



*Primary*

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*Recitations*

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FOR

*Pupils in Primary Classes*

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**Price 25 Cents**

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TORONTO

Grip Printing & Publishing Co.



# PRIMARY RECITATIONS

FOR

PUPILS IN PRIMARY CLASSES

WITH

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

AND LESSONS IN

### PRIMARY ELOCUTION

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*BEING THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF VOLUMES FOR THE  
PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION*

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TORONTO :  
GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

1892

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, by the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection of readings is the first of a series of selections for the practice of Elocution. It has been prepared in response to a demand by parents and teachers for appropriate recitations for young children, not further advanced than the First Readers. Many of the selections have been made from similar works published in the United States and England, and the compiler believes he has selected the best in child literature for the end in view : the practice of Elocution in primary classes and the culture of a literary taste.

The lessons in Elocution are not beyond the capacity of pupils in primary classes. The exercises in breathing; in voice development, and in distinct articulation, are of the first importance, and ought to be practised daily and systematically at home and in school. Sir Morell Mackenzie, in his work on ‘The Hygiene of the Speaking Voice,’ says: “If there is any doubt as to when it is best to begin the training of the singing voice, there can be none, I imagine, as to commencing the education of the speaking (which of course includes the reading) voice. It can hardly be begun too soon. In this way faults of production and articulation (baby talk, which should never be tolerated) can be prevented, or as it were, strangled in the cradle, which in after life can only be got rid of with infinite trouble and vexation of spirit. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of surrounding a child even before it can speak with persons whose accent and utterance are pure and refined.”

The series of books of which, as already stated, this is the first, will advance in their instruction and selections according to the grades in the Public Schools, and in their highest character will present selections from the best English classical literature and oratory.



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# PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

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## ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN ELOCUTION.

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As Elocution is defined to be "the power of expression by words," it ought to commence with the first lessons in speaking and reading. Whatever ornamental forms it may take in its higher departments, the first lessons children receive in speaking and reading, in the home circle or the school-room, ought to be the first lessons in Elocution. Elocution means, if we paraphrase Webster's definition, the perfect utterance of speech, with all the natural modulations of the voice used in conversation. "Baby talk" is bad English, which ought to be corrected in the nursery, and elocution begins, or should begin, with the first reading lessons of the school-room, as the best correction of baby-talk, and lingual vulgarisms of every kind; and, when conducted on right methods, children should be able, not only to name the words as symbols of thought, but to read them with perfect articulation, that is to sound the elements forming the words—the letters sounded in each word—with perfect correctness. This is called phonetic spelling and reading, and this constitutes the first and last and most important branch of elocution. This method is now being introduced in all good elementary teaching of reading, and no teaching is good and effective without such practice.

### THE BREATH.

1. Take breath in through the nose; not by snuffing the air noisily through the nostrils, but by raising the abdomen, and the ribs, keeping the mouth shut. The air will then rush into the lungs nasally.

2. Expel the air through the mouth by drawing in the abdomen and lower part of the chest.

### BREATH EXERCISES.

The following exercises may be practiced in three positions :  
(1) Standing, with the head erect, the chin slightly backward

from the vertical. (2) Sitting upright, the shoulders thrown back. (3) Lying flat on the back without a pillow. This last exercise can only be done at home.

*Exercise I.*—Slowly inhale through the nose. Slowly exhale through the mouth; four times. Time for each act about four seconds.

*Exercise II.*—Slowly inhale until the lungs are well filled; 4 seconds. Retain, that is, keep the air in; 4 seconds. Slowly exhale; 4 seconds.

Repeat this exercise many times.

Head and shoulders must be motionless and erect when inhaling and exhaling. The abdomen and ribs only rise and fall.

As a rule the breath should be drawn in and expelled silently. Occasionally, however, audible breathing is good. It may be gentle or forcible, but not boisterous.

When the learners can inhale easily through the nostrils, with the mouth closed, they may be led to inhale through the nostrils with the mouth open, by pressing the tongue against the palate.

Remember that this is deep breathing, taking a full breath, and emptying the lungs well, but without bending the body forward. The breathing exercises may be practised in the school-room or the home, several times a day, for from one to three or four minutes at a time. The air in every practice should be purified by ventilation.

#### ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the name given to the action of sounding the letters of the alphabet. The old school alphabet gives twenty-four letters, each having a name. But for distinct and perfect articulation the names are useless; the sounds of the letters are indispensable to secure distinctness and purity of speech, and these sounds are from forty to forty-four in number. There are five vowels and nineteen consonants, if we count the letters by their names; but the vowels by name utterly fail to represent the vowels by sounds; and while some consonants have two sounds, there are sounds which have no single consonant to represent them. Thus the vowel *a* sounded by name, like *a* in aim, has at least four different sounds, as *ā*ge, *ā*ir, *ā*rm, all. We have no single letter to represent each of the sounds

we give to *th* in *pith* and *with*, *sh* and *zh* in *hush*, *azure*, *ng* in *sing*, and *ch* in *church*. Every one who can read the simplest book can give the names of the letters, but very few are able to give the sounds of the letters.

In the study of elocution, it is the sounds of the letters to which the closest attention of the teacher and the learner must be given; for without the perfect sounds of the letters, the elocution, the reading and speaking of words will be imperfect. We fail to "hear" a speaker because the articulation, the perfect sound of the letters on the word spoken is defective, not because the speaker does not speak loud enough. Hence the first step towards perfect elocution is to secure the perfect sound of every letter used in a word.

The following tables of the letters should be practised; and the learner, by careful attention, will find that each letter given as an example, requires for the vowels an alteration, a different fixing of the mouth, of the lips and the tongue. In sounding the consonants, the alteration is still more marked: when we sound B, it is performed by pressing the lips together; but when we sound L, the lips are separated, and the tongue is pressed against the roof of the mouth. Now the purity of the sound of the vowels, and the distinctness of the consonants depend upon the proper fixing of the mouth and of the tongue.

RULE.—To secure perfect and finished sounds, two actions must be practised: 1. Bring the organs to be used into prompt and forcible contact, and (2) Promptly and forcibly separate the organs when the sound is made. This is generally, though often very carelessly done, when the letter is at the beginning or in the word; but when the letter *ends* a word, it is frequently neglected, especially when two letters similarly formed come together, called cognate sounds, as *step back*, *put down*, *a big cat*, *this city*; here *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, *g* and *c*, *s* and *c*, as couples are similarly formed, and called cognate sounds. In the tables appended, the learner should (1) sound the word given as an example; (2) then sound the letter the word illustrates; (3) then find similar examples in the lesson book or the volume of recitations. Great attention should be paid to the *perfect* sound of the special letter, both by itself and in the word. Thus in the word *trinity*, the three vowels represented by *i* and *y*, have the *same* sound, that is, the sound of *i* in *it*; but when the word is said or sung, the second *i* will be sounded wrongly, either as *u* in *sun*, or *a* in *al*, *trinity* or *trinaty*, instead of

trín-it-ÿ, the *i* in *it*, and the *y* being rightly sounded like the *i* in *trin*.

The action of the mouth gives the respective names to the letters, and the learner should be shown, and be able to describe that action. Thus, B, M, P are sounded (1) by the pressure, and (2) by the separation of the lips; F and V, by pressing the under lip to the edges of the upper front teeth; D and T are formed by fixing the edges of the tongue against the upper side teeth or grinders, and its tip against the roots of the upper front or cutting teeth. In sounding T, more force is exercised than in sounding D, and the breath used is converted into sound by the voice organs at the back of the mouth. This action also marks the sounds of B, V, Th, in *with* Z, to distinguish them from P, F, Th, in *kith*, and S.

Combinations of several consonants in one word, as *tenths*, *catch'dst*, *bursts*, *precincts*, and especially when ending, words should be frequently practised, and carefully watched by the instructor.

#### VOWELS.

A has seven sounds, as *āge*, *āir*, *ārm*, *all*, *āt*, *āsk*, *liar*.

E " five " *ēve*, *ēnd*, *wēre*, *obēy*, *hēr* *brier*.

I " two " *Ice*, *In*.

O " six " *ōwn*, *ōdd*, *mōōn*, *foōt*, *soōn*, *do*.

U " four " *ūse*, *ūp*, *pūt*, *rūle*.

CONSONANTS named according to the chief part of the mouth used.  
*Prof. Cumnock's Arrangement.*

LABIALS	DENTALS.	PALATALS.	NASALS.	LINGUALS.
b as in ebb.	d as in odd.	g as in gag.	n as in nun.	l as in lull.
p " pop.	t " tot.	k " cake.	ng " song.	r " row.
m " mum.	th " with.	y " aye.		r " far.
w " we.	th pith.			
v " eve.	s " sis.			
f " if.	z " buz.			
v and f are	zh " azure			
lip and teeth,	sh " wish.			
called labio-	j " joy, edge.			
dentals.	ch " church.			

Final consonants, especially when two or more different consonants are combined, require practice and attention. The following brief list will suggest to the teacher and learner what should be done.

*Method.*—(1) Sound each letter singly ; (2) sound the combinations ; (3) sound the word ; (4) find or make other similiar combinations:—ld, cold ; lf, elf ; lk, milk ; lm, elm ; (not elum) ; lp, help, lt, melt ; lve, elve ; md, maim'd ; nd, and ; ns, runs ; nk, bank ; nce, donce ; sm, chasm ; sps, asps ; sts, masts ; bl'd, n'dst, bubbl'd ; dst, amidst ; rndst, learn'dst.

(1) Imitate the practice of Pestalozzi, give the youngest pupils words of several syllables to pronounce, requiring the best utterance of every letter and syllable ; as, necessarily, apologetic, dishonorable, etc. When learners fail to sound long words of several syllables, get them first to *sound* every letter in the word—phonetic-spelling ; (2) sound each syllable backwards, (3) sound each syllable forward.

The following are cognate sounds with word examples, the complete pronunciation of which requires special attention:—b, p ; v, f ; th, *th*, z, s ; zh, sh ; j, ch ; g, k or c ; r, before a vowel and after a vowel as *roar*. “Exercises in articulation should be given with great energy. The pupil should be urged to use all the muscular strength of the organs between any two sounds,—but each sound should be clean-cut—given with staccato effect to accomplish the desired effect.”—*Caroline B. Le Row*. Spelling hard words by the sounds, not the names of the letters, without regard to the meaning should be a daily exercise.

Examples of cognate sounds in italics:—Step *back*, put *down* this slate ; move *forward* ; she *with thin* nails ; which *church* changes sin ; a big *cat* tore Rob's satchel.

#### PAUSES IN READING.

We should pause wherever there is a “stop.” That is a rule generally understood, but often neglected. The stops are good guides as far as they go. But they do not go far enough. The trained teacher has the best guide in the grammatical construction of the sentence : in the subject with its complements, and the predicate with its extensions. But the pupil in the lowest grade, who knows nothing of analysis, may be led to classify words in phrases, and to give proper pauses after each group of



words by methods simple and intelligible. Take the following sentence in the First Reader, first part, p. 51. "Then we can ask the man at the mill to let us go up to the top and see the bell." In this sentence there is only one stop, at the end. But a few questions based on the grammatical analysis of the sentence will suggest the grammatical or natural pauses: as

What can we do? We can ask the man.

What man? The man who is at the mill.

What can we ask him? We can ask him to let us go up to the top of the mill.

What to do? That we may see the bell.

Each of these questions points out "man," "mill," "him," "top," and "bell" as natural points for pausing. Such analysis is as useful as the most complicated forms of the highest grammar, and if frequently practised, would lead to good habits of expression, as well as to intelligent rhetorical pauses. The answers to such questions should not be a single word, but as far as possible an independent sentence. In the more advanced series regular rules based on the grammatical forms of the passage will be given.

#### INFLECTIONS AND PITCH.

Expression in reading is impossible without inflection and other modulations of the voice. The inflections of children's voices are perfect in conversation, but after passing through the drill of school education, the pernicious monotony of school reading destroys the natural endowment of childhood, and the best as well as the worst educated adults fail to give to their reading the inflections which indicate expression. The defect is not the result of bad teaching, but of no teaching.

The drill for inflection ought to accompany every reading lesson. It is simply a practice on the gamut, from the lowest to the highest note and the highest to the lowest note in the compass of the learner's voice. Very young children can pass through a compass of from four to five notes, say from *do* to *sol*. They can sing the notes *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, and return to *do*. This is a change in pitch. (I) Let the pupils *sound* these different pitches but not sing them. (II) Take ten lines of a simple poem, read the first line on the lowest note *do*, sound *re*, and read the second line on that key note, and so advance over five lines, sounding the key note and *reading* not singing each suc-

cessive line in accord with the pitch to the fifth note; then return with similar steps to the lowest note. This drill exercises the voice and the ear in the essentials of pitch for reading.

Now change the practice to a slide or slur similarly, but using the vowel *ä* as sounded in calm.

INFLECTION—I. Sound *ä* as low as *do* and slide up to *re*—simply slide not sing.

II. Commence again from *do*, and without a break slide up to *mi*. Thus repeat the exercise, every time commencing on *do*, but each time passing to a higher note, until the learners pass from one extreme to the other without a break or stop in each practice.

III. Repeat this practice with each of the long vowel sounds, p 12.

IV. Vary these practices, making them slow and rapid in succession.

V. Frequently drill the learner to pronounce a word with either inflection and to end a sentence with either inflection.

#### EMPHASIS.

When children are beginning to learn to read, every *printed* word is a difficulty—the symbols of articulated sounds having no resemblance to the sounds themselves. Hence every word is naturally emphasised. This habit may be checked and corrected by asking questions on the statement made by the sentence in a lesson, or a recitation, the learner giving the answer expressed by the sentence in his or her own language as already suggested. Take the lesson XXV in the First Reader, part 1, and suggest the emphatic words by such questions, as, “What must Ben do?” *Cap* is at once suggested and “put on your cap” is the full answer which should be given in natural tones. Ben asks, “My fur cap, sir?” The object of putting on the cap is to do a service, and that suggests the emphatic word the answer to bring the “tar.” Ben asks a question and the answer is solved by the kind of cap “fur,” which suggests the emphatic word. Such a simple analysis is intelligible and practical, and yet is the basis of the highest order of thought analysis. In all such drill the pupil will at first emphasise the new or difficult words; but when words are mastered, and the meaning perceived by the learner, the second step should follow: the whole

sentence should be read naturally, especially with reference to the emphatic words.

In the class-room special lessons of this kind, either from the readers, or suggested by common events, or of everyday life, may be formed and written on the black-board—sentence building and sentence reading—as the best corrective of the bad habits and the sing song tones produced by mere book reading.

#### READING OF POETRY.

The sing-song which universally marks the reading of poetry from the school-room to the reading desk, the platform and the pulpit, and mars the expression of all poetry is chiefly due to the regularity of the rhythm—the emphasis of accented words. It should be a standing rule that no word, and especially no monosyllable in poetry should be emphasised because it is accented. A momentary pause before accented but unimportant words, like “of,” “to,” “in,” “we,” “for,” “with,” “and,” “but,” etc., will aid in checking the tendency to sing-song, and a slight prolonging of the time of emphatic words—poising on them—as well as giving the additional force will aid the end in view. Thus in the following verse from the “Robin Red-breast’s Secret” a pause where the dash | is inserted and a lengthening of the time of the italic words are all useful for the end in view.

The-light *breeze* | gently *rocks* | our-nést,  
 And-*hushes-us* | to-*sleep*  
 We’re up | be-*himes*, to sing-our-söng  
 And the-*first-day-light* | greet.  
 I-have-a-*secret* | I-would-like  
 The-little-*girls* | to *know*,  
 But, I-won’t-tell—a-*single-böy* |  
 THËY | *rob* | the-poor-birds | so.

Here avoid giving any force to a word unless in italics; pause where there is a dash, and read the words bound by a hyphen as one word, that is more rapidly. Try especially to avoid sounding the last words of every alternate line similarly. This is a very common fault in hymn reading. Vary the pitch and, if possible, the inflections. Thus, in the first verse, “sleep” and “greet” have the same inflections, but the sense of “sleep” suggests a lower pitch, and of “greet” a higher pitch, though

both take a downward slide, and the entire fourth line should be read in a higher pitch and with a livelier expression than that of the second line.

Another mode of correcting or preventing this sing-song would be to lead the pupils by interrogations on the sense—to paraphrase the passages ; as, "What do the light breezes do?" "The light breezes gently rock our nests and hush us to sleep." Then the rhythm is omitted and the sense retained and the answer is given without sing-song. The trouble no doubt will be, that parents or teachers will often be unconscious of the bad habit themselves. But they must learn to distinguish the bad from the good, the natural from the sing-song which is the unnatural. We never *speak* in sing-song.

#### VOICE CULTURE.

Sir Morell Mackenzie in his work on the "Hygiene of the Vocal Organs" says : "If there is any doubt when it is best to begin the training of the singing voice there can be none, I imagine, as to commencing the education of the speaking voice. It can hardly be begun to soon."

Hints are given in the commencement of these lessons for breath exercises and for pitch and inflection. These, in the earlier steps of elocution, are the important branches of voice culture, and they present no difficulty, but simply require drill, application and continuance of practice.

*Production of a Pure Tone.*—(I) Inhale according to method in article on breathing. Hold in the breath a few seconds, then sound ah, until the breath is exhausted slowly, regularly, and without harshness or rasping. Repeat this on Ho, Ho, Ho-oo, oo, oo and on any other long vowel. See tables p. 12.

Do not let any breath escape before sounding the vowels, nor any after stopping the sound. Do not produce voice sounds mixed up with breath.

Check the breath at once when the voice stops.

II. Take in a good breath, hold it in a moment and begin to sound the vowel A (as in ah) very softly, but without stopping the sound, swell and strengthen it towards the middle, then gradually soften it to the end. If the sound could be pictured, it would be almost oval like an egg ; thus ◀▶

III. Take in a breath and hold it a moment as if going to take a leap ; then burst out a shout with some force, but while

continuing the sound reduce the force to silence. If this sound were pictured it would be wedge shaped, thus ► the strongest force beginning at the broad end.

IV. Inhale ; hold the breath a moment, then give a sudden vigorous, but very brief sound with the vowels A,E,I,O,OO ; stop promptly : pictured thus ■

V. Sound the above vowels very softly with very pure and sweet tones : pictured thus —

The strong tones must not be too violent. The delicacy of a child's voice must be carefully guarded, and if any of the exercises cause the child to cough, the practice must at once cease. It is the best proof of wrong practice. The exercises must not be *sung* as if practising the musical gamut. The tones are those of the speaking, not the singing voice. The pitch may be changed for each practice, but while each sound is made, it must not vary in pitch ; it must advance like a straight line, neither ascending nor descending from the starting point.

