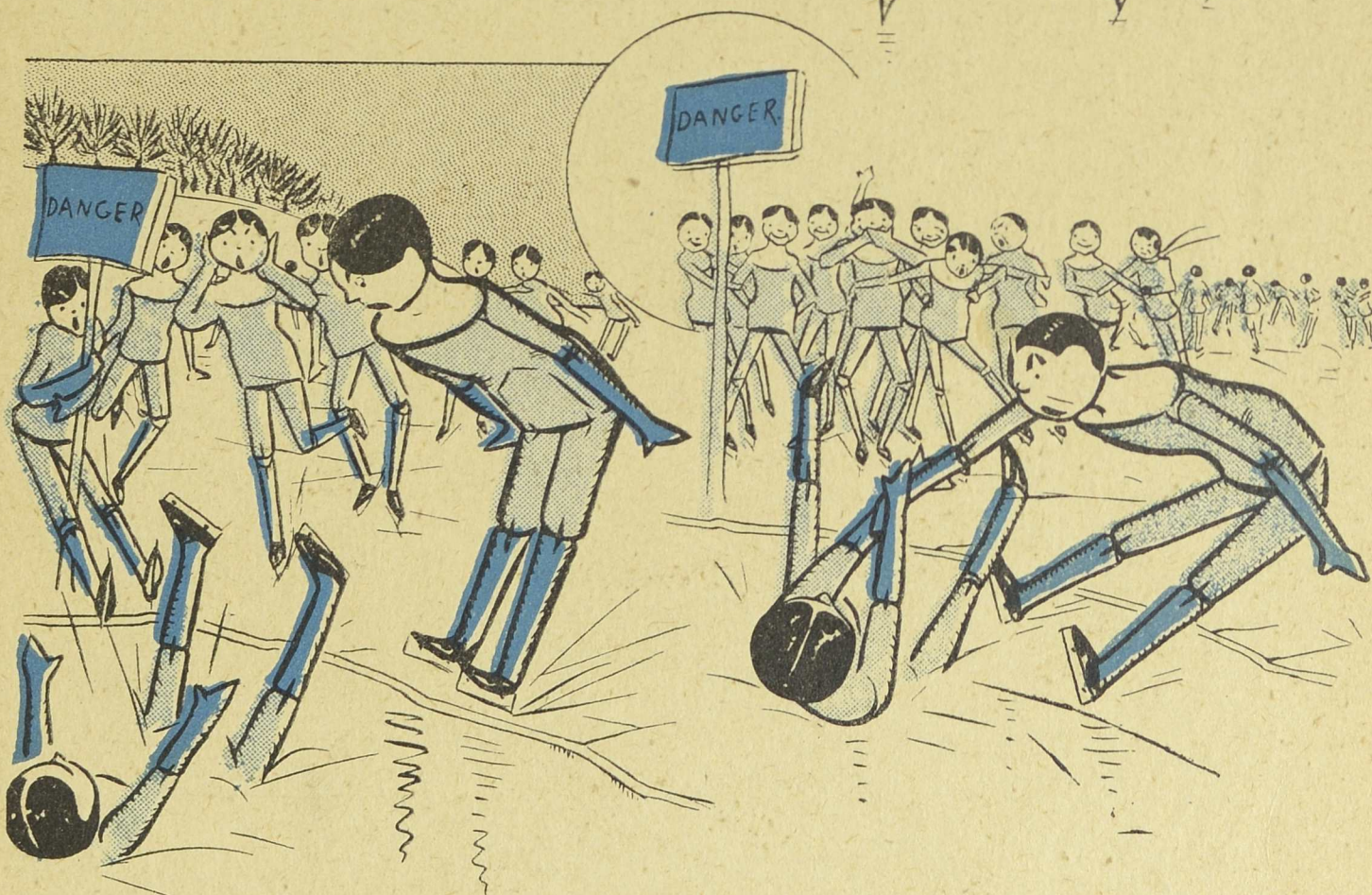
Some few weeks went past, during which Dot and Don ran wild again, and they enjoyed themselves so much that they decided for the future to do without governesses and lessons, and, putting their little heads together, agreed that they would show each one who came that they did not like her, and then she would have to go.

Then came Miss Ethel Linton.

"Much too pretty," said Aunt Maria to herself, when Miss Linton drove up in a dogcart, and had sprung out and kissed the children on both cheeks before they had realised that this pretty, slim, golden-haired vision could be their new Governess whom they had resolved to treat so badly.

But they were





These Dollies went out skating
 Upon the shining ice,
 They screamed with glee and shouted,
 "O my, but this is nice!"
 When suddenly the ice gave way—
 Skating was over for that day.

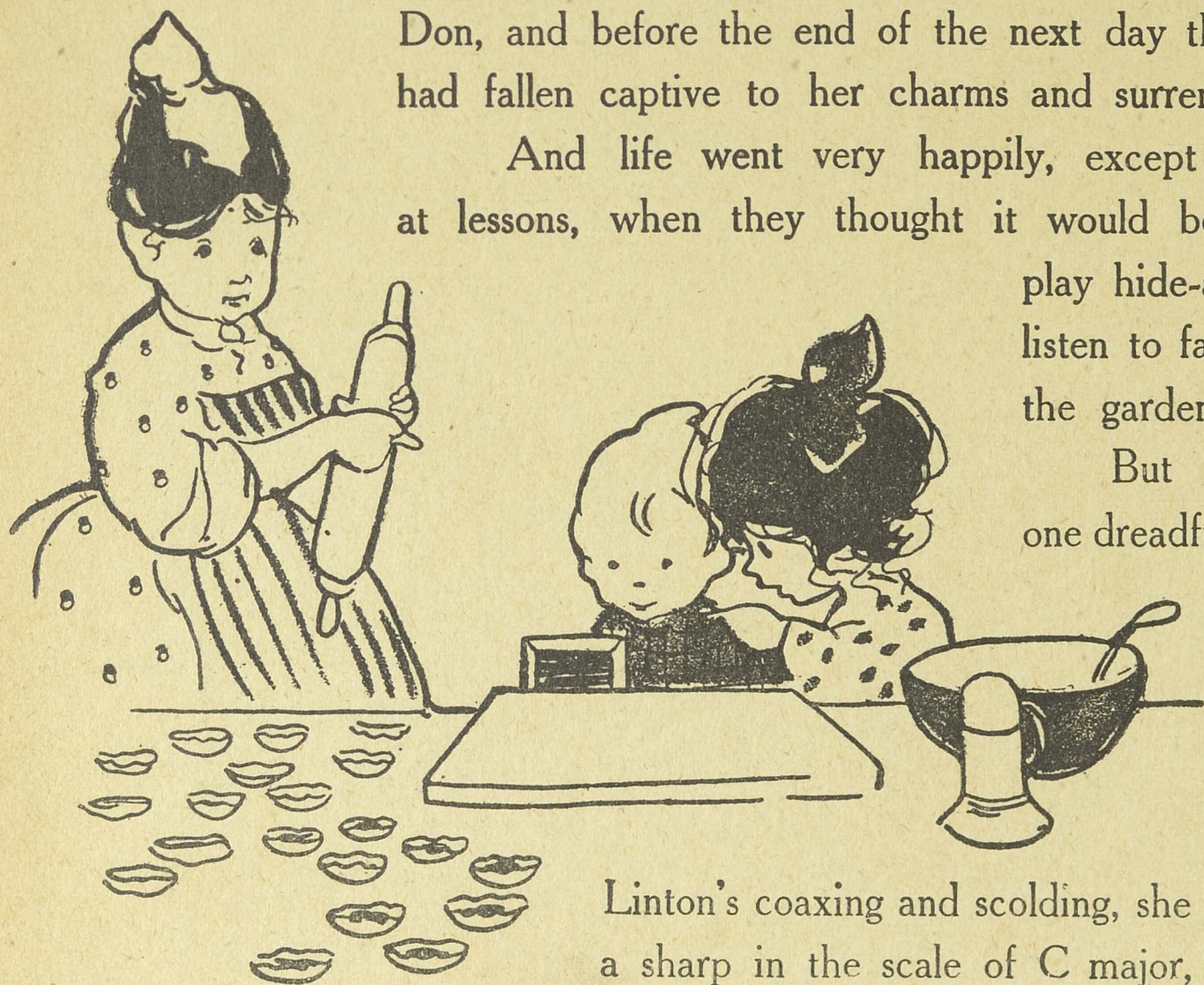
decided little people, and having made up their minds to a course of action, they determined to carry it through. So they kept their lips straight, though it was hard not to laugh at the bright, merry things Miss Linton kept saying, and at tea time they behaved, according to Miss Sourly, in a most model manner; they sat quite upright and stiff, and did not speak, and once when Don began to giggle, Dot gave him a pinch under the table and a warning glance.

"Poor little chicks," thought Miss Linton; "what a life they must have led to make them behave like that!"

But it was not possible for two warm-hearted, merry little people to hold out long against any one, least of all against their "golden-haired Ethel," as the twins secretly called her. "She's just like my favourite doll," said Dot, and "like the Princess I'm going to marry," declared Don, and before the end of the next day the children had fallen captive to her charms and surrendered.

And life went very happily, except sometimes at lessons, when they thought it would be nicer to play hide-and-seek or listen to fairy tales in the garden.

But one day, one dreadful day, Dot had been kept in because, in spite of all Miss



Linton's coaxing and scolding, she *would* put a sharp in the scale of C major, while Don

had waited miserably just outside the door. When Dot at last gave in and the scale was played correctly, she and Don, after whispering together a long while, *ran away*—yes, really and truly ran away from home, with some rock cakes in their pockets, and a stick in case they should meet robbers!

Aunt Maria was absent on a visit, Miss Linton was seeing some sick people for her, and the children were supposed to spend their half-holiday in the garden. But, as soon as they found they were alone, off they went across the meadows, and then crept through a hole in the hedge into the wood beyond. But soon they lost their way, just like the Babes in the Wood, and were very miserable indeed, and heartily wished themselves at home again, in spite of any number of scales in C major with no F sharps; and



although they were seven years old, they could not help thinking of Bears and Things, and there really had been tigers in India, so why not here?



They were two very repentant twins when they were found, a few hours later, by Miss Linton—a Miss Linton not looking as pretty as usual, for her eyes and nose were quite red ; but she did not even scold them then, only hugged them both at the same time.

And after that, life was happier than ever.

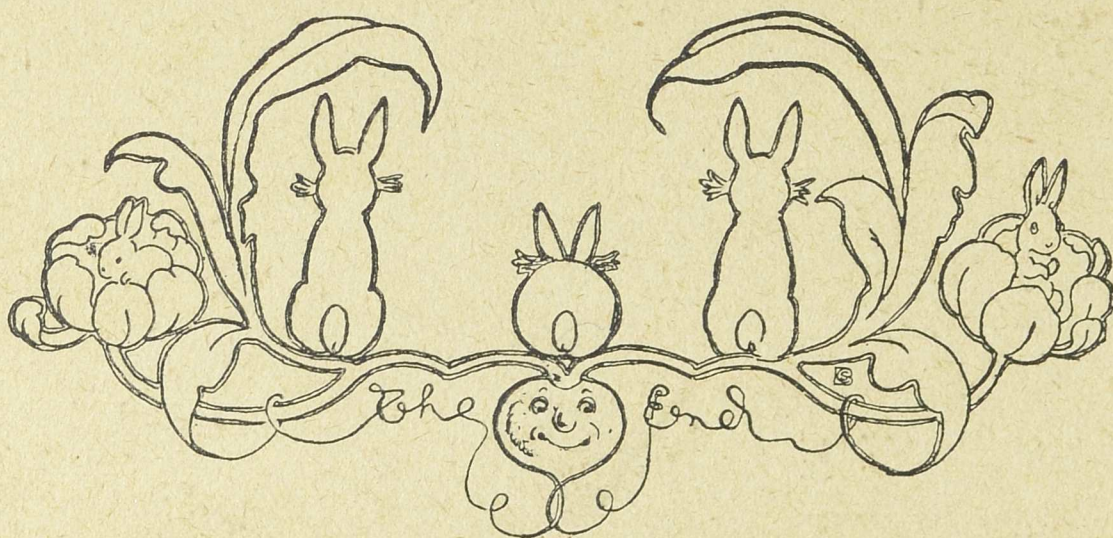
And at Christmas time, with Santa Claus, and Christmas trees, and presents and parties, came Father, home for good, and he had a house built with a beautiful big garden, and, of course, the children were to go to live with him when it was finished ; but Miss Linton said something about leaving them, which made them very sad indeed. So they consulted Father.

