



LITTLE:FOLKS'
EVERY:DAY:BOOK:



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Jan.

LITTLE FOLKS'
EVERY DAY BOOK.

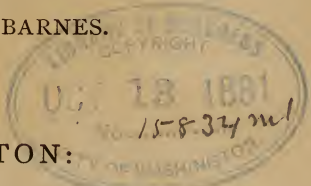
RHYMES AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR EVERY DAY.

EDITED BY
AMANDA B. HARRIS.

TWELVE COLOR DESIGNS EMBLEMATIC OF THE MONTHS:

BY G. F. BARNES.

BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,
FRANKLIN STREET.



PAID 76
H+3

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MAR 15 1913
a.m.p., Dec. 20, 1913

And I, for one, would much rather,
 Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
 Than the laureate of a king.

Lucy Larcom.

JANUARY 1ST

JANUARY 2D.

JANUARY 3D.

JANUARY 1ST.

Here we are! don't leave us out
Just because we're little boys!
Tho' we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.



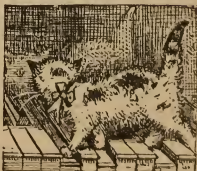
JANUARY 2D.

Click! clack the needles go —
In and out, in and out —
Polly's learning how to knit:
Grandma never sees her pout.



JANUARY 3D.

Two little kittens, one stormy night
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.



JANUARY 4TH.



O! I love to kiss the baby.
And I love to make the bed :
But I ought to be a lady
Somebody said.

JANUARY 5TH.

Where do the little violets creep
In the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And to wait for the spring they go.



JANUARY 6TH.

Little Pussy Whitey-toes,
You funny, wee, wee cat,
I guess I know, and grandpa knows,
Who slept in his new hat.



JANUARY 4TH.

JANUARY 5TH.

JANUARY 6TH.

JANUARY 7TH.

JANUARY 8TH

JANUARY 9TH.

JANUARY 7TH.

There was never a baby
So pretty as this,
And never a baby
So cunning to kiss.



JANUARY 8TH.

Oh, "man in the moon!" "oh, man in the
moon!"

I wonder who you are!

You're a dull-looking fellow to live so close
To the bright-faced evening star.



JANUARY 9TH.

If cows wore satin slippers,
And kits were dressed in silk.
We'd send our mice to dancing-school
And beg our buttermilk.



JANUARY 10TH.



My dolly is sick, and my book is torn,
And my hair has got to be curled ;
And mamma is reading. It's real forlorn
To be all alone in the world.

JANUARY 11TH.

Twenty little chick-a-dees
Sitting in a row.
Twenty pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow.



JANUARY 12TH.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star!”
Were I in a railroad car,
Riding straight up to the moon,
Would I get there pretty soon.

JANUARY 10TH.

JANUARY 11TH.

JANUARY 12TH.

JANUARY 13TH.

JANUARY 14TH.

JANUARY 15TH.

JANUARY 13TH.

Johnny had a little sled,
To use when there was snow;
And everywhere that Johnny went,
The sled was sure to go.



JANUARY 14TH.

I like to read a story book,
Curled up in papa's chair
All out of sight, and have them look
For me 'most everywhere.



JANUARY 15TH.

“Now, listen, my dears,” said a wise mother
mouse;
“I’m going to market, so don’t leave the house.”
A little old box was the house which she
meant,
Where they lodged the year thro’ without taxes
or rent.



JANUARY 16TH.



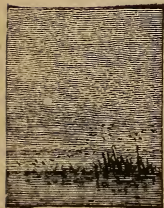
A sweet red mouth, and a little nose,
Ten plump fingers, and ten little toes,
Two cunning dimples, that play bo-peep
With the smiles that round the corners peep.

JANUARY 17TH.

I'm happy in the morning
When all the world is light,
And happy when I'm fast asleep
In my little crib at night.



JANUARY 18TH.



What way does the wind come? what way does
he go?
He rides over the water and over the snow.
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

JANUARY 16TH.

JANUARY 17TH.

JANUARY 18TH.

JANUARY 19TH.

JANUARY 20TH.

JANUARY 21ST.

JANUARY 19TH.

Auntie Bess was going to bake.

“Then,” I said, “let’s make a cake.”

“I don’t mind, child, if you do,”

So she said; and I made two.



JANUARY 20TH.

“What is the kitty good for?”

My little boy Benny said.

“To catch the mice in the pantry

When they nibble mamma’s bread.”



JANUARY 21ST.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fan :

“To-day I’ll help you all I can :

How glad I am school doesn’t keep.”

So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.



JANUARY 22D.



Glad to see you, little bird ;

'Twas your little chirp I heard ;

What did you intend to say ?

“ Give me something this cold day ! ”

JANUARY 23D.

“ When will winter go away ?

When will come Fourth of July ?

When can Nell long dresses wear ? ”

By and by, dear ; by and by.



JANUARY 24TH.

Outside falls the snow,

Outside the winds blow ;

The mother sings low

“ O ! the walls of Home are builded bright
and high,

Reaching warm and crimson to the very sky.”



JANUARY 22D.

JANUARY 23D.

JANUARY 24TH.

JANUARY 25TH.

JANUARY 26TH.

JANUARY 27TH.

JANUARY 25TH.

Ho! I, oh! I, jing a ling! jing a ling!

I am a warrior noble and gay.

Ho! I, oh! I, jing a ling! jing a ling!

Lions and robbers keep out o' the way!



JANUARY 26TH.

Good morning, mamma! Good morning,
bright sun!

Good morning, papa! The day is begun.

Good morning to every one, pussy as well;

Does he sleep like the rest, till he hears the
first bell?



JANUARY 27TH.

Ah! I know girls by heart; I know

The thoughts of dreaming kitti-kin;

The lovely, floating, fleecy snow

Means sleds and slides for kitti-kin.





JANUARY 28TH.

Sweep and sweep and sweep the floor ;
Sweep the dust, pick up the pin ;
Make it clean from fire to door,
Clean for father to come in.

JANUARY 29TH.

Little Boy Red,
Come out of bed ;
Look at the sparrows
Out on the shed.



JANUARY 30TH.



There's one thing, my beauties ! 'tis well you
should know ;
Though the world is in love with bright eyes
and soft hair,
It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

JANUARY 28TH.

JANUARY 29TH.

JANUARY 30TH.

JANUARY 31ST

FEBRUARY 1ST

FEBRUARY 2D.



Feb.

JANUARY 31ST.

The girls and the boys
They make such a noise
At play, that they frighten away toys.
Dolly she fled,
And went to bed
Because she had such a pain in her head.



FEBRUARY 1ST.



I'm but a little lassie, with a thimbleful of sense
And as to being very wise, I'd best make no
pretense :

But when I am a woman grown, now don't you
think I'll do,

If only just about as good as dear mamma and you ?

FEBRUARY 2D.

Pussy Cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and purr ;
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir.



FEBRUARY 3D.



O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low :
You were bright ! oh, bright, but your light is
failing,—
You're nothing now but a bow.

FEBRUARY 4TH.

The birdies, the birdies, how chipper are they ;
How early they're out on this cold winter's day !
No socks and no shoes on their bare little toes ;
Oh dear, I should think they would almost be
froze.



FEBRUARY 5TH.



A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins ;
My mamma is full of kisses,—
As full as nurse is of pins.

FEBRUARY 3^D.

FEBRUARY 4TH.

FEBRUARY 5TH.

FEBRUARY 6TH.

FEBRUARY 7TH.

FEBRUARY 8TH.

FEBRUARY 6TH.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest ;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.



FEBRUARY 7TH.

Kittens five had Bell and Bess
A basket full of happiness,
A basket full of shiny furs
And little tails, and paws, and purrs.

FEBRUARY 8TH.

All the day long with your busy contriving
Into all mischief and fun you are driving ;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for? Now ponder it well.





FEBRUARY 9TH.

There was an old woman
Named Barbara Blue.
But not the old woman
Who lived in a shoe.

FEBRUARY 10TH.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light in them sparkle and
shine?
Some of the starry spikes left in.



FEBRUARY 11TH.

Four times 'leven are forty-four :
How the sunbeams speck the floor !
Four times 'leven are — what a bore !
Four times 'leven are forty-four.

FEBRUARY 9TH.

FEBRUARY 10TH.

FEBRUARY 11TH.

FEBRUARY 12TH.

FEBRUARY 13TH.

FEBRUARY 14TH.

FEBRUARY 12TH.

