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St. James

1850



“ There is to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow out
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
So unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.”

WILLIS.

PICTURES AND FLOWERS

FOR

CHILD-LOVERS.

"I love God and every little child."

JEAN PAUL.

"O, each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking all our hours
With 'angels unawares.'"

R. EDMONSTONE.

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INTRODUCTORY.

MAY the reader, in turning over these pages, have a pleasure as pure as the compiler had in arranging the Pictures, and gathering the Flowers.

In regard to some of the extracts, it may be remarked, that, although it might seem almost like sacrilege to take detached portions of some beautiful poems, it was required by the nature of the plan, namely, the presenting of exquisite and touching pictures of infancy and childhood.

A volume combining such a range of selections bearing upon these subjects it is believed cannot fail to be acceptable wherever the influence of childhood has been felt; to kindle an interest in these "lords of the household and monarchs of the heart," where it has not.



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PICTURES AND FLOWERS.

PLEASANT CHILDREN.

EVERYWHERE, — everywhere, —

Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air,
We meet with these beautiful things!
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby child

By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of the young heart's laughter, wild
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot
As it rocks in the noble's hall,
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot,
Is a gift that is given to all; —

For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
Is a boon like the common air,
And, like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth everywhere !

They tell us this old earth no more
By angel feet is trod, —
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,
The oracles of God.
O, each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking all our hours
With "angels, unawares" !

By stifling street and breezy hill
We meet their spirit mirth :
That such bright shapes should linger till
They take the stains of earth !
O, play not those a blessed part
To whom the boon is given,
To leave their errand with the heart,
And straight return to Heaven !

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There 's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more may rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, — to me thy hand hath given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine :
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room, —
I tremble with delicious fear ;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise ;
Hear, O my God ! one earnest prayer :
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there !

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport, thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot ;

The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart to quivering ;
For ah ! I think, what chart can show
The ways through which this foot may go ?

Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers ;
But youth will bid it leap the rills,
Bathe in the dew on distant hills,
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out
When riper years would pause and doubt ;
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink,
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot will seek ?
Is it to lightly pace the deck,
Helpless to slip from off the wreck ?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom now thy pillow
Is low and cold beneath the willow ?

Or, is it for the battle-plain,
Beside the slayer and the slain ?

Wilt there its final step be taken ?
There, sleep thine eye no more to waken ?
Is it to glory or to shame, —
To sully or to gild thy name ?
Is it to happiness or woe
This little foot is made to go ?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage or in hall,
O, may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot was never found,
Who on his path of life hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly steps ; and none
E'er *dash the foot against a stone !*

Which would a mother value most, the most elegant pair of Parisian slippers, or a little worn-out shoe, once filled with a precious infant foot, now walking with the angels ?

MRS. CHILD.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure :
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven ;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given, —
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly cheerful, — such thou wert, my child !

Not willing to be left ; still by my side,
Haunting my walks, while summer day was dying,
Nor leaving in thy turn ; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying :
Or by the couch of pain a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy ! of such as thee are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness, — prone to fade,
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower, —
Still round the loved thy heart found force to bind,
And clung like woodbine shaken in the wind !

But *thou*, my merry love, bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper and thy spirits free,
Didst come as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth !

Thine was the shout ! the song ! the burst of joy !
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth ;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurk in the laughter of thy dark blue eye !

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming ;
The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming ;

Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length *thou* camest ; thou the last and least, —
Nicknamed the “Emperor” by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others ;
Mingling with every playful infant wile,
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou !
An eye of resolute and successful scheming ;
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow,
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming :
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious-tread.

Different from both ! yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction from the newer call,
But in the Mother's Heart found room for all !

PETER'S TEMPER.

FROM boyhood, Peter's temper was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once he was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days, everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language. Others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp; as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins, and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Peter had no respect for heaven or earth. Except

this infirmity, all his school-fellows and playmates agreed that he was a very good sort of a boy; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to *commend a placid temper as Peter!*

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.

HURRAH! Light upon the world again! It's a glorious world! magnificent! quite too beautiful to leave; and besides, I would rather stay, if only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then my boy — but have n't I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy. A BOY! ha, ha! I shout it out to you, — A BOY: fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And I say, sir, it's *mine!* Hurrah and hallelujah forever! O, sir, such legs, such arms, and such a head! and O, Good Heavens! *he has his mother's lips!* I can kiss them forever! and then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his everything, in fact, —

so “*so perfectly* O. K!” Give me joy, sir: no you need n’t either! I am full now; I run over; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a ’pothecary shop in the corner; and then did n’t I ring the tea-bell? Did n’t I blow the horn? Did n’t I dance, shout, laugh, and cry altogether? The women they had to tie me up. I don’t believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air, — such a burst! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air-bath was so sudden, you know.

Think of all his beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of the cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear, and that curious contrivance the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered upon the great world, so glorious to his unworn perceptions. His network of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air-pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams, dashing and cours-

ing through the whole length and breadth, without stint or pause; making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen. Did I ever talk brown to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the Devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two. I am duplicate, — I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, sir, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one: painting, sculpture, music (hear him cry!), mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics (see him kick!), geography, and the use of the globes (see him nurse!), and withal, he is a perpetual motion, — a timepiece that will never run down. And who wound it up? But words are but a mouthing and a mockery.

When a man is nearly crushed under obligations, it is presumed he is unable to speak; but he may bend over very carefully, for fear of falling, nod in a small way, and say nothing; and then if he have sufficient presence of mind to lay a hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a

motion of the lips, muttered poetry, showing the wish and the inability, it will be (well done) very gracefully expressive. With my boy in his first integuments, I assume that position, make the small nod aforesaid, and leave you the poetry unmuttered.

I HOLD it a religious duty,
 To love and worship children's beauty;
 They 've least the taint of earthly clod,
 They 're freshest from the hand of God.
 With heavenly looks, they make us sure
 The heaven that made them must be pure.

CAMPBELL.

THE RETURN.

ONE climbs into his arms, another
 Clings smiling round his knee;
 A third is lifted by its mother
 Its father's face to see:
 The cradled innocent, his youngest treasure,
 Holds out its dimpled arms, and crows for pleasure.

O BANISH the tears of children! Continued rains upon the blossoms are hurtful. — JEAN PAUL.

A PICTURE.

A LAUGHING boy, above a well
 Is peeping down. He cannot tell
 What spirit is below.
 He wonders if he sees an elf ;
 It laughs when he is laughing.
 Is it the semblance of himself,
 Or some one water quaffing ?
 To find the truth, he calls aloud.
 Echo but mocks. The boy is proud,
 And chiding says, " I know."

THRENODIA.

(EXTRACT.)

How peacefully they rest,
 Crossfolded there
 Upon his little breast,
 Those small white hands that ne'er were still before ;
 But ever sported with his mother's hair,
 Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore ;

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm.
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm.

Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither ; so his stay
With us was short ; and 't was most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God,
O blest word, — evermore !

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infant, lo !
What a pretty baby-show !
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves — one — two — and three —
From the lofty elder-tree !

But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as bright, and just as yellow ;
There are many now — now one —
Now they stop ; and there are none.
What intensesness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again ;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;

Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
'T is a pretty baby-treat ;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;
Here, for neither babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.

Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks, —
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Lizzie's face ;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine, —
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason ;
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
Pleased by any random toy, —
By a kitten's busy joy,

Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy, —
I would fain, like that or this,
Find my *wisdom* in my *bliss* ;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought ; —
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

THE CHILD'S SONG.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was — she sang it all day long : —
“ When the wind blows, the blossoms fall ;
But a good God reigns over all.”
There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day :

There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak ;
For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore ;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.
She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled ;
And as she listened to the song,
Silver-toned and sweet and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play, —
“ When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all,” —
The mother's lips impulsive moved,
The mother's grief, though unproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung ;
And though the child — if child it were,
And not a scraph sitting there —
Was seen no more, the sorrowing one
Went on her way resignedly,

The song still ringing in her ears, —
Was it music of the spheres?
Who shall tell? She did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn her, and console her too:
“When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.”

THE WATCHER.

MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs:
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way;
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
“ Why to me this weary task ? ”
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother ! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken ;
Stop the vow while yet unbroken ;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Saviour’s name.

Mother ! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you ;
Wholesome lessons now impart ;
Keep, O keep the young heart true !
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

LITTLE BESSIE.

AND the mother pressed her darling
Closer to her burdened breast ;
Next the heart so near its breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest ;
At the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep !

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

FOLD thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy Maker's knee,
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free ;
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee, —
Then pray, child, pray.

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No bitter, angry voice hath stirred
The beauty of its rest ;
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away ;
Then pray, child, pray.

Thy spirit is a house of glee,
And gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout,
Hope, the May Queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er ;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on forever ;
Then pray, child, pray.

Now thy mother's hymn abideth,
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light.

But that sweet hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay ;
Then pray, child, pray.



CHILD-SLEEP.

BUT a child ! that bids the world good night
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite, —
Is a cherub no art can copy ; —

His bed is a perfect haleyon nest, —
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest.
’T is a perfect picture to see him lie,
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by the by,)
With a sauce of the syrup of poppy.

ON MY FIRST SON.

FAREWELL, thou child of my right hand, and joy
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy :
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay
Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now ! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy ?
To have so soon ’scaped world’s and flesh’s rage,
And if no other misery, yet age ?
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson, his best piece of poetry !

CURIOSITY.

(EXTRACT.).

IN the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand ;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear ;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum ;
Each gilded toy that doting love bestows,
He longs to break, and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores !
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask !
And, when the waning hour to bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more !

