



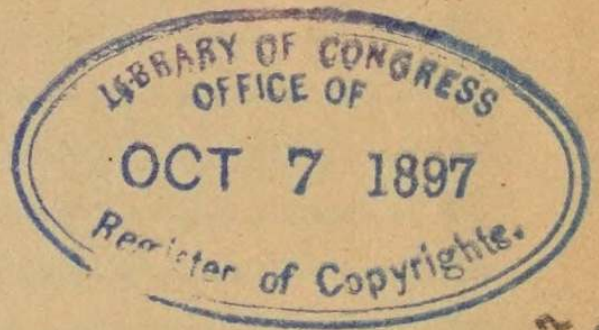
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DICK'S
JUVENILE SPEAKER
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

William Brisbane Dick

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SPEECHES AND
RECITATIONS FOR YOUNG FOLKS
AND LITTLE CHILDREN

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD

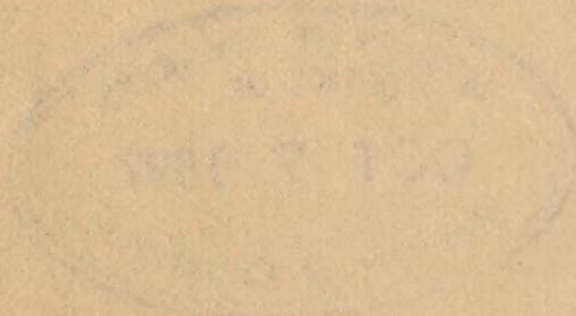
18 ANN STREET

[1897].

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DICK'S
JUVENILE SPEAKER
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

PROLOGUE.

FOR A CHILD.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Girls and Boys: I want you to understand that it is not always a fact that the biggest people achieve the biggest success. Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, General Grant, and others I might mention, were not *big* men, but they were *great*!

We boys and girls who propose to entertain you to-night are as big as Marshall P. Wilder, General Tom Thumb, and Major Mite—some of us much bigger; *they* were great in *their* way, and we see no reason why *we* should not at least *try* to be great in *our* small way.

All we need is your encouragement, and your generous applause whenever you think we deserve it.

PROLOGUE.

FOR A BOY AND A GIRL.

*(They enter, gesticulating, as if quarreling.)*GIRL (*sings*).

"I don't want to play in *your* yard;
I don't like you any more"—

BOY (*speaks*).

You are woefully mistaken
If you think *I* care a straw.
You call that singing?

GIRL.

Well! suppose I do—
I'd like to know, sir, what is *that* to you?

BOY.

More than you think, perhaps. Oh! that's the worst!
Girls claim the *last* word, now you want the *first*.

GIRL.

I wanted it, of course, and got it, too—
You could not help it—so that's one on *you!*

(To audience.)

Boys are so stupid! So I claim the right
To bid you welcome, all of you, to-night.

We girls are smart, and so it is no wonder,
When boys are quarrelsome, we steal their thunder.

BOY.

I *will* be heard! You aggravating miss! —

GIRL.

Oh! that's enough! Quick—march—get out of this!
(*Takes Boy by the arm and marches him off the stage.*)

THE DOLLS' TEA-PARTY.

Nellie was my eldest doll;
Her eyes were blue, her waist was small,
Her hair was long, her cheeks were pink;
She was a lovely doll, I think.

One day my Nellie said to me,
“Mama, you know I'm nearly three;
And when my birthday shall have come,
May I have some friends at home?”

So she invited Kitty Bell,
With Annie Light, and Jane as well,
And many more, both young and hearty,
Making up a grand tea-party.

The cups and saucers were got down,
And Buzzard sent a cake from town;
Biscuits and jam, though last, not least,
All helped to make a birthday feast.

The day was warm, the sun was bright,
And Nellie's eyes danced with delight,
When just at four the house-bell sounded,
And off to greet her friends she bounded.

Yes, there they were, both one and all,
And merry laughter filled the hall;
The tea and toast were soon brought in,
And then the party did begin.

Nellie, of course, poured out the tea—
She did it nicely I could see;
While nurse and I passed cake or ham,
The biscuits or the bread and jam.

Then when the tea was cleared away,
They danced and sang, had games of play,
Until the clock struck half-past eight—
And this for dolls is very late.

Then all shook hands in friendly glee,
And each thanked Nellie for the tea;
Good-night was said, and all agreed
This was a birthday feast indeed.

EPILOGUE.

FOR A TOT.

I'm only a mite;
Like the tail of a kite,

The last on the program am I.
But I'm big enough quite
To wish you good-night,
And to say to you all, "Good-by."

BIRDIE'S SECRET.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell—
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell;
And by and by, when the birdies are old—
Oh dear me! I've gone and told!

DANDELION.

There was a pretty dandelion,
With lovely fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine,
And in the summer air.
But oh! this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray;
And, sad to tell! her charming hair
Blew many miles away.

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 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 “'Twould be great
 matter
 If our lives should be spoiled by such faults.”

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and
 forward, too;
 But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't
 know what to do,

Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to
bother my head.

“If you call her ‘Fifty-four’ for a while, you’ll learn
it by heart,” she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought
’twas a dreadful shame

To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly
horrid name),

And I called her my dear little “Fifty-four” a hun-
dred times, till I knew

The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of
two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts
so proud,

Said, “Six times nine is fifty-two,” and I nearly
laughed aloud!

But I wished I hadn’t when teacher said, “Now,
Dorothy, tell, if you can,”

For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I an-
swered—“*Mary Ann!*”

THE “TRY” BOYS.

To-day, as I went down the street,
I passed my neighbor’s yard,
Where at a task a little lad
Was working very hard.

He tried and failed, and tried again,
And every failure met
With a determined air that said,
"I'm bound to conquer yet!"

Another boy stood idly by,
With hands in pockets thrust,
And watched the little fellow work
As those that conquer must.

"Now what's the use?" he said; "I'm sure
You can't do that, nor I."