As soon as I become a man
I'll have a pie as tall as you,
With doors and windows like a house
And lined with plums all through and
through.



FEBRUARY 13TH.

“O, you don't suppose,” says Dicky Dear,
“That maybe there won't be flowers this year?”
“O, nobody knows,” says Tommy Jinks,
“Nobody knows what the weather thinks.”



FEBRUARY 14TH.

There is something you want? Ah, that is
true,

There is something *I* want. Shall I cry with
you?

What do *I* want? Why, the first spring rose;
And the world is white with the whirl of snows.



FEBRUARY 15TH.



Nelly's eyes are blue as the sky,
Mine are as black as night,
Sam calls her "a beauty girl,"
And me "a little fright."

FEBRUARY 16TH.

Say, papa, I want you to listen,
So lay down your newspaper, please ;
Sister Mary has just been a-saying
That the moon is made of green cheese.



FEBRUARY 17TH.



Going *tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick,*
Never too slow, and never too quick !
Hold it up to the baby's ear !
Tick-tick-tick — does the baby hear ?

FEBRUARY 15TH.

FEBRUARY 16TH.

FEBRUARY 17TH.

FEBRUARY 18TH.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

FEBRUARY 20TH.

FEBRUARY 18TH.

Dear doll, how I love you!
Your form is so fair,
Your eyes are like diamonds,
And curly your hair.



FEBRUARY 19TH.



This little pig said “tweak! — tweak! — tweak!
Plenty to eat had he;
A nice warm bed and a cozy pen;
But he wasn’t contented, you see.

FEBRUARY 20TH.

And here is the baby, the four-year old,
Didn’t I tell you true?
Isn’t she fair as the blossom’s fold
With her curls all shining like purest
gold?



FEBRUARY 21ST.



In the larder, stealing meat,
Patter, patter, little feet,
That's puss,
After ball, rat, or string,

Wild as any living thing.

FEBRUARY 22D.

Oh, I've got a plum cake, and a feast let us
make;

Come school-fellows, come at my call;

I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each have a
slice,

Here's more than enough for us all.



FEBRUARY 23D.

I wish it was Sunday to go to church,
I wish it was Monday to play,
I wish it was Tuesday to ride my horse,
I wish it was every day.



FEBRUARY 21ST.

FEBRUARY 22D.

FEBRUARY 23D.

FEBRUARY 24TH.

FEBRUARY 25TH.

FEBRUARY 26TH.

FEBRUARY 24TH.

Annie is full of her fancies,
Tells most remarkable lies ;
(Innocent little romances,
Startling in one of her size.)



FEBRUARY 25TH.

Seven years old,
Maggie, my pearl ;
Grandmother's keeping
Your first baby curi.



FEBRUARY 26TH.

Little girl across the way,
You are very sweet,
I shouldn't be a bit surprised
If you were good to eat.



FEBRUARY 27TH.



The chick a-dee, the chick-a-dee!
A chosen friend of mine is he.
His head and throat are glossy black,
He wears a great coat on his back.

FEBRUARY 28TH.

Now get out my pony Dick!
Whoa! get up there! where's my stick?
Over the world and away to the moon,
Clever old Dick, we must get there soon.



FEBRUARY 29TH.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet,
Softly taps the spring and cheerily;
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
“Nearly ready, dear.”



FEBRUARY 27TH.

FEBRUARY 28TH.

FEBRUARY 29TH.

MARCH 1ST.

MARCH 2D.

MARCH 3D.



Mar.

MARCH 1ST.

“Give me turkey for my dinner!”
Said a tabby cat,
“Before you get it, you’ll be thinner;
Go and catch a rat!”



MARCH 2D.

While mother is tending baby,
We’ll help her all we can,
For I’m her little toodlekins,
And you’re her little man.



MARCH 3D.

Put the worsted round your needle,
Stick the other through the loop;
Bring the wool just right between them—
Hook it through—my dear don’t stoop--
There! you see you’ve done a stitch!





MARCH 4TH.

A beautiful maiden was little Min-ke,
Eldest daughter of wise Wan-ke.
Her skin had the color of saffron tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be.

MARCH 5TH.

Show me when a bud
Changes to a rose,
Then I'll tell you truly
When a baby grows.



MARCH 6TH.

Three dogs in a row!
Two dogs are white —
So is the other,
All three dogs
Watch for another.



MARCH 4TH.

MARCH 5TH.

MARCH 6TH.

MARCH 7TH.

MARCH 8TH.

MARCH 9TH.

MARCH 7TH.

Hearts like doors, can open wide
To very, very, little keys ;
And don't forget that two are these —
“ I thank you, sir,” and “ if you please.”



MARCH 8TH.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving ?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving ?

All that love me.



MARCH 9TH.

And the Baby believes he's an angel, no
doubt,

And wants to go back to the sky : —

Yes, that is just what all the trouble's
about,

And that is just why he *will* cry !



MARCH 10TH.



Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail
The milk-maid is waiting, I say, with her
pail ;
She tucks up her petticoat tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her
seat.

MARCH 11TH.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see ?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.



MARCH 12TH.

“ When will Johny be a man
Like papa, so tall and high ?
When can he sit up at night ? ”
By and by, dear, by and by.



MARCH 10TH.

MARCH 11TH.

MARCH 12TH.

MARCH 13TH.

MARCH 14TH.

MARCH 15TH.

MARCH 13TH.

What if on trees the violets should grow,
Instead of their hiding grassy low ?
What if there's nothing delicious to eat ?
O, what if the strawberries shouldn't be
sweet ?



MARCH 14TH.

“Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed ?”
“No,” she said, “I isn't sleepy,
But I can't hold up my head.”

MARCH 15TH.

Eyes, brow, and sunny hair —
I think my boy all fair ; —
I'd love my winsome lad
From the top curl he had
Down to his shoe-tie.



MARCH 16TH.



Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold
Through the brown mould ;
Although the March breezes blew keen in
her face,

Although the white snow lay on many a place.

MARCH 17TH.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy ,
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
For her own little boy.



MARCH 18TH.

Here's a cosy kitty!
Snuggled up so nice ;
Would she waken, do you think
If I whispered, — “ mice ? ”



MARCH 16TH

MARCH 17TH.

MARCH 18TH.

MARCH 19TH.

MARCH 20TH.

MARCH 21ST.

MARCH 19TH.

Apples and lollipops, sweet currant cakes,
And taffy with almonds the old woman
bakes,
And lemonade frisky comes through a tap,
And what eats so well as a gingerbread
snap?



MARCH 20TH.

Twice one are two — wise little heads,
One of em's mine, and one of em's Ned's ;
His has black hair on, and mine has brown
And we're both the nicest boys in town.

MARCH 21ST.

Happy-go-Lucky runs out in the streets,
Asks in to dinner each beggar he meets :
Happy-Go-Lucky — now just think of that !
Tied grandmamma's spectacles on the poor
cat !



MARCH 22D.



Good news! haven't you heard it?
Listen to me then!
All the bird folks are coming,
Coming home again!

MARCH 23D.

Lips that lisp and coo and sing,
Sure can say some useful thing,
Come and learn arithmetic —
Baby's little head is quick.



MARCH 24TH.



Sit in the sun
Till the day is done.
Reading and working and making fun;
Then look at the moon,
And eat with a spoon

A basin of soup that is made from a bun.

MARCH 22D.

MARCH 23D.

MARCH 24TH.

MARCH 25TH.

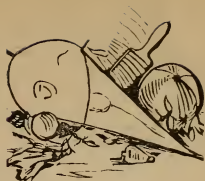
MARCH 26TH.

MARCH 27TH.

MARCH 25TH.

It is fun to stand high on the top of a hill,
And pay out your string — let it run with
a will ;

It is fun to “hold hard” while your kite
pulls away,
And the wind blows a gale ! ah kite-flying is gay !



MARCH 26TH.

Quack, quack, quack !
Ducks you have a knack
Of talking and saying nothing
And showing off fine clothing.

MARCH 27TH.

Good morning, new day ! I'm glad we're
awake,
Your work and your sunshine and frolic to
take ;
And I'm glad we are able so gayly to call



“ Good morning ! Good morning ! Good morning to all ! ”

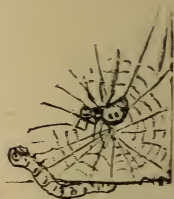


MARCH 28TH.

