

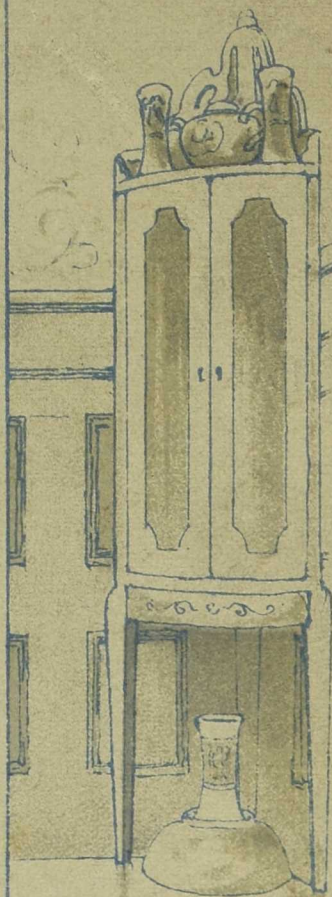


TELES
From
DAME
MARJORIE'S
Chimney-
Corner,



And
CHINA
From her
CUPBOARD

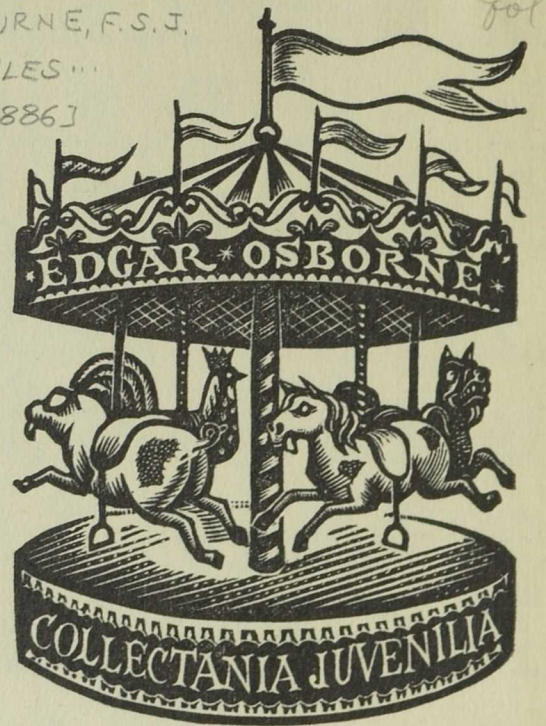
By
F. S. J. Burne,
and
Heirn J. A. Wiles.





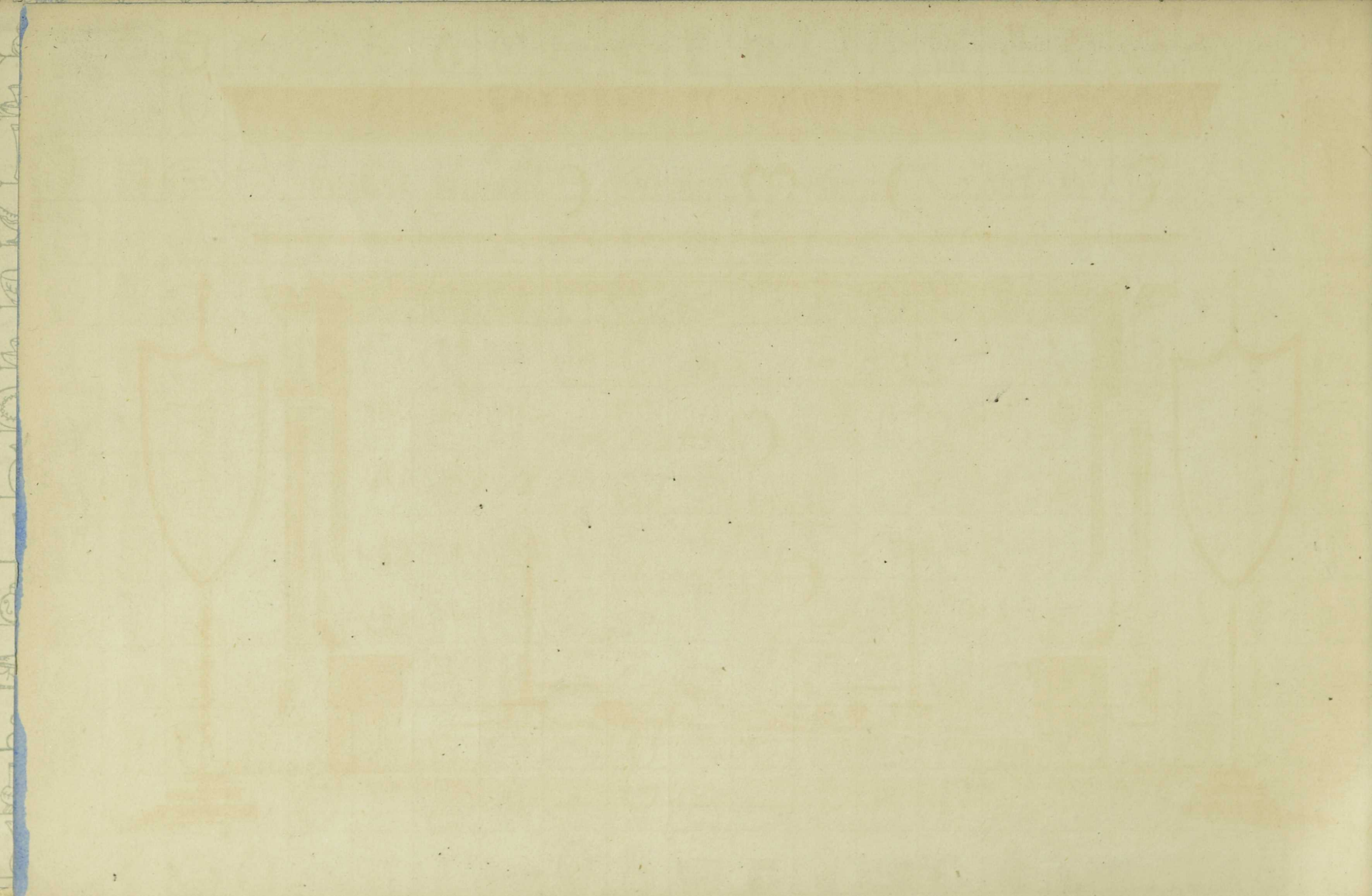
P
BURNE, F.S.J.
TILES
[1886]

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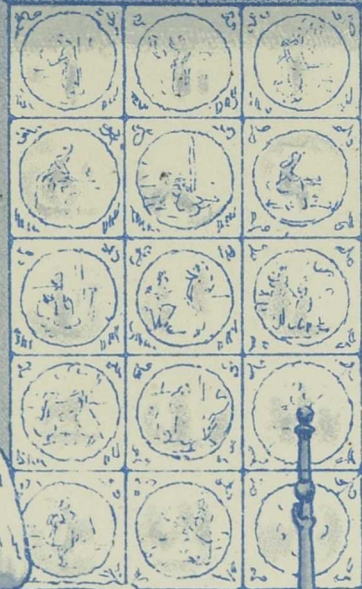


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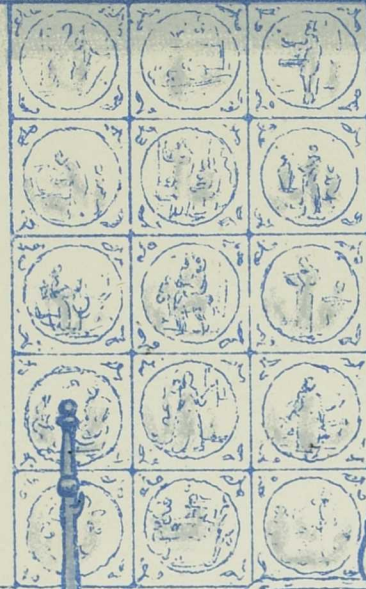
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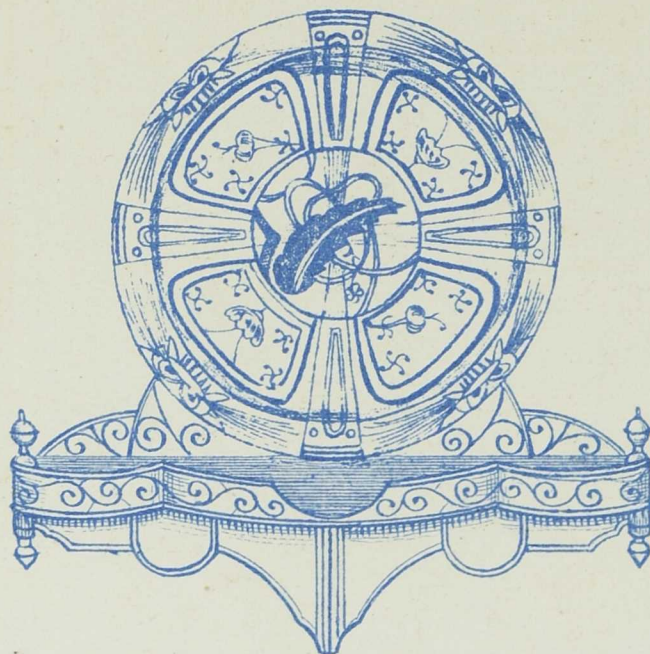
Tiles From Dame Marjorie's Chimney - corner,



and
China
From her
Cupboard.



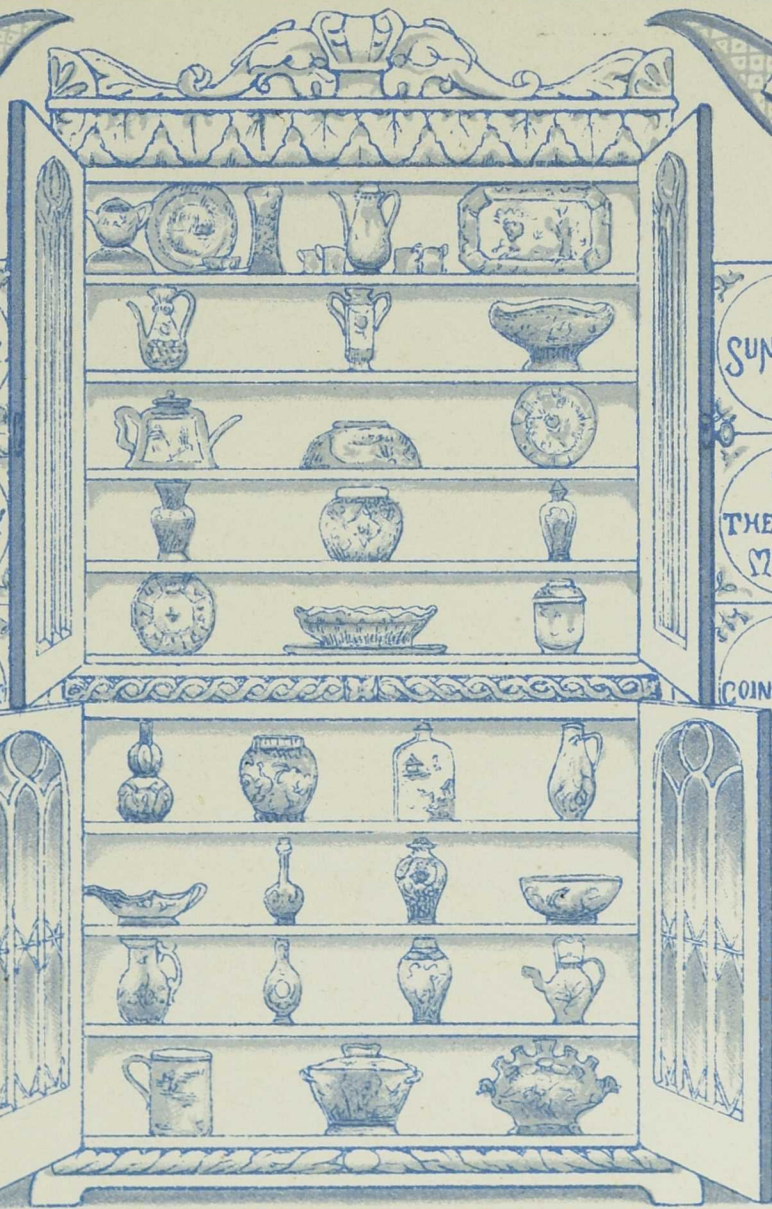
WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO. LONDON. E.C.