Nor yet alone to toys or tales confined,
It sits, dark-brooding, o'er his embryo mind.
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace ;

Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
 Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling
 earth ;
 Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
 And bade the seasons in their circles run ;
 Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood,
 And gave man all, for comfort or for food ;
 Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod, —
 He stops you short with, " Father, who made God ? "

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
 When next the summer breeze comes by,
 The bush is waved, the flower is dry.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head the morning-
 glory bright ;
 Her little face looked out beneath, so full of life and
 light,

So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
She is the morning-glory true, and her poor types
are they.

So always from that happy time we called her by
their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for, sure as morning
came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first
faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower and opens to the
day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light brimmed with
sleep's tender dew ;
And not so close their tendrils fine round their sup-
ports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped
all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes
the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morn-
ing hour,

And how in her was imaged forth the love we could
not say,
As on the little dew-drops round shines back the
heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God, that she must
wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the morning-
glory's cup ;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and
noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted, and
cold, and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming will soon be coming
round ;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves upspring-
ing from the ground ;
The tender things the winter killed renew again their
birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from
earth.

O Earth, in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy
green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to
sustain ;
But up in groves of Paradise full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful twine round our dear
Lord's knee.

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, — thou urchin sly ?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire, or hind ?
Since thou, in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall, —
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running, —
'T is infantine coquetry all !

But far afield thou hast not flown :
With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown, —
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too, —
A mimic warfare with me waging :
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thine after-kindness more engaging !

The wilding rose sweet as thyself,
And new-crop daisies, are thy treasures ;
I 'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasures.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell of horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range :
Life is a motley, shifting show, —
And thou, a thing of hope and change.

BUT ah ! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes : they break no rest ;
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
Gone in a moment, when she springs
To meet the air with open breast.

HARRY'S LETTER.

DEAR BILL :—

HERE I am in Lincolnshire. Now I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. If you're out of

pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Nick, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Frank is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it 's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting: it 's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He 's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There 's plenty of New Rivers about, and we 're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We 've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We 've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he 's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Is n't it prime, Bill? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, — run away. There 's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there 's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit 's to be gathered on Monday.

If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I 'm bound there 's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bill, and I 'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything to make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we 've mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bill, and some fish-hooks, — and some different sorts of shot, — and some gunpowder, — and a gentle-box, and some flints, — some May-flies, and a powder-horn, — and a landing-net, — and a dog-whistle, — and some porcupine-quills, and a bullet-mould, — and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt, — and a tin-can. You pay for 'em, Bill, and I 'll owe it you.

Your old friend and schoolfellow,

HARRY.

“ WHEN children are doing nothing, they are doing mischief ”

SOME ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE BABY.

It was a *peculiarity* of *this* baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again, is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of its mother, to make a handsome dental provision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist (which was immediately under its chin), a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella-tops, the heads of walking-sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs on the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for the baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week is not to be calculated. Still its mother always said, "*It was coming through, and then the child would be herself,*" and still it never did come through, and the child continued to be somebody else.

THE BOY'S APPEAL.

O, WHY must my face be washed so clean,
And rubbed and scrubbed for Sunday?
When you very well know, as you often have seen,
'T will be dirty again on Monday?

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

THE UNLUCKY ONE.

Extract from the "Golden Pot."

OF a truth, I am born to losses and crosses for my life long! When, in boyhood, at Odds or Evens, I could never once guess the right way; my bread and butter always fell on the buttered

side.* Did I ever put on a new garment, without the first day smearing it with tallow, or, on some ill-fastened nail or other, tearing a ragged hole in it?

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray.
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for foursecore years,
And they say that I am old ;

* "I never had a piece of bread
Particularly large and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor.
And always on the buttered side."

That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true, — it is very true, —
I 'm old, and I "bide my time," —
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on ! play on ! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

GONE.

“The good die first.”

ANOTHER hand is beckoning on,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our youngest, she whose infant smile
Made brightest summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay,
No shadow from the silent land,
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star, —
Clear, suddenly, and still.

The blessing of her lovely life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And pure thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look :
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth's fire-light ;
We pause beside her room to hear
Once more her sweet, " Good night."

There seems a shadow in the day
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father ! in thine arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

STAR-CHILD.

IN a pleasant chamber, close beside
A lofty window, deep and wide,
Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep
A young boy went to his nightly sleep.
The window was as a crystal door,
Opening out on the silent night ;
And the radiance of the clear starlight
Lay in white streaks on the chamber floor,
And shone on the pillow and the bed,
And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one,
The shining stars went up the sky,
They paused and looked through that window high,

And as each and every star in turn,
Like a crown of silver lustre shone,
Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
More starry and bright, grew his innocent sleep.

One night he awoke ; and one star, alone,
Through that lofty casement was shining down ;
He gazed, and he gazed, till it grew like an eye,
Placid and clear, in the midnight sky ;
Then the boy looked trustfully up, and smiled,
And the star looked brightly back to the child.
The morrow, he went to his pictures and play,
But ever and often he turned him away,
And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
Were passing him and his sports between ;
The mother questions him gently the while,
“ Why does my boy look upward and smile ? ”
“ O mother, O mother, I would you might see
The beautiful angel that ’s watching me ! ”

CHILDHOOD EVER HOPEFUL AND TRUSTFUL.

WHILE childhood's light and hope is above us,
Many and near seem the pleasant fountains,
And a wide, sweet shade are the hearts that love us,
As the vale is kept cool by its guarding mountains.

And every moss has its moisture cool,
And every leaf its drop of dew,
And every covert its glancing pool,
And by every rock a spring bursts through.

TO HERMAN.

WHERE is my boy?
It seems but an hour ago,
He was digging in the snow,
Joy and love in his face,
In his hands a nameless grace,
As he lifted the heavy spade
— The little path he made,

Half in work, half in play,
Has not yet melted away.
You may see it in the snow,
Lingering as loath to go.
But he has melted and gone, —
Gone into earth or air,
Leaving us so alone!
Where is my boy, — O where?

Beautiful child!

All hearts were drawn around thee by thy manners
sweet;

Those loved to question thee whom thou didst meet;

Noting within thy speaking eye

The careful thought moulding the just reply.

That beauty which adorned the dusty street,

Suddenly passed away.

We, unawares, had talked and smiled

With an angel undefiled.

Our eyes were holden, and we did not know

That thou so soon must go.

Happy were we

Eight years that life to see.

Eight years to reap the harvest of that love,
That draught of beauty every day to drain,
Each day to watch that soul without a stain.
Happy we are !

For though we stand alone,
Like the disciples, gazing up to heaven
Toward our ascended One,
We know that God, who takes what he has given,
Never a soul forsakes,
And surely gives again that which he takes.

He who has passed above the sky,
Has gone in Time, — comes in Eternity.
This earth was not his sphere :
Long enough he lingered here !
What was ours to teach, he learned ;
Then passed inward, and returned.
By no circuitous way of sin and pain
He went to Heaven again ;
But by a path direct pursued his way,
A steady brightening toward the perfect day.

As from the world of sense our boy departs,
God brings him nearer to our heart of hearts ;

Sheds sacred lustre on the infant's brow,
Makes him our guardian and our angel now ;
His young feet pressed Death's portal without fear,
To lift our death-like thoughts, and bring Heaven near.

OUR CHARLIE.

A LITTLE son — an only son — have we ;
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,
And lead him softly o'er the stony way !)
He is blue-eyed, and flaxen hair has he,
(Such long ago mine own was wont to be, —
And people say he much resembles me.)

I've never heard a bird or runlet sing
So sweetly as he talks. His words are small,
Sweet words — O, how deliciously they fall ! —
Much like the sound of silver bells they ring,
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies
As naturally upon his cheek as bloom
Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, flies
Before his smile my mind's unfrequent gloom.

A jocund child is he, and full of fun :
He laughs with happy heartiness ; and he
His half-closed eyelids twinkles roguishly,
Till from their lashes tears start up and run.
The drops are bright as diamonds. When they roll
Adown his cheek they seem to be the o'erflowing
Of the deep well of love within his soul, —
The human tenderness of his nature showing.
'T is pleasant to look upon him while he sleeps :
His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers, —
The half-formed smile that round his red lip creeps :
The intellectual glow that faintly lingers
Upon his countenance, as if he talks
With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We tremble when we think that many a storm
May beat upon him in the time to come, —
That his now beautiful and fragile form
May bear a burden sore and wearisome.
Yet so the stain of guiltiness and shame
Be never placed upon his soul and name, —
So he preserves his virtue though he die, —
And to his God, his race, his country, prove
A faithful man, whom praise nor glory can buy,
Nor threats of vile, designing men can move,

We ask no more. We trust that He, who leads
The footsteps of the feeble lamb, will hold
This lamb of ours in mercy's pasture fold,
Where every inmate near the loving Shepherd feeds.

WEE WILLIE.

FARE-THEE-WELL, our last and fairest,
Dear wee Willie, fare-thee-well!
He who lent thee hath recalled thee
Back with him and his to dwell.
Fifteen moons their silver lustre
Only o'er thy brow had shed,
When thy spirit joined the seraphs,
And thy dust the dead.

Like a sunbeam through our dwelling
Shone thy presence bright and calm!
Thou didst add a zest of pleasure;
To our sorrows thou wert balm —

Brighter beamed thine eyes than summer ;
And thy first attempt at speech
Thrilled our heart-strings with a rapture
Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,
With thy fine, fair locks outspread,
Thou didst seem a little angel,
Who from heaven to earth had strayed ;
And, entranced, we watched the vision,
Half in hope and half affright,
Lest what we deemed ours, and earthly,
Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'ermantled hill and valley,
Sullen clouds obscured the sky,
When the first drear doubt oppressed us,
That our child was doomed to die!
Through each long night-watch the taper
Showed the hectic of thy cheek,
And each anxious dawn beheld thee
More worn out and weak.

