

HOLIDAY TIMES



AGNES RICHARDSON

Father Tuck's
• GOLDEN GIFT • Series

new front newspaper

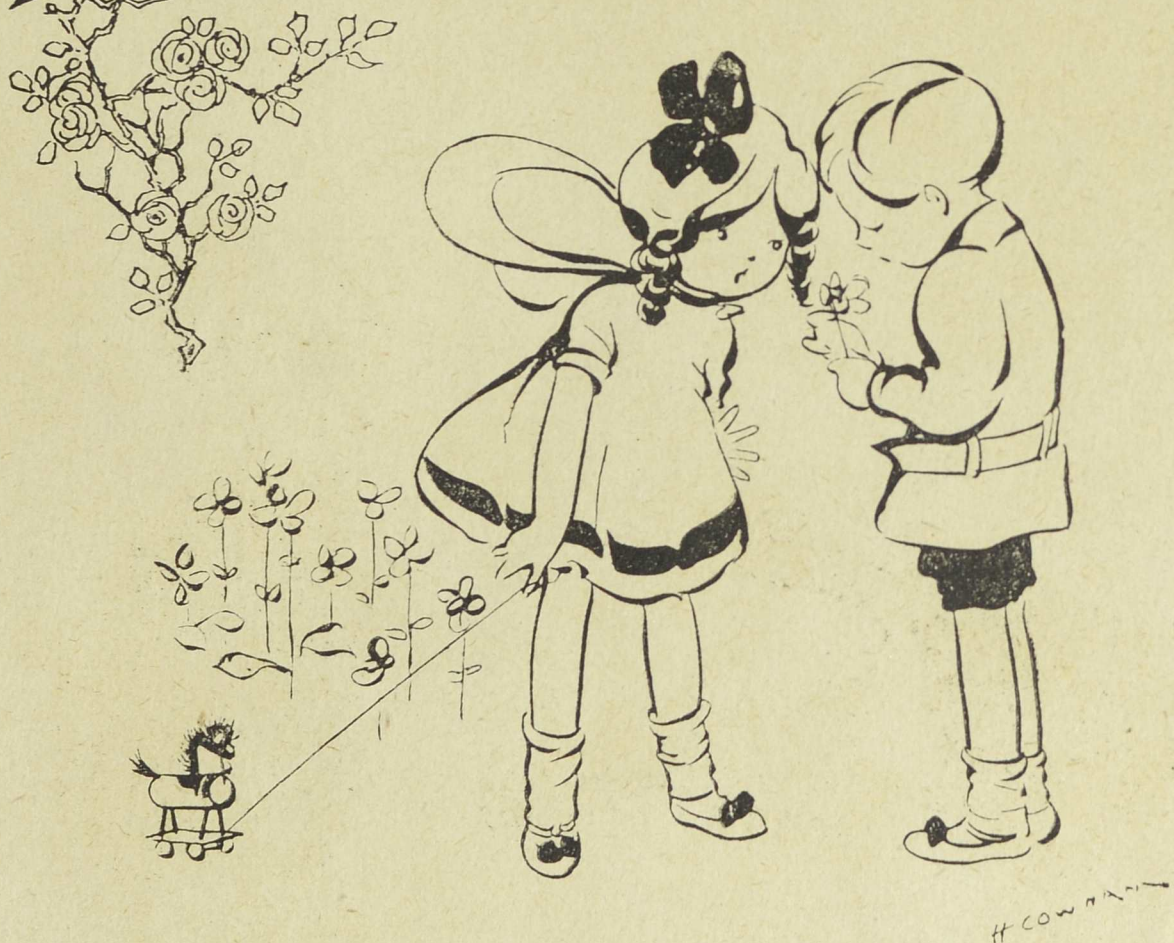
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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

HOLIDAY TIMES



With Pictures by
M. Bowley, W. Foyster,
E. M. Taylor, etc., etc..



Stories & Rhymes by
E. Nesbit, Sheila Braine,
John Leigh, etc., etc..

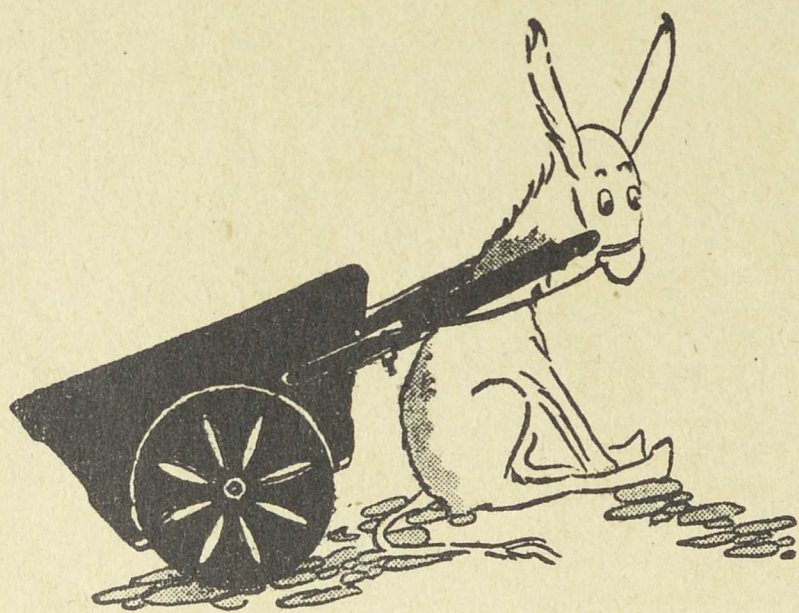
Edited by
Edric Vredenburg



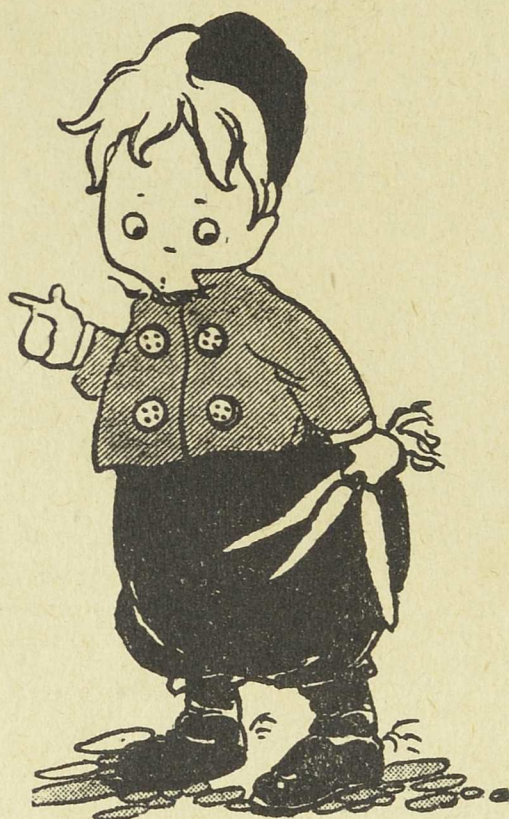
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WHAT A LITTLE
DONKEY HE IS!





MY SUNBEAM.

My little gold-tipped Sunbeam

Strays in through the open door ;

And ne'er was one so welcome

As he, on my threshold floor ;

For every day he sheds some ray

Of happiness upon my way.

Doleen Ronnoc.



LOOK AT HIS FACE!

“For stealing a slice of me you are to blame,”
Cried Plum Pudding, beginning to “chaff”;
“But do I look sad on account of that same?
Not at all—what you’ve done makes me laugh!”

Felix Leigh.





IN THE GARDEN OF TOYS.

A DREADFUL FIGHT.

My soldiers had a fight one day
With Bunny on the floor;
They broke his leg, so rough were they,
And pinched him in the door.

But seeing Bunny was in pain,
I carried him to Mum,
And soon she made him well again
By mending him with gum!

Leslie Mary Oyler.





THE COURT JESTER.

ONCE, in the dear days of long ago, there lived in the Court of the Japanese King the merriest Jester in all Japan. His name was Kokosan. He had twinkling eyes, a laughing mouth, the whitest teeth ever seen, and as he loved playing leap-frog with the Court servants (when not amusing the King), they thought him the dearest, nicest Jester ever born.

Now, the funniest thing about Kokosan was that no one had ever seen him shed a tear!

When the Queen died, and there was a grand funeral, and all the Court ladies wept and wailed, and even the King wept copiously, Kokosan still smiled, refusing to shed a tear. At this the King was very wroth. "There is a time to jest and laugh," he said, angrily, "and a time to weep and mourn. It is not



WHAT A SURPRISE!

THE COURT JESTER.

seemly for you to laugh when your Royal Mistress lies dead. Call the Court Physician. He shall see whether there is a tear-duct in your eye. It may not be your fault, and in that case I will forgive your heartless conduct."

The Court Physician came. He poked poor Kokosan's eyes with every kind of terrible instrument. No matter how he poked and pulled, the eye did not water! "This man is different from other men," he said, mysteriously; "he is quite incapable of shedding a tear, therefore most suitable for a Court Jester."

At this Kokosan laughed and danced until he could laugh no more. So infectious was his laugh that even the King forgot his sorrow, and all the Court was merry again. Now, there was one thing that Kokosan loved more than his life. This was a pet bird—a pure white dove. She slept in his bosom, sat on his shoulder at the Court feasts, and hovered near him when he was amusing the



THE COURT JESTER



King. She had never been ill or mopish. Suddenly, one morning, she fell from Kokosan's shoulder to the ground, and lay there with a broken wing.

He tended her carefully for three days, but she would take neither water from his hand, nor grains of rice from between his lips.

Though he was distressed for his pet dove, Kokosan still laughed and jested before the King. He was paid to be Court Jester, and

even a King can be selfish and exacting. The King was dull. Though Kokosan's heart ached, he tumbled head over heels and played the usual pranks before his Royal Master.

But in the night watches, when all the Court slept, he crooned and moaned over his ailing pet, but yet could not shed a tear. "My heart must be of stone," he murmured, as he caressed the now dying dove; "to-morrow I shall be mourning for my sweet bird, yet all the Court will think me heartless because my tears won't flow."

Just then the dove fluttered in his hand, turned her soft eyes upon him, and quietly died. With the shock of her death, Kokosan felt a warm rush of tears to his eyes, while a tear-drop fell on the dove's white plumage. Ere he could wipe away the tell-tale drops, a lovely Princess, in shining white, threw her arms around the astonished Jester's neck.

THE COURT JESTER.

"Ah! Kokosan, dear Kokosan, at last I have made you cry! At my birth a wicked fairy said I should be changed into a dove until the merriest man in the world was moved to tears for my sake!"

Then Kokosan laughed and danced more than ever, and the King called for the Court Chaplain to marry the beautiful Princess to Kokosan, and they lived merrily ever after.

Helen Beaumont.



ENID LEDWARD.



CRUEL BEN AND THE MERRY ROBIN.

As Ben and Susie crossed a field,

They saw a Robin red ;

Ben from his pocket drew a stone,

The Robin turned his head.

CRUEL BEN AND THE MERRY ROBIN.

He gave an awful wink at Sue,
And cocked his eye at Ben—

“Your little finger might drop off!

And what would you do then?”

Ben dropped the stone and hung his head
Beneath the Robin's stare,
And Susie held her finger up
To see that it was there

They told their mother all the tale,
And asked her—growing red—
If fingers really did drop off,
And Mother gravely said:

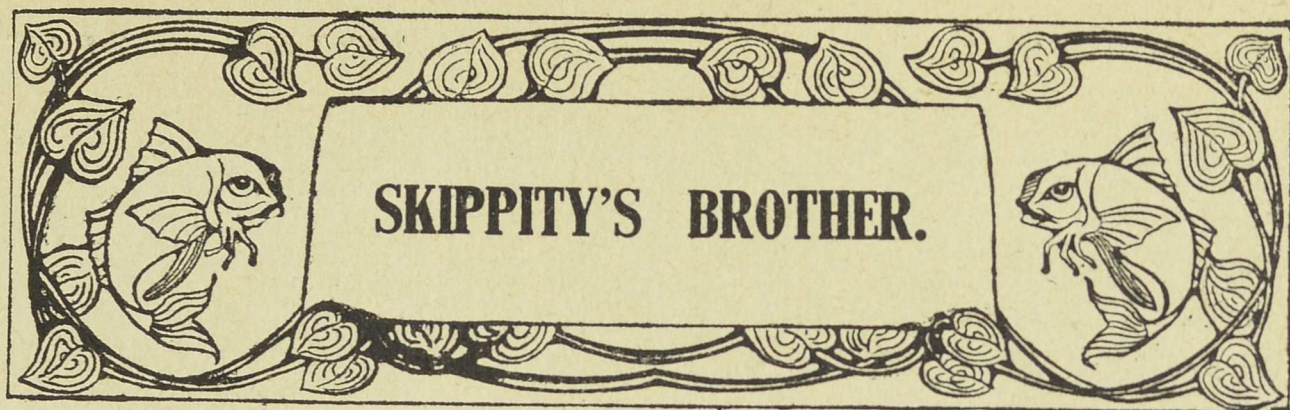
“No, that was just his bit of fun,
And really most absurd;
But oh, I did not think that Ben
Would stone a little bird!”



