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Title: The Infant's Delight: Poetry

Author: Anonymous

Release date: February 1, 2004 [EBook #10912]

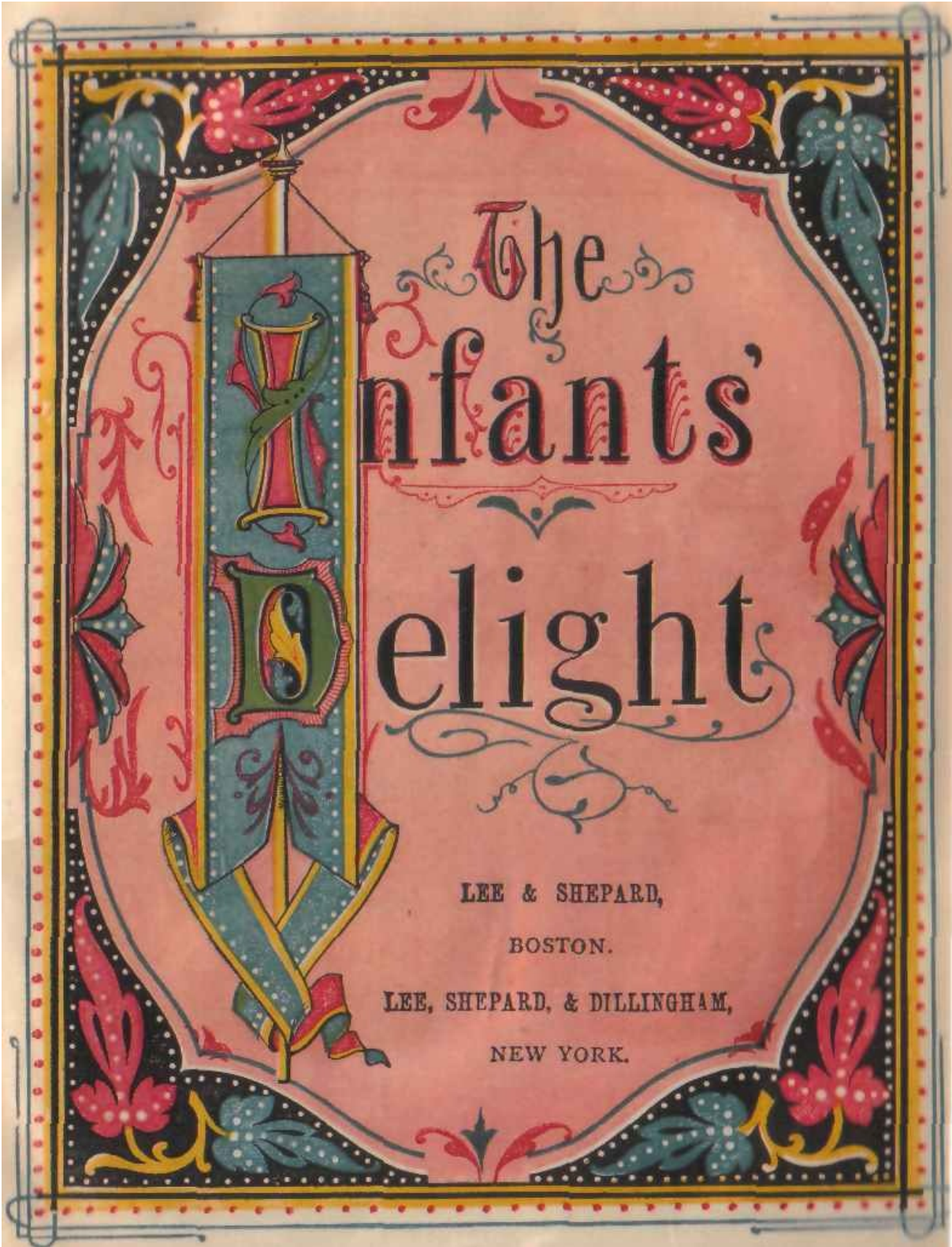
Most recently updated: December 23, 2020

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Afra Ullah and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INFANT'S DELIGHT: POETRY \*\*\*

# **The Infant's Delight**



The  
Infant's  
Delight

LEE & SHEPARD,  
BOSTON.

LEE, SHEPARD, & DILLINGHAM,  
NEW YORK.





**BLIND MAN'S BUFF.**

When the win-ter winds are  
    blow-ing,  
And we ga-ther glad and  
    gay,  
Where the fire its light is  
    throw-ing,  
For a mer-ry game at play,  
There is none that to my  
    know-ing,—  
And I've play-ed at games  
    enough,—  
Makes us laugh, and sets us  
    glow-ing  
Like a game at Blind-man's  
    Buff.

## THE DEAD ROBIN.

All through the win-ter, long and  
cold,  
Dear Minnie ev-ery morn-ing fed  
The little spar-rows, pert and bold,  
And ro-bins, with their breasts so  
red.

She lov-ed to see the lit-tle birds  
Come flut-ter-ing to the win-dow  
pane,  
In answer to the gen-tle words  
With which she scat-ter-ed  
crumbs and grain.

One ro-bin, bol-der than the rest,  
Would perch up-on her fin-ger  
fair,  
And this of all she lov-ed the best,  
And daily fed with ten-der-est  
care.

But one sad morn, when Minnie  
came,  
Her pre-ci-ous lit-tle pet she  
found,  
Not hop-ping, when she call-ed his  
name,  
But ly-ing dead up-on the ground.

## ALL THINGS OBEY GOD.

**"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."**

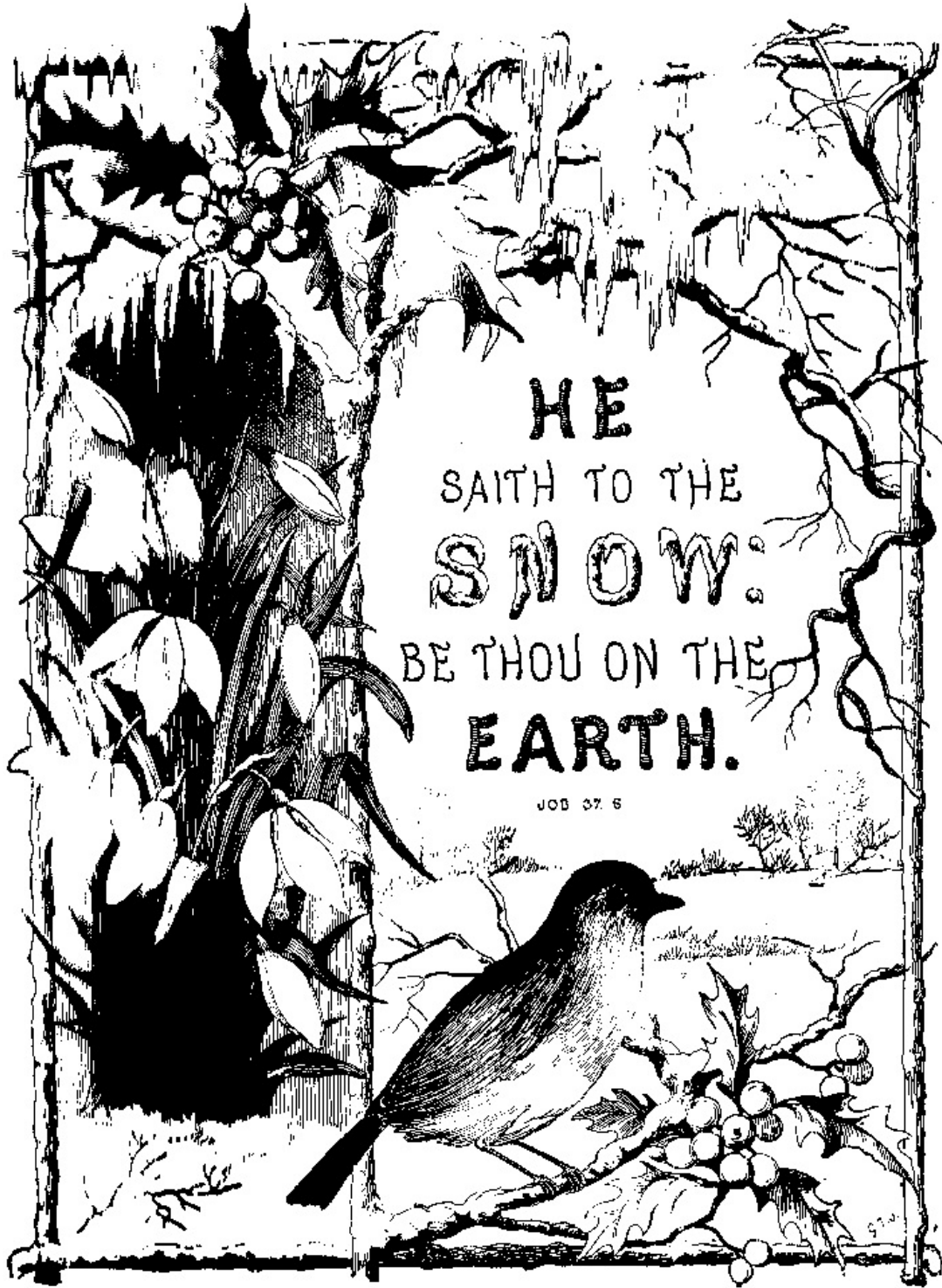
God's works are very great,  
but still  
His hands do not ap-pear:  
Though hea-ven and earth o-  
bey His will,  
His voice we can-not hear.