'T was e'en then Destruction's angel
Shook his pinions o'er our path, —

Seized the rosiest of our household,
And struck Charlie down in death, —
Fearful, awful Desolation
On our lintel set his sign ;
And we turned from his sad death-bed,
Willie, round to thine !

As the beams of Spring's first morning
Through the silent chamber played,
Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee,
And in thy small coffin laid ;
Ere the day-star with the darkness
Nine times had triumphant striven,
In one grave had met your ashes,
And your souls in Heaven !

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms
Of our hopes and hearts and hearth ;
Two asleep lie buried under,
Three for us yet gladden earth :
Thee, our hyacinth, gay Charlie,
Willie, thee our snow-drop pure,
Back to us shall second spring-time
Never more allure !

Yet while thinking, O our lost ones !
Of how dear ye were to us,
Why should dreams of doubt and darkness
Haunt our troubled spirits thus ?
Why across the cold, dim churchyard
Flit our visions of despair ?
Seated on the tomb, Faith's angel
Says, " Ye are not there !"

Where, then, are ye ? With the Saviour
Blest, forever blest, are ye,
'Mid the sinless, little children,
Who have heard his " Come to me !"
'Yond the shades of death's dark valley,
Now ye lean upon his breast,
Where the wicked dare not enter,
And the weary rest !

We are wicked, — we are weary, —
For us pray, and for us plead ;
God, who ever hears the sinless,
May through you the sinful heed ;
Pray that through Christ's mediation,
All our faults may be forgiven ;
Plead that ye may be sent to greet us
At the gates of Heaven !

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.

The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to her bosom, was found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

THOU thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony !

Temple and tower have mouldered,
Empires from earth have passed,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou calmly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart !
One moment of a thousand pangs
Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom,
On ashes here impressed,
Thou wert the only treasure, child !
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished,
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, naught remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one !
From that impassioned grasp.

O, I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in affection's mould !

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, O immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness, —
It must, it *must* be so !

TO OUR ELDEST HEIR.

DEEM not that our eldest heir
Wins too much of love and care ;
What a parent's heart can spare,
Who can measure duly ?
Early crops were never found
To exhaust that fertile ground,
Still with riches 't will abound,
Ever springing newly.

See in yonder plot of flowers
How the tallest lily towers,
Catching beams and kindly showers
 Which the heavens are shedding.
While the younger plants below,
Loss of sun and breezes know,
Till beyond the shade they grow,
 High and richly spreading.

She that latest leaves the nest,
Little fledgling much carest,
Is not therefore loved the best,
 Though the most protected ;
Nor the gadding, daring child,
Oft reproved for antics wild,
Of our tenderness beguiled,
 Or in thought neglected.

'Gainst the islet's rocky shore,
Waves are beating evermore,
Yet with blooms it 's scattered o'er,
 Decked in softest lustre :

Nature favors it no less
Than the guarded, still recess,
Where the birds for shelter press,
And the harebells cluster.

ART OF BEING HAPPY.

CHILDREN may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, — the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

WILLIE GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Willie, he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Redcoat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little manikin ;
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em, —
Willie's limbs have got their freedom, —
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade ;
Is he not a happy lad ?

Now he 's under other banners
He must leave his former manners ;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names.
Puss in corners, hide and seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak !
Baste the bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at,
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow,
Climb a tree or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse.
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart,
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come,
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.

This and more must he endure,
Here he in miniature !
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

DOMESTIC INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

THE relations of parents and children are the holiest in our lives ; and there are no pleasures, or cares, or thoughts connected with this world, which reminds us so soon of another. The helpless infancy of children sets our own death before us, when they will be left to a world to which we would not trust ourselves ; and the thought of the character they may take in after life brings with it the question, what awaits them in another. Though there is a melancholy in this, its seriousness has a religious tendency. And the responsibility which a man has laid himself under begets a resoluteness of character, a sense that this world was not made to idle in, and a feeling of dignity that he is acting for a great

end. How heavily does one toil who labors only for himself; and how is he cast down by the thought of what a worthless creature it is all for!

We have heard of the sameness of domestic life. He must have a dull head and little heart who grows weary of it. A man who moralizes feelingly, and has a proneness to see a beauty and fitness in all God's works, may find daily food for his mind even in an infant. In its innocent sleep, when it seems like some blessed thing dropped from the clouds, with tints so delicate, and with its peaceful breathing, we can hardly think of it as of mortal mould, it looks so like a pure spirit made visible for our delight.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” says Wordsworth. And who of us, that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child? Who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go

to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of, — their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances, and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand.

The still musing and deep abstraction in which children sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. The little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life, and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about seemingly idle and

dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life. And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner, digging a Lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies, and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon,

— something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children, with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him, as I have of revolting toward another, who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing towards children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men, than to be disliked of children.

“ Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child! ”

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

“ Whom the gods love, die young.”

WITHIN her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her
smiled.

A strife arose among them, — a loving, holy strife, —
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-
born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in
beauty grew
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of
azure hue ;
Till every one who saw her was thankful for the
sight
Of a face so sweet, and radiant with ever fresh de-
light.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring bird's joyous carol, or a rippling stream-
let's fall ;

Till all who heard her laughing or her words of
childish grace
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her
face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle
mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem en-
shrined ;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be
so good
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and
rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth,
And to our hearts yet dearer every moment than
before
She became, though we thought fondly heart could
not love her more.

Then outspake another angel, nobler, brighter than
the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his
breast :

“Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of
mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her
face :

“Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her
tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be
wrung,
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty ever know the taint
of sin :

“Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far
away,
Where there is nor sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor
decay :
And mine, a boon more glorious than all the gifts
shall be, —
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality.”

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle
breath, —
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best
was Death.

HEALTH AND PLAY *versus* TUBERCULAR
VIRTUE.

IN early years, while the child "feels its life in every limb," it lives in the body and for the body to a very great extent. It ought to be so. There have been many interesting children who have shown a wonderful indifference to the things of earth and an extraordinary development of the spiritual nature. There is a perfect literature of their biographies, all alike in their essentials; the same "disinclination to the usual amusements of childhood;" the same remarkable sensibility; the same docility; the same conscientiousness; in short, an almost uniform character, marked by beautiful traits, which we look at with a painful admiration. It will be found that most of these children are the subjects of some constitutional unfitness for living, the most frequent of which I need not mention. They are like the beautiful, blushing, half-grown fruit that falls before its time because its core is gnawed out. They have their meaning, — they do not live in vain, — but they are windfalls. I am convinced that many

healthy children are injured morally by being forced to read too much about these little meek sufferers and their spiritual exercises. Here is a boy that loves to run, swim, kick football, turn somersets, make faces, whittle, fish, tear his clothes, coast, skate, fire crackers, blow squash "tooters," cut his name on fences, read about Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, eat the widest angled slices of pie and untold cakes and candies, crack nuts with his back teeth and bite out the better part of another boy's apple with his front ones, turn up coppers, "stick" knives, call names, throw stones, knock off hats, set mousetraps, chalk door-steps, "cut behind" anything on wheels or runners, whistle through his teeth, "holler" fire! on slight evidence, run after soldiers, patronize an engine-company, or, in his own words, "blow for tub No. 11," or whatever it may be; — is n't that a pretty nice sort of a boy, though he has not got anything the matter with him that takes the taste of this world out? Now, when you put into such a hot-blooded, hard-fisted, round-cheeked little rogue's hand a sad-looking volume or pamphlet, with the portrait of a thin, white-faced child, whose life is really as much a training for death as the last month of a con-

demned criminal's existence, what does he find in common between his own overflowing and exulting sense of vitality and the experiences of the doomed offspring of invalid parents? The time comes when we have learned to understand the music of sorrow, the beauty of resigned suffering, the holy light that plays over the pillow of those who die before their time, in humble hope and trust. But it is not until he has worked his way through the period of honest, hearty animal existence, which every robust child should make the most of, — not until he has learned the use of his various faculties, which is his first duty, — that a boy of courage and animal vigor is in a proper state to read these tearful records of premature decay. I have no doubt that disgust is implanted in the minds of many healthy children by early surfeits of pathological piety. I do verily believe that He who took children in His arms and blessed them, loved the healthiest and most playful of them just as well as those who were richest in the tuberculous virtues.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies, —
O, the pretty flowers
Coming ere the spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.
Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door ;
Purple with the north-wind,
Yet alert and bold ;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they may be cold.
What to them is weather !
What are stormy showers ?
Buttercups and daisies,
Are these human flowers ?

He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT *make* him dead !
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair ;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I 'm stepping towards the hall,
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me, — that he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !
When passing by the bed —
So long watched over by parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly ;
Before the thought comes that — he is not there !

When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air

My soul goes up with joy
To him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there !

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked — *he* is not there !

He lives ! in all the past
He lives ! nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair.
In dreams I see him now ;
And on his angel brow
I see it written, — Thou shalt see me *there* !

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the Spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that — he is *there!*

JOY IN SORROW.

HAVE we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that soothed that woe
Were life's best joys — ten years ago?

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
 But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
 By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed, .
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest ;

We will be patient ! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.



YOUTH ETERNAL.

THOU art young, God most loving
Gives to each one, in his turn,
This sweet gift, all other crowning,
Youth in feeling and in form.