W. Foyster.



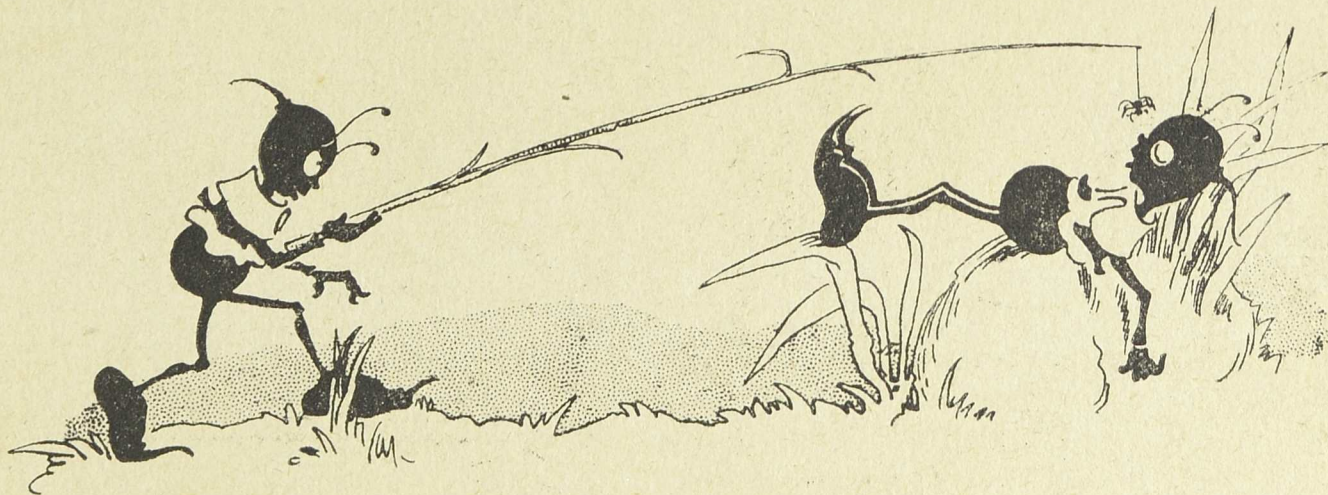
HOW BUNNY LOST HIS APPLES.



They couldn't get Browniekin Hopit to rise;
He would sleep for twelve hours at a stretch;
So his sly brother Skippity planned a surprise—
But you'd better, please, look at the sketch.

He took a long grass, and a spider took he,
And he fastened the one to the other—
But you'd better just look at the sketch, and
you'll see
What sly Skippity did to his brother!

Felix Leigh.



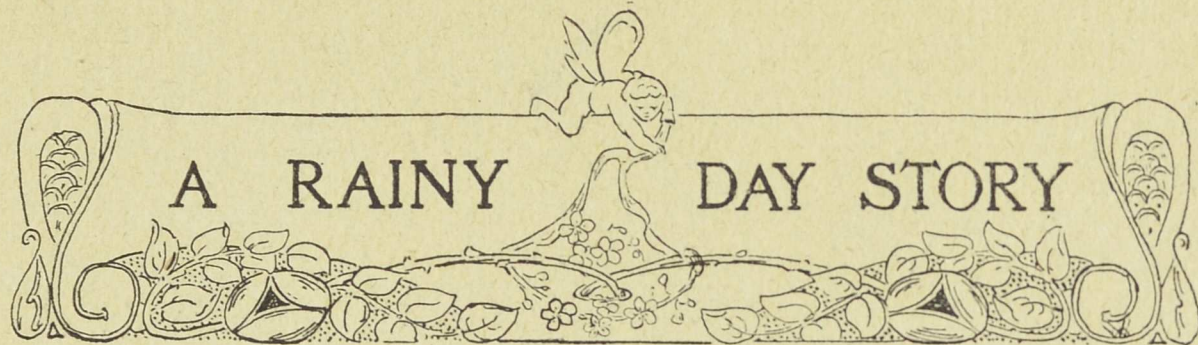
THE SWIMMING LESSON.

I should not care to be a fish,
And it was quite against my wish,

The other day, that brother Jim
Declared he'd teach me how to swim:
The lesson, as he must confess,
Was not exactly a success!

Ada L. Harris.





A RAINY DAY STORY

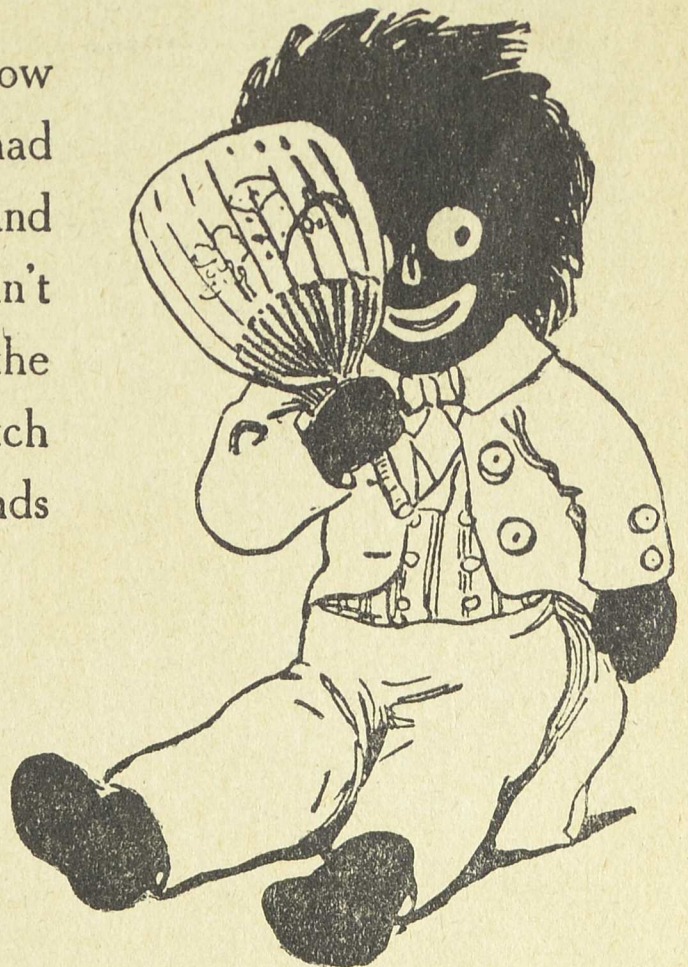
DRIP, drip, drip! Jack looked with big, solemn eyes out of the nursery window. Was the rain never going to stop?

It had rained all the morning and all the afternoon.

“There must be lots of naughty children to-day,” he thought, “for Mummy says that, when it rains, it is the moon and star fairies crying because they are so *sorry*; and perhaps it is raining extra hard because I was extra naughty to-day,” he added wistfully.

Jack walked away from the window and sat down by the fire. Nurse had gone downstairs for a few minutes, and the little boy was all alone. He didn't mind a bit, for he loved to sit by the fire, when it was getting dark, and watch the glowing embers, and build up all kinds of stories about them.

All of a sudden, such a strange thing happened. He felt as if he had been to sleep, and was being wakened by something. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.



A RAINY DAY STORY.



"Hullo!" said a voice, and on looking down he saw the kind, black face of his Gollywog. Jack jumped up from his chair.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Can you talk? I thought you could only squeak."

The Gollywog smiled. "Of course I can talk," he said; "but it is only when you are in the land of

dreams that you can understand me."

"I'm not dreaming," said Jack, indignantly; "I'm wide awake!"

"All right," said the Gollywog; "don't get so angry about it."

"Don't *you* ever get cross," said Jack, "when I push and throw you about?"

"Oh, no," said the Gollywog; "I'm so used to it, you see."

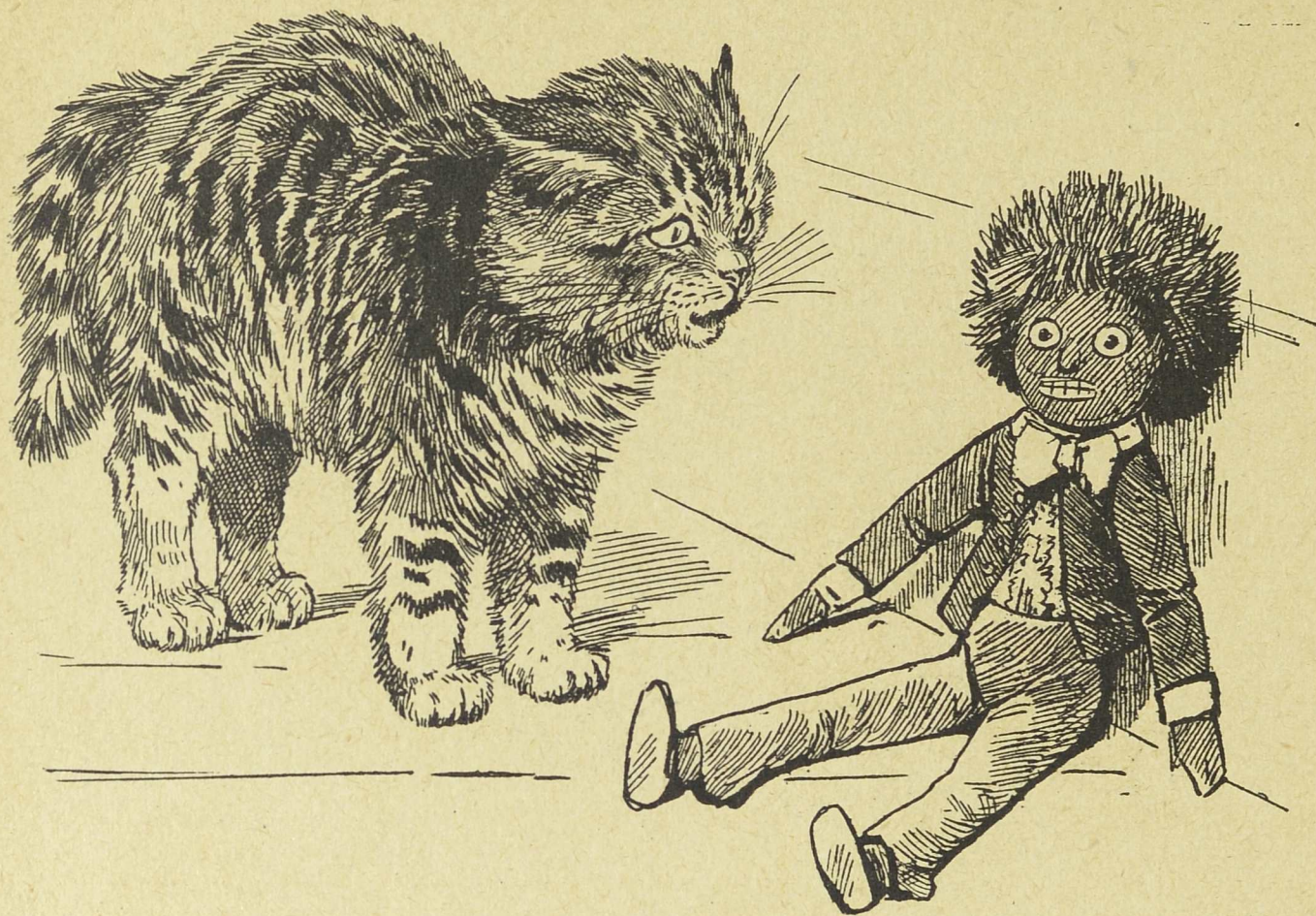
Jack got very red, and hung his head. "I'm so sorry," he murmured. "You see, I didn't know toys had any feelings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came from the toy cupboard; and in another moment the door was flung open, and a whole regiment of soldiers, pushing off the lid of the box they were in, marched out into the nursery.



NOT UP TO IT.

A RAINY DAY STORY.



"Didn't know we had any feelings, indeed!" they cried. "Shall we see if *he* has? Charge!" and they made as if they would charge with their bayonets into Jack.

"Halt!" shouted the Gollywog, stepping forward. "Stand at ease!"

The soldiers, to Jack's surprise, instantly obeyed. "Remember," added the Gollywog, "that now Jack is our guest, and must be treated as one."

The soldiers saluted. "Sorry," said the Captain, "but we were only in fun."

"Oh, it's all right!" said Jack. "I never mind when I hurt myself; and I do get some awful bangs sometimes. You see, it's only girls who cry when they get hurt," he added.

A RAINY DAY STORY.

Just then old Dobbin, the wooden horse, ambled up and asked Jack if he would like a ride.

"Rather," said Jack; "but won't you have to be pushed?"

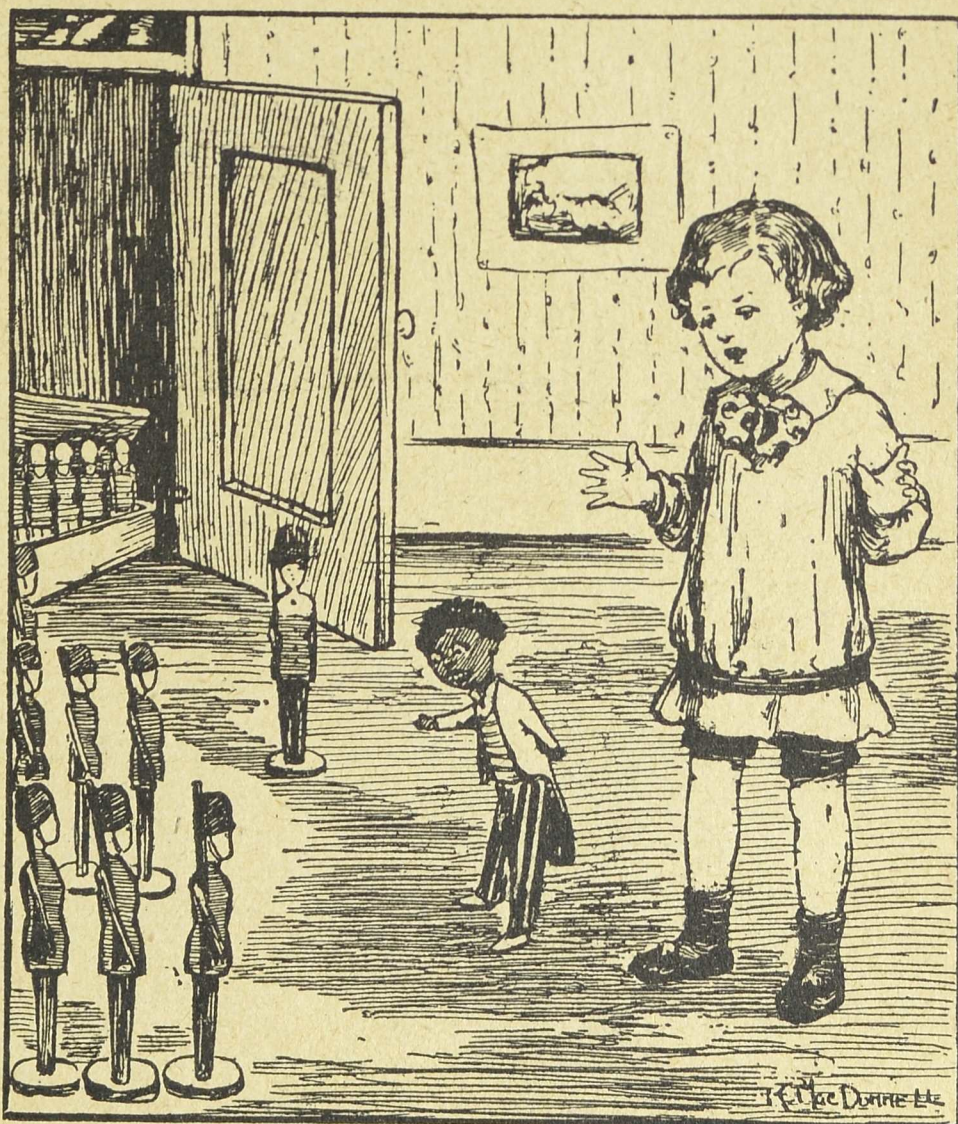
There was a burst of laughter, and as Jack turned round he saw, to his surprise, all his little sister's dolls seated round a small table having tea. They invited Jack to join them.