The China in this book has been carefully selected and drawn by Mrs. BURNE, from Specimens in Museums and Private Collections. Examples are given of Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Italian, German, French, Hispano-Moorish, Dutch, Swedish, and English Pottery and Porcelain.

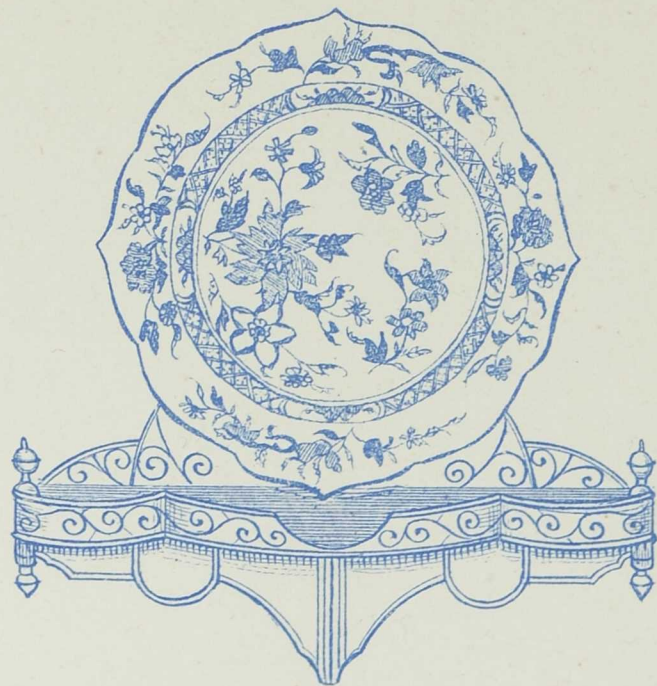
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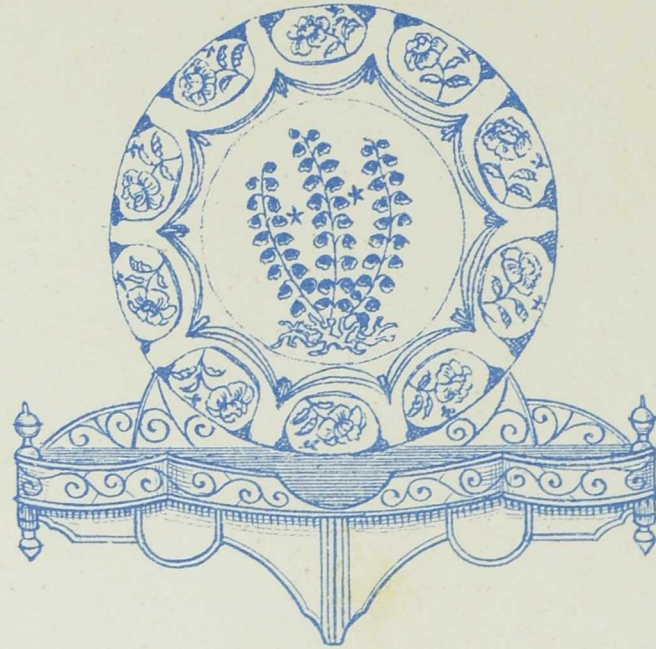




Dedication.

ROUND the past a halo lingers :
Days of dames with nimble fingers,
Ever adding more and more
To their home-spun linen store ;
Proud to place upon the shelf
Plate of pewter—jar of delf ;
Glad to guard their household treasures ;
Well content with homely pleasures ;
Never deeming humblest duty
Stole from life a single beauty.
In mem'ry of those good old times
We dedicate these tiles and rhymes.





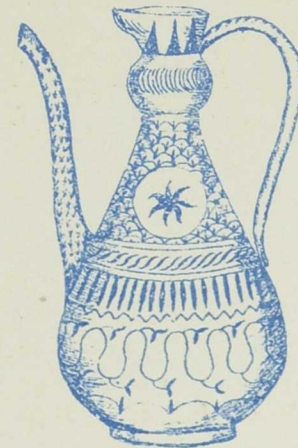
MONDAY.

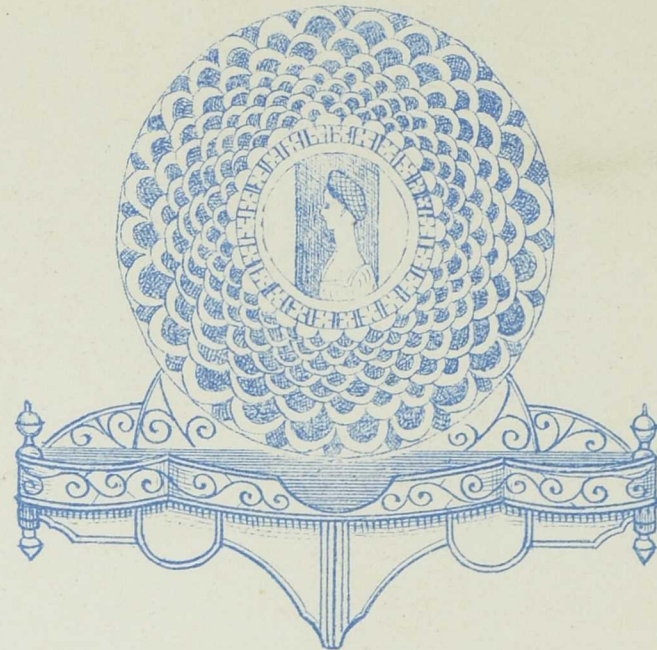
POOR Ruth is cross to-day : it
pours ;

And wet without and wet indoors
Is really more than she can bear.

“ No hanging out, I do declare ! ”

In wrath she cries—but still she rubs.
Then puts the things away in tubs.







TUESDAY.

BUT never mind : with morning's dawn
Those dark rain clouds away have
gone,

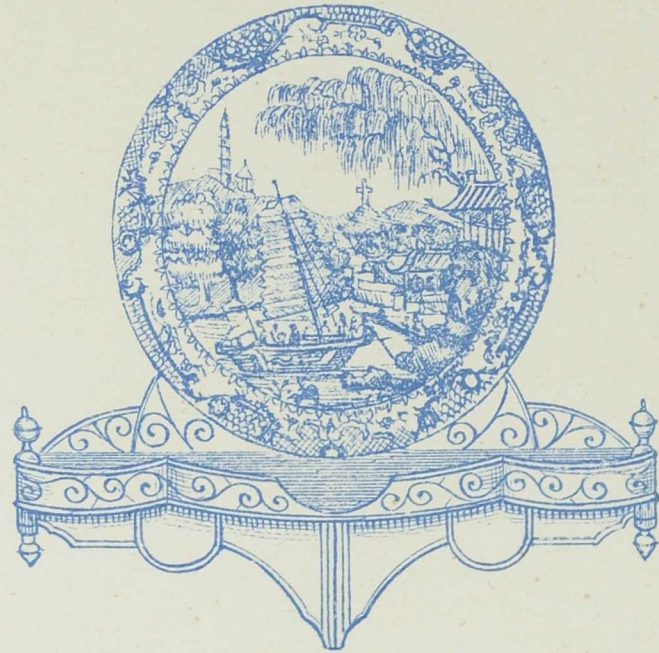
A soft breeze stirs, the sun doth shine,

So Ruth hangs clothes upon a line ;

She'll take them in when
they are dry,

And fold them neatly
by-and-by.





WEDNESDAY.

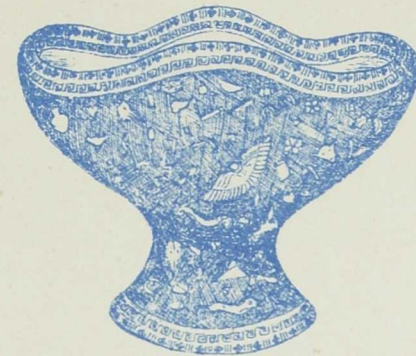
THE frills are stiff, the irons
ready ;

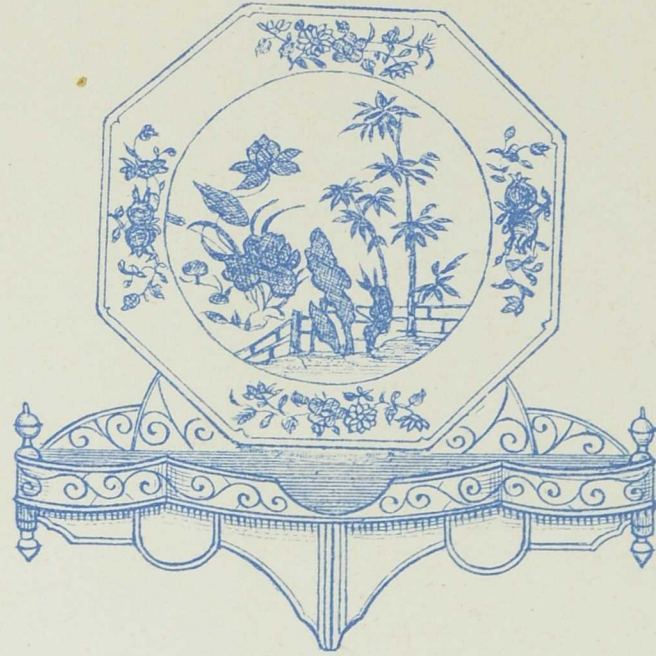
And, with hands both quick and
steady,

Ruth smooths each crease and wrin-
kle out,

And, ere you know what you're
about,

Has put the stockings pair by pair,
And hung them on the horse to air,







THURSDAY.

RUTH'S hair has all at once
grown white,
'Twas brown as brown could be last
night.

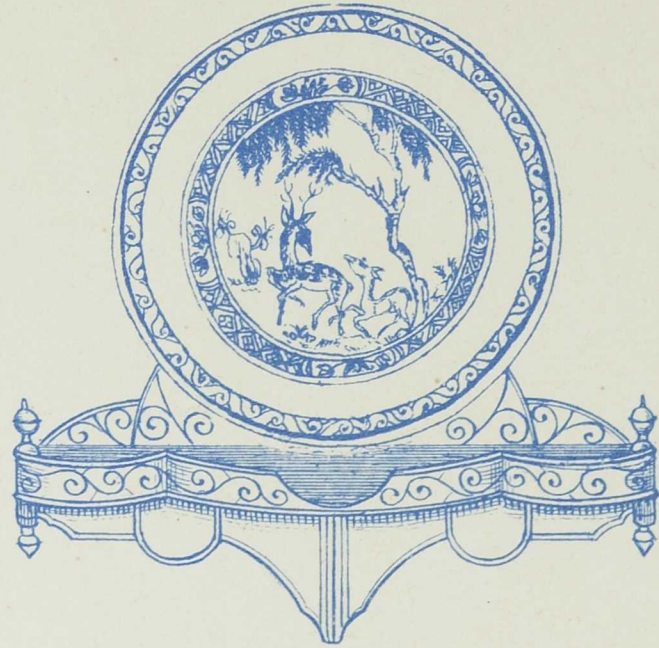
Now is it pain or is it grief?
The toothache? Or *perhaps* a thief
Has stolen her best Sunday gown.
Nay, silly child, her snowy crown
Comes not from age, or grief, or
pain,

It soon will turn to brown again.
It is but sprinkled o'er with flour—
For she's been busy just one
hour

With loaves, and cakes,
jam tarts, and
pies—

Fie, little boys! what
greedy eyes!