This is thy enchanted hour, —
Thou art young, — and bird and bee,
Bursting dawn and springing flower
Share thy secret sympathy.

Thou art young, — and impulse free,
Soaring love, and fancies bold,
Whisper one command to thee, —
Never, never grow thou old!

Let the silken lock grow gray,
Let the rounded form decline, —
But the gloss of feeling stay,
But the glowing soul be thine.

Fearless faith and generous choice, —
Purest love and boundless truth,
Wear these roses and rejoice,
In eternity of youth!

CHILDHOOD.

HE must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him. The unfortunate neighbor, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child; gardens where no tiny footmark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps in one day's intercourse with his family a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years

of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men. But it is not only to their parents and near connections that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. Even men may condescend to sport with them without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports. Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They

must be bribed to good behavior, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand, like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts; they will sometimes cry for the moon, as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds; and when they are angry, they have no mercy for cups and saucers. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical, as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and superexcellent, who despise dolls and drums, and, ready only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove everything you assert, are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. But, notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of re-

sistance, which allows only of partial success ; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father ; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal ; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness ; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one ; as soon as it employs

its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows, and leaps, from the excess of animal contentment,—it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us,—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny; interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian.

BABIE BELL.

THE POEM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE
APRILS LONG.

“If she had lived, I think she would have been
Lilies without, and roses within.”

HAVE you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,

Hung in the purple depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white winged Angels go,
 Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
 And all the air grew strangely sweet !
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.

 The swallows visit beneath the eaves ;
 Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the livelong day ;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine !
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !
O, earth was full of singing birds,
 And happy spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
 Came to this world of ours !

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved Babie more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born!
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen, —
The land beyond the morn!
And for love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise!)
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, "Sweet Christ!" — our hearts bent
down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom —
Filling the crystal veins of air

With gentle pulses of perfume —
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime,
The plums were globes of honeyed wine, —
The hived sweets of summer-time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell;
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell.
The grapes were purpling in the grange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell!

Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her feature we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!

Her angel nature ripened too.

We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now

Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words,
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key !
We could not teach her holy things :
She was Christ's self in purity !

It came upon us by degrees ;
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
 His messenger for Babie Bell !
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain !

 We cried aloud in our belief,
 "O, smite us gently, gently, God !
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief."
Ah ! how we loved her God, can tell ;
Her little heart was eased in ours !
 Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Babie Bell ?
 She only crossed her little hands,

She only looked more meek and fair !
We parted back her silken hair ;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, like scented flakes of snow, —
Death's bride, arrayed in flowers !
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours !

EXTRACT FROM "ELIA."

LET the dreams of classic idolatry perish, — extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling, — in the heart of childhood there will forever spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition, — the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there and vital, — from every day forms edueing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown-up world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, — imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

ON A BRANCH OF FLOWERING ACACIA.

THE blossoms hang again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born,
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife,
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their sunny clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May Bud, thou.
They seem to me thy sisters, O my child !
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild
Recalls that hour ; a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heartstrings as I think of thee.
Was it in vain ! O, was it all in vain !
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath. —
Upon my heart, — it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise, — they laid thee, treasure mine !
And from its tender depths the blue heavens smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo, round that bed.

A CHILD IS BORN.

A CHILD is born, — now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues :
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it,
From its weak stem of life ; and it shall lose
All power to charm ; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O, who shall say that it hath lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour ?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

“ THE boy carried in his face the ‘ Open Sesame ’ to every door and heart.”

C. SEDGWICK.

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE
CRADLE.

WHAT is the little one thinking about ?

Very wonderful thing no doubt,

Unwritten history !

Unfathomable mystery !

But he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles, as any sphinx !

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years,
And he 'll never know

Where the summers go !

He need not laugh, for he 'll find it so !

Who can tell what the baby thinks ?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way,
Out from the shores of the great unknown,

Blind and wailing and alone,

 Into the light of day ?

 Out from the shores of the unknown sea

 Tossing in pitiful agony !

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls, —

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide !

 And what does he think of his mother's eyes ?

What does he think of his mother's hair ?

 What of the cradle roof that flies

Forward and backward through the air ?

What does he think of his mother's breast,

 Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

 Seeking it ever with fresh delight,

Cup of his joy, and couch of his rest ?

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell

 With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words of all the birds, —

 Words she has learned to murmur so well !

Now he thinks he 'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadows creep
 Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
 Over his brow, and over his lips,
 Out in his little finger tips, —
Softly sinking, down he goes,
Down he goes, down he goes,
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

“THE smallest planet is nearest the sun. Ye stand nearest to God, ye little ones.”

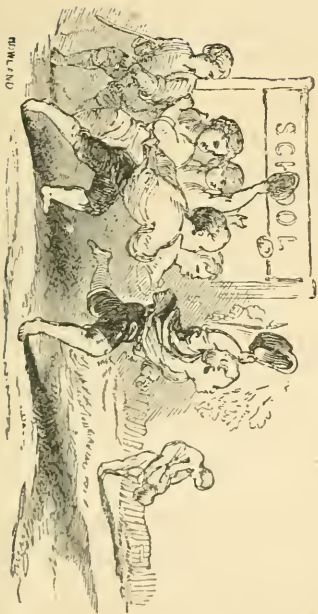
“CHILDREN are God's apostles; day by day sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.”

LOWELL.

THE PLAYFUL CHILDREN JUST LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL.

FROM SHENSTONE'S "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

BUT now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door,



OWLAND



And like a rushing torrent out they fly ;
And now the grassy cirque have covered o'er
With boisterous revel, rout, and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their shortlived pastimes, I implore ;
For well may Freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to childish elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
O, never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O, vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,

With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huckster's savory cottage lend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoneyed wight, are seen,
See, cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering, like blooming maid, their glances round,
With pampered look draw little eyes aside ;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
O, may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pines with hopeless
care.

MY FIRST PLAY.

FRAGMENT FROM "ELIA."

THE boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women
of quality, projected over the pit ; and the pilasters

reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy — but I judged it to be sugar-candy, — yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a *glorified* candy!

CHARLES LAMB.

VERSICLES.

(FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS ONLY) ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER'S FIRST WALKING.

HA ! ambitious little elf !
 Off by thy adventurous self ?
 Fairly off ? O fair betide thee !
 With no living thing beside thee ;
 Not a chair to creep or crawl by ;
 Not a finger-tip to catch at ;
 Not a sleeve or skirt to snatch at ;
 Fairly off at length to sea,
 Full twelve inches (can it be
 Really, truly ?) from the lee
 Of mamma's protecting knee !

Fair and softly, — soft and fairly, —
Little bark, thou sail'st it rarely,
In thy new-born power and pride
O'er the carpet's level tide,
Lurching, though, from side to side,
Ever and anon, and heeling
Like a tipsy cherub reeling,
(If e'en cherubs, saucy gypsy !
Smile like thee, or e'er get tipsy !)
Even as though yon dancing mote,
In the sunny air afloat,
Or the merest breath that met thee,
Might suffice to overset thee !

Helm a weather ! steady, steady !
Nay, the danger 's past already ;
Thou, with gentle course, untroubled,
Table-Cape full well hast doubled,
Sofa Point hast shot ahead,
Safe by Footstool-Island sped,
And art steering, well and truly,
On for Closet Harbor duly !

Anchor now, or turn in time,
Ere within the torrid clime

Which the topic fender bounds,
And with brazen zone surrounds ;
Turn thee, weary little vessel,
Nor with further perils wrestle ;
Turn thee to refit a while
In the sweetly sheltering smile
Of thine own Maternal Isle,
In the haven of dear rest
Proffered by the doating breast,
And the ever-ready knee
Of a mother true to thee,
As the best of mothers be !

Nay ! adventurous little ship !
If thine anchor 's still a-trip,
And, instead of port, you choose
Such another toilsome cruise,
Wheresoe'er the whim may lead thee,
On, my treasure ! and God speed thee !
Hackneyed as, perchance, they be,
Solemn words as these to me,
Nor from an irreverent lip
Heedlessly or lightly slip :
Even He whose name I take

Thus, my dear one, for thy sake,
In this seeming idle strain,
Knows I take it not "in vain."
But as in a parent's prayer
Unto Him to bless and spare!

EXTRACT FROM ODE TO IMMORTALITY.

BEHOLD the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his humorous stage
With all the persons down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SKIRMISHES IN
A SMALL FAMILY,

TOGETHER WITH A SKETCH OF MOLOCH'S BABYHOOD

A SMALL man sat in a small parlor, and in company with him almost any number of small children you may please to name. Of these small fry, two had, by some strong machinery, been got into bed in a corner, where they might have reposed snugly enough in the sleep of innocence, but for a constitutional propensity to keep awake, and also to scuff in and out of bed. The immediate occasion of the

predatory dashes at the waking world was the construction of an oyster-shell wall in a corner by two youths of tender age; on which fortification the two in bed made harassing descents (like those accursed Piets and Scots who beleaguer the early historical studies of most young Britons), and then withdrew to their own territory.

In addition to the stir attendant on these inroads, and the retorts of the invaded, who pursued hotly, and made lunges at the bedclothes under which the marauders took refuge, another little boy, in another little bed, contributed his mite of confusion to the family stock, by casting his boots upon the waters; in other words, by launching these and other small objects, inoffensive in themselves, though of hard substance considered as missiles, at the disturbers of his repose, who were not slow to return these compliments.

Besides which, another little boy — the biggest there, but still little — was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction which obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the

inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder! It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. The "baby" was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman. It roved from doorstep to doorstep, in the arms of little Johnny, a little too late for everything attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever children were playing, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out.