"Just wait a moment," he said; "I must first have a ride on Dobbin," and, so saying, he jumped on to the back of the wooden horse, who trotted round the room without anyone touching him.

Jack grew more and more surprised. "Now for some tea," he said, wondering what kind of a tea he would get, for he was very hungry. "Why, I could eat everything in one mouthful!" he was just going to say, but remembered in time that he was invited to tea, even though it was in his own nursery.

And such a queer tea it was, too, for in the centre of the table was quite a big bowl of sawdust.

"Do you eat that?" asked Jack.



THE FAIRIES' POSTBOX



Edith M Taylor

CATCHING THE POST.

A RAINY DAY STORY.

"Of course we do!" cried the dolls; "we sometimes never have anything else for days!"

"Oh!" cried Jack, "now I know."

"Know what?" they asked.

"Never mind," said Jack, for he wasn't going to tell them that

he had once cut open a doll to see what was inside.

There were all sorts of delicious things, too, when Jack sat down, and the dolls simply piled up his plate with all the nicest they could find, so after all he didn't do badly.

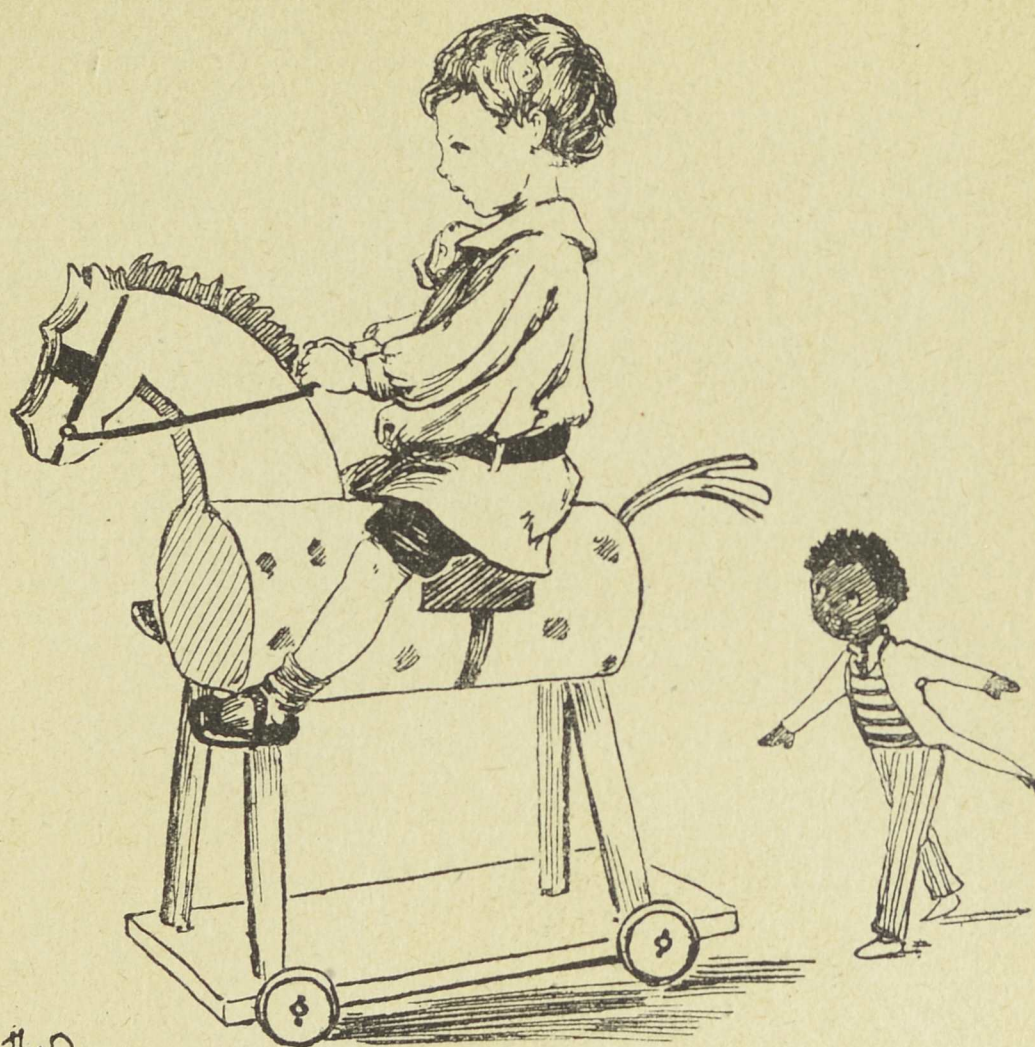
When they had finished tea a musical box began to play.

"Why," said Jack, "that's my musical box! But how can it play without even having the handle turned?"

"Oh, we don't have anything done like that during dream times," cried the dolls. "Why, we do everything ourselves!"

"Do the puzzles do themselves, too?" cried Jack.

"Of course we do!" said a chorus of tiny voices.



A RAINY DAY STORY.

Jack almost screamed with surprise, for the lid of his very own puzzle box suddenly opened, and the puzzles, one by one, slid on to the table and began arranging themselves in the very pictures Jack had spent nearly two hours over that morning.

"Well, I think," he said, "you might have helped me."

"We couldn't out of dream time," they said, "although we were longing to."

"Thank you all so much," said Jack, simply. "I *have* enjoyed myself, and it is the nicest rainy day I have ever had. I wish it would rain every day for a whole week; perhaps it would if I were naughty," he added, mischievously.

"Oh, no!" cried the dolls.

"I was only in fun," said Jack. "Well, good-b——"

But he never finished the word, for the room became suddenly dark, and Nurse's voice called from outside the door——

"Open, please, dear; here is your tea," she said.

"But I've had it," Jack was just going to say, but



A RAINY DAY STORY.

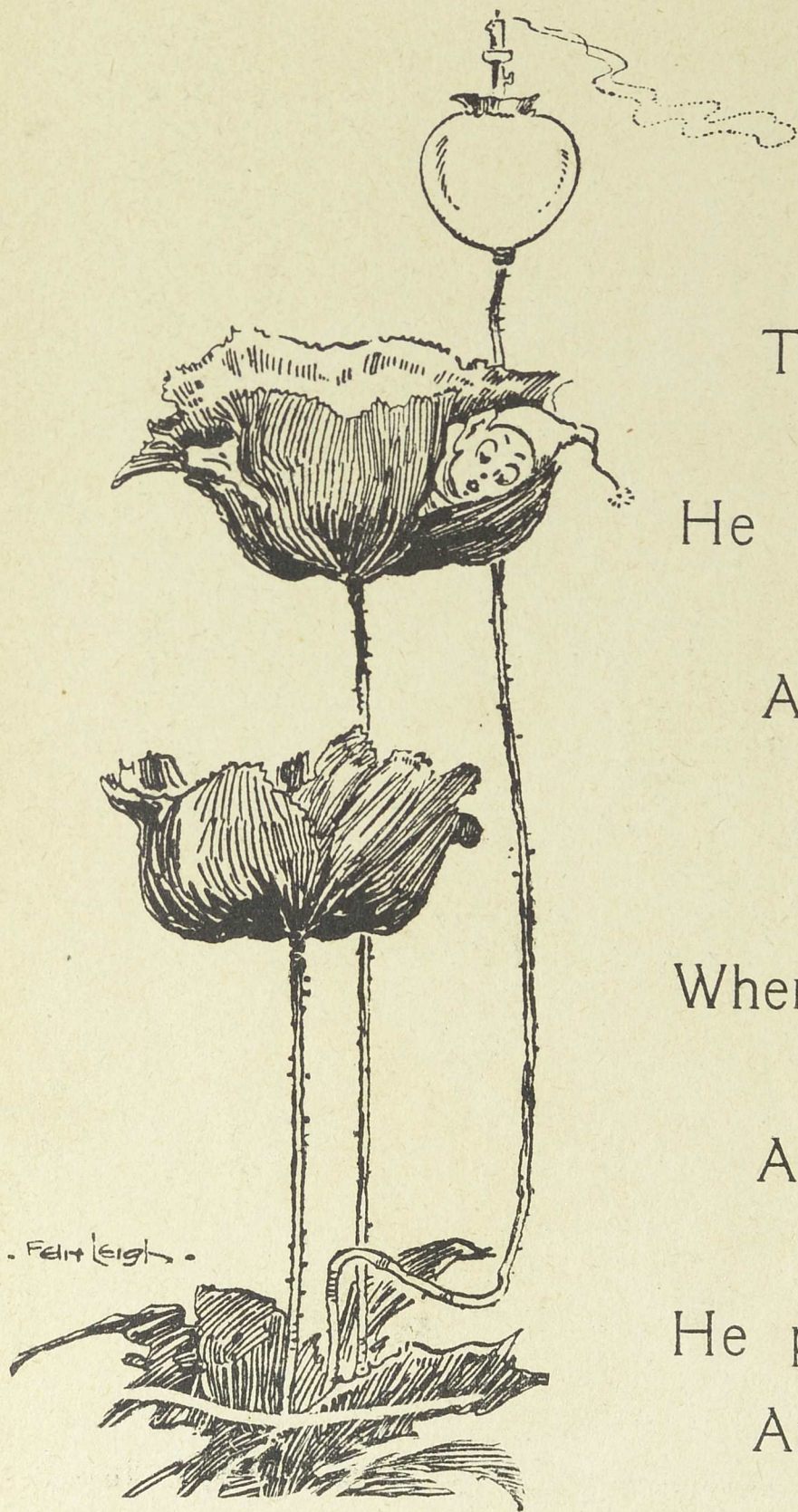
he caught sight of Gollywog lying at his feet looking up at him with big, round eyes.

Jack picked him up tenderly, and very gravely laid him on a chair and ran off to his tea.

Marguerite Schloss.



POPPY BED-TIME.



When Bix the
Brownie slumbers

There isn't any
fuss ;

He hasn't to have bed-
clothes

And mattresses, like
us.

When Bix's head grows
heavy,

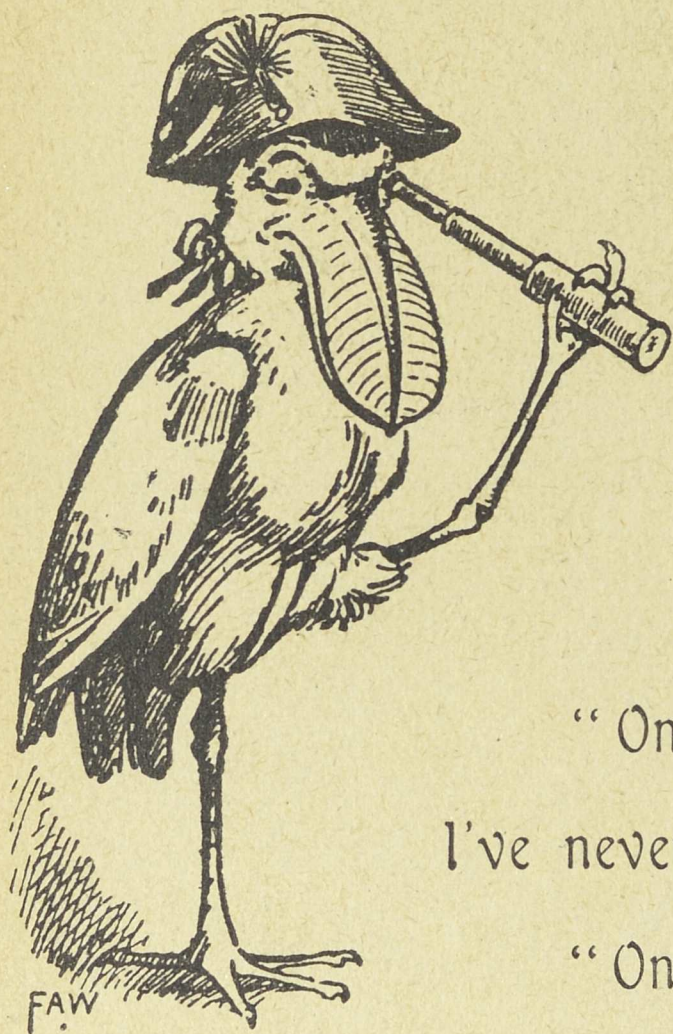
And Bix's eyelids
close,

He pops into a poppy,

And off to sleep he
goes !



NIGHT IN POPPYLAND.



THE BOATBIRD AND THE SEAL.

“ Though many a Seal,” the
Boatbird said,

“ On sea and shore I’ve met ;
I’ve never spied ”—he shook his head—

“ One with a coronet ! ”

“ My motor car has broken down ;
I want to hire a boat,”

The Seal replied, “ or else to town
I’ll have to swim or float.