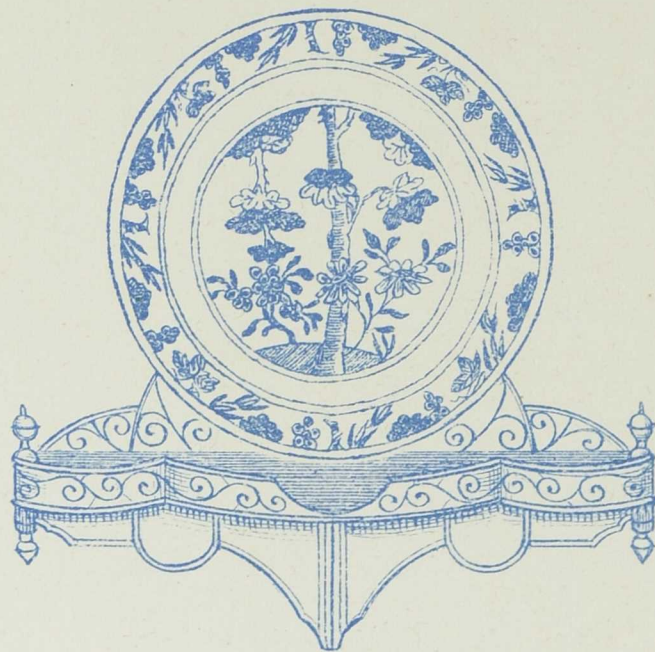


FRIDAY.

TO-DAY, with leather soft and old,
Copper and brass shine bright
as gold ;

In every spoon you see your face,
And every mug is in its place ;
There's not a speck upon the floor,
And each mat lies by its own door







SATURDAY.

THE busy week draws near its
close—

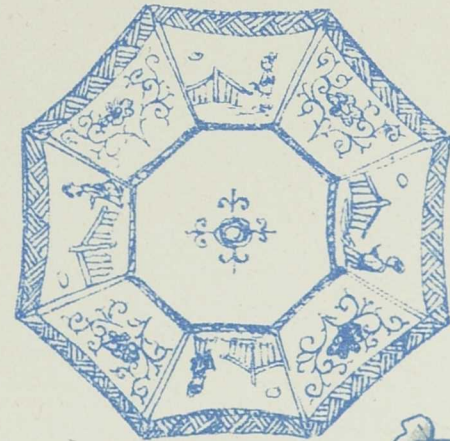
To-morrow brings well-earn'd re-
pose.

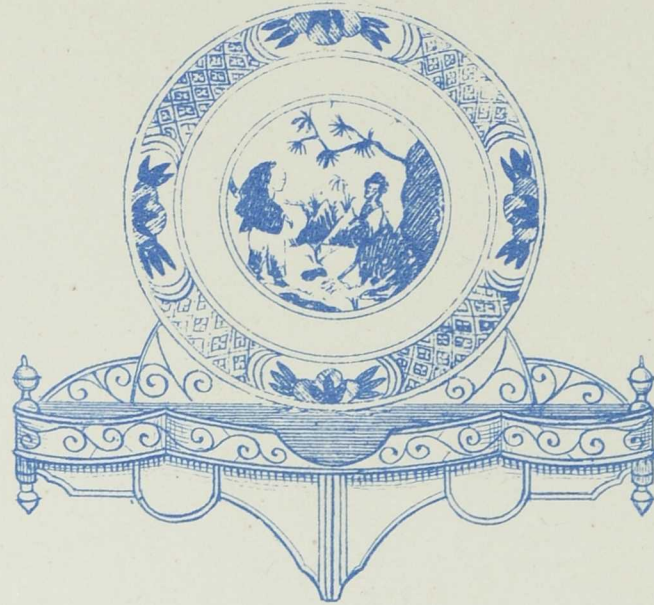
But stay—are all the buttons
right?

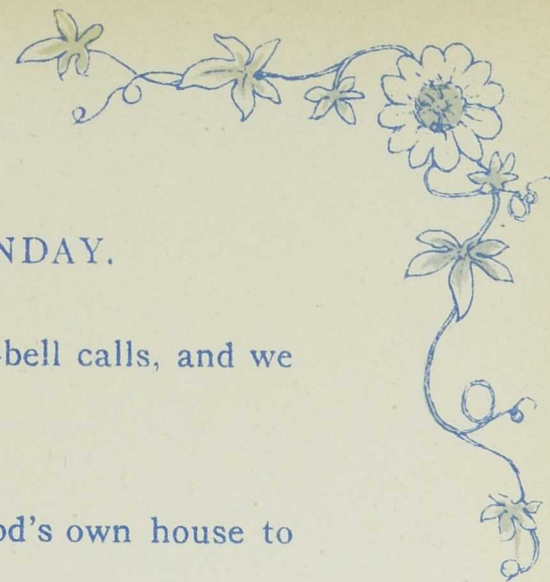
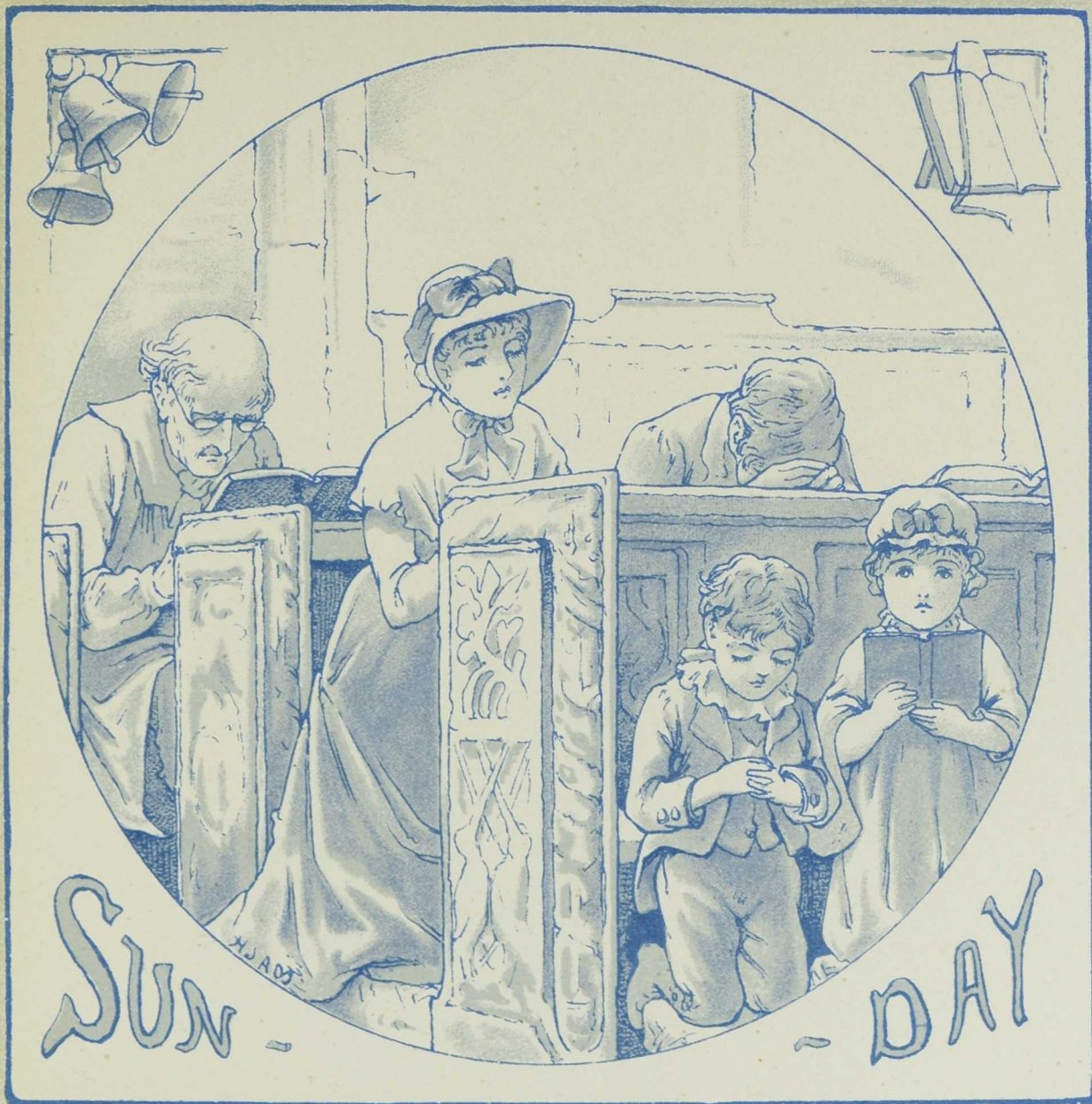
Is every string sewn on quite
tight?

Then—not till then—may Ruth
retire,

And rake the embers from the
fire.







SUNDAY.

THE church-bell calls, and we
obey,

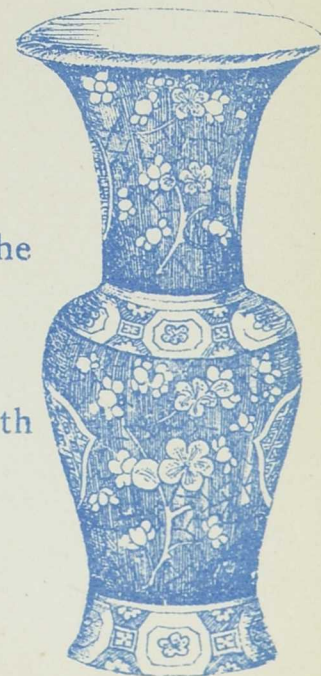
And meet in God's own house to
pray.

