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M. A. Kathbury.

NOV 25 1935

CHILDREN



OF  
THE

YEAR.

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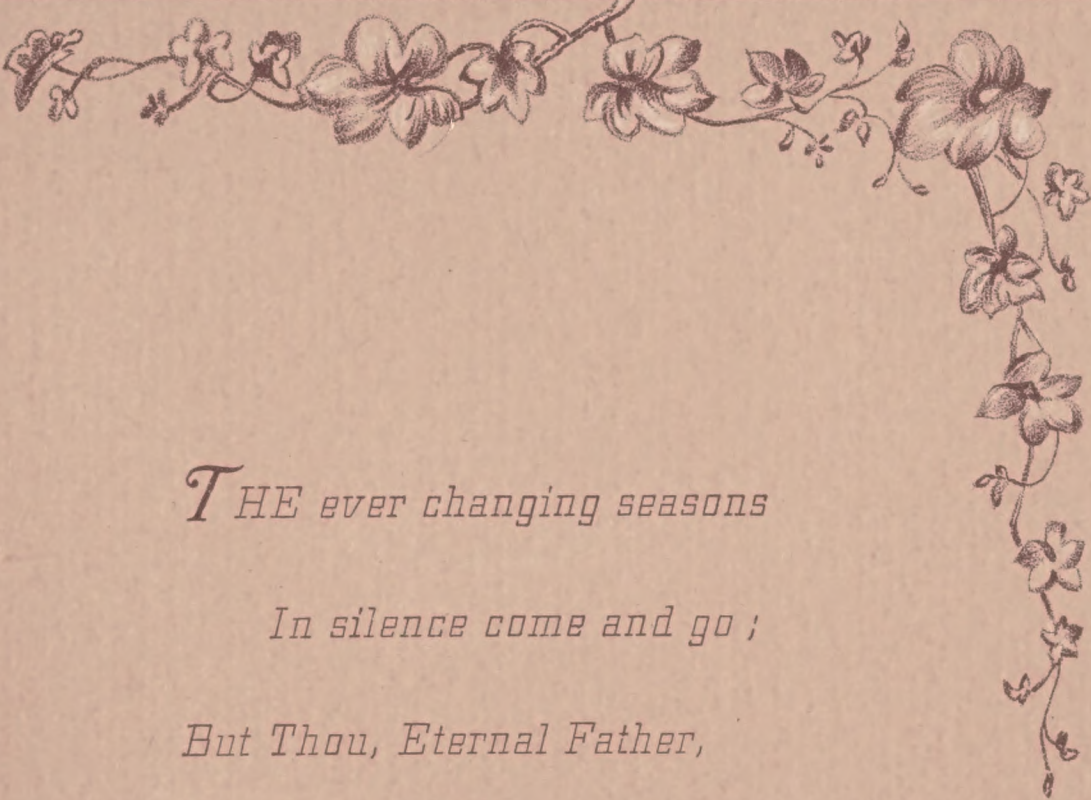
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*THE ever changing seasons  
In silence come and go ;  
But Thou, Eternal Father,  
No time or change canst know.*

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

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April.

*NURSELING of Mother Nature !  
just because*

*Thou art a tender child, whose ready  
tears*

*With readier smiles and ever present fears,  
And transient hopes, are true unto the laws  
That circle babyhood—affection draws  
Our souls to note the gospel that appears  
In thy soft tints and gently rounding  
spheres*

*Of vital joyousness,*

*And thus we pause,  
Delighted with thy game of hide-and-  
seek,*

*Roguish thou lift'st a ruffled pinafore  
Of clouds to veil the quick returning  
store*

*Of dewy sunshine, while bright colors  
speak*

*A conscious rapture in the peeping  
flowers,*


*Held close as trophy of the sun and  
showers.*

MARY B. DODGE.



THE flowers appear on the earth;  
the time of the singing of birds is  
come.

Song 2:12.