"Perhaps I can't," the other said,
"But anyway, I'll try!"

Ah! that's the spirit, boys, that wins!
Don't stand before your work
With idle hands, afraid of it—
The victors never shirk.

Just grapple with the task, my boys;
You'll conquer by and by.

Those always fail who say, "I can't,"
Those win who say, "I'll try."

A SAD ACCIDENT.

My darling doll, so young and tender,
Has come to dreadful harm:
She fell against the nursery fender
And broke her waxen arm!

These many minutes I have rocked her,
And tried to give her ease ;
Oh! some one run and fetch a doctor,
And make him hurry, please!

Unless she gets it nicely mended,
I do not see at all
How she can wear her silks, so splendid,
At pussy's birthday ball.
For all the dolls have been invited,
And when it came to me,
I said I should be most delighted,
And so, I'm sure, would she.

Last year, when she was vaccinated,
Her arm was in a sling
(To be tied up she always hated),
Poor little patient thing!
And when from off the shelf she tumbled,
And cracked her lovely head,
She was so good, and never grumbled—
I did all that instead.

But pussy—Mrs. Mouser Tabby—
Her inquiries sends ;
Although she's getting old and crabby,
She's nice to all her friends!
She says, " Cheer up, and keep her jolly,
The poor dear invalid!

I'll send my own bath-chair for dolly;
I really will, indeed!"

BEWARE OF THE FLATTERER.

A bluebird met a butterfly
One lovely summer day,
And sweetly lisped, "I like your dress—
It's very bright and gay."
There wasn't any butterfly
When bluebird flew away.

Our black cat met that sly bluebird
When going for a walk,
And mewed, "My charming singing friend,
Let's have a quiet talk."
There wasn't any bluebird
When puss resumed her walk.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,

And the highest wall is made ;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built these pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean ;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through ;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

PUMPKIN-PIE

Through sun and shower the pumpkin grew,
When the days were long and the skies were blue ;
And it felt quite vain when its giant size
Was such that it carried away the prize
At the County Fair when the people came ;

And it wore a ticket and bore a name.
Alas for the pumpkin's pride! One day
A boy and his mother took it away.
It was pared and sliced, and pounded and stewed,
And the way it was treated was harsh and rude.
It was sprinkled with sugar and seasoned with spice ;
The boy and his mother pronounced it nice.
It was served in a paste, it was baked and browned,
And at last on a pantry-shelf was found.
And on Thursday John and Mary and Mabel
Will see it on aunty's laden table.
For the pumpkin grew 'neath a summer sky
Just to turn at Thanksgiving into pie.

THE NEW MOON.

O mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before!
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there, with you and my friends,
We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
We'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends—
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

We'd call to the stars to keep out of our way,
For fear we should rock on their toes ;
And there we would rock till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.
And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,

And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
We'd see the sun set, and we'd see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

HER NAME.

Such a wee mischievous lassie! —
It tries one's patience quite
To watch the child. She cannot do
A single thing just right.
'Tis "Kitty, don't say that, dear!"
"Oh, Kitty, don't do so!"
These are the words that greet her
Wherever she may go.

When, just at dusk, one evening,
She climbed upon my knee,
In playful mood I asked her name :
"Why, Kitty, 'course," said she.
"Yes, Kitty—but the rest, dear?"
She hung her curly head—
The rogue! —for just a moment ;
Then, "Kitty Don't!" she said.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

FIRST CHILD.

My name is Spring ; I bring warm showers,
And many a gentle breeze,

And crocuses and daffodils,
And buds on all the trees.

SECOND CHILD.

My name is Summer ; in my hands
I bring the sweetest flowers,
And leafy trees, and long warm days,
And sunny, golden hours.

THIRD CHILD.

My name is Autumn ; in my time
I bring the ripened corn,
And gayest flowers, and richest fruit,
And frosty eve and morn.

FOURTH CHILD.

My name is Winter ; when I come,
I lay the plants to sleep,
And cover them with wind and frost,
With snowy mantle, deep.

FIRST CHILD.

When I draw near, the little lambs
Begin to bleat and play ;
And birds begin to sing and build,
And longer grows the day.

SECOND CHILD.

When I draw near, the farmer sends
His men to cut the grass ;

O'er all the land the scent of hay
Blows sweetly as I pass.

THIRD CHILD.

When I draw near, to reap the corn
The merry reapers go;
The farmer stores his roots and grain
Before the winter's snow.

FOURTH CHILD.

When I draw near, the fields are bare,
But fires more brightly burn;
And gentle hearts with kindly help
To poor and needy turn.
I bring the joyful Christmas-tide—
The happiest in the year;
So, spite of all my gloom and cold,
The children hold me dear.

ALL.

We come with ever-varying gifts
And ever-changing face;
But One who never changes sets
Our duties and our place.
Not *one* alone, but *all* alike,
We do His blessèd will;
By heat and cold, by sun and shower,
We seasons serve Him still.

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

There's a queer little house, and it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls, the children all run.
While under her roof they are cozy and warm,
Tho' the cold wind may whistle and bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer little house moves away,
And the children move after it, happy and gay ;
But it comes back at night, and the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep in a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house has no windows or doors ;
The roof has no shingles, the rooms have no floors ;
No fireplaces, chimneys, nor stoves can you see,
Yet the children are cozy and warm as can be.

The story of this funny house is all true ;
I have seen it myself, and I think you have, too.
You can see it to-day if you watch the old hen
When her downy wings cover her chickens again.

NAMING DOLLY.

(To be spoken by a little girl holding her doll. She should touch its forehead, cheeks, and hair as she mentions them.)

My darling dolly is one week old ;
Her forehead is fair and creamy,
Her cheeks are pink, and her hair is gold,

And her eyes are dark and dreamy.
She's lovely and sweet as she can be;
She's Santa Claus's own little daughter,
But she came to me on the Christmas tree.
How glad I am that he brought her!