“ I’ve just,” he said, “ been made a Peer—
Lord Privy Seal’s my name ;

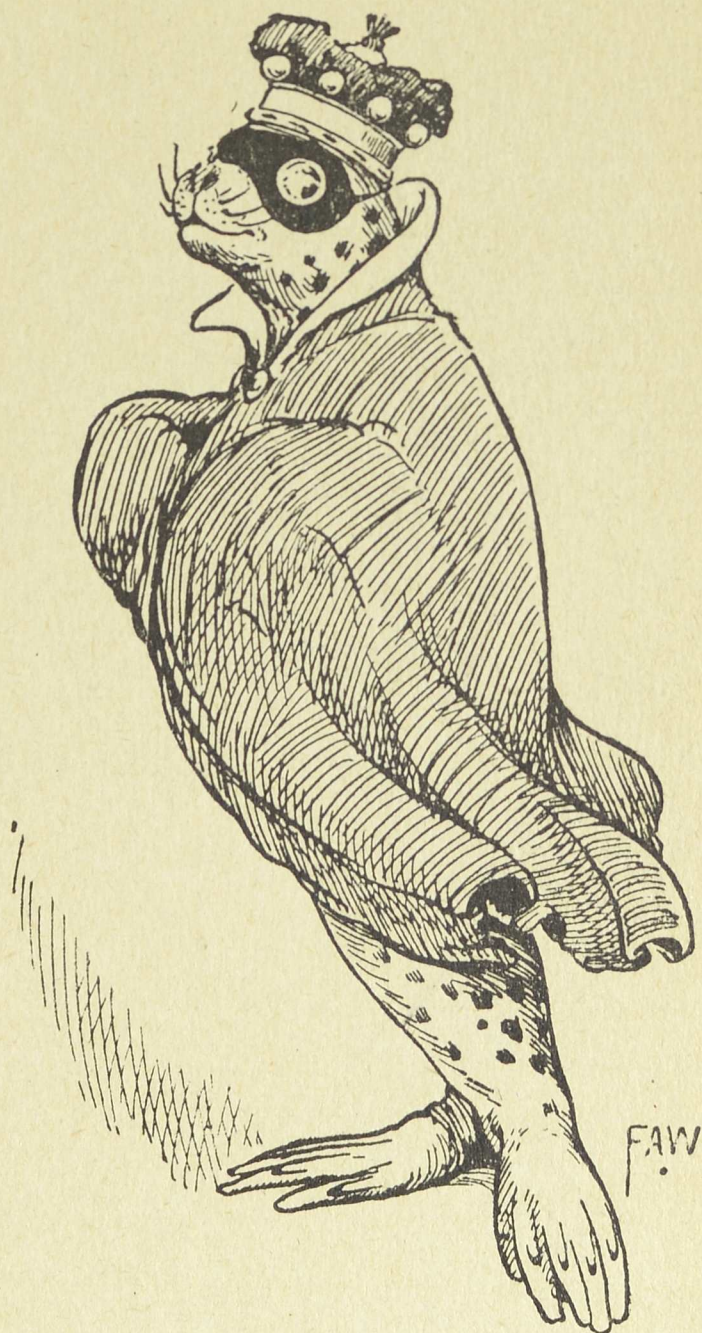
THE BOATBIRD AND THE SEAL.

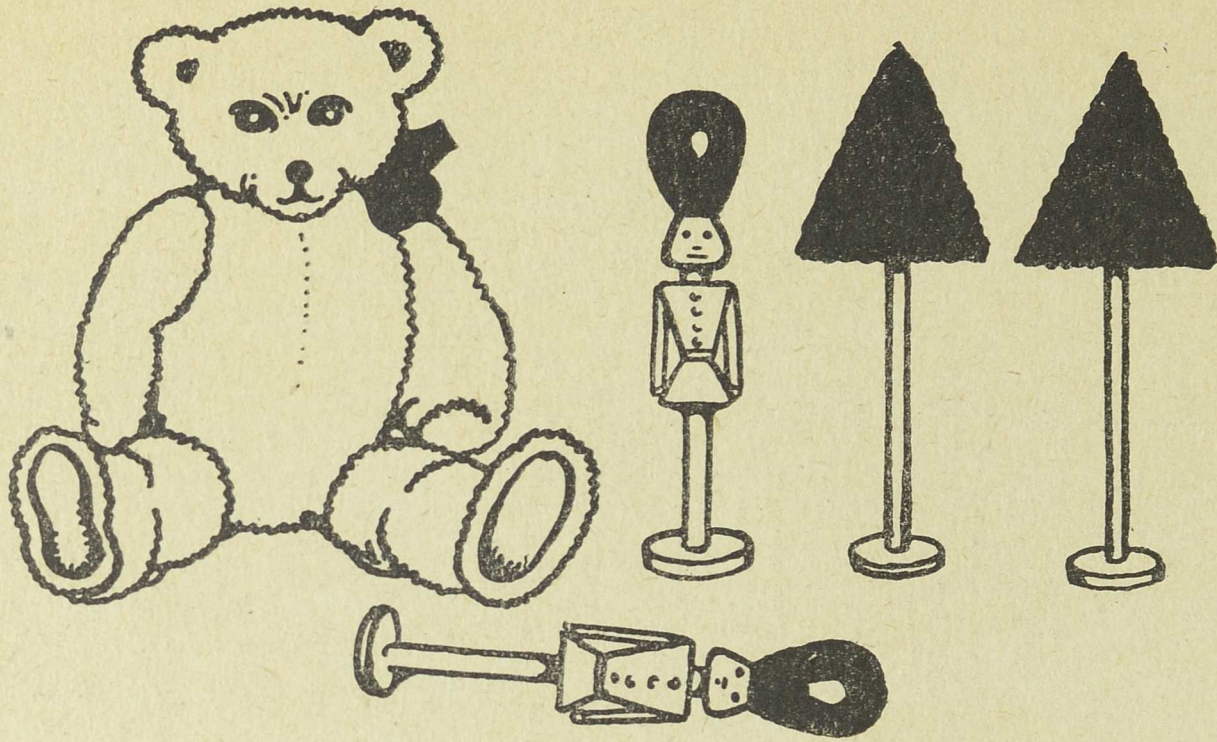
“ Although the reason mayn’t be clear,
I *am* one all the same.

“ My coronet that came to-day
Is not a perfect fit;
And I must take it back,
that they
May let it out a bit.”

“ Although my bill looks
rather large,”
The Boatbird said,
“ to town
I’ll take you, and will
only charge
Your Sealship
half-a-crown!”

Ada Leonora Harris.





THE SNOW-MAN.

Freddy met a Snow-Man and he said, "How do you do?"

But the Snow-Man somehow didn't seem to hear.

Thought Freddy, "O poor fellow, I expect he's getting old,

And is rather hard of hearing now, I fear!"

Then he shouted out quite loudly, "How do you do to-day?

Is it very cold to be all made of snow?"

As the Snow-Man still was silent, Freddy said, "It's very rude

Not to answer when you're spoken to, you know.

You never can have gone to school, for surely, if you had,

They'd have taught you that you ought to be polite;

And if anyone should say to you, 'Good morning' or 'Good day,'

What ought you to say?" The Snow-Man said, "GOOD NIGHT!"



"ARE YOU VERY COLD?"

RAGGEDY LIZA.

STREET FRIENDS.

We like to know when Isabelle
Is putting on her velvet hat,
Because it very often means

For all of us, when she
does that,

A ride to where the tram-
way stops

Among the fascinating
shops!

We love to see the rows
of dolls

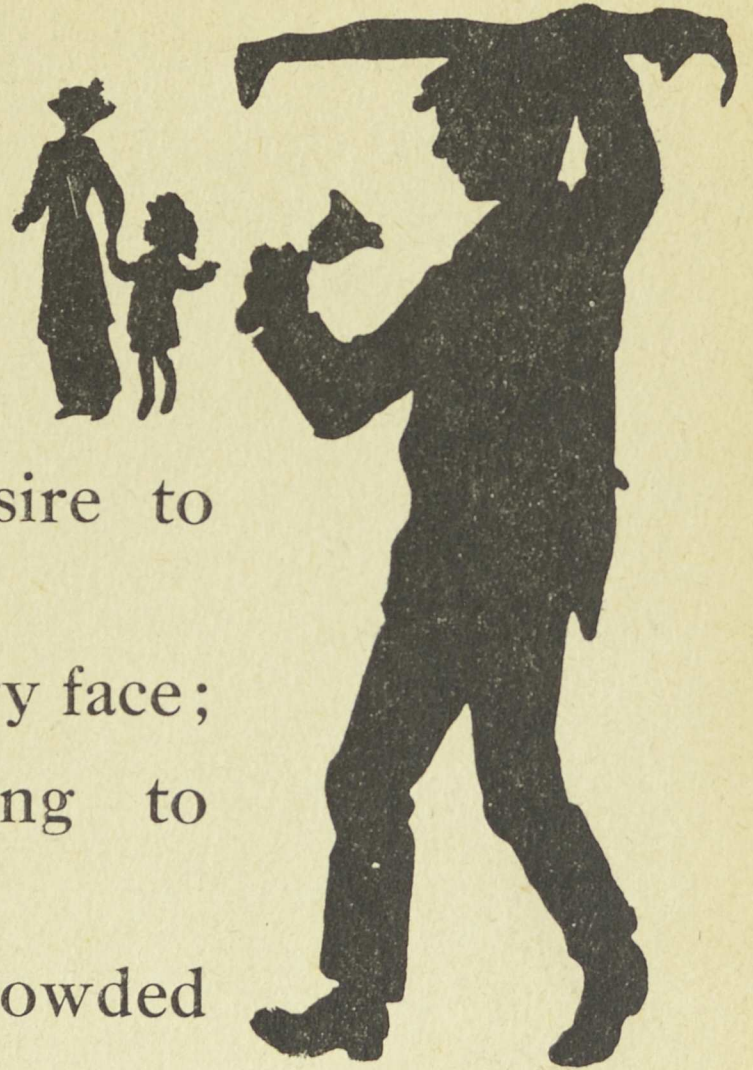
That look so very clean
and neat;

And always have the chance
to stare

At what is happening
in the street



When horses bolt, or
tumble down
On slippery pavement
in the town.



But what we most desire to
see

Is Raggy Liza's merry face;
We almost dance along to
reach,

With Isabelle, the crowded
place

Where people hear the flower girl's cry,
"Tuppence a pot! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

She carries such a heavy load

Of potted plants upon her head

That, when we nod, she cannot nod,

But simply has to smile instead.

If we were rich enough, like Aunt,

We'd give a shilling for a plant.

RAGGEDY LIZA.

How glad we were when we were told
That Tommy Trot, the muffin boy,
Who walks along and rings a bell,
Is Liza's brother! It was joy!
For he is always nice to meet
And nod to in the busy street.



But there was still a stranger
thing

For us to hear from
Raggy Liz:

The Toyman with the
dangling dolls

Is Liza's father—yes,
he *is*!

So all our happiest nods,
you see,

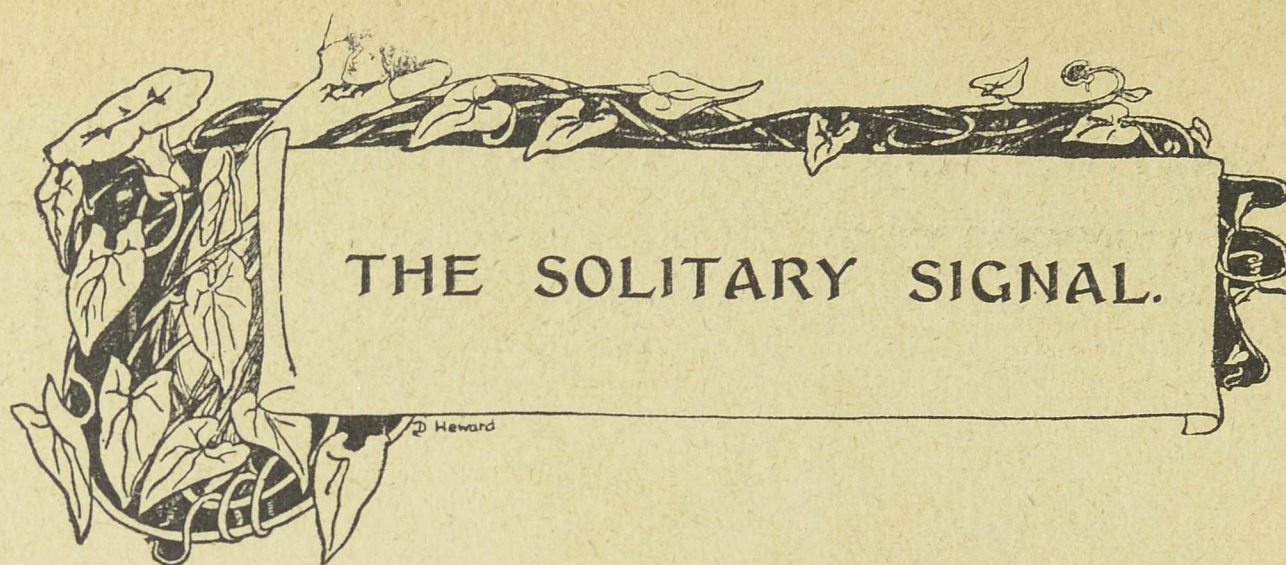
Are nodded to one family.

Norman Gale.

THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.



The Motor runs away with the Luggage.



THIS line was very quiet. "Much too quiet," the Solitary Signal complained, standing at the bend where he could see both ways; and wherever he looked there were shady trees and green banks, where primroses grew in the spring-time, and harebells and foxgloves in the summer.

Between these banks ran the shining railroad, like a many-ribbed serpent. Very few trains came along this line—only now and then, when there was a lot of extra traffic on the others.

"I can't think what I was put here for," the Solitary Signal would say; "there's absolutely nothing to do."