THE LOST HEIR.

ONE day as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood ;
And lo ! from out a dirty alley
Where pigs and Irish went to rally
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her east, she turned her west,
Staring like Pythoness possessed,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go
stick, stark, staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like
a crying, lost-looking child?

Lord, help me, I don't know where to look, or to run,
if I only knew which way, —

A child as is lost about London streets, and especially
Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay, —

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing! was
with my own blessed motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at
making little dirt-pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was better off
than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and
a dead kitten, by way of toys.

O Billy, you 're bursting my heart in two, and my
life won't be of no more vally,

If I 'm to see other folks' darlings, and none of mine,
playing like angels in our alley.

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I
looks at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there
ain't no Billy there!

For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you
may search for miles and mileses,
And not find one better brought up, or more pretty
behaved, from one end to t' other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it 's no lie, but only as
a mother ought to speak ;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only
it has n't been washed for a week ;
As for hair, though it 's red, it 's the most nicest hair
when I 've time to just show it the comb ;
I 'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as
will only bring him safe and sound home.
He 's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though
a little cast he 's certainly got ;
And his nose is still a good one, though the bridge is
broke by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;
He 's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world,
and very large teeth for his age ;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdochson's child to play
Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.
And then he 's got such dear winning ways — But
O I never, never shall see him no more !
O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing
him back from death's door !

Billy, — where are you, Billy, I say? Come, Billy, come home, to your best of mothers!

I 'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they 'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

O, I 'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face, For he 's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come back, you 'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I 'd got him safe in these two motherly arms, and would n't I hug him and kiss him?

Lord! I never knew what a precious he was, — but a child don't feel like a child till you miss him.

Why there he is! Punch-and-Judy hunting, the young wretch, it 's that Billy as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I 'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

WISHES.

BY WILLIAM HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY. 1557.

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the age
of children is the happiest, *if* they had skill to understand it.

LAI*D* in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts
appear ;
And every thought did shew so lyvely in myne eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of
thoughts did ryse.
I sawe the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall yonge man
to be ;
The yonge man eake that feles his bones with pains
opprest,
How he would be a riche old man, to live and lye at
rest ;
The riche old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy againe, to live so much the
more.

Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all those
 three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
 change degree.
 Whereat I sighed again, and sayde, Farewell my
 wonted toye ;
 Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me to every
 little boy,
 And tell them thus from me, theyr time most
 happy is,
 If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth
 of this.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN WITH HER FIRST
 BONNET.

FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet,—
 Set a special watch upon it ;
 Elfin people! to your care
 I commit it, fresh and fair ;
 Neat as neatness, white as snow,—
 See ye make it over so.

PICTURES AND FLOWERS.

Watch and ward set all about,
Some within and some without ;
Over it with dainty hand,
One her kirtle green expand ;
One take post at every ring ;
One at each unwrinkled string ;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow ;
A score, at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide, —
(Jolt or jar or overlay ;)
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.
But when those are battled through,
Fairies, more remains to do ;
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet, and the babe also, —
Gift it to protect her well,
Fays! from all malignant spell,
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting winds and evil eye ;
And the bonny babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer ; —

Just as much of wit and sense
 As may be hers without pretence, —
 Just as much of grace and beauty,
 As shall not interfere with duty, —
 Just as much of sprightliness,
 As may companion gentleness, —
 Just as much of firmness, too,
 As with self-will hath naught to do, —
 Just as much light-hearted cheer,
 As may be melted to a tear,
 By a word, — a tone, — a look, —
 Pity's touch, — or Love's rebuke, —
 As much of frankness, sweetly free,
 As may consort with modesty, —
 As much of feeling as will bear
 Of after life the wear and tear, —
 As much of life — But, Fairies, there
 Ye vanish into thinnest air;
 And with ye parts the playful vein
 That loved a light and trivial strain.
 Befits me better, babe, for thee
 T' invoke Almighty agency, —
 Almighty love, Almighty power,
 To nurture up the human flower ;

To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too ;
And when the ripe full time shall be,
Engraft it on eternity !

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

THOSE who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancies and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy ; the prettiest pages that wait on imagination. Lastly, " Of these are the kingdom of Heaven."

INDICATOR.

“I sighed,” says old Captain Dalton, “when I envied you the two bonny children; but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own.”

MONASTERY.

THE SICKLY BABE.

MINE infant was a poor, weak thing :
No strength his little arms to fling ;
His cheek was pale and very thin,
•And none a smile from him could win,
Save I, — his mother ! O my child !
How could they think my love so wild ?

I never said it, — but I knew,
From the first breath my baby drew,
That I must soon my joy resign, —
That he was God's, — not mine, not mine !
But think you that I loved him less
Because I saw his feebleness ?

To others, senseless seemed his eye,
They looked, and only thought, "He'll
die!"

To me, that little suffering frame
Came freighted with a spirit's claim, —
Came full of blessing to my heart,
Brought thoughts I could to none impart.

The pale, pale bud bloomed not on earth;
Blighted and stricken from his birth,
A few short months upon my breast
He lay, then smiled and went to rest;
And all forgot him, born to die,
All, all forgot, save God and I.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn :

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish that night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, — red and white ;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing ;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing :
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky !
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

“It 's hard we canna just remain young a' the days we have to bide below, there 's no sae mony o' them. I never could find the use of growing auld.”

“THE days of our youth! had we a grip o' them back again, how different like wad we use them ; at least, so we think, but wha can hinder the wind to blaw? youth winna be guided.”

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of
gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways
appears, —

That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his
childish years.

I cannot say how this may be : I know his face is fair ;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and
serious air.

I know his heart is kind and fond : I know he loveth
me ;

But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fer-
vency.

But that which others most admire, is the thought
which fills his mind, —

The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere
doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we to-
gether walk ;

He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as
children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on
bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly
mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth
him to pray,

And strange and sweet and solemn then are the
words which he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's
years, like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his
thoughtful brow,

I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose
him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles
on my knee.

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's,
keen,

Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath
ever been ;
But his little heart 's a fountain pure of kind and
tender feeling,
And his every look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of
love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass
us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so
mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport
alone,
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home
and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our
mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his
heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for
earthly love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes
must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose
in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot
tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he
is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which
he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God
will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy
forever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,

But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be, —

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery, —

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain, —

O, we 'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again !

LITTLE CHILDREN.

CANDID and curious, how they seek
All truth to know and scan ;
And, ere the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study man !
Confiding sweetness colors all they say,
And angels listen when they try to pray.

CHILDHOOD DEPARTED.

AND yet, O where art thou,
Childhood ! with sunny brow
And floating hair, —
Where art thou hiding now ?
I have sought thee everywhere, —
All among the shrubs and flowers
Of those garden-walks of ours ; —
Thou art not there !
When the shadow of Night's wings

Hath darkened all the earth,
I listen for thy gambolings
Beside the cheerful hearth ; —
Thou art not there !
I listen to the far-off bell,
I murmur o'er the little songs
Which thou did'st love so well ;
Pleasant memories come in throngs,
And mine eyes are blurred with tears,
But no glimpse of thee appears :
O, childish hopes and childish fancies,
Whither have ye fled away ?
I long for you in mournful trances,
I long for you by night and day ;
Beautiful thoughts that once were mine,
Might I but win you back once more,
Might ye about my being twine
And cluster as ye did of yore ! —
Hath the sun forgot its brightness,
Have the stars forgot to shine,
That they bring not their wonted lightness
To this weary heart of mine ?
'T is not the sun that shone on thee,
Happy childhood ! long ago, —

Not the same stars silently
Looking on the same bright snow, —
Not the same that youth and I
Together watched in days gone by!
No, not the same, alas for me!
O for the hopes and for the feelings,
Childhood, that I shared with thee!

“ EARTH’S hopes will wither like earth’s flowers,
Joys born with spring die with spring’s hours,
Change o’er the youthful frame must roll,
But love and life are of the soul! ”

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

I MIND me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me !
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar-tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in, —
Bedropt with roses waxen white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall :
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

My childhood from my life is parted ;
My footsteps from the moss, which drew
Its fairy circle round : anew
The garden is deserted !

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are, —
No more for me! — myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse! —

Ah me! ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed to myself and thought
The time will pass away!

I laughed still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away, —
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God! — how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray!

The time *is* past, — and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose. —

When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The color draws from Heaven.

If something saith for earthly pain,
But more for heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again.

JOYOUSNESS OF CHILDREN.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason, or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold, — Cupid in a German coffin, — or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar, with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TO MY CHILDREN SLEEPING.

WHAT holy calmness brooded o'er the nest,
Where four — and each a treasure — sleeping lay,
Treasures in caskets of frail human clay,
But fair, though frail, by Beauty's seal impressed.
The long, dark eyelashes on Willie's cheek
Tempered the damask blush that mantled there,
But sleep could scarce subdue the ardent air
Where all the day's past feelings clearly speak.
On Francis' saint-like paleness, halcyon Peace
Had left the impression of his latest prayer ;
And they who paused to gaze — few could forbear —
Felt holy thoughts and heavenly hopes increase.
Bend o'er the couch of childhood, — 't will control
Passion's wild storm, and purify thy soul.