I never am lonely since she came,
And the only trouble with me is
That I haven't been able to find a name
One half as pretty as she is.
Mama's in favor of "Isabel,"
And papa says "Betsy" or "Polly";
And I've thought and thought, and maybe—well,
I guess I shall call her "Dolly."

DOLLY'S LESSONS.

I want to teach my dolly—
Her ig'rance is obsurd;
I really hate to 'fess it,
But she cannot spell a word.
Tho' I give her short ezamples,
She never gets them done,
For she doesn't know her tables
As far as one times one.
She pays the best of 'tention,
And p'r'aps I am too strick,
But sakes! she tries my patience
When she studies 'rilm'tic.

She's careless 'bout her writin'—
 She scratches like a hen;
 And now she's sprained her thumb so bad
 She cannot hold a pen.

She ought to have a lib'ary;
 But what would be the use
 To get her books of poickry
 When she can't read "Mother Goose"?

She must have a ed-ju-ca-tion,
 For her mama'd die of shame
 If dolly should be lost some day,
 When she couldn't spell her name.

AMBITIOUS.

We are busy little bees,
 We are workers one and all,
 We try our teacher dear to please,
 We're bright although we're small.

We must come to school each day,
 If we would wiser grow;
 In the pleasant month of May,
 And through the winter's snow.

Day by day and year by year
 We'll climb the ladder high;

We'll never fail, we need not fear,
With the motto "We will try."

The great wide world before us lies,
There's work for us to do ;
If we would win the victor's prize,
We must be brave and true.

DOLLY'S POCKET.

My dolly is so happy,
Her eyes are very bright,
And when there's no one looking
She laughs with all her might.

She's perfectly ridic'l'us ;
I'm sure you'd never guess—
It's 'cause I put a pocket
In her pretty gingham dress.

But I've told her that a pocket
Isn't made for peanut-shells,
And she mustn't get it sticky
With dates and caramels.

And if she's not partic'lar
To 'member what I say,
She'll find on some bright morning
Her pocket's flown away.

OUR FLAG.

I came not here to seek for fame,
Nor add a title to my name ;
I came not here to idly boast
About a king or of his host.

I came not here a tale to tell
About the mountain or the dell ;
One little word I'd speak to thee
About the flag of liberty.

The flag of red, of white and blue,
Borne by loyal hearts and true ;
Our country's breastplate, nation's shield,
O'er peaceful homes, on battle-field.

Our fathers bore it, not for fame,
But for the victory that came ;
They vowed the flag should ever wave,
Though battle-field should be their grave.

And thus it stood, through bloody strife,
An emblem of a nation's life ;
And thus it stood, still tried and true,
Our flag of red, of white and blue.

And still it waves forevermore,
On sea and land, from shore to shore ;

A nation's pride, a nation blessed
With comfort, peace, and happiness.

Our noble flag, oh! may it wave
O'er widow's home and soldier's grave;
Oh! may it deck the soldier's bier,
Who gave his life, nor flinched at fear.

And may our nation, ever free,
Stand firm for right and liberty;
Nor bow beneath the conqueror's rod,
Protected by a righteous God.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa-back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes ;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

THROWING KISSES.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

Don't think, dear friends, that I'm too small
To fill a place like this ;
I'm big enough to love you all,
And throw you all a kiss.

A little word, a look, a smile,
Will never come amiss ;
Takes but a moment, as you see,
To throw you all a kiss.

It may be that you have at home
 Some boy or little siss,
 Who laughs and peeps, and when you go,
 Throws after you a kiss.

I'M VERY YOUNG.

I'm very young! but what of that?
 You once were young as I;
 And you don't know what I can do
 Until you see me try.

I cannot tell you all I know—
 I guess I won't tell half;
 For if I should I'm very sure
 You'd only sit and laugh.

WINTER'S WORK.

(Costumes should be as appropriate as possible.)

WINTER.

My name is Winter. My scepter I sway
 When the hours of daylight grow less each day,
 And the sun's bright rays are losing their glow;
 Then I summon my aids, Wind, Frost, and Snow.
 I am only a name, for all of my work
 Is done by servants who never shirk.

Though Springtime may bloom, and Summer be glad,
 The fall of the leaf makes Nature sad.
 Then Winter soon follows and covers the earth
 With snow and with ice, bringing Christmas mirth.
 But, indeed, I have things far better to do
 Than wasting my time in talking to you.
 Come, Wind! I call upon *you* to recite
 The powers you wield with resistless might.

WIND.

When I come from the South on a warm summer's
 day
 In zephyrs and breezes, I'm only at play;
 But when I am summoned by Winter's commands,
 I rush from the North over ice-bound lands.
 I chill the whole earth with my withering blast;
 From the trees I scatter the leaves broadcast;
 I whistle and moan through the branches bare;
 Through farm-yards and haystacks I rip and I tear;
 I rattle the windows, I bang the door;
 The chill of my breath through each crevice I pour;
 And with dark clouds gathering as I blow,
 I bring in my train the Frost and the Snow.

(WINTER *waves her wand for FROST to appear.*)

FROST.

I follow the Wind at Winter's behest
 From my icy home in the far Northwest.
 I come—and the moment I stretch my hand

O'er rippling stream and lake and land,
The earth is frozen, the waters ice-bound,
And glistening hoar-frost covers the ground.
If a venturesome farmer to market goes,
I tingle his ears and I pinch his nose.
And the ice on the pond is the skater's delight,
As he glides with his lass in the pale moonlight.
I lay the foundation wherever I go
For my white-winged sister, the beautiful Snow.

(WINTER *beckons* SNOW *forward*.)

SNOW.

If I come with the Wind when it blows a gale,
I bring fell disaster o'er hill and o'er dale;
For there's danger and death in the blizzard's course,
And few can withstand its withering force.
But as *beautiful* Snow, at Winter's call
My feathery flakes must gently fall,
To clothe the earth with a carpet white.
Then jingling sleigh-bells to pleasure invite,
And, spinning along at a spanking rate,
Many a lover has found his mate.
Under buffalo-robe his heart grows bold,
The same old time-honored story is told;
And by maiden coy and by lover gay
At every bridge there is toll to pay.
Thus I add to the joys of those happy times
When the sleigh-bells join in with the Christmas chimes.