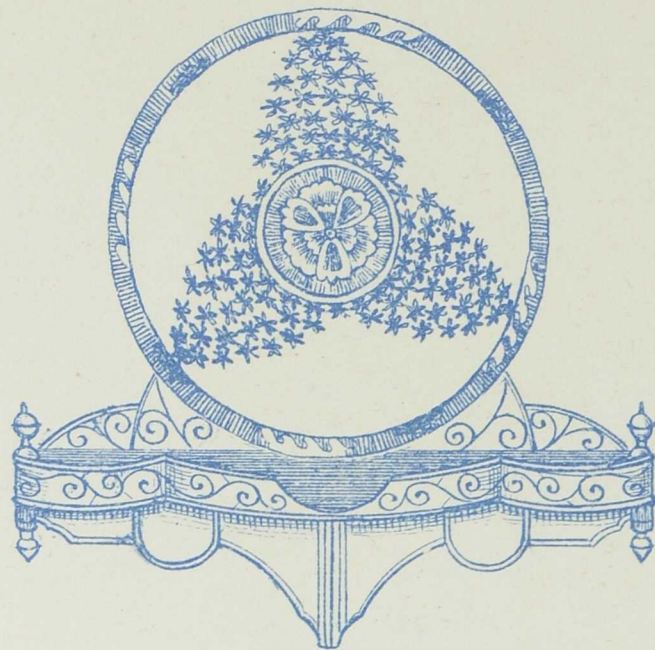
At eve we wander by the brook,

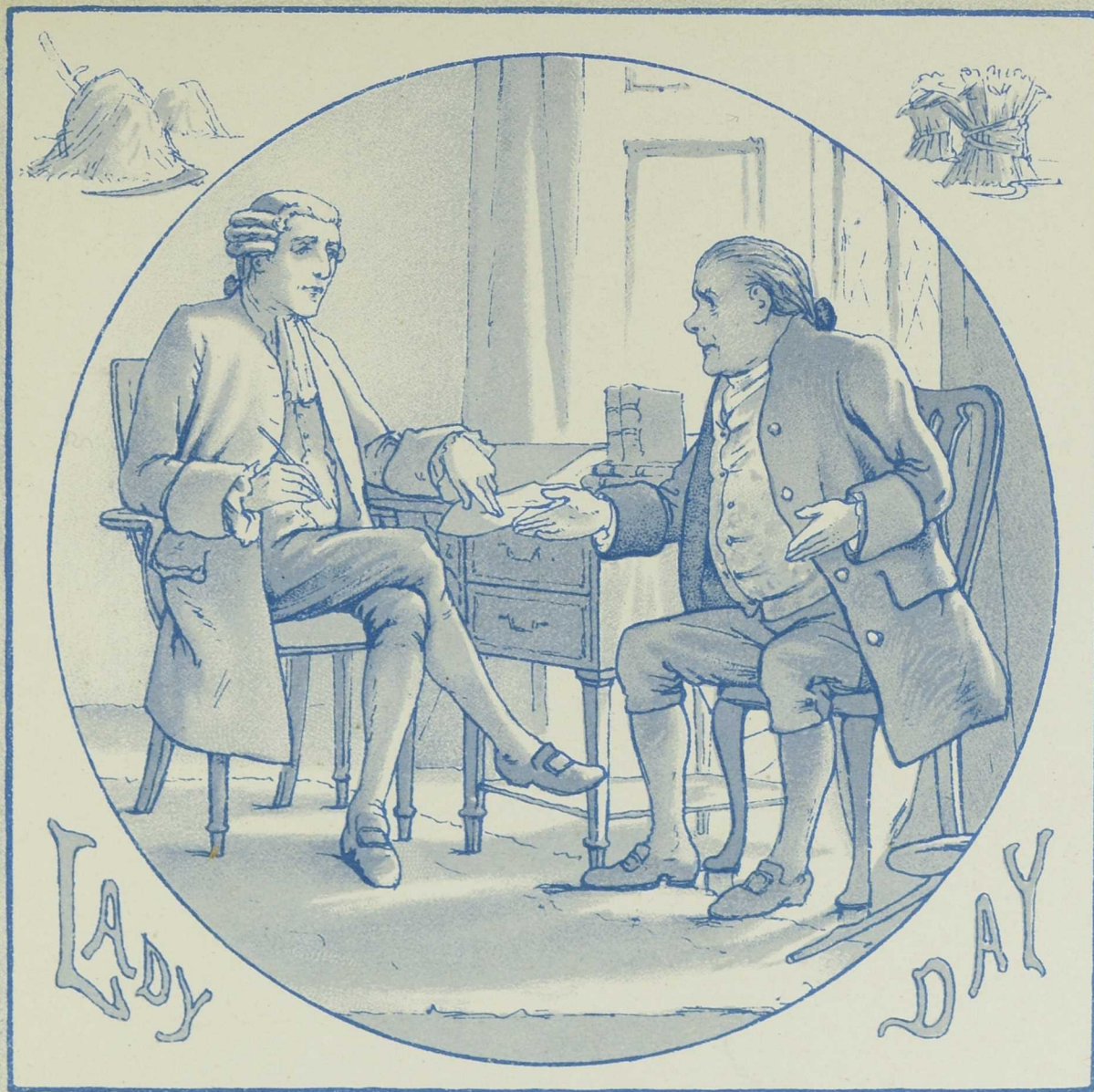
Or ponder o'er some holy book ;

And say, when radiant glows the
West,

“ Thanks be to God for Sabbath
rest.”







LADY-DAY.

“**B**AD times! bad times!” growls
Farmer Grumpy;

“Rent day! Again rent day! While
as to crops,

I've none; my wheat was thin and
stumpy;

A nasty little fly was in the hops;

There was no rain to make the tur-
nips grow,

And yet too much to gather
in the hay;

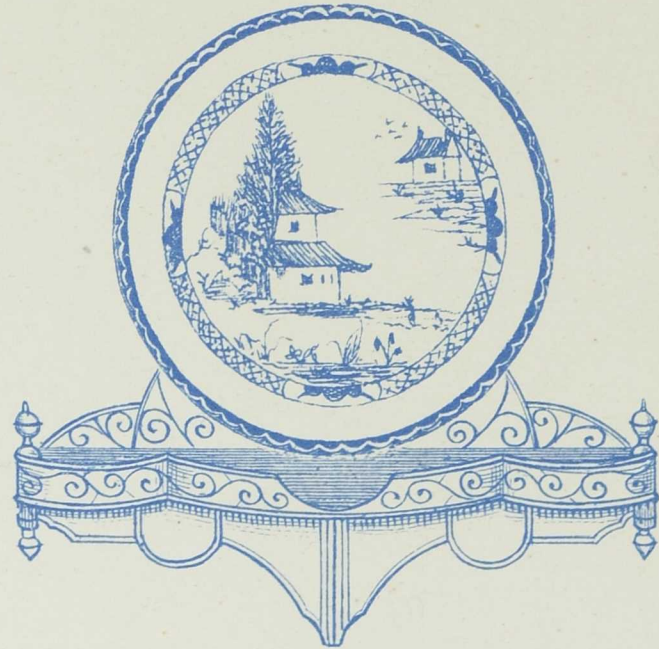
My strongest cart-horse broke
his leg, you know;

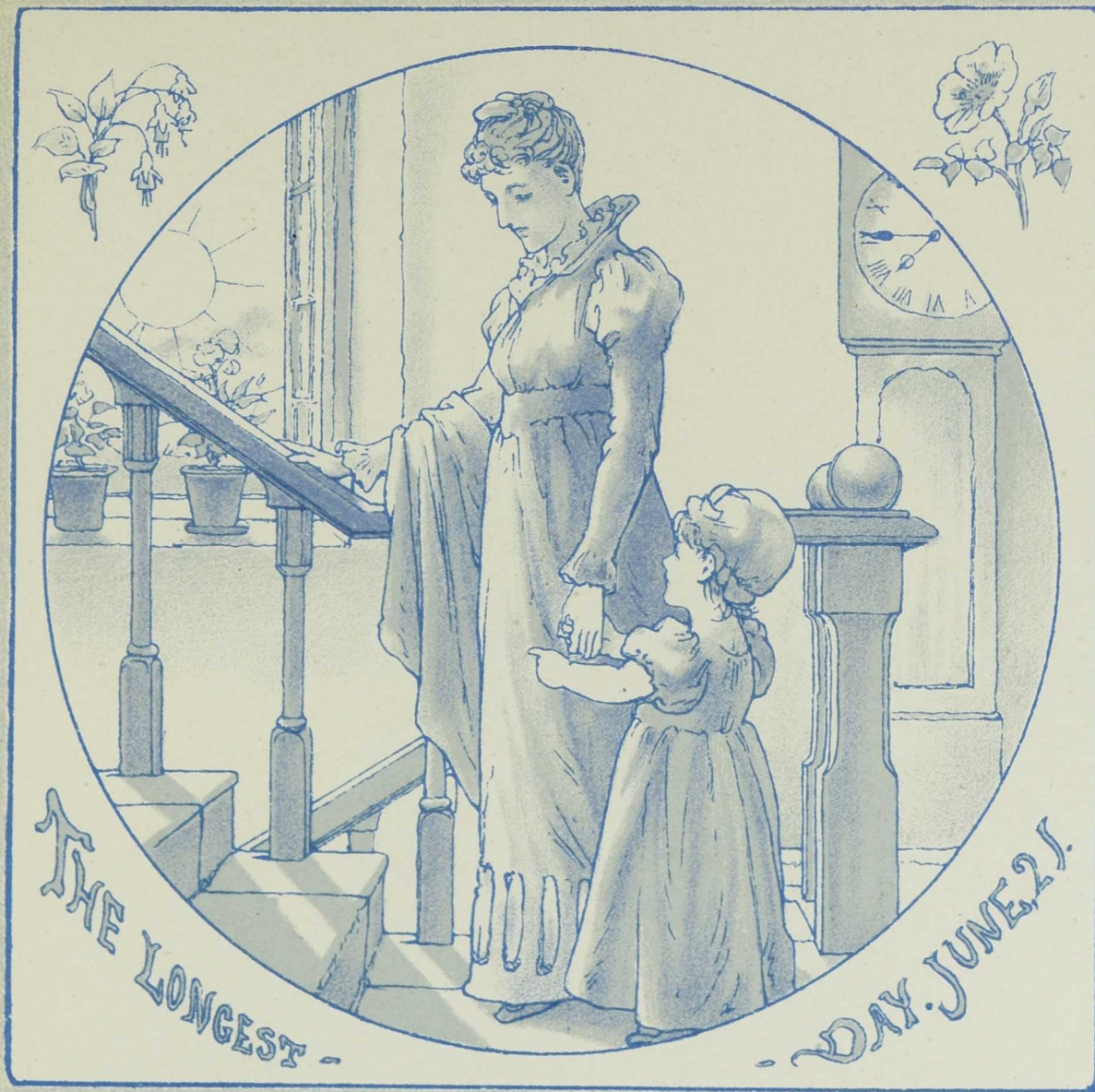
A cunning fox my poultry stole
away;

Cows, sheep, and pigs
have influenza;

Just think: how
can I pay you,
then, Sir?”







THE LONGEST DAY.

"I AM not tired, Why should I
go to bed?"

The birds, and bees, and flowers
are not asleep,

The sun hath not begun to hide his
head,

Nor yet the little twink'ling stars
to peep."

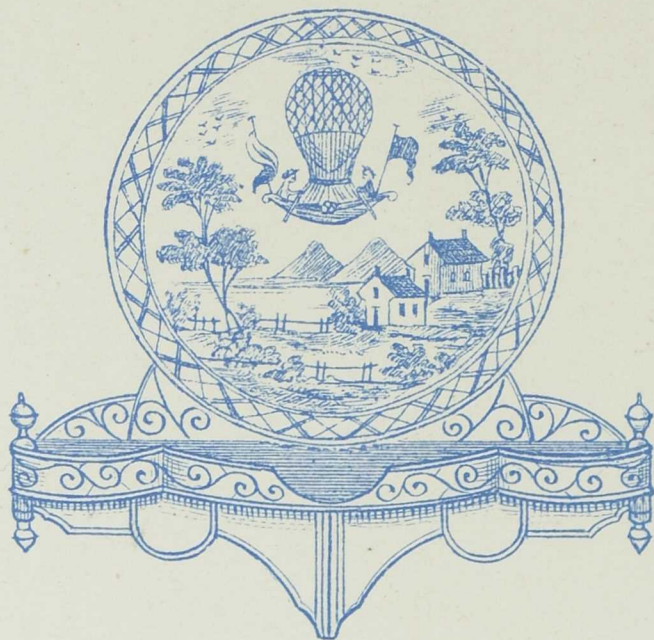
"But see, dear, by the clock upon
the stairs,

How far its hands have travell'd
since you rose.

Light lingers long this eve;
so say your prayers:

Good night! sleep well!
sweet dreams your eye-
lids close!"







MICHAELMAS DAY.