Arthur's luxuriant curls, and front of snow,
Where darkly delicate his eyebrows shone,
His loving face that sculpture well might own,
Where healthful joy diffused its purest glow,
By Clarence's softer elegance were laid ;
Whose bended neck confiding love portrayed ;

So droops the slight laburnum, fond to blend
Where the rich clusters of the lilac tend.
But in the inmost chamber one reclines,
A single bird within her downy nest ;
A pearl detached, — too precious for the rest :
Round no fond neck her polished arm entwines,
Lovely and lone, this sweeter blossom lies,
Just lent to earth, — but ripening for the skies.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,
AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear !)
Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door ! the door ! he 'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy !
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents. (Hang the boy !
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub, — but of earth ;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human humming-bee extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble, — that 's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope !
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !

(He 'll have that jug off with another shove !)

Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !

(Are those torn clothes his best ?)

Little epitome of man !

(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)

Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,

(He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John !

Toss the light ball, — bestride the stick,

(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk

With many a lamb-like frisk,

(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)

Balmy, and breathing music like the south,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)

Fresh as the moon, and brilliant as its star,

(I wish that window had an iron bar !)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above!)

THE GYPSY CHILD.

HE sprung to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent ;
Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands,
That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands,
No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born heir ;
But the mother wept, and the father smiled,
With heart-felt joy o'er the gypsy child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward ;
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him, I ween :

But fragments are spread, and the wood-fire piled,
And sweet is the meal of the gypsy child.

He wanders at large, while the maidens admire
His raven hair and his eyes of fire ;
They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
With the deep carnation flushing through ;
He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
All pure and white as their own pearl-wreath ;
And the courtly dame and damsel mild
Will turn to gaze on the gypsy child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,
Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song,
He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl,
His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the evils of fashion and gold ;
His dower is scant, and his life is wild,
But kings might envy the gypsy child.

TIRED OF PLAY.

TIRED of play ! Tired of play !
What hast thou done this livelong day ?
The birds are hushed, and so is the bee ;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree ;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves ;
Twilight gathers, and day is done, —
How hast thou spent it, restless one !

Playing ? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide ?
What promise of morn is left unbroken ?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken ?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven ?
How with thy faults has duty striven ?
What hast thou learned by field and hill
By greenwood path, and by singing rill ?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired, — but not of play !
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,

And wish the shadows would faster creep,
 And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
 Well were it then if thine aching brow
 Were as free from sin and shame as now !
 Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
 A tale like this, of a day spent well.
 If thine open hand hath relieved distress, —
 If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness, —
 If thou hast forgiven the sore offence, —
 And humbled thy heart with penitence, —
 If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
 With their holy meanings eloquently, —
 If every creature hath won thy love,
 From the creeping worm to the brooding dove, —
 If never a sad, low-spoken word
 Hath plead with thy human heart unheard, —
 Then, when the night steals on, as now,
 It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
 And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
 Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

“ WHERE children are, there is the Golden age.”

NOVALIS.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

Shall I have naught that is fair, saith he,
Have naught but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled :
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“They all shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.



THERE is nothing innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for

every fragile form whose spirit is freed a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

I HAVE a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive,
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he 's only five ;
His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow, his eyes are
 black as jet,
And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous and
 wet.
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter and in
 song,
As careless as a summer-rill that sings itself along ;

For like a pretty fairy-tale, that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one that's only five years
old.

He's dreaming in his happy couch before the day
grows dark.

He's up with morning's rosy ray, a singing with the
lark !

Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass
is green,

With light locks waving on the wind his fairy form
is seen ;

Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April
showers,

He warbles with the singing-birds, and prattles to
the flowers,

He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for
the cold, —

My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

How touching't is to see him clasp his dimpled hands
in prayer,

And raise his little rosy face, with reverential air !

How simple is his eloquence ! how soft his accents
fall,

When pleading with the King of kings to love and
bless us all ;

And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence
and joy,

The blessing of a smiling God goes with the sinless
boy.

A little lambkin of the flock, within the Saviour's
fold

Is he, my lovely step-son, that 's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home, that in the summer
hours

Stands in its simple modesty, half hid among the
flowers ;

I have not said a single word about our mines of
wealth, —

Our treasures are, this little boy, contentment, peace,
and health ;

For e'en a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless place
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams of his
bright face :

And many a courtly pair, I ween, would give their
gems and gold

For a noble, happy boy like ours, some four or five
years old.

MORNING.

SOFT the air and fresh the dew,
Fragrance unconsumed, unworn,
Earth is young and life is new,
Childhood's heart is in the morn ;

Birds, with wing upraised to heaven
Music utter hushed too soon,
Songs to favored morning given,
All unheard by sultry noon ;

Softest quiet, sweet repose,
God's beloved and favored hour,
For his spirit lives and glows,
Waking in each wakening flower.

Such is youth, and this is thine,
Sweets like morning's self-revealing,
Softened dawns all divine,
O'er the spirit's world are stealing ;

Vigor, never known again,
Quiet, as no other hath,

Thou wilt weep for it in vain,
When the sun is on thy path ;

But as sometimes in mid June,
Coolness lingers through the day,
Bathing the hot brow of noon,
Shadowing the dusty way ;

So mayst thou as life comes on,
Still the grace of childhood prove,
Keeping, though its bloom be gone,
All its light, and faith, and love.

“ I FEEL dependent for a vigorous and hopeful spirit on now and then a kind word, *the merry laugh of a child*, or the silent greeting of a flower.”

DR. FOLLEN.

“ A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.”

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

“ I DESPISE the man who can think lightly of his early days. The pranks and plans of infancy are the airy effervescence of uncalculating single-heartedness. They are shed from the young spirit's beauty, like the sweet perfume of a flower.”

MY EARLY DAYS.

THRENODY.

'Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.'

AND whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
O, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child!
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken,
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise, and grave,
Blended with joy to his behest,
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,

Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear ;
For his lips could well pronounce
• Words that were persuasions, —
Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien ;
Took counsel from his guiding eyes
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
The school-march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed.
To watch the convoy on the road ;
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed ;
With children forward and behind,
Like cupids studiously inclined ;
And he, the chieftain, paced beside,
The centre of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes.
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went ;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.

From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played ; —
A music heard by thee alone
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood ;
The kennel by the corded wood ;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall,
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castles built or planned ;
His daily haunts I well discern, —
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn, —
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged ;
The wintry garden lies unchanged ;
The brook into the stream runs on ;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

WHAT are they? gold and silver?
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury, —
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Or are they daintiest meats
Served up on silver fine?
Or golden cups o'erbrimmed
With rich Sabrucian wine?
O no! they are not these! or else
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these, — our household wealth
Belongs not to degree,
It is the love within our souls, —
The children at our homes!
My heart is filled with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright are rich men's children
With their thick and golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasures
Gleaned from the East and West
These luring, loving human things

Are still the rich man's best !
But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children —
The toiling, though the young —
Gathering with sun-burnt hands
The dusty wayside flowers !
Alas ! that pastime symboleth
Life's after, darker hours !
My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand :
And this he kisseth tenderly
And that sweet names doth call,
For I know he hath no treasure
Like those dear children small !
O children young, I bless ye !
Ye keep such love alive !
And the *home can ne'er be desolate*
Where love has room to thrive ;
O precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim, —
The Saviour blest ye while on earth, —
I bless ye in his name !

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER;

OR, THE TWO PETS.

“ Ad ogni uccello
Suo nido è bello.”

AH! yours, with her light-waving hair,
That droops to her shoulders of snow,
And her cheek, where the palest and purest of roses
Most faintly and tenderly glow!

There is something celestial about her;
I never beheld the fair child,
Without thinking she 's pluming invisible wings
For a region more holy and mild.

There is so much of pure seraph fire
Within the dark depths of her eye,
That I feel a resistless and earnest desire
To hold her for fear she should fly.

Her smile is as soft as a spirit's, —
As sweet as a bird's is her tone;
She is fair as the silvery star of the morn,
When it gleams through the gray mist alone.

But mine is a simple wild-flower,
A balmy and beautiful thing,
That glows with new love and delight every hour,
Through the tears and the smiles of sweet spring!

Her eyes have the dark brilliant azure
Of heaven in a clear summer night,
And each impulse of frolicksome, infantine joy,
Brings a shy little dimple to light.

Her young soul looks bright from a brow
Too fair for earth's sorrow and shame ;
Her graceful and glowing lip curls, even now,
With a spirit no tyrant can tame.

Then let us no longer compare
These tiny pet treasures of ours ;
For yours shall be loveliest still of the *stars*,
And mine shall be fairest of *flowers*.

“ BLUE were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

BETSEY 's got another baby !
Darling, precious little tyke !
Grandma says — and she knows, surely —
That you never saw its like.
Is n't it a beaming beauty, —
Lying there so sweet and snug ?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal ;
Darling's nose is *not* a pug !

Some one says 't is Pa all over,
Whereat Pa turns rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking-glass has fled :
But recovers his composure,
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits, that of all babies
This indeed 's the crowning glory !

Aunt Lucretia says she guesses —
Says indeed she knows it, *poz* —
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was ;

Proving thus the modern thesis,
Held by reverend doctors sage,
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a "progressive" age.

Uncle Henry looks and wonders
At so great a prodigy ;
Close and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas ! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries his praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and, smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er the cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, O why such awkward blunders?
Better far have stayed away,
Nor have thrust yourself where woman
Holds an undisputed sway :
Do you think that now they 'll name it,
As they meant to, after you?
Wretched mortal ! let me answer,
You 're deluded if you do !

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each nascent feature,
Chin and mouth and eyes and brow ;
And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn ! ring the cow-bell !
That the waiting world may know ;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.

Seize your pen, O dreaming poet!
 And in numbers smooth as may be,
 Spread afar the joyful tidings,
 Betsey 's got another baby!