Another series of exercises might accompany the above by uttering any appropriate sentence which would illustrate the different forces.

These exercises are suggested by a vocal chart, originally formed by the late Professor Shoemaker.

The following exercise given by the late Professor Guttman, helps to train pupils to control and economise the breath when reading ; and it should be a standing rule that when reading, the learner should take in a slight breath at every pause. Take any simple sentence in the reading book like the following :

“Let | the | man | put | the | nag | to | the | cart, | and  
| you | Ben | run | and | get | my | gun.”

1. Pronounce every word distinctly and take a breath nasally after each word.

2. Speak the words as far as “cart,” that is about half the length, in one breath, not taking a breath between, then take a good breath and finish similarly.

3. Read the whole sentence in one breath, not too fast, without expression, as if naming each word.

4. Read the whole sentence in one breath, but with expression, that is with modulations and necessary emphasis.

When pupils are able to read words of more than one syllable, each word must be pronounced syllabically in the first three exercises, but naturally in the last.

## LEADING PRINCIPLES OF PAUSES AND INFLECTIONS.

These rules are of no use to young children who, it is not expected, understand grammatical terms, but will prove of service to teachers and to parents familiar with such terms.

Take breath at every pause.

*Pause after* (1) words in apposition ; (2) the grammatical predicate when followed by extensions.

*Pause before* (1) prepositions when governing phrases ; (2) every new proposition.

Pause where there is an ellipsis ; pause in some part of every line of poetry, and at the end of each line.

INFLECTIONS.—*Rising Inflections* on words that depend on words following for complete sense ; on questions that can be answered by “yes,” or “no.”

*Falling Inflections* on the final word of a complete sentence ; on questions that cannot be answered by “yes,” or “no.”

It is in reading poetry that these rules are chiefly violated. For pauses and inflections read poetry like prose.

## SALUTATORY.

---

### I'M SUCH A LITTLE TOT.

---

THEY said I couldn't speak a piece,  
I'm such a little tot ;  
That *they* were little once *themselves*,  
They surely have forgot.

I've made my bow as prettily  
As did my bigger brother ;  
I've made my bow—you're laughing só—  
I guess—I'll make another.

J. H. G.

---

### WILLIE'S SPEECH.

[FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY.]

I AM just a little fellow, and I can't say much. My speech is this. I am glad I am a *boy* ! I had rather be a *bóy* than a *girl*, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horse-back, climb trees, play hop toad, make cartwheels of themselves, and slide down the banisters ; and most girl's can't. I wouldn't be a *girl*—no—not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world !

---

### SPEECH FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY.

---

SOME little boys  
Are very *shy*,—  
To make a speech  
They will not *try*.  
But as for *mé*,  
I do not *fear*  
To speak before  
The people *hére* ;  
Because they are  
All *friends* I know.  
And now I'm through  
I'll bow—and go.

*Kavanagh's Speeches.*

## A FELLOW WHO IS GAME.

SOME of the boys in our school,  
Whose elbows I can't reach,  
Are ten times more ashamed than I  
To rise and make a speech.

I guess they are afraid some girl  
Who is about their age,  
May laugh and criticize their looks  
When they come on the stage.

They do not know | the girls all like  
A fellow who is game ;  
And do *despise* a boy who shows  
That he is dull and tame.

## A TINY TOT.

I'm a tiny tot,  
And have not much to say ;  
But I must make, I'm told,  
The " Welcome Speech " to-day.  
Dear Friends, we're glad you're come,  
To hear us speak and sing.  
We'll do our very best  
To please | in every thing.  
Our speeches we have learn'd ;  
And if you'll hear us through,  
You'll see | what tiny tots—  
If they but *try*—can do.

## SPEECH FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

I AM so small, I am afraid,  
Because my voice is weak,  
That half the people in the house  
Can scarcely *hear* me speak.  
But if I do my *very* best,  
I can't do any more ;  
And please remember that a speech  
I *never* made before.  
Nobody can expect to gain  
Much praise unless he | *try*.  
\*I think that I have said enough,  
So bid you all—good-bye.<sup>1</sup>  
(Bow.)



## SPEECH FOR A VERY SMALL CHILD.

I'M very small, but I have learn'd  
 To spell, and read, and write.  
 The teacher said she wanted me,  
 To make a *speech* to-night.

I thank you very much, I'm sure,  
 Fo *listening* to me ;  
 And now I'll bow and say " Good-bye "  
 'Till you *again* I see.

## THE LOVING LITTLE GIRL.

If *other* little girls can speak,  
 I think that *I* can, too,  
 So I'll just tell you whom I love ;  
 I hope you'll hear me through.

I love my papa and mamma,  
 My sisters and my brothers,  
 And then I love old Santa Claus,  
 And many, many others.

I can't say all their names to-day,  
 'Twould take too long, I fear,  
 But just this many, I will say,  
 I love all who are here.

*E. C. Rook.*

## SALUTATORY.

*For very small pupils, either girls or boys, or both dressed appropriately, and  
 ranged across the foot of the stage.*

## FIRST PUPIL.

WE'VE come with beating hearts to-night,  
 Our dresses neat, and faces bright ;  
 Happy and proud we now appear,  
 To thank you for your presence here.

## SECOND PUPIL.

We are quite young, 'tis plain to see,  
 Perhaps not higher than your knee ;  
 (Suits *Action to word.*)  
 But though we are so small in size,  
 We trust our efforts you will prize.

## THIRD PUPIL.

It's true we are both young and small,  
 But the great oak that grows so tall,  
                                 (*Suits action to word.*)  
 Must first *bégin* as small as we,  
                                 (*Looks at companions.*)  
 Before it can become a *tree*.

## FOURTH PUPIL.

We hope that if we live and learn,  
 And every base, mean action spurn,  
 Before we close our earthly race,  
 Amongst the good our names to trace.

## ALL TOGETHER.

As all good things below must fâde,  
 So ends the *speeches* we have mâde ;  
 What's yet to come we dare not tell,  
 But soon you'll see. Kind friends, farewell !

ALL EXEUNT.

## REMARKS.

As the pupils repeat the last verse, after the words, "yet to come," they should pause, place right hand to side of mouth, and lean forward confidentially towards the audience. Then, before the words, "Kind friends, farewell," recover their erect position, closing the last word with a bow—all actions must be done strictly in concert.

If recited in the day time, the first two lines spoken by the first pupil should be :

"We've come with beating hearts to-day,  
 With faces bright and dresses gay," etc.

## WE LITTLE BOYS.

If *older* boys can make a *speech*  
 We *little* boys can too ;  
 And though we may not say so much  
 Yet we've a word | for you.

This earth is large and full of room,  
 There is enough for all ;  
 The rich, the poor, the wisé, the good,  
 The large, as well as small.

So give the little ones | a chance,  
 To show off—what they know ;  
 And shun us not because we're small—  
 For, little ones | will *grov*.

## LITTLE HELPERS.

A CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEVERAL BOYS AND GIRLS AN EQUAL NUMBER OF EACH

*Boys—*

PLANTING the corn and potatoes  
 Helping to scatter the seeds,  
 Feeding the hens and the chickens,  
 Freeing the garden from weeds,  
 Driving the cows to the pasture,  
 Feeding the horse in the stall,  
 We little children are *busy*—  
 Sure there is work for us *àll*  
 Helping *papá*.

*Girls—*

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,  
 Bringing the wood from the shed,  
 Ironing, sewing, and knitting,  
 Helping to make up the bed ;  
 Taking good care of the baby—  
 Watching her lest she should fall.  
 We little children are *busy*—  
 Oh ! there is work for us all  
 Helping *mammá*.

*Boys and Girls—*

Work makes us cheerful and happy,  
 Makes us both active and strong ;  
 Play we enjoy all the better,  
 When we have labored so long.  
 Gladly we help our kind parents,  
 Quickly we come at their call,  
 Children should love to be *busy*—  
 There is much work for us all,  
 Helping papa and mamma.

## THE SENSES.

TO BE SPOKEN WITH APPROPRIATE GESTURES.

TWO bright little eyes  
 To see beautiful things ;  
 TWO quick little ears,  
 To hear Dick when he sings.  
 ONE queer little nose,  
 To smell flowers so sweet ;  
 AND one little tongue,  
 To taste good things to eat.  
 TEN fingers quite small,  
 To touch Pussy's soft hair,  
 THESE organs of sense  
 God has put in my care.

## HANDS AND FINGERS.

TO BE RECITED WITH APPROPRIATE GESTURES.

---

Two little hands so soft and white,  
 This is the left and this the right.  
 Five little fingers standing on each,  
 So I can hold a plum or peach.  
 When I get as big as *you*,  
 Lots of things these hands will do.

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## TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

---

TEN true friends you have.  
 Who, five in a row,  
 Upon either side of you,  
 Go where *you* go.

Suppose you are sleepy,  
 They help you to bed ;  
 Suppose you are hungry,  
 They see that you're fed.

They wake up your dolly  
 And put on her clothes,  
 And trundle her carriage  
 Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps,  
 And haul at your sled ;  
 Are in summer | quite white  
 And in winter | quite red.

And these ten, tiny fellows,  
 They serve you with ease ;  
 And they ask *nothing* from you,  
 But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servánts,  
 So trusty and true,  
 Pray who would be lazy  
 Or idle—would you ?

Would you find out the *name*  
 Of this kind little band ?  
 Then count up the *fingers*  
 On each little hand.

## PARTS OF THE BODY.

THIS is the top of my little head,  
 And these two are my ears ;  
 This is my forehead, these my eyes—  
 Sometimes they're full of tears.

This is my nose, and these my cheeks,  
 And here's my mouth between ;  
 These are my teeth, and this is my tongue,  
 And here is my little chin.

These are my shoulders, square and straight,  
 And this my neck so round ;  
 These are my arms, and these my hands,  
 Just see me turn them around.

And here within my little breast  
 Is placed my *beating heart*,  
 To act as engine—giving life  
 To every other part.

## LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

THEY call me "Little Chatterbox,  
 My *name* is little *May* ;  
 I have to talk so much | because  
 I have so much | to *say*.

And, O, I have so many *friends* !  
 So *many*, and, you see,  
 I can't help loving them, because,  
 They, every one, love *me*.

I love my papa and mamma ;  
 I love my sisters, too ;  
 And if you're very, *very* good,  
 I guess that I'll love you !

But, I love God the best of all ;  
 He keeps me | all the night ;  
 And, when the morning comes again,  
 He wakes me | with the light.

I think it is so nice to live !  
 And, yet, if I should die,  
 The Lord would send His angels down  
 To take me to the sky.

## THE LITTLE BOY'S COMPLAINTS.

OH, why must I always be washed so clean  
 And scrubbed and drenched for Sunday,  
 When you know very well, for you've always seen,  
 That I'm dirty again on Monday.

My eyes are filled with the lathery soap,  
 Which adown my ears is dripping ;  
 And my smarting eyes I can scarcely ope,  
 And my lips the suds are sipping.

It's down my neck and up my nose,  
 And to choke me you seem to be trying ;  
 That I'll shut my mouth you need not suppose,  
 For how can I keep from crying ?

You rub as hard as ever you can,  
 And your hands are hard, to my sorrow ;  
 No woman shall wash me when I'm a man,  
 And I wish I was one to-morrow.

*Anonymous.*

## WILLIE'S BREECHES.

I'M just a little boy, you know,  
 And scarcely can remember,  
 When people ask how old I am,  
 To tell 'em | four | last 'vember.  
 And yet for all I am so small,  
 I made so many stitches  
 For mamma's fingers that she put  
 Her little boy in breeches.

You may be sure that I was glad,  
 I marched right up and kissed her,  
 Then gave my bibs and petticoats,  
 And all, to baby sister.  
 I never whine, now I'm so fine  
 And don't get into messes ;  
 For mamma says, if I am bad,  
 She'll put me back in dresses.

There's buttons up and down my legs,  
 And buttons on my jacket ;  
 I'd count 'em all, but baby makes,  
 Just now, an awful racket.  
 She's sitting there, behind the chair,  
 With blocks and dolls and kitty,  
 A-playing "go to mamma's house,"  
 Alone, and that's a pity.

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

I think I'll go and help her some,  
 I'm sure it would amuse me,  
 So I won't bother any more  
 To talk—if you'll excuse me.  
 But first I'll stand before the glass—  
 From top to toe it reaches ;  
 Now, look ! there's head, and hands, and feet,  
 And all the rest—in breeches.

*Anonymous.*

## A QUEER LITTLE GIRL.

As queer a girl as ever was seen,  
 Was little May-Evelyn-Caroline Green ;  
 She sat a-wishing from morning till night  
 For everything in, or out | of her sight.

When it was morning she wished it was night,  
 Yet, when it was evening, nothing was right ;  
 The same with the weather, it always was wrong,  
 And wishing 'twas otherwise | made up her song.

Her small brother, Ned, who thought sister Mày  
 Was silly to spend her time wishing all day,  
 Told nurse in confidence, once after dinner,  
 That he was afraid she'd a wish-bone | in her.

*Mrs. E. C. Landregan.*

## POLITE LITTLE RENA.

Of all little maidens,  
 I like Rena Haydens,  
 She knows when to say, "If you please."  
 She passes behind you,  
 And quickly will mind you,  
 And never will pout | nor will tease.

She will not uncover  
 And then handle over  
 The basket or box not her own ;  
 She thanks you politely,  
 And touches it lightly,  
 If anything to her | is shown.

She'll lend you her playthings,  
 And never will say things  
 Unpleasant for others to hear.  
 Will do you a favor  
 With sweetest behavior :  
 She's such a polite little *dear*.

*Amanda Shaw Elseffer.*

## LITTLE MISS DOROTHY.

I'm ever so old, past | two times three,  
 And little Miss Dorothy played with me  
 ("Tea-party," "Lady," and "Come-to-see,")  
 Before I knew A from V.

I'm ever so wise, and ever so tall,  
 (Three feet high, by the mark on the wall);  
 But Dorothy's just as stupid and small  
 As when I first learned to crawl.

Now I'd be *ashamed* of myself, but she—  
 She seems not to mind it at all!  
 —Perhaps she's right—because, you see,  
 Dorothy's only | a *doll*.

*Amy Elizabeth Leigh.*

## A BLAST.

BLOW, March, bravely blow,  
 Blow lustily, so—  
 Blow winter, blow winter away,  
 As a breeze blows a curtain,  
 Blow, March—then for certain  
 Will shine out the sunny spring gay!

*M. J. H.*

## THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

THERE was once a lad who really hated  
 Whatever he had to do,  
 So, idle-hearted, away he started  
 To roam the wide world through.  
 With hands in his pockets, whistle, whistle,  
 He strolled through field and town,  
 And was sometimes fed on good white bread,  
 And sometimes fed on brown.

The wood-thrush when she saw him coming  
 Straightway became distressed,  
 Fearing that he in the white-thorn tree  
 Would find her hidden nest.  
 The little red squirrel whisked and scampered  
 Up in the top-most limb;  
 ,And the crow when he saw called out, "Caw! caw!  
 I'll keep my eye on *him*!"



## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

The bees worked blithely about the clover ;  
 And on their way to school  
 Went children, singing, and gaily ringing  
 Of flowers their hands full.  
 Creatures active, busy, and happy  
 He saw at every hand ;  
 And he was the only idle and lonely  
 One in all the land.

He mused : " Why should the thrush and squirrel  
 Dread even a sight of me ?  
 And why does the crow gaze at me so  
 From the top of his high tree ?  
 Though of work I tired, and it was hateful,  
 Yet this is quite as bad ;  
 For no one cares where goes, how fares,  
 A good-for-nothing lad ! "

*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.*

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 THE GOOD-NATURED GIRL.
 

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No matter | what happened | they found her | the same,  
 No fuss | and no fury, and no word of *blâme* ;  
 Her friends and relations were quite at a *loss*  
 To think | how it was | that she *never* | was *cross* !

They said to her, " How on earth is it—pray *tell*—  
 That you always are keeping your *temper* | so well ! "  
 " Only *this*," she replied, " she had made up her mind,  
 No matter what happened that she woul | be *kind* ! "

*M. J. H.*

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 THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.
 

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SEE ! I'm making patchwork,  
 I dearly love to sew ;  
 Just watch my thumb and fingers,  
 See how fast they go.

This quilt is for my dolly,  
 I have it nearly done ;  
 Mamma calls it work to sew,  
 While I just think it's fun.

Sometimes my thread gets knotted,  
 Or my kneedle won't go through ;  
 That makes me cross, then mamma comes  
 And shows me what to do.

She calls me "little seamstress,"  
 And says, when I get tall,  
 That my own dresses I can mend  
 Without her help at all.

Well, there! I guess I'll fold this up!  
 It must be time to go;  
 Do you think that I feel proud  
 'Cause I know how to sew?

### WHEN I AM A MAN.

WHEN I am big, what do you think  
 I'll have the first thing then?  
 Now if I give you guesses three,  
 You'll have to guess again.

Why, I shall have a splendid house,  
 All rich men do, I s'pose,  
 With carpets fine, and pictures too,  
 And lots of things like those.

And in the very nicest room,  
 I'll have the nicest chair,  
 And sitting in it, smiling sweet,  
 'The nicest woman—there!

She's *pretty*, but it isn't *thât*—  
 She is so *good*, she'll shame  
 The bad right out of a fellow's heart,  
<sup>2</sup>And MOTHER | is her name.

### I'LL TRY AND I CAN'T.

THE little boy who says "I'll try,"  
 Will climb to the hill top.  
 The little boy who says "I can't,"  
 Will at the bottom stop.

"I'll try" does great things every day;  
 "I can't" gets nothing done;  
 Be sure then that you say "I'll try,"  
 And let "I can't" alone.

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

## " I CAN'T AND I'LL TRY."

---

" I CAN'T " is a coward with a very long face ;  
 And with limbs that are shaky and weak ;  
 Whatever the time or whatever the place,  
 You will know if you once hear him speak :  
 There's a drawl in his voice and a whine in his tone  
 That stamp him a coward abroad or at home.

" I'LL TRY " is a brave one—so stalwart and strong,  
 With a bright, cheery manner and word,  
 Who feels he must conquer before very long,  
 And who thinks | giving up | most absurd.  
 So when anything difficult causes a sigh,  
 Just take my advice, and call in | " I'll try."