You'd better not call me "Captain Boots,"
I've grown too big for that ;
It is time I played with girls no more,
And I think that I'll drop the cat.

MARCH 29TH.

O, spider ! tell me where you hide
The ropes and ladders which you spin ;
And keep them all locked up inside
Your little body slim and thin.



MARCH 30TH.

Ah ! the morning is gray ;
And what kind of a day
Is it likely to be ?
You must look up and see
What the chimney pots say.



MARCH 28TH.

MARCH 29TH.

MARCH 30TH.

MARCH 31ST.

APRIL 1ST.

APRIL 2D.



Apr.

MARCH 31ST.

What do you think ?

Why, pen and ink,

And a rosewood desk or better,

The old black hen,

She mended the pen,

And the little pig wrote a letter.



APRIL 1ST.

I am old — so old I can write a letter ;

My birthday lessons are done ;

The lambs play always, they know no better,

They are only one times one.

APRIL 2D.

Grandma, do violets blossom

In the pasture-lands below ?

'Tis time, for the grass is peeping

Down under the melting snow.





APRIL 3D.

Baby Buffety met a cow —

“ *Moo! moo!* How d’ye do?

Baby Buffety made a bow —

“ *Moo! moo!* How dy’e do?

APRIL 4TH.

From out his hive there comes a bee ;
“ Has spring-time come or not ? ’ said he
“ I ll taste the flowers, (the day is sunny,)
But wait before I gather honey.”



APRIL 5TH.

The crocus bulbs in the garden
Are covered with tiny leaves ;
And swallows are building, Grandma,
Are building under the eaves.

APRIL 3D.

APRIL 4TH.

APRIL 5TH.

APRIL 6TH.

APRIL 7TH.

APRIL 8TH.

APRIL 6TH.

My Pinkie-Blue is as fair as a rose,
But as yet of this not a lisp she knows,
And I wouldn't have her know,
If she knew she might prink and put on airs.
And go thinking about the clothes she
wears.



APRIL 7TH.

The baby has gone to school! ah me!
What will the mother do?
With never a call to button, or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?



APRIL 8TH.

There's a blue-bird sits in the apple-tree
bough
Singing merrily and gay,
Come, little blossoms, the spring's here
now,
And the sun shines warm all day.





APRIL 9TH.

Fly away, fly away, comical kite,
Up in the sky to a terrible height ;
When you come back, tell us where you
have been,
Where do the stars live, and what have you
seen ?

APRIL 10TH.

Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say do you hear ? —
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here.



APRIL 11TH.

Bread and milk, bread and milk, fit for a
king ;
Plenty of sugar has been put in ;
Mix it up well with a silver spoon,
Wait till it cools, and don't eat it too soon.



APRIL 9TH.

APRIL 10TH.

APRIL 11TH.

APRIL 12TH.

APRIL 13TH

APRIL 14TH.

APRIL 12TH.

“It must be spring, said a little green
frog,

“For last night, when I ventured to
peep,

I heard all the neighbors around in the bog
Croak and gabble till I fell asleep.



APRIL 13TH.

Three times 'leven are thirty-three;

Robin in the apple-tree;

I hear *you* ; do you hear *me* ?

Three times 'leven are thirty-three.

APRIL 14TH.

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!

How I wonder what you're at!

Up above the world you fly

Like a tea-tray in the sky.



APRIL 15TH.



Who is his auntie's joy?
Who loves her bonny boy
Week day and Sunday?
Thinks of him night and morn
Ever since he was born?

APRIL 16TH.

Happy-go-Lucky once climbed up a tree,
Just to look round and see what he could
see,
Crack went the bough! Such a terrible fall!
Didn't hurt Happy-Go-Lucky at all!



APRIL 17TH.

Robins call robins in tops of trees;
Doves follow doves with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd your corners where highways
meet.



APRIL 15TH.

APRIL 16TH.

APRIL 17TH.

APRIL 18TH.

APRIL 19TH.

APRIL 20TH.

APRIL 18TH.

Quack! quack! quack!

Good morning, mister drake!

Quack! quack! quack!

Oh! what a noise you make!



APRIL 19TH.

I wonder where the violets grow,

The lily bells as white as snow!

I thought they always, always grew

Where free birds sang, and skies were blue.



APRIL 20TH.

Here's my garden to dig, and my seeds to
sow,

And my wheelbarrow's broke, and my wag-
on won't go;

So stand one side, and don't bother me so!



APRIL 21ST.



She made apple-pies,
And she made them so tart
That the mouths of the children
Who ate them would smart;
And then she went peddling
About in a cart.

APRIL 22D.

Pretty kit, little kit,
Oh, you're a lovely pet!
With your sleek coat and your white throat,
And toes as black as jet.



APRIL 23D.

Our darling May with her flaxen curls
And her wistful eyes so shy and brown,
Is one of the prettiest little girls
You will meet in a ramble over town

APRIL 21ST.

APRIL 22D.

APRIL 23D.

40
APRIL 24TH.

APRIL 25TH.

APRIL 26TH.

APRIL 24TH.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go
faster,
Nor long summer bide so late ;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and
aster,
For some things are ill to wait.



APRIL 25TH.

Am I a torment, mamma ?
Bridget called me that,
'Cause I mixed the sand-pies
In my Sunday hat.



APRIL 26TH.

A little bird on a little tree,
Is singing a little song ;
While a little sock for my little boy
I am knitting by little along.



APRIL 27TH.



And what do you think I heard the hen
say?

I heard her say "The sun never did
shine

On anything like to these chickens of
mine.

You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these."

APRIL 28TH.

"And where are you going, my Mary,

And where are you going to-day?"

"I'm going to look for a dandelion

In the grass-plot over the way."



APRIL 29TH.



Up in my hand, or down on the ground,
Still the peg top goes round and round,
Baby looks on with eyes so bright —
Isn't top spinning a wonderful sight?

APRIL 27TH.

APRIL 28TH.

APRIL 29TH.

42
APRIL 30TH.

MAY 1ST.

MAY 2D.



May.

APRIL 30TH.

Oh, Johnny he was a plough-boy
And Johnny, he was a rover ;
And Johnny knew a green hill
Past a field of purple clover ;
And Johnny went to the foot of the hill
To see the sun come over.



MAY 1ST.

“ It is the May-time ! ” said the bee,
“ The queen of all the months for me !
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny ;
’Tis now the time to gather honey.”

MAY 2D.

Three little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
Pussy came by, and she popped her head
in ;
“ Shall I come in and cut your threads off ? ”
“ Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads
off.”



MAY 3D.



Oh, the Baby is better than blossoms or
birds —

“Or than honey or oranges?” Yes;
And the Baby tells tales, with the dar-
lingest words,
That mean what you never can guess.

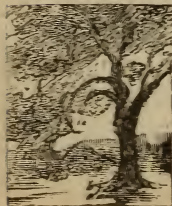
MAY 4TH.

Tell me, Buttercups, don't you know
“If I love butter?” whisper low;
Oh, dear, yes! You've guessed so true.
See if I'm fond of sugar too!



MAY 5TH.

Grandpa, do you see the trees are bowing to each other?



Do you 'spose the branches think that tall
tree is their mother?

Are they talking when they rustle? And
can the branches hear?

I guess they want to hear *us* talk, they
bend so very near.”

MAY 3D.

MAY 4TH.

MAY 5TH.

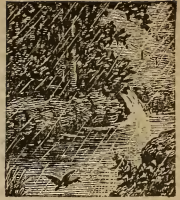
MAY 6TH.

MAY 7TH.

MAY 8TH.

MAY 6TH.

“Open the window and let me in,”
Sputters the petulant rain ;
“I want to splash down on the carpet,
dear,
And I can't get through the pane.”



MAY 7TH.



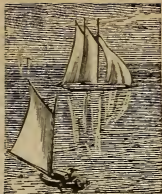
I know what I would like to be ;
I'd like to be the pretty lamb
That Lucy took to school one day
To make the children laugh and play.

MAY 8TH.

There's a boy just over the garden
fence,
Who is whistling all through the
livelong day ;
And his work is not just a mere pretence
For you see the weeds he has cut away.



MAY 9TH.



A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at
her prow,
Oh, bonny brown sons and Oh, sweet
little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on ye now.

MAY 10TH.

There was a duck which had three little
ducks,
Three little ducklings, cluck, cluck, cluck.
She took them for a walk, and she
marched them back,
And taught them how to say quack,
quack, quack.



MAY 11TH.