"Well, why not fall down? *I* would not stand for ever if I were you," whispered the Bindweed, twining round his feet.

The Solitary Signal laughed good-naturedly. "You could not stand if you would," he said; "you must always have someone to cling to."

"Always," murmured the Bindweed, and wound a longer tendril round the post.

So the time passed on. All day the Solitary Signal stood listening to the birds as they chattered about their nests and their families, and all night he watched the twinkling stars, or the moon sailing across the sky, or listened to the falling raindrops pattering around him.

And the Bindweed crept up and up until its long arms went out over the Signal, and almost hid it.

THE SOLITARY SIGNAL.

"See," it said, "I make you a nice green coat. By-and-bye, when I have caught enough sunbeams, my big white blossoms will open, and then we shall be fine."

And the Solitary Signal would have been very happy but for one thing.

"I stand for ever at 'All's clear,'" he said, "and I am acting a lie, for a great heap of earth has settled on the rails, and if a train came along——"

"But no trains ever do come along," urged the Bindweed, softly pressing on the Signal's arm and rusty hinges.

"Ah! but if they did?—and, of course, they might."

"Then I'm sure you would do your duty, like the noble fellow you are," flattered the Bindweed.

"Well, of course, I'd try." The Signal was modest. "But I'm afraid these rusty hinges would bother me."

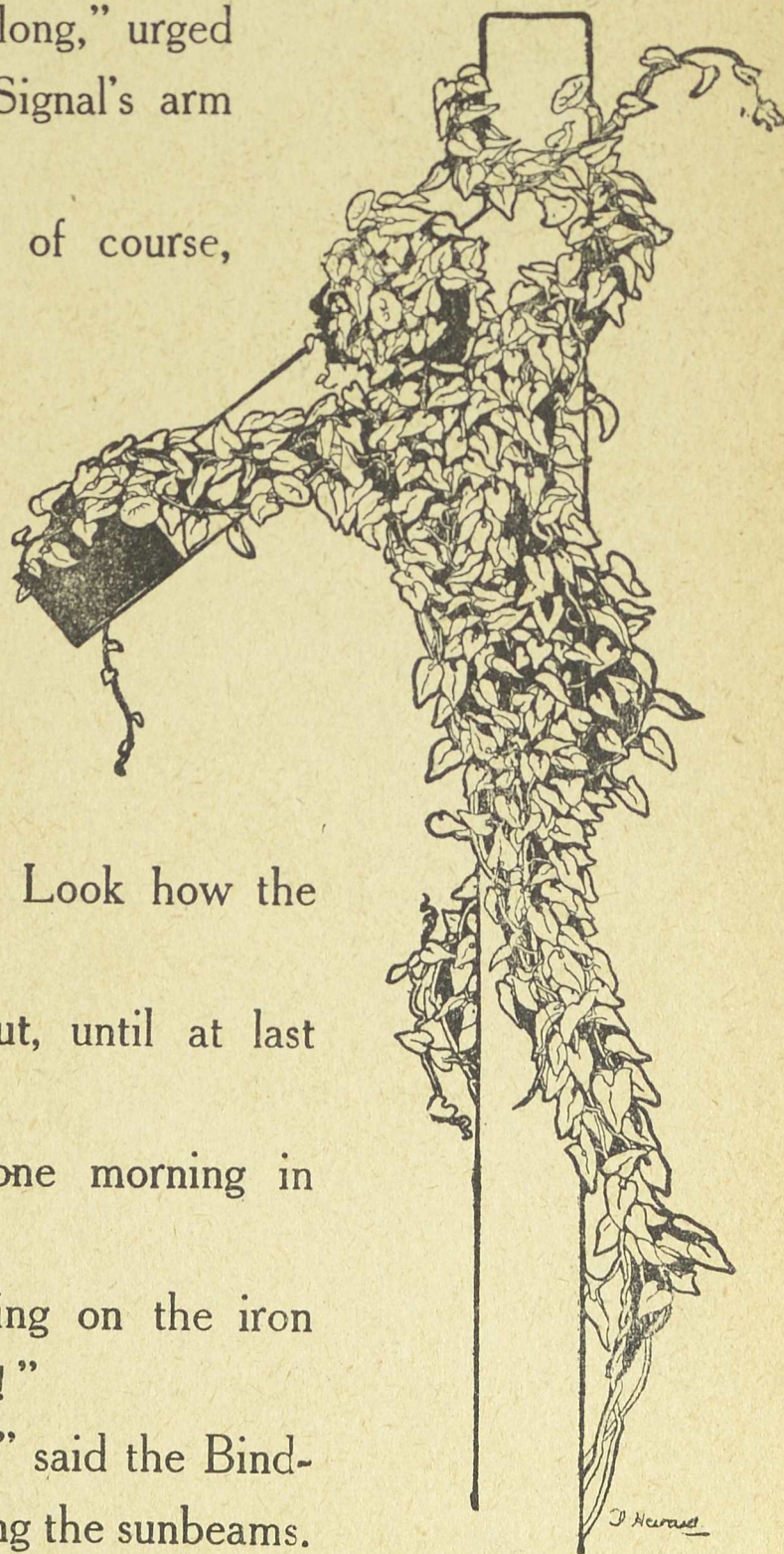
"Never mind! Why worry about it until the occasion comes? Look how the swallows are flying up there."

So it went on, day in, day out, until at last something happened.

The Solitary Signal woke up one morning in a state of great excitement.

"There is an unwonted trembling on the iron road!" he cried. "I can hear it!"

"'Tis not likely to come our way," said the Bindweed, and returned to its task of catching the sunbeams.

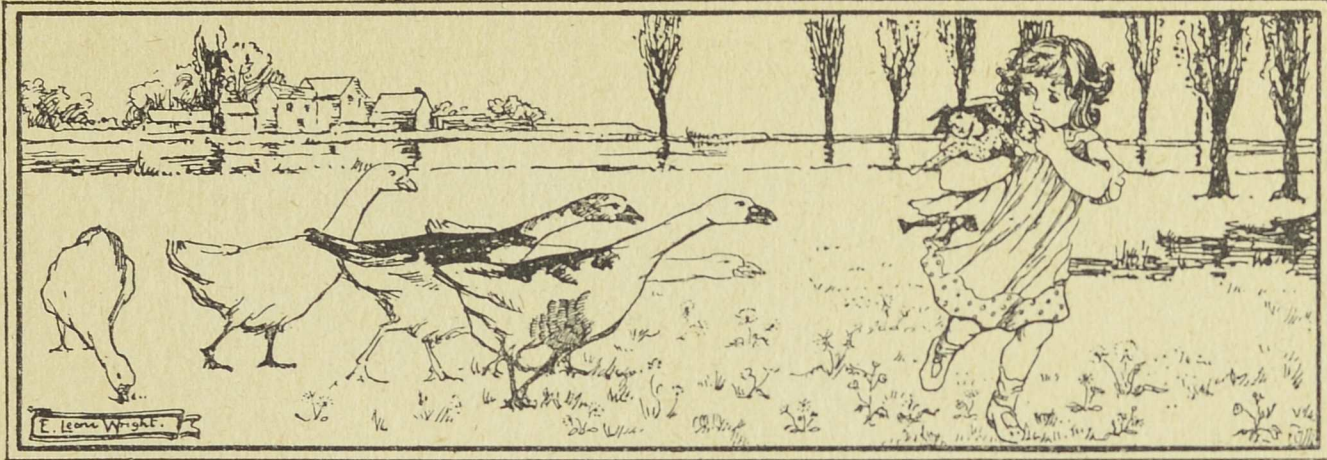


THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.



"The Engine said he was tired, and would not go any further."

THE SOLITARY SIGNAL.



But the trembling grew to a rumbling, the rumbling to a roar, and into sight along the line came a puffing, panting engine, drawing an excursion train full of shouting children.

"The landslip!" cried the Solitary Signal, and tried frantically to work its rusty hinges.

"Keep still!" hissed the Bindweed; "if you don't I'll strangle you!" for it hated all the race of mankind.

"I'll not keep still!" panted the Signal, and, gathering up all its strength, it pushed against the heavy bunch of Bindweed. Ah! it was giving way. With a squeak and a grind up it went, and the creeper fell away and lay in a tangle at the foot of the post.

"Hullo! the Signal's against us!" cried the Engine-Driver, slowing down at once.

"Oh, you needn't take any notice of that old thing! It's all out of order," said the coal-black Fireman, shovelling on more coal.

"But I saw it go up. Just cut along the line and see if there is anything wrong."



THE SOLITARY SIGNAL.

The puffing, panting engine came to a halt, and the coal-black Fireman sprang down.

"Well, I never!" he cried; "the old Signal's right after all. There's a great heap of stones here; we can't possibly get by."

So he climbed on to the engine again, and they backed away out of sight, down the shining railroad; shouting children, coal-black Fireman and all, while the Solitary Signal hung its head dejectedly, and the bruised, torn creeper lay about its feet.

But not for long. Soon a gang of men arrived to clear the line and repair the gallant Signal.

"If it hadn't been for you, you know," said the Paint-Pot Man, as he put a big dab of red paint on the Solitary Signal's nose, "if it hadn't been for you, one hundred children might have been killed. There, put that in your pipe and smoke it! It's a pity, when one comes to think of it, that you're nothing but a piece of wood and iron, and can't understand what you've done."

Couldn't he? The Paint-Pot Man did not see the broad smile on the Signal's face, or perhaps he would have thought differently.

May Heward.





A QUAIN OLD KING.

You see in the picture this quaint old King;

Well, isn't it just the funniest thing?

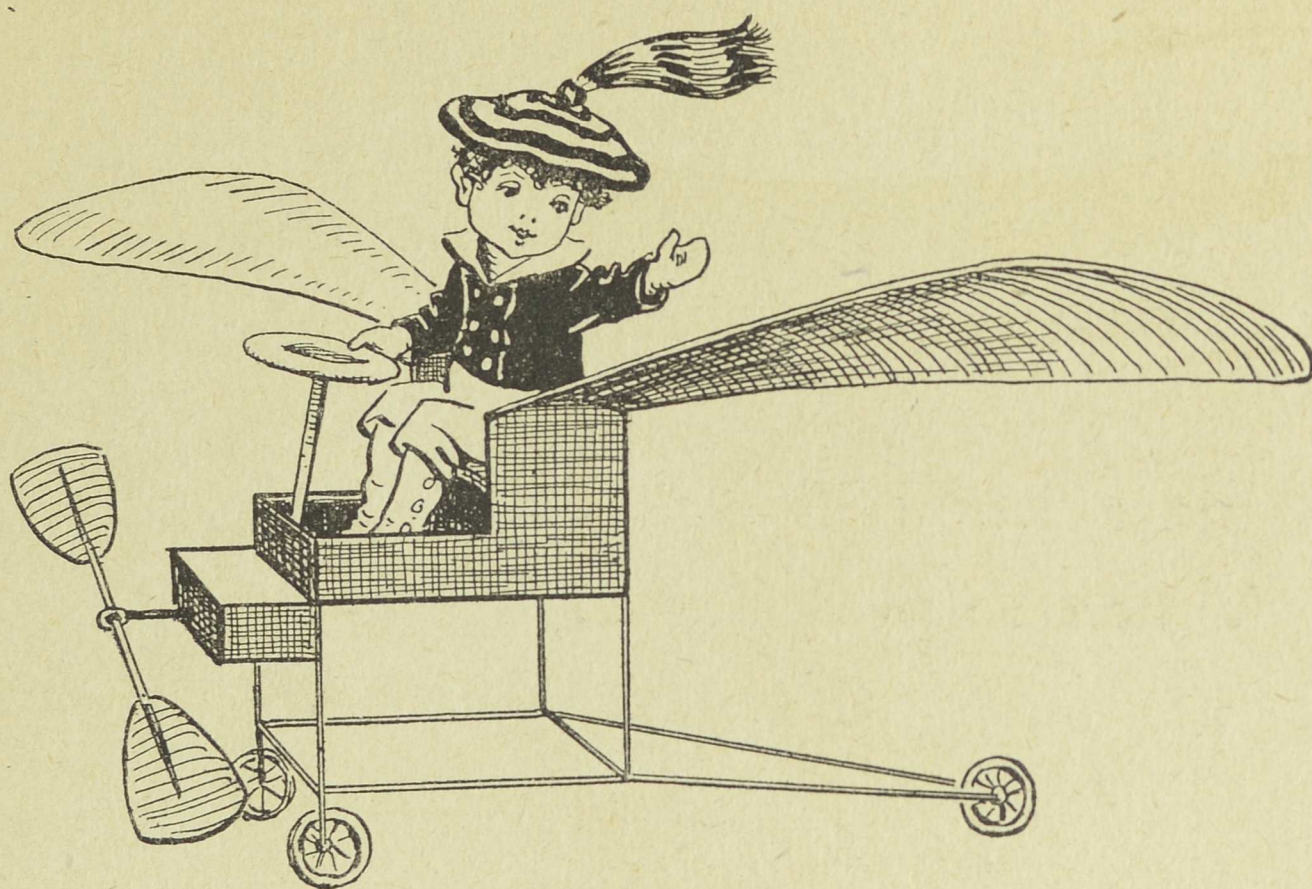
He wears his two shoes right up on his head,

And a pair of crowns on his feet instead!

THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.



Mountaineering Mishaps.



ALFRED AND HIS AEROPLANE.

Alfred made an Aeroplane—

Paper, wire and wood—

Said “Good-bye!” to all his friends,

As, of course, he should.

But remarked, “I’ll come again

When my journey’s done,

Just to tell you what it’s like,

Sailing round the sun.”

ALFRED AND HIS AEROPLANE.

Alfred in his Aeroplane

Vanished in the sky;

People watching, cried aloud,

“That’s the way to fly!

“What a journey it will be,

When so well begun!

Oh, what wonders he will see,

Sailing round the sun!”

Alfred and his Aeroplane

Never more were seen

Till Professor Bunn, the great,

Cried in accents keen—



THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.