---

## SIX YEARS OLD.

---

WHEN I was one,  
 I wore long dresses just for fun,  
 I couldn't walk or creep or run.

When I was two,  
 I learned a language all brand-new ;  
 I only knew at first " Boo-hoo " !

When I was three,  
 I had a lovely Christmas-tree  
 And a little sister sent to me.

When I was four,  
 I had some books and wanted more.  
 But couldn't remember to shut the door.

When I was five,  
 I went to the brook and tried to dive,  
 And papa took me out | *alive*.

When I was six,  
 I often got into a fix,  
 And did not like the crooks of sticks.

What comes next ? I do not know ;  
 But it's better and better the older I grow—  
 Because my Mamma told me so.

*Esther Fleming.*

IS IT YOU ?  
—

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—  
I'm sorry it is true—  
Who doesn't mind when spoken to ;  
Is it ?—it *can't* be you !

I know a child, a boy or girl—  
I'm loth to say I *dō*—  
Who struck a little playmate child :  
I hope that wasn't you !

I know a child, a boy or girl—  
I hope that such are *few*—  
Who told a lie —yes, told a lie !  
It cannot be | 'twas you !

There is a boy—I know a *boy*—  
I cannot love him though—  
Who robs the little birdies' nest :  
That bad boy can't be you !

A *girl*, there is, a girl I know—  
And I could *love* her, too,  
But that she is so proud and vain ;  
That surely isn't *you* !

THE SWEETEST PLACE.  
—

A MEADOW for the little lambs,  
A honey-hive for bees ;  
And pretty nests for singing birds  
Among the leafy trees.  
There's rest for all the little ones  
In one place or another ;  
But who has half so sweet a place  
As baby with her mother ?

The little chickens cuddle close  
Beneath the old hen's wing ;  
“Peep! peep!” they say, “we're not afraid  
Of dark or any thing.”  
So safe and snug, they nestle there,  
The one beside the other ;  
But safer, happier by far,  
Is baby with her mother.

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

## THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!  
There's no use saying she isn't, with a crack like *that* in her head.  
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day;  
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a *baby*, when you say you can mend it with  
glue!

As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was *you*.  
You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for *looks*?  
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the back of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! oh, but it's the awfulest crack!  
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went |  
*whack—*

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.  
Now, nurse, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!  
What good would *forty* heads do her? I tell you my dolly is *dead*!  
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!  
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—  
She said to me, most expressly, “Here's a ribbon for *Hildegarde*.”  
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde *saw* me do it;  
But I said to myself, “Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!”

But I *know* that she knew it *now*, and I just believe, I do,  
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.  
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!  
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since my darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;  
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall be the horse;  
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—  
This dear little box—and we'll bury her there under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;  
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!  
I shall say: “Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;  
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head.”

*Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.*

## VALENTINE TO A SICK DOLL.

OH, what shall I write to my dolly?

<sup>1</sup>I love her so much,

<sup>2</sup>Though she sprained her poor foot in the autumn,  
And goes with a crutch.

I'll say—let me *think!*—“ Darling deary,  
Your eyes are so blue,  
Of winking them never I'm weary,—  
Though one *is* askew.

“ Your cheek is so smooth and so pinky,  
It looks like a *rose*.  
I'm sorry I dropped you last summer,  
And broke off your *nose*.

“ Your hair is so yellow and glossy—  
Your dress was so fine,  
Before it was torn by Puss Flossy,  
You sweet Valentine !

“ But my *birthday* is coming next Monday,  
You poor little elf !  
I'll have a *new* dolly, and you, dear,  
Can *sleep* | and get *well* on the shelf.”

*Uncle Felix.*

### BABY'S GONE TO LAPLAND.

BABY'S gone to Lapland, on her mother's knee;  
Baby's gone to Lapland, sound as she can be;  
Bring the baby's nighty, little sistér, run;  
She is Queen and mighty,—rules us every-one.

Breath is like the posies ; teeth are like the pearls ;  
Lips are pretty roses ; golden are her curls ;  
Roguish baby's eyes are ; ears are dainty shells ;  
How she's growing wiser everybody tells.

Dimples on her shoulders ; say just what you may,  
Baby's getting older every blessed day.  
Fingers all so slender ; toes so white and pink ;  
Babies are so tender—wonder what they think ?

Baby's gone to Lapland, on her mother's knee,  
Baby's gone to Lapland, sound as she can be ;  
Bring the baby's nighty, little sister, run ;  
She is Queen and mighty,—rules us every-one.  
Lay her on the pillow, soft as soft can be—  
Sailor on the billow of the Silent Sea.

*R. W. Lowrie.*

## THE LITTLE ANGEL.

RIGHT into our house one day,  
 A dear little angel came ;  
 I ran to him and said, softly,  
 " Little *angel*, what is your name ? "

He said not a word in answer,  
 But smiled a beautiful smile ;  
 Then I said : " May I go home with you ?  
 Shall you go in a little while ? "

But mamma said : " Dear little angel,  
 Don't *leave* us ! Oh, always stay !  
 We will all of us love you *dearly* !  
 Sweet angel, oh, don't go away ! "

So he stayed, and he stayed, and we loved him,  
 As we could not have loved another ;  
 Do you want to know what his name is ?  
 His name is—*my little brother* !

*Melodies for Childhood.*

## NAMING THE BABY.

You have birds in a cage,  
 And you've beautiful flowers,  
 But you haven't at your house  
 What we have at ours.  
 'Tis the prettiest thing  
 That you ever did see.  
 Just as dear and as precious,  
 As precious can be.

'Tis my own baby sister,  
 Just seven days old ;  
 And too little for any  
 But grown folks to hold.  
 Oh ! I know you would love her ;  
 She's as fresh as a rose,  
 And she has such a queer  
 Tiny bit of a nose ;  
 And the dearest and loveliest  
 Pink little toes,  
 Which seem, I tell mother,  
 Only made to be kissed,  
 And she keeps her wee hand  
 Doubled up in a fist.  
 She has very little hair,  
 But she has *beautiful* eyes ;  
 She always looks pretty—  
 Except when she cries.

And what name we shall give her,  
 There's no one can tell ;  
 For my father says Sarah,  
 And mother likes Belle.  
 And my great-uncle John—  
 He's an old-fashioned man—  
 Wants her named for his wife  
 Who is dead—Mary Ann.

But the name I have chosen  
 The darling to call,  
 Is a name that is prettier  
 Far than them all.  
 And to give it to baby  
 My heart is quite set ;  
 It is : Violet Mabel  
 Rose Stella Marzette.

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### A SAD STORY.

---

FOUR little mousies found their way  
 Into a pantry one fine day.

Through a hole in the plaster wall,  
 What do you think befell them all ?

One jumped up to help himself  
 To cheese, he smelt on the highest shelf.

Alas ! 'twas set in a dreadful trap,  
 Which finished that mouse with one quick snap.

The next was frightened, and ran and ran,  
 And fell down splash in an earthen pan.

'Twas filled with milk to the very brim—  
 Poor mouse ! that was the last of *h'm*.

The next one barely had time to squeak,  
 When pussy, quiet and sly and sleek,

Sprang from her seat upon the floor ;  
 That poor little mouse will squeak no more.

What became of the other one ?  
 He started off on a lively run,

With a dismal squeak and a woful wail,  
 And that's the end of my mournful tale.



## THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE IS PASSING BY.

OH, the queen in her carriage is passing by;  
 Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes like the sky;  
 Her wonderful teeth are white as new milk;  
 Her pretty blonde hair is softer than silk.

She's the loveliest monarch that ever was seen;  
 You ask of what country the darling is queen;  
 Her empire extends not to far-distant parts,  
 She is queen of the household, the mistress of hearts.

For sceptre she lifts her soft, dimpled hands;  
 Her subjects all hasten to heed her commands;  
 Her smile is bewitching, and fearful her frown,  
 And all must obey when she puts her foot down.

May blessings descend on the bright little head,  
 From the time she awakes till she's safely in bed.  
 And now do you guess, when I speak of the queen?  
 'Tis only our six months' baby I mean?

*Anonymous.*

## THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea.  
 "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be!  
 A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,  
 For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth,  
 And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,  
 But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,  
 And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,  
 But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,  
 To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,  
 He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go;  
 But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent,  
 On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;  
 For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## QUEEN BESS.

SHE'S a *beduty*, so she is,—  
 'Tis a fact no one dènies,—  
 With her rosy-red chéeks,  
 And her beaming hazel eyès.  
 She is pretty and she's sweet,  
 From her dainty, dancing feét  
 To the curl | on her forehead | that lies.

She's a little elfin *quèen* ;  
 She's a charming princèss,  
 In a blue-ribboned càp  
 And her Mother Hubbárd drèss.  
 When I met her in the lane,  
 And begged to know her name  
 She said | her *father* called her *Queen Bess*.

“Of what *coùntry*, then?” said I,  
 Expecting, on *my párt*,  
 From the moss at her feét,  
 To see *fairy people* start.  
 But she lifted her sweet eyes,  
<sup>2</sup>And said, with grave surprise,  
 “I'm the *Queen* | of my *papù's hèart*.”

*Nellie M. Garabrant.*

## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THERE'S an ugly Old Man in the Moon to-night,  
 He scowls and he frowns till he frightens me quite ;  
 I know why he looks in that terrible wáy,—  
 It's because I have been so *naughty* | to-day.

I've broken my drum, and put burrs on the cat,  
 Went down to the brook and lost my new hat ;  
 I felt pretty mean when my ma fished it out,—  
 And a lot more things, I'll not tell you about.

I did not intend so naughty to be,  
 But the mischief was all in my head, you see ;  
 To-morrow I'll try to do something quite right,  
 And the Man in the Moon can but smile at night.

There's a jolly Old Man in the Moon to-night,  
 With a merry face and a smile so bright ;  
 He looks down on me in a comical wáy,—  
 Don't you think he knows that I've been good to-day ?

*Mrs. A. D. Bell.*

## THE MAN AND THE GOOSE.

A FABLE.

A MAN once own'd a goose that laid  
 A golden egg each day;  
 But not content with this, he thought  
 'Twas best the goose to slay :  
 "For then," he argued, "I shall find  
 So many eggs inside,  
 I'll have enough of wealth for life,  
 To gratify my pride."

Straightway he placed the fowl across  
 His knee,—and with a knife  
 Soon cut the hapless goose in two,  
 And took away her life.  
 But ah ! he found no golden eggs—  
 As he had hoped, a score ;  
 And by his folly did prevent  
 The goose from laying more !

This fable shows that we should be  
 With present good content,  
 And not commit some foolish act  
 Of which we may repent.

## THE MOUSE AND THE MUSIC-BOX.

THEY bought a fine, new mouse-trap, painted red, with lovely round  
 noles in its sides.

Aunt Patty put some toasted cheese in the trap, and set it in the pantry.

"There," said she, "I guess that mouse will not nibble my apple-pie  
 to-day."

As Aunt Patty walked away she forgot to close the pantry door. In  
 stalked Mr. Buzz, the cat.

"What is that thing, I wonder?" purred Buzz, stepping around the  
 mouse-trap.

The wise old mouse was peeping out of a hole in the corner. "Good-  
 morning, Mr. Buzz," squeaked he.

"Oh, if I catch you to-day, it will be your turn to sing!" mewed Buzz.

"What a pretty music-box!" tittered the mouse.

"Music-box!" echoed the cat. "How funny!"

"Yes; put your paws into those holes, and you will touch the springs.  
 Then you will hear some nice music!"

The stupid cat was pleased. He lay down and pushed his paws into  
 the holes. Snap went the springs!

"Tee-hee!" squeaked the mouse.

"Yeow-yeow!" snarled Buzz.

The poor cat hopped, and danced, and cried, but he could not get his paws out of the trap.

He grew tired at last and laid down. Then the wise old mouse helped himself to the cheese in the trap.

When Aunt Patty looked in she cried, "I declare! I have caught a cat this time. Perhaps next time I shall catch a cow."

Then she looked at the shelf. "Oh, dear!" said she, "if that mouse has not been nibbling my apple-pie again!"

Since that time, they do not paint all mouse-traps red. Perhaps they fear the cats may take them for music-boxes.

*Uncle Felix.*

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## OUR DARLING.

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BOUNTING like a foot-ball,  
Kicking at the door;  
Falling from the table-top,  
Sprawling on the floor;  
Smashing cups and saucers,  
Splitting dolly's head;  
Putting little pussy-cat  
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,  
Spoiling father's hat,  
Hiding mother's precious keys  
Underneath the mat;  
Jumping on the fender,  
Poking at the fire,  
Dancing on his little legs—  
Legs that never tire,

Making mother's heart leap  
Fifty times a day;  
Aping everything we do,  
Every word we say.  
Shouting, laughing, tumbling,  
Roaring with a will,  
Anywhere and everywhere,  
Never, never still.

Present—bringing sunshine;  
Absent—leaving night;  
That's our precious darling,  
That's our heart's delight.

*Matthias Barr.*

## GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,  
 Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
 Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,  
 And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks flew overhead,  
 Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;  
 She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
 "Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
 The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road,  
 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
 "Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"  
 Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;  
 For she knew, he had God's time to keep  
 All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,  
 The violets curtsied and went to bed;  
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
 And said on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,  
 She knew nothing more till again it was day;  
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
 "Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"

*Lord Houghton.*

## BABY IS KING.

A ROSE curtained cradle, where, nestled within  
 Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen;  
 'Tis the throne of a tyrant; that pink little thing  
 Is an autocrat regal—for Baby is king.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak,  
 Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak;  
 Grandma is a martyr in habits and cap,  
 Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Papa—wise and mighty—just entered the house,  
 Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse  
 To stare at the bundle, then outward he goes,  
 Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down  
 Before him the roses she wore in her crown.  
 And sings little love songs of whom *she* loves best :  
*He* cries when she stops, like a merciless pest.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,  
 And then the next moment expects to be kissed ;  
 He demands people's watches to batter about,  
 And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then failing to conquer, with passionate cry  
 He quivers his lip, keeps a tear in his eye,  
 And so wins the battle—this wise little thing !  
 He knows the world over, that Baby is king.

*Anonymous.*

### GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

“WHEN grandma puts her glasses on  
 And looks at me—just so—  
 If I have done a naughty thing  
 She's *suré* somehow | to *know*.  
 How is it she can always tell  
 So very, *very*, *VERY* well ?

“She says to me : ‘Yes, little one,  
 ’Tis written in your *eye* !’  
 And if I look the other way,  
 Or turn and seem to try  
 To hunt for something on the floor,  
 She's *suré* to know it all the more.

“If I should put the glasses on  
 And look in grandma's eyes,  
 Do you suppose that *I* should be  
 So very, very wise ?  
 Now, what if *I* should find it true  
 That grandma had been naughty, too ?

“But, ah !—what am I thinking of?—  
 To dream that grandma could  
 Be anything in all her life  
 But sweet and kind and good !  
 I'd better try, myself, to be  
 So *good* | that when she looks at *me*—  
 With eyes so loving | all the day,  
 I'll never *want* | to turn away.”

*Sydney Dazre.*

## CROSS BETSY.

SHE does not live at my house, O dear no !  
 She only comes to see us now and then,  
 We're always very pleased to have her go,  
 And we never say, " Dear Betsy, come again."

She's such tangles in her curls, O dear me !  
 And a little foot to stamp upon the floor,  
 And such frowning eyes I'd never wish to see,  
 And when she comes she always slams the door.

Such a pouty mouth and such a naughty nose,  
 And she shakes poor Arabella dreadfully,  
 (That's her dolly) and she tears her pretty clothes,  
 O how glad I am she don't belong to me.

There's a girlie whom I've loved this many a day,  
 She's the darling and the sunshine of the house,  
 But Cross Betsy always frightens her away,  
 She goes hiding like a timid little mouse.

But when Betsy packs her frown and says adieu,  
 Bessie Brighteyes enters smiling at the door,  
 " Mamma darling, I've come back to stay with you.  
 And I'll never, never leave you any more !"

*Sarah M. Chatfield.*

## MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

" THE latch is so high  
 On this great big door,  
 And I've so many apples  
 In my pinafore !

" I got them for mamma,—  
 This is her birthday,—  
 And I know when she sees them  
 Just what she will say.

" Oh, what shall I do ?  
 Hark ! a step is in the hall.  
 Hurry, oh, hurry !  
 My apples will fall."

The door opens wide,—  
 'Tis mamma herself,  
 Who thanks, with sweet kisses,  
 Her dear little elf.

## BOY AND WOLF.

A FABLE.

A BOY was set a watch to keep  
 Over a meadow full of sheep ;  
 Whene'er he saw a passer-by,  
 He'd raise his voice for sport and cry,  
 " The wolf ! the wolf ! help me, I pray  
 To drive the hungry beast away !"  
 All those who heard ran with alarm  
 To save the precious flock from harm ;  
 But finding they were thus deceived,  
 Felt, angry, worried and aggrieved,  
 And vowed the boy they would not aid,  
 No matter how much noise he made.  
 As those who raise a false alarm  
 Deserve at last to come to harm.  
 It was not long before the *beast*  
 Stole in the flock to make a feast ;  
 Then loudly yelled the frightened youth,  
 " Help ! help ! for now I speak the truth !"  
 But no one hearken'd to his cries,  
 And so the wolf bore off its prize !

\* \* \* \* \*

The moral in this fable taught  
 Is : If we in a lie are caught,  
 However much we may complain,  
 No one will take our word again.

## GROWING.

SEVEN LITTLE CHILDREN.

WE are leaflets, growing, growing,  
 Here's a cloud—and there's the sun,  
 Now the rain is soaking, soaking,  
 We are dripping, every one.

CHORUS.

But we grow, we grow,  
 Yes, we all are growing.

We are flowers, growing, growing,  
 Dancing when the wind comes by,  
 Turning as the sunlight circles,  
 Drooping heads when night is nigh.

CHORUS.



## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

We are orange blossoms growing,  
 Silver buds just opening,  
 Some day golden fruit shall ripen  
 For the happy harvesting.

CHORUS.

We are nestlings, growing, growing,  
 Open beak and fluttering wing;  
 Now we need a mother's tending,  
 Some day in the sky we'll sing.

CHORUS.

We are seedling acorns pushing  
 Warm heads from the soft brown sand,  
 Wide and far and high and leafy,  
 Great oak trees, some day, we'll stand.

CHORUS.

We are little rain-drops dripping,  
 Dripping, dripping from the cloud;  
 Some day, in the thunderous ocean,  
 You shall hear our voices loud.