“IT seems to me, my love, a thing sus-
picious,”

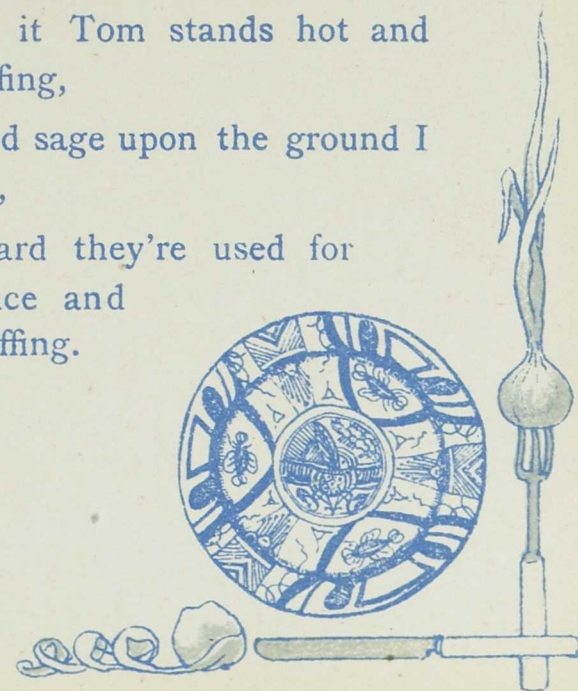
Said Mr. Gander to his better half,

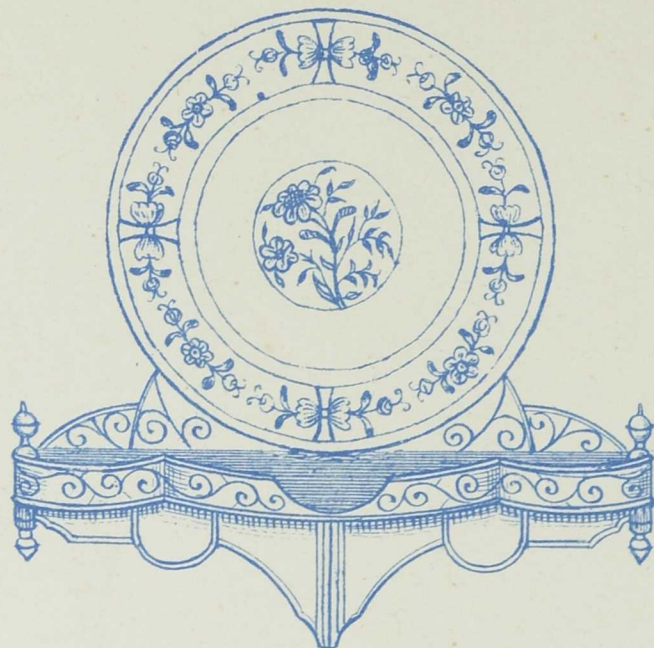
“That Cook should look at us, and cry,
‘Delicious!’

My dear, how can you have the heart to
laugh?”

There's a ladder by the apple tree,
And on it Tom stands hot and
puffing,
Onions and sage upon the ground I
see,

I've heard they're used for
sauce and
stuffing.







THE SHORTEST DAY.

ANOTHER log! The fire burns
low,

And twilight deepens into night.

'Tis early yet; no need to go

For candles: by cheerful fire-
light

We'll sit, and tell each other tales,

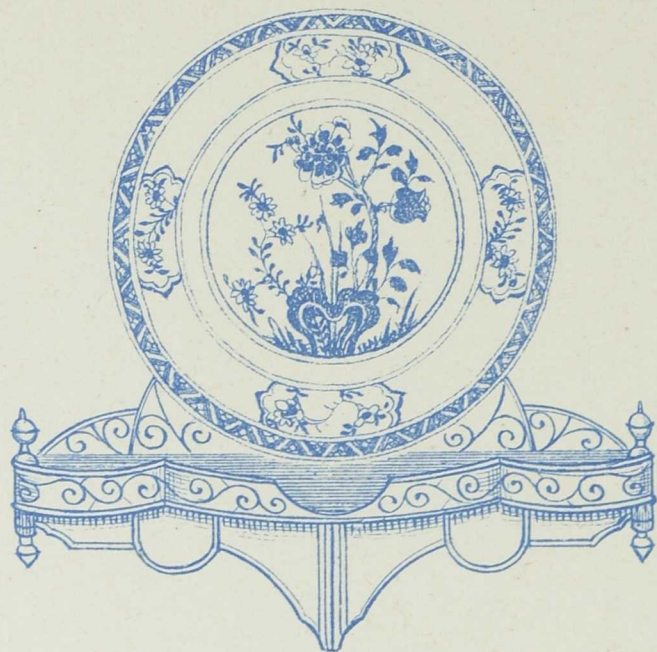
While Mother's pins of shining
steel

Go round with zeal which never
fails.

As in the dusk she turns the heel,
She looks up from her work to say,

"Dear me! This is the shortest
day."

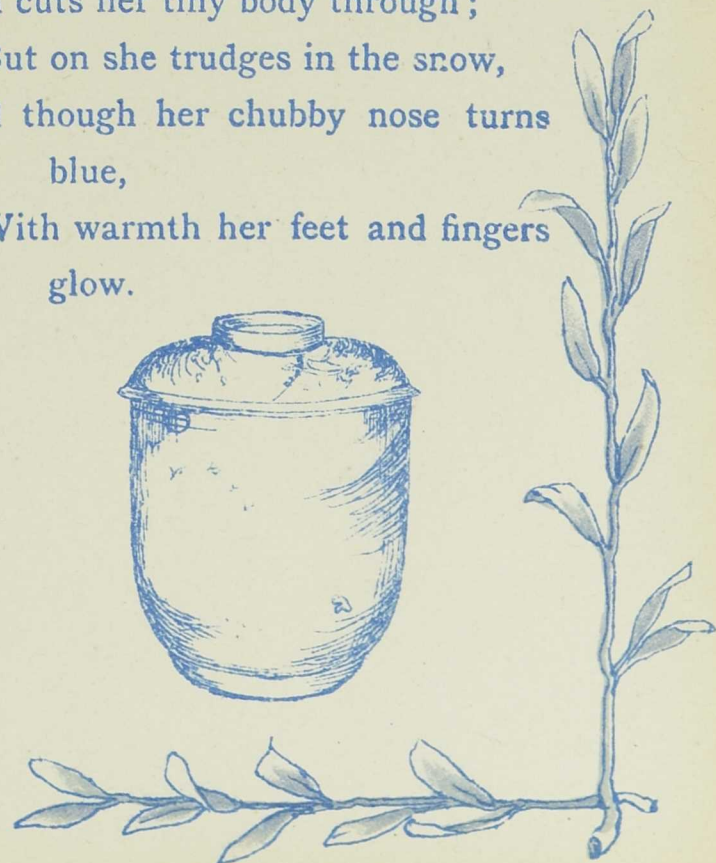


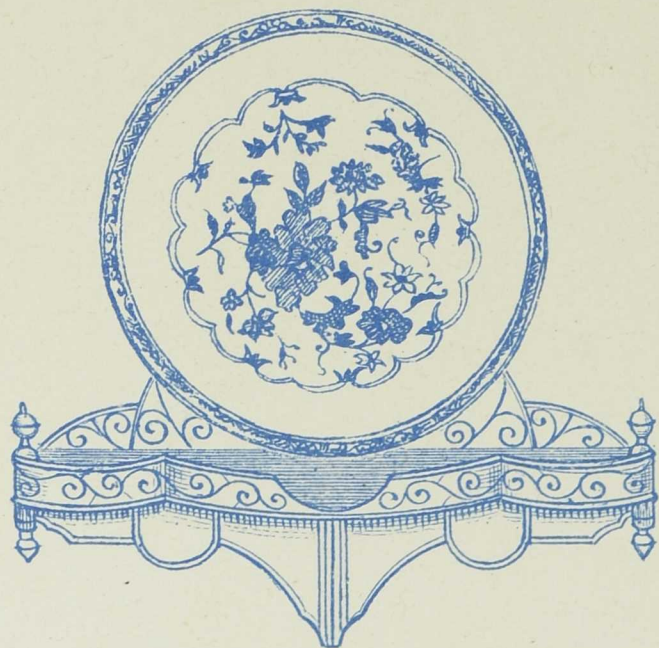




SNOW.

A LITTLE figure dressed in fur,
With muff held close against
her lips
To keep the wind from kissing her—
In truth, it is a cold that nips
And cuts her tiny body through ;
But on she trudges in the snow,
And though her chubby nose turns
blue,
With warmth her feet and fingers
glow.







WIND.

BLOW, breezes, blow! while
hats and caps

Try madly which can faster fly :

One catches on a bough, perhaps,

Or falls into the pond close by ;

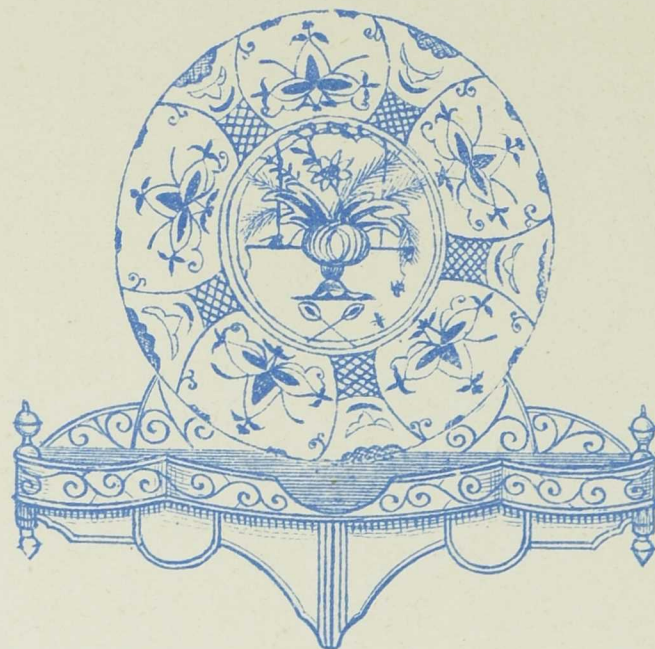
But winsome Dora, see, has tied

Her kerchief tightly 'neath
her chin ;

She laughs to see the wind defied,

And says she doesn't care
a pin.







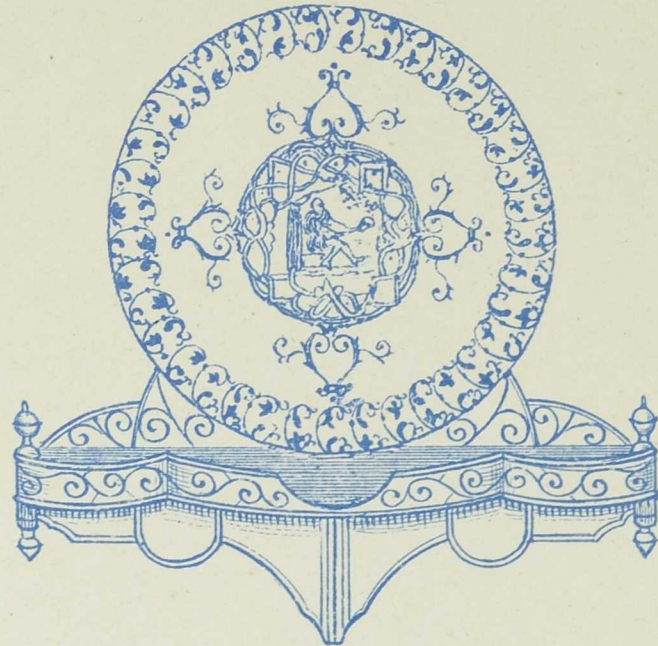
RAIN.

WHAT! no room for me? That
is cruel!

A terrible cold I shall get.
Pray how would you like to drink
gruel,
And have your best clothes spoilt
with wet?