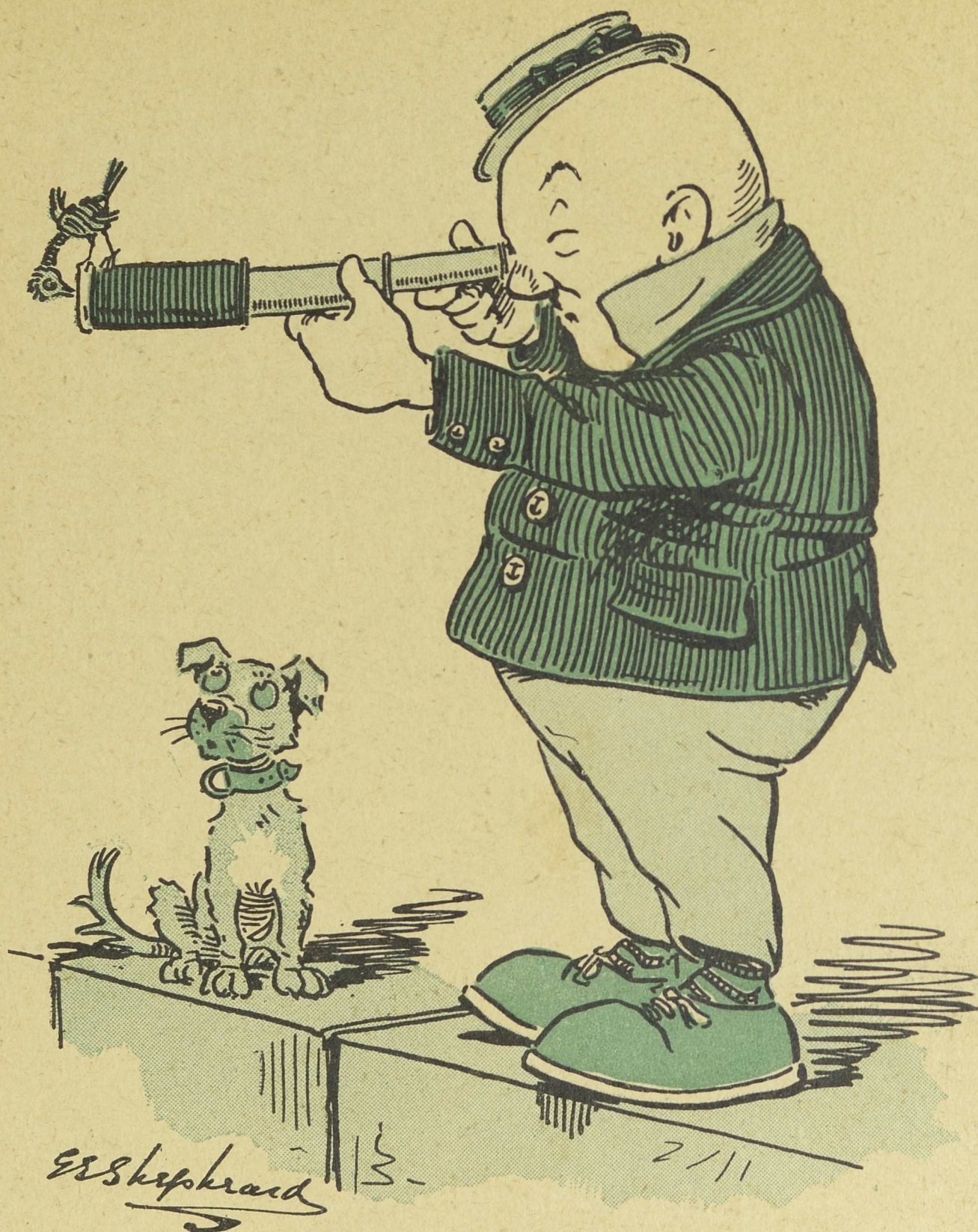
Now, Father, who always did the very best and loveliest things, proposed a plan which would be splendid if only Miss Linton would consent—that “golden-haired Ethel” should come and live in the new house as their real Mother—she had often been their make-believe Mother—and so never leave them.

When Father proposed this, Dot and Don at once wanted to run off and ask her, but Father said perhaps he had better do that himself ; so they had to wait patiently till he came back with her answer, which, happily, was “Yes.”

And when the good news was told to them, the twins danced their favourite “Joy Dance,” and were as merry as the marriage bells which were rung at the wedding.

Grace C. Floyd.





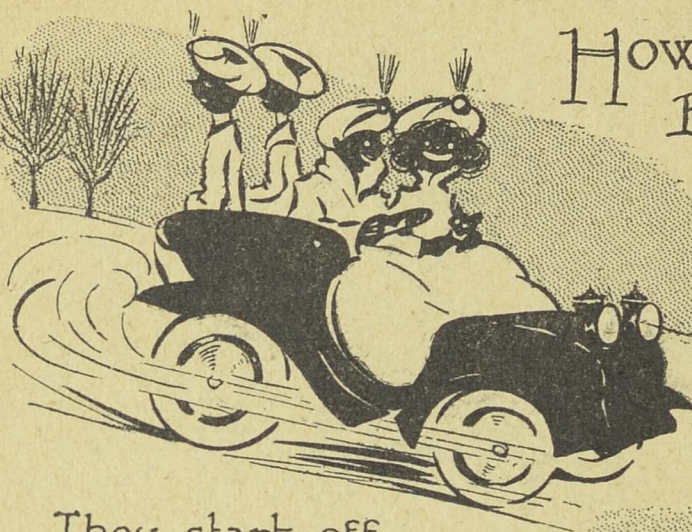
CAPTAIN JINKS.

Now Captain Jinks would often spend
 A whole day looking for a friend;
 That's what his telescope was for,
 For simply that, and nothing more.

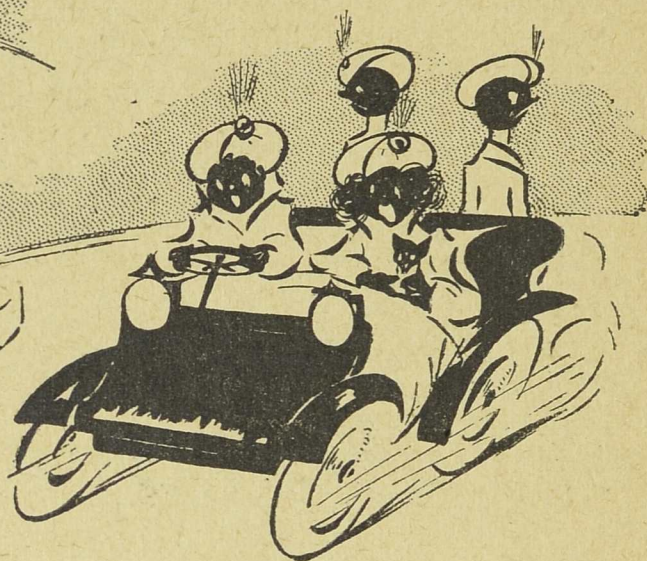
On Friday week he saw a friend,
 Distinctly, at the other end.

The picture shows the friend he saw,
 A little bird, and nothing more.

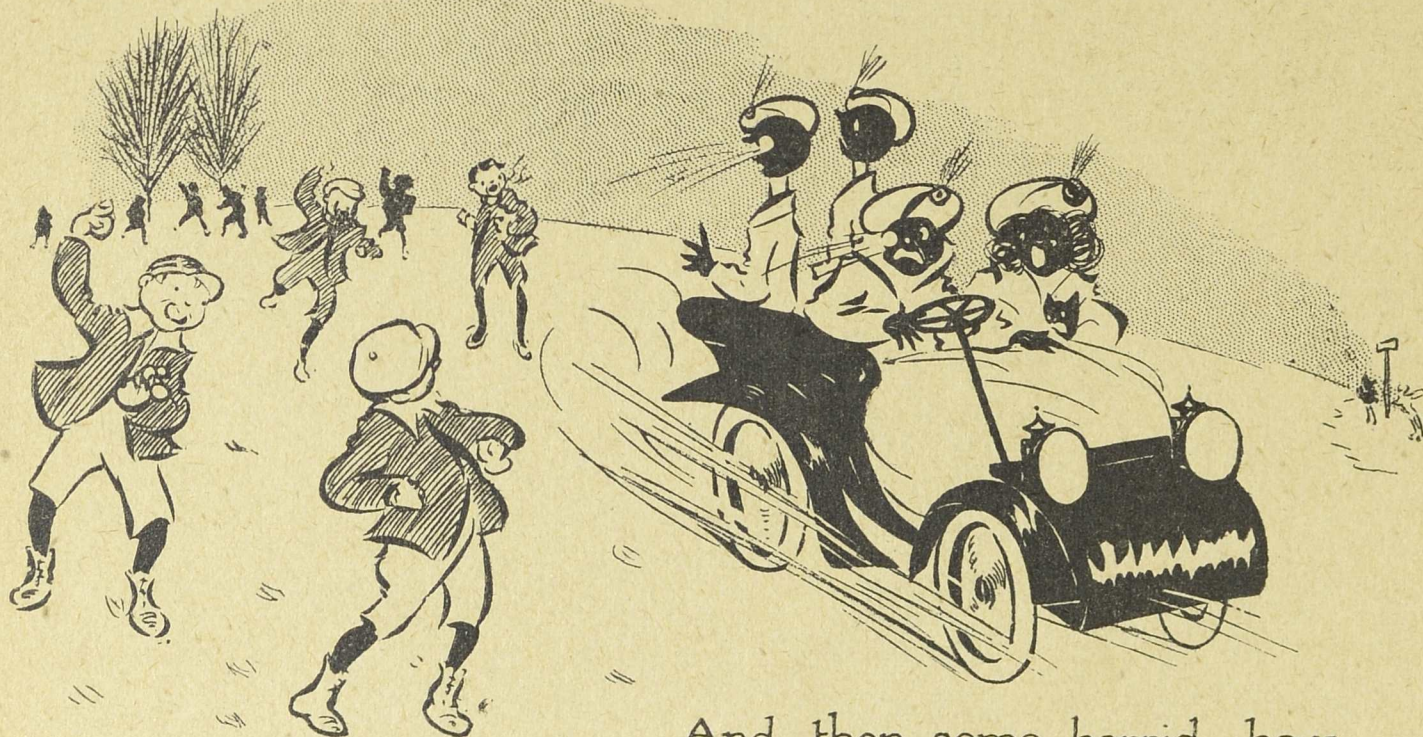
HOW PRINCE & PRINCESS
BLACK SAMBO WENT TO
A PARTY IN THEIR
MOTOR CAR.