"I've paid for a ticket; you *must* let me get in!"

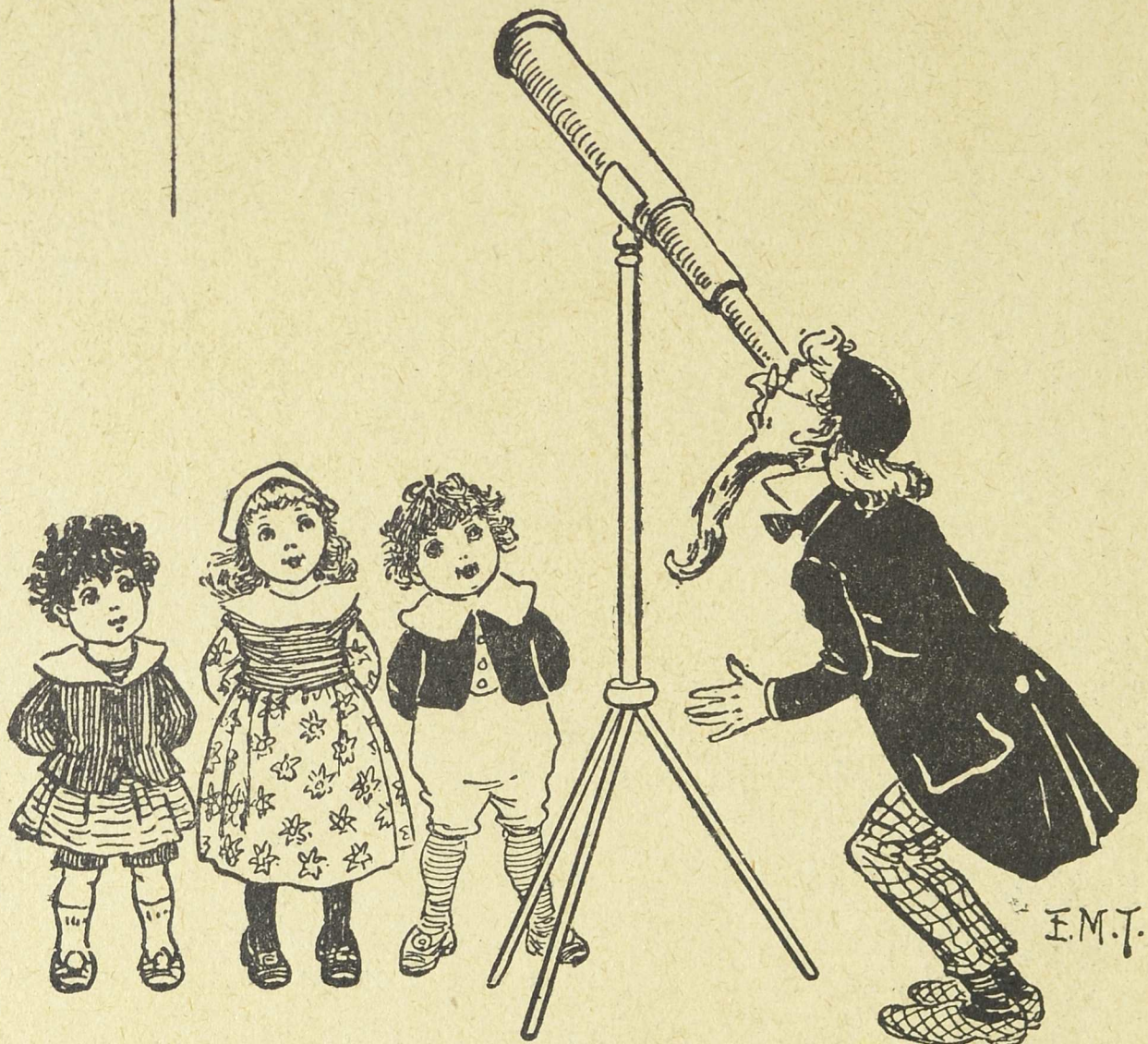
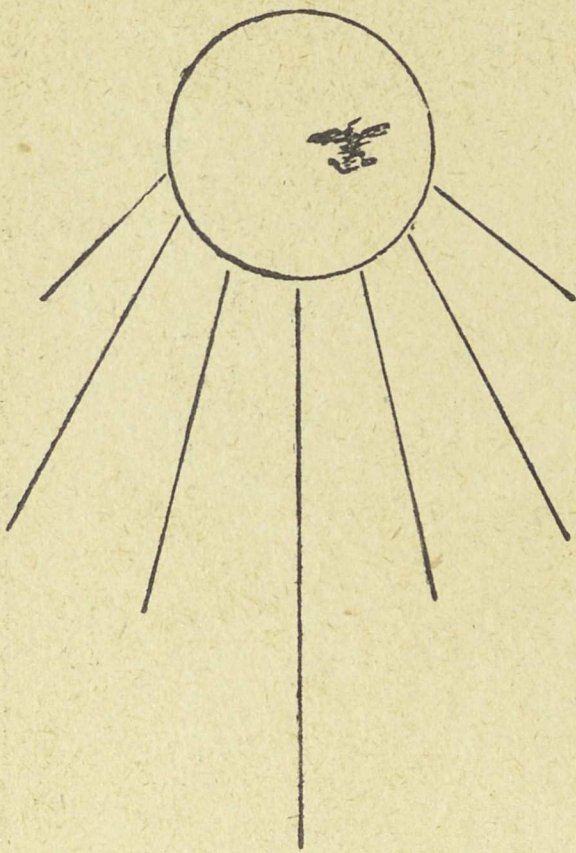
ALFRED AND HIS AEROPLANE.

"See that sun spot, clear and dark!

'Tis (as my name's Bunn)

Alfred and his Aeroplane
Sailing round the
sun!

John Lea.





A FALL OF APPLES.

“It is really most distressing!” said the Apples ripe and red,

When the West Wind blew them roughly from the tree;

But a shout of merry mischief rose from little Dot and Fred,

As they filled the basket full as full could be;

And the Pears up on a branch above began to shake
with dread,

As up the ladder Fred climbed, full of glee.

B. Hawkins.

TIP, THE TERRIER.

Young Tip was
always up to
tricks,

Naughty, naughty
terrier!

And if he got you in
a fix,

He was all the
merrier.

Fire!



Just always full of pranks and jokes,

Which he thought very funny;

To him they were, but not to folks

To whom they oft cost money.

He'd chase the fowls all through the yard;

Their tails he'd sometimes
scatter;

He'd run the little pigs so
hard,

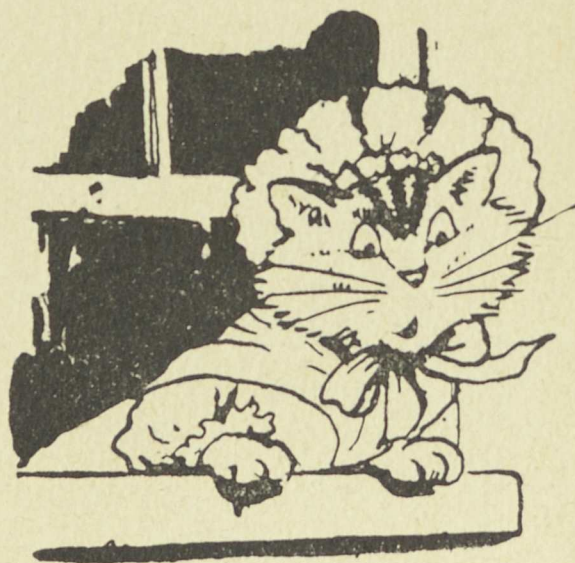
They never could grow
fatter.



TIP, THE TERRIER.

And even at the dead of night
Of tricks he would not tire;
He gave the household such a fright
By screaming, "Fire! Fire!"

And when poor Mrs. Tabbytoes,
Affrighted, called out,
"Where, oh?"
He turned on her the fire hose,
And rudely shouted,
"There, oh!"



His pranks by night, his tricks
by day,
Each week grew more annoying.

Where?

Till all, to cure him of his play,
Began some means employing.

One tweaked his tail whene'er he slept,
One took away his dinner,

And without sleep and food they kept
Him until he was thinner.

TIP, THE TERRIER.

They used a whip, they chained him up,

And left him lonely, squealing,

Till he had realized—bad pup!

The pains they had been feeling.

And now he is so changed in mind,

You know he'd never tease you,

But always do things good
and kind,

Just ev'rything to please
you.

Grace C. Floyd.



There!

THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.



The Camel helps himself.



TOM, THE WOOL-GATHERER.

TOM would come to grief ; everybody said so, and, of course, what everybody says is sure to come true.

Tom was a wool-gatherer ; that is, he and his thoughts were scarcely ever in the same place together. Very often Tom was sitting in the schoolroom with his lesson-book in front of him, but, more likely than not, his thoughts were racing about the garden outside, or they were climbing up a tree where Tom had seen a bird's nest, or they were down at the brook fishing for tadpoles and minnows. Sometimes they actually went up to the moon to have a look if the man who chopped sticks on a Sunday really was up there. Nothing stood in their way ; they went where they liked, and they did what they liked, all the time Tom, to whom they belonged, did everything, which he had to do, without them. It was truly a terrible state of things, for, as everybody knows, you cannot do anything in the world properly unless you keep your thoughts together.

One afternoon, Tom's mother sent him into the garden to gather a

TOM, THE WOOL-GATHERER.

few flowers for her. Tom began to pick the flowers, but he had only gathered one of them when a white, fluffy-looking little ball came floating straight in front of him. It looked just like a piece of wool, and as Tom was a wool-gatherer he tried to catch it. But away floated the bit of wool, first to one place in the garden and then to another, then out of the garden gate and into the lane outside, where it sailed gracefully over the hedge and into a little wood beyond, where Tom was forbidden to go. But wool-gatherers forget everything, and into the wood Tom scrambled after the airy little vagrant which went dancing in and out among the shady trees, and down the mossy paths, till at last it settled upon a large white flower growing in the middle of a beautiful carpet of thick moss. Tom darted after it, but no sooner were his feet upon the mossy carpet than down he went, right into the midst of a dreadful bog of thick mud. There he stood, jammed as tightly into the bog as a sardine in a sardine-box, with just his head peeping out.

"Oh, I shall die, I know I shall!" bellowed poor Tom. "Oh, do help me out, someone, please do!" Almost the next moment he saw the queerest little man, he had ever seen in his life, standing upon the edge of the bog, just in front of him. He was dressed in green from head to foot, and his head and face looked exactly like those of a frog.

"Well, young stick-in-the-mud," said the little man, "what are you doing upon my land?"

"I didn't know it was your land,



THE TRIALS OF TWO TRAVELLERS.

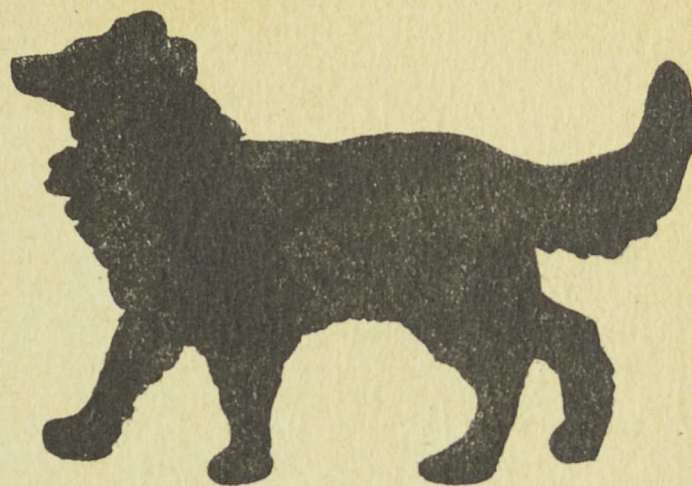


They arrive at Home by Aeroplane.

TOM, THE WOOL-GATHERER.

sir," blubbered Tom, "Oh, please help me out, and I'll never come here again!"

"That I'm sure you won't!" laughed the owner of the bog. "But what were you doing when you slipped into the bog?"



"I was trying to catch a bit of wool," sobbed Tom.

"Trying to catch a bit of wool, eh?" said the little man, with a knowing look. "Then you're a wool-gatherer. Only wool-gatherers get into the mess you're in."

Now Tom could not deny that he was a wool-gatherer; he had been called one scores of times. Was this the grief that everybody had said he would come to one day? He felt dreadfully frightened.

"What were you doing when you first saw the piece of wool?" said the little man.

"Getting some flowers for mother!" sobbed Tom.

"And have you got them?" asked the little man.

"No!" bellowed Tom. "The bit of wool came, and I went after it."

"This is a very sad state of affairs," said the little man; "I should like to hear your lessons."

"Oh, please don't!" roared Tom.

"Ah!" said the little man, "that tells a tale, and I don't believe you can take a message properly, either. If I were to pull you out, and to send you home with one, you would go wool-gathering again, I am sure."



TOM, THE WOOL-GATHERER.

"Oh, no, sir, I won't!" cried Tom; "I'll never go wool-gathering again."

"Well, we'll see," said the little man. Thereupon he sprang lightly on to the bog, and, seizing Tom by the scruff of his neck, he jerked him out of the mud and placed him upon the grass at the side.

"There, you're in a nasty mess," he said; "but it will save you from getting into a much worse one. Now run home and tell your mother that you're never going wool-gathering again; and mind you don't."

How Tom did run to be sure! His mother screamed when she saw him in such a dirty state. But when Tom told her all that had happened, and how he had promised the little man that he would never go wool-gathering again, she was very glad that he had had such a good lesson. Tom kept his promise, and, from that day forth, never afterwards let his thoughts run about just as they liked when he had anything to do.

Helen Sands.





SINGING THROUGH THE YEAR.