CHORUS.

We are little children saying:  
 A by B and B by C.  
 Some day we'll be saints in heaven  
 Learning God's great mystery.

CHORUS.

For we grow, we grow,  
 Yes, we all are growing.

*E. Murray.*

## DEAR GRANDMOTHER.

WHAT is a house without a Grandmother? Dick and John and Nell | would think it a very dull house indeed | if their Grandmother was not in it. Papa is busy. Mamma is busy too. Dick knows nothing that John and Neil do not know. John and Nell know nothing that Dick does not know. It would be no fun for *them* | to tell stories to one another. But Grandmother, with her black eyes and soft white hair, has had good times all her life, and seen thousands of jolly things and heard of thousands more as jolly, and she has time to tell of them all. She need not hurry at all, but can talk on and on and tell just what was said and what was done, and what became of everybody.

It is lovely to go into Grandmother's own parlor, in the cold winter twilights and sit around the great bright stately fire-place and hear those stories of when she was a little country girl.

"When I was a little girl," says she, "and sat by the fire like this, one night I saw a big black bear come up to the window and stand on his hind legs and look in."

"Once when I was a little girl," says she, "we heard that Indians were on the way to burn our village, and we all went and lived in a fort two whole months, but they did not come."

"When I was a little girl," says she, "I learned to spin the wool for my own dresses, and my mother wove the cloth."

"When I was a little girl," says she, "I used to ride to church on horse-back; I sat behind my mother and held on with my arms around her waist."

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### GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

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MAMMA said, "Little one, go and see  
If Grandma's ready to come to tea."

I knew I mustn't disturb her, so  
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,  
And stood a moment to take a peep,  
And there was Grandma fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake;  
I thought I'd give her a little shake,  
Or tap at her door or softly call;  
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—  
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,  
Lying back in her high arm chair,  
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,  
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise,  
I knew she was dreaming of little boys  
And girls who lived with her long ago,  
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close, and I didn't speak  
One word, but I gave her, on her cheek,  
The softest bit of a little kiss,  
Just in a whisper, and then said this;  
"Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."  
She opened her eyes and looked at me,  
And said, "Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed  
Of a little angel who came and seemed  
To kiss me lovingly on my face,"  
She pointed right at the very place!

I never told her 'twas only me;  
I took her hand, and we went to tea.

*St. Nicholas.*

## JUDGE JOCKS AND THE CATS.

ONE OF GRANDMA'S STORIES.

Two Pussies, Spot and Blackie, had just stolen a great piece of cheese from the pantry. "Let us carry it out to the barn and eat it there," said Blackie. So out they went.

"Oh! how hungry I am!" said Spot, and she bit a great piece off one side. "You greedy thing!" said Blackie, "that's the part I was going to take."

"Well, it's mine as much as it is yours," said Spot.

With that she boxed Blackie's ears, and Blackie gave her a bad scratch on the nose. And they fought till their fur was very much tumbled, and the cheese got on the floor.

"Let's ask Judge Jocko to divide the cheese for us," said Spot.

"So they carried the cheese to Judge Jocko.

There he sat, in his wig and spectacles, looking very wise, and he listened while the two cats told their story.

"O, yes, I will divide it," said he. So he broke the cheese into two pieces, and put one piece into each scale.

"This piece is a little too large," said Judge Jocko; "I'll bite off a bit to make it smaller." So he did.

"Now the other piece is too big," said Judge Jocko, and he bit a piece of that, too, and weighed the two pieces again.

So he kept on—first he weighed, and then he bit, and then he weighed, and then he bit. The two Pussies began to feel very uneasy. At last there was only a small piece left. Judge Jocko held it up and looked at it through his glasses.

"This is not much for two cats," said he, "not more than a bite, I guess I'll eat this myself." And he did.

And Spot and Blackie lost that cheese.

*Pamela McA. Cole.*

## TALE OF A DOG AND A BEE.

GREAT big dog,  
Head upon his toes;  
Tiny little bee  
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog  
Thinks it is a fly,  
Never says a word,  
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee  
Tickles dog's nose—  
Thinks like as not  
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,  
 Winks his other eye,  
 Chuckles to himself  
 How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap,  
 Mighty quick and spry,  
 Gets the little bee,  
 But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee  
 Alive and looking well.  
 Great big dog  
 Mostly gone to swell.

## MORAL.

Dear friends and brothers all,  
 Don't be too fast and free,  
 And when you catch a fly  
 Be sure it ain't a bee.

## TOM'S EYES AND MINE.

(RECITATION FOR A LITTLE GIRL).

My brother Tom is just too mean,  
 And says the very *worst* of things  
 About my lovely doll Irene,  
 Who's an just *angel* | all but wings.

He says her face | is made of *wax*,  
 And that her curls are not true hair,  
 But only common yellow flax,  
 And that 'tis *paint* that makes her *fair*.

Tom's eyes are not like *mine* I know  
 Or he could see her almost cry,  
 To hear him talk about her so,  
 And not be able to reply.

But boys are only boys you know.  
 You can't expect too much of *them*  
 I only wonder that they grow  
 In one and twenty years to men.

L. K. C

## A PUZZLE IN THREES.

IF three little houses stood in a row,  
 With never a fence to divide,  
 And if each little house had three little maids  
 At play in the garden wide,  
 And if each little maid had three little cats  
 (Three times three times three),  
 And if each little cat had three little kits,  
 How many kits would there be ?

And if each little maid had three little friends  
 With whom she loved to play,  
 And if each little friend had three little dolls  
 In dresses and ribbons gay,  
 And if friends and dolls and cats and kits,  
 Were all invited to tea,  
 And if none of them all should send regrets,  
 How many guests would there be ?

*Eudora S. Bumstead.*

## LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

- “By and by” is a very bad boy;  
 Shun him at once and forever;  
 For they who travel with “By and by,”  
 Soon come to the house of “Never.”
- “I can’t” is a mean little coward;  
 A boy that is half of a man;  
 Set on him a plucky wee terrier  
 That the world knows and honors—“I can.”
- “No use in trying,” —nonsense I say,  
 Keep trying until you succeed;  
 But if you should meet “I forgot,” by the way,  
 He’s a cheat and you’d better take heed.
- “Don’t care,” and “No matter,” boys, they’re a pair,  
 And whenever you see the poor dolts,  
 Say “Yes, we do care,” and it would be “great matter,”  
 If our lives would be spoiled by such faults.

*Selected.*

## WHY PEARLIE CRIED.

SHE cried a while in the morning  
 Because she was waked too soon ;  
 She cried again at breakfast,  
 She hurt her mouth with a spoon.  
 She cried when mamma kissed her,  
 " Cause 'twasn't the hurted spot,"  
 And next she cried for syrup,  
 Because she wanted a lot.

She cried when papa left her,  
 To go with him to town ;  
 She cried when she bumped her forehead,  
 She cried when she tumbled down.  
 She cried to write with a " pentil,"  
 Then cried to dip it in ink ;  
 The next time I heard her crying,  
 She " had a pain " I think.

She cried when she was so sleepy,  
 But didn't want a nap ;  
 She cried that mamma was busy  
 When she wanted to sit in her lap ;  
 She cried because it was bedtime,  
 She thought it came too soon,  
 And as she was carried away up-stairs,  
 She was singing the same old tune.

Now don't you think so many tears  
 Make quite a sea of sorrow ?  
 Oh what shall we do with Pearlie,  
 If she cries so much to-morrow !

*Youth's Companion.*

## THE LITTLE GYMNASTS.

[The words are spoken by three little boys and three little girls, but the actions may be given by the whole class.]

*First Boy.*—Oh, say, oh, say ! what shall we do—  
 We restless girls and boys ?  
 What exercise shall we go through,  
 To add to all our joys ?

*First Girl.*—We play, we run, we have such fun,  
 The people think we're mad ;  
 And now, good friends, we every one  
 Will try and make you glad.

*Class.*—We'll rise and fall, grow short and tall,  
 We'll stand, and clap, and whirl;  
 With our *pluribus unimus*, how do you do,  
 Each happy boy and girl.

*Second Boy.*—Our youthful limbs must thrive and grow;  
 Perhaps you know the fact,  
 That if we sit bent like a bow,  
 We'll have a crooked back!

*Second Girl.*—Then let us rise and exercise  
 Each muscle, nerve and limb,  
 For every one who only tries  
 May grow up straight and trim.

*Class.*—We'll rise, etc.

*Third Boy.*—We'll point to this, we'll point to that,  
 We'll point above, below;  
 We'll look to right, we'll look to left,  
 And up and down, just so.

*Third Girl.*—We'll laugh, we'll cry, and wink one eye,  
 Then quickly wink the other;  
 And then we'll kiss you all good-bye,  
 And trudge off home to mother.

*Class.*—We'll rise, etc.

*Mrs. Kidder.*

## DAISIES.

STRAYING o'er the morning meadows,  
 White with daisies everywhere,  
 Oh! the happy little children  
 In the fragrant, sunny air.

Daisies all about them nodding  
 With the breeze, as if to say:  
 "Ah! you lovely little people,  
 How we'd like to join your play!"

"We have dreamed of you all winter,  
 In our bed so dark and deep;  
 Then the warm rain came to call us;  
 'Tis for you our bright eyes peep."

Then a little one came shouting,  
 As a happy child will do:  
 "We're so glad to see the daisies!  
 They're so glad to see us, too!"

*George Cooper.*

## GOLDEN-ROD.

TELL me sunny Golden-rod,  
 Growing everywhere,  
 Did fairies come from fairyland  
 And make the dress you wear?  
 Say, did you get from mines of gold  
 Your bright and shining hue?  
 Or did the baby stars some night  
 Fall down and cover you?  
 Or did the angels flap their wings,  
 And drop their glitter down  
 Upon you, laughing Golden-rod,  
 Your nodding head to crown?  
 Or are you clothed in sunshine, caught  
 From summer's brightest day?  
 To give again in happy smiles  
 To all who pass your way?  
 I love you, laughing Golden-rod,  
 And I will try, like you,  
 To fill each day with deeds of cheer,—  
 Be loving, kind, and true.

*Mrs. F. S. Lovejoy.*

## HICKORY NUTS AND PUMPKINS.

TED and Uncle Ned went nutting,  
 On a pleasant autumn day,  
 When the wood was warm and sunny;  
 And the squirrels were at play;  
 When the yellow leaves kept falling  
 Softly, softly to the ground;  
 And the ripe brown nuts were dropping,  
 Pat-pat-patter, all around.  
 Happy Teddy's blue eyes sparkled,  
 And his cheek glowed like a rose;  
 But just then a falling shagbark  
 Struck him plump upon his nose.  
 "Oh!" he cried and laughed together,  
 "What a dreadful thing 'twould be  
 If the nuts were *big as pumpkins*  
 Growing on this hickory tree!"

*Lucy Willing.*



## MY DANDELION GIRL.

WITH hands too small to *hold*  
 All her sweet eyes could see  
 Of April's early gold,  
 Her frock *uplifted*, | *shé* |  
 In many a filmy fold,  
 And then | like a white *bée* |  
 She hither and thither *spèd*.  
 The sunlight on her *beàd*  
 Gilding each fine-spun thread  
 Yellow as *dandelions*.

She could not bear to *pàss*  
 One *single flower* by,  
 Each disc, so like bright *bràss*,  
 Was *lovely* | to her eye,  
 Strewn on the carpet *gràss*  
 As thick as they could lie.  
 But, ah, her *teàrs* | fell down  
 When the lap of her white gown  
 Got stains of green and brown  
 From her dear dandelions.

*Clara Doty Bates.*

## THE BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

THE butterflies get all their living from the flowers. You often think they are resting, but they are really getting their food, too,—sipping honey from thousands of blossoms.

But they did not always do this. Once they could not fly at all, and wore very dark coats and crawled on the ground.

After a while their coats burst open, all down the back, and they came out in dresses of quaker gray. Then these poor, creeping things went to work and spun little silken cords, strong enough to hold them, and swung off from the under part of some leaf into the air; there they swung for more than a week, rocked to and fro by the wind, just as if they were going to sleep. Then a sudden crack in the light gray coat aroused them, and they began to get their sleepy eyes open, and look about. Such beautiful golden wings as they saw, all bordered with black and yellow, and covered all over with the tiniest feathers, only you could not see them with your naked eye.

In a very short time the sun and the gentle winds dried up these beautiful wings and taught them how to use them. Off they went, over the tallest trees, to join the rest of the family, who had been transformed just as wonderfully as they were!

How could they believe their senses when they found that all this beauty really belonged to them!

*Mrs. G. Hall,*

## THE FIREFLIES.

We watched the fireflies flashing  
 Through the dusk and dewy air,  
 Like a gleam of wandering lanterns  
 Here and there.

“What bright-winged and jewelled creatures,  
 Radiant gold or burning red,  
 They must be,” the eager children  
 Thought and said.

So we caught one, soft outflashing  
 Near us, bore him tenderly  
 To a light within, that better  
 We might see.

“Well, and was his body golden?  
 Girdled round with burnished wings?  
 And did quills of silver feather  
 Make his wings?”

No; we found our fine light-giver  
 Just a small, plain, gray-brown *fly*,  
 With no *outward* sign of splendor |  
 To the eye.

And we thought one cannot always  
 Take the *garment* as a sign  
 Of how far and bright | some *innèr*  
 Light may shine.

*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.*

## DOES SHE LIKE BUTTER?

BUTTERCUP yellow,  
 You're a gay fellow!  
 Does she like butter! You must now show.

Don't make a blunder!  
 I'll hold you under—  
 Right underneath her chin. There you are—so!

Yes, it *is* yellow!  
 O, you wise fellow,  
 She *does* like butter—but how did you know?

*Emilie Poulsson*

## WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a primrose,  
 A bright yellow primrose blowing in the spring!  
 The stooping boughs above me,  
 The wandering bee to love me,  
 The fern and moss to creep across,  
 And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,  
 A great, lofty, elm-tree, with green leaves gay!  
 The wind would set them dancing,  
 The sun and moonshine glance in,  
 The birds would house among the boughs,  
 And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,  
 A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;  
 Through forest, field, or garden,  
 And ask no leave or pardon,  
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs  
 To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,  
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?  
 Before a day was over,  
 Home would come the rover,  
 For mother's kiss—for sweeter this  
 Than any other thing.

*William Allingham.*

## A NOISELESS SPINNING WHEEL.

“TELL me, mamma, what is this,  
 Like web of finest lace?  
 It swings across the window,  
 Just here beside my face.

“You say a spider spun it;  
 Where did she get the floss?  
 How many others helped her  
 To carry it across?

“It wasn't there when I got up—  
 It hardly can be real;  
 She must have spun for hours,  
 And I never heard her wheel.”

*Frank H. Stauffer.*

## THE RUSHES.

SUCH *fun* | the rushes have,  
 With nothing else to dó |  
 But paddle, paddle, in the wáter  
 All the day through.  
 In a shallow pool  
 By the river's brim  
 There is room for *thousands* of them,  
 They're so very slim.

All about their féet  
 Crinkly *ripples* rùn;  
 Now and then a little *minnow* |  
 Glances in the sun;  
 Hither, too, and thither,  
 Right | before their eyes,  
 Long and slender *darning-needles*,  
 Flit the dragon-flies.

Do the rushes láugh?  
 Yes, in their soft way;  
 And they whisper to each other  
 All the time and say,  
 'Oh, isn't it just fun  
 With nothing else to do,  
 To paddle, paddle, in the water  
 All the day through?'

Clara Doty Bates.

## BUTTERCUPS.

[Recitation for a little girl holding Buttercups.]

LITTLE, shining buttercups,  
 With your queenly bearing,  
 Can you tell me where you got  
 The *golden dress* | you're wearing?

Did it come from far-off *mines*,  
 Brought by truant rover,  
 And scattered over hill and vale  
 Your graceful form to cover?

Tell me, have you been to court,  
 And by the *queen* been *flattered*?  
 And has she, from her regal crown,  
 The yellow *brightness* | scattèred

All over *you* | to show her love,  
 Her royal approbation,  
 Then sent you back into the fields,  
 To tell to all creation

That this bright, golden *dress* you wear  
 Was proffered by her *favor*;  
 That she chose to honor you  
 For pleasure which you gave her :

Pretty little *buttercups*,  
 With your look of brightness,  
 Reaching up | toward the sky  
 In purity and lightness;

Shining out among the flowers,  
 As stars shine down at even,  
 Like diamonds set in purest blue,  
 Your brightness | comes from heaven.

*Mrs. F. S. Lovejoy.*

## CONTENT.

- “LITTLE Herb Robert, what makes you so pink?  
 The Elder is taller and whiter.”—
- “The sun came along, and, what do you think?  
 It kissed me and so I grew brighter.”
- “Grasshopper, why are you merry to-day?”—  
 “I always am glad, if you please, sir,  
 Because I can hop on the clover and hay,  
 Nor have to fly up in the trees, sir.”
- “Sea-weed, poor creature! you’re left high and dry.  
 The tide has gone out; you are dying!”—
- “Ah, no, I am sure ’twill come back by and by.  
 I shall live, never fear; I’ll keep trying.”
- “Song-sparrow, how can you sing all the day?”—  
 “Sweet food to my young I am bringing,  
 And when I am working for them in this way,  
 Of course I can never help singing.”
- “Child, leave the hot-dusty roadside and come.”—  
 “I’d go, for I know that you love me;  
 But please, I had rather stay here, near my home,  
 For papa’s in there, just above me.”

*Willis Boyd Allen.*

## THE CROCUS.

WHY the rain drops hurry so  
 Well I know;  
 Why from the first dew-like tinkle  
 Of a sprinkle,  
 With a swish and rush and burst  
 They come tripping, running, flying,  
 Each one trying  
 To see which will be the first.

I know *why*; for, from the skies  
 Their bright eyes  
 On the faded earth have seen  
 Bits of green.  
 "Ah," they whisper, "ah, the crocus!"  
 And some peeping heads below  
 Sigh: "Heigh-ho!  
 Something sprinkling on us woke us!"

"Here," the rain cries, "Purple, Pink,  
 Have a drink!  
 Silk-white, Gold-head, here's a cup—  
 Drink it up!  
 That's the only way to grow!  
 Don't be fearful, nor delay  
 Even a day,  
 For the children want you so!"