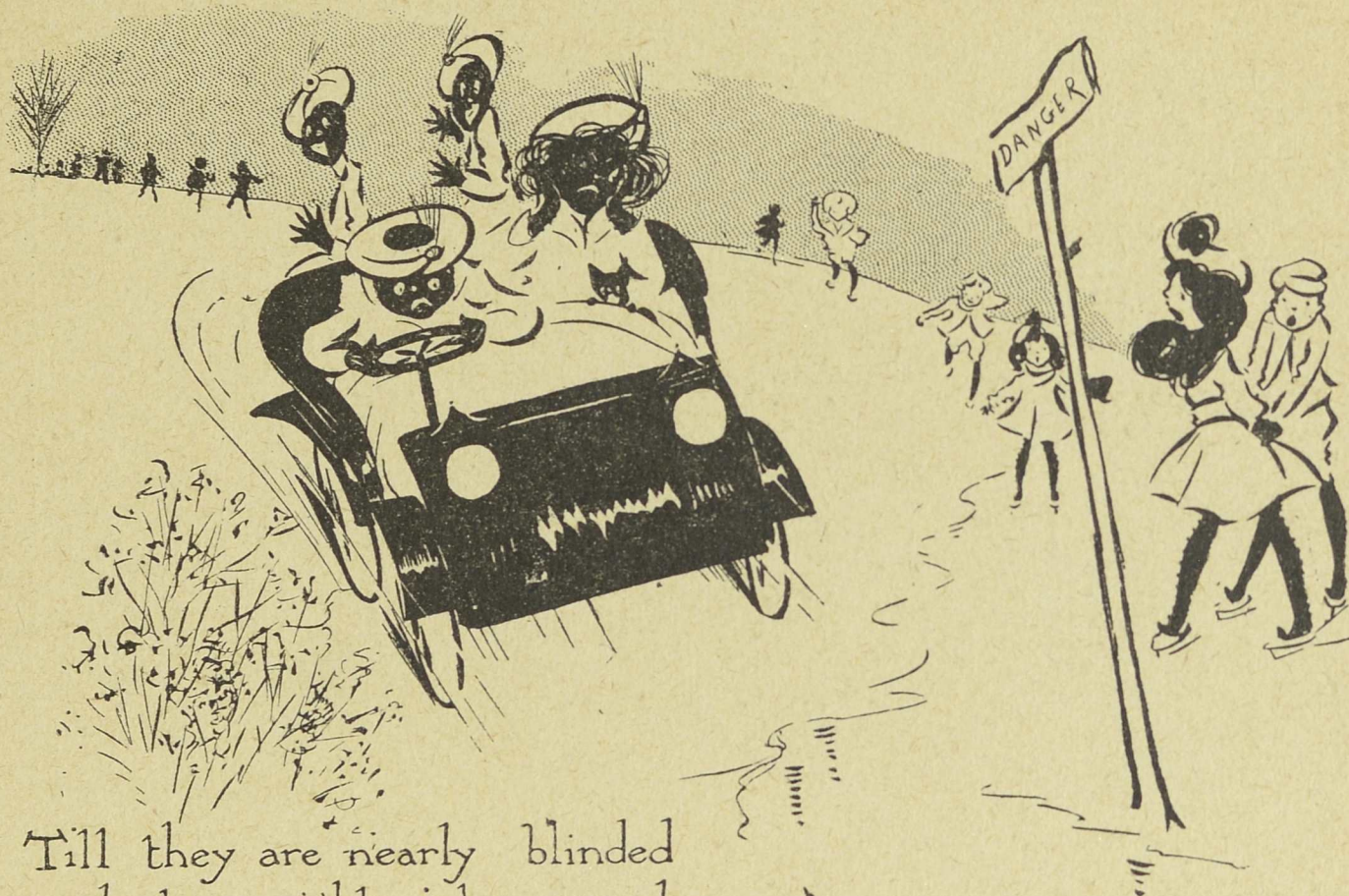
They start off
in
great style.



The first
thing they meet
is a snow man.



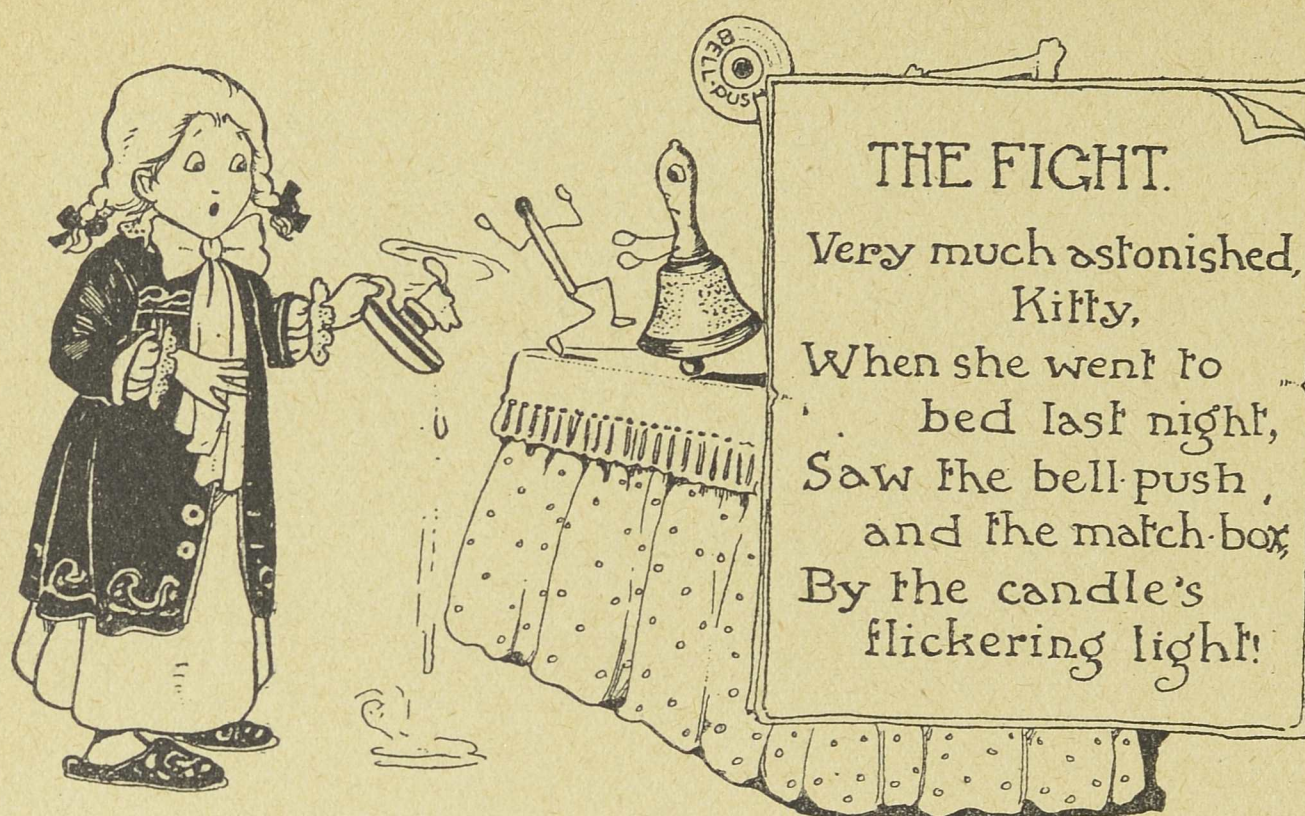
And then some horrid boys
threw snowballs at them



Till they are nearly blinded
and steer right into a pond



And in trying
to avoid the
water they get
overturned into a ditch.



PRIDE GETS A FALL.

Some years ago, in old Japan,
 There lived a very haughty man;
 He was so haughty, I declare,
 His nose was always in the air.

One Summer day, as he passed by,
 His nose well tilted to the sky,
 A little Jap bowed down before him
 But the proud man never saw him.

The little Jap kept very still;
 The proud man came along until

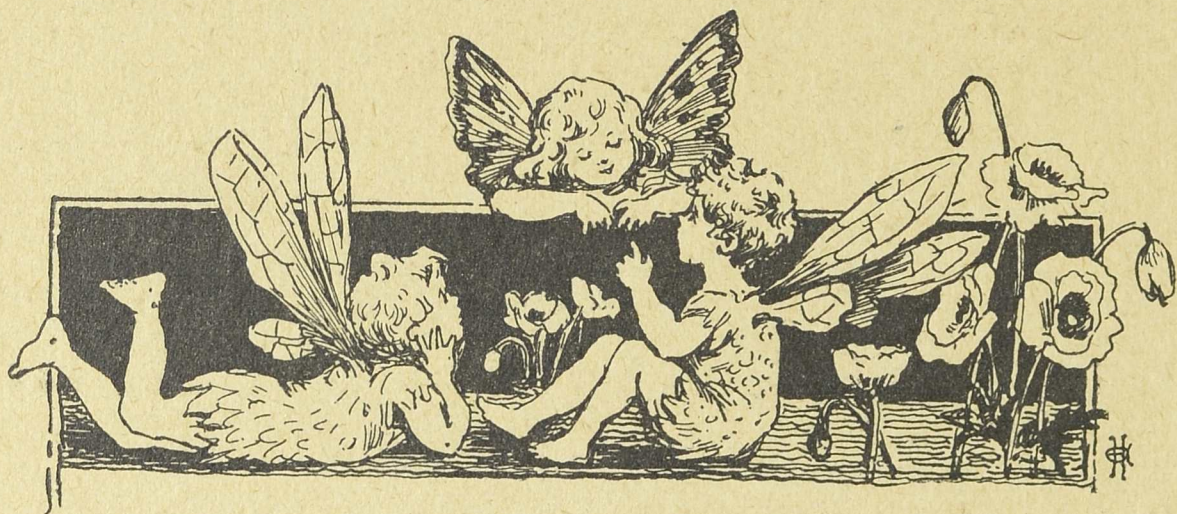


He tripped and then fell on his head!
 Pride always gets a fall 'tis said! G.E.S.



THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

Three Fairies dwelt in a woodland way,
 Where flowers blossomed gaily,
 And there they met in their walk each day,
 And all three chattered daily ;
 But what they had to talk of so,
 They've not told *me*, so I don't know.





LADY MARY AND THE LITTLE BROWN BOY.

“**P**OOR little boy!” said Lady Mary, looking through the hedge that bordered the garden into the lane beyond.

“Poor little thing, and oh, what a dirty face!” continued Lady Mary, speaking to herself.

She was certainly right, although she was only a little girl herself. He was a little boy about her own age, which was six years. He wore a ragged little shirt and a ragged little pair of trousers, and that was all. His feet and legs were bare, and as brown as dark



A TALE OF THE SEA.

I wonder, could I play with her? I'd dearly like to try,
But of a little mermaid I'm just a little shy!
How I should like a tail like that—how lovely it must be,
When summer days are very hot, to live beneath the sea!



leather ; his bare arms, too, were brown ; so were his big eyes, and his curly, matted hair was also brown ; his face, too, was doubtless the same colour, only it could not be seen, for, as Lady Mary had said, it was, oh, so dirty !

“I am sure he would like a piece of cake,” said the little girl, as she continued to watch the boy as he sat in the dusty grass by the roadside, playing with stones in a listless manner, and quite in ignorance of the pair of blue eyes that were regarding him with so much curiosity.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and walked across the road, for the little girl had called him.

“If you will wait here, little Gipsy boy, I will go and fetch you some cake,” cried Lady Mary, pushing her pretty head through a hole in the hedge. “Do you understand ?”

The Gipsy boy spoke not a word, but nodded his head to show that he quite understood, while his big brown eyes glistened with pleasure.

Lady Mary, as light as a fairy, danced across the lawns and through the gardens, and it was not long before she came tripping back again with a large piece of plum cake in her dainty hands.

“Here you are, little Gipsy boy,” she cried, pushing the cake

through the hole in the hedge, "and if you will come to-morrow you shall have another piece."

The boy took the cake with a nod of thanks, and a smile on his dirty face. I suppose this last must have attracted Lady Mary's attention again, for she added :

"And, little Gipsy boy, when you come again to-morrow, mind you wash your face."

Again the boy nodded and smiled, then ran away down the lane, and, turning a corner, was lost to sight.

So this was Lady Mary's first meeting with the Gipsy boy, and little did she imagine what wonderful things were going to happen in consequence.