CHRISTMAS (*to* WINTER).

I need no summons from Winter here,
 For I come in December of every year;
 And surely the Winter might dreary be
 Without Santa Claus and the Christmas tree.
 It may freeze down to zero, the North Wind may
 blow,

But it can't chill the heart at gay Christmas! oh no!
 When the young folks hang up their stockings at night,
 And scarcely can sleep with expectant delight;
 And when friends and relations unite once a year
 For warm Christmas greetings and Christmas good
 cheer.

That Winter has pleasures I will not deny,
 But they mainly depend on the weather; while I
 (The distinction, I think, we should always remem-
 ber)—

I come *sure* on the twenty-fifth day of December.
 Though the soft Indian summer sometimes makes
 you wait,
 You *may* come too early—you *can't* come too late.

(*To audience.*)

Kind friends, in your judgment I firmly believe;
 Your unanimous verdict I'm sure to receive;
 And I also am sure that your verdict will be—
 Gloomy Winter would be very dull without *me*.

FORGETFULNESS.

FOR A BOY.

I'm afraid you will think I am awfully bold,
But you know that I *have* to do just what I'm told ;
So I learned a long piece—what it was I forget—
I'm so nervous and scared, so completely upset.
Oh! if I could only the subject recall,
Just one line, and I'm sure I'd remember it all.

Was it bicycles? No—that subject's too stale.
It was *not* about Jonah who swallowed a whale.
About girls? That's a subject quite needless to men-
tion,

For we all are aware *they* are past comprehension.
Is there no one to prompt me, or lend me the book
Containing the piece, so I'd just get a look?

Ah! I know why the subject I could not recall—
The reason is plain and no wonder at all ;
I'm sorry,—more sorry than words can express,—
For my subject was all about *nothing*—no less.
It might have been more, but it wasn't, you see ;
'Twas nothing—and that's what's the matter with me.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark, the Christmas bells are ringing ;
Listen to the angels' song!

Join we in the swelling chorus,
Borne the vaulted skies along.

Hear the glad refrain repeated
From the hilltop, through the glen;
Wafted on through all the centuries,
Angels sing, "Good will to men."

Angels still are bending o'er us,
As on bright Judea's plain,
Waiting to repeat the chorus
Sung by children once again.

If our lives are sweet and Christ-like,
They will echo back again,
Through the open gates of heaven,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

Let us try to be happy!
We may, if we will,
Find some pleasure in life
To o'erbalance the ill.
There was never an evil,
If well understood,
But what, rightly managed,
Would turn to a good.

If we were but as ready
To look to the light
As we are to sit moping
Because it is night,
We should own it a truth,
Both in word and in deed,
They who try to be happy
Are sure to succeed.

A STREET INCIDENT.

That leg and arm? 'Twas at Bull Run—
The second fight—you recollect?
We gave them lots of red-hot fun,
And some to spare, sir, I expect.
In one week more my time was up—
You see how I was necked.

Wait till I fix up this machine ;
I'm tired of grinding that old air.
You see, my chum was young and green,
And put himself right in my care,
Though full of fight as any one
Who slung a musket there.

And glory—that was all his cry ;
He got it, too ; for on that day,
Ere half the battle had gone by,

Face to the front all cold he lay!
 And quite a lucky thing for him
 I often think and say.

Poor Charley! — Thank you, ma'am. — You see,
 Our fellows made a splendid charge;
 Whiz! then a Minie struck my knee—
 This lump of lead—'taint extra large.
 Just then another took my arm;
 Of course that settled me.

Some days I wish I'd gone as well!
 To beg one's way is mighty tough.
 What I've been through no tongue can tell;
 Wanting a meal to eat is rough.
 For his *politicians* Uncle Sam
 Ain't got berths half enough,

Let alone his *soldiers!* This tune takes;
 There's something in it stirring, grand;
 Somehow the crowd it always wakes;
 No better air was ever planned.
 They don't forget us, after all—
 God bless that sweet white hand!

But for this music-box I guess
 I'd have to give it up and die.
 Proud that I served my country? Yes,
 I don't go back on that—not I!
 Though for the glory of it—well—
 You're off, old boy? Good-by!

AN OPEN SECRET.

Pussy-willow had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;
And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey-bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple-trees;
And they dropped it to the wood-brooks, brimming full of melted snow,
And the brooks told robin redbreast as they babbled to and fro;
Little robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows: "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here!"

LET LITTLE HANDS.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright;

We'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul, and strength, and might!

THE SEASONS.

FIRST CHILD.

I am the Spring.

I come with smiles of gladness, with sunshine, and
with rain.

I warm the poor, half-frozen earth, and make it young
again ;

I freshen up the trees and flowers, for how I love
them all!

The buds and leaves spring forth again, obedient to
my call.

The Spring is always welcome ; with its skies serene
and clear.

(All the children repeat.)

Yes, the Spring is very welcome ; 'tis the childhood of
the year.

SECOND CHILD.

I am the Summer.

I come with gayer colors : the fields are fresh and
green,

Crops are growing, lovely flowers may everywhere be
seen ;

The birds are singing gaily in the branches overhead ;
'Neath our feet a carpet flecked with daisies is out-
spread.

The Summer's very lovely ; buds and blossoms reap-
pear.

ALL.

Yes, the Summer's very lovely ; 'tis the girlhood of the
year.

THIRD CHILD.

I am the Autumn.

I come with good things laden ; the orchard and the
field

Will, at my gentle bidding, their golden treasures yield ;
The summer sun has ripened all the fruits I held in
store ;

Then gather them with gladness—next year I'll bring
you more.

And you should love the Autumn, for its fruitfulness
will cheer.

ALL.

Yes, Autumn is its womanhood, the best part of the
year.

FOURTH CHILD.

I am the Winter.