And yet we know that it is He  
Who moves and governs all,  
Who stills the rag-ing of the  
sea,  
And makes the showers to  
fall.

Alike in mer-cy He be-stows  
The sun-shine and the rain;

That which is best for us He  
knows,  
And we must not com-plain,

Whe-ther He makes His winds  
to blow,  
And gives His tem-pests  
birth,  
Or sends His frost, or bids the  
snow—  
"Be thou up-on the earth."





## SNOW-BALL-ING.

See these mer-ry ones at  
play,  
On this snowy New Year's  
Day:  
How they run, and jump,  
and throw  
Hand-fuls of the soft, white  
snow.  
You should hear them laugh  
and shout  
As they fling the snow  
about!  
'Tis by Frank and Gus alone  
That the balls are chief-ly  
thrown,  
While their cou-sins make  
and bring  
Other balls for them to fling.  
Ka-tie is pre-par-ing thus,  
Quite a store of balls for  
Gus;  
But her mer-ry sis-ter May  
From her task has run a-  
way,

All that heavy lump of snow,  
At her cou-sin Gus to throw.  
E-dith is not very bold,  
And at first she fear-ed the  
cold;  
Now at last you see her run  
Down the steps to join the  
fun.

## THE SICK DOLL.

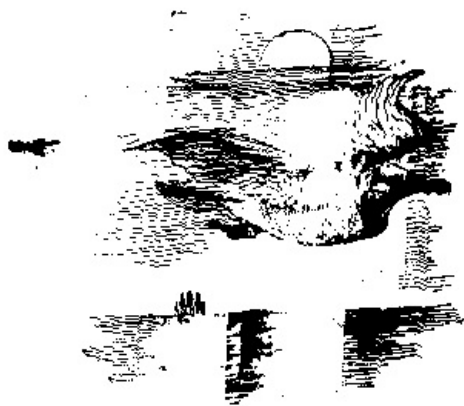
Oh! is there any cause to  
fear  
That dol-ly will be very ill?  
To cure my lit-tle dar-ling  
here,  
Pray, doc-tor, use your ut-  
most skill.

And dol-ly, if you would get  
well,  
Hold out your arm, that Dr.  
Gray  
May feel your tiny pulse,  
and tell  
What best will take the  
pain a-way.

And do not say: "I will not  
touch  
That nas-ty phy-sic, nor the  
pill."  
If lit-tle dolls will eat too  
much,  
They must not won-der if  
they're ill.

If your mam-ma ate too  
much cake,  
She would be very poor-ly  
too,  
And nas-ty phy-sic have to  
take;  
And, lit-tle dol-ly, so must  
you.

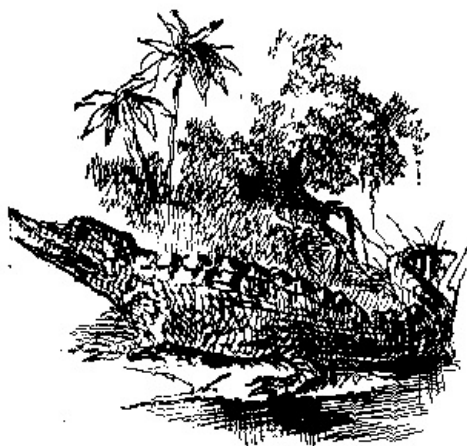




Those who the South-ern O-cean cross,  
Meet with the wide-wing-ed Al-ba-tross.



In north-ern snows, the Po-lar Bear,  
'Mid glit-ter-ing ice-bergs makes his  
lair.



In ri-vers near the hot E-qua-tor,  
Lives the huge, sca-ly Al-li-ga-tor.



In shel-ter-ed nooks, by ri-ver-sides,  
The strange-ly-beard-ed Bar-bel hides.





**NEL-LY'S PET LAMB.**

This lit-tle Lamb was brought

to Nell  
The day its old ewe mo-ther  
died,  
And, now it knows and loves  
her well,  
It will not go from Nel-ly's  
side.  
A-long the hall, and up the  
stair,  
You hear its lit-tle pat-ter-  
ing toes:  
Her Pet will fol-low every-  
where  
A-bout the house, where  
Nel-ly goes.

## **ROSE'S VA-LEN-TINE.**

ROSE.

The post-man has been, dear mam-  
ma,  
And has brought me a let-ter so  
fine;  
And Su-san has one, but it is not, by  
far,  
So pret-ty a let-ter as mine.  
And, pray, will you read it to me,  
Mam-ma, if I give you a kiss?  
I wish very much to know who it can  
be  
That has sent me a let-ter like this.

MAM-MA.

To the lot of our dear lit-tle Rose  
We trust every bless-ing may fall;  
And this is the prayer and the fond  
hope of those  
Who love her most dear-ly of all.

So now, lit-tle Rose, can you guess  
Who sent you this let-ter by post?

ROSE.

Oh, yes, dear mam-ma, I can tell  
you; oh, yes!  
For you, and pa-pa, love me most.

## **"YOUR HEA-VEN-LY FA-THER FEED-ETH THEM."**

God loves His lit-tle birds; for  
all  
His ten-der care He shows;  
A sin-gle spar-row can-not  
fall  
But its Cre-a-tor knows.

They do not sow, nor reap  
the corn,  
Gar-ner nor barn have they;  
God gives them break-fast  
every morn,  
And feeds them through the  
day.

And this we know; for in His

Word,  
Where all His ways we read,  
We find that eve-ry lit-tle bird  
He cares for, and will feed.

God loves each lit-tle bird;  
but still  
More ten-der is His care  
For chil-dren who o-bey His  
will,  
Than for the fowls of air.





## PLOUGH-ING.

The lit-tle birds by God are fed  
But man must earn his dai-ly  
bread,

And work that he may eat;  
Striv-ing his best, as John does  
now,  
The broad ten-acre field to  
plough,

Where-in to sow the wheat.

Old John, the plough-man,  
ne'er re-pines,  
Whe-ther it blows, or rains, or  
shines,

But hap-py still does seem;  
And Dick, who leads the fore-  
most horse,  
Goes whist-ling as he walks  
across

The field be-side the team.

Let us per-form as glad-ly, too,  
The work our Mas-ter bids us  
do,

And then we need not fear;  
But when from earth-ly toil we  
rest,  
We all shall meet a-mong the  
blest  
Who served Him tru-ly here.