II.

The next day was very much like the previous one, except that the little boy arrived with a clean face, and now that Lady Mary could see it, she thought him a very pretty boy, so besides the piece of cake she gave him a penny.

Again he smiled, and nodded his thanks as he trotted away.

"You can come again to-morrow if you like, little Gipsy boy," Lady Mary called after him, but he shook his head instead of nodding as he had done before, and then turned the corner of the lane.

"I suppose he is going away," said the girl, mournfully, "and will never come back."





She did not mourn for long, however, for at that moment a couple of bright butterflies came flitting by, and Lady Mary gave chase. Away they went, the little girl almost as light and airy as the dainty insects, through the old garden where Nurse was sitting working, across the lawns and into the shrubbery beyond. The butterflies disappeared beneath the trees, and so did Lady Mary.

The shadows of the limes stretched across the lawn, which told Nurse it was time to go in, so she put her work away in the

basket by her side, rose and smoothed down her dress, and looked round for Lady Mary. The little girl was not to be seen, but that was nothing; she was accustomed to roam at will through her father's grounds, for what harm could come to her?

Nurse walked round the garden and called for the child, but getting no response went into the house. Lady Mary was not there, neither was she round by the stables nor in the greenhouses. Nurse began to grow a little nervous. She told the gardeners and the grooms, and the grounds near the house were searched, but there was no Lady Mary. The whole household was now alarmed; people rushed hither and thither with white faces and fear in their eyes at what might have happened, but few words were spoken, for no one knew what to say.



We've heard it is the proper thing
 To go ballooning in the sky,
 And so you see we're starting off,
 The Golliwog and Jap and I,
 With Peggy, Mr Punch and Jack.
 We'll tell you all when
 we come back.

And up above the clouds they flew—

I think you'd like to be there too.

And now the whole village was in a ferment; men, women, and children left their homes to join in the search, but the sun went down behind the hills, and darkness crept over that pretty country, and still Lady Mary was not to be found. The police and others rode and drove about making enquiries everywhere; they also stopped a gipsy caravan that was wending its way slowly along the high road a few miles away, but no sign was discovered of the little girl.

III.

Lady Mary lay in tears, and trembling all over her poor little body; she had enough to make any little girl cry. She was dressed in rags, her pretty golden curls had been cut off, and she was locked up alone in a gipsy cart. When the police had come she had been hidden away in a basket, with her hands tied behind her and a cloth over her mouth. Poor Lady Mary! she was only six years old, you know, and she was so much frightened she could hardly think.

The caravan had stopped for the night and everything was very quiet; all were asleep, except the poor child, who lay on the floor of the cart sobbing. But no, somebody else was awake, for a key turned in the lock of



the door. Lady Mary's heart beat fast as she sat up. The door opened, and a figure entered noiselessly.

What was this? Was she dreaming? But by the light of the moon surely she recognised the little brown Gipsy boy to whom she had given cake the previous afternoon.

"Hush!" whispered the boy, "don't speak. Get up. Come!"

He took her by the hand and pulled her up rather roughly, and led her out of the cart, locking the door after him. He pressed his finger on her lips to caution her to be quiet, and creeping away in the shadow of the vans, drew clear of the encampment in a few minutes, and without disturbing any of its inmates.

The boy held the little girl by the hand and hurried her along the road.

"You must walk quickly," he said, "and you must not get tired. I must get back again before light, or they will kill me."

He did not say this in these exact words; the language he used was very strange to Lady Mary. She, however, understood what he meant.

"I know a shorter way than by the road," he continued, "but even that you will find long with those little legs."

He was not much bigger himself, but his brown legs were used to walking miles and miles in the day, and were as strong as a pony's.



AT NIGHT.

When all the chil-
dren in the
land
Are put to bed
at night,
A fairy waves her
magic wand,
And grants
them magic
light,



To see with eyes,
though closed
in sleep,
Far into dreamy
land ;
To hear the music
soft and deep,
The mystic
fairy band.

And dreamy-land is full of flowers,
And giant waving trees,
And ferny nooks and cosy bowers,
And wondrous bumble-bees,

And butterflies as large as kites,
And birds as big as you ;
Oh, don't you wish the days were nights,
And dreamy-land was true ?

"Come on," he said, getting over a gate into a field, which they crossed, and then plunged into a dark wood.

But dark and unknown as it was, Lady Mary thought it infinitely better than the awful gipsy cart and the terrible gipsies.

She, moreover, had perfect confidence in the little brown boy who hurried her along.

Sometimes, though, they paused and listened, fearing they heard footsteps of pursuers, but it generally turned out to be nothing more fearful than a timid rabbit running away in the undergrowth.

Once, indeed, in the distance they saw lights moving, but they soon disappeared. The boy guessed they were a party of men searching for the little girl, but he said nothing about it, for he certainly did not wish to be found himself, as the consequences would have been terrible, not to him, but to the whole of the gipsy caravan.

But now Lady Mary began to tire, the legs lagged more and more, and the boy grew anxious, although he cheered her on, saying it was but a short way further.

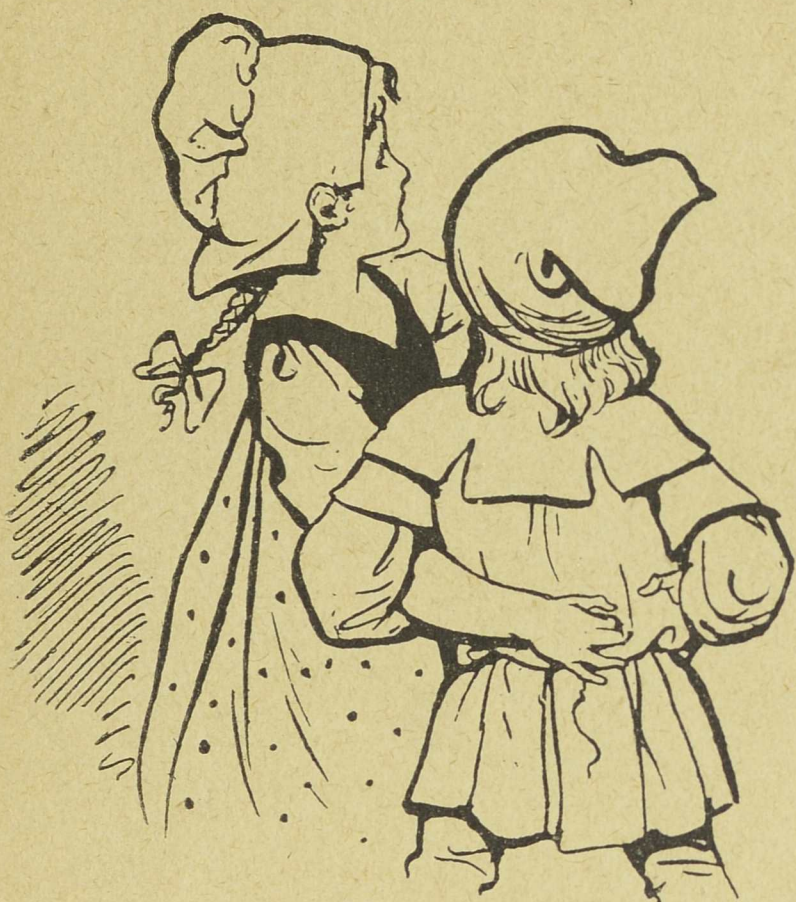
At last she stopped and began to cry; it seemed as if she could not move another step.

"Ah! why have you stopped here?" asked the Gipsy boy.

"Because I cannot walk any more," sobbed Lady Mary.

"Oh, yes, you can; look where you are; see this hole in the hedge," and the boy pointed to the very place through which Lady





Mary had handed him the cake. She gave a cry of joy as she jumped forward.

"Wait," he said, holding her back, "you must make me a promise."

"Yes, I will," replied Lady Mary; "I will promise you anything."

"You must ask your father not to come after us; you must ask your father to tell the police not to come after us. Promise," and he was very serious.

The little girl promised, and then, calling out "Good-bye, good-bye," scrambled through the hole in the hedge. She was not ungrateful, but she did not even thank him for what he had done, and indeed, she did not understand how much he had risked for her sake. Poor little girl! she was now in the grounds of her home, and her one idea was to be in the arms of her father and mother. As to the boy, he watched her get through the hedge, shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Lady Mary knew her way although it was dark; besides, she could see lights in the windows of the house; she could see a light, too, in her father's study. In a few minutes she was peeping in, and there he was with mother, and they were holding each other by the hand, while their poor faces were white and drawn.

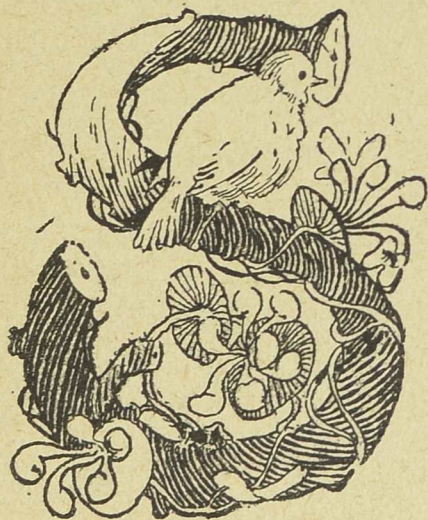
Lady Mary gave a shout, and the spell was broken. In a few seconds their ragged little girl was being hugged, and kissed, and cried over, in such a manner as had never happened to any little girl before.

Lady Mary kept her promise, and her father was so grateful to the little brown boy that he took no steps to punish those wicked gipsies. Needless to say, Lady Mary never forgot that terrible adventure, but above all others she remembers best the brown boy with the dirty face, to whom she gave cake through the hole in the hedge. But she has never seen him since, for gipsy caravans are not known in their neighbourhood now.

Edric Vredenburg.



THE DANCING LESSON.



WEET, sweet, sweet !”

Chirp and chirr and chuckle,
Six little titmice

In the honeysuckle.

Tubes of pink and yellow,
Brimming o’er with honey,
Sing a song of summer,
Blue skies and sunny.

Every bough in summer

With soft wings is stirred,

But the blue-capped titmouse,

Is the fairies’ bird :

Carries Queen Titania
Through the upper air,
Even lends his feathers
To crown her hair.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!"
Titmice sing and say,
Chuckling in the blossoms
All the livelong day.

"Morn's for the skylark,
Noontide for the bee;
But when falls the gloaming,
Busy birds are we."

"Cheep," says the swallow,
Flying high and low,
"I'm a feathered gipsy,
Many paths I know:

"Paths beside the rainbow,
Over sea and strand:
But the titmouse only
Knows the way to Fairy-
land."