Ah! here's a door, I'll just knock
there,
And ask Dame Grey to let me
stay,
Till cloudy skies again grow fair,
For sure 'tis but an April day.



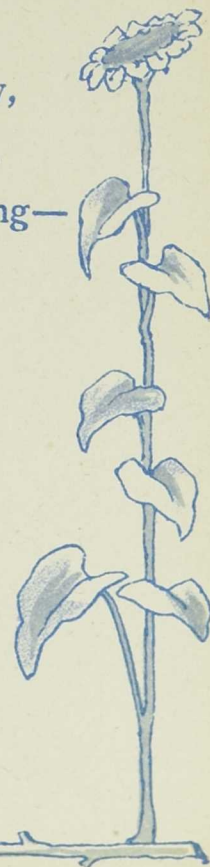


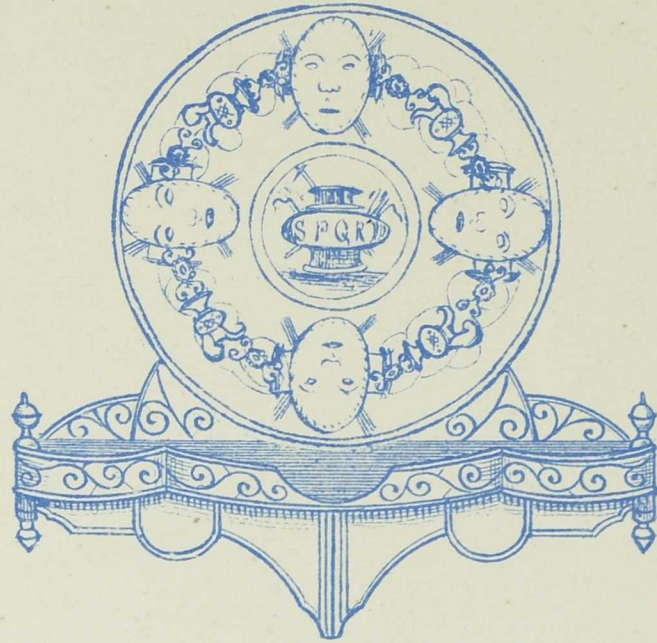


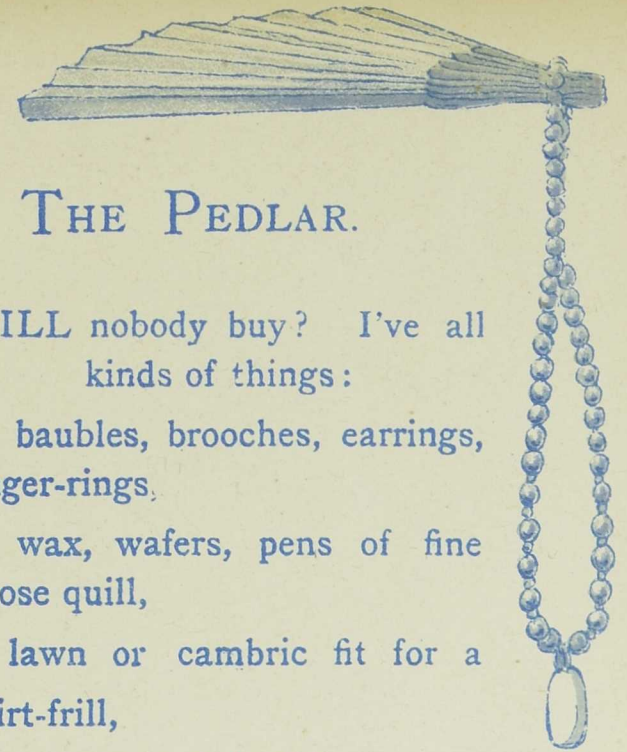
SUNSHINE.

HARK! the Summer says, "I'm coming;"

All the busy bees are humming,
All the happy birds are singing,
All the babb'ling brooks are ringing,
Gay butterflies are flitting by,
Young lambs are sporting joyously,
Meadows are with daisies shining,
Green and white and gold combining—
Over all soft sunshine stealing,
And a world of life
revealing.







THE PEDLAR.

WILL nobody buy? I've all kinds of things:

Beads, baubles, brooches, earrings,
finger-rings,

Paper, wax, wafers, pens of fine
goose quill,

Lace, lawn or cambric fit for a
shirt-frill,

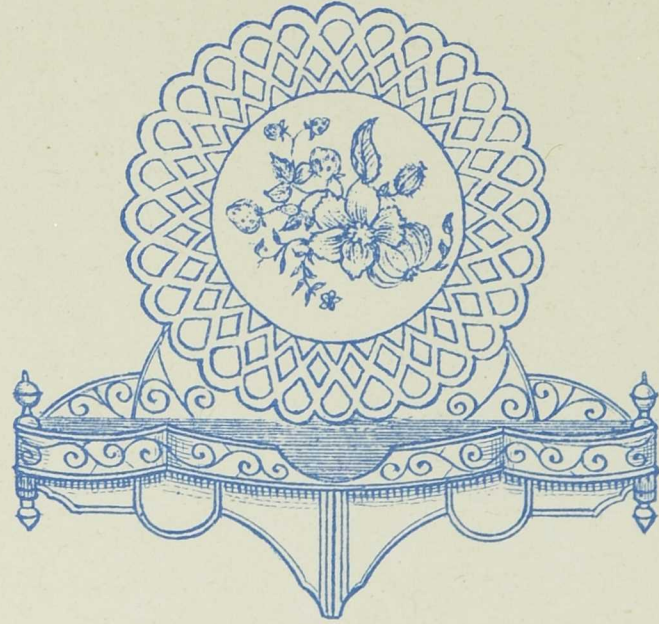
Pins, needles, and bodkins,
hooks, buttons and thread,

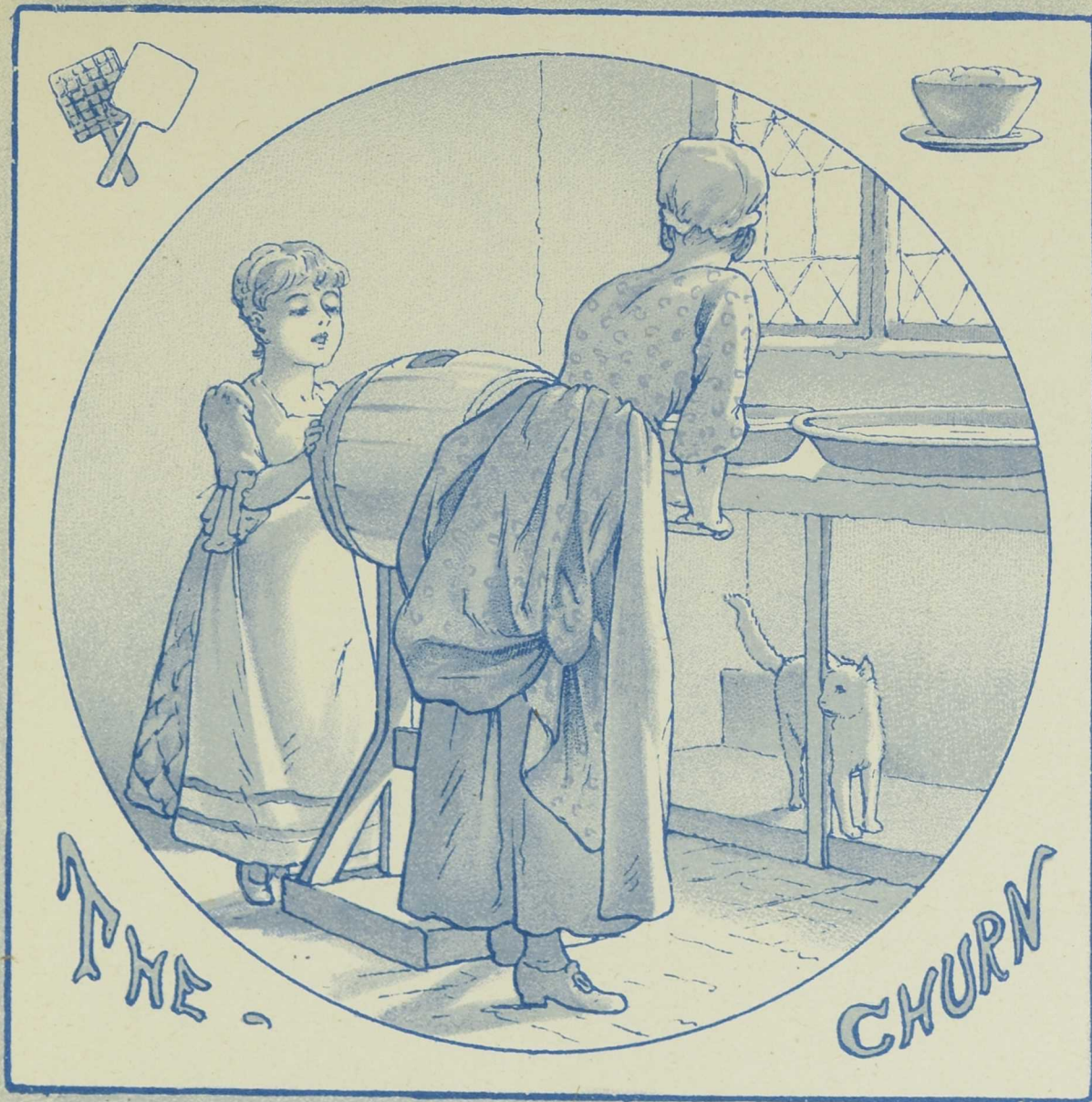
Books, snuff and tobacco,
canes, black, white, and
red,

Hair-powder, with all the new
patterns in patches,

And brass tinder-boxes,
with fresh brimstone
matches.





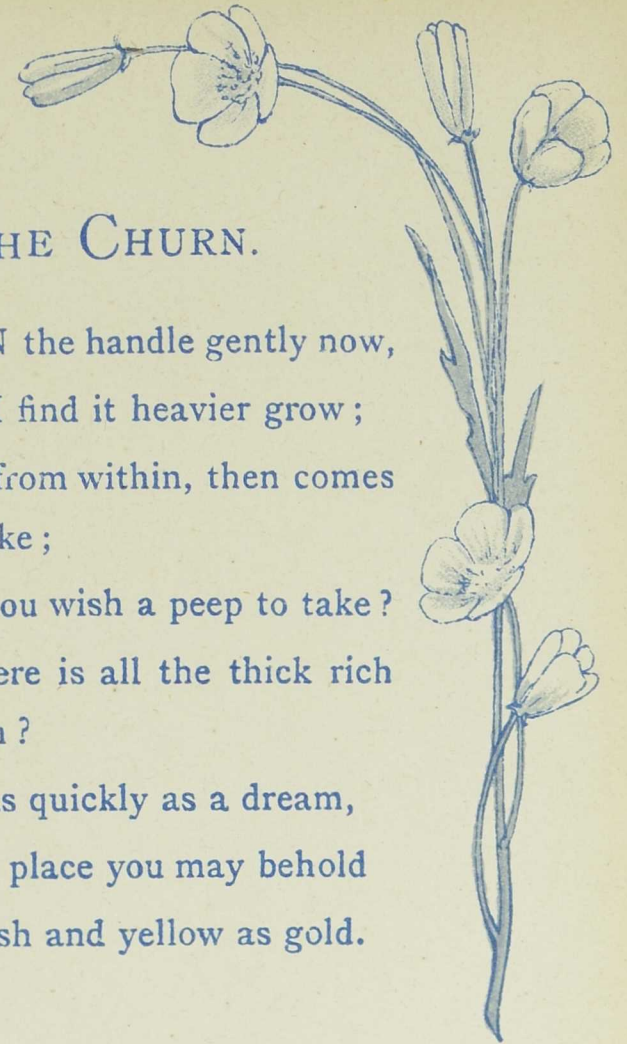
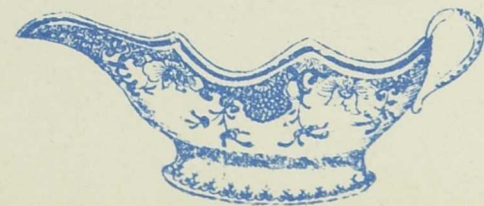


THE CHURN.