Three little prayers we have taught her,
Graded from winter to spring ;
Oh, you should listen my daughter
Saying them all in a string !

MAY 9TH.

MAY 10TH.

MAY 11TH.

MAY 12TH.

MAY 13TH.

MAY 14TH.

MAY 12TH.

And what if the cherries all green should
stay?

And what if the apples should do the same
way?

And if it be so cold that we cannot play?

And have in the house all summer to stay?



MAY 13TH.

Heigho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
When the wind wakes how they rock in
the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender
and small.



MAY 14TH.

Now, Dolly, dear, I'm going away,
And want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess.



MAY 15TH.



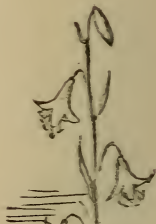
On the ground lived a hen ; in a tree
lived a wren

Who picked up her food here and there,
While biddy had wheat, and all nice
things to eat.

Said the wren " I declare, 't isn't fair."

MAY 16TH.

Oh wind, where have you been,
That you blow so sweet ?
Among the violets
Which blossom at your feet.



MAY 17TH.

There was an old lady all dressed in
silk

Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk.
And thinking this world was a sour old
place,

She carried its acid all over her face.

MAY 15TH

MAY 16TH.

MAY 17TH.

MAY 18TH.

MAY 19TH.

MAY 20TH.

MAY 18TH.

A song of a nest: —

There was once a nest in a hollow ;
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim:



MAY 19TH.

“Good night!” said the hen, when her
supper was done,
To Fanny who stood in the door,
“Good night,” answered she, “come back
in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more.”



MAY 20TH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up
in the tree,
“He's singing to me! He's singing to
me !”
And what does he say, little girl, little boy ?
“Oh, the world's running over with joy.”





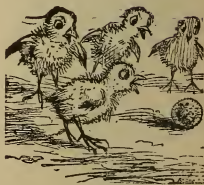
MAY 21ST.

Little fly,
Ope your eye,
Spiders are near by.

For a secret I can tell, —
Spiders never use flies well.

MAY 22D.

In she comes, like a fresh May breeze.
Would you like to come out and see
My chickens at supper? Make haste,
please,
For they are expecting me.



MAY 23D.



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

MAY 21ST.

MAY 22D.

MAY 23D.

MAY 24TH.

MAY 25TH.

MAY 26TH.

MAY 24TH.

Two little ears to hear all the news ;
Two little feet to wear the new shoes ;
Two little hands busy all day ;
One little body to get in the way.



MAY 25TH.

“Coo!” said the turtle-dove.
“Coo!” said she.
“Oh, I love thee!” said the turtle-dove,
“And I love thee!”



MAY 26TH.

If I had a ship, a great big ship,
I'd go sailing to Africa over the seas,
And get you a bird-of-Paradise,
And monkeys and parrots out of the trees.





MAY 27TH.

Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy;
Sure there is work for all
Helping papa.

MAY 28TH.

Black man, black man!
What have you in your sack, man?
If you have anything of mine
You'd better fetch it back, man.



MAY 29TH.

There was a pretty dandelion
With lovely, fluffy hair
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.

MAY 27TH.

MAY 28TH.

MAY 29TH.

MAY 30TH.

MAY 31ST.

JUNE 1ST.



June.

MAY 30TH.

But oh, this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray,
And sad to tell, her charming hair
Blew miles and miles away.



MAY 31ST.



Baby and I
Are going to swing ;
Boys, come and push us !
That's just the thing !
Now we go up !
Now we come down !

JUNE 1ST.

As I went through the barn-yard one sun-
shiny day,
Little Beauty, my white pet, was clucking
away.



“I'm bright, though I'm small,” the wee thing seemed to say,
“And nobody can find the nice nest where I lay.”



JUNE 2D.

“Tell me, little rain-drop,
Is that the way you play —
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
All the rainy day?”

JUNE 3D.

Nellie is white as a tea-rose,
I am as brown as a bear,
Nellie loves me, and I love her,
And whatever we have we share.



JUNE 4TH.

If mice were just as big as cats,
Then cats could never catch 'em;
If owls wore cloaks, and wrens wore hats,
Why naughty girls might snatch 'em.

JUNE 2D.

JUNE 3D.

JUNE 4TH.

JUNE 5TH.

JUNE 6TH.

JUNE 7TH.

JUNE 5TH.

What do you think bird babies eat?

Nothing so very nice or sweet.

Their mother brings them for cakes and
pies

Little green worms and bugs and flies.



JUNE 6TH.



“ Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep ! ”

“ Hurry up, darling. Do go to sleep —
Maybe you'll find in the land of dreams
Little Bo Peep by the shady streams ”

JUNE 7TH.

Oh, caterpillar ! now tell me

Why you roll up so tight and round .

You are the drollest thing to see,

A hairy marble on the ground .



JUNE 8TH.



Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet
Now that the tangles are out of your
hair,
And you sing as well as the birds you meet
That are playing like you, in the blossoms
there.

JUNE 9TH.

You make a funny track
When you waddle through the garden,
And, ducks, I beg your pardon,
But I do not choose to try
A swim in your pond, not I.



JUNE 10TH.

Mother Cricket's very vain
Of her coal-black cap —
When she moves, her iron bones
Rattle like a trap.



JUNE 8TH.

JUNE 9TH.

JUNE 10TH.

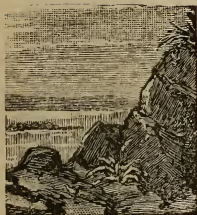
JUNE 11TH.

JUNE 12TH.

JUNE 13TH.

JUNE 11TH.

Young Dandelion
On a hedge-side ;
Said young Dandelion
Who'll be my bride ?



JUNE 12TH.

“ Will you walk a little faster ? ”
Said a whiting to a snail :
“ There’s a porpoise close behind us
And he’s treading on my tail.”

JUNE 13TH.

“ I will sing a song,
I’m the Lark ! ”
“ Sing, sing, throat-strong,
Little kill-the-dark ! ”



JUNE 14TH.



If dolls could talk and skip and walk ;
And then they wouldn't mind us,
We'd run away, and hide, and stay
Where they could never find us.

JUNE 15th.

And you, little rabbit,
Where do you rush?
"I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush."



JUNE 16TH.



Such a ramble, such a scramble,
Catching my dress on a blackberry bramble,
All the merry brown bees were humming
And all the birdies sang "who's coming?"

JUNE 14TH.

JUNE 15TH.

JUNE 16TH.

JUNE 17TH.

JUNE 18TH

JUNE 19TH.

JUNE 17TH.

Shut the door softly,
Quietly tread;
Sir, I am putting
My dollies to bed.



JUNE 18TH.

Five little puffy balls,
Speckled white and yellow,
One pretty black and brown
Funny little fellow.



JUNE 19TH.

A little gold robin with very red breast,
Sat perched on a tree near a chick-a-dee's
nest.

“Will you go and pick cherries?” said
Robin, “with me?”

“I’ve no time to spare,” said the chick-a-
dee-dee.



JUNE 20TH.



I've seen the little squirrels drop
Down from the leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,
Great joy it was to me.

JUNE 21ST.

Chasing after butterflies, hunting after
flowers,
Listening to the wild birds through the
sunny hours,
Looking up the hens' nests on the fragrant
mows,
Tending to the lambkins, driving up the cows.



JUNE 22D.

And what a medley thing it is :
I never saw a nest like this —
See ! bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag.

JUNE 20TH.

JUNE 21ST.

JUNE 22D.

JUNE 23D.

JUNE 24TH.

JUNE 25TH.

JUNE 23D.

Oh what is Johnny doing?
And what the little May?
Just getting into mischief
All the summer day.



JUNE 24TH.

There was a little lady loved
So much the smell of roses :
They might be white, they might be red,
But smelling them, she wished, she said,
She had a thousand noses.



JUNE 25TH.

“ Busy bee ! busy bee !
Where is your home ? ”
“ In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb. ”





JUNE 26TH.

Gold Locks buzzing about the room,
Busy with little plaything broom,
In her happy, mimic industry
Is noisy as any housewife bee.

JUNE 27TH.

Robin was the bridegroom,
And funny was the bride,
And Parson Rook was at the feast
And many birds beside.



JUNE 28TH.

Lady Bird, in gown so gay,
Came creeping from the clover:
Daddy Longlegs went that way,
And nearly knocked her over



JUNE 26TH.

JUNE 27TH.

JUNE 28TH.