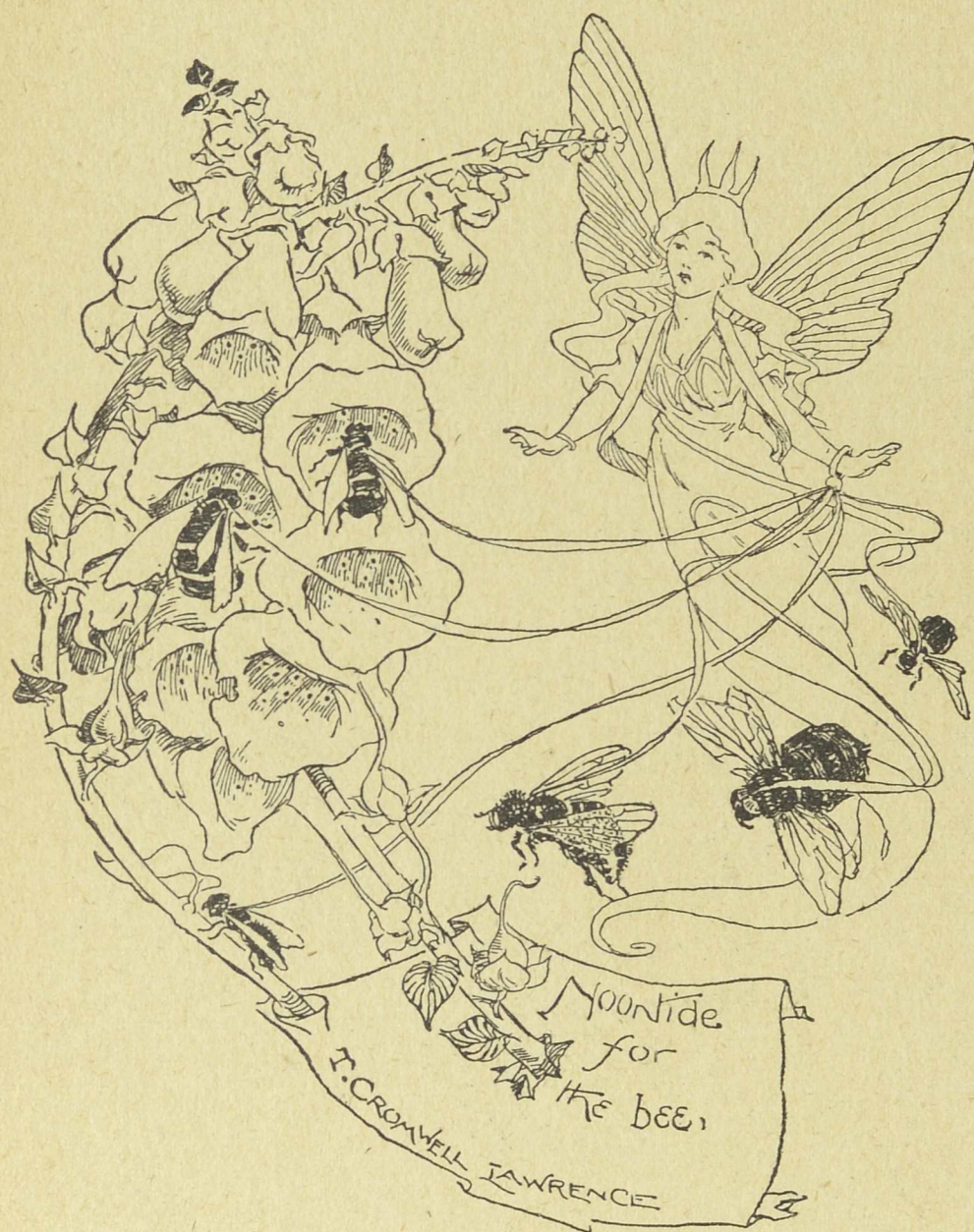


AN APRIL SHOWER.

Skies are blue above our heads;
Sunshine, too, is seen;
But the rain comes falling fast
From the clouds between.



Now the cloud has passed away,
Raindrops cease to fall,
But they hang like jewels bright,
Glist'ning over all.



‘Sweet, sweet,
sweet!’
Here’s the
sweetest —
Clare,
Skipping down
the garden
With her fly-
ing hair.

Eyes as blue as
speedwells
In a rosy
face:
Moving like a
sunbeam
In a shady
place.

Six little titmice
In the honeysuckle,
“Sweet, sweet, welcome,”
Down to Clare they chuckle.

“Fairy lightness to you,
Little dancing feet,
Fairy laughter to your lips,
Little lady, sweet.”

Six little titmice
Singing down to Clare :
“When Good-night you’ve whispered,
Climbed the bedroom stair,



“Set your window open
Where the roses climb,
Fairy dreams shall enter
All your sleeping-time.

“You shall dream of
soft wings,
Crossing sea and
strand—
Wings of many titmice
Seeking Fairyland.

“You shall dream of running
Up the rainbow stair,
Through great gates of ivory,
Little Lady Clare.

A NAUGHTY PAIR.



PP
 YOU ARE
 A NAUGHTY DOG-YOU KNOW-
 TO TEAR YOUR FROCK
 AND "PETTI" SO

OLD "TIGAR TIM" WAS SITTING BY,
 HE WINKED A WINK IN HIS WICKED EYE-
 SAID HE - "DEAR MISTRESS" LITTLE KNOWS
 'T WAS I - WHO TORE THAT OLD "JANE'S" CLOTHES-
 SHE CALLED ME, ONCE, AN "UGLY FRIGHT" - !
 BUT I'VE PAID HER OUT-
 AND - SERVE HER RIGHT !! M.A

M. ATTWELL

MORAL.

So always speak with kindness ; little puppies have long ears,
 And your pet may feel unhappy if your unkind words he hears.

“You shall dream a palace
Brighter than the sun,
Where come true all wishes,
And all tasks are done.

“You shall see Titania
Laughing in her place ;
You shall kiss her fingers,
She shall kiss your face.

“Set your window open,
All these dreams shall be
Yours as sure as fishes
Swim amid the sea.”

Round about the house-
eaves
House-swallows
chuckle,
But the wisest birds of
all
Are in the honey-
suckle.

Nora Chesson.





And the Magic Web.

“ONE moment, excuse me, don’t run away,” cried the Spider. Miss Muffett hesitated. It was the first time she had heard a spider speak, and, moreover, his voice was quite kindly.

“That’s right,” continued the Spider. “It’s really very ridiculous that you should have been frightened of me all these years. Pray sit down, and go on with your curds-and-whey.”

Miss Muffett sat down. She was quite interested in the Spider, and, besides, she was very fond of curds-and-whey.

“We are harmless creatures,” went on the insect, as he sat down beside the little girl, “at least, all of us in this country; and besides that, we are often of much service to humans. Think, for instance, of King Bruce of Scotland: one of my ancestors did him a good turn, did he not?”

“Dear me, how very interesting!” exclaimed Miss Muffett. “Was that spider really an ancestor of yours? I have read all about him in my poetry book. Will you have some curds-and-whey?”

"No, thanks, my dear," replied the insect, shaking the upper part of his body; "thanks, no. I prefer a nice juicy fly; you don't care much for juicy flies, do you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" said the little girl, with a shudder, and immediately changed the subject. "I have heard about money-spinner spiders; can you tell me where they spin their money?"

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" was the rather sharp reply. "Spiders spin webs; men are the only things that spin money. Most creatures spin something, you know; some worms spin silk, while authors spin yarns. Then I have a cousin who is related to a fairy on his mother's side; he can spin a Magic Web, and does a deal of good, my dear, in a quiet way."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Miss Muffett; "I do wish you would tell me about your cousin, and his Magic Web."

"I thought as much," said the Spider, with a large smile. "You are getting quite friendly. And yet, for years, as I remarked before, whenever we have met you have run away, just because you did not take the trouble to find out what I was like."

"I am very sorry," answered Miss Muffett, meekly. "It was very foolish of me;



but do—do tell me about the Magic Web and your fairy cousin.”
“It’s a strange thing is this Magic Web,” said the Spider, half to himself and half to Miss Muffett, “a strange and wonderful thing, for it is so fine that one cannot see it, and yet it can bind the strongest man and lead him anywhere. A little of this gossamer thread in your eyes will make you sleep and dream the most marvellous dreams, and see the most beautiful of visions. Allow me to put some on your eyes; my cousin gave me an inch or so, and that is plenty.”

Miss Muffett was a little nervous certainly, nevertheless she let the Spider touch her eyes with the Magic Web, when it seemed to her as if she slept.

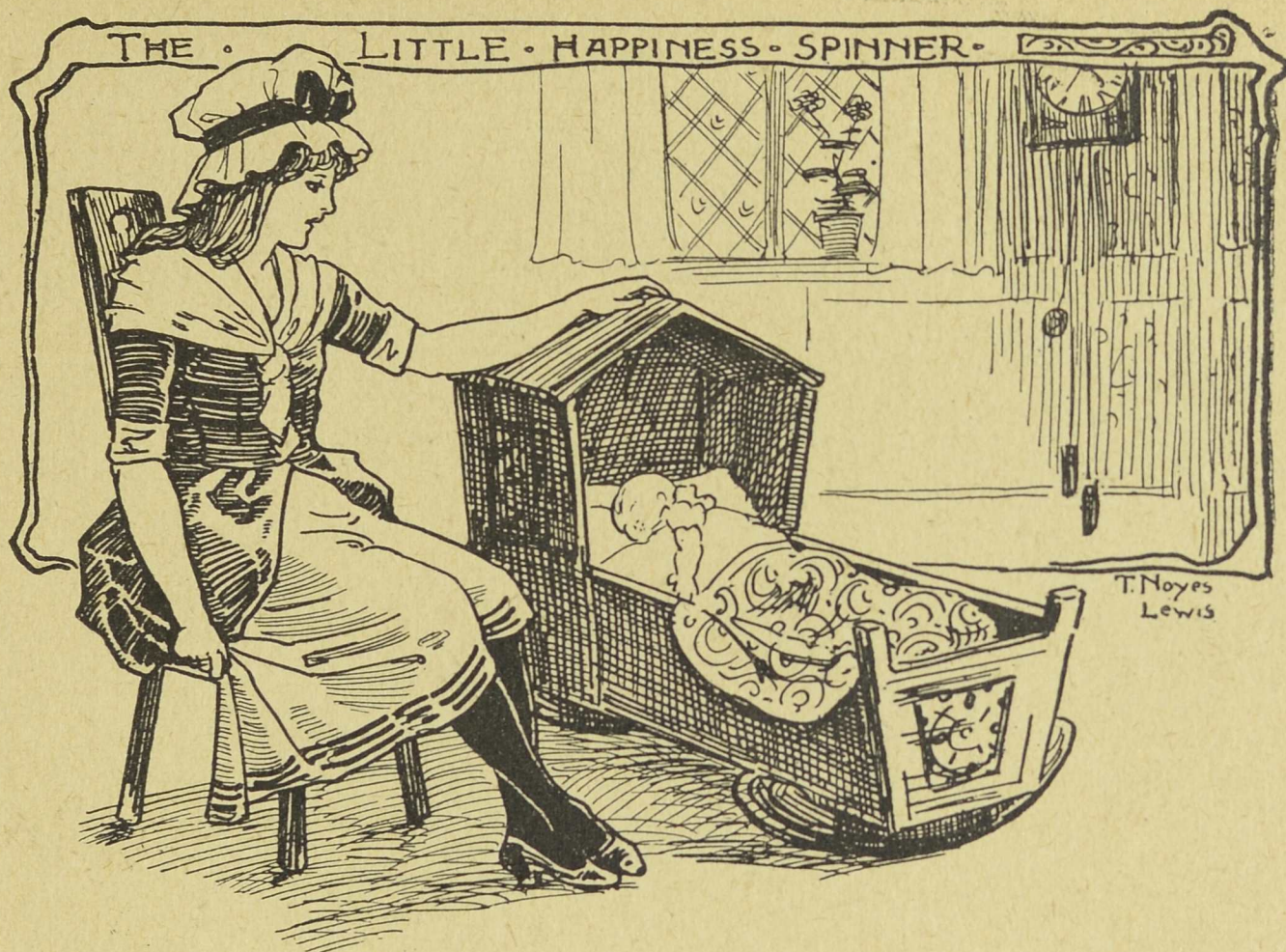
“What do you see?” asked the Spider.

“Oh, I don’t like it a bit, Spider,” replied the little girl; “there’s an ugly old man sitting at a desk in such a bare, dirty room, and he is leaning over a book adding up figures.”



“He is adding up the money he has made,” said the Spider. “He is a spinner of money, and nothing else. He does nothing but think of money; he gives nothing to the poor, he gives himself no enjoyments. He lives on a crust, and dresses almost in rags, and yet he has enough money to make a thousand people happy if only he spent half of it.”

“I don’t care for that picture, Spider,” said Miss Muffett, “and you told me all that I should see would be most beautiful.”