I TURN the handle gently now,
For I find it heavier grow ;
“Swish” from within, then comes
a shake ;

Perhaps you wish a peep to take ?
Why, where is all the thick rich
cream ?

All gone as quickly as a dream,
And in its place you may behold
Butter fresh and yellow as gold.





THE LACE-MAKER.



THE shades of peaceful evening fall
around,
All nature's voices have a drowsy sound;
But Rose has brought her lace outside
the door.

That she may see to do just one
stitch more;

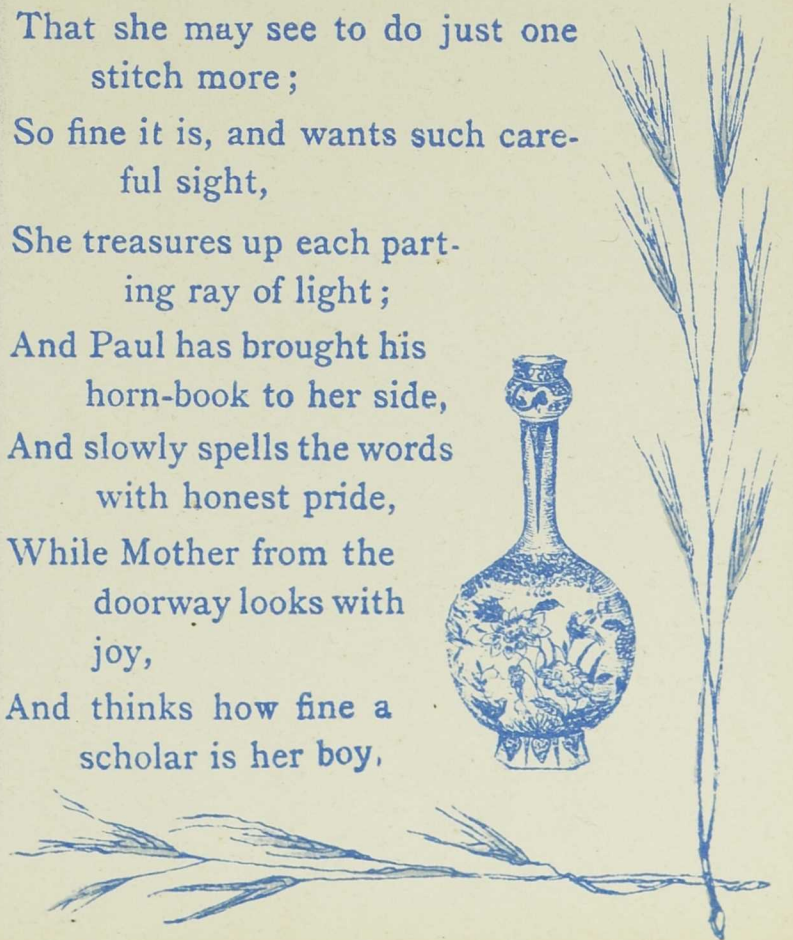
So fine it is, and wants such care-
ful sight,

She treasures up each part-
ing ray of light;

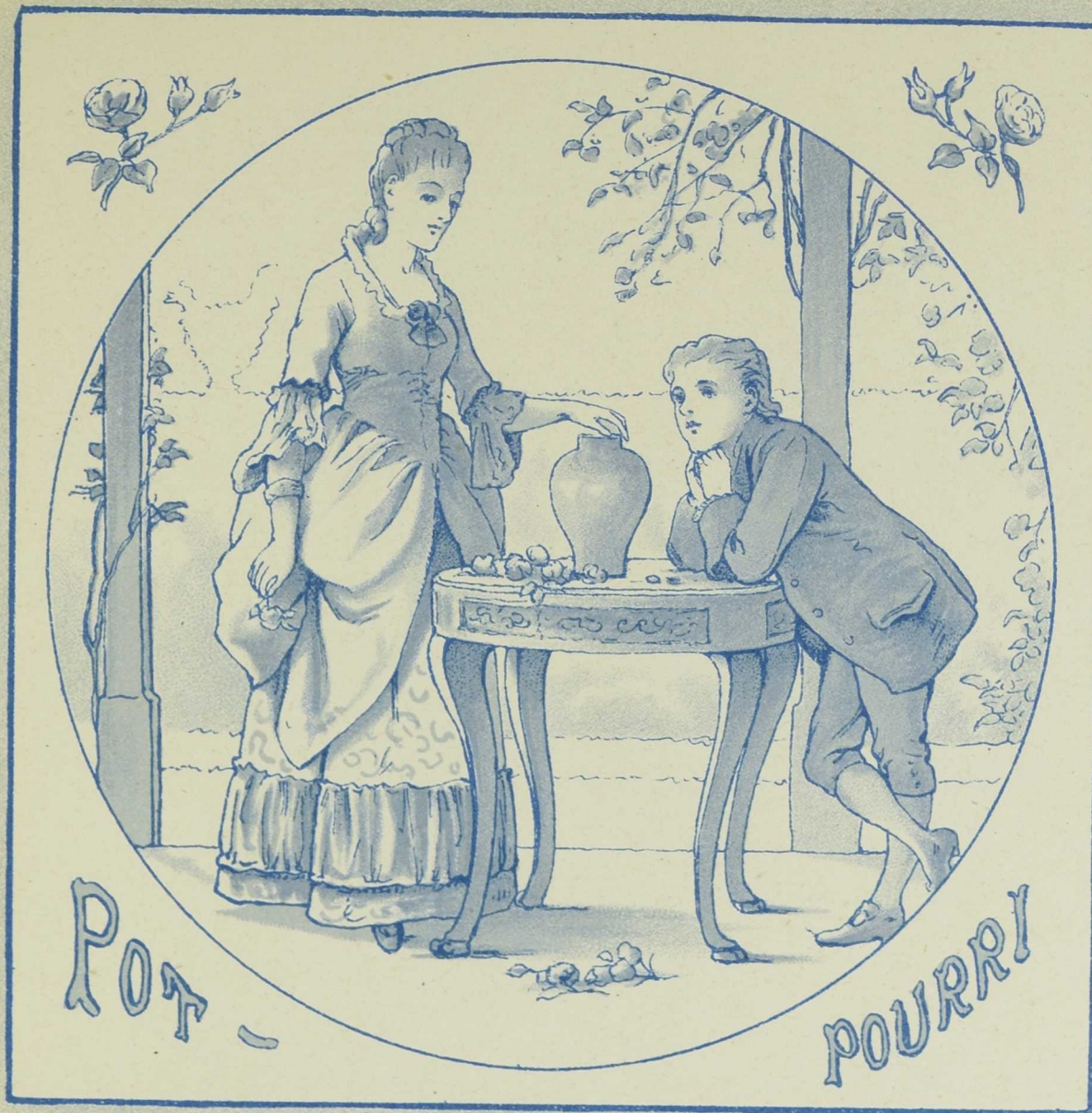
And Paul has brought his
horn-book to her side,
And slowly spells the words
with honest pride,

While Mother from the
doorway looks with
joy,

And thinks how fine a
scholar is her boy,

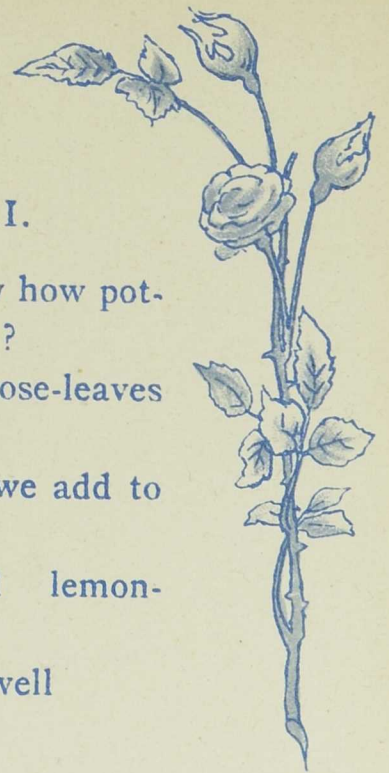






POT-POURRI.

O H, would you know how pot-
pourri is made?
We gather sweetest rose-leaves
ere they fade,
And fragrant lavender we add to
these,
With heliotrope and lemon-
scented leaves;
Then spread them out well
in the sun to dry,
And fill this tall jar
with them by-and-
by.





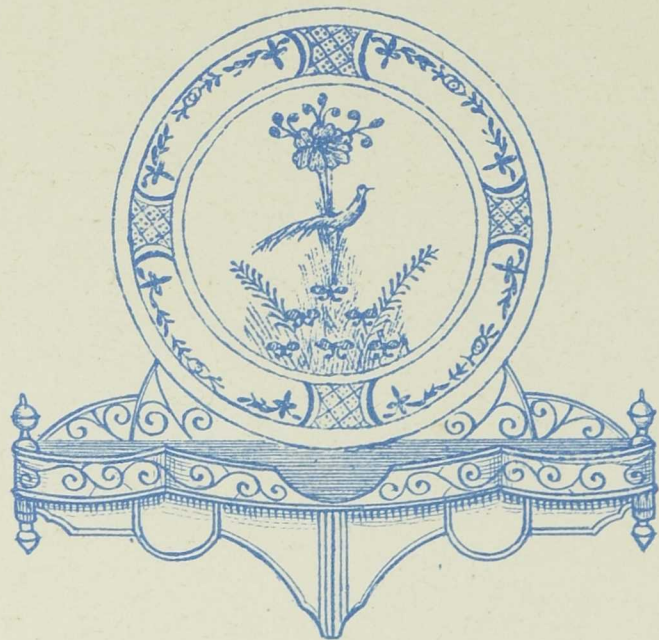


THE
SPINNING-WHEEL.

ROUND and round the merry
wheel goes,
Smoothing the hard, rough knots
away;
The thread each moment finer
grows,
To the song of the spinner gay.

There's nothing like a home-spun
store,
Nought else with it can be com-
pared;
And ancient dames none other wore
Than that which their own hands
prepared.







GOING TO THE FAIR.

NOW Father and I mount the
old grey mare,

Our seats on a pillion, bound to
the fair.

What shall I bring back? Gin-
ger-bread and toys—

A doll for the girls, a drum for the
boys;

And for the lassies, ribands red
and blue;

And for the lads, a
waistcoat of
bright hue.







ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHAT wonderful sight do
you see

As you watch at the window
awhile?