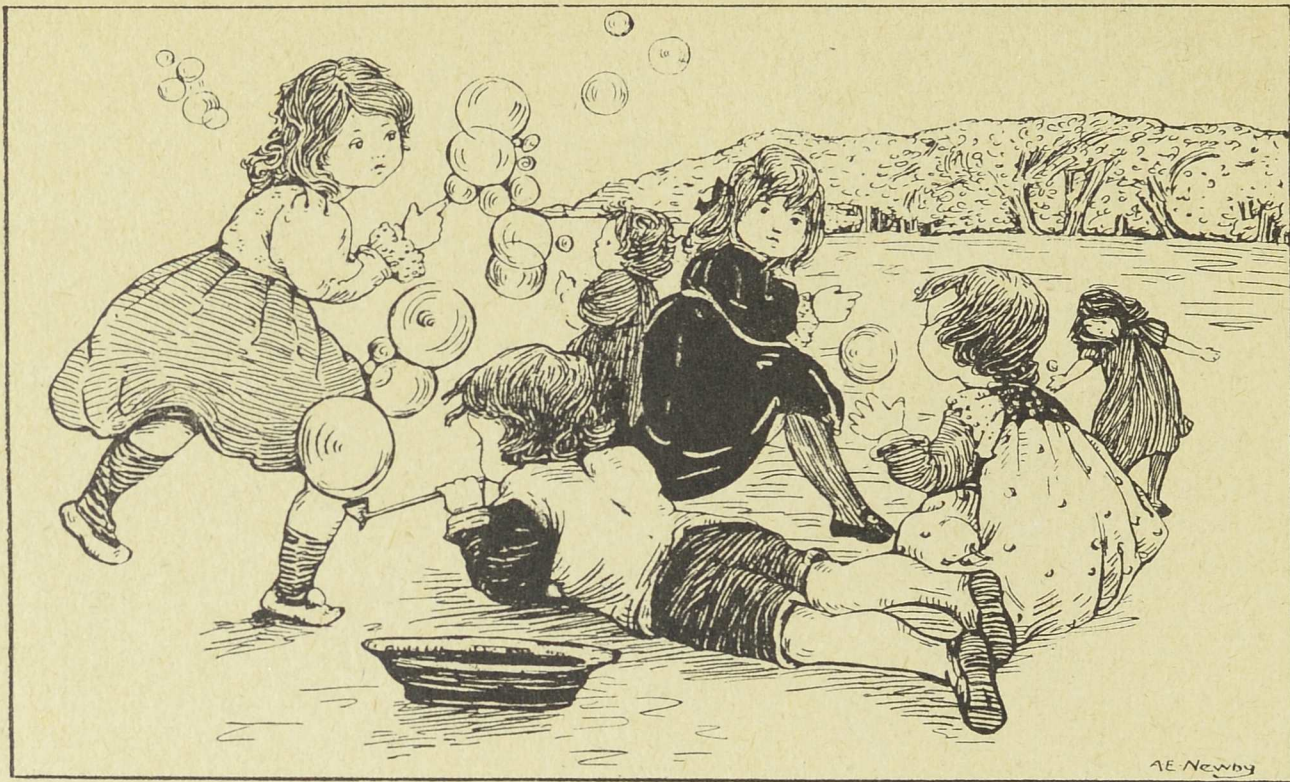
If skies are blue, or skies are grey,

All through the year each dawning day

Some new and perfect blossom brings,

And every day some sweet voice sings.

SINGING THROUGH THE YEAR.



There may be roses, rich and red,
Or but the little daisies spread;

Or some child-face flower, sweet and
dear,

But there are flowers all through
the year.

It may be nightingale's full notes,

Or winter songs from robins' throats,

Or children's voices, sweet and clear,

But there is song all through the year.

SINGING THROUGH THE YEAR.

No man can see and hear and know

All the sweet songs and flowers
that grow;

Only the angels see and hear

All flowers and songs all through
the year.

E. Nesbit.



SANTA CLAUS in a DIFFICULTY.

"How large these socks of Jumbo's are!
He's hung out all the FOUR!!
I have not nearly gifts enough...
I'll have to get some more...
I brought a bun," said Santa Claus,
"And a nice banana too,
But both of those won't
fill one sock....

What ever shall
I do"?



JUMBO'S CHRISTMAS.

MORE WONDERS.

A most wonderful age this is surely now,
Seeing horses are found who can drive
a plough ;

Why, next they'll be seen sitting up at
tables

Eating cake, while children munch
hay in stables !



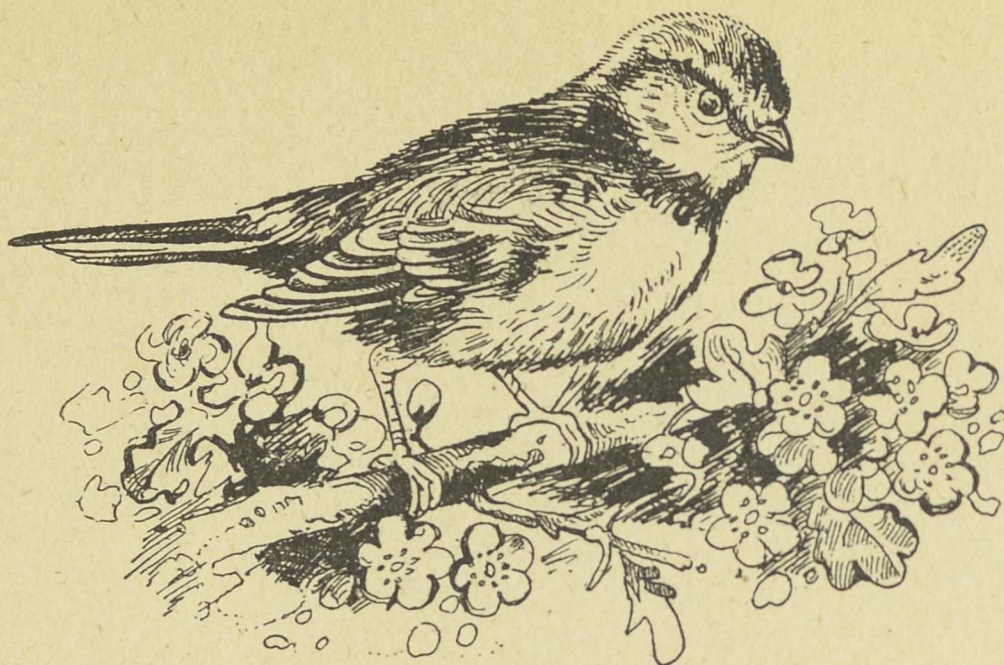
IF I WERE A MERMAID.

If wishes were fishes, a Mermaid I'd be,
And always go swimming about in the sea;
Instead of two feet have a cool, flapping tail;
I'd dance with the fishes and ride on a whale.

In a pink coral cave, 'tis there I would dwell,
With seaweed for curtains, and doors made of shell;
My furniture all should be mother-of-pearl,
If I were a Mermaid instead of a girl.

Grace C. Floyd.





LITTLE MISS BLOSSOM.

LITTLE Miss Blossom swayed gently to and fro. She was closely wrapped up, with her cloak over her head, but she could feel the sun's warmth all the same.

"I am tired of being shut up!" she cried; "I think I shall come out. The Spring is here, and I am sure it is high time."

Miss Blossom had several sisters near her, and they all begged her not to be imprudent.

"It is too early, dear, yet; try and be patient," said the eldest.

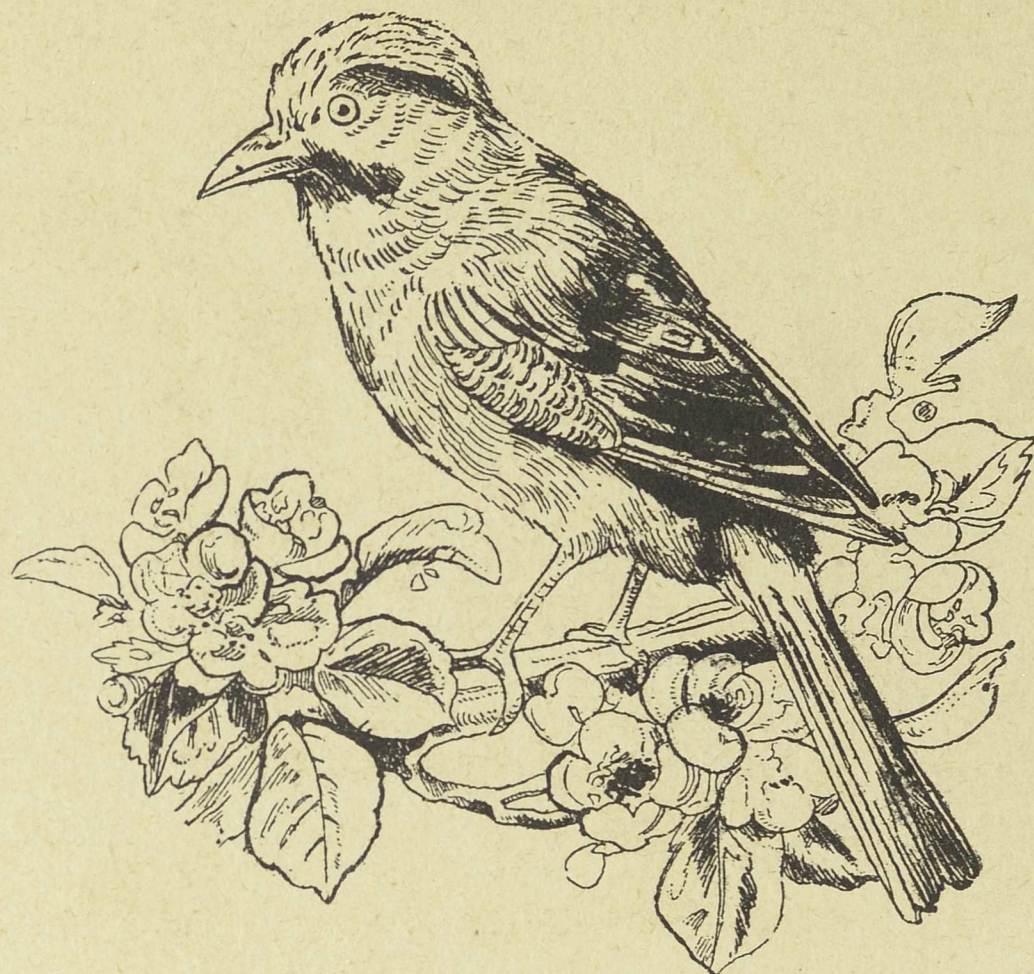
"But I can feel the sun on my head," pouted Little Miss Blossom. "How foolish to waste the time! I want to see the beautiful world."

She was a vain little thing was Miss Blossom, and she wanted the beautiful world to see her pink and white frock.

Just then the Branch spoke, and what he said was this: "Your sisters are quite right. It is true that the cuckoo is calling; but one cuckoo does not make Spring. I am not at all sure that Mr. Frost has gone for good. He has a way of lurking round the corner, and coming back again; and if he catches you, you won't like his icy fingers, I can tell you, young lady."

Little Miss Blossom laughed gaily.

LITTLE MISS BLOSSOM.



“Dear old Branch,” she cried, “you are so fussy. I am sure Mr. Frost has gone; he could never bear this warm weather.”

Then Mr. Wind, floating by, whispered into Little Miss Blossom’s ear. He was not a person to be trusted; but she did not know that, unfortunately.

“Spring is here, little friend,” murmured the Wind, “Why do you stay indoors? You ought to be enjoying the light and warmth, for youth is the time of happiness. Don’t mind what others say; you have a right to think for yourself.”

“Child, be prudent!” counselled the Branch in a warning voice; “at any rate, wait another day or two.”

Little Miss Blossom hesitated, but Mr. Wind went on whispering compliments, and they turned her head. She called gaily to her sisters—

“My dears, you are too slow for me. I have made up my mind. I am coming out!” So saying, she threw off her winter coverings.

Oh, it was all charming at first! A sunbeam darted down and kissed her, while Mr. Wind hovered around, and told her she was



A DROWSY DAY.

LITTLE MISS BLOSSOM.

the prettiest creature he had ever seen. The rogue said that to hundreds every year.

For a whole day she was as happy as a queen, and cried, "How silly of my sisters not to come out, too!"

But the next day the Sun stayed at home; a cold breeze sprang up, and Little Miss Blossom longed in vain for the winter wraps she had so thoughtlessly discarded.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Frost, who *had* been lurking round the corner, gave her a cruel pinch. Her petals shrivelled up; very soon she dropped to the ground. It was all over with poor Little Miss Blossom.

"I was afraid this would happen," sighed the Branch; "but the foolish child *would* come out!"

Sheila E. Braine.



A MAY SONG.

May-born May morn,
Lovely May!
Come to stay,
Bringing sunny weather
Which will make June roses blow;
Later on, the moors to glow
With the purple heather.

May-born May morn!
Little sheep
Run and leap
Playing with each other;
Lambkins happy all day long,
Long-legged lambkins, lambkins strong,
Tired, seek their mother.

May-born May morn!
Sweetest child!
Free yet mild,
Stepping out with pleasure.
May life hold for you in store
Joys increasing more and more,
Love in untold measure!
If not
Leisure,
Pleasure,
Treasure—
Then Love, in untold measure!





"GOOD-NIGHT!"



Although I'm sorry when it's time to go to
bed at night,

I never feel a bit afraid when Nurse puts out
the light;

For, even if it
seems as dark
as ever it can
be,

I'm sure to
have a little
star to keep
me company.