## "HOW IS THE WEA-THER?"

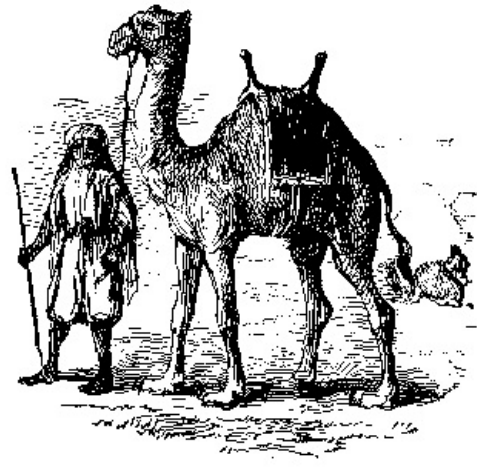
Cold win-ter has come,  
And the cru-el winds blow—  
The trees are all leaf-less and brown;  
These two pret-ty rob-ins,  
Oh, where shall they go  
To shel-ter their lit-tle brown heads from  
the snow?  
Just look at the flakes com-ing down.

But see, they have found a snug shel-ter  
at last,  
And hark, how they talk, while the storm  
whis-tles past:

Says Pol-ly to Dick-y,  
"You're near-est the door,  
And you are the gen-tle-man, too:  
Just peep out and see  
When the storm will be o'er;  
Be-cause, if the wea-ther's as bad as be-  
fore,  
I think we will stay, do not you?"



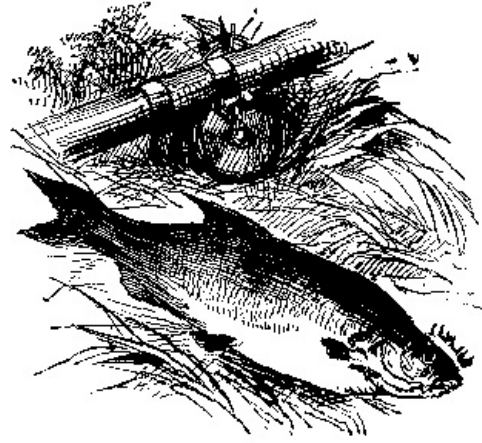
Far up a-mong the moun-tain peaks,  
His food the lone-ly Con-dor seeks.



The A-rabs through the de-sert wide,  
On the swift Dro-me-dary ride.



The Co-bra has a dead-ly bite,  
And yet in mu-sic takes de-light.



In gen-tle ri-vers, still and clear,  
We see the shin-ing Dace ap-pear.







## NAUGH-TY NEL-LY AND HER NEW PA-RA-SOL.

"No, Nel-ly! not to-day, my  
child!  
I can-not let you take it;  
This cold March wind, so  
strong and wild,  
Your pa-ra-sol, 'twould break  
it!"

So said Mam-ma; but Nel-ly  
thought,  
"I will take my new pre-sent:  
Tis mine; to please me it was  
bought;  
The wea-ther's bright and  
plea-sant."  
So naugh-ty Nel-ly sli-ly took  
What kind Mam-ma had  
bought her,  
And out she went—and, only  
look!  
The wild March wind has  
caught her!

The silk tore up, the ribs broke  
out,  
In spite of Nel-ly's sway-ing;

And peo-ple laugh-ed at her, no  
doubt—  
That comes of dis-o-bey-ing.

## "THE FLOW-ERS AP-PEAR ON THE EARTH."

(SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 12.)

Now the win-ter cold is past,  
And blithe March winds are  
blow-ing,  
In shel-ter-ed nooks we find at  
last  
Bright flow-ers of spring are  
grow-ing.

Along the hedge-row's mossy  
bank,  
Where ivy green is creep-ing,  
We see through weeds and net-  
tles rank  
The dark-blue vi-o-let peep-ing.

And in the sun-ny gar-den beds  
Gay a-co-nites are show-ing,  
And snow-drops bend their  
grace-ful heads,  
And cro-cus-es are glow-ing.

God makes the buds and leaves  
un-fold,  
All flow-ers are of His giv-ing;  
He guards them through the win-  
ter's cold,  
He cares for all things liv-ing.



THE FLOWERS  
APPEAR ON THE  
EARTH;  
THE TIME OF THE  
SINGING OF  
BIRDS  
IS COME SOL. SONG. II. 12.

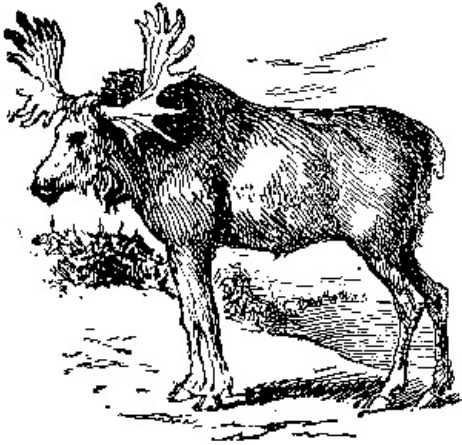




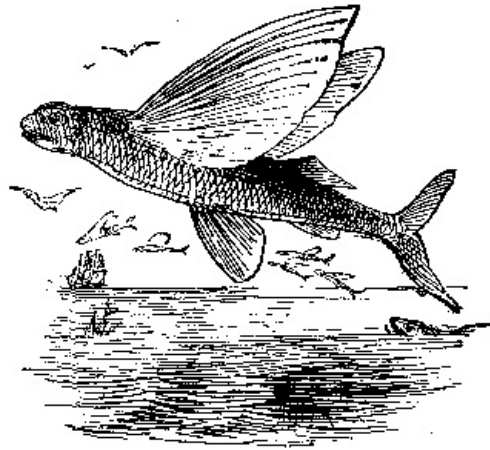
The E-mu in Aus-tra-lia's found,  
Where the wild bush spreads far a-round.



The Frog is of-ten-est to be seen  
In-grassy mea-dows, damp and green.



The ant-lered Elk comes pranc-ing  
forth  
From the pine for-ests of the North.



The Fly-ing Fish can swim with ease,  
Or flut-ter o'er the tro-pic seas.





**JUMP! PUS-SY!**



Pus-sy, jump! for all the  
day  
You have time e-nough to  
play;  
Though at night, in barn  
and house,  
You must watch for rat or  
mouse.

Pus-sy, jump! and if you  
do,  
We will pour some milk  
for you;  
Pus-sy, you shall be ca-  
ressed,  
If you try and jump your  
best.

## **BLOW-ING BUB-BLES.**

Har-ry and Tom, the o-ther day,  
Went out in-to the yard to play;  
Their great de-light, in wea-ther  
bright,  
Is blow-ing bub-bles with pipes  
of clay.

Tom took a ba-sin deep and  
wide,  
And Har-ry brought his mug be-  
side;  
They fil-led them quite with soap-  
suds white,  
And each to blow the big-gest  
tried.

Poor Tom, he blew with might  
and main,  
And so, of course, he blew in  
vain;  
For all his trou-ble he made no  
bub-ble,  
But Tom was brave and tried a-  
gain.

Till Har-ry said, "Dear Tom, you  
see,  
You blow too hard; now—look  
at me.  
There! that will rise to-ward the  
skies,  
And float a-bove the li-lac tree."

## **A-PRIL SHOW-ERS.**

**"Thou makest the earth soft with show-ers: Thou bless-est the spring-ing there-of."—  
PSALM lxx. 10.**

When A-pril skies be-gin to  
frown,  
And the cold rain comes pelt-ing  
down,  
We must not grum-ble nor com-  
plain,  
Nor i-dly say, we hate the rain.

God sends the rain; the dust-y  
ground  
It soft-ens in the fields a-round;

The mois-ture ev-e-ry plant re-  
ceives,  
And springs a-fresh in flow-ers  
and leaves.

Should God for-bid the show-ers  
to fall,  
Nor send us any rain at all,  
The ground would all grow hard  
and dry,  
And ev-e-ry liv-ing plant would  
die.

All things would starve and per-  
ish then—  
No food for birds, nor beasts,  
nor men;  
Then do not mur-mur, nor com-  
plain,  
God, in His good-ness, sends  
the rain.



THOU MAKEST  
THE EARTH SOFT  
WITH  
SHOWERS:

THOU BLESSEST  
THE SPRINGING  
THEREOF.

PSALM LXXV. 6.



## "SNAP, BE GOOD!"

"Dear lit-tle Snap, you fun-ny  
pup,  
I love to see you beg,  
So cle-ver-ly do you sit up  
And bend each slen-der leg,  
Drop-ping the paw;  
And raise your ears a-bove  
your head,  
Look-ing so very wise;  
You seem to know I have some  
bread;  
And then, such bright green  
eyes  
I never saw.