I do not come with gladness ; my look is sad and cold ;
My colors are all faded, for I am growing old ;

I have no fruits to offer, but my gift is of the best,
For Winter is the night-time, when the weary earth
takes rest.

Then reverence the Winter, for rest to all is dear.

ALL.

Yes, we'll reverence the Winter; 'tis the old age of the
year.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast,
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
"Good-by, good-by, to everything!"

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

And fare you well forevermore,
O ladder at the hay-loft door;
O hay-loft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat ;
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!

And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now, mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat!
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;

 But the truth about that cat and pup
 Is that they ate each other up—
Now what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

MAY-DAY.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odors yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lassies all be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.
Let lusty labor drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plow.
Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note.
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let love and pleasure rule the year!"

Lo! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around the sky ;
Embracing hill and vale and stream,
And warning nature with his beam.
Then lads and lassies all be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

JEMIMA BROWN.

Bring her here, my little Alice—
Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready,
Softly lay her down.
Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down ;
Now upon the floor she's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
With her eyes of brightest azure,
And her golden hair ;
Now, alas! no hair's remaining
On her poor old crown,
And the crown itself is broken—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
And her nose was straight ;

And that arm, now hanging lonely,
Had, methinks, a mate.
Ah! she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn, and ragged—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
'Tis no fault of hers
If her wilful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did she pull her pretty hair out?
Did she break her crown?
Did she tear her arms and legs off?
Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down,
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!

A PUZZLING EXAMPLE.

Dot is five and Jack is ten;
She's just half as old as he.

When she's ten, why, Jack will be
Only one third more than she.
When Jack's twenty she'll be then
Just three fourths as old as he.
Now Dot's puzzled—don't you see?—
To know just how long it will be
Till she's as old as brother Jack,
Who now is twice as old as she.

A WARNING.

Tommy didn't see the use
Of learning how to spell;
He didn't want to understand
How to figure well.

He declared geography
And grammar were a bore;
Reading and writing, too, were things
He hated to the core.

When examination came
It was shown at once,
By the marks that he received,
Tommy was a dunce.

Then, I tell you, Tommy wished
He hadn't been a shirk,

And that he had been wise enough
To sandwich play with work.

Take a warning, little dears;
Remember this—if you
Would really enjoy your play,
That you must study too.

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

Baby Tommy stroked them gently,
All his tiny arms could hold.
“Cuddle close to me,” he whispered;
“Dear tree-kittens must be cold.”

“Tree-tops are no place for kitties;
How you came there? Oh, I see!
'Twas that hateful old dog, Violet,
Scared you up into the tree.”

PROLOGUE.

FOR A CHILD.

There's been a deal of rivalry
To be the first to greet you;
I got the inside track, you see,
To say we're glad to meet you.

And if you think I'm rather small
 To be the first to greet you,
 No one could be, though twice as tall,
 More glad than I to meet you.

I won't detain you longer now;
 I'm only here to greet you,
 And tell you, as I make my bow,
 How glad we're *all* to meet you.

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already,
 Dose vool vas vite like shnow;
 Und every times dot Mary did vend oud,
 Dot lambs vent also oud vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of her school-
 house,
 Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der schoolmaster.
 Also, vich it dit cause dose schillen to schmile oud
 loud
 Ven dey dit saw dose lambs on der insides of der
 school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick
 oud;
 Likewise dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,

Und dit shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently about
Until Mary dit come also from dot school-house oud.

Und den dot lambs dit run right away quick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he vould zaid, " I dond vas schkared ;
Mary vould keep from droubbles enahow."

" Vot vas der reason about it, of dot lambs und
Mary? "

Dose schillen dit ask it, dot schoolmaster ;

" Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose lambs
already? "

Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, also, dot moral vas,
Boud Mary's lamb's relations :
Of you lofe dose like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas oonder obligations.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

Sleep, soldier, sleep!
Thy work is o'er ;
No more the bugle calls, " To arms! "
Dream on beneath thy tent of green.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! free from alarms.

Peace smiles upon our goodly land,
The war-cry is no longer heard,
And fields where once the battle raged
Now echo with the song of bird.

Rest, soldier, rest! while we to-day
Bring fragrant flowers with reverent tread,
To deck the graves of those we love,
A tribute to our honored dead.

Sleep, soldier, sleep!
Thy work is o'er;
Sleep on, and rest, free from all care,
While we our gratitude express,
With blossoms sweet and garlands fair.

THE BEST TRIBUTE.

My grandpa was a soldier. They tell about the day
He said his very last good-by, and bravely marched
away

With flying flags, and bayonets all gleaming in the
sun.

They never saw him marching back when all the war
was done.

They brought him here and laid him where I can
always bring

The very brightest flowers that blossom in the spring.

But sweeter far than flowers, as every one will tell,
Is the memory of the soldiers who loved their coun-
try well.

I wish I could be like him—to try with all my might
And do my loyal service for honor and for right,
And victory and glory! But children now, you
know,
Have never any chance at all to war against a foe.

And as I think upon it, the best that we can do
To show our love and honor for a hero brave and
true
Is to resolve together, here standing by his grave,
To live our very noblest in the land he died to save.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

They sat together, side by side,
In the shade of an orange-tree ;
One had followed the flag of Grant,
The other had fought with Lee.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,
A crutch had the boy in gray ;
They talked of the long and weary march ;
They talked of the bloody fray.

"My chief is dead," the Johnny said—

"A leader brave was he;
And sheathed fore'er at Lexington
Doth hang the sword of Lee."

"My leader lives,"—the boy in blue

Spoke low and with a sigh,—
"But all the country waits in fear
That he to-day may die."

"God bless our Grant!" the vet'ran said,

And dropped a tear, and then
In heartfelt tones the answer came,
For the rebel said, "Amen."

MY LITTLE SISTER.

Have you seen my sister dear?

She is so sweet and fair;
She has two lovely soft blue eyes,
And curly golden hair.