"So it will be, my dear girl," remarked the strange insect; "we will turn off this picture for a moment, and look at another. Behold, and what do you see?"

"I see a little girl, sitting in a little room beside a cradle, singing a little baby to sleep."

"Well, isn't that lovely?" exclaimed the Spider.

"I don't know," replied Miss Muffett; "I've seen that sort of thing before. "I thought you were going to show me fairies and things, I——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the Spider, angrily; "half you people don't know Beauty when you see it. I brought you out to show you some Spinners. That little girl is a Spinner."

"What does she spin?" asked Miss Muffett, timidly.

"Happiness. Her father works hard out of the house, her mother works hard in the house. The child has to help; she does so with



This silly old gentleman got
A beautiful new flower pot,
And told his young daughter
To fill it with water ;
She tried, but of course she could not.

G. E. S.



cheerfulness. There is a smile always on her pretty lips ; wherever she goes she carries happiness ; so, in her little way, she spins to some purpose—spins to some good purpose.”

“And while she is singing the baby to sleep,” continued the Spider, “there is trouble in this humble home. Father and mother are downstairs talking to-

gether, with drawn faces and anxious eyes. Always poor, their poverty has suddenly increased by an unexpected accident. Ruin is knocking hard at the door.”

“Oh, Spider, do you call this a pretty picture?” cried Miss Muffett, with tears in her eyes and voice ; “indeed, I call it a sad one.”

“It’s not over yet, my child,” replied the Spider. “What do you see now?”

“I see again that same old man, poring over the same old book in that dirty room. I see nothing lovely yet, Spider !”

"Wait, let us put some of the Magic Web upon this old man's eyes, so that he can see his life as it ought to be, not as it is."

So the Spider placed the Web on the old man's eyes, and he started as one from a dream. He gazed at the book before him, and read out the figures.

"So much!" he murmured, "so much!"

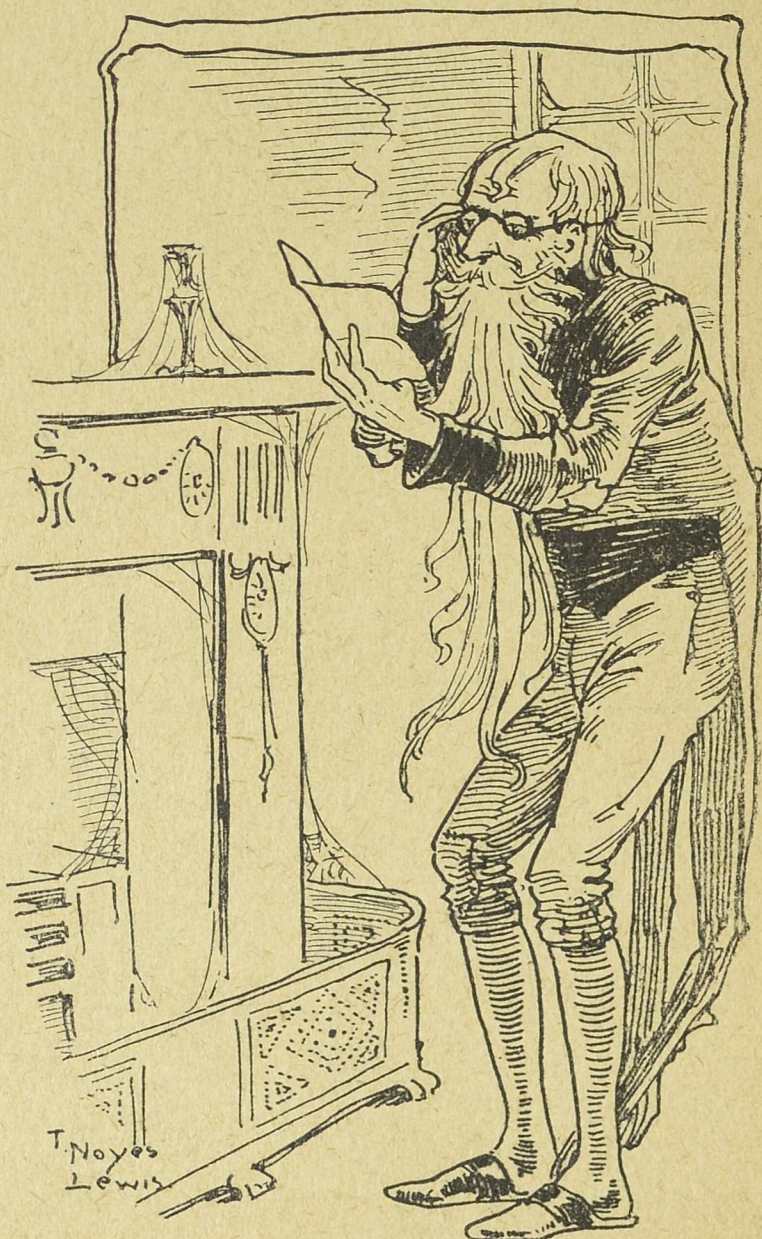
Then he looked round at the bare walls, and down at his shabby clothes, and shuddered.

He rose from his chair and wandered about the house.

"Empty!" he cried, "it is empty! Do I not know one soul in the world I can call friend?"

He sat down again before his desk, and sat there for hours thinking, until at last his eyes caught sight of a piece of paper in the rusty grate. It had been there for weeks, where he had thrown it in disgust after reading it. It was from his niece, asking him to call on her; it was a friendly letter, but he had laughed at it. What was the good of his niece to him? she had no money.

But now he picked up the letter, and read it again, and yet again. Then he put it in his pocket and went out. He took





a cab—a thing he had not done for years—and drove miles across the great city, until he came to his niece's house.

He dismissed the cab, and timidly knocked at the door. They did not know him, and it was a long time before he could make himself known, but at last he did so, and then he asked how they were. There was little need to ask that, for ruin had entered the little house before him, and sorrow sat on the faces of his niece and her husband. There was silence, a silence broken at last by the singing of a little child, as she rocked the baby to sleep upstairs.

"My little daughter's voice," said the mother.

"A sweet one," said the old man. "What a happiness she must be to you! There, don't talk; I see your heart is full. My dear, for these years past I believe I have been dreaming—that is to say, unless I am dreaming now. John," he said, turning to the man, "let us see if these are dreams; go out and see if they will change them."

They were bank notes, and John went out and found them no dream, for he brought back rich gold instead.

"And, my dears," said the old man, "you shall have as many more as you like. I shall never go to sleep again in the way I have done; my eyes have been opened as if by magic. Listen! there is that child's voice again, as she rocks the baby to sleep. I feel happy for the first time in my life."

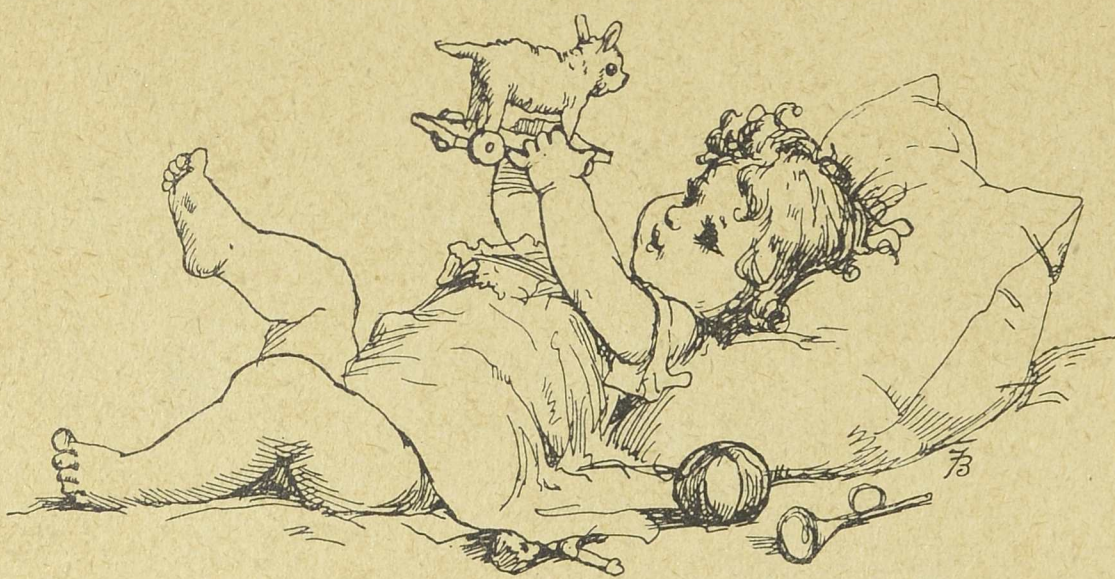
"Miss Muffett, how do you like this picture?" asked the Spider.

"Oh, Spider, it is indeed beautiful!" whispered Little Miss Muffett, as she dried her wet eyes; "and were they happy ever after?"

"Yes, my dear," answered the insect; "but now that's over, allow me to remind you that spiders are spiders, and flies are flies, and that this particular Spider is uncommonly hungry, so if you will excuse me, I will wish you good morning, and next time we meet perhaps you will be less frightened."

With that the Spider drew himself by his web into a rose-bush, and was gone.

Edric Vredenburg.





"Barber! Barber! shave me quick!"
 Cheekily chirped young Chuckety-Chick.
 Over his specs peered Barber Hare—
 "How can I shave what isn't there?"



THE DRIVE.

Marian into the meadow one day

With Punch and the Gollywog went to play ;

Punch and the Golly sat up in the cart,

And to be the pony was Bobby's part.

Dear Punch and the Gollywog, good as gold,

Did everything just as they were told ;

Bobby, that mischievous, troublesome pup,

Greatly objected to being tied up.