"Your shag-gy coat is long and  
rough,  
Your tail is rough-er still;  
Now, Snap, I think you've had  
e-nough,  
And more would make you ill

—  
In-deed it would.  
But sis-ter Lot-ty has some

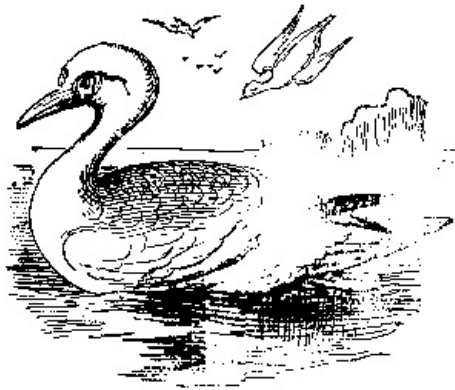
cake,  
And so if you will sit  
Quite still and good, till I say  
'Take!'  
Then you shall have a bit;  
So, Snap, be good!"

## **THE STRAY KIT-TEN.**

"Come, Kit-ty, come; you need  
not fear,  
Nor make that plain-tive  
mew;  
Don't be a-fraid, but ven-ture  
near,  
And lap the milk we bring you  
here,  
For none will in-jure you.

"And, Kit-ty, since you've lost  
your way,  
You need no fur-ther roam;  
But stop, and dine with us to-  
day,  
And then, if you would wish to  
stay,  
Poor Kit-ty, here's your  
home.

"And we will feed you fine and  
fat,  
On fresh new milk and nice;  
And, when you grow to be a  
cat,  
You can re-quite us well for  
that,  
By catch-ing all the mice."



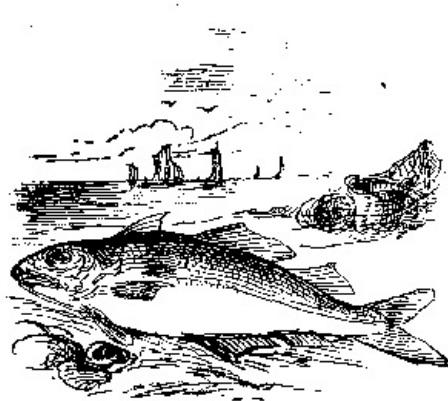
Where the wide wastes of o-cean lie,  
The greed-y Gan-net loves to fly.



The Ri-ver Horse a-mong the reeds  
Of A-fric's lone-ly ri-vers feeds.



Though ve-nom-ous, as authors write,  
The Gek-ko is not known to bite.



A-round our coasts the fish-ers meet  
With Had-docks, which, when dri-ed,  
we eat.





**THE MAY-POLE.**



Round the May-pole, on the  
grass,  
Mer-ry lit-tle foot-steps  
pass;  
In the mid-dle Bes-sie  
stands,  
With the May-pole in her  
hands;  
While her play-mates dance  
and sing  
Round her in an end-less  
ring.  
Soon, in-deed, a feast they'll  
make,  
Cow-slip tea, with nice  
plum-cake—  
And so our leave of them  
we'll take.

## **THE FIRST OF MAY.**

The haw-thorn blos-som, snow-y  
white,  
Hangs thick upon the hedge  
to-day;  
With many flow-ers the fields  
are bright  
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

So let us ga-ther flow-er-ets fair,  
And blos-soms from the haw-  
thorn spray,  
To deck our May-pole stand-ing  
there,  
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

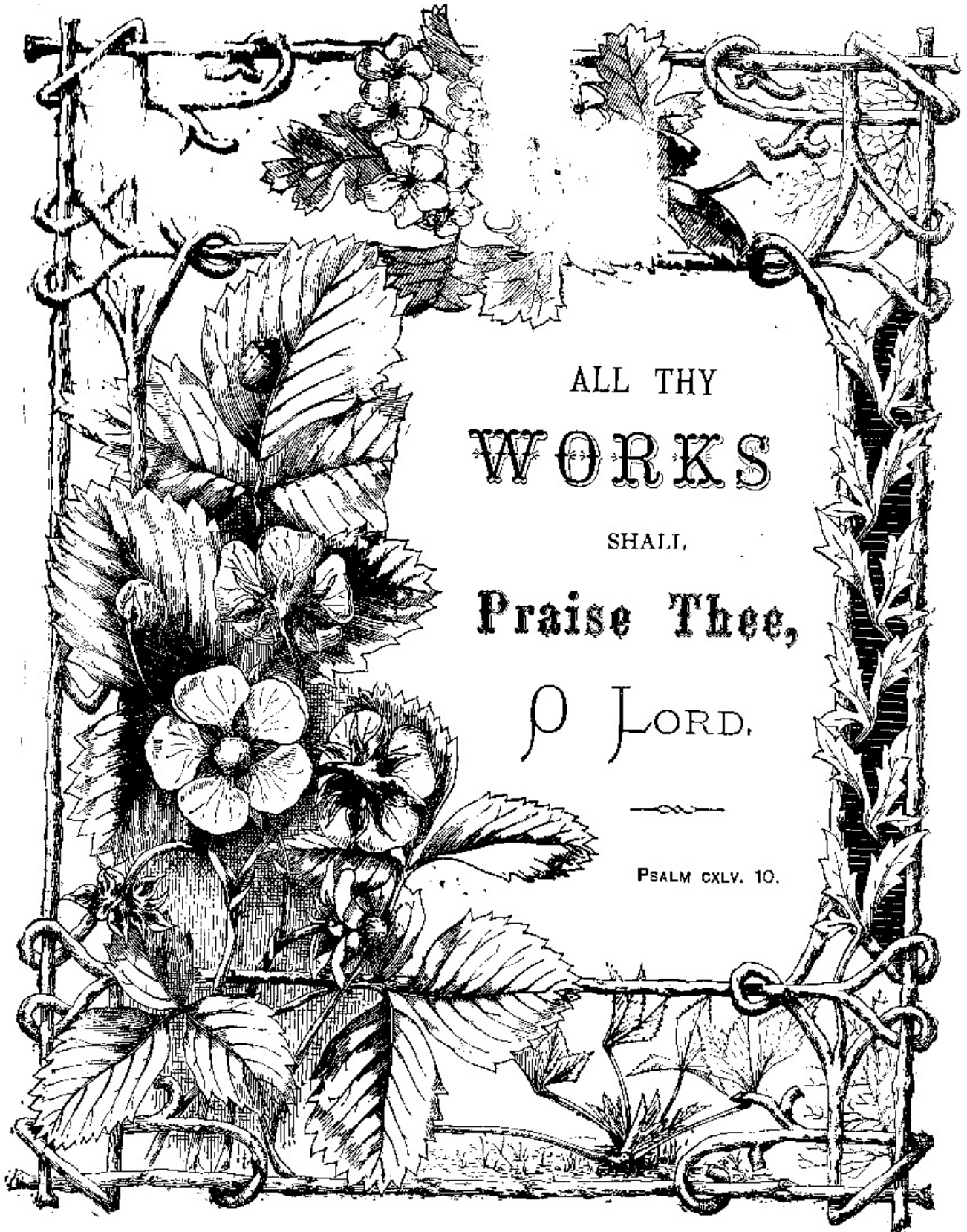
And then, like fai-ries, in a ring,  
A-round it we will dance or  
play,  
And all our glad-dest songs will  
sing  
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

And dear-est Maud shall there  
be seen  
With crown of haw-thorn blos-  
soms gay,  
And she shall be our lit-tle  
queen,  
Upon this mer-ry First of May.