6
JUNE 29TH.

JUNE 30TH.

JULY 1ST.





July.

JUNE 29TH.

I guess God takes the buttercups
And dips them in the sun,
Then drops them thro' the meadows
When the night is coming on.



JUNE 30TH.

I like to climb the cherry-trees
If dresses wouldn't tear :
Oh dear ! I think 'tis such a tease
To always have to care
About the way you look !



JULY 1ST.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud pies.





JULY 2D.

O big bull frogs! Why do you make
Such ugly noises every night?
Nobody can a half nap take,
You make our baby cry with fright.

JULY 3D.

“ There’s a robin flew just now upon
that tallest tree ;
He’s looking down at *me*, and he’s smiling
grandpa, see !
But I *saw* him smile, I think. Why, don’t
they laugh at all ?
There ! he’s got a cherry, grandpa ; p’raps he thinks it’s a ball.”



JULY 4TH.



“ What’s Fourth July ? ” The question
came
That famous day at dawning,
While all the bells were ringing in
Great Independence morning.

JULY 2D.

JULY 3D.

JULY 4TH.

JULY 5TH.

JULY 6TH.

JULY 7TH.

JULY 5TH.

“I’m hungry, very hungry,”
Said the spider to a fly ;
“If you were caught within the web
You very soon should die.”



JULY 6TH.

The clucking hen sat on her nest —
She made it in the hay —
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.



JULY 7TH.

Happy, happy little children
Just let out in the sun !
“They are coming,” the singers carol,
“For the school days are done.”



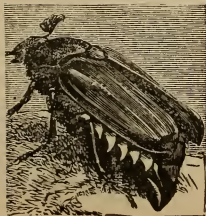
JULY 8TH.



There once were three kittens who lived on
a farm,
And never were kittens who did so much
harm ;
They worried the chickens and snarled at
the hen,
And scratched at the pig through a hole in
the pen.

JULY 9TH.

O, so many, many, many
Lilies bending stately heads !
O, so many, many, many
Strawberries ripened on their beds !



JULY 10TH.

The cricket said to the wren :
“ Why do you sit so still ?
But the wren said “ Hark !
I'm hatching eggs in the dark.”

JULY 8TH.

JULY 9TH.

JULY 10TH.

JULY 11TH.

JULY 12TH.

JULY 13TH.

JULY 11TH.

Come, butter, come! Come, butter, come!
A little boy down at the gate,
With a hot Johnny cake.
Come, butter, come! Come, butter, come!



JULY 12TH.

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

JULY 13TH.

Come into my boat
And row with a spoon;
And we'll catch a shark
By the light of moon.





JULY 14TH.

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief — there, you're in it ;
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John.

JULY 15TH.

One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky.
Cock robin said, " My little dears,
'Tis time you learnt to fly."



JULY 16TH.

Get your water-proof cloak
And umbrella about :
'Tis the east wind that's out,
A wet day you will find it.

JULY 14TH.

JULY 15TH.

JULY 16TH.

JULY 17TH.

JULY 18TH.

JULY 19TH.

JULY 17TH.

For Butterfly Blue for dress has a passion
And Grasshopper Yellow,
The fast little fellow,
Has very long whiskers and legs cut a
dash on.



JULY 18TH.

And show me your nest with the young
ones in it,
I will not steal them away :
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.



JULY 19th.

What does little baby say,
In his bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away !



JULY 20TH.



“Ant! look at me!” a young grasshopper
said,
As nimbly he sprang from his green sum-
mer bed.
“See how I am going to skim over your
head
And could over a thousand like you!”

JULY 21ST.

Cherries are ripe.
Up in the tree
Robin I see.
Robins want no cherry pie.
Quick they eat. and off they fly.



JULY 22D.



Rock-a-by, baby, up in the tree-top,
Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a light little rustle that never will stop
Brushes and boughs are beginning.

JULY 20TH.

JULY 21ST.

JULY 22D.

JULY 23^D.

JULY 24TH.

JULY 25TH.

JULY 23D.

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



JULY 24TH.

Come out and see the glowworms, do,
As thick as blossoms on a bough!
Oh no, the grass is wet with dew,
And I have put on slippers new.



JULY 25TH.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go.
Shorten the row
By the songs, you know.





JULY 26TH.

And don't you oft with hands outstretched
And eyes that shine like sunlit fountains,
Protest you love me "big as trees,
Big as the world and all its mountains?"

JULY 27TH.

I wish I was a butterfly,
With shining golden wings ;
I'd soar aloft in yon blue sky,
And find the prettiest things.



JULY 28TH.

"Where are you going so fast away?
Where are you going?" the children said,
"To seek my dinner this summer day,
To seek my dinner," the hedgehog said.

JULY 26TH.

JULY 27TH.

JULY 28TH.

JULY 29TH.

JULY 30TH.

JULY 31ST.

JULY 29TH.

Lily gave a party

And her little playmates all
Gayly drest came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.



JULY 30TH.

Buzz-z-z-z-z, buzz!
In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey,
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.



JULY 31ST.

“I really wish I was a sheep!”

Said silly little Nellie Lee,
And all at once she dropped asleep
And in her dreams she seemed to be
A little lambkin snowy white.
Now you can fancy her delight.



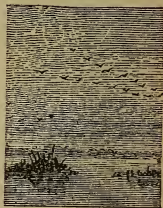
93
AUGUST 1ST.



Odd or even's the game we play :
Come, make haste, which do you say ?
Cherry stones, cherry stones, which shall it be ?
Suppose you toss first, and then we'll see !

AUGUST 2D.

Five times 'leven are fifty-five :
Swallows ! swallows ! skim and dive.
Making all the air alive :
Five times 'leven are fifty-five.



AUGUST 3D.



Baby, what do the blossoms say
Down in the garden walk ?
They say : " O, darling baby bright,
We are going to sleep ; good night, good
night ! "



Aug.

AUGUST 1ST.

AUGUST 2D.

AUGUST 3D.

AUGUST 4TH

AUGUST 5TH.

AUGUST 6TH.

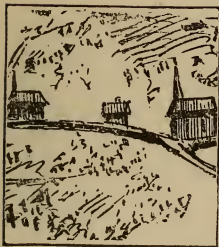
AUGUST 4TH.

Mrs. Pussy late one night

Went abroad to see a neighbor

As she really thought she might

After days of honest labor.



AUGUST 5TH.

O, so many, many, many

Little homes above my head!

O, so many, many, many

Dancing blossoms round me spread!

AUGUST 6TH.

Here's a fly,

Let us watch him — you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls!

Yet he never falls.



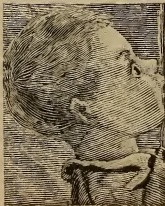


AUGUST 7TH.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.

AUGUST 8TH.

Little Miss Rose was dressed for a walk,
She wore a gold chain and a locket,
A pretty blue sash with her Sunday silk
frock,
And a gay little chatelaine pocket.



AUGUST 9TH.

His eyes are black, but often dim
With tears that freely fall;
We've other babies in the house,
But he out-cries them all.

AUGUST 7TH.

AUGUST 8TH.

AUGUST 9TH.

AUGUST 10TH.

AUGUST 11TH.

AUGUST 12TH.

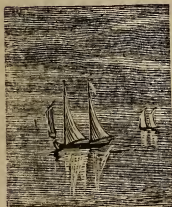
AUGUST 10TH.

This is the way the song should go :
“ Bobolink! bobolink! quank! quank
quadle quo!”
I never make
A single mistake.



AUGUST 11TH.

It's, oh for a boat — a fairy boat!
Afar in the waning sky to float,
And sail away to the broad bright sun,
And pull out the sunbeams one by one!



AUGUST 12TH.

A curly bright head, and perched upon it
Little Rag-tag of a brown sun-bonnet;
A pair of old shoes forever untied,
Whose soles have holes, whose toes
grin wide.



AUGUST 13TH.



The squirrel, dear Harry, is merry and wise,
For true wisdom and mirth go together,
He lays up in summer his winter supplies
And then he don't mind the cold weather.

AUGUST 14TH.

“Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby
dear!”

Leaf tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.



AUGUST 15TH.

Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bare-headed home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat.
Do you believe that



AUGUST 13TH.

AUGUST 14TH.

AUGUST 15TH.

AUGUST 16TH.

AUGUST 17TH.

AUGUST 18TH.

AUGUST 16TH.