THE chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its food to find,
 While helpless lies for months and years the child of human
 kind;
 Which yet, by gradual growth, o'ertops all else in strength and
 mind.

O, slow of thought! remember this, — be thankful and resigned.

SAADI THE PERSIAN POET OF SCHIRAZ.

HOME.

THOU, whose every hour
 Is spent in home's green bower,
 Where love, like golden fruit o'erhanging grows,
 Where those to thy soul sweet
 United, circling, meet,
 As lapping leaves which form the entire rose;
 Thank thy God well, — soon from this joy thy day
 Passes away.

Thou, from whose household nooks
Peep forth gay gleaming looks,
Those "fairy heads" shot up from opening flowers,
With wondrous perfume filled
The fresh, the undistilled,
The overflowing bliss that childhood showers
Praise him who gave, and at whose word their stay
Passes away.

EXTRACT FROM KING JOHN. ACT III.

King Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your
child.

Constance. He talks to me that never had a son.
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

OUR BIRTHDAYS.

WHAT different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, this little manikin thing
 Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While that little craft is cast away
In its very first trip to Babbicome Bay,
 And expires without even a twinkle.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hailed and wooed as a Lord!
 And that to be shunned like a leper!
One to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
 To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

And the other sex, — the tender, — the fair, —
What wide reverses of fate are there,
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
 In a garden of Gul reposes, —
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till — think of that, who finds life so sweet! —
 She hates the smell of roses!

FRAGMENT

FROM THE LIST OF "DAILY TRIALS."

CHILDREN, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass,
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

O. W. HOLMES.

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

A SUNBEAM was playing through flowers that hung
Round a casement, that looked to the day,
And its bright touch wakened a child, who sung
As it woke, and began its play ;
And it played with the gossamer beam that shed
Its fairy brightness around its head :
O, 't was sweet to see that child so fair,
At play with the dazzling things of air.

•

O, never was a lovelier plaything seen,
To childhood's simplicity given,
It seemed like a delicate link between
The creatures of earth and heaven :
But the sunbeam was crossed by an angry cloud,
And the gossamer died in the shadowy shroud,
And the child looked sad, when the bright things fled,
And its smile was gone, — and its tears were shed.

O gentle child, in thy infant play,
An emblem of life hast thou seen ;
For joys are like sunbeams, — more fleeting than
they,
And sorrows cast shadows between ;
And friends that in moments of brightness are won,
Like gossamer, only are seen — in the sun.
O, many a lesson of sadness may
Be learned, from a joyous child at play.

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Now, I suppose you think because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a

very nice time of it. Let me tell that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, though I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and to have to bear it all day until your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while the nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him with your little fat, useless fingers? How should you like to tire yourself out crawling away across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper! How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like when your mamma dressed you all up pretty to take the nice fresh air, to spend the afternoon in some smoky kitchen, while she gossips with some of her cronies? How should you like

to have your toes tickled by all the little children who insisted on seeing "baby's feet"? How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have everybody call you a "cross little thing," when you could not speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top of the stairs (just to look about a little) and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom?

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

EXTRACT FROM AN ODE PINDARIC. AUTHOR BORN 1754.

A LILY of a day
Is fairer far in May ;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light !
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE CHILD'S REVERIE.

The idea of the following lines was really expressed by a little boy five years old.

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
All round about my bed,
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him ;
He will bear me, slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I 'm sure that we 're in heaven,
My eyes I 'll open wide.

And I 'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we 've mourned,
All the while she has been gone !

O, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again, —
Though I know she 'll ne'er return to us, —
To ask her would be vain !

So I 'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I 'll ask the angel
To take me back to you, —
He 'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you 'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

THE CHILDLESS.

WHEN I think upon the childless,
How I sorrow for the gloom
That pervades the silent chambers
Of the still and joyless home!
They do not hear the gleesome sound
Of infant voices sweet,
The gush of fairy laughter,
Or the tread of tiny feet.

Their hand the little shining head
Can never fondly press,
They never on the coral lip
Imprint a warm caress ;

They never hear a lisp'ing tongue
Pronounce their name in prayer,
Or watch beside the cradle
Of a slumberer calm and fair.

Their age is dull and lonely ;
In the solemn hour of death
No fond and weeping offspring
Receive the parting breath ;
And they feel the hollow nothingness
Of honors, lands, and name,
Knowing that those who love them not
The heritage must claim.

Thus I sorrowed for the childless ;
But ere long, in happier mood,
I thought how Providence o'errules
Each earthly thing for good.
With the pleasures of the parent
Their lot I had compared,
But dwelt not on the trials
And the troubles they were spared.

They know not what it is to stand
An infant sufferer by, —
To mark the crimson-fevered cheek,
The bright and restless eye ;
And feel that in that feeble breast,
That form of fragile make,
Their happiness is garnered up,
Their earthly hopes at stake.

They know not, as the mind unfolds,
How hard it is to win
The little heart to cling to good,
And shun the ways of sin :
They reckon not of the awful charge,
Amid a world of strife,
To train a tenant for the skies,
An heir of endless life.

They see not the small coffin laid
Beneath the heavy sod,
Striving to school their bursting hearts
To bear the stroke of God ;

Then turning to the dreary home,
Once gay with childish mirth,
To view the silent nursery, —
The sad, deserted hearth.

Yet, is it not a blessed thought
That we have one above
Who deals to us our varied gifts
With such impartial love?
Let not another's favored lot
Our anxious minds molest;
God knows alike his need and ours,
And judges for the best.

He wisely with some shadowy cloud
O'erspreads our brightest day;
He kindly cheers our deepest gloom
With some benignant ray;
And we may safely rest on Him,
Whose loving mercy lies
Not only in the good he sends,
But that which he denies.

CHILDHOOD'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

O'ER wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces.
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school,
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it ; — so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education — Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend like snow embossed in snow ;
O part them never ! If hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive ;
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies :
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to
Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtasked at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loath,
 And both supporting does the work of both.

 TO A STEP-CHILD.

THOU art not mine ; the golden locks that cluster
 Round thy broad brow, —
 Thy blue eyes, with their soft and liquid lustre,
 And cheek of snow, —
 E'en the strange sadness on thy infant features,
 Blending with love,
 Are hers, whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending
 On her lost love.

Thou art not mine ; upon thy sweet lip lingers
 Thy mother's smile,
 And while I press thy soft and baby fingers
 In mine the while, —

In thy deep eyes, so trustfully upraising
 Their light to mine,
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
 To my soul's shrine.

They ask me, with their meek and soft beseeching,
 A mother's care ;
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching, —
 A mother's prayer.

Not mine, — yet dear to me, — fair, fragrant blossom
 Of a fair tree,
Crushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer,
 Thou art dear to me,
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,
 I called thee mine,
Till fairer still, with tears and sin untainted,
 Her home be thine.

THE YOUNGEST.

I ROCKED her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest* ;
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie ? The youngest ne'er grew old.
The fond endearment of our earlier days
We keep alive in them, and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge ;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep, —
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep ;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,

As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face.
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
 A curious frame of Nature's work.
 A floweret crushed in the bud,
 A nameless piece of babyhood,
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying :
 Extinct with scarce the sense of dying :
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
 For darker closets of the tomb !

She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark ; ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below ?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Checked her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finished pattern without fault ?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lacked she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sickened)
That should thy little limbs have quickened ?
Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure
Life of health, and days mature :
Woman's self in miniature !
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to lay beauty by,
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe or mother, one must die ;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch ; to save the shock

Of young years widowed ; and the pain,
When single state comes back again
To the lone man, who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life ?
The economy of Heaven is dark ;
And wisest clerks have missed the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day ; while shrivelled crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss,
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes ;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse ;
Music framed for infant's glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee ;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing ; nurse,

See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave ;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity ?

“THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.”

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is Father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A HOST of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor :
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region ;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay !

They spread their pinions o'er it, —
 That little pearl which shone
 With lustre all its own, —
 And then on high they bore it,
 Where glory has its birth ; —
 But left the shell on earth.

EXTRACT FROM MACBETH. ACT IV.

MALCOLM. MACDUFF. *Enter Rosse.*

Rosse. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
 Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner
 Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
 To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful Heaven !
 What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
 Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too ? — All my pretty ones ?
 Did you say, all ? O, hell-kite ! — All !

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Malcolm. Be comforted :
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. *He has no children !*

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CHILD.

CHILD of the country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new ;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June :
I sing of thee ; — 't is sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town ! for thee I sigh ;
A gilded roof 's thy golden sky,

A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer 's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp, —
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines ;
I sing of thee in sadness ; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair ?

Child of the country ! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet ;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee ;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young ;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare ;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;
The green-wood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree, —
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town ! for thee, alas !
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass ;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run ;
A May-pole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee ;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare ;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawked clamorous all the city round ;
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;
No voice of birds, — but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring ;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,

Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some tall old tree
For climbing sake. 'T is sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet ;
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles ;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak ;
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind.

Fly from the town, sweet child ! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower ;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

EXTRACT FROM "TWO APRIL MORNINGS."

"A picture is a silent poem, a poem a speaking picture."

SIMONIDES.

AND turning from the path, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free ;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

EXTRACT FROM "SEASONS OF PRAYER."

THERE are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows : —
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE
FLOWER.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower !
Well are ye paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.
White as those leaves, just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart ;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now,
 O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
 Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
 Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.
 Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
 Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
 Yet, as thy tender years depart,
 Keep that white and innocent heart.

THE EARLY DEAD.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was meant for the
 skies.

Death chilled the fair fountain, ere sorrow had
 stained it ;

'T was frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has un-
 chained it,

To water that Eden where first was its source.