## **UNI-VER-SAL PRAISE.**

See how na-ture now re-joices  
In this sun-ny month of May;  
Still to God from all its voices  
Giv-ing prais-es day by day.  
In the glad green wood-land al-  
leys  
Ev-e-ry bird its an-them trills!  
While flocks feed-ing in the val-  
leys,  
Herds up-on a thou-sand hills,  
Join with ev-ery crea-ture liv-  
ing,  
Here on land, in air, or sea,  
In one great world-wide  
thanks-giv-ing,  
Yield-ing praise, O God, to

Thee!  
All a-round us swells the cho-  
rus  
From this good-ly world of  
ours,  
And earth's al-tar stands be-  
fore us  
Sweet with in-cense from her  
flow-ers.  
So, with Na-ture still con-fess-  
ing  
His great good-ness, let us  
pay  
Grate-ful hom-age for each  
bless-ing  
Of this sun-ny month of May.



ALL THY  
**WORKS**  
SHALL  
**Praise Thee,**  
O LORD.

—  
PSALM CXLV. 10.





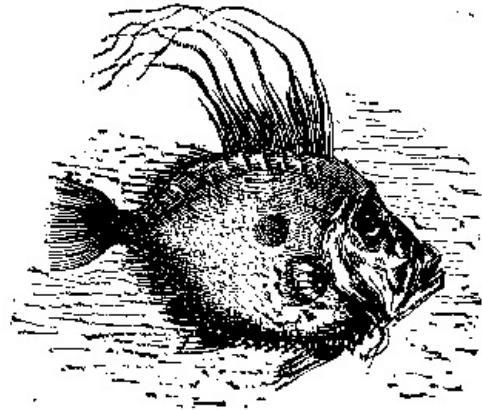
The sa-cred I-bis, we are told,  
The E-gyp-tians much re-vered of old.



On hin-der legs and tail so strong,  
The slim Jer-boa bounds a-long.



The I-gua-na's flesh is sweet and good;  
It haunts the riv-er and the wood.



A row of prick-les, long and keen,  
On the John-Do-ry's back is seen.





## THE DAN-DE-LION CLOCK.

The dan-de-lion blos-soms

gay  
From the fields have passed  
away,  
And in their place left heads  
of grey.  
Now, Min-nie, won't it be  
good fun  
For each of us to ga-ther one,  
And sit and blow them in the  
sun?  
Very hard we both must  
blow,  
And scat-ter all the seeds like  
snow,  
That will be 'one o'clock,' you  
know."

## **TAK-ING CARE OF BA-BY.**

Lit-tle, help-less ba-by dear,  
While with-in your cot you  
lie,  
Sis-ter May is sit-ting near—  
She will sing your lul-la-by.

When at last you fall a-sleep,  
Not the slight-est noise  
she'll make;  
Quiet as a mouse she'll keep,  
Lest she should her dar-ling  
wake.

May will watch you well, for  
though  
She can play and prat-tle  
too,  
'Tis not very long ago  
Since she was a babe like  
you.

Then mam-ma o'er lit-tle May  
Day and night her watch  
would keep;  
May her care can now re-  
pay,  
Watch-ing ba-by whilst a-  
sleep.

## **SUM-MER FLOW-ERS.**

**"The de-sert shall re-joice, and blos-som as the rose."—ISAIAH XXXV. I.**

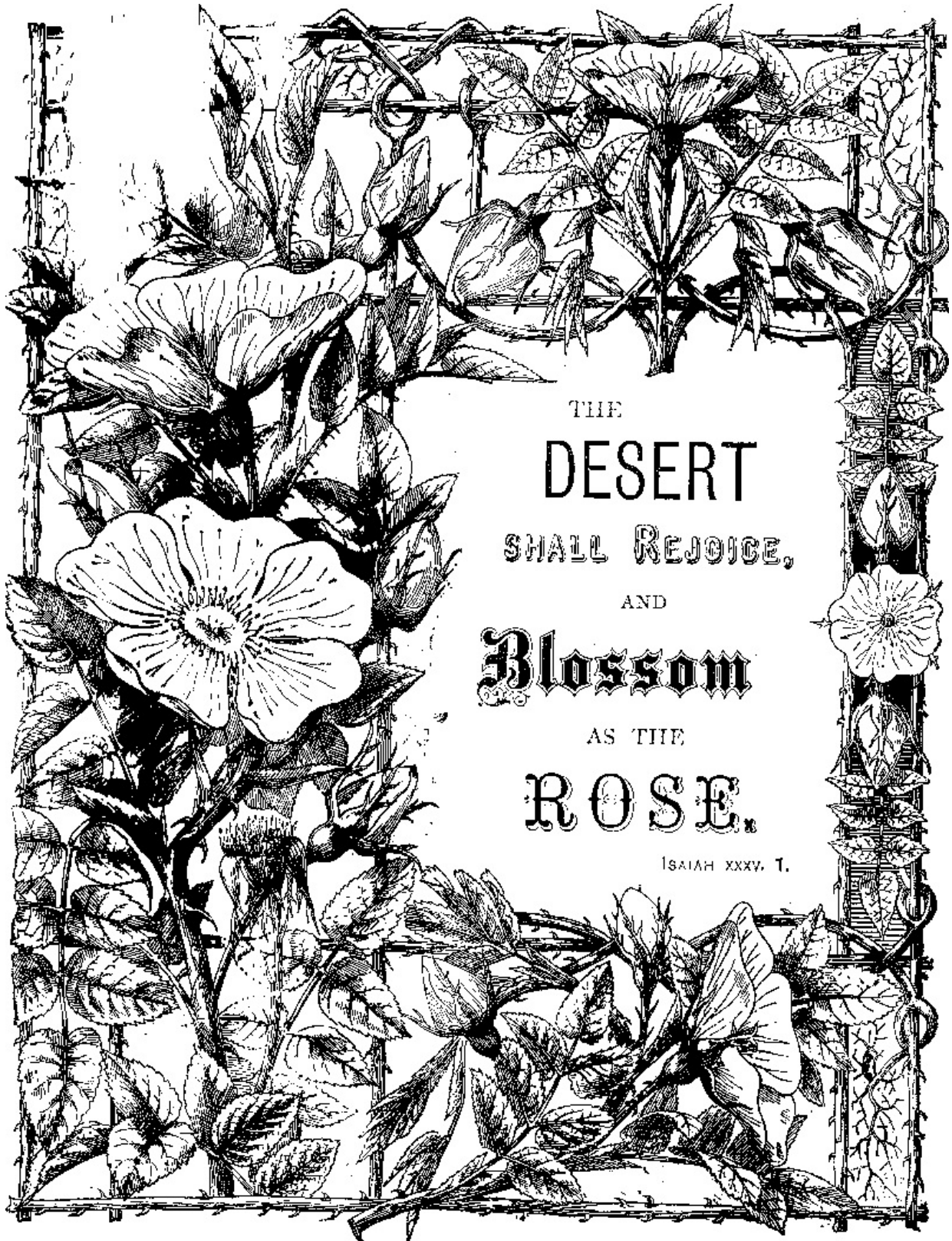
Be-hold the flow-ers of June! how  
fair  
And bright their buds ap-pear,  
As, open-ing to the sum-mer air,  
Our eyes and hearts they cheer!

Who would have thought there  
could a-bound  
Such beau-ty and de-light  
Be-neath the cold and win-try  
ground  
That hid those flow-ers from  
sight?

That pow-er which made and  
governs all—  
The might-y pow-er of God—

A-lone could life and beau-ty call  
Out of the life-less sod.

And He, who from the Win-ter's  
gloom  
Can Sum-mer thus dis-close,  
Shall one day make the de-sert  
bloom,  
And blos-som as the rose.



THE  
DESERT  
SHALL REJOICE,  
AND  
**Blossom**  
AS THE  
ROSE.

ISAIAH XXXV. 1.





## "WHERE'S DICK-EY?"

"Look there!" lit-tle Lot-ty cried,  
"Dick-ey's cage is o-pen wide,  
And, I fear, he's not in-side.  
Cou-sin John,  
Do please stand up-on this  
chair,  
Just to see if he is there.  
Pret-ty Dick, I won-der where  
You are gone!

"Naugh-ty puss, your jaws, you  
lick!  
Have you eat-en lit-tle Dick?  
That would be a cru-el trick!  
No, I see  
Pret-ty Dick has flown a-way,  
And is sing-ing blithe and gay,  
Sit-ting yon-der on a spray  
Of the tree.