Cutting his teeth — deary me, what woe!
He has four; and twenty more
Are thinking of coming — don't tell him so,
'Twould be such a blow!



AUGUST 17TH.

Round and round the lilac bush
The mother sparrow flies;
Down among the clover
The little sparrow cries.



AUGUST 18TH.

Your butterflies, look! — were there ever
such? —
Wild with the sun they glitter and go.
And here are the lambs you loved so
much —
How little they seem to grow!



AUGUST 19TH.



I'm fond of the good apple-tree,
A very good-natured friend is he,
For knock at his door whenever you may
He's always something to give away.

AUGUST 20TH.

The baby wants the moon!
Baby must wait; she cannot go
A sailing in the sky.
Some day the reason she shall know.



AUGUST 21ST.



"If the weather is fair to-day,"
Said the butterfly,
"(So merry am I)
If the weather is fair to-day,
Through the fields I'll float away."

AUGUST 19TH.

AUGUST 20TH.

AUGUST 21ST.

AUGUST 22D.

AUGUST 23D.

AUGUST 24TH.

AUGUST 22D.

You and the cat jump here and there,
You and the robins sing —
But what do you know in the spelling-book?
Have you ever learned anything?



AUGUST 23D.

And when the dance was over
They went down-stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a butter-cup.



AUGUST 24TH.

His eyes are blue as violets,
And golden is his head;
And he hasn't a trouble in the world
Till it's time to go to bed.



AUGUST 25TH.



“ For it’s scrape and scrape, and scratch and
scratch

To feed these hungry bills ;

How I wish there were no eggs to hatch —

My life is full of ills.”

AUGUST 26TH.

“ Where is the queen of the roses ?

Gardener, can you tell ? ”

“ Oh, the queen of the roses to me, sir,

Is my own little grandchild, Nell.”



AUGUST 27TH.



She has a mob cap on her curly head,
Grandmother’s cap, if the truth must be said,
And next thing she borrowed, don’t you
suppose,

Grandmother’s specks to put on her nose.

AUGUST 25TH.

AUGUST 26TH.

AUGUST 27TH.

AUGUST 28TH.

AUGUST 29TH.

AUGUST 30TH.

AUGUST 28TH.

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs.
Pussy by the hearth-rug
Romping with the tongs.



AUGUST 29TH.

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

AUGUST 30TH.

Sparrow, sparrow, swift as an arrow,
What are you doing there in the sun ?
A hunter am I, and the bright butterfly
I am chasing to-day in the summer sun.



AUGUST 31ST.



What did the Humming-bird,
The diamond Humming-bird,
Sing to the rose ?
The Tulip has asked her,
The Lily has asked her,
She will not disclose.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Mistress Mouse built a house
In mamma's best bonnet ;
All the cats were catching rats,
And didn't light upon it.



SEPTEMBER 2D.

Silk worm on the mulberry tree
Spin a silken robe for me,
Draw the thread out fine and strong,
Longer yet, and very long.





Sep.

AUGUST 3¹ST.

SEPTEMBER 1ST

SEPTEMBER 2^D.

SEPTEMBER 3D.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

SEPTEMBER 3D.

“ Little fly, come here and say what you’re doing
all the day.”

“ Oh, I am a gay and merry fly; I never do
anything, no, not I.

And I very much fear when I’m getting old,
I shall starve with hunger, or die with cold.”



SEPTEMBER 4TH.

Two times 'leven are twenty-two :
Kitty, don't I wish 'twas you,
'Stead of me, had this to do?
Two times 'leven are twenty-two.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

Rook, rook! Read in a book!
Mouse, mouse! Build a house!
Bee, bee! Get your tea!
Pig, pig! Dance a jig!



SEPTEMBER 6TH.



Oh! tripping through the busy street
And pattering like the rain,
I hear the noise of children's feet;
In snowy aprons, trim and neat,
And bound for school again.

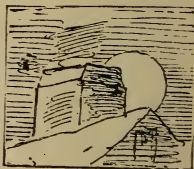
SEPTEMBER 7TH.

Says the wind to the moon, "I will
blow you out.

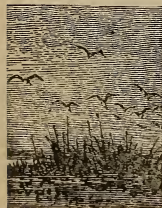
You stare, in the air, like a ghost in a
chair.

Always looking what I'm about.

I hate to be watched, I will blow you out."



SEPTEMBER 8TH.



If I were only a firefly
How I should wander airily,
Thro' the green thickets with my lamp,
And o'er the marshy hollows damp.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

Dear little Kitty Faces down in the shade
So fresh and so sweet, and so quaintly arrayed.
Some call you Pansies — pretty emblem for
thought —

But Lady's Delights is the way I was taught.



SEPTEMBER 10TH.

Kitty loves quietest places,
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,
And with the gravest of faces
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.



SEPTEMBER 11TH.

Little quail runs through the corn,
Little quail runs through the rye,
Little quail pipes at the morn;
“O dear me it's so dry!
More-wet! (Please, good Lord,) more-more-
wet!”





SEPTEMBER 12TH.

When the cornfield and meadows
Are pearly with dew,
With the first sunny shadows
Walks little Boy Blue.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.

This duck was genteel, she was fond of
pomp and state,
And she said to the little ducks, "Pray
imitate my gait,
Everything depends upon the carriage of
the back."



And the ducklings all said "Yes, ma'am," and "quack, quack,
quack!"

SEPTEMBER 14TH.



Kitty-puss, oh, kitty-puss,
Don't you want a hat,
And have it trimmed in feathers,
And visit Tabby cat?

SEPTEMBER 12TH.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

Little girl, where do you go to school?

And where do you, little girl?

Over the grass from dawn to dark,

Your wits are in a whirl.



SEPTEMBER 16TH.



The funniest pig that ever you saw,

He could scratch and bite and squeal,

And everything went to his hungry maw,

He could either beg or steal.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.

Here's my girlie hid away

All aloney in the hay.

What big thoughts are troubling you,

Little Susan, Susie, Sue?



SEPTEMBER 18TH.



All wet flies, twist their thighs,
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats you know, wash just so,
Thus their whiskers grow.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.

Mullein-stalk, mullein-stalk,
Tell me, I pray,
When the last butterflies
Fluttered this way.



SEPTEMBER 20TH.



Bertha, Bertha, had a doll,
It was not Jess, it was not Poll,
It was not Winnie, it was not Pet,
It was not Molly, or Margaret.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

SEPTEMBER 22D.

SEPTEMBER 23D.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

She dressed it nicely, she combed its
head;
She kissed it often, she took it to bed;
She walked it in, she walked it out;
She cuddled it up, she pulled it out.



SEPTEMBER 22D.

All the things that used to play,
Play and skip and hop and pass
In the ripe thick summer grass,
Crickets, ants, and lady-bugs.



SEPTEMBER 23D.

What is the mooly cow good for?
Mamma, I'd like to know?
To give us sweet golden butter,
Rich milk and yellow cream.



SEPTEMBER 24TH.



The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner.
To see her, quiet as a mouse, going about
her silver house,
You would never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.

I'd like so much to win a prize,
I wish I ever could!
I like to help Jane make the pies —
She lets me when I'm good.



SEPTEMBER 26TH.

Here is a rug, that looks very snug,
And here is a cat — what shall we be at?
You take off your bonnet : I take off my hat,
And let us sit upon it, and talk to the cat.



SEPTEMBER 24TH.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.

SEPTEMBER 29TH

SEPTEMBER 27TH.

Airily, airily, skip away :
Set to work all of you, trip away!
Over your heads, and under your toes,
That is the way the merry rope goes !



SEPTEMBER 28TH.

I know a canary
His cage is of gold :
His ways are so cunning, his song is so
sweet,
And from out your fingers, white sugar
he'd eat.



SEPTEMBER 29TH.

“Bit-by-bit !” says the quail in the rye.
“Bit-by-bit !” as we wander by.
Close on their nests the quail mothers sit
And say to each other “ Bit-by-bit ! ”



SEPTEMBER 30TH.



Red leaf and gold leaf rustling down the
wind;

Mother "doing peaches "

All the afternoon —

Don't you think Autumn's

Pleasanter than June ?

OCTOBER 1ST.

Katy-did, your throat is sore,
You can chirp this fall no more.
Robin red-breast, summer's past.
Did you think 'twould always last ?



OCTOBER 2D.



Happy-go-Lucky is brimful of fun,
Up in the morning as soon as the sun,
Sliding on banisters all the way down,
Playing at circus, and bumping his
crown.