*Clara Doty Bates*

## THE MISCHIEVOUS BRIER.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground,  
 She put out her thorns and scratched everything round;  
 "I'll just try," said she,  
 "How bad I can be;  
 At picking and scratching there's few can beat me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,  
 Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers were pure white;  
 But all who came nigh her  
 Were so worried by her,  
 They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day  
 At her neighbor the Violet over the way:  
 "I wonder," said she,  
 "That no one pets me;  
 While all seem so glad little violet to see."

A sober old Linnet who sat on a tree,  
 Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:

“It’s not that she’s fair,  
 For you may compare,  
 In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

“But Violet’s always so pleasant and kind,  
 So gentle in manner, so humble in mind;  
 E’en the *worms* at her feet  
 She would never ill treat,  
 And to bird, bee, and butterfly always is sweet.”

The gardener’s wife just then the pathway came down,  
 And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown.

“Oh dear, what a tear,  
 My gown’s spoiled, I declare;  
 That troublesome Brier, it’s no business there!  
 Here, John, grub it up, throw it into the fire.”  
 And that was the end of the troublesome Brier.

*Mrs. Anna Bache.*

## THE POPPY.

WHEN first we spied it growing  
 We thought it merely a *weed*,  
 For no one that we *knew* of  
 Had planted a *poppy* seed.  
 But suddenly, where our weed was  
 A crimson poppy stood,  
 So dainty and bright we named it  
 Our little Red Riding-Hood.

We said, “See | how she carries  
 That sweetly, drooping head,  
 And her cloak and her pretty bonnet  
 Are just the proper red.  
 No doubt, she is on her way now,  
 To her grandma’s | in the wood;  
 With *cakes* and a pat of *butter*—  
 This little | Red | Riding-Hood!”

A cloud—of a hand’s breadth only—  
 A sudden gusty stir—  
 And in one | breezy minute  
 There was nothing | left of her!  
 Had a wolf come out of the forest  
 And caught her where she stood?  
 Yes; the wind | was the wolf that ate her—  
 Our little Red Riding-Hood.

*Clara Doty Bates.*

## WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE ?

DIALOGUE FOR SIX VERY SMALL GIRLS.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.—The First Speaker should be the most sedate in appearance. The dresses of the first five should be what is termed “fancy dresses” with bright sashes and wreaths of flowers upon the head. Daisy should be dressed in the height of fashion, bearing a fan and parasol; and by her coquettish movements attract the attention of the audience while the others are speaking. She should throw all the affectation possible in her gestures; in short, appear saucy and coquettish. The girl who acts this part should possess confidence sufficient to sustain the character effectively. Daisies would be appropriate flowers for her to wear.

*First Girl*—(Addresses second girl first, then looks at all),

I have a question now to ask,  
All plainly answer me:  
Of every flower on the earth,  
Which would you rather be?

*Second Girl*—

I would prefer to be a Rose;  
Because, you know, 'tis said,  
It is the queen of all the blooms  
That o'er the earth are spread.

*Third Girl*—

A Lily I should like to be,  
It is so pure and white,  
And with its beauty gives to all  
Sweet perfume and delight.

*Fourth Girl*—

I'd like to be a Dahlia,  
Tall, stately,—like a queen,  
And tower far above, with grace,  
All other flowers seen.

*Fifth Girl*—(A very little Girl).

I'd rather be a Violet,  
With eyes of deepest blue;  
And live in some sweet, shaded spot.  
And sip the morning dew.

*Sixth Girl* (steps forward; the rest fall a little back as she addresses First Girl).

I do not *have* to wish to be  
A flower at all, as you may see;  
For I am now, already, one—  
The sweetest, too, beneath the sun!



*First Girl* (starts surprised, as do the others).

I do not see  
How *this* can be!  
You surely have gone crazy.

*Sixth Girl* (walks about; fans herself; turns saucily to First Girl; bows mockingly).

O do not fret,  
And don't forget  
That I'm a *real* Daisy!  
I'm a darling—I *am* a daisy.

(All join in chorus, or sing, or recite in chorus).

## THE FALLING LEAVES.

A BLITHE red squirrel sat under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
Some were golden, and some were red.  
And some were a russet-brown.  
"If only these leaves were nuts," thought he,  
"What a rich little squirrel I should be!"

A sweet little baby sat under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
They fell in his lap, they danced on his toes,  
And they tickled his little, bald crown.  
He lifted his arms, and crowed with glee:  
"They re birdies, mamma, all flying to me."

Some poor little flowers lay under a tree,  
When the leaves were falling adown, adown;  
And they thought of the cold, bleak, wintry days,  
And the snow-king's angry frown.  
But the leaves called out, "We're coming, you see,  
To tuck you in as snug as can be."

A shy white bunny sat under a tree,  
But the snow-flakes were falling adown, adown;  
The wise red squirrel had scampered away,  
And the baby had gone to town.  
So he lifted the cover a trifle to see,  
And the flowers were sleeping as sound as could be.

*Gussie Packard DuBois.*

## A BOUQUET.

TWELVE very small girls, each wearing a wreath on the hair, and carrying a bouquet of the flowers she represents. They come upon the stage marching in couples. Thus:—

Down the centre in couples,  
 Countermarch singly half round,  
 Pass by single lines half round,  
 Down centre four abreast,  
 Countermarch couples half round,  
 Down centre six abreast,  
 Countermarch singly half round,

March around singly and take places in line and recite the following:—

WE come, fair flowers,  
 Two and two,  
 Pure *Daisy* first  
 With *Violet* blue.

The *Dahlia* with  
 Her stately head  
 Beside the *Tulip*  
 Proud doth tread.

Fair *Morning-glory*  
 Next doth twine  
 With verdant *Smilax*,  
 Graceful vine.

The *Hollyhock*,  
 With blushing face,  
 Besides the *Sunflow'r*  
 Holds her place.

Next, the gay *Poppy*,  
 Red and bright,  
 Link'd arm in arm  
 With *Snowball* white

Pure *Lily* fair,  
 With *Rose*—the queen—  
 A bouquet sweeter  
 Ne'er was seen.

## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
 There's no rain left in heaven:  
 I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, *so* old, I can write a *letter*;  
 My birthday lessons are done;  
 The *lambs* play *always*, they know no *better*;  
 They are only *one* times *one*.

O M<sup>o</sup>on! in the night I have seen you sailing  
 And shining, so round and low;  
 You were bright! ah, bright; but your light is *failing*,  
 You are nothing now | but a bow.

You M<sup>o</sup>on, have you done something wrong in heaven  
 That you dare not shew your face?  
 I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
 And shine again | in your place.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow,  
 You've powdered your legs with gold!  
 O brave marshmary-buds! rich and yellow,  
 Give me your money to hold!

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
 O cuckoo-pint! tell me the purple crapper  
 That hangs in your clear green bell!—

And show me your nest with young ones in it;  
 I will not steal them away;  
 I am old! you may trust me, linn<sup>e</sup>t—  
 I am seven times one to-day.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## THE ORIOLES.

FOUR little mouths agape for ever;  
 Four little throats that are never full:  
 Four little nestlings, who dissever,  
 One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb—the lazy fellow!—  
 Perches the father, bold and gay,  
 Proud of his coat of black and yellow,  
 Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side, the watchful mother,  
 Quietly sober in dress and song,  
 Chooses her place and asks no other,  
 Flying and gleaming all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,  
 Four little throats in time are filled ;  
 Four little nestlings quite appal her,  
 Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father, —  
 His is the care of the singing school ;  
 He must teach them to fly and gather  
 Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,  
 Under the light of the happy sun ;  
 Dropping thro' blossoms like avalanches,  
 Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,  
 Four little throats are round and strong ;  
 Four little nestlings fledged and golden,  
 Graduate in the world of song.

*Anonymous.*

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### THE CHILD'S WORLD.

---

“ GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world  
 With the wonderful water round you curled,  
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
 World, you are beautifully drest.

“ The wonderful air is over me,  
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,  
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
 And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

“ You friendly Earth, how far do you go,  
 With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,  
 With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,  
 And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

“ Ah, you are so great, and I am so small.  
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;  
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
 A whisper, inside me, seemed to say,  
 ‘ You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot,  
 You can love and think, and the Earth cannot ! ’ ”

*Lilliput Lectures.*

## FOUR LITTLE ROSE-BUDS.

Recitation for four or more very little girls dressed airily, and profusely decorated with tiny rose-buds, red, yellow, pink and white.

We are four little rose-buds—  
Red, yellow, white and pink,  
But that we are no use at all  
Some people really think.

Although we're little rose-buds,  
We often—often bless  
Those who are happy, and besides  
We soothe those in distress.

The sweetest little rose-buds  
At weddings do appear,  
And often little rose-buds  
Are scattered o'er the bier.

Hundreds of little rose-buds  
Are placed in fine bouquets,  
And people use fresh rose-buds  
In many different ways.

Then never say that rose-buds  
Do not great use extend,  
For pretty little rose-buds  
Bind often friend to friend.

We are four little rose-buds—  
Red, yellow, pink and white—  
And tho' we are little rose-buds,  
We make the world look bright.

## WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,  
The linnæ, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"  
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny, warm weather;  
And singing and loving, all come back together.  
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings and he sings, and forever sings he,  
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—Coleridge.

## THE CROW.

WHO loves the crow?  
 Do the farmers? Oh no,  
 They call him a vagabond born;  
 Of no use to any,  
 And not worth a penny,  
 A black-coated stealer of corn!  
 They raise an old hat on a broom or a cane,  
 And think they shall frighten him out of the grain.

But "croak! croak! croak!"  
 There he sits on the oak,  
 And he laughs to himself, "Who's afraid?"  
 "Caw! caw! caw! caw!"  
 And he don't care a straw  
 For the silly old scarecrow they made.  
 It will take something more than a hat or a cane  
 To frighten the crow from the farmer's grain.

*Anonymous.*

## FROGS AT SCHOOLS.

TWENTY froggies went to school  
 Down beside a bushy pool:  
 Twenty little coats of green,  
 Twenty vests, all white and clean.  
 "We must be in time," said they;  
 "First we study, then we play;  
 That is how we keep the rule  
 When we froggies go to school.  
  
 Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,  
 Called the classes in their turn;  
 Taught them how to nobly strive,  
 Likewise how to leap and dive;  
 From his seat upon the log,  
 Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"  
 Also how to dodge a blow  
 From the sticks that bad boys throw.  
  
 Twenty froggies grew up fast:  
 Bullfrogs they became at last;  
 Not one dunce among the lot,  
 Not one lesson they forgot;  
 Polished in a high degree,  
 As each froggie ought to be;  
 Now they sit on other logs,  
 Teaching other little frogs.

## ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET

---

 FROM "YOUTH'S PENNY GAZETTE."
 

---

I'm little Robin Redbreast, sir,  
 My nest is in the tree;  
 If you look up in yonder elm,  
 My pleasant home you'll see.

We made it very soft and nice,  
 My pretty mate and I;  
 And all the time we worked at it,  
 We sang most merrily.

The green leaves shade our lovely home  
 From the hot scorching sun;  
 So many birds live in the tree,  
 We do not want for fun.

The light breeze gently rocks our nests,  
 And hushes us to sleep,  
 We're up betimes to sing our song,  
 And the first daylight greet.

I have a secret I would like  
 The little girls to know;  
 But I won't tell a single boy,  
 They rob the poor birds so.

We have four pretty little nests,  
 We watch them with great care;  
 Full fifty eggs are in this tree,  
 Don't tell the boys they're here.

Joe Thompson robbed the nest last year,  
 And year before, Tom Brown;  
 I'll tell it loud as I can sing  
 To every one in town.

Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush  
 Will tell you just the same;  
 To make us all so sorrowful,  
 Is such a wicked shame.

O, did you hear the concert,  
 This morning, from our tree?  
 We give it every morning,  
 Just as the clock strikes three.

## FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"HUSH! hush!" said the little brown thrush,  
 To her mate on the nest in the alderbush;  
 "Keep still! don't open your bill!  
 There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.  
 Let go your wings out,—so  
 That not an egg or the nest shall show.  
 Chee! Chee! it seems to me  
 I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be."  
 Then still, with a quivering bill,  
 They watched out of sight o'er the hill.  
 Ah! then in the branches again,  
 Their glad song rang over vale and glen.  
 Oh! oh! if that boy could know  
 How glad they were when they saw him go.  
 Say, say, do you think next day  
 He could possibly steal those eggs away?

*Anon.*

## THE WOODPECKER.

OUT in the woods  
 I heard a clamor;  
 Pound, pound, pound,  
 Like a fairy hammer.  
 "Who is it makes  
 That cherry noise,  
 And cries rek-rek,  
 With shrill harsh voice?"

So I questioned  
 Of bird-wise Teddy;  
 "Woodpecker getting  
 Her breakfast ready.  
 She lays her ear  
 Against the bark,  
 Listens and listens,  
 Hark, ah, hark!

"And, if underneath,  
 The little worm,  
 In his sleep dares wriggle .  
 Or turn, or squirm,  
 There's a tap, tap, tap,  
 Upon the limb,  
 And—the little woodpecker  
 Has eaten him."

*Clara Doty Bates.*



## MY LITTLE SPARROWS.

WRITTEN FOR A SICK LITTLE GIRL.

"Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,  
 'Tis all I hear them say;  
 But, O, I should be lonely  
 If the sparrows were away!  
 Though they may be common,  
 And cannot sweetly sing,  
 And fill the air with music,  
 To me | they pleasure bring.  
 They may not boast fine feathers,  
 They are not gaily dressed;  
 But God | who made them | knows  
 What suits a sparrow best.  
 While other birds are singing  
 In green fields far away,  
 "Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,"  
 I hear my sparrows say.  
 "Our Father" for them careth,  
 He said so long ago,  
 "A sparrow falleth not,"  
 But He | in Heaven | doth know.  
 I love the little sparrows,  
 To me they comfort bring,  
 Though "Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,"  
 Is all the song | they sing.

William James.

## THE FARM BREAKFAST.

OFF went the hired maid;  
 Off went the hired man;  
 The busy farmer and his wife  
 Must do the best they can.  
  
 One, two, three, four!  
 Loud strikes the kitchen clock;  
 "I must," the farmer says, "get up  
 At once and feed my stock."  
 He gives the cow, some timothy,  
 The steers, some meadow-hay,  
 The pair of working oxen, grain,  
 And so begins the day.  
 He brings some turnips for the sheep,  
 The dappled colt, some barley,  
 And gets a measure full of oats  
 For good old Dan and Charley.

He throws the flock of hens some corn;  
 He gives the calf some meal;  
 The pigs he had forgotten quite  
 Until he heard them squeal.  
 Within the house, "Bow wow! Bow wow!"  
 Old Towser begs for meat;  
 "Mew! mew!" the yellow kitten asks  
 For something she can eat;  
 And down the stairs come hungry Tom,  
 And hungry Rose and Neddy,  
 And ask with one united voice,  
 "Oh, isn't *breakfast* ready?"

*Marion Douglas.*

### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
 They took some honey, and plenty of money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And sang to a small guitar,  
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
     You are,  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
 How wonderfully sweet you sing!  
 O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—  
 But what shall we do for a ring?"  
 They sailed away for a year and a day,  
 To the land where the Bong-tree grows,  
 And there in the wood, a piggy-wigg stood  
 With a ring in the end of his nose,  
     His nose,  
 With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
 So they took it away, and were married next day  
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
 They dined upon mince and slices of quince,  
 Which they ate with a suncible spoon,  
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
 They danced by the light of the moon,  
     The moon,  
 They danced by the light of the moon.

*Edward Lear.*

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

## ROBIN REDBREAST.

RECITATION FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

"WHERE are you going,  
Gay Robin Redbreast?"

"I am going to see  
The bird I love best."

"And what will you say?  
O, *tell* me, I pray!"

"Why, when I have fed her,  
I'll tell her I'll *wed* her."

"And if she says 'no,'  
*Then*; where will you go?"

Gay Robin Redbreast  
Raised high his bright crest  
And whistled, "Coo, Coo!  
Pray what's that to you?"

## THE FARMER AND THE ROBIN.

UNDER the tree the farmer said  
Smiling and shaking his wise old head;  
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know  
There's the grass to cut, and the corn to hoe;  
We can gather the cherries, *any* day,  
But when the sun *shines*, we must make our hay;  
To-night when the chores have all been done,  
We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."  
Up in the tree a robin said,  
Perching and cocking his saucy head;  
"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day,  
We'll gather them while you make the hay;  
For we are the boys with *no* corn to hoe.  
No cows to *milk* and no grass to mow."  
At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!  
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

*Emily Huntingdon Miller, in St. Nicholas.*

## THE CONCERT IN THE WOOD.

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FROM "THE CHILDREN'S CHORAL BOOK."

---

A CONCERT once by Mr. Spring  
Was given in the wood;  
He begged both old and young to come,  
And all to sing who could.  
Miss Lark, the music to begin,  
Her favorite ballad sang,  
A well-known air, and liked by all,  
So clear her sweet voice rang.

And next a gentleman appeared,  
Come lately from abroad.  
His song was short, but much admired,  
And so it was encored.  
He said that Cuckoo was his name,  
His style was quite his own;  
He sang most kindly while he stayed,  
But all too soon was gone.

The Finches then were asked to sing;  
Would they get up a glee  
With Mr. Linnet and his wife,  
Who sing so prettily?  
And in the chorus many more  
No doubt would take a part;  
Young blackcap has a splendid voice,  
And sings with all his heart.

Now came the much expected guest,  
Young lady Nightingale,  
So late, that everybody feared  
She really meant to fail.  
And first she said she could not sing,  
She was afraid to try;  
But then she sang, and all the air  
Was filled with melody.

The guests were charmed, and begged for more;  
She said she could not stay;  
But still she sang one other song,  
And then she went away;  
Then Mr. Blackbird a duet  
Began with Mrs. Thrush;  
They sang so well, that all were glad  
To gather round the bush.

And so they sang, and still sing on;  
 And all who music love,  
 Should lose no time, but go and hear  
 The concert in the grove.  
 There is no entrance-fee to pay;  
 All guests are welcome there,  
 Who come with simple, thankful hearts,  
 In joys like these to share.

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THE BOY AND THE BOBOLINK.