## A Spring Story.

*A Lady-bug and a Bumble-bee  
Went out in the fine Spring weather ;  
They met by chance on a lilac-bush,  
And talked for a while together.*

*"These days are warm," said the  
Bumble-bee,*

*"But the nights are damp and chilly."*

*"So damp, indeed," the Lady-bug cried,  
"I should think you'd rent the lily."*

*"A thousand thanks," said the  
bee, in haste ;*

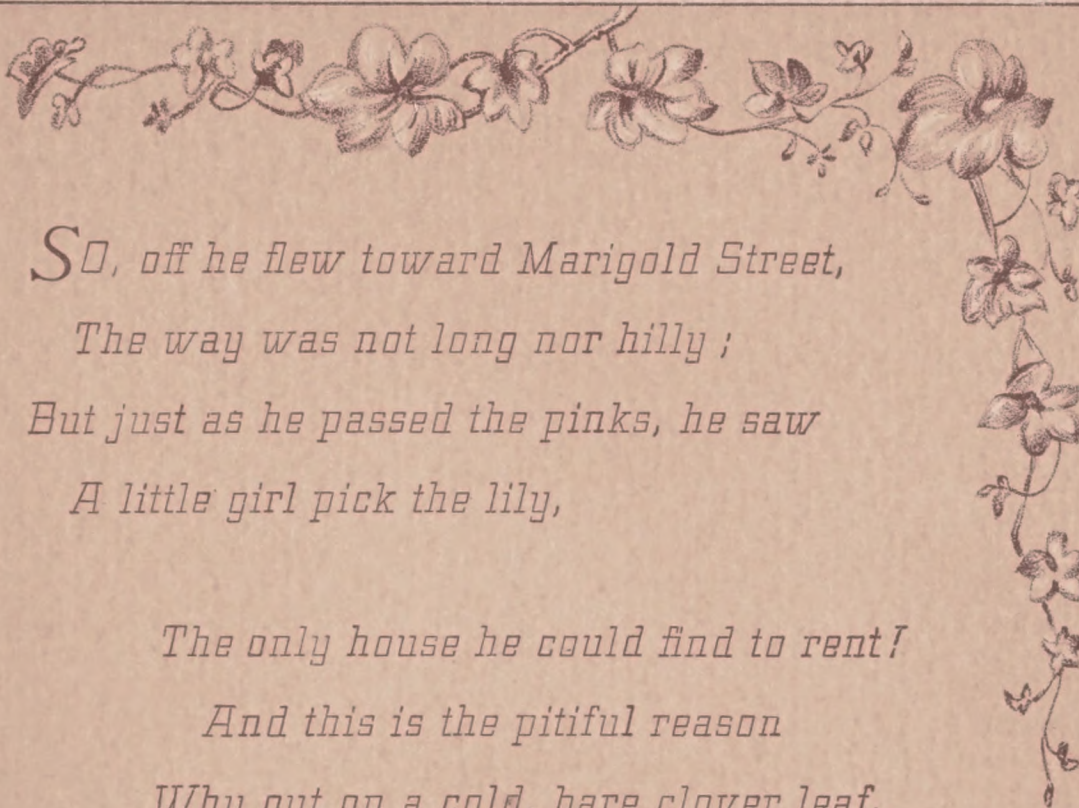
*"And if you'll excuse my hurry,*

*I'll go and secure the  
house at once,*

*Before there's a rush  
and a flurry."*

*(Continued.)*






*SO, off he flew toward Marigold Street,  
The way was not long nor hilly ;  
But just as he passed the pinks, he saw  
A little girl pick the lily,*

*The only house he could find to rent!  
And this is the pitiful reason  
Why out on a cold, bare clover leaf,  
He slept the rest of the season.*

*And the rule is this : when spring-  
time comes,  
And the nights are damp and  
chilly ;  
Be very sure that it's not  
"To Let,"  
Before you gather a lily.*


KATE KELLOGG





*N*OW fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowery squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow ;  
Where now the sea-mew pipes and dives  
In yonder gleaming green, and fly  
The happy birds that change their sky  
To build and brood ; that live their lives.

*From land to land, And in my breast  
Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms  
like the rest.*




TENNYSON



THE grass withereth, the flower  
fadeth: but the Word of our GOD shall  
stand for ever.

Isa. 40:8.