"Well, I too should think it  
wrong,  
If a gi-ant, tall and strong,

Just to hear my lit-tle song ev-  
ery day,  
Shut *me* in a cage; and yet  
Thus I did my lit-tle pet—  
So he must be glad to get  
Safe a-way."

## **PLAY-ING AT OM-NI-BUS.**

Says Hu-bert, "Look, how fast  
it pours!  
I'm sure we can't go out of  
doors  
While it is rain-ing thus;  
So let us in the nur-se-ry stay,  
To have a mer-ry game, and  
play  
At driv-ing om-ni-bus.

"Flo-ra and Ted-dy, you must  
be  
The horses, and be driv-en by  
me.  
Mind you go stea-dy—do!  
A place for Char-lie we shall  
find;  
To guard the 'bus he'll ride  
be-hind,  
And take the mon-ey too.

"Dick, with pa-pa's old hat to  
wear,  
Looks just the thing to be a  
fare  
Who wants to ride with us.  
Jump up, sir! Six-pence all the  
way!  
Gee, gee, you horses! Gee, I  
say!"—  
Off goes the om-ni-bus!



With wings scarce mov-ing, through the  
sky,  
The lazy Kite is seen to fly.



The Liz-ard in the sun's warm rays  
De-lights to bask on summer days.



The Kan-ga-roo a poc-ket wears,  
In which her lit-tle ones she bears.



The Lam-prey, in the Se-vern caught,  
Was once the first of dain-ties thought.





**GA-THER-ING POP-PIES.**

Through the corn the children creep,  
Where the nod-ding pop-pies sleep,  
Fill-ing hands and a-prons  
white  
With the scar-let blos-soms  
bright.  
Gau-dy pop-pies must not  
stay  
Till the fu-ture har-vest  
day:  
They would wi-ther when  
the heat  
Ri-pens all the gold-en  
wheat—  
Life for them is short and  
sweet.

## **ON THE WA-TER.**

In our lit-tle boat to glide  
On the wa-ter blue and  
wide,  
While the sky is smooth  
and bright,  
What could give us more  
de-light?  
See the rip-ples, how they  
run,  
Twink-ling bright-ly in the  
sun;  
While re-flect-ed we can  
see  
Sha-dows of each hill and  
tree.  
See the li-lies, round and  
large,  
Float-ing near the reed-y  
marge,  
Where the bul-rush has its  
place  
And the hea-vy wa-ter-  
mace.  
See the great green dra-  
gon-fly,  
And the swal-low skim-  
ming by.  
See the fish-es spring and  
gleam,  
Ere they splash in-to the  
stream,  
See the bright king-fish-er  
too  
Dart a gleam of green and  
blue.  
These are all a-round our  
boat  
On the wa-ter whilst we  
float.

## **HURT-FUL WEEDS.**

**'Ev-e-ry plant, which My hea-ven-ly Fa-ther hath not plant-ed, shall be root-ed up.'—ST.  
MATT. XV. 13.**

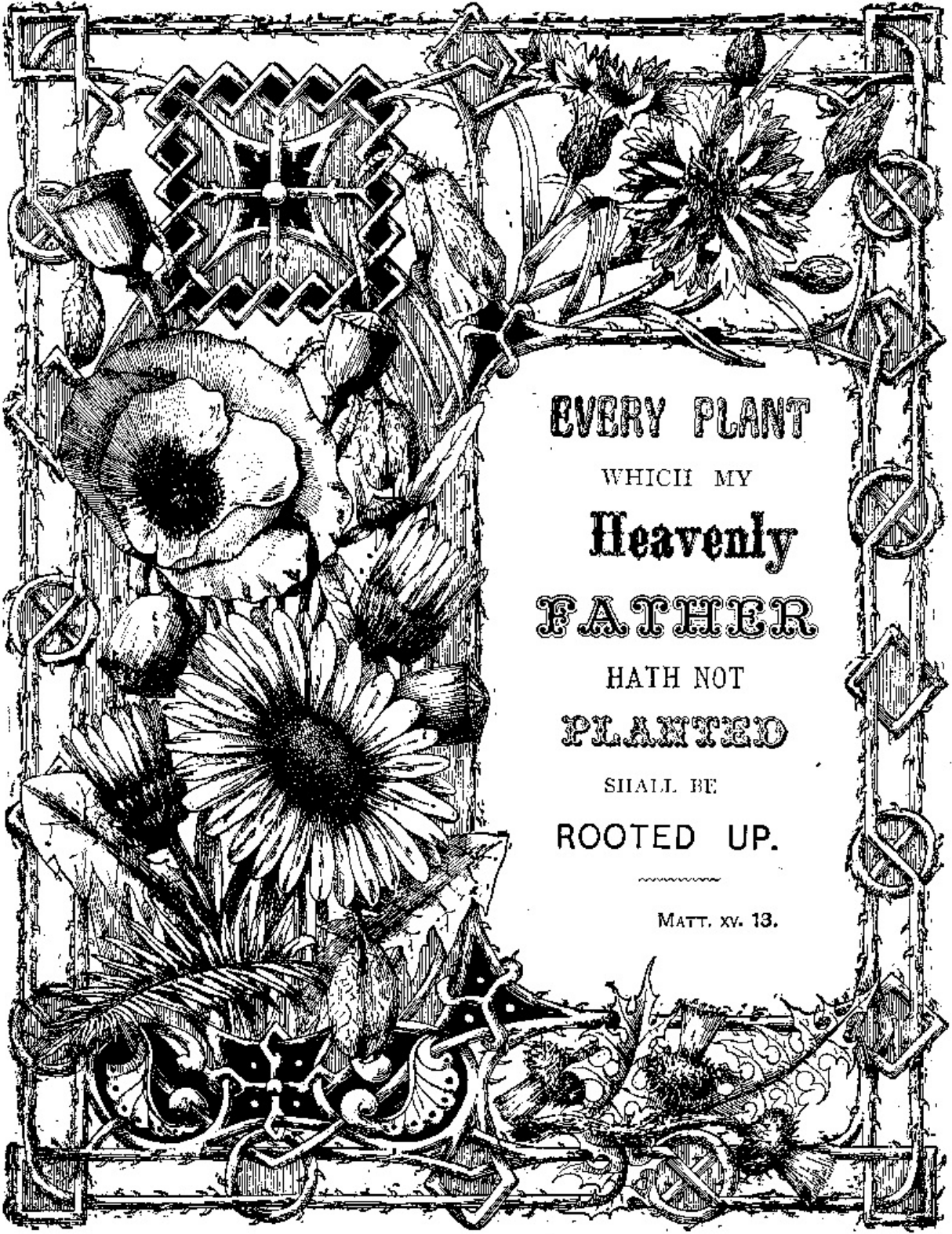
Though in the corn that waves a-  
round  
Are thorns, and many hurt-ful

weeds,  
That spring in e-ven good-ly  
ground  
And plant-ed thick with choic-  
est seeds;

Though in our hearts, how-e-ver  
taught  
And trained to guard them-  
selves from sin,  
The good is mixed with evil  
thought  
Our en-e-my has sown there-in,

God's plant-ing shall not be o'er-  
thrown  
By world-ly weeds that cling a-  
bout  
His corn; and what He hath not  
sown  
Shall in His time be root-ed  
out.

Then, that our lives may yield  
their fruit,  
Still let it be our con-stant  
prayer,  
That God from out our hearts  
will root  
All seeds He hath not plant-ed  
there.