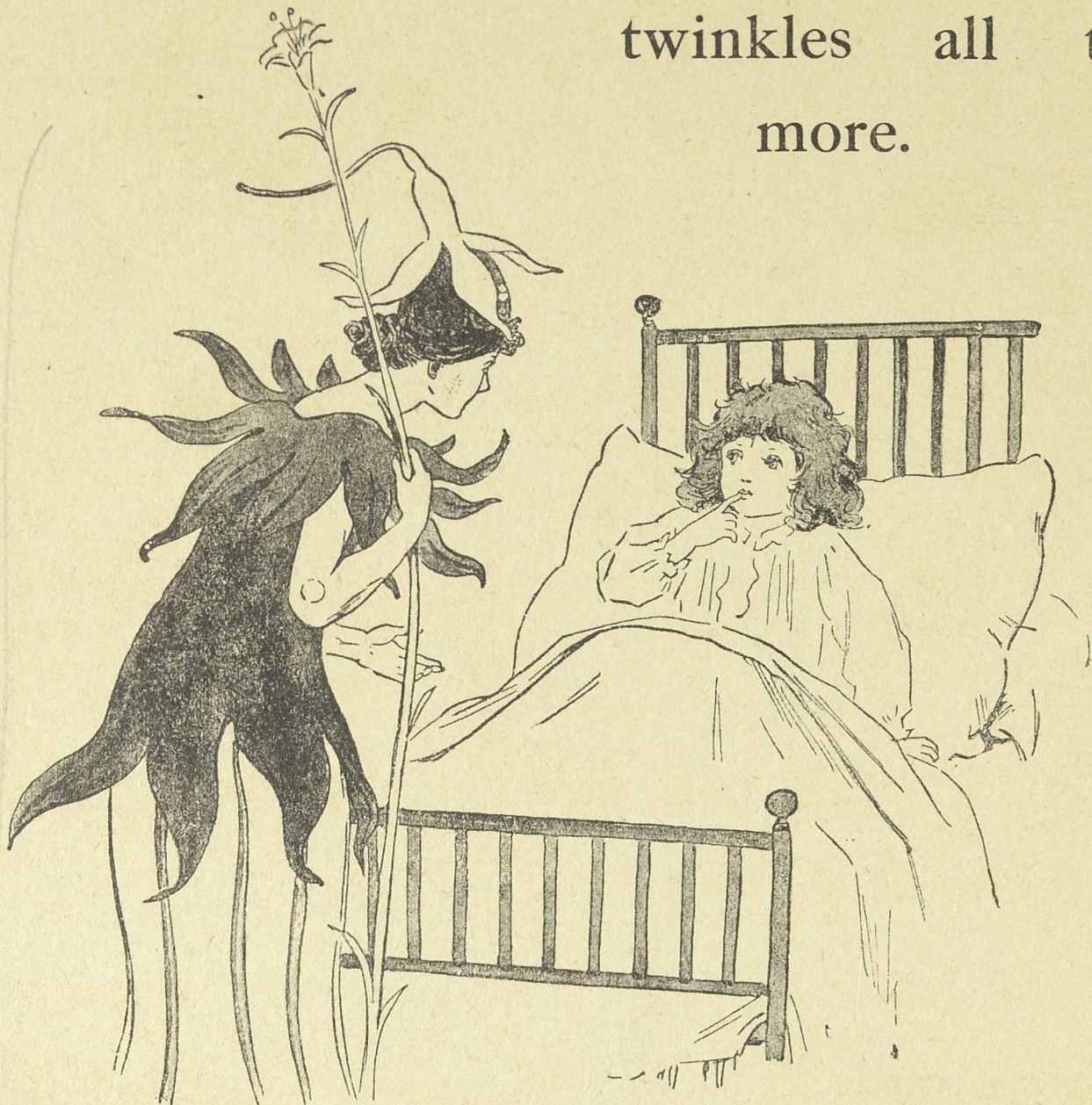
THE TWINKLY STAR.

I pull the curtain back, and, as I lie there
in my bed,

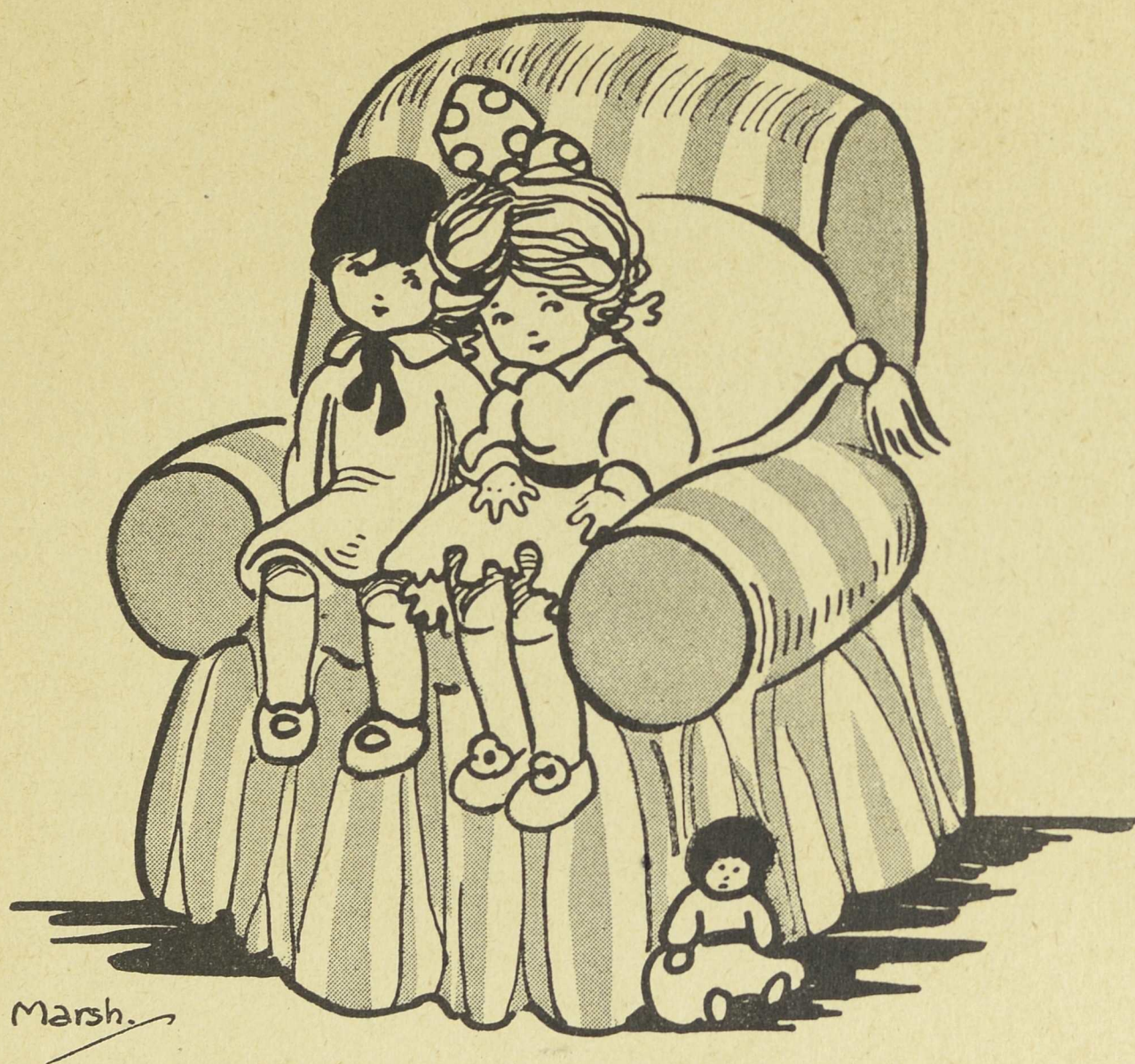
I can see it twinkle, twinkle, in the sky
above my head;

And, p'raps, you mayn't believe it, but I'm just
as sure as sure

That when it sees me kiss my hand it
twinkles all the
more.



THE TWINKLY STAR.



Although I s'pose it's too far off to hear me
when I speak,

We very often have a little game at hide and
seek ;

I hide beneath the bed-clothes, and it hides
behind a cloud,

And when we both peep out again it twinkles
very loud.

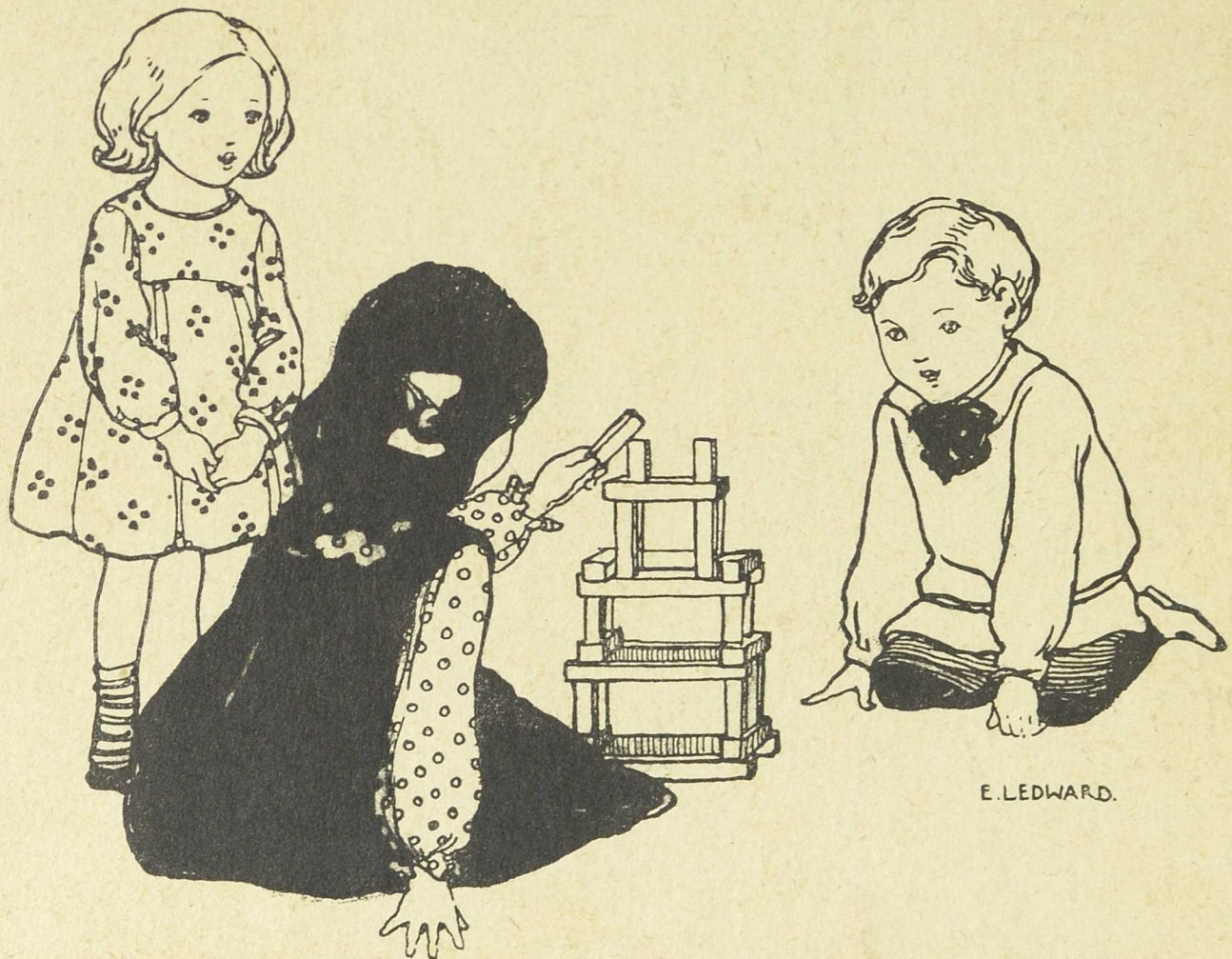
THE TWINKLY STAR.

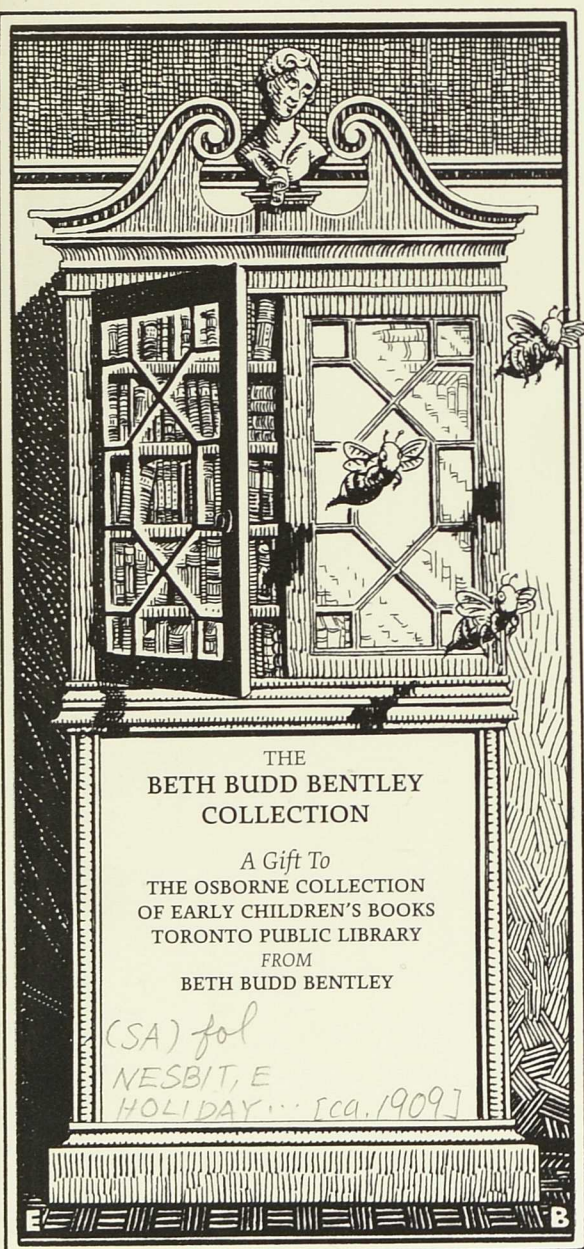
One night I saw a star fall out of bed—oh,
such a way!

It may have been by accident, it may have
been in play—

But anyhow, I felt as glad as ever I could be
That it was not the twinkly one that always
laughs at me.

Ada Leonora Harris.





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