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- Boy*— “BOBOLINK! oh, Bobolink!  
 Tell us, tell us where you think  
 The flocks of pretty birds all go  
 When the ground is white with snow?”
- Girl*— “Ah, little boy! what would you give  
 To know where birds in winter live?”
- Boy*— “O! I would give a heap to know  
 Just where the birds hide in the snow;  
 They *can't* go far, for in the spring  
 We see them early on the wing;  
 Long, long before the flowers come,  
 They fly around our cottage home.  
 O, Bobolink! tell, if you know,  
 Where *do* the birds in winter go?”
- Girl*— “No! no! my boy, I must not say!  
 I would not thus the birds betray.  
 If boys like you could see and know  
 Where the birds hide in winter's snow,  
 Their peace for ever you'd destroy;—  
 I cannot tell you, little boy.”
- Boy*— “But if I promise not to tell  
 The bad, bad boys, I know quite well,  
 And promise that I will not throw,  
 You'll tell me where the birds all go.”
- Girl*— “No! no! I would not take the word  
 Of any boy about a bird;  
 I know their cruelty too well.  
 No, little boy! I will not tell.”

## OCTOBER.

OCTOBER comes across the hill  
 Like some light ghost, she is so still  
 Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;  
 And | through the floating thistle-down  
 Her trailing, brier-tangled gown  
*Glams* | like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble | *chime*;  
 Lanterns flash out | at *milking* time;  
 The daisy 's lost her ruffles;  
 The wasps | the honeyed pippins try;  
 A film is over the blue sky,  
 A spell the river ruffles.

The golden-rod fades in the sun;  
 The spider's gauzy veil is spun  
 Athwart the drooping sedges;  
 The nuts drop softly from their burrs;  
 No bird-song the dim silence stirs,—  
 A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,  
 As if no frost could ever be,  
 To dim her brown eyes' luster;  
 And much she knows of fairy folk  
 That dance beneath the spreading oak  
 With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eyes  
 Step softly on the fallen leaves,  
 As if for message cheering;  
 And it must be that she can hear,  
 Beyond November grim and drear,  
 The feet of Christmas nearing.

*Susan Hartley.*

## THE MONTHS.

A RECITATION AND TABLEAU FOR VERY LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

*Characters and Costumes.*

JANUARY.—White dress, spangled; a cap with glass beads, formed to represent icicles (of different sizes), fastened like spikes around the cap.

FEBRUARY.—A dress with valentines arranged upon it.

MARCH.—A boy dressed like a fat, jovial, fussy fellow, carrying a pair of bellows, or with a bandeau on cap with the word "BOREAS" on it.

APRIL.—A coquettish-looking little girl, dressed with taste.

MAY.—A girl bearing garlands of flowers.

JUNE.—A girl with a wreath of roses, her dress trimmed with flowers.

JULY.—A girl representing Canada (and the flag).

AUGUST.—A girl with basket of ripe, luscious fruit; dress, white and sheen.

SEPTEMBER.—Either a girl or boy with a basket of fruit half buried in autumn leaves.

OCTOBER.—The child who represents October should wear sombre colors, and bear various nuts—hickory, walnuts, etc. Nuts might be strung like beads.

NOVEMBER.—A dress trimmed in evergreen, or to represent winter.

DECEMBER.—A boy like March, jolly, but old, with white hair and beard.

#### JANUARY.

The world is glad when I appear,  
Because I bring the bright New Year.  
I'm always first to *come*, you know.  
But now I'll be the first to *go*!

#### FEBRUARY.

They call me dull as dull can be,  
Yet all true lovers welcome me;  
Bright eyes upon my coming shine,  
Watching for a sweet Valentine.

#### MARCH.

I am a noisy, blust'ring fellow,  
I whistle, blow, and whine, and bellow.  
Tho' I am rough, I loudly sing  
The coming of fair, gentle Spring.

#### APRIL.

They say I'm fickle as a lass  
Who smiles on all the beaux who pass.  
I laugh and cry by turns, but give  
Much joy the little time I live.

#### MAY.

My name is May, and all delight  
In my soft days and flowers bright.  
I'm always welcome, always gay,  
For old and young love happy May.

## JUNE.

I come with roses white and red,  
A perfume o'er the earth to spread;  
And always bring while I am here,  
The longest day in all the year

## JULY.

'Tis not worth while for me to say  
I bring Dominion's holiday;  
For every child, who is so high,  
(*Holds palm of right hand a foot above the floor.*)  
Knows that "THE FIRST" comes with July.

## AUGUST.

I am the month in which the gay  
Sport on the seaside and the bay.  
My long warm days the people please,  
For while they last all take their ease.

## SEPTEMBER.

After the summer's burning heat,  
My pleasant air is quite a treat.  
In various colors I am seen,  
Bright yellow, brown and red and green.

## OCTOBER.

I'm grave in mien, but rich in hue:  
I bring the ripest nuts to you;  
And though some say I'm dull and sober,  
The very squirrels love October.

## NOVEMBER.

My breath so cold the flowers fear,  
And hide their heads when I appear;  
For, like Jack Frost, I'm sure to bite  
Each tempting leaf I find in sight.

## DECEMBER.

I'm old—but merry—as you see,  
And many people fancy me;  
Each year, along with Santa Claus,  
I make much fun for girls and boys.



## MARCH.

I WONDER what spendthrift chose to spill  
Such bright gold under my window-sill!  
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?  
Bless me! it is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst  
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!  
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst  
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow mist.

And snowdrops, delicate fairy bells,  
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells;  
And the hyacinths weaving their perfumed spells.  
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels!

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?  
Who said she had nothing on earth to do  
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?  
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

O March that blusters and March that blows,  
What color under your footsteps glows!  
Beauty you summon from winter snows,  
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose!

*Celia Thaxter, in Wide Awake.*

## AUGUST AND ITS WORK.

WHO has made dry all the cool, shady places  
Where my little brook used to ripple and play?  
"I coaxed the brook off," said fiery-breathed August;  
"In soft, little mist-clouds it floated away."

Who has turned yellow and brown my green pastures?  
Who has been bleaching my green sea of wheat?  
"I ripened the verdure," said fierce scorching August,  
"And I threw those brilliant-hued flowers at your feet."

"I finished the ripening of all the wild berries,  
And I put the bloom on the fair, downy peach:  
For me in the orchard the sweetings grow mellow,  
An I have some beautiful tidings for each."

*Sarah E. Howard.*

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

“ONCE upon a time,” said Alice,  
As we cuddled down  
For our “toast” before the fire,  
Each in nightie-gown.

“Christmas fairies used to listen  
(Sent by Santa Claus)  
To the wishes of the children,  
And how good each was.”

“S’pose they hear us now?” said Gracie.  
“This is Christmas eve.  
Let’s all tell our wishes over,  
Let us make believe!”

While we told them, in a flame flash  
Plainly there we all  
Saw a line of loveliest fairies  
On the shadowy wall!

S’pose you don’t believe my story?  
Well, all I can say,  
Every single thing we wished for  
We all got next day.

*E. S. Tucker.*

## THE LITTLE KING’S KINGDOM.

IN the hush | of the Christmas night | he looks  
Out | on the world from his bed of straw;  
The wise men have knelt | with their offerings méet,  
And laid them down at his dimpled feet;  
The angels have *trembled* | and thrilled their *song*,  
All mystic and holy | it *swelled* along;  
But now | in the silencé | the little King | looks  
Where the night-shadows quiver and wave in awe.

Beyond the night-shadows, and on and on,  
Past broad, sparkling streams, o’er the fathomless deep,  
Through fair smiling valleys where wild blossoms blow,  
And over the realm of the wonderful snow,  
From his manger of straw looks the little King;  
Not a whisper the glorious tidings to ring  
Beyond the night-shadows, and on and on  
Through the kingdoms that laugh | and the kingdoms that weep.

His mother | bends over and *kisses* his brow  
 And turns her brave eyes to the all-seeing blue.  
 The kings of the *earth* | have a crown and a throne,  
 The little King's *curls* | are *his* crown alone;  
 But | through the night-shadows | and on and on—  
 He sees his own kingdom in darkness and dawn.  
 His mother bends over and kisses his brow,  
 And the little King smiles in her face so true.

Oh, where may the little King's *kingdom* | be ?  
*Others* are ruling with might | and with strife,  
 In garments of purple, in glitter of gold,  
 In the flash of the sword and the banner unrolled,  
 Through the night-shadows and on and on,  
 In the glint of the moon | in the streak of the dawn.  
 Oh, where may the little King's kingdom be ?  
 'Tis the kingdom of love and the little kings life.

*Louis R. Baker.*

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### SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

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SING a song of Christmas,  
 Pocket full of fun,  
 Four and twenty children  
 Happy every one.

Papa in the counting house  
 Making lots of money;  
 Mamma in the toy shop  
 Spending it—how funny!

Children on the look out,  
 With bright and eager eyes;  
 Every blessed one of them  
 Expecting a surprise.

So many little stockings  
 Hanging in a row;  
 Wonder how good Santa Claus  
 Knows just where to go.

So many little people,  
 Tucked away in bed;  
 Every kiss been given,  
 Every prayer been said.

When their eyes are opened—  
 Mercy! What a sight!  
 Such a jolly Christmas tree  
 Grown up in one night!

Out of bed they tumble.  
 "Children, what's the matter?"  
 Shouts of joyous laughter;  
 Such a din and clatter.

Then says mamma, softly,  
 "Stop a moment, pets,—  
 Who is it remembers?  
 Who is it forgets?"

"How, from out the darkness,  
 Shone the Eastern Star;  
 Guiding wise men's footsteps  
 From countries afar,

"To where a baby angel  
 Had drifted from above;  
 A bond 'twixt earth and heaven  
 Of everlasting love.

"How they humbly worshipped  
 The babe of Heavenly birth,  
 Who brought with Him salvation,  
 Peace, good-will on earth.

"And since, through all the ages,  
 Tho' woe may still abide,  
 The world has been a better place  
 Because of Christmas-tide."

## THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Now, little childrén, listen *wèll*  
 To the wondrous story I shall tell,  
 That happened once upon a timé  
 Before bells rang | the Christmas chime.  
 Many hundred years ago,  
 In pleasant lands where fell no snow,  
 And winter winds blew soft and wárm,  
 A beautiful baby boy was born.  
 His father Joseph and other men  
 Had brought their wives to *Bethlehèem*  
 To pay the mðney | *Cæsar sáid*  
 Was owed him | by each Jewish heàd.

So many people came that dáy  
 There was not room for all to stáy,  
 And Joseph was *glad* | to find a bed  
 For *Mary* | in the *stable*-shed.

Outside, upon the rocky hill,  
 Sat grave old *shepherds* | watching still  
 Their flocks of sheep that crouched around  
 With bleatings soft | upon the ground.  
 The tall deep sky was black as jet,  
 And the silver moon about to set,  
 When sparkling with a radiance bright  
 The *Star-of-the-East* shone | on the night,  
 And an angel fair with shining wing  
 Cried, " Tidings of great joy we bring!  
 For unto you this day is born  
 A *Saviour*, | Christ, the Lord." Forlorn  
 And sore afraid, the shepherds heard  
 The angel tell his glorious wòrd;  
 While heavenly music | from the sky  
 Was lifted up to Gòd | on high,  
 Of " Glory, glory to God, and peace  
 On earth, good-will towards men." It cèased,  
 And the trembling shepherds | rose and went  
 To see the gift | that God had sent  
 To earth | of his dear *Son*. There lay  
 The *Babe* | upon the fragrant hay.  
 His fine and silky chestnut háir |  
 Waved round a face so wondrous fair,  
 It beamed with rapturous *glory* | bright,  
 And filled the dingy place with light.  
 His baby eyes | so calm and sweet  
 Gazed on the wise men at his feèt,  
 Who, guided by the glowing star,  
 Had come from distant lands afár  
 To see the Virgin Mary mild  
 And offer *wòrship* | to the Child.  
 They brought rich gifts of myrrh and gold,  
 Sweet frankincense and species old.

And ever since upon the earth  
 We celebrate our Saviour's birth,  
 Who came | as a *blessed Babe* | that dáy;  
 To *live* for *us* | and teach the way  
 To heaven, filled with mansions fair,  
 And robes and crowns for us to wear,  
 If we will only love each other,  
 And choose Him for our *Elder* Brother.

*Grace W. Haight.*

## WISH YOU MERRY CHRISTMAS.

TELL me the story | old and true,  
 That each glad Christmas makes so new,  
 How Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
     And cradled in a manger;  
 One bright star, like a diadem,  
 Shone o'er the holy stranger.

Say, did the Christ-child light that star,  
 As he came down from heaven far?  
 The wise men followed where it led,  
     With costly mirrh, sweet-smelling;  
 And kneeling, gave him gifts and said,  
     " Our King, all kings excelling!"

On that, the *first* of Christmas days,  
 The angels sang a song of praise,  
 And, on *this* happy Christmas, they  
     The *same* sweet song are singing,  
 " Good-will from God to men!" they say;  
     Set all the joy-bells ringing.

*Lavinia S. Goodwin.*

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WE'RE little lads and lasses gay,  
 Pray to our song give ear;  
 We've come a long and snowy way,  
 To sing our Christmas cheer.

There's no day half so dear and glad,  
 Alike to young and old;  
 We pray that no one may be sad,  
 Or want for lack of gold.

That each may have a merry heart  
 To greet this merry day,  
 And pass a happy greeting on  
 To all who come their way.

For Christmas is no time for woe,  
 'Tis a day for joy and cheer;  
 It comes with wreathing greens and snow  
 To round the happy year.

*L. A. France.*

## T E M P E R A N C E .

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### WHY, AND BECAUSE.

---

ONE ASKS AND FOUR ANSWER.

---

WINE that is beautiful, wine that is red,  
Why must I shun it with fear and dread ?

Because,—“ At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an  
adder.”—*Prov. xxiii. 32.*

Why, when it moveth itself aright,  
Must not I look at the tempting sight ?

Because,—“ Wine is a mocker.”—*Prov. xx. 1.*

Why shall we stand, though it rage and mock,  
As straight as a line and firm as a rock ?

Because,—“ We will drink no wine.”—*Jer. xxxv. 6.*

And though we should meet its serpent charm,  
Why are we sure we shall take no harm ?

Because,—We will “ Touch not, taste not, handle not.”—*Col. ii. 21.*

But if it should tempt us our pledge to break,  
Why are we sure the safe course to take ?

Because,—“ We will look not upon the wine.”—*Prov. xxiii. 30.*

Then why is it best from the wine to haste,  
Lest we might touch, or handle, or taste ?

Because,—“ Woe unto them that follow strong drink.”—*Isa. v. 2.*

---

### WHAT I THINK.

---

I THINK that every mother's son,  
And every father's daughter,  
Should drink, at least till twenty-one,  
Just nothing but cold water ;  
And after that they might drink tea,  
But nothing any stronger ;  
If all folks would agree with me,  
They'd live a great deal longer.

## WINE OR WATER.

---

 TO BE RECITED BY THREE GIRLS SUCCESSIVELY.
 

---

## FIRST GIRL.

WHICH will you have, my boy or girl,  
 With the rosy cheek and golden curl,  
 With the sparkling eye and coral lip,—  
 Will you the wine or water sip?

## SECOND GIRL.

First let me say, if you choose the wine,  
 Your beaming eyes will no longer shine;  
 They'll soon grow faint, and dull, and dim,  
 And you'll wear a hat without any rim.  
 You'll blunder and stagger, and tumble about;  
 Fall into a mud-hole and cannot get out;  
 Your clothes will be ragged, and tattered, and torn,  
 And you will be friendless, alone, and forlone.

## THIRD GIRL.

Next, let me say, if water you take,  
 Sparkling and clear from the spring or the lake,  
 Your eyes will be bright, your brain will be sound,  
 And you may yet live to be great and renowned.  
 Your step will be firm and your footing secure,  
 And if you fall down you'll get up, I'm sure.

## ALL

And now little man or maiden so fine,  
 Which will you take the water or wine?

*Nettie Mackey*

---

 THE SONG OF THE CORN.
 

---

I WAS made to be eaten,  
 And not to be drank;  
 To be thrashed in the barn,  
 Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,  
 When put in a mill,  
 As a blight and a curse,  
 When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,  
 And your children are fed;  
 But if into a drink,  
 I will starve them instead.



## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

In bread I'm a servant,  
 The eater shall rule;  
 In drink I am master,  
 The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—  
 My strength I'll employ,  
 If eaten, to strengthen,  
 If drunk, to destroy.

---

## COLD WATER BOYS.

We are a band of Temperance boys,  
 Our drink is pure cold water!  
 No whisky and no rum for us,  
 No beer, no ale, no porter.

We pledge ourselves to drink no wine;  
 Nor handle, touch, nor taste  
 The foe that steals men's brains away,  
 And runs their life to waste.

Come join our ranks, boys, big or small,  
 Against strong drink to fight.  
 We're sure to win though sharp the fray,  
 For victory's with the Right.

---

## A LITTLE GIRL'S DECLARATION.

WHO'LL make the brandy-peaches,  
 Or brandy-flavoured pie,  
 And help the liquor traffic?  
 Surely not I, not I.

Who wants in time of sickness  
 A little ale to try,  
 Or beer or wine to poison  
 And make her worse? Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples  
 A little on the sly,  
 Or smokes cigars in private?  
 Not I, surely not I.

And when we girls are women  
 (We shall be by and by),  
 Who'll have a drinking husband?  
 Some silly girl; not I.

## TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine  
 In the crystal goblet shine?  
 Be not tempted by its charm,  
 It will surely lead to harm  
 Children, hate it!  
 Touch it never!  
 Fight it ever!

Do you know what causeth woe  
 Bitter as the heart can know?  
 'Tis that self-same ruby wine  
 Which would tempt that soul of thine,  
 Children, hate it!  
 Touch it never!  
 Fight it ever!

Never let it pass your lips;  
 Never even let the tips  
 Of your fingers touch the bowl;  
 Hate it from your inmost soul.  
 Truly hate it!  
 Touch it never!  
 Fight it ever!

Fight it! with God's help stand fast,  
 Long as life or breath shall last,  
 Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,  
 Hurl the demon from our land.  
 Oh, then hate it!  
 Touch it never!  
 Fight it ever!

## WON'T AND WILL.

SHAN'T and Won't were two little brothers,  
 Angry, and sullen, and gruff,  
 Try and Will are dear little sisters,  
 One can scarcely love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their noses,  
 Their faces were dismal to see;  
 Try and Will are brighter than roses  
 In June, and as blithe as a bee,

Shan't and Won't are backward and stupid,  
 Little, indeed, did they know;  
 Try and Will learn something new daily,  
 And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,  
 So much as to have their own way;  
 Try and Will give up to their elders,  
 And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,  
 Their story is awful to tell;  
 Try and Will are in the school-room,  
 Learning to read and spell.

## LADY QUEEN ANNE.

A PERFORMANCE, WITH CHARACTERS IN APPROPRIATE COSTUMES.