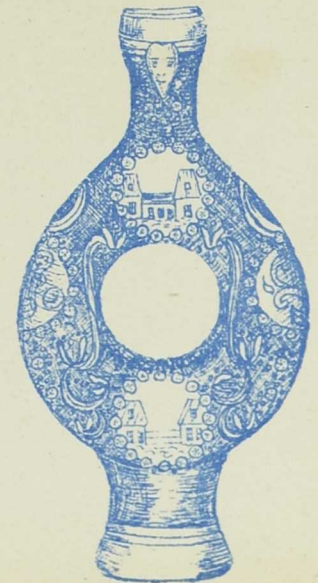
“The postman has letters for
me,”

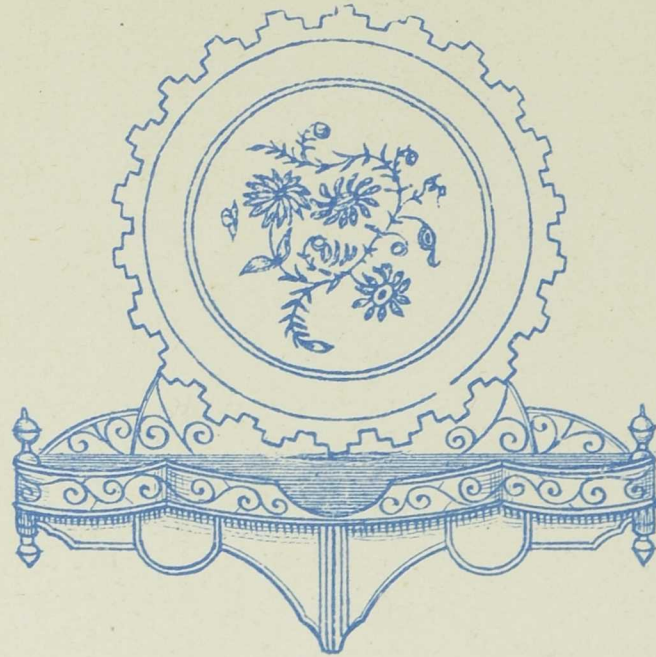
You say, with a blush and a
smile.

“Outside they have a big red seal;
Within hands, hearts and flow'rs
entwine,

And tender words in
rhyme reveal

The love of my true
Valentine.”







MAY DAY GARLAND.

IN a fair white cloth enfold it—
Let no prying eyes behold
it.

We were at work ere morning
light

To weave this garland fresh
and bright;

And surely none will grudge to
pay

For seeing such a wreath to-
day?

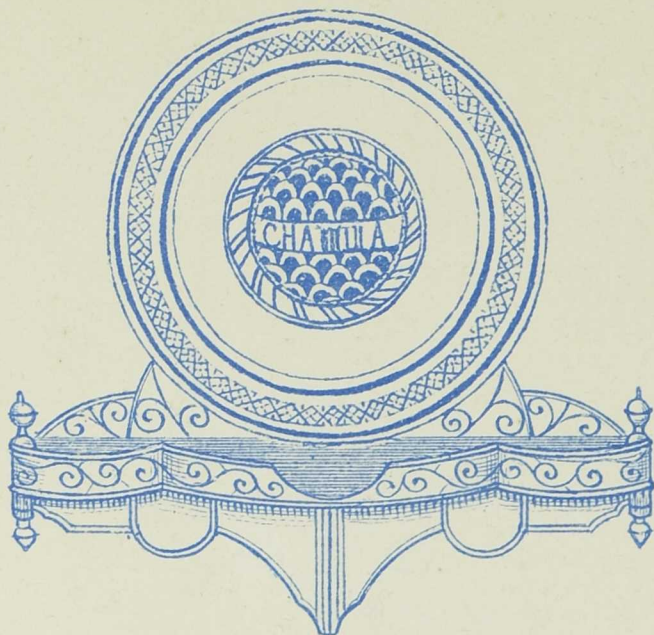
Here are lilac and syringa,
There pale primroses do linger,
Sweetest wall and gilly flowers,
Briar cut from garden bowers,
Pansies with their funny
faces,

Lilies pure from shady
places,

Hawthorn white, and
daisies rosy,

Tulips striped, complete
the posy.







THE TOWN LADY.

SO grand a dame, with face
so fair,

All dress'd for Lady Betty's
rout,

With rich brocade and pow-
der'd hair,

And just a touch of rouge,
no doubt ;

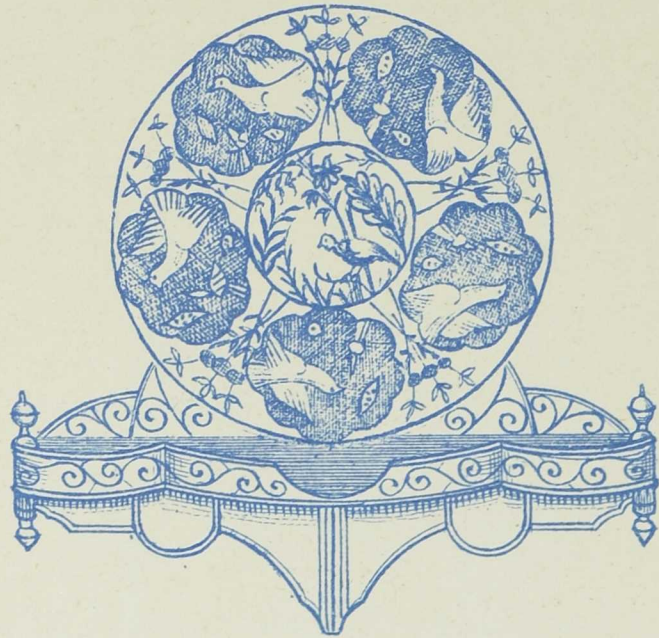
Her heels so high, she scarce
can walk,

Or into her Sedan-chair
get ;

And now she's off for cards
and talk,

She'll come back cross,
perhaps in debt.







THE COUNTRY MAID.

HERE'S a pretty, young,
country maid!

So buxom, and bonny, and
hale;

The roses on *her* cheek won't
fade,

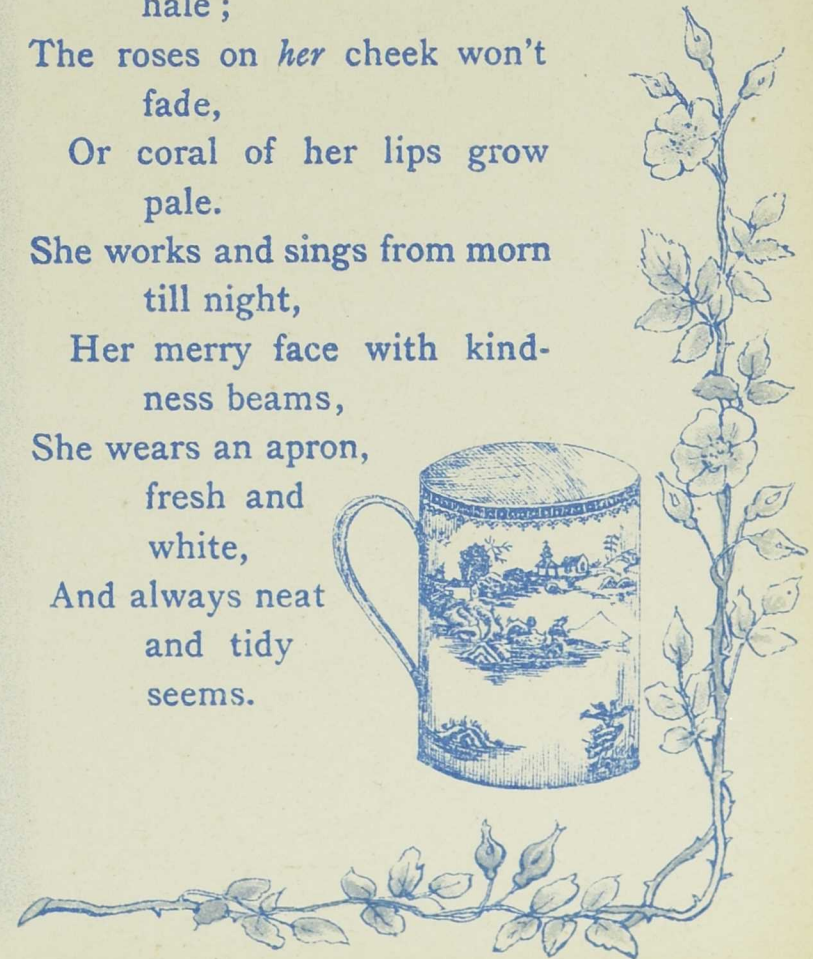
Or coral of her lips grow
pale.

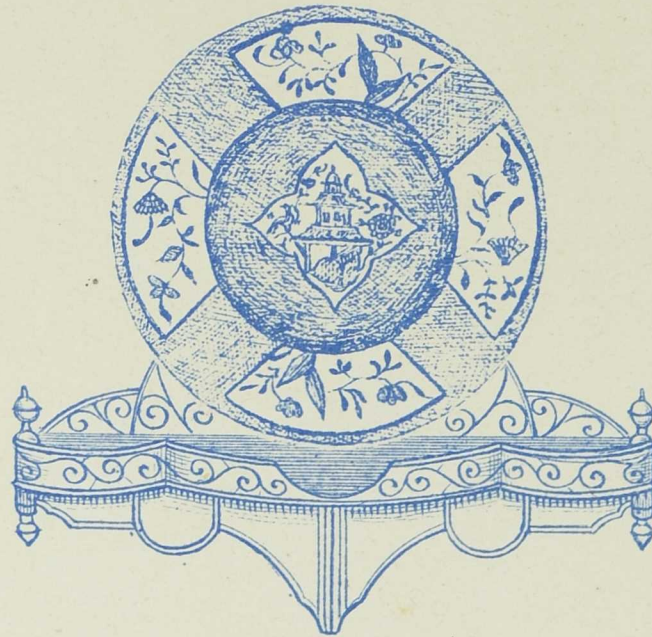
She works and sings from morn
till night,

Her merry face with kind-
ness beams,

She wears an apron,
fresh and
white,

And always neat
and tidy
seems.

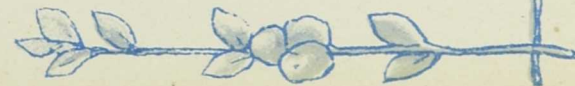


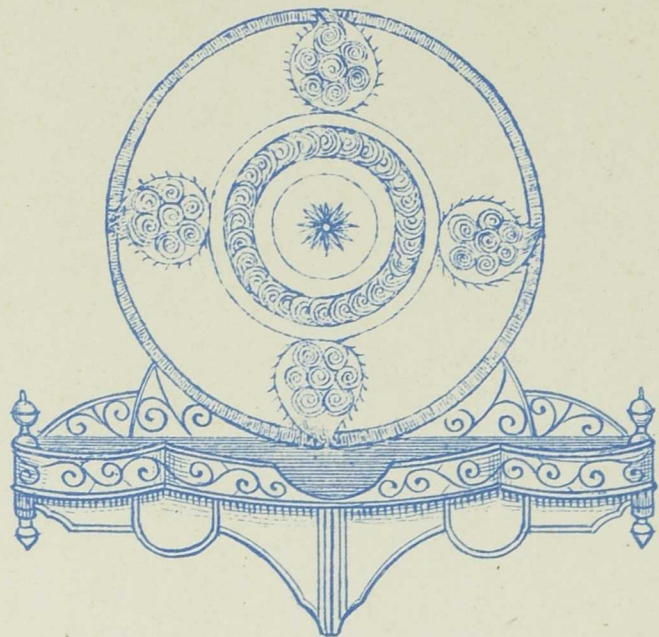




HALLO'E'EN.

IT'S fine fun bobbing for
apples, my boys,
With a fork and a great tub
of water,
But the handle between my
teeth annoys,
I wish it were just a wee
bit shorter.
Now set the nuts ablaze; I
believe
This is the way to keep All
Hallow's Eve.







THE DYING YEAR.

A DIEU, dear year! Thine
hours have fled;
Thy suns have set, thy flow'rs
are dead.
But parting is not really pain,
Since mem'ry brings thy joys
again.
The fragrance of thy rose re-
vives,
Thy sunbeams gild our future
lives;
Thy songs still echo in our
hearts,
Long after youth itself departs;
And loving words on child-
hood's page
Are legible till latest age.