## Longings.

*AH! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May;*


*Waiting for the pleasant ramble,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.*

*Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.*

*Ah! my heart is pained with  
throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May;  
Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows,  
Where in laughing and in sobbing  
Glide the streams away.*

*Ah! my heart, my heart is  
throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.*

DENIS FLORENCE MAG-CARTHY.




Trust.

*THE child leans on its parent breast,  
Leaves there its care and is at rest ;  
The bird sits singing by its nest,  
And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud.*

*The heart that trusts, forever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings ;  
A well of peace within it springs,  
Come good or ill,  
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
It is His will !*

ISAAC WILLIAMS.



## Summer.

*BUTTER-CUPS, clover, and feathery  
thistle,*

*Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,  
Heliotropes, roses, and morning-glories,  
These are but snatches of summer's stories.*

*Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are  
sighing,*

*Murmurs of sea-shells on wet beaches  
lying,*

*Whispers of pine-trees, breezes are  
bringing.*

*These are but snatches of summer's  
singing.*

*Robins and Blue-birds, and swallows  
and thrushes*


*Twitters, and songs, and raptures, and  
hushes*

*Attar of all the whole year's sweetness,  
This is what makes this summer's  
completeness.*



REMEMBER now thy Creator in  
the days of thy youth, while the evil  
days come not.


Eccl. 12:1.



## Baby Bobolinik's Cradle.


*W*OVEN of grasses dry and brown,  
With a sprig of clover here and there,  
A cosy lining of thistle-down,  
And a feather dropped from a bird  
in the air—  
This is the cradle, dainty and fine,  
Love hides away in the meadow sweet,  
Down, deep down, and never a sign  
To tempt too near little wayward feet,

Down, deep down, in the blossoming grass,  
That rustles dreamily all day long,  
And only the yellow butterflies pass,  
And the green-gold bees, with their  
hum-drum song,  
Golden buttercups lean above,  
And daisies white, with hearts all  
gold,  
Golden lily-bells nod their  
love,  
And the golden sun-  
shine all doth fold.



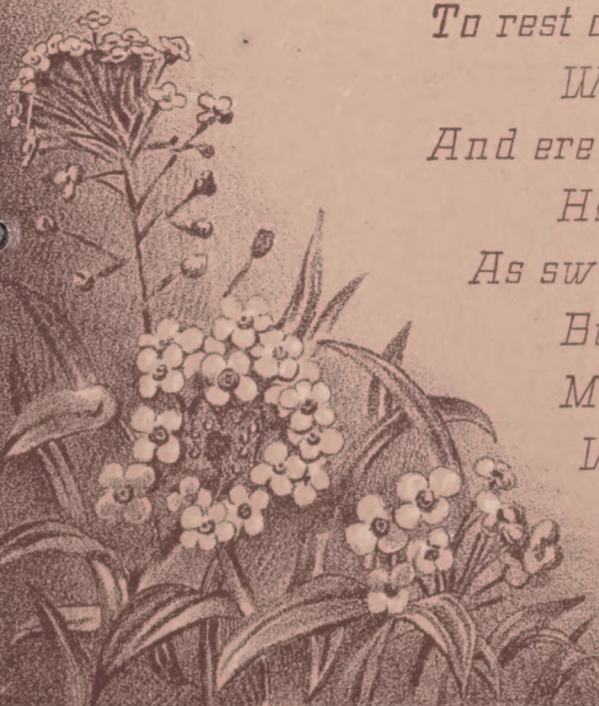
LUCY G. WARNER.





*“Ho! birdie, come, pray!  
Ho! birdie, do stay  
Just one little minute!  
You’ve been to the sky,  
Away up so high,  
And know all that’s in it;  
You’ve pierced with your flight  
Its wonderful light;  
What makes it so blue?  
Now tell me, Oh, do,  
Little birdie!”*

*The bird stopped a while,  
To rest on a stile  
With mosses upon it;  
And ere very long,  
He poured forth a song  
As sweet as a sonnet;  
But never a word  
My waiting ear heard,  
Why the sky was so blue,  
Though he told all he  
knew—  
Stupid birdie.*








THOU hast set all the borders of  
the earth: thou hast made summer  
and winter.