Two rosy little pouting lips,
Which oft are press'd to mine,
When parted show two rows of teeth,
And white as pearls they shine.

She plays all day, and trots about
Upon two tiny feet;

She never looks the least bit cross,
But always good and sweet.

She likes to sit upon the floor,
And have her toys all round ;
And comes with two full hands to show
The pretty things she's found.

But when at night her prayers are said,
She to my arms will creep,
When two lids gently close her eyes,
And baby falls asleep.

But two small ears are quick to hear
The slightest sound I make,
So if I do but say her name
My sister is awake.

POLLY'S LECTURE TO DOLLY.

SUBJECT: DON'TS.

Don't think too much of finery—
I've heard (p'r'aps so have you)
That isn't what makes pretty girls,
But what they think and do.

Now don't be rough and boisterous ;
Leave that to boys—but then

I don't suppose that's *needed*, though,
To make the nicest men!

Don't *disrespect* your elders—
Well, I s'pose that means *me*,
And mama—she's *your* grandma;
She must be, don't you see!

Don't get your dress all dirty;
Remember it's hard work
To keep you neat and tidy.
And, Dolly, don't, *don't* shirk!

Don't do lots and lots of things
I can't remember here,
For if you do you'll never be
A little lady, dear.

But since you're only *Dolly*,
And don't know what I say,
To remember all the don'ts *myself*
I think the wisest way!

A LITTLE CHILD.

Down from the hill, up from the glen,
With waving flags and warlike din,
They rushed—two troops of mounted men—

The boys in blue, the boys in gray ;
And they had almost met that day,
When lo! a child stood in the way.

Its hands were filled with flowers ; its eyes,
As clear and soft as summer skies,
Were opened wide with grave surprise.

Upon the pretty baby head
The sun a golden blessing shed.
" I want mama," the sweet voice said.

Both captains shouted " Halt!" The men
Reined in their eager steeds, and then
The blue leaped down and up again.

And, galloping like mad, he bore
The child he grasped a mile or more
Back to its mother's cottage door.

Loud rose the cheers from blue and gray,
As smilingly they turned away ;
There was no battle fought that day!

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor met me on the street ;
She dropped a word of greeting gay ;

Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,
The tasks I could not understand,

Grew lighter as I walked along
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lift of song,
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all: A woman wise,
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good-morning, dear."

SPEECH.

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

Here I am, most four feet high;
I'm brimming full of fun;
I dance and whistle, laugh and sing,
And hop, and skip, and run.

I guess I bother big folks some
With all my fun and glee,

But then, remember, gentlefolks,
There is some work in me.

Five days each week I go to school;
I'm very busy there;
And then of chores and errands, too,
I always have my share.

So please don't scold me when I play,
Although I make some noise;
It's hard to be so full of fun,
And still be quiet boys.

I am a little boy, you see;
I never spoke before;
But if you'll listen to me now
I'll tell you one thing more.

I'll tell you what I mean to be
When I am grown a man:
I'll keep the store where letters come—
I'll be the post-office man.

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the
head;

And I see him jump before me when I jump into my
bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow—

Not at all like proper children, which is always very
slow ;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rub-
ber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of
him at all.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep
in bed.

WE LITTLE BOYS.

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

This world is large and full of room ;
There is a place for all—
The rich, the poor, the wise, 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 boys will grow.

NEVER BREAK A PROMISE.

If you want to be respected,
And to gather many a friend,
There's a simple rule to follow,
That will bring the wished-for end.
It is this: Be very careful
How your promises you make;
And a promise, once 'tis given,
Never, never, *never* break!

Keep engagements to the letter;
Let this praise to you belong:
"Oh, his *word* is just as binding
As would be his legal bond!"
Thus your name will e'er be honored
Everywhere it may be heard,
If you *never* break a promise,
And you *always* keep your word.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody loves her little bed,
And comes down late, does Somebody;

And pouts when granny shakes her head—
Ah! who is Somebody?

Somebody loves to talk in school,
Ah! so does Somebody;
And cries when punished for breaking rule—
Ah! who is Somebody?

Somebody loves her own little way,
And when she can't have it, Somebody
Sometimes is cross the whole of the day—
Ah! do you know Somebody?

CURED IN A MINUTE.

Baby Bunting tumbled down—
Didn't break her curly crown,
Only scratched her round pink arm—
That was really all the harm.

Sis was sitting down close by,
Just as she began to cry;
Picked up baby where she fell,
Kissed the place, and made it well!

Baby Bunting laughed instead;
Kisses tickle so, she said.
Sis, to quite complete the cure,
Gave three more to make it sure!

“Well, I never!” said the bird;
“That’s a fine cure, on my word!”
But most things that seem amiss
Can be mended—with a kiss!

MAKE-BELIEVE LAND.

I know of a dear, delightful land
Which is not so far away
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand,
No matter how short the day;
Ah! there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there’s never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there’s nothing beautiful, brave, and bold
That one may not achieve
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make-Believe.

So spread the sails and away we go
Light-winged through the fairy straits;
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow,
And the wonderful harbor waits.

On our prow the foam-flecks glance and gleam,
While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the children's dream
Of the Land of Make-Believe.

IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reapers' song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and swings again!

And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

SCHOOL.

FOR A SIX-YEAR-OLD.

When Joe, and Kate, and Dick, and Belle,
Started to school last fall,
I cried to go, and papa said
He thought I was too small.

I begged so hard, at last he said,
“ Well, you can go to-day ;
For after this, I'm very sure,
At home you'll want to stay.”

But I'm not tired yet, and you
Can judge now by my looks
That though I am but six years old,
I like my school and books.

PROLOGUE.

When builders start a house to build,
First the foundation-walls are filled
With brick and stone and strong cement,
To make them solid and prevent

All risk of failure, or perhaps
The house from premature collapse
Of walls and beams and lath and plaster,
And end in ruin and disaster.

We, in our way, are builders too,
For all our hopes are built on you—
We hope to gain your approbation,
And thus secure a sound foundation
For building up complete success;
We can't do more—we won't do less.