Weep not for those, — in their spring-time they flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are un-
furl'd ;
And now, like the stars beyond evening's cold dew,
Look radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

AH! not for thee was woven
That wreath of joy and woe,
That crown of thorns and flowers
Which all must wear below.
We bend in sadness o'er thee,
Yet feel that thou art blest,
Loved one ! so early summoned
To enter into rest.

E'en now thy bright young spirit
From earthly life is free ;
Now hast thou met that Saviour,
Who smiled on such as thee.

E'en now art thou rejoicing,
 Unsullied as thou art,
 In the blest vision promised
 Unto the pure in heart.

Thou Father of our spirits,
 We can but look to thee !
 Though chastened, not forsaken
 Shall we thy children be.
 We take the cup of sorrow
 As did thy blessed Son ;
 Teach us to say with Jesus,
 " Thy will, not ours, be done."

MY BOY.

" There is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid."
 HOOD.

ONE more new claimant for
 Human fraternity,
 Swelling the flood that sweeps
 On to eternity.

I who have filled the cup
Tremble to think of it ;
For be it what it may,
I must yet drink of it.

Room for him into
Ranks of humanity ;
Give him a place in your
Kingdom of vanity !
Welcome the stranger
With kindly affection ;
Hopefully, trustfully,
Not with dejection.

See, in his waywardness,
How his fist doubles ;
Thus pugilistical,
Daring life's troubles.
Strange that the neophyte
Enters existence
In such an attitude,
Feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse
 Into futurity,
Well might he fight against
 Further maturity :
Yet does it seem to me
 As if his purity
Were against sinfulness
 Ample security.

Incomprehensible,
 Budding immortal,
Thrust all amazedly,
 Under life's portal ;
Born to a destiny
 Clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot
 Guess at its history.

Something too much of this
 Timon-like croaking ;
See his face wrinkle now,
 Laughter-provoking.

Now he cries lustily, —
 Bravo, my hearty one !
Lungs like an orator
 Cheering his party on.

Look how his merry eyes
 Turn to me pleadingly !
Can we help loving him, —
 Loving exceedingly ?
Partly with hopefulness,
 Partly with fears ;
Mine, as I look at him,
 Moisten with tears.

Now then to find a name ; —
 Where shall we search for it ?
Turn to his ancestry,
 Or to the Church for it ?
Shall we endow with
 Title heroic,
After some warrior,
 Poet, or stoic ?

One Aunty says he will
Soon "lisp in numbers,"
Turning his thoughts to rhyme,
E'en in his slumbers ;
Watts rhymed in babyhood,
No blemish spots his fame, —
Christen him even so ;
Young Mr. Watt 's his name.

SOME young children sported among the tombs, and hid from each other with laughing faces. They had an infant with them, and had laid it down asleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. Little Nell drew near and asked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that was not its name : it was a garden, — his brother's. It was greener, he said, than all the other gardens, and the birds loved it better because he had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking, he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment with his cheek against the turf, bounded merrily away.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE MODEL BABY.

It is the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best-tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning by tearing the leaves out of every book, and grasping at the engravings. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's caps and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the tablecloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantel-piece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap. It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any

shape, and repels the spoonful of sugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to pieces any handsome piece of finery, lace especially, as soon as it is put on.

It is the cleverest child that ever was born, and says "Papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old. It takes early to pulling whiskers, preferring those of strangers. It inquires deeply into everything, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a work-box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without any head or arms.

It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endearments. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand and one experiments of rival grannies and mothers-in-law, and outliving, to the athletic age of kilts and bare legs, the villanous compounds of Godfrey and Dalby, and the whole poison-chest of elixirs, carminatives, cordials, and pills, which babies are physically heir to.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravel pathway,
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air,
But the faces of the children
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door,
He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
 They played not in the hall,
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet, familiar tone,
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone.

And the boy, who walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his soft, warm hand.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds, new roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The rails were softened to swan's down,—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whistling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience •
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
“The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!”

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

TWO YEARS OLD.

PLAYING on the carpet near me
Is a little cherub girl ;
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl ;

For a book is near me lying,
Full of grace philosophizing,
And I own I 'm vainly trying
 There my thoughts to hold ;
But, in spite of my essaying,
They will evermore be straying
To that cherub near me playing,
 Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
 And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxen,
 She is charming to the view.
Then her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirit.
O, to be forever near it,
 Is a joy untold ;
For 't is ever sweetly telling
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affection inly dwelling, —
 Only two years old.

With a new delight I 'm hearing
 All her sweet attempts at words,

In their melody endearing,
 . Sweeter far than any bird's ;
And the musical mistaking
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart a charm is waking,
 Firmer in its hold
• Than the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lip o'erflowing ;
Then she gives a look so knowing, —
 Only two years old.

Now her ripe and honeyed kisses
 (Honeyed, ripe, for me alone)
Thrill my soul with varied blisses
 Venus never yet hath known, —
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me,
 Never to grow cold.
O, there 's not, this side of Aiden,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden
 Only two years old.

LITTLE GEORGE'S STORY.

MY Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day, and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life." I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner would n't let her climb up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon when it was prime coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she did n't. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap, and toss it into a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming-top to quiet the baby, and had the paint all sucked off. I guess she never saved all her coppers a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would *make a noise!* No, my Aunt Libby don't know much. How *should she?* she never was a boy!

THE BIRD'S-NEST IN THE MOON.

“ Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heaven,
And it is thou that only dost impart
The good that to mortality is given.
O sacred bond, by time thou art not broken!
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!”

DRAYTON.

I LOVE to go to the Moon.* I never shake off sublunary cares and sorrows so completely as when I am fairly landed on that beautiful island. A man in the Moon may see Castle Island, the city of Boston, the ships in the harbor, the silver waters of our little Archipelago, all lying as it were at his feet. There you may be at once social and solitary; social because you see the busy world before you, and solitary, because there is not a single creature on the island, except a few feeding cows, to disturb your repose. I was there last summer, and was surveying the scene with my usual emotions, when my attention

* Moon Island, in Boston Harbor.

was attracted by the whirring wings of a little sparrow, whom, in walking, I had frightened from her nest. This bird, as is well known, always builds its nest on the ground. I have seen their nests in the middle of a cornhill, curiously placed in the centre of the five green stalks, so that it was difficult, at hoeing time, to dress the hill without burying the nest. This sparrow had built her nest beneath a little tuft of grass more rich and thick set than the rest of the herbage around it. I cast a careless glance at the nest, saw the soft down that lined its internal part, the four little speckled eggs which enclosed the parent's hope. I marked the multitude of cows that were feeding around it, one tread of whose cloven feet would crush both bird and progeny into ruin. I could not but reflect on the precarious condition to which the creature had committed her most tender hopes. A cow is seeking a bite of grass ; she steps aside to gratify that appetite ; she treads on the nest, and destroys the offspring of the defenceless bird.

As I came away from the island, I reflected that this bird's situation, in her humble, defenceless nest, might be no unapt emblem of man in this precarious

world of uncertainty and sorrow. We are impelled by some of the tenderest instincts of our nature to form the conjugal connection; we build our nest, committing to it the soft deposits of our gentlest affections. But where do we build this nest? Are we any wiser than the foolish bird? No, — the nest is on the ground of terrestrial calamities, and a thousand invisible dangers are roving around. We are *doubled in wedlock*, and *multiplied in children*, and stand but a *broader mark* for the cruel arrows of death and destruction which are shot from every side. What are diseases, in their countless forms, accidents by flood and fire, the seductions of temptation, and even half the human species themselves, but so many huge cows feeding around our nest, and ready, every moment, to crush our dearest hopes, with the most careless indifference, beneath their brutal tread? Sometimes, as we sit at home, we can see the calamity coming at a distance. We hear the breathing of the vast monster; we mark its wavering path, — now looking towards us in a direct line, — now capriciously turning for a moment aside. We see the swing of its dreadful horns, the savage rapacity of its brutal appetite; we behold it ap-

proaching nearer and nearer, and it passes within a hair-breadth of our ruin, leaving us to the sad reflection that another and another are still behind. Poor bird! Our situations are exactly alike. Thy choicest comforts come entwined with pain; and no sooner is thy callow-young developed, than thou feel-est all the cares that distract a parent's heart.— How often hast thou been driven from thy nest! How often hast thou fluttered thy wings in agony, and taken up the wail of sorrow as if thy children were already lost. The other evening I walked into the chamber where my children were sleeping. There was Willie with the clothes half kicked down, his hands thrown carelessly over his head, tired with play, now resting in repose; there was Jamie with his balmy breath and rosy cheeks, sleeping and looking like innocence itself. There was Bessie, who has just begun to prattle, and runs daily with tottering steps and lisping voice to ask her father to toss her into the air. As I looked upon these sleeping innocents, I could not but regard them as so many little birds which I must fold under my wing, and protect if possible, in security in my nest. But when I thought of the huge

cows that were feeding around them ; the ugly hoofs that might crush them into ruin ; in short, when I remembered *the bird's-nest in the moon*, I trembled and wept. But why weep ? Is there not a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow ? It is very possible that the nest which I saw was not in so precarious a situation as it appeared to be. Perhaps some providential instinct led the bird to build her fragile house in the ranker grass, which the kine never bite, and, of course, on which they would not be likely to tread ; perhaps some kind impulse may guide that species so as not to tread even on a bird's nest. There is a merciful God, whose care and protection extend over all his works, who takes care of the sparrow's children and of mine. *The very hairs of our head are all numbered.*

“ TAKE heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father.”

CHRIST.







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