He backed and he reared as a real horse might—

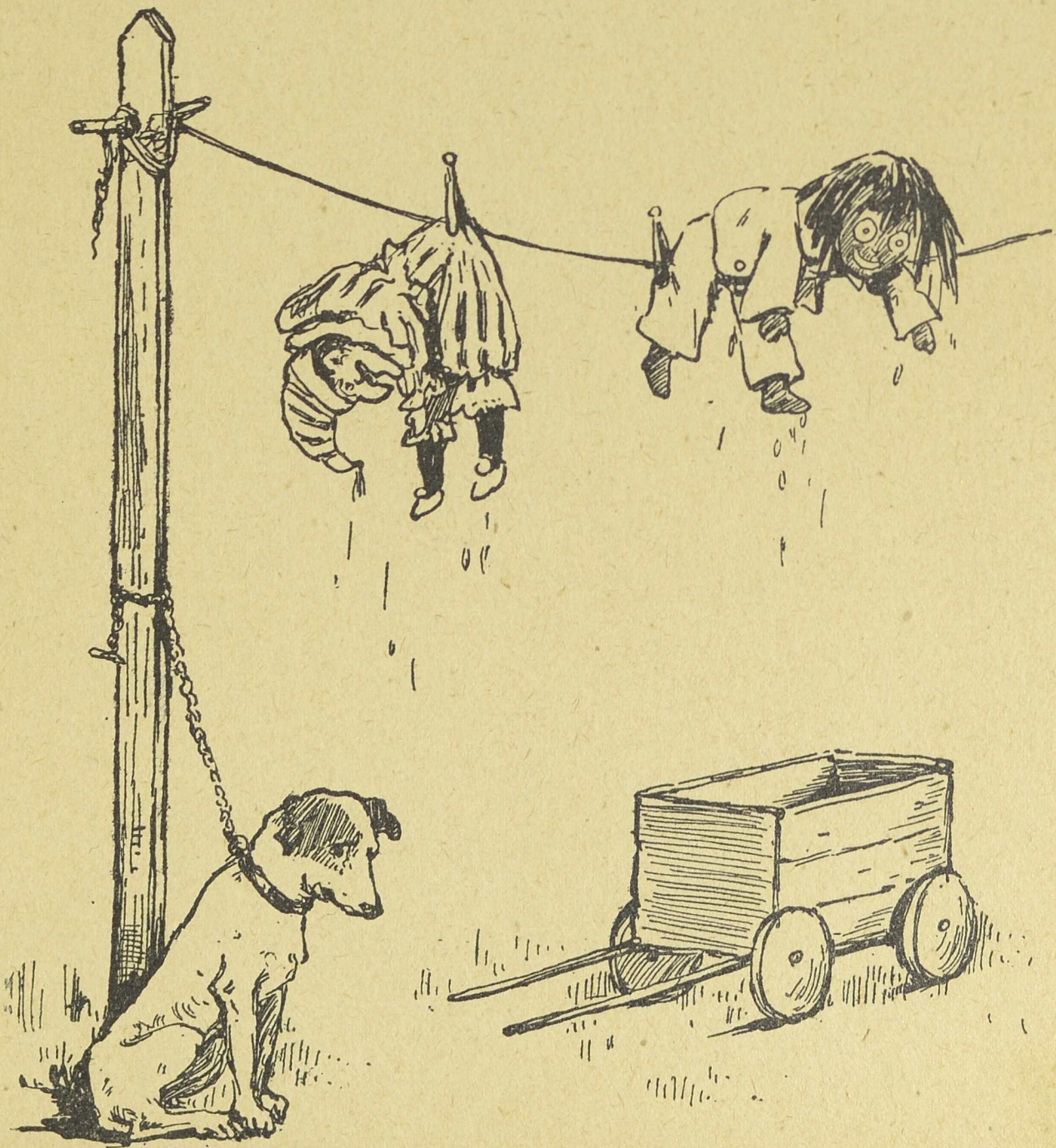
Poor Marian got in a dreadful fright,

And she only had time to give a scream

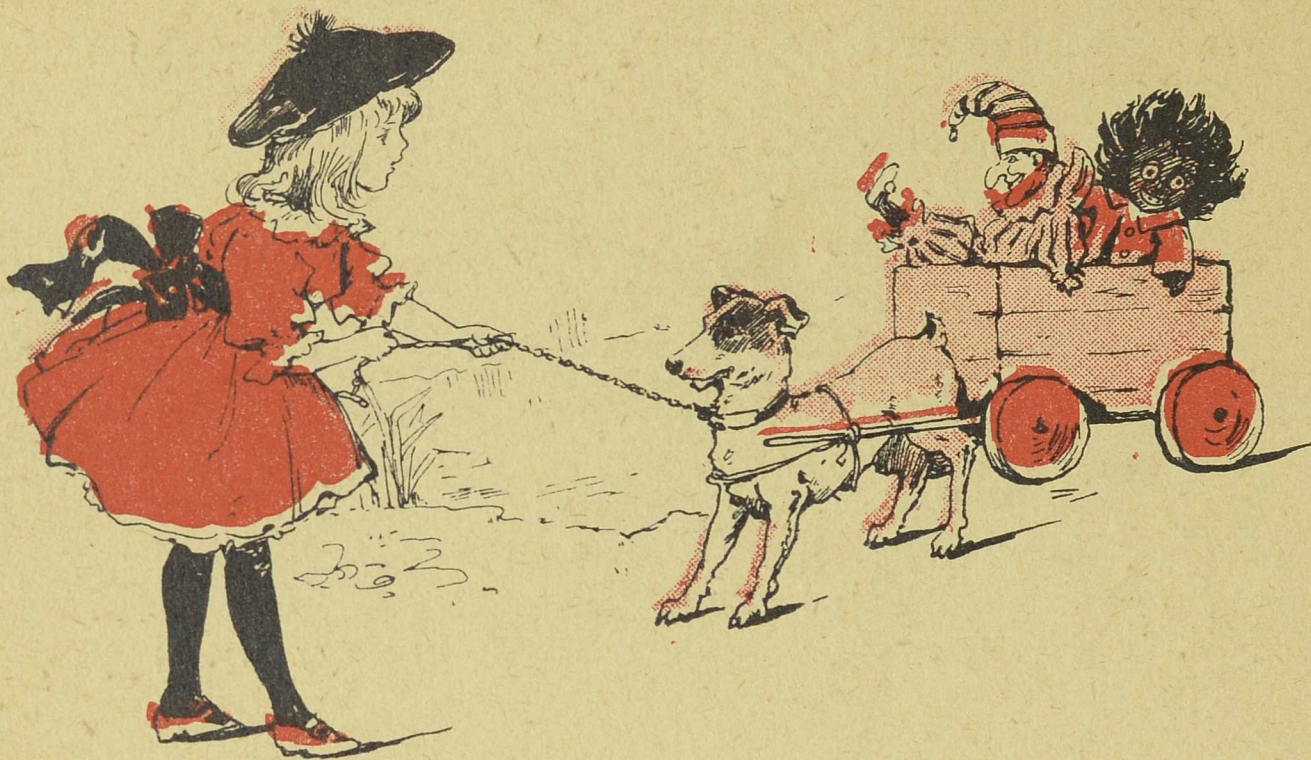
Before Bob upset them both in the stream.

Marian then, leaning over the side,

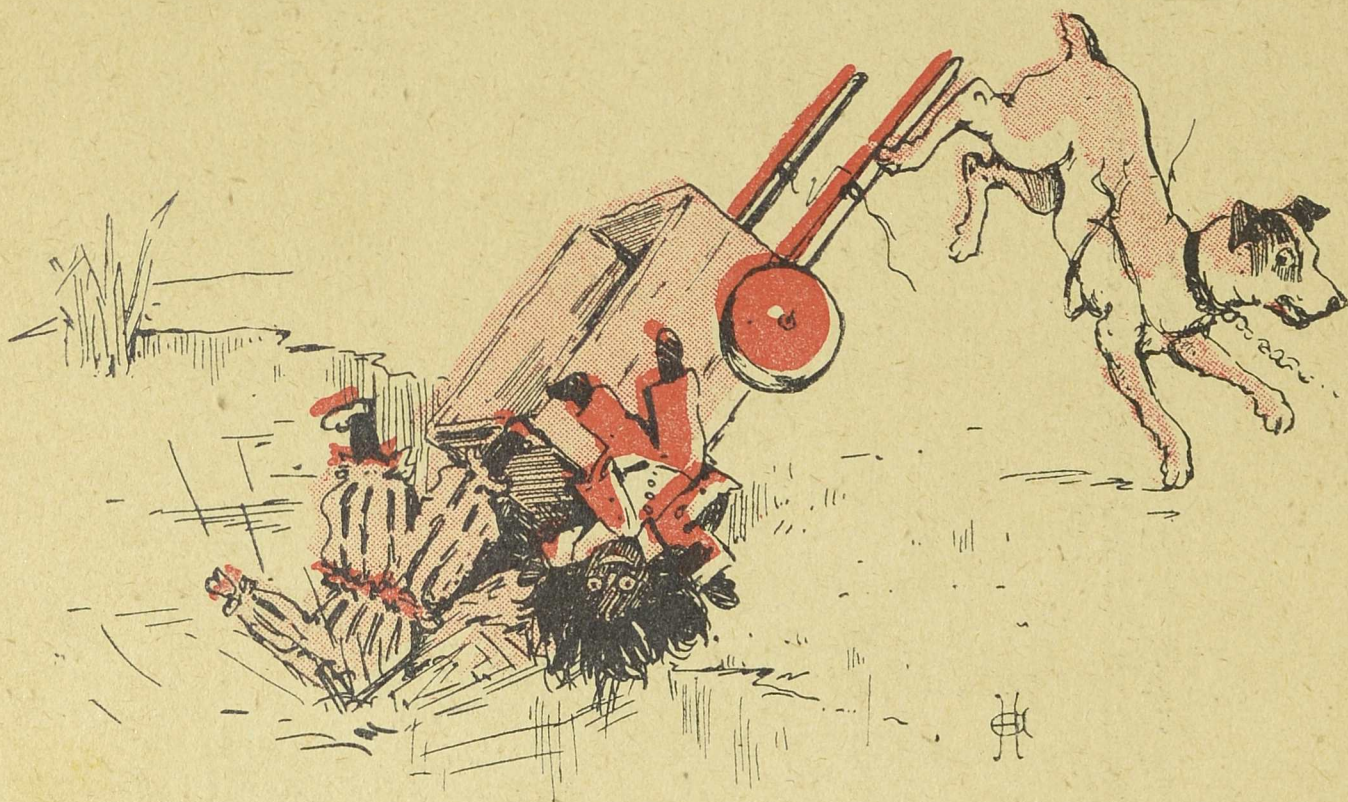
To rescue her darlings most bravely tried;



THE DRIVE.



And managed at last the Golly to get ;
He was fainting from fright, and wringing wet.



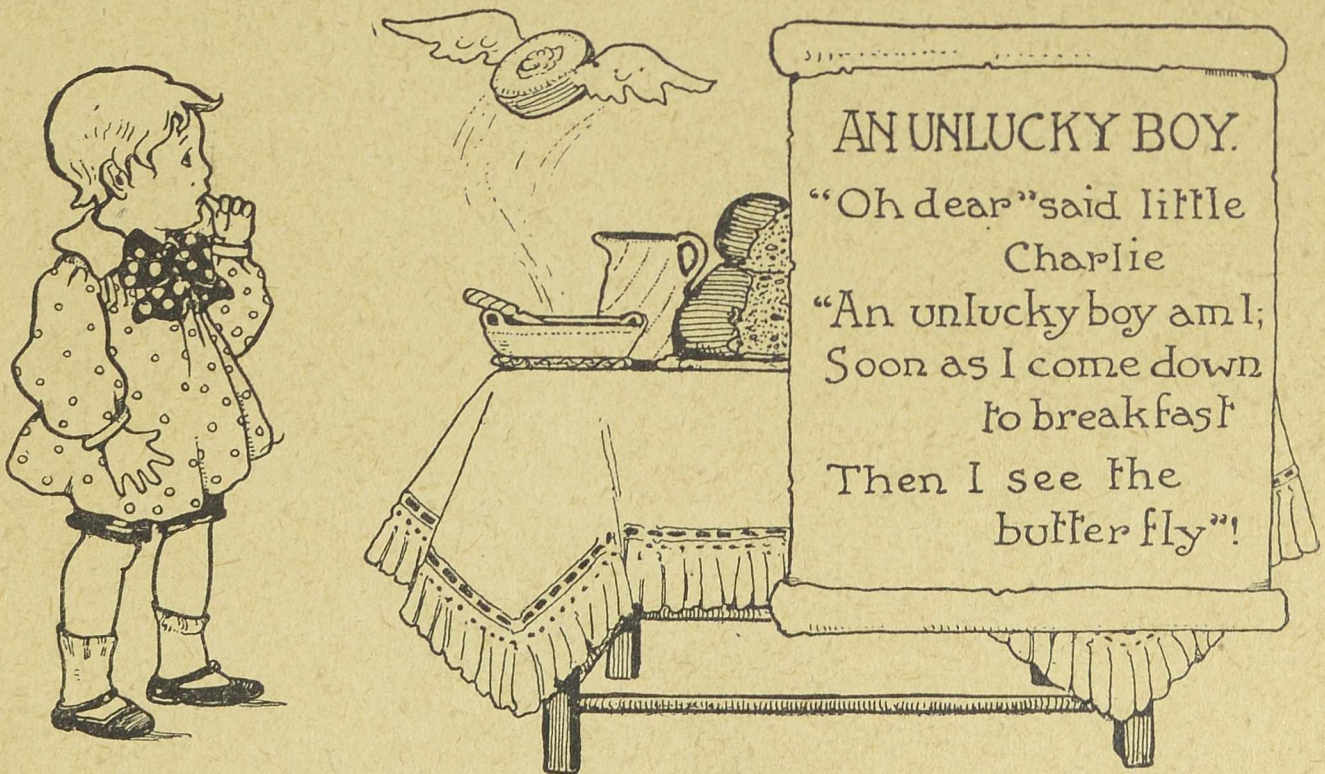
Then poor Mr. Punch, she rescued him too ;
It was hard to decide what she should do ;