Oct.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

OCTOBER 1ST.

OCTOBER 2D.

OCTOBER 3D.

OCTOBER 4TH.

OCTOBER 5TH.

OCTOBER 3D.

Tom's six frisky kittens are chasing their
tails,

As the milkmaid passes with o'erflowing
pails —

If two of the kittens remain at their play,
Then how many have followed the milkmaid away?



OCTOBER 4TH.

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and bye ;
When mother says " Do this," or " that,"
She says " what for ? " and " why ? "



OCTOBER 5TH.

Mother Cricket's big and black,
Old, and very tough,
She is used to white frost,
Bears it well enough.





OCTOBER 6TH.

“ I will sing a song,
I'm the owl! ”
Sing a song, you sing-song
Ugly fowl!

OCTOBER 7TH.

Am I “ a cruel, ” mamma?
Flossy called me so,
For covering Pussy's face up
In a cake of dough ?



OCTOBER 8TH.



Two little dogs were basking in the cinders :
Two little cats were playing in the windows,
When two little mice popped out of a hole,
And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole.

OCTOBER 6TH.

OCTOBER 7TH.

OCTOBER 8TH.

OCTOBER 9TH

OCTOBER 10TH.

OCTOBER 11TH.

OCTOBER 9TH.

The two little dogs cried "cheese is nice."
But the two little cats jumped down in a
trice,
And cracked the bones of the two little mice.



OCTOBER 10TH.

So that's my brave baby! one foot put-
ting forward
Half doubtful, the other steals by it:
What! shrinking again! You sly little
coward!
'Twont kill you to walk a bit — try it!



OCTOBER 11TH.

Goose, goose! put on shoes!
Snail, snail! fill the pail!
Marten, marten, went a carting.
And why did he travel? To bring home
some gravel.





OCTOBER 12TH.

Fondly loves the dog his master,
Knows no friend to him so dear,
Listens for his coming footstep,
Loves his welcome voice to hear.

OCTOBER 13TH.

It was ages ago, so the rhyme-makers sang,
That a little girl lived they called Rattle-
te-Bang:

They called her by that, since she never
could stir

Without causing a slam, or a whirl, or a
whirr.



OCTOBER 14TH.

Old man, I wonder what you do
Away up there in the sky so blue?
Do you teach your little dog funny tricks,
And make him jump over your fagot of
sticks?

OCTOBER 12TH.

OCTOBER 13TH.

OCTOBER 14TH.

OCTOBER 15TH.

OCTOBER 16TH.

OCTOBER 17TH.

OCTOBER 15TH.

It's a sorrowful world — he finds it so,
Each morning brings a sad surprise
In the shape of a tub; he kicks and cries
But into it he's obliged to go.



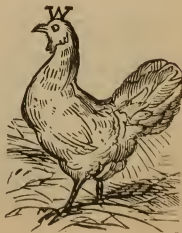
OCTOBER 16TH.

Where do the little chickens run
When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun
Into the dark, into the shade,
Under their mother's downy wing



OCTOBER 17TH.

The pig and the hen
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.





OCTOBER 18TH.

“ Mistress Hen,” says the pig,
“ Don’t you be quite so big.”

And he gave her a push with his snout.

OCTOBER 19TH.

Have you seen the little lady
Who has lately come to town?
She came in gold October
When the leaves were dropping down.



OCTOBER 20TH.



Hold the long skein for grandmother’s
knitting,
Pick up the ball that’s so apt to go flitting ;
Run for the letters when the bell rings,
Oh, she’s a Daisy for all sorts of things.

OCTOBER 18TH.

OCTOBER 19TH.

OCTOBER 20TH.

OCTOBER 21ST.

OCTOBER 22D.

OCTOBER 23D.

OCTOBER 21ST.

A sweet good-bye to birds that roam,
And rills and flowers and bees,
But when the winter's gone, come home
As early as you please.



OCTOBER 22D.

Peep-bo, peep-bo !
Kissing through the chair,
Mamma's kissing baby
Twice, I declare !



OCTOBER 23D.

The ducklings went behind, and the duck
went before,

Two ducks, one duck, and one duck more.

A duckling is a duck, if *I* know white from
black,

But a duck is not a duckling, quack, quack, quack !



OCTOBER 24TH.



Of all the things a boy gets,
There's none that ever suits,
Or satisfies him half so well
As his first pair of boots.

OCTOBER 25TH.

If pumpkins grew on apple trees,
And we were standing under,
And there should come a little breeze
We'd think we heard it thunder.



OCTOBER 26TH.



Rocking in the sun the baby's cradle stands,
Now the little one thrusts out his rosy
hands ;
Soon his eyes wide open ; then in all the
lands
No such morning glory'

OCTOBER 24TH.

OCTOBER 25TH.

OCTOBER 26TH.

OCTOBER 27TH.

OCTOBER 28TH

OCTOBER 29TH.

OCTOBER 27TH.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe ;
I'll love you through the happy years
Till I'm a nice old lady.



OCTOBER 28TH.



Cricket, good-bye ; we've been friends so
long !
Little brook, sing us your farewell song :
Say you are sorry to see us go :
Ah ! you will miss us, right well we know.

OCTOBER 29TH.

Baby's a little lady,
Dog is a gentleman brave :
If he had two legs as you have,
He'd kneel to her like a slave.



OCTOBER 30TH.



Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs in his night gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,

“Are the weans in their beds? for it's
now ten o'clock.”

OCTOBER 31ST.

Seven pretty little girls,
With their dimples and their curls,
Went singing past my door, so clear
and high ;
Like sweet bells their voices rang,
And this is what they sang :



“ We must do as we wish to be done by ”

NOVEMBER 1ST.

So Nell she wants a pony,
To ride adown the lane ;
And Ned a gallant vessel
To sail across the main.





Nov.

OCTOBER 30TH.

OCTOBER 31ST.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

NOVEMBER 2D.

NOVEMBER 3D.

NOVEMBER 4TH:

NOVEMBER 2D.

Down the chimney, Master Wind,
You may rumble and hoot,
And I wish you joy, good Master Wind,
Of the company of the soot.



NOVEMBER 3D.



I tell you what, you Bumble-bee,
In your coat of rusty yellow,
'Tis a queer day for you to be out,
You *are* a belated fellow.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

Put in some butter, do,
And some fine sugar too.
The clock is striking eight,
And bring my baby's porridge straight.





NOVEMBER 5TH.

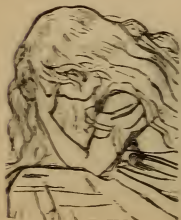
“ This little pig went to market.”

Terrible times had he!
Sold to a horrible butcher,
For sausage meat was he!

NOVEMBER 6TH.

She had blue buttoned boots on her dear
little feet,
Her hat had a curly white feather,
And her little kid gloves they were perfectly
sweet —

She was sweet as a rose altogether.



NOVEMBER 7TH.

And just because I'm only *seven*,
Should be so teased, yes, almost *driven*
Soon as I've supped my milk and bread
To that old drowsy, frowsy bed!

NOVEMBER 5TH.

NOVEMBER 6TH.

NOVEMBER 7TH.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

NOVEMBER 9TH.

NOVEMBER 10TH.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

“Grandpa, what do they make books of?

Inside of them, you know?

Well, where do letters come from? When

they're little do they grow?

There! I scratched one! Can he feel it?

Grandpa, do they ever cry?

Will they stay shut up there always? Don't

they ever have to die?”



NOVEMBER 9TH.

Like a little poker,

Stiff, baby stands ;

Stamps with his tiny feet,

Pushes with his hands.

NOVEMBER 10TH.

There was a brown owl who lived in a wood ;

All alone was the wood by a marsh,

He had for his wife another brown owl,

With a voice most peculiarly harsh.



NOVEMBER 11TH.



What shall we take to Boston?

'Tell me, my baby, pray?

We must take our eyes to see with,

And take our feet to run with.

NOVEMBER 12TH.

And a "how d'ye do?"

How *do* you do?

And how are you all to-day?"



NOVEMBER 13TH.



You moon, have you done something
wrong in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have, you'll soon be forgiven

And shine again in your place.

NOVEMBER 11TH.

NOVEMBER 12TH.

NOVEMBER 13TH.

NOVEMBER 14TH.

NOVEMBER 15TH.

NOVEMBER 16TH.

NOVEMBER 14TH.

Sometimes you will come to grief, no doubt,
Most of us do. But we have to take it.
Why, I should have left the trouble out
Of this earth — had I helped to make it.