Psa. 74:17.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring various plants and flowers. On the left, there are tall, slender plants with small blossoms. On the right, there are larger, more detailed plants with prominent, cylindrical flower heads. At the bottom, there are broad, leafy plants and a small body of water with reeds.


## Summer in the Soul.

*SINCE I have learned thy love,  
My summer, Lord, thou art,  
Summer to me, and day,  
And life springs in my heart.*

*Since I have learned thou art,  
Thou livest, and art love ;  
Art love, and lovest me ;  
Fearless I look above.*

*Summer, life-fountain's day,  
Within, around, above,  
Where we shall see thy face,  
Where we shall feel thy love.*

AUTHOR OF THE "COTTA FAMILY."



Where the  
Brook and River Meet.


I.

*A SNOW wreath, a sunbeam—the birth  
of a stream ;  
A flashing, a dashing, a ripple, a gleam,  
Now cresting the hillside, now kissing the  
heath ;  
And sweet flower lips in the meadow beneath.  
O, brook-life ! O, child-life ! what other can be  
So fresh and so fearless, so joyous, so free ?*

II.

*But deeper and stronger and calmer the flow,  
And fairer the scenes that are mirrored below,  
As down the dim distance the blue waters glide,  
And thrill with the swell of the incoming tide.  
O, river-life ! maiden-life ! dread not  
the sea,  
The past is as naught to the bound-  
less "To Be."*

EMMA E. BROWN.



*WIND of the sunny South, O still  
delay,*

*In the gay woods and in the golden air,*

*Like to a good old age released from care,*

*Journeying in long serenity away.*

*In such a bright, late quiet would that I*

*Might wear out life like thee,*

*Mid bowers and brooks,*

*And dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks.*

*And music of kind voices ever nigh.*

*And when my last sand twinkled in the  
glass.*


*Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



**W**H all do fade as the leaf; and  
our iniquities, like the wind, have taken  
us away.


Isa. 64:6.




## Autumn Voices.

*O HAPPY, happy, shining day!  
The time to dance and sing and play!  
I wish I only knew  
Why all the clouds have gone to sleep,  
And lie like flocks of lazy sheep,  
Far up there on the blue.*

*This afternoon, down at the brook,  
A bright-eyed squirrel stopped and took  
A dozen little drinks ;  
Some nuts were lying at my feet,  
He looked as if he thought them sweet,  
And gave some knowing winks.  
Just then a little leaf, quite brown,  
Into the brook came rustling down,  
And sailed off like a ship ;  
The squirrel gave his tail a whisk.  
Then made a funny sidewise  
frisk,  
And left me with a  
skip.*







Consider

*THE lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief,*

*We are as they ;  
Like them we fade away,  
As doth a leaf,*

CONSIDER


*The sparrows of the air, of small account ;  
Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount ;  
He guards us too,*

CONSIDER

*The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,  
Yet are most fair ;  
What profits all this care,  
And all this toil ?*

CONSIDER

*The birds that have no barn nor  
harvest weeks,  
God gives them food ;  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good.*



Marjorie's Almanac.

*ROBINS* in the tree-top,  
Blossoms in the grass ;  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass ;  
Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
Fringed elm and larch—  
Don't you think the May-time's  
Pleasanter than March ?


Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face ;  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place ;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day—  
Don't you think that Summer's  
Pleasanter than May ?

(Continued.)




WASH me and I shall be whiter  
than snow. Make me to hear joy and  
gladness.

Psa. 51:7, 8.



*CHESTNUTS in the ashes,  
Bursting through the rind ;  
Red leaf and gold leaf,  
Rustling down the wind ;  
Mother "doing peaches"  
All the afternoon—  
Don't you think the Autumn's  
Pleasanter than June?*

*Twilight and fire-light,  
Shadows come and go ;  
Merry chime of sleigh-bells  
Tinkling through the snow ;  
Mother knitting stockings,  
Pussy's got the ball—  
Don't you think that Winter's  
Pleasanter than all?*



T. B. ALDRICH.



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