LATE.

The minute-hand points to the quarter,
And Jennie is there at the gate;
The clock is too fast, I am certain—
It always is fast when I'm late.
There! Jennie has gone on without me;
Mean thing! pray, why couldn't she wait?

Has any one seen my examples?
Please, mother, help look for my slate.
I wonder who last had the shoe-hook?
My pencil has dropped in the grate!
How everything hinders a person,
So sure as a person is late!

KING WINTER.

Now in his crystal palace,
Far in the frozen north,
King Winter blows his bugle
And sends his couriers forth.

They rush, a mighty army,
In fleecy garments dressed,
And every hill and valley
They claim, from east to west.

They hang their icy pennons
On shrub and bush and tree;
They spread a snowy carpet
Far as the eye can see.

And under this soft carpet
The flowers will sleep till spring;
So let us warmly welcome
The snowflakes and their king!

EPILOGUE.

Dear friends, before you go away
A parting word I want to say:
We're glad to know we've given you cause
To favor us with your applause.

It takes much work and watchful care
A tasteful banquet to prepare—
Green peas to shell, and eggs to beat,
Turkey to roast, and tender meat—
More things to think of than I'm able,
To set and decorate the table.

It needs more trouble to prepare
An intellectual bill of fare,
And serve it up in proper style,
And try to make it worth your while
To give us—all we dare to ask—
Due credit for our arduous task.
Have we succeeded? Is it true?
The proof, dear friends, we leave to you.

CONTENTMENT.

A kitten has no work to do;
It frisks about all day.
But she can't *write*, as I can;
All *she* can do is play.

A birdie has no work to do;
He flies from tree to tree.
But he can't *read*, as I can,
Nor even count to three.

I'm glad I'm not a kitten,
And I wouldn't be a bird,
For if I changed with either,
I shouldn't know a word.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And night will soon be here;
The end of all things is at hand,
And Jesus will appear.

Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And what a long, long night
For those who cannot meet their Lord
With feelings of delight!

Watch and pray! say, children, say,
Are you prepared for home?
And can you cry, with voice of joy,
"Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come!"

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought, when I'd 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?

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nignoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you:
This round hole's name is O;
And when you put a tail in,
It makes Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C;

Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downward,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O dolly!
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

GOOD FOR EVIL.

FOR A GIRL AND A BOY.

BOY.

There was a maiden simple,
And she had a little dimple,

Which was very much developed by a smile ;
 This fact she knew quite well,
 And the truth I'm bound to tell—
 That this little maid kept smiling all the while.

GIRL.

There was a little fellow
 Who used to yell and bellow
 When the things he wished he found he could
 not get ;
 And he played the same old tune
 When he cried to get the moon,
 And I do believe he'd bellow for it yet.

BOY.

Not I! I never cry—
 You know *that* as well as I,
 Little teaser! Won't you give me just one kiss?

GIRL.

You'll get it just as soon
 As your yelling gets the moon ;
 But instead, you silly fellow, just take—*this!*
(*Slaps his face.*)

BOY.

Indeed, that's not quite civil,
 But I'll render good for evil ;
 I forgive you, miss, for treating me like this.

I'm sure you understand
When I kiss your little hand (*kisses it*)—
Little ladies such an act don't take amiss.

GIRL.

You make me feel so meek
That I offer you my cheek
To pay me back the slap you got just now.

(BOY *kisses her cheek*).

You *are* indeed quite civil,
Thus returning good for evil;
That is better than a slap, I must allow.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wiser plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?

For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.

“I am thankful,” said he,
“As I can be
For the gift of such a son.”

Only small things, but they brighten the life
Or shadow it with care ;
But little things, but they mold a life
For joy or sad despair ;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

WHAT WAS IT?

Guess what he had in his pocket!
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leather ball?
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble-pipe and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch-key broken in two,
A fish-hook in a tangle of string?
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket ?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, and a rubber gun?
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew, it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole.

GROWING.

A little rain, and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work, and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep,
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place;
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

There's a mine of comfort for you and me
In a homely bit of truth

We were tenderly taught at the mother's knee
In happy days of youth.
It is, what if the road be long and steep,
And we too weak to climb,
Or what though the darkness gather deep?
We take one step at a time.

A single step, and again a step,
Until by safe degrees,
The milestones passed, we win at last
Home, when the King shall please.
And the strangest thing is often this:
That the briery, tangled spots
Which cumber our feet should be thick and sweet
With our Lord's forget-me-nots.

It matters little the pace we take,
If we journey sturdily on,
With the burden-bearer's steady gait,
Till the day's last hour is gone;
Or if, with the dancing foot of the child
Or the halting step of age,
We keep the goal in the eye of the soul
Through the years of our pilgrimage.

And yet, in the tramp of appointed days,
This thing must sometimes be:
That we falter and pause and bewildered gaze,
For the road has led to the sea;

And the foeman's tread is on our track,
As once on the booming coast
Where the children of Israel, looking back,
Saw Pharaoh's threatening host.

Then clear from the skies our leader's voice
"Go forward!" bids us dare,
Whatever we meet, with fearless feet
And the might of trustful prayer.
So, ever advancing day by day
In the Master's strength sublime,
Even the lame shall take the prey,
Marching one step at a time.

And what of the hours when, hand and foot,
We are bound and laid aside,
With the fevered vein and the throbbing pain,
And the world at its low ebb-tide?
And what of our day of the broken heart,
When all that eyes can see
Is the vacant space where the vanished face
Of our darling used to be?

Then, waiting and watching and almost spent,
Comes peace from the Lord's own hand,
In His blessed will, if we rest content,
Though we cannot understand.
And we gather anew our courage and hope,
For the road so rough to climb;

With trial and peril we well may cope
One single step at a time.

WHEN MA WAS NEAR.