EVERY PLANT  
WHICH MY  
**Heavenly**  
**FATHER**  
HATH NOT  
**PLANTED**  
SHALL BE  
ROOTED UP.

~~~~~  
MATT. XV. 13.





## THE BUT-TER-FLY.

A yel-low But-ter-fly one day,  
Grown tired of play and tired of  
fly-ing,  
Up-on a this-tle blos-som grey  
With out-spread wings was i-dly  
ly-ing.

The stur-dy bees went hum-ming  
by,  
Draw-ing sweet ho-ney from the  
clo-ver,  
Nor stir-red the yel-low But-ter-  
fly,  
For he was but an i-dle ro-ver.

Two lit-tle girls, named Anne and  
May,  
Came by with mirth and laugh-  
ter ring-ing,  
Anne ran to seize the in-sect gay—  
May fol-low-ed fast and ceased  
her sing-ing.

"Oh! dar-ling An-nie, let it be,  
Your touch will rob its plumes of  
beau-ty;  
And God, who made both you and  
me,  
Has taught us kind-ness is a du-  
ty."

## **"GO A-WAY, RO-VER!"**

"You big black dog, go, go a-  
way!

I will not let you bite  
My lit-tle pet; it can-not play,  
You gave it such a fright!

"I think you want to eat it up

Be-cause it is so small,  
But if you dare to touch my  
pup

For help I mean to call;

"And then pa-pa will bring a  
stick,

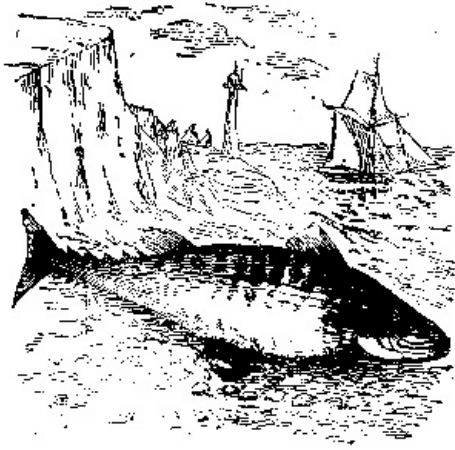
And make you run a-way;  
So, Ro-ver, you had best go  
quick,

And leave us here to play!"

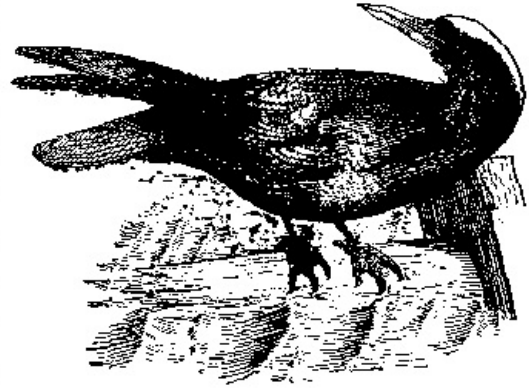
Why, Ro-ver, is quite good  
and tame—

You need not be a-fraid;  
He on-ly wants to have a  
game,

You sil-ly lit-tle maid!



In sum-mer time, a-long our coasts,  
The Mack-a-rel swarm in count-less  
hosts.



A bird so fool-ish is the Nod-dy,  
It may be caught by a-ny-bo-dy.



We all at Mon-keys love to gaze,  
And watch their fun-ny tricks and ways.



The harm-less Newt is to be seen  
In stag-nant ponds, with duck-weed  
green.





**THE RUSH PA-RA-SOL.**

"Oh, come to the brook, sis-

ter Kate,  
Oh, come with me, Het-ty  
and Gus,  
Where rush-es, so long and  
so straight,  
Are grow-ing in thou-sands  
for us!"

Thus cries, to the rest, lit-tle  
May;  
And off to the mea-dow go  
all—  
For nurse has just shown her  
the way  
Of mak-ing a rush pa-ra-sol.

## **LU-CY AND AR-THUR.**

The day was fine, the sun was  
hot,  
So Lu-cy took her pail and  
spade,  
And went to find a nice dry spot  
Where wells and cas-tles  
might be made.

But all the shore just then was  
wet,  
So Lu-cy took off shoes and  
socks;  
She knew that nurse would  
fume and fret  
If they got spoilt by sand or  
rocks.

But Ar-thur was so strong and  
big,  
He thought that he was quite  
a man,  
And he, in boots, would stand  
and dig,  
Which proved a very fool-ish  
plan.

For soon his boots got wet and  
cold,  
And hurt his feet, and made  
him cry;  
He had to sit and hear nurse  
scold,  
While both his boots were put  
to dry.

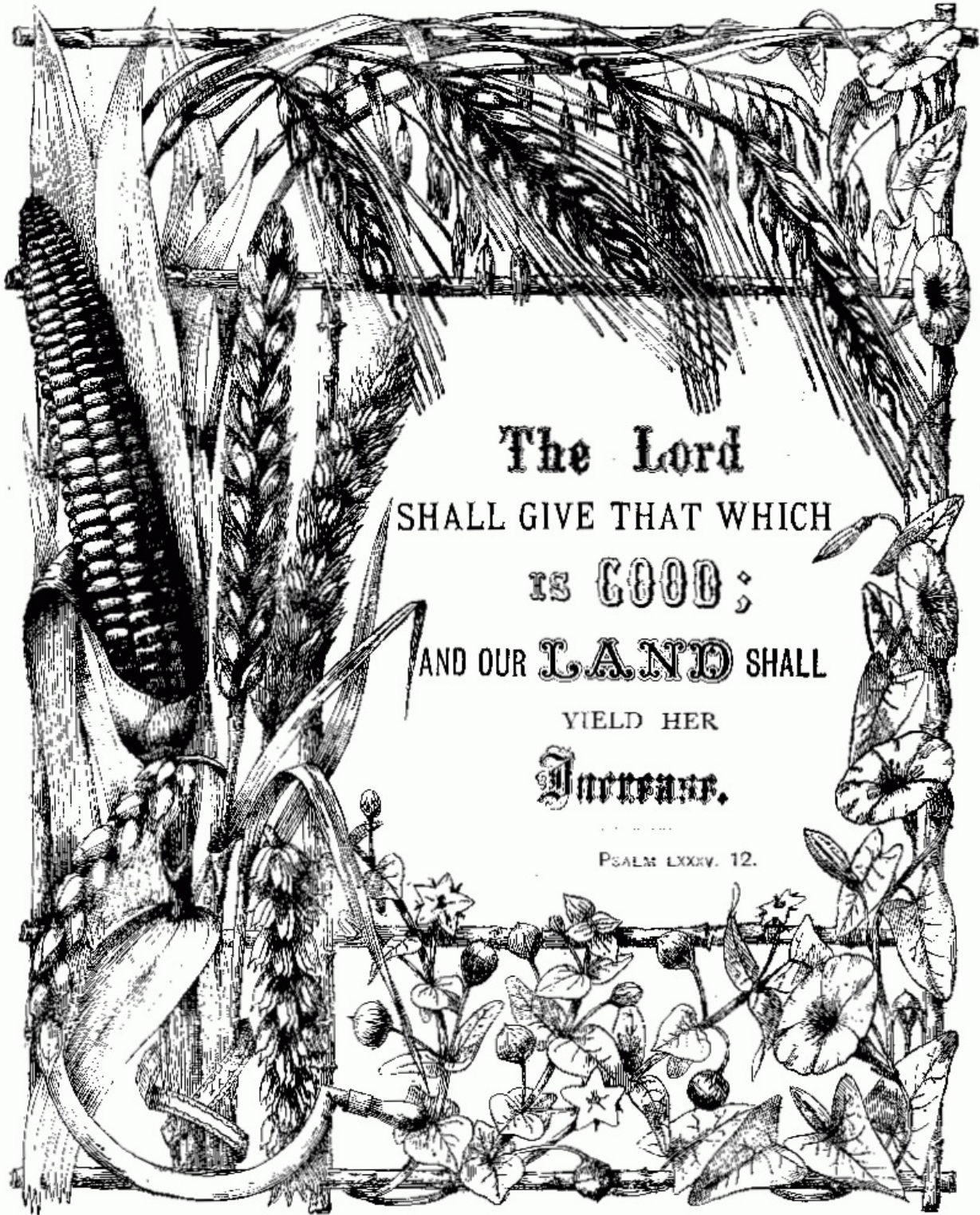
## **THE PRO-VI-DENCE OF GOD.**

**"The Lord shall give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase."—PSALM  
lxxxv. 12.**

The seed was sown long months a-  
go,  
And, through the win-ter's cold  
and snow,  
We trust-ed that God's care would  
bring  
The green and ten-der blade in  
spring,  
Which che-rished by the sun and  
rain  
Of sum-mer, now has yield-ed

grain  
In au-tumn, when the reap-er  
leaves  
His cot to cut and bind the  
sheaves,  
And load with them the nod-ding  
wain  
Which bears them home-ward  
from the plain.

So God's great mer-cies thus a-  
bound;  
His love still brings the sea-sons  
round;  
His bless-ings fill our hap-py  
fields,  
And all our land its in-crease  
yields:  
So if we serve Him as we should,  
Our Lord will give us all things  
good;  
And He who doth the ra-vens feed  
Much more will give us all we  
need!



The Lord  
SHALL GIVE THAT WHICH  
IS GOOD ;  
AND OUR LAND SHALL  
YIELD HER  
Increase.

PSALM LXXXV. 12.





## PLAY-ING A-MONG THE SHEAVES.

Oh, who could there be  
More mer-ry than we,  
On this bright har-vest  
morn.

As we fro-lic and play,  
While we hide a-way,  
A-mong the sheaves of  
corn?

We may fro-lic still  
Wher-e-ver we will,  
But yet we must not  
tread  
To waste with our feet  
The grains of the wheat—  
The wheat that makes  
our bread.

For God, as we need,  
Gives the corn to feed  