CHARACTERS—(Lady Queen Anne, four boys, three girls, and one boy to represent Puck ; ages of characters ranging from three to seven years old.)

In the centre of the stage, upon a throne, or elevation, "LADY QUEEN ANNE" is seated with crown and sceptre. The children form a circle about her, and as the curtain rises, they join hands and march round the throne as often as is deemed necessary, and sing or repeat the old couplet :

Lady Queen Anne  
 Sits in the sun;  
 Fair as a Lily,  
 Brown as a Bun.  
 She calls for an offering,  
 But will not confess  
 The thing she most wants  
 And leaves us to guess.

After repeating the above several times, girls and boys separate and fall back on either side.

FIRST BOY (*approaches throne.*)

If aught will please your royal sight  
 'Twill be this rose, so sweet and bright.

(*Offers rose.*)

LADY QUEEN ANNE (*curls lip disdainfully.*)

A *Rose* is not the gift I seek,  
 For roses bloom upon my cheek.

(*Waves sceptre ; FIRST BOY retires to place.*)

FIRST GIRL (*approaches throne.*)

Your wish I grant with much delight;  
Accept this Lily pure and white.

LADY QUEEN ANNE (*sneers haughtily ; scorns flower.*)

Your offering is worse than silly  
When I am called : " Fair as a Lily."

(*Waves sceptre ; FIRST GIRL retires to place.*)

SECOND BOY (*approaches throne, holds necklace to view.*)

Lady Queen Anne, from the deep sea,  
A string of Pearls I bring to thee.

LADY QUEEN ANNE (*tosses head disdainfully.*)

My lips conceal rich pearls, more bright  
Than ever yet have come to sight.

(*Waves sceptre ; SECOND BOY retires to place.*)

SECOND GIRL (*advances to throne, bracelet in hand.*)

Your wish is surely now within your grasp:  
About your arm, this Bracelet let me clasp.

(*Starts to fasten bracelet, is repulsed by LADY QUEEN ANNE.*)

LADY QUEEN ANNE.

Away ! too perfect is my rounded arm  
To need the aid of such a paltry charm.

(*Waves sceptre ; SECOND GIRL retires to place.*)

THIRD BOY (*advances to throne, holding high a silver cup.*)

The honor is reserved for me  
Your wish now to divine;  
With bended knee I offer thee (*kneels*)  
A cup of sparkling wine.

LADY QUEEN ANNE (*haughtily.*)

What use have I for " sparkling wine"  
When wit, the sharpest known, is mine.  
The cup, kind sir, I must refuse;  
Your impudence I will excuse.

(*Waves sceptre ; THIRD BOY retires to place.*)

THIRD GIRL (*advances to throne timidly.*)

I fear you are quite hard to please;  
But still to you I bring  
What almost every woman craves—  
A handsome diamond ring.

(*Offers ring, which is spurned impatiently.*)

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

LADY QUEEN ANNE.

Ridiculous ! Why ! I have more  
 Than I can wear,—at least a score.  
 (*Angrily.*) Take it away ! 'Tis plain to see  
 No one can guess my wish. Ah me ! (*sighs.*)

FOURTH BOY (*approaches throne, holds purse behind him.*)

Do not despair ! When I my gift unfold  
 Your wish shall be fulfilled. (*Holds up purse  
 triumphantly.*) 'Tis shining Gold!

LADY QUEEN ANNE (*disdainfully.*)

Flowers, and gems, and gold I do despise,  
 And something sweeter far than wine I prize.  
 Your worthless offerings I therefore spurn,  
 Since none, it seems, my wishes can discern.

(*Enter PUCK, hastily ; pauses close to throne.*)

PUCK.

Except your faithful, jolly Puck,  
 Whose fate it is to meet good luck;  
 And very seldom fails to find  
 The workings of a lady's mind:  
 Who, be she widow, queen, or miss,  
 Will ne'er refuse an offered kiss!

(*Snatches kiss before LADY QUEEN ANNE can resist.*)(*Curtain.*)

## REMARKS.

It is almost impossible to procure realistic scenery for school and parlor entertainments outside a large city, without great cost, but pleasing effects can be produced on the amateur stage by the artistic arrangement of evergreens, flowers, drapery, and light. The last is indispensable to the success of home and school exhibitions, and much can be added to the attractiveness of any performance, however simple, by the style of dress worn, by children especially. Gilt and silver paper and tinsel are cheap and are easily obtained. Spangles, too, are a great adjunct, and shining glass beads can be used profusely to great advantage in the above little performance.

The boy who impersonates "Puck" must be intelligent, good-looking, and active, and is supposed to take both "Lady Queen Anne" and the audience by surprise. It has "brought down the house" more than once when acted with spirit. This may be accounted for very naturally, as it does not often require much drilling to make a boy of almost any age kiss a pretty girl, with manly grace and spirit.—*Kavanaugh's Comic Dialogues.*

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

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 ARRANGED AS A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO BOYS, DRESSED AS FARM HANDS.
 

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ROBIN RUFF.

If I had but ten thousand a year, Gaffer Green—  
 If I had but ten thousand a year,  
 What a man would I be, and what sights would I see,  
 If I had but ten thousand a year.

GAFFER GREEN.

The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff,  
 Would scarce find you in bread I much fear,  
 But be honest and true, say, what would you do,  
 If you had but ten thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF.

I'd dō—I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,  
 I'd gō—faith, I scarcely know where;  
 I'd scatter the chink, and leave *others* to think,  
 If I had but ten thousand a year.

GAFFER GREEN.

But when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,  
 And the day of your death it draws near,  
 Say, what with your pains would you do with your gains  
 If you then had but ten thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF.

I can scarcely tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,  
 For your questions are always so queer;  
 But as other folks die, I suppose so must I,

GAFFER GREEN.

What! and give up ten thousand a year?

There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff—  
 And I hope in my heart you'll go there—  
 Where the poor man's as great, though he hath no estate,  
 Ay, as if he'd ten thousand a year.

—*Kavanaugh's Comic Dialogues.*

## RECITATION

FOR ANY NUMBER OF VERY SMALL BOYS.

*(They stand in a semi-circle, and begin by rubbing their eyes and sing :)*

This is the way we rise from sleep,  
 This is the way we rise from sleep,  
 This is the way we rise from sleep,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next pass hand over face, in imitation of washing.)*

This is the way we wash our face,  
 This is the way we wash our face,  
 This is the way we wash our face,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next pass fingers through hair to represent combing.)*

This is the way we comb our hair,  
 This is the way we comb our hair,  
 This is the way we comb our hair,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next walk around stage in imitation of going to school.)*

This is the way we walk to school,  
 This is the way we walk to school,  
 This is the way we walk to school,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next stand formally in a row, demurely.)*

This is the way we stand in class,  
 This is the way we stand in class,  
 This is the way we stand in class,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next skip one behind the other as if in play.)*

This is the way we go to play,  
 This is the way we go to play,  
 This is the way we go to play,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next stand in a row in front of audience.)*

This is the way when day is done,  
 After our lessons, play, and fun,  
 We say good-night to every one,  
 Till early in the morning.

*(Wave hands to audience, bow, and retire.)*

## RECITATION

FOR A DOZEN LITTLE GIRLS.

*(They begin by imitating the motion of kneading dough.)*

This is the way we knead our bread,  
 This is the way we knead our bread,  
 This is the way we knead our bread,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next close fists and imitate the motion on wash-board.)*

This is the way we wash our clothes,  
 This is the way we wash our clothes,  
 This is the way we wash our clothes,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next imitate the motion of using broom.)*

This is the way we sweep the floor,  
 This is the way we sweep the floor,  
 This is the way we sweep the floor,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They next imitate the use of dusting-cloth or brush.)*

This is the way we clean off dust,  
 This is the way we clean off dust,  
 This is the way we clean off dust,  
 So early in the morning.

*(They range themselves in a semi-circle.)*

When all our work is finished quite,  
 We're gay and happy, our hearts so light.  
 And now we bid you kind good-night,  
 Till early in the morning.

*(All kiss hands to audience, bow, and exult.)*

The above two Recitations are for the smallest children, and no one can imagine how 'cute they appear with the proper training and spirit. Little "tots," too young to memorize a set speech, can easily "go through the motions" and sing the words with amazing expression.

The longer one is for Boys—the shorter one for Girls, and the teachers or managers of the entertainment will have to use their own judgment in regard to the number of children admitted upon the stage.

It is hardly necessary to add that the air is familiar to most children and the words as old as Mother Goose melodies ; but, like wine, they improve with age.



## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

(FOR SEVERAL LITTLE GIRLS).

BUSY and happy young housewives are we;  
 Not very big specimens—that you can see—  
 But we've just the same housework of all kinds to do  
 That the big, grown-up housekeepers have to go through.

Since Monday is wash-day, all the world round,  
 At the wash-tub, on Monday, we're sure to be found.  
 We rub Dolly's clothes till they're pure as the snow,  
 Then we rinse them, and wring them, and hang them up, so.

On Tuesday, the ironing has to be done,  
 So we sprinkle and fold—that's the part that is fun !—  
 And we smooth out the wrinkles with our irons thus, you see,  
 Rubbing backward and forward, till they're smooth as can be.

On Wednesday, we bake—and oh ! 'tis such fun  
 To knead soft dough—this is how it is done.  
 For our cakes, we must have just the finest of dust.  
 Then our pies—this is how we roll out our crust.

On Thursday, there's nothing especial to do,  
 So we do odds and ends—darn stockings or sew.  
 But on Friday, with brooms we make the dust fly  
 As we sweep the house o'er, where'er dirt we espy.

And at last, when Saturday comes—oh ! dear ! dear !  
 We're busy as any grown folks ever were,  
 We clean, and we scrub, and we brew, and we bake.  
 Then our week's work all done, Sunday rest we can take.

—*Young Folks' Entertainments.*

## GEOMETRIC PLAY.

FOR VERY LITTLE ONES.

*Any number of little ones stand in four lines, forming a square. They recite or sing :—*

Now we stand here, and you stand there,  
 And thus we form a perfect square.  
 All four sides equal are, you see,  
 For so a *perfect square* must be.

*They then form in two lines and say :*

To where they end, from where they start,  
Our lines are just so far apart ;  
So, if you see us, you can tell  
That these two lines are *parallel*.

*Next change into a triangle, and say :—*

Now careful move, and do not tangle,  
And we will form in a triangle.  
Three equal sides and angles three,—  
A true *triangle* now you see.

*One little girl takes the centre, and the others join hands in a circle around her, and say :—*

Each one of us stands just as far  
From Annie as the others are ;  
For *centre* now we Annie take,  
And round her, thus, a *circle* make.

*All form in a line to go to their seats, and say :*

As to our seats we marching go,  
A good *straight line* we try to show.  
Now, is not this a pretty play  
Of *geometric figures* ?—say.

*Primary Fridays.*

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## THE FARMER.

---

(For several boys).

THIS is the way the happy farmer  
Plows his piece of ground,  
That from the little seeds he sows  
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed,  
Dropping with careful hand,  
In all the furrows well prepared  
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain  
When bending with its weight ;  
And thus he bundles it in sheaves,  
Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus,  
And stores away to keep ;  
And thus he stands contentedly  
And views the plenteous heap.

## HELPING MAMMA.

(For several little girls).

WHAT can we do to help mamma,  
Who has so much to do?  
These little hands can surely find  
Some way to help her through.

What can we do to help mamma,  
When she must sweep and clean?  
With dusting-cloth and brush we'll dust  
Till not a speck is seen.

What can we do to help mamma,  
When she is ironing clothes?  
We'll iron the handkerchiefs and towels,  
And little things like those.

What can we do to help mamma,  
When she lies down to rest?  
To keep quite still, and speak quite low,  
We'll try our very best.

If thus we try to help mamma,  
While we are children small,  
We'll surely find ourselves of use  
When we are grown up tall.

## A LITTLE GIANT.

I KNOW a little giant no bigger than a tack,  
Who can wrestle with a fat man and throw him on his back;  
His knotted little muscles, almost too small to spy,  
Could turn you topsy-turvey and hardly seem to try.  
To tweak the nose, and pinch the toes, and fill one full of woe,  
Are jokes the midget loves to play alike on friend and foe.

But he can do still greater things than make a big man squeal—  
He can split a stone in splinters, or break a bar of steel;  
He can shape the dripping eaves'-drops into a crystal spear,  
And clutch the falling rain so hard, 'twill turn all white with fear;  
He can chain the dashing river and plug the running spout;  
He can build a wall upon the lake and shut the water out.

But if you want to see the little giant cut and run,  
Just build a tiny fire or step out and fetch the sun.

*St. Nicholas.*

## A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I learned my letters,  
 That all my troubles were done;  
 But I find myself much mistaken—  
 They only have just begun.  
 Learning to read was awful,  
 But nothing like learning to write;  
 I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
 But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;  
 The pen cuts all sorts of shins,  
 And won't do at all as I bid it;  
 The letters won't stay on the lines,  
 But go up and down and all over  
 As though they were dancing a jig—  
 They are there in all shapes and sizes,  
 Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,  
 The handles get on the wrong side  
 Of the d's and the k's and the h's,  
 Though I've certainly tried and tried  
 To make them just right; it is dreadful,  
 I really don't know what to do,  
 I'm getting almost distracted—  
 My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
 If one could get through; instead  
 Of that, there are books awaiting,  
 Quite enough to craze my head;  
 There's the multiplication table,  
 And grammar, and—oh, dear me,  
 There's no good place for stopping,  
 When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little,  
 To the mountain top we climb.  
 It isn't all done in a minute,  
 But only a step at a time;  
 She says that all the scholars,  
 All the wise and learned men,  
 Had each to begin as I do;  
 If that's so—where's my pen?

*Charlotte Perry.*

## BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

---

Now the snow is on the ground,  
 And the frost is on the glass;  
 Now the brook in ice is bound  
 And the great storms rise and pass.  
 Bring the thick, gray cloud;  
 Toss the flakes of snow;  
 Let your voice be hoarse and loud,  
 And blow, wind, blow!

When our day in school is done,  
 Out we come with you to play.  
 You are rough, but full of fun,  
 And we boys have learned your way.  
 All your cuffs and slaps  
 Mean no harm, we know;  
 Try to snatch our coats and caps,  
 And blow, wind, blow!

You have sent the flowers to bed;  
 Cut the leaves from off the trees;  
 From your blast the birds have fled;  
 No you do what you may please.  
 Yes; but by and by  
 Spring will come, we know,  
 Spread your clouds, then, wide and high,  
 And blow, wind, blow!

*St. Nicholas.*

---

## HIGH-TOP BOOTS.

---

You'd better not call me Captain Boots  
 I've grown too big for that;  
 It is time that I played with girls no more,  
 And I think that I'll drop the cat.  
 Old hen, if you snap your spurs at me,  
 You will have to stand a fight with three—  
 A couple of boots and a man, do you see?  
 Ho! pretty good boots! Ho! high-top boots,  
 Ho! gentleman's boots for me.

Stand out of the way, I'm going to walk,  
 I'll tread on somebody soon,  
 Oh! how they do squeak! Yes, how they talk!  
 I think it as good as a tune,  
 They tie themselves without any strings,

They match like a pair of angel's wings,  
 New leather! I hope you smell the things,  
 Ho! pretty good boots! Ho! high-top boots,  
 Ho! gentleman's boots for me.

I wish it was Sunday to go to church,  
 I wish it was Monday to play,  
 I wish it was Tuesday to ride my horse,  
 I wish it was every day.  
 I will wear them to bed, for Uncle Jim  
 Might fill them with water up to the brim,  
 As once I filled his boots for him.  
 Ho! pretty good boots! Ho! high-top boots,  
 Ho! gentleman's boots for me.

They're temperance boots, for I wore them first  
 To the Band of Hope last night,  
 And they squeaked so loud that the chairman said  
 That he thought they must be *tight*;  
 But they're *temperance* boots and would just as soon  
 Think of walking straight up to the moon  
 As of walking into a drink saloon.  
 Ho! pretty good boots! Ho! high-top boots,  
 Ho! *teetotal* boots for me.

*Treasure Trove.*

---

### TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

---

“You think I am dead,”  
 The apple-tree said,  
 “Because I have never a leaf to show—  
 Because I stoop,  
 And my branches droop,  
 And the dull gray mosses all over me grow!  
 But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;  
 The buds of next May  
 I fold away—  
 But I pity the withered grass at my root,”

“You think I am dead,”  
 The quick grass said,  
 “Because I have parted with stem and blade!  
 But under the ground  
 I am safe and sound  
 With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.  
 I'm all alive, and ready to shoot  
 Should the Spring of the Year  
 Come dancing here,  
 But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

"You think I am dead,"  
 A soft voice said,  
 "Because not a root or branch I own!  
 I never have died  
 But close I hide  
 In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.  
 Patient I wait through the long winter hours;  
 You will see me again—  
 I shall laugh at you, then,  
 Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

*St. Nicholas.*

---

 OLD GRAY PATE.
 

---

HENRY was every morning fed  
 With a full mess of milk and bread.  
 One day the boy his breakfast took,  
 And ate it by a purling brook.  
 His mother lets him have his way.  
 With free leave Henry every day  
 Thither repairs, until she heard  
 Him talking of a fine *gray bird*.  
 This pretty bird, he said, indeed,  
 Came every day with him to feed;  
 And it loved him and loved his milk,  
 And it was smooth and soft like silk.  
 —On the next morn she follows Harry,  
 And carefully she sees him carry  
 Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess,  
 What was her terror and distress  
 When she saw the infant take  
 His bread and milk close to a snake!  
 Upon the grass he spreads his feast,  
 And sits down by his frightful guest,  
 Who had waited for the treat;  
 And now they both began to eat.  
 Fond mother, shriek not, O beware  
 The least small noise, O have a care—  
 The least small noise that may be made  
 The wily snake will be afraid—  
 If he hear the slightest sound,  
 He will inflict th' envenom'd wound.  
 —She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,  
 As she stands the trees beneath.  
 No sound she utters; and she soon  
 Sees the child lift up his spoon,

And tap the snake upon the head,  
 Fearless of harm; and then he said,  
 As speaking to familiar mate,  
 "Keep on your own side, Old Gray Pate;"  
 The snake then to the other side,  
 As one rebukéd, seems to glide;  
 And now again advancing nigh,  
 Again she hears the infant cry,  
 Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do;  
 "Mind Gray Pate what I say to you."  
 The danger's o'er! she sees the boy  
 (O what a change from fear to joy!)  
 Rise and bid the snake "Good-bye";  
 Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I  
 "Will come again to-morrow day";  
 —Then, lightly tripping, ran a way.