I didn't have one bit o' fear
'Bout nuthin' 'tall when ma was near;
The clouds could bank up in the sky,
Or 'fore the wind in white streaks fly,
But somehow 'nuther I didn't kear
A snap for them—when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer
Us little folks—when ma was near
Jes fairly flew, and wouldn't stay
Round there one bit, but runned away,
An' didn't seem to be one bit queer—
They couldn't help it, when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick, where
You felt the joy that ma was near;
The throbs o' pain couldn't stay **much**
Under the cooling of her touch,
But seemed to stand in mortal fear
Of ever'thing, when ma was near.

A GAME OF TAG.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe, and over he went,
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence
And laughed till their sides were sore;
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing
at me,
And I sha'n't play any more."

So off he went, tho' he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by his fall;
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is!
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

VACATION TIME.

The grammars and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,

The books that hold the fractions
And the books that tell the dates,
The crayons and the blackboards,
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together,
For they won't be used till Fall.

They've had to work like beavers
To help the children learn ;
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their leaves with pleasure—
The dear old lesson-books ;
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammars and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be
When the boys forsake the school-room,
And the teacher turns the key.

DAISY NURSES.

The daisies white are nursery-maids,
With frills upon their caps ;

And daisy buds are little babes
 They tend upon their laps.
 Sing "Heigh-ho" while the wind sweeps low,
 Wind sweeps low, wind sweeps low,
 Sing "Heigh-ho" while the wind sweeps low;
 Both nurses and babies are nodding just so.

The daisy babies never cry,
 The nurses never scold;
 They never crush the dainty frills
 About their cheeks of gold.
 Prim and white in the gay sunlight,
 Gay sunlight, gay sunlight,
 Prim and white in the gay sunlight,
 They're nid, nid, nodding—oh, pretty sight!

The daisies love the golden sun
 Up in the clear June sky;
 He gazes kindly down at them
 And winks his jolly eye.
 Soft and slow all in a row,
 In a row, in a row,
 Soft and slow all in a row,
 Both nurses and babies are nodding just so.

LUCK.

The boy who's always wishing
 That this or that might be,

But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When efforts meet with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in!

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes, not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

WHAT TO DO.

In the morning of our life,
In youth's pleasant days,

Ere we meet with sin and strife,
Walk we in wisdom's ways.

Truth shall be our guiding star,
Shining bright above;
Naught our peace and joy can mar
If we walk in love.

Loving words to all we speak,
Friendship sweet we ever prize;
Kindly deeds to do we seek,
For each moment quickly flies.

HOW THE FLOWERS CAME.

I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.
For they couldn't think *here* of lilies so white,
And such beautiful roses, I know;
But I wonder, when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!

THE NAUGHTY DOLL.

My dolly is a dreadful care!
Her name is Miss Amandy;

I dress her up and curl her hair,
And feed her taffy candy.
Yet, heedless of the pleading voice
Of her devoted mother,
She will not wed her mother's choice,
But says she'll wed another.

I'd have her wed the china vase—
There is no Dresden rarer;
You might go searching every place
And never find a fairer.
He is a gentle, pinkish youth—
Of that there's no denying;
Yet when I speak of him, forsooth,
Amandy falls to crying!

She loves the drum,—that's very plain,—
And scorns the vase so clever;
And, weeping, vows she will remain
A spinster doll forever!
The protestations of the drum,
I am convinced, are hollow;
When once distressing times should come,
How soon would ruin follow!

Yet all in vain the Dresden boy
From yonder mantel woos her;
A mania for that vulgar toy,
The noisy drum, imbues her!

In vain I wheel her to and fro
And reason with her mildly;
Her waxen tears in torrents flow,
Her sawdust heart beats wildly.

I'm sure that when I'm big and tall,
And wear long, trailing dresses,
I sha'n't encourage beaux at all
Till mama acquiesces;
Our choice will be a suitor then
As pretty as this vase is;
Oh, how we'll hate the noisy men
With whiskers on their faces!

SALUTATORY.

Our program we have put in print,
To give you all a friendly hint
Of what we each intend to do
Before the exhibition's through.
The boys are dressed in Sunday suits,
With buttons bright and polished boots;
And all the girls are decked so fine
That some of them look quite divine.
But you must not by this suppose
We've thought of nothing but our clothes;
For some of us have studied well,
And learned to read and write and spell.

And now, before I go away,
There is one thing I wish to say:
We've studied hard for many days
Our speeches, dialogues, and plays;
If we should fail to act them well,
When people ask you—*please don't tell.*

THE NICEST ONE.

I've got the dearest dolly,
And her name is Sally Poll.
She used to be a clothes-pin
'Fore she got to be a doll.

Aunt Maggie made her for me
When I had the whooping-cough;
And she marked her face with charcoal,
But it's almost all come off.

Her dress is only gingham,
And she hasn't any hair;
She ain't a truly beauty,
But I tell her not to care;

For I've got a great big family
Of dollies, large and small,
And Sally Polly Clothes-pin is
The nicest doll of all.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people trampling in to town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships;

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense ;

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense ;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long ;

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind ;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind

Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve :

'Tis the noble who forgive ;

Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word ;

Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred ;

Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away

Like the dewdrops on the spray,

Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let it pass!

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK.

“Afraid in the dark? Not I,” said the owl.
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl. “Too-who!”
Said the cat: “Mi-ew!
I’ll scratch any one who
Dares say that I do
Feel afraid. Mi-ew!”
“Afraid,” said the mouse,
“Of the dark in the house!
Hear me scatter,
Whatever’s the matter.
Squeak!”

Then the toad in his hole
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round;
And the bird in the tree
And the fish and the bee,
They declared, all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!

**But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.**

TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I know a little girl
 (*You? Oh no!*)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
 Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out
 And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then she does begin:
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
 All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
Who says: "When I'm a great big girl
 I'll sit up late.
But mama says 'twill make me grow
 To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
 Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue,
 And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like *you*.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin ;
Not a soul would dare to sleep :
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked of death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
" We are lost ! " the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
" Isn't God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land ? "

Then he kissed the little maiden,
And he spoke in better cheer ;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear !



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