NOVEMBER 15TH.



I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three.
“My kittens with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the sweetest things there can be in the
world.”

NOVEMBER 16TH.

“First, the fish must be caught.”
That is easy: a baby, I think, could have
caught it.
“Next, the fish must be bought.”
That’s easy: a penny, I think, would have
bought it.



NOVEMBER 17TH.



She knows 'bout sugar, and spice, and
plums —

You take her away, and back she comes,
She tips the water pail on the floor,
Burns both wee hands on the oven door.

NOVEMBER 18TH.

Good little boy, have you got any fire
To warm a little puppy,
Wet and dripping,
Out doors barking?



NOVEMBER 19TH.

Children in the sunshine playing,
Sweet your laughter sounds to-day.
“By and by,” perhaps you’re saying,
“We shall be too old to play.”



NOVEMBER 17TH.

NOVEMBER 18TH.

NOVEMBER 19TH.

NOVEMBER. 20TH.

NOVEMBER 21ST.

NOVEMBER 22D.

NOVEMBER 20TH.

How many drops are in the sea ?

How many stars ? Well, then, you ought
to know

How many flowers are on an apple tree ?

How does the wind look when it doesn't
blow ?



NOVEMBER 21ST.



Oh, sister, he is so swift and tall
Though I want to ride, he will spoil it all,
For when he sets out he will let me fall
And give me a bump, I know.

NOVEMBER 22D.

“Wait, wait! rogue of a mouse !

Who stole the sugar out of my house ? ”

“Dear lady, your pardon, I pray,

I have four children fair as the day.”



NOVEMBER 23D.



Roll him, and rumple him, toss him and
tumble him,

Hear how he crows!

He laughs all down from the top of his
crown

To the ends of his comical little pink
toes.

NOVEMBER 24TH.

So good-night to my darling Effie,
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise;
There's one kiss for her golden tresses,
And two for her sleepy eyes.



NOVEMBER 25TH.



Twice two are four, very bright eyes;
Ned's have tears in 'em when he cries!
Two of 'em's his, and two are for me.
They are to *see* with, don't you see?

NOVEMBER 23D.

NOVEMBER 24TH

NOVEMBER 25TH.

NOVEMBER 26TH.

NOVEMBER 27TH.

NOVEMBER 28TH.

NOVEMBER 26TH.

Now, Baby Bunting, I'll brush your clothes,
And don't be always whisking your nose,
This way and that. Just count your toes.



NOVEMBER 27TH.

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. No-bod-ee!



NOVEMBER 28TH.

I'm really just as happy
As ever a child can be,
For everybody loves me so,
And God is good to me.





NOVEMBER 29TH.

So, Dolly, won't you stay alone,
And be real good while I am gone?
Good-bye, my precious! Yes, I'll come
And kiss you, soon as I get home.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

"Purr!" said the pussy-cat,
Winking at her paws:
"When my little lady walks this way,
We cats know well the cause."



DECEMBER 1ST.

In winter, when the fields are white
I sing this song for your delight,
In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean.

NOVEMBER 29TH.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

DECEMBER 1ST.

113
DECEMBER 2D.

DECEMBER 3D.

DECEMBER 4TH.



Dec.

DECEMBER 2D.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
He'll go in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.



DECEMBER 3D.



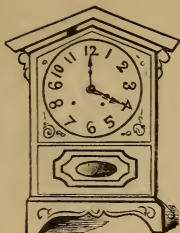
Patter, patter go the busy little feet
All the day long;
Chatter, goes the merry little voice,
Sweet as a song.

DECEMBER 4TH.

And out goes my baby — a baby no more,
But a “great big boy” is he!
And the little red mittens scoop up the
snow
And toss it back to me.



DECEMBER 5TH.



The clock goes *tick!* the clock goes *tack.*
The hours and the days can never come
back.

But there's work and play for to-morrow
and to-day

Whatever the clock and the almanac say.

DECEMBER 6TH.

But she never spoke,
But sat and looked glum,
And sucked her thumb
Till her sulk was ended.



DECEMBER 7TH.

There was an old woman
That lived in the moon:
She made a rice pudding,
And cooled it too soon.

DECEMBER 5TH.

DECEMBER 6TH.

DECEMBER 7TH.

DECEMBER 8TH.

DECEMBER 9TH.

DECEMBER 10TH.

DECEMBER 8TH.

When she found 'twasn't done,
She gave it a throw ;
It came to our planet,
And *we* called it snow.



DECEMBER 9TH.

Pretty stars, overhead,
Looking down on my bed,
Pretty stars, kind watch keep
Over me while I sleep.

DECEMBER 10TH.

Ah! sweeter than this birdie sings,
Than all the birds the summer brings,
And yet her song is only this
“ I love you, papa ! ” — then the kiss.



DECEMBER 11TH.



I have a kitty, and what do you think?
Her name is Puss, but I call her Wink.
My mother brought her home one day
In a little basket all the way
From — dear me! where was it?

DECEMBER 12TH.

I can't remember
It was so long — the name of the town,
But the month I'm sure was
June — or December!



DECEMBER 13TH.

Hoot away, North wind,
Make the windows shiver;
Hoot away, enjoy your play,
I shall be warm as ever.



DECEMBER 11TH.

DECEMBER 12TH.

DECEMBER 13TH.

DECEMBER 14TH.

DECEMBER 15TH.

DECEMBER 16TH.

DECEMBER 14TH.

Seven pairs of mittened hands,
Seven painted sleds,
Seven boys going to slide —
Won't they break their heads?



DECEMBER 15TH.

I've longed for courage just to dare
Dress softly — then trip down the stairs,
And in the parlor put my head
With "No, *I will not stay abed.*"



DECEMBER 16TH.

Four little kittens very sleek,
Purred so demurely, looked so meek,
When the gray mother came home from
roving,
"What good kittens!" said she. "And
how loving!"



DECEMBER 17TH.



They kiss, they hug, they toss me up,
They do make such a pother —
“The pretty little darling dear!
The image of her mother!”

DECEMBER 18TH.

We have put away the playthings,
Cleared the trinkets from the floor,
Mamie's doll is in its cradle,
My old horse behind the door.



DECEMBER 19TH.



Wunty and Tunty were two little mice,
As cunning as cunning could be:
Their mother was Nipped Tail, so sleek
and so nice,
So quiet, so wise, and so full of advice.

DECEMBER 17TH.

DECEMBER 18TH.

DECEMBER 19TH.

DECEMBER 20TH.

DECEMBER 21ST.

DECEMBER 22D.

DECEMBER 20TH.

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue,
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you ?



DECEMBER 21ST.



And then such feet !
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest
street,
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

DECEMBER 22D.

Down came the snow in the bitter, bitter
weather,
The winds they were sharp as any arrows.
Round the fire the boys and girls sat cud-
dled all together,
And then what became of the sparrows ?





DECEMBER 23D.

For this of all the year
Is most the children's time,
Since He we hold most dear
Became a child sublime.

DECEMBER 24TH.

Let all who expect a good stocking full
Not spend too much time in play —
Keep book and work all the while in mind,
And be up by the peep of day.



DECEMBER 25TH.

St. Nicholas is here!
How charming many a stocking full
In the morning will appear!

DECEMBER 23D.

DECEMBER 24TH.

DECEMBER 25TH.

DECEMBER 26TH.

DECEMBER 27TH.

DECEMBER 28TH.

DECEMBER 26TH.

In his house on the top of a hill,
And almost out of sight,
He keeps a great many dogs at work,
And working with all their might.



DECEMBER 27TH.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And as soon as he comes nigh the door,
We open and let him in.



DECEMBER 28TH.

Now all good little boys and girls
Shall have a noble treat,
With lots of pretty things to make
The holidays complete.



DECEMBER 29TH.



One night when people were asleep,
And not a pussy cat was nigh,
Some rats ran through the pantry door,
And carried off the Christmas pie.

DECEMBER 30TH.

Tommy Dinks said "O!" and Dicky
said "O!"
And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, he, too, said
so.
"O-o-oh! Oh-oh! O-o-oh! Oh! Oh!"
This is how the three little men said
"Oh!"



DECEMBER 31ST.

This year is going away to-night.
The time is up, they say, and so
At midnight it will have to go:
And right away another year,
Will come again, a real new year.



DECEMBER 29TH.

DECEMBER 30TH.

DECEMBER 31ST.





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