*M. Lamb.*

---

### THE BLIND LASSIE.

---

O HARK to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',  
 And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,  
 Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin';  
 It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.  
 Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',  
 Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won,  
 Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—  
 The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,  
 A sodger's puir widow, sair wasted an' gane;  
 As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither,  
 And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.  
 She left Jeanie weepin', in His holy keepin'  
 Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win';  
 We had little siller, yet a' were good till her.  
 The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin'  
 She sits thro' the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,  
 Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin';  
 To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear.  
 Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her;  
 The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun;  
 For though she has naething, proud-hearted this wee thing;  
 The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

*T. C. Latto.*



## A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;  
 Holy angels guard thy bed!  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
 House and home thy friends provide;  
 All without thy care or payment  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
 Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from Heaven he descended,  
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:  
 When his birth-place was a stable,  
 And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,  
 Telling wonders from the sky!  
 Where they sought him, there they found him,  
 With his Virgin-Mother by,

See the lovely babe a-dressing:  
 Lovely infant, how he smiled!  
 When he wept, the mother's blessing  
 Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,  
 Where the horned oxen fed;  
 —Peace, my darling! here's no danger!  
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

—May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
 Trust and love him all thy days:  
 Then go dwell for ever near him;  
 See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
 Hoping what I most desire:  
 Not a mother's fondest wishes  
 Can to greater joys aspire.

## BE PATIENT WITH THE CHILDREN.

---

THEY are such tiny feet!  
 They have gone such a little way to meet  
 The years which are required to break  
 Their steps to evenness, and make  
 Them go  
 More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!  
 Be kind,—things are so new, and life but stands  
 A step beyond the doorway. All around  
 New day has found  
 Such tempting things to shine upon; and so  
 The hands are tempted off, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,  
 That widen to surprise  
 At every turn! They are so often held  
 To sun or showers,—showers soon dispelled  
 By looking in our face,  
 Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!  
 Uncertain as the rifts  
 Of light that lie along the sky,—  
 They may not be here by and by.  
 Give them not love, but more, above  
 And harder,—patience with the love.

---

 ROBIN REDBREAST
 

---

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!  
 For Summer's nearly done;  
 The garden smiling faintly,  
 Cool breezes in the sun;  
 Our thrushes now are silent,  
 Our swallows flown away,—  
 But Robin's here with coat of brown,  
 And ruddy breast-knot gay.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear!  
 Robin sings so sweetly  
 In the falling of the year.

## PRIMARY RECITATIONS.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
 The leaves come down in hosts;  
 The trees are Indian princes,  
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
 The scanty pears and apples  
 Hang russet on the bough;  
 Its Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
 'Twill soon be Winter now.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear!  
 And what will this poor Robin do?  
 For pinching days are near

The fire-side for the cricket,  
 The wheatstack for the mouse,  
 When trembling night-winds whistle  
 And moan all round the house.  
 The frosty ways like iron,  
 The branches plumed with snow,—  
 Alas! in winter dead and dark,  
 Where can poor Robin go?  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear!  
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
 His little heart to cheer!

*W. Allingham.*

---

 DARE AND DO.
 

---

ONWARD go, forward go,  
 Like a soldier true!  
 Manfully perform the work  
 That is yours to do.

Nobly think, nobly act,  
 In life's endeavor;  
 Show a will to dare and do—  
 Be a coward never!

Onward go, forward go;  
 Be master of your plan;  
 Let your golden watchword read:  
 "I'll be a working man!"

*J. W. Sanborn.*

## WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose  
 On the garden wall,  
 I'd look so fair  
 And grow so tall:  
 I'd scatter perfume far and wide,  
 Of all the flowers be the pride,  
 That's what I'd do  
 If I were you  
 O little rose!

If I were a bird,  
 With a nest in a tree,  
 I would sing a song  
 So glad and free,  
 That birds in gilded cages nearer  
 Would pause my wild, sweet notes to hear,  
 That's what I'd do  
 If I were you,  
 O gay, wild bird.

Fair little maid,  
 If I were you,  
 I should always try  
 To be good and true;  
 I'd be the merriest, sweetest child  
 On whom the sunshine ever smiled.  
 That's what I'd do  
 If I were you,  
 Dear little maid!

*Our Little Ones.*

## NUMBER ONE.

"I TELL you," said Robbie, eating his peach,  
 And giving his sister none,

"I believe in the good old saying that each  
 Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,

"But the counting should be begun  
 With the *other one* instead of yourself,—  
 And *he* should be Number One."

*Charles R. Talbot, in St. Nicholas.*

## THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
 This is the song of the bee.  
 His legs are of yellow,  
 A jolly good fellow,  
 And a good worker is he  
 In days that are sunny,  
 He's getting his honey;  
 In days that are cloudy,  
 He's hoarding his wax;  
 On pinks and on lilies,  
 And gay daffodillies,  
 And columbine blossoms  
 He levies a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
 The sweet smelling clover  
 He humming hangs over;  
 The scent of the roses  
 Makes fragrant his wings;  
 He never gets lazy,  
 From thistle and daisy  
 And weeds of the meadow  
 Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!  
 From morning's first gray light  
 Till fading of daylight  
 He's singing and toiling  
 The summer day through.  
 Oh! we may get weary,  
 And think work is dreary;  
 'Tis harder by far  
 To have nothing to do.

*Nancy Nelson Pendleton in St. Nicholas.*

## HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"HELP one another," the snowflakes said,  
 As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;  
 "One of us here would not be felt,  
 One of us here would quickly melt;  
 But I'll help you and you help me,  
 And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

“ Help one another,” the maple spray  
 Said to its fellow leaves one day:  
 “ The sun would wither me here alone,  
 Long enough ere the day is gone;  
 But I’ll help you and you help me,  
 And then what a splendid shade there’ll be!”

“ Help one another,” the dewdrop cried,  
 Seeing another drop close to its side;  
 “ This warm south breeze would drive me away,  
 And I should be gone ere noon to-day;  
 And I’ll help you and help you me,  
 And we’ll make a brook and run to the sea.”

“ Help one another,” a grain of sand  
 Said to another grain just at hand;  
 “ The wind may carry me over the sea,  
 And then, O, what will become of me?  
 But come, my brother, give me your hand,  
 We’ll build a mountain and there we’ll stand.”

*Chambers's Journal.*

## VALEDICTORY.

THE golden glow of a summer’s day  
 Rests over the verdant hills,  
 And the sunlight falls with mellow ray  
 On fields and laughing rills;  
 But ere its last beam fades away  
 Beyond the mountains high,  
 Our lips must bravely, sadly say  
 The parting words, “ Good-bye.”

Kind friends and parents gathered here,  
 Our gratitude is yours  
 For all your care and sympathy,  
 Which changelessly endures.  
 We’ll try to use the present hours  
 So they will bring no sigh,  
 When to our happy days of school  
 We say our last “ Good-bye.”

Dear teacher, we shall ne’er forget  
 The lessons you have taught;  
 We trust the future may perfect  
 The work your hands have wrought;

And may they bring good gifts to you,  
These years that swiftly fly,  
And may you kindly think of those  
Who bid you now " Good-bye."

" Good-bye ! " it shall not be farewell,—  
We hope again to meet;  
But happy hours are ever short,  
And days of youth are fleet.  
There's much to learn, and much to do;  
Oh, may our aims be high,  
And ever lead toward that bright land,  
Where none shall say " Good-bye."

*A. F. Shoals.*

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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WORDS printed in italics are to be emphasized, but the pupil should be led by questions on the use and meaning of such words, to explain why they are to be so distinguished; *em.* means emphasize.

When any action is suggested, as *bowing* or *indicating* by the action of the hand, or head, or person, the reciter should be taught to give the proper action gracefully. The salutatory addresses in the beginning all require this kind of gesticulation.

"THE SENSES," p. 24.—"HANDS AND FINGERS," and "THE TRUE FRIENDS," p. 24, and "PARTS OF THE BODY," p. 26, require these actions. The movements of the limbs should be, as far as possible, in curves and not in straight lines or angular forms. Thus, in reciting "Parts of the body," in v. 1, move the arm in a curve towards the head and touch it with the fore-finger; then repeat the actions of pointing to the ears with the two hands, gracefully turning the hands as they are raised to the ears and touching them with the two fore-fingers. Similarly touch the tip of the nose, with a droll expression, and repeat the actions in pointing to the other parts named. In v. 4, an expression of sincere emotion should be made, touching the seat of the heart with the whole hand.

In reciting "LITTLE CHATTERBOX," p. 26, the emotional expression should be quiet but warm, and in v. 4, the emotion will be strengthened by raising the right arm and open hand upwards with solemnity—slow and reverential. The action begins on the first line, and ends with a pause on "God."

"LITTLE BOY'S COMPLAINTS."—Emphasize words which name his sufferings, as "wasted," "scrubbed," etc., with imitative expression. In v. 4, give expression of defiance and resistance.

"WILLIE'S BREECHES," p. 27, v. 1.—In "boy" giving rising inflection to "know," and "old," and "four"; pause before "breeches" and point to them. In v. 2 expression of contempt on "bibs" and "petticoats," and read lines 5 and 6 as if dreading punishment. In v. 3 point to objects named with expression.

"THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS," p. 30.—The reciter should have all the articles named around her, and take them up as she names them.

"IS IT YOU?"—Give due emphasis and expression to words in italics. Pause when asking questions and look around as if going to point out the character referred to. Avoid accenting final words unless they are to be emphasized, as in l. 3, v. 1, "though," l. 2, v. 4, "know," "vain," v. 5.

This rule should be carefully observed in every case where the final word is not to be emphasized. Its violation is one of the chief causes of singing.

"THE DEAD DOLL," p. 34.—This is an excellent recitation for expression. The expression of the first five verses is one of rebuke and anger at being thought so silly and easily deceived, while in verses 7 and 8 the re-



citer becomes reconciled, like many older ones will, with the consolation of a showy funeral.

"THE LITTLE ANGEL," p. 36.—To be said in effusive tones with warm expression of love and joy.

"GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING," p. 42.—Avoid sameness of tone in repeating "Good Night." Imitate as closely as possible the quotations of each speaker. Let an expression of calmness and reverence pervade the last three verses.

"BABY IS KING," p. 42.—Imitate the manner and actions of each character named, as grandfather, papa and the baby.

"GROWING," p. 45.—The two lines under the first chorus, "But we grow," etc., are to be repeated after each verse, but with a little variation in the tone for each. They should be recited as musically as possible, or even sung to a simple tune.

"DOG AND BEE," p. 48.—All the actions may be easily imitated, as touching the nose, winking, snapping, etc., and look around when reciting the last line.

"GOLDEN ROD," p. 53.—The child should carry a bunch of the flowers when reciting this very pretty little poem, and address it as if it were sensible of the praise, moving it gently and gracefully about.

This hint applies to any flower or object, especially if it strengthens the attractiveness of the recitation and is practicable; as, dandelions, buttercups, etc.

"TOM'S EYES AND MINE," p. 49.—Reciter carries her dolls; pronounce dolly's name with an air of importance, and read l. 4 very warmly. v. 2, read it with an expression of offence and wonder at Tom's ignorance.

"LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS," p. 50.—Give the quotations "By and by," etc., very distinctly and imitatively. Recite "Why Pearlie cried," p. 51, imitatively.

"THE BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLIES," p. 54.—The reciter, a little girl best, would add to the charm if prettily dressed, and if she could show a number of butterflies enclosed in a large covered glass it would add to the effect.

"DOES SHE LIKE BUTTER?" p. 55.—The reciter, decorated with buttercups, with appropriate actions.

"BUTTERCUPS," p. 57.—Recited similarly.

Note that verses 3 and 4 pass into v. 5 as a series of questions, the reciter looking admiringly on the buttercups she holds, with rising inflection after each question.

"THE MISCHIEVOUS BRIER," p. 59.—Read as being angry at the treatment she receives, and jealous of the treatment "Violet" receives, and emphasize "me," v. 3. Read in a rebuking tone and emphasize "beauty," v. 5. Recite warmly but gently, and emphasize "worms," and "never ill-treat," and "sweet," v. 5. Recite slowly and give an appropriate start in line 2; read the complaint to "fire" very angrily.

"THE CHILD'S WORLD," p. 65.—The reciter may be taught to illustrate this sweet little poem with appropriate and graceful action. v. 1; the reciter should not look at one object before an audience, but with arms outstretched and hands supine, move them in circular gestures as if showing the great objects named. l. 3; let the extended arms move towards the earth in slightly circular motion. v. 2; look and stretch out the arms with hands supine, as if embracing the air. l. 2; right hand and arm whirling in

circular but rapid motion, and repeat such action with both hands and arms ; v. 3 ; limit the action on l. 4, reaching its chief force on " thousands of miles." v. 4 ; expression of reverence, and out-stretching arms outwardly with pause on " great " and then bring arms down, as shewing himself or herself in comparison. l. 2 ; press the two hands to the chest with trembling expression of fear. l. 3 ; fold the hands as in prayer, with upward reverential look. l. 4 ; continue this form of expression to the remainder of the piece. The supine hands should be well opened, the palms turned slightly sideways as if shewing or offering with the open palms the various objects around.

" FROGS AT SCHOOL," p. 67.—v. 1 ; recite, imitating very little children, pointing to the clothing named ; v. 1, ls. 5 and 6, serious expression, with emphasis on " time," " study," and " play." v. 2 ; speak with tone of authority as an over-strict parent or teacher might do ; l. 7, make imitative action on " dodge." v. 3 ; try to look very big and assume airs of great superiority.

" ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET," p. 68.—The expression is very warm but gentle ; point to the objects named as if they were present. v. 5 ; cast a cunning look each side and recite in lower and softer tones as if afraid of being heard. v. 7 ; recite more loudly and in rebuking tones.

" FRIGHTENED BIRDS AND THE WOODPECKER " should be read with imitative actions.

" MY LITTLE SPARROWS " is capable of very touching and natural expression. From lines 11 to the end the expression becomes more tender and reverential, especially in the scriptural quotations.

" THE FARM BREAKFAST," p. 70 —Imitate the tones and manner of the farmer, and the tones of old Towser and the kitten, and of Rose and Neddy.

" THE OWL AND PUSSY CAT," p. 71. Avoid sing-song tones by frequent pauses, by proper emphasis, and by imitating the tones and manner of the speakers. v. 2 ; last lines, touch the nose with a droll look. v. 3 ; assume a very tender and loving expression on lines 1 and 2, and a gay and boasting expression afterwards to the end.

" THE LITTLE KING'S KINGDOM," p. 79.—This beautiful little poem is capable of good and varied expression, though tending, by its construction, strongly to sing-song. Due pauses and lengthening of the poise on appropriate words and pauses will prevent that tendency. The first verse must be begun softly and calmly, in harmony with the " hush " of night, but swelling musically, chaunt-like on lines 5 and 6, and passing again into solemnity on lines 7 and 8. v. 2 becomes livelier but not familiar, and ending on lines 7 and 8 with a full swell of voice. v. 3 ; all this verse must be pervaded by tender and motherly emotion. It describes mother and child governed by human love and emotions. v. 4 ; fuller force marks the reading of this verse ; poise and swell the voice on " be " ; lines 2 to 6 suggest the struggle with human life, its sins and sorrows with which the little king is destined to struggle, and must be read with full force and swell of voice, but lines 7 and 8 become calm, as if the reciter felt that the kingdom would assuredly triumph.

" A CHRISTMAS CAROL," p. 83.—A concert recitation.

" COLD WATER BOYS," p. 86.—A concert recitation.

" TOUCH IT NEVER," p. 87.—Recite v. 1 with great seriousness and slowly, pause a moment at " goblet " ; l. 3 emphasize " tempted " and

“bate,” “never” and “fight.” v. 2; recite similarly with increased earnestness. v. 3; emphasize “lips,” “tips,” without pause, and “fingers”; emphasize “hate” strongly. v. 4; repeat “fight it” with increased emphasis, and strengthen the force of the remainder.

“LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.” p. 94.—Uniform actions suggested by each verse will add to the attractiveness of this recitation.

The term “poise” means dwelling on the word, especially on the vowels when they can be prolonged.

These notes are intended to be suggestive and not to be rigidly observed. It is more than probable that no two teachers, however well qualified, would read any of the selections, or any other production precisely alike. Emphasis and voice modulations are guided by the conception of the reader, and the chief object to be aimed at by the teacher is to lead the reciters to realize to themselves the nature of the thought, and to give to every thought a natural and just expression. These suggestions in no respect dispense with *rules* which are themselves derived from natural expression. Thus the sing-song methods of reading-poetry, which mark the reading of the best educated, can be prevented by early practice, and can be corrected by due attention to rules. The inflection which should distinguish dependent and independent phrases and clauses are similarly governed by rules, and the best readers carry into practice such rules without thinking of them any more than the correct speaker or writer thinks of the rules of syntax. The qualified teacher of reading should not only be able to read any passage with just emphasis, inflection and general expression, but also to be able to give reason and rule for such reading. The probability is that teachers who reject rules are ignorant of them and therefore unqualified to be teachers of expressive reading and elocution in its highest forms.

In the more advanced series of these Reciters instructions will be given in gesture. But the youngest classes and reciters may be led to stand and move the hands and the arms and the feet naturally and gracefully, according to the demand of the piece, and the following hints may assist the teacher in that direction:—When pointing out any special object the index finger should be turned to that object. This applies to one object, and would be wrong if referring to the sky, the stars, or nature as seen in ocean or land. Ex.—Thou art the man. The open hands slightly inclined on the side next the body, offer, show, explain, invite. This is called the *supine* hand.

The *prone* hand is the opposite of the *supine* hand. The *supine* hand invites and receives; the *prone* hand rejects, expels, buries, demands silence, forbids, etc. When closing over objects the palm is turned downward, when expelling or rejecting the palm is turned downward or outward as when we push one from us, as “keep silence,” “leave the room.”

The action of the arm must begin at the shoulder and not from the elbow. It must be as far as convenient in curves, not angles. Of course angles are often unavoidable. The right hand and arm are naturally the most commonly used for gestures, but when we refer to all the earth as the last resting-place or to the universe, or the whole visible heavens, or to the Deity the two extended arms and open hands are necessary. Nature, in these cases, as in speech, is the best authority and guide.

Finally, do not worry the little ones much about *any* gesticulation. If they are very ungraceful or awkward then assist them.





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