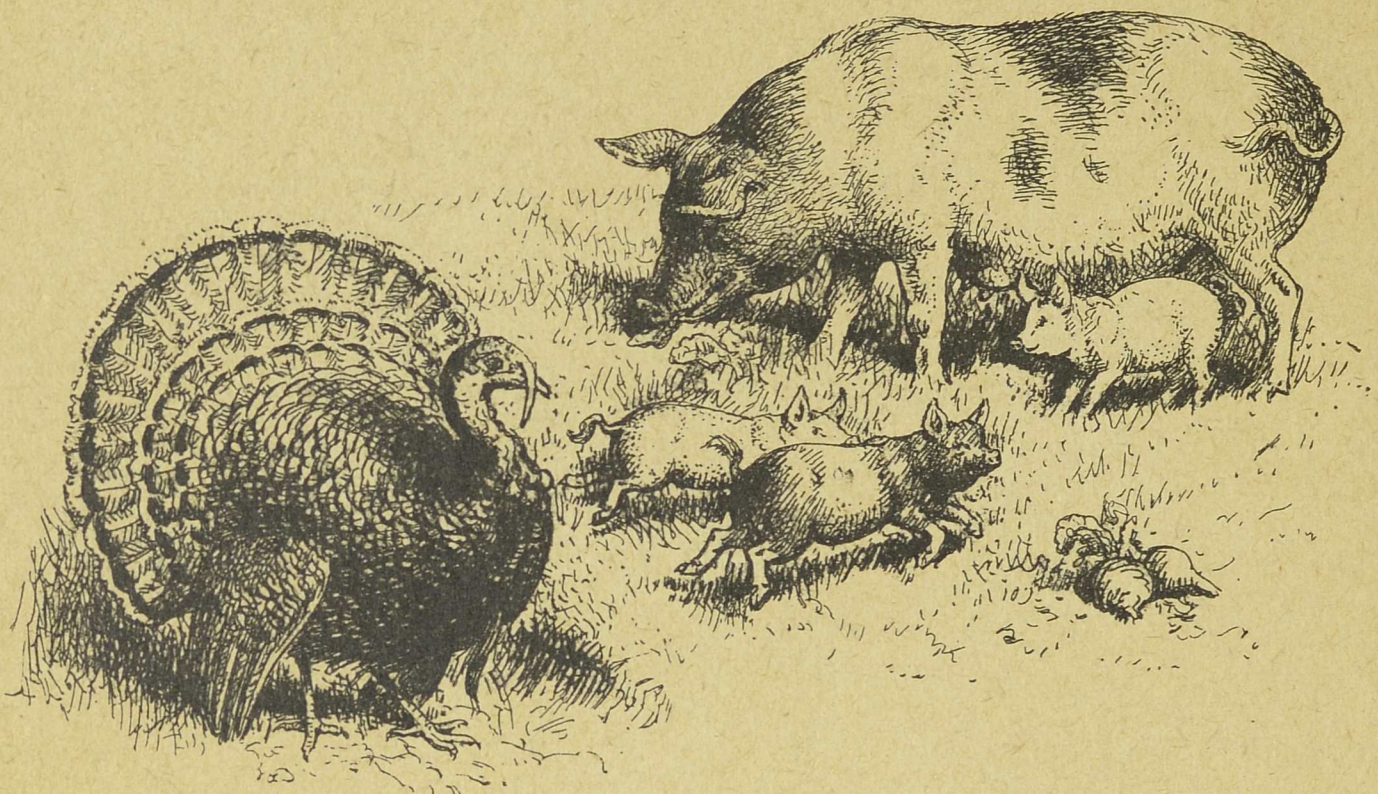
To put them to bed, the poor dripping pair,
Was a punishment, so was hardly fair.

So she took some pegs, and she hung them up
On a line to dry, and Bobby, bad pup!

Had to sit and think how he'd spoilt the game,
While down on his head the cold trickles came.

G. C. F.





IN FARM-YARD LAND.

“Oh, Piggies, look!” the Turkey cries,

“My tail is like a screen ;

You’ll own it’s far the finest thing

That you have ever seen.”

The naughty Piggies laugh and jeer

At Turkey’s vanity ;

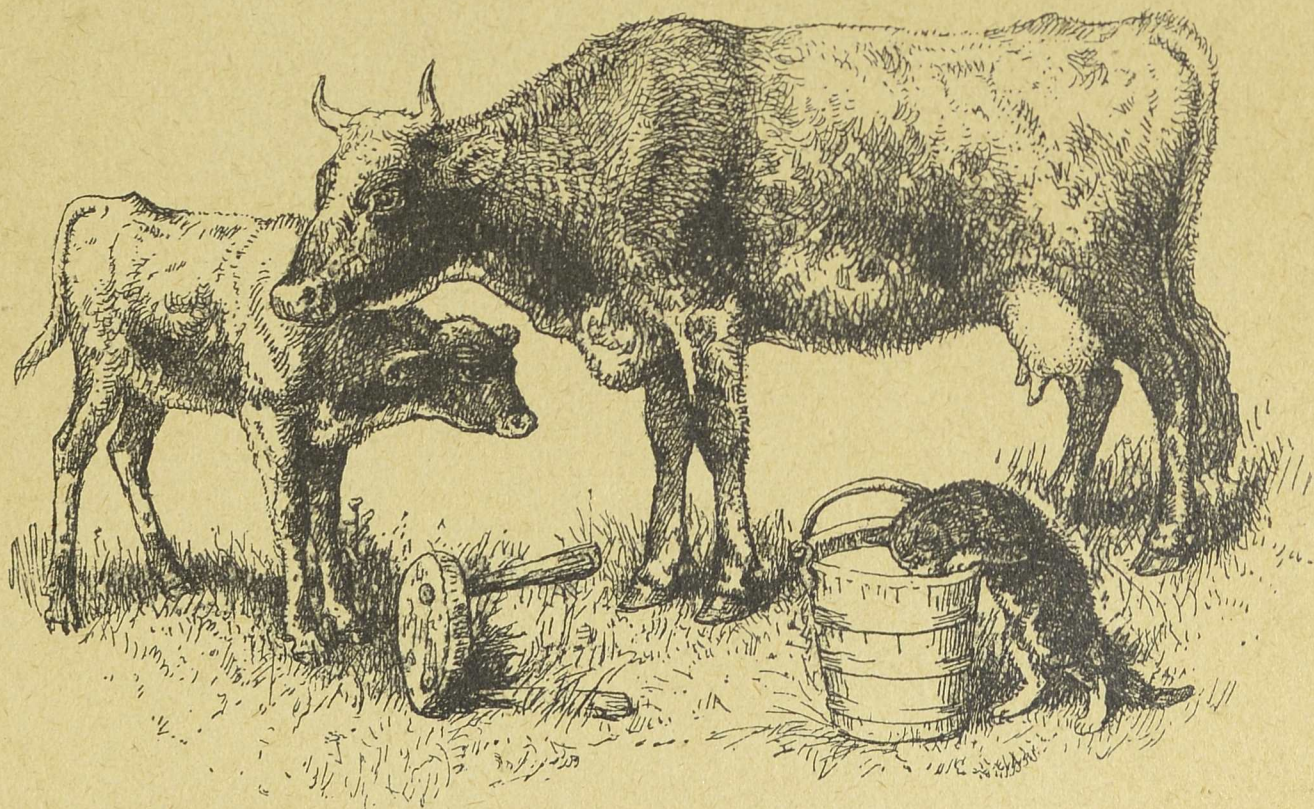
While Pussy gobbles up the milk
That's meant for nursery tea.

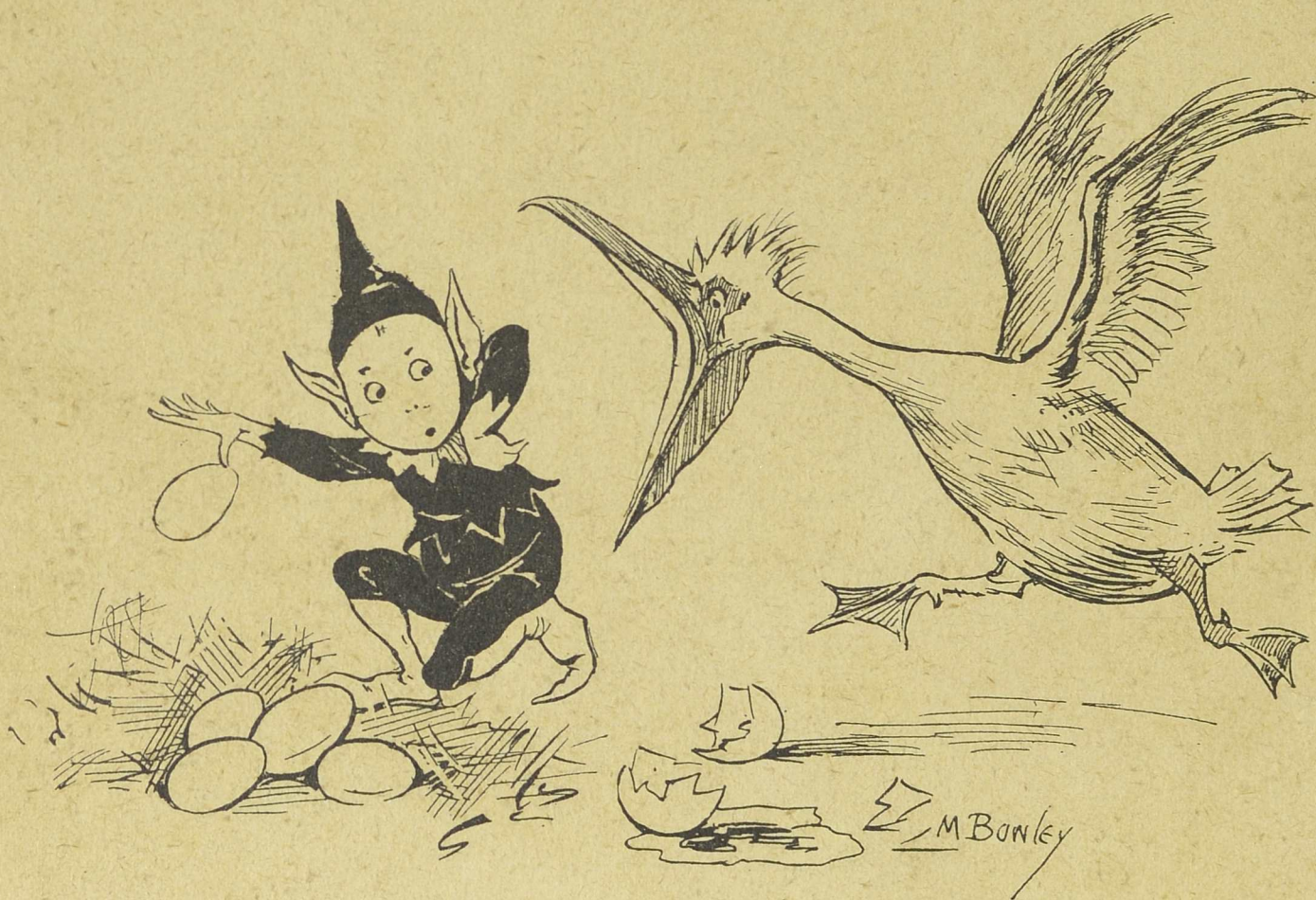
"Now, now, my dears," cries Mother Pig,

"Remember what I've said—

If you are rude, or disagree,

You'll all be sent to bed."





Good-bye ! I hope you've had a
pleasant time.

SA fol

LITTLE ...



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