And make us well and  
strong;  
And to waste in vain

His gift of the grain  
Would grieve Him, and  
be wrong.

## **KEEP-ING SCHOOL.**

Oh, tell me if e-ver you knew  
A teach-er who looked so se-  
vere  
As sis-ter Ma-ri-a can do,  
When les-sons she's go-ing to  
hear?

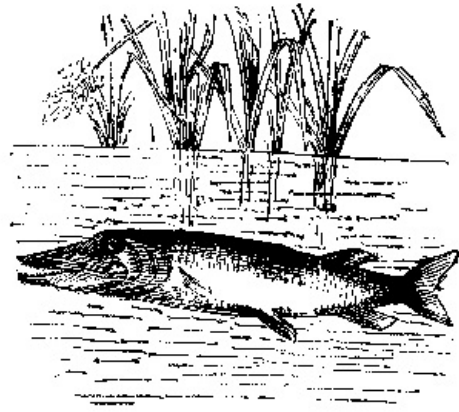
Just look how she holds up her  
cane  
And frowns, as she threat-ens  
each one!  
But yet they'll not cry or com-  
plain,  
Be-cause it is only in fun.

The dunce's cap Dol-ly must  
wear,  
Her task was not learnt very  
well;  
And now lit-tle Jane, I de-clare,  
Pre-tends she's un-a-ble to  
spell.

Yet sis-ter may hold up her cane,  
And though they'll look so-lemn,  
each one,  
From laugh-ter they scarce can  
re-frain.  
Be-cause it is only in fun.



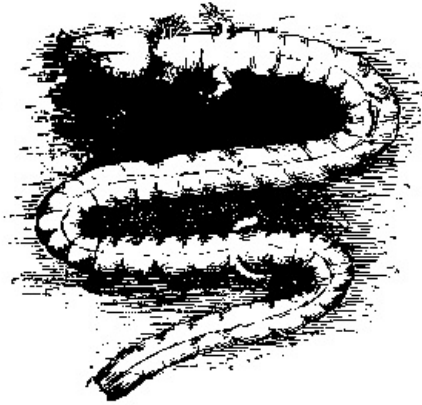
In i-vy, tree, or barn, or tow-er  
The Owl a-waits the e-ven-ing hour.



Be-neath the ri-ver's sedg-y side  
The sav-age Pike de-lights to hide.



The fish-ing Ot-ter may be found  
In streams which flow through Eng-lish  
ground.



In cav-ern pools, in end-less night,  
The poor blind Pro-teus shuns the light.





**SNAP AP-PLE.**

"Come, while it spins round, try

your luck;  
Come, E-thel, and Kate, and your  
bro-thers!  
On two ends two ap-ples are stuck,  
And an on-ion on each of the o-  
thers.  
Be ready, and snap as they pass,  
Be quick, if you mean to be right,  
Or not the sweet ap-ples, a-las!  
'Twill be, but the on-ions, you'll  
bite."

## MILK-ING TIME.

Through the long day the cows  
are seen  
All graz-ing as they go,  
Wan-der-ing a-long the mea-  
dows green  
Where yel-low hawk-weeds  
grow.

But when the clock with-in the  
tower  
Strikes five, they al-ways pace  
Slow-ly—for well they know the  
hour—  
Home to the milk-ing place.

Then in the yard quite still they  
stand,  
Swing-ing their la-zy tails,  
Where Ann and Su-san are at  
hand  
With stools and milk-ing pails

I love to see the white milk  
flow,  
And in the pail froth up;  
And Ann, who is so kind, I  
know,  
Will let me fill my cup.

## AU-TUMN.

**"Be glad then, and re-joice in the Lord your God."—JOEL ii. 23.**

'Tis au-tumn now; the corn is  
cut,  
But o-ther gifts for us are  
spread,  
The pur-ple plum, the ripe  
brown nut,  
And pears and ap-ples,  
streaked with red,  
A-mong the dark-green branch-  
es shine,  
Or on the grass be-neath them  
fall;  
While full green clus-ters deck  
the vine  
That trails o'er trel-lis, roof,  
and wall.

In our dear land the la-den trees  
Be-speak God's pro-vi-dence  
and love;  
He sends all need-ful gifts like  
these

For those who trust in Him a-  
bove.  
How good is He to make such  
choice  
Of plea-sant fruits for us to  
grow!  
'Tis meet, in-deed, that we re-  
joice  
In Him who loves His chil-dren  
so.





## THE SQUIR-REL.

"Squir-rel, squir-rel, brown  
and brisk,  
High a-bove me in the  
tree,  
I can see you bound and  
frisk,  
I can see you peep at me.

"Squir-rel, squir-rel, you  
can play;  
Mer-rier beast is none  
than you;  
Yet you are not only gay,  
You are wise and mer-ry  
too.

You can play till sum-mer's  
o'er,  
And the nuts come fall-ing  
free,  
Then to hoard your win-ter  
store  
You are busy as a bee.



"Squir-rel, squir-rel, I  
would bound  
Gai-ly at my sports as you,  
And, like you, I would be  
found  
Care-ful for the fu-ture  
too."

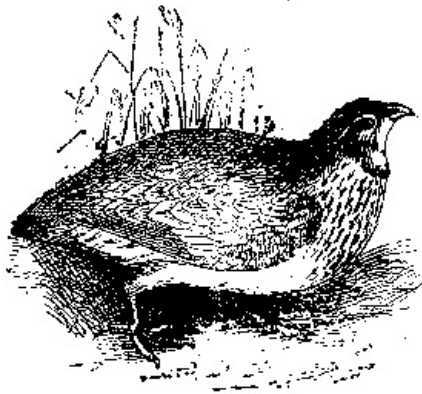
## "CON-TRA-RY WINDS"

Both Tom and Will had e-qual  
skill  
In mak-ing lit-tle boats and  
ships;  
They cut a-way a whole half  
day,  
And co-vered all the floor with  
chips.

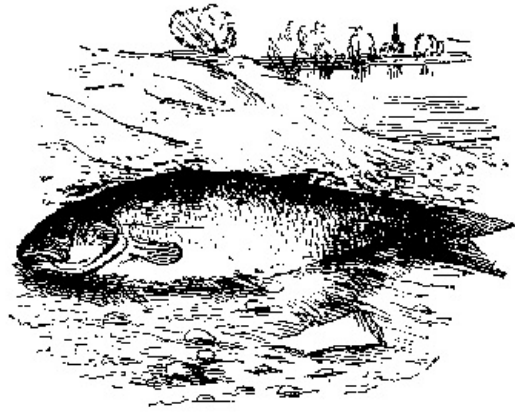
And when the boys had made  
their toys,  
They thought to put them to  
the test—  
To try which boat, when set a-  
float,  
Would sail a-cross a tub the  
best.

But Will and Tom, each blow-  
ing from  
A dif-fe-rent side, you well  
may guess,  
No boats could go straight on,  
and so  
They tacked a-bout in great  
dis-tress.

Such heavy gales a-gainst their  
sails  
Made both the boats go whirl-  
ing round;  
The sails got wet, the boats up-  
set,  
And all the crew on board  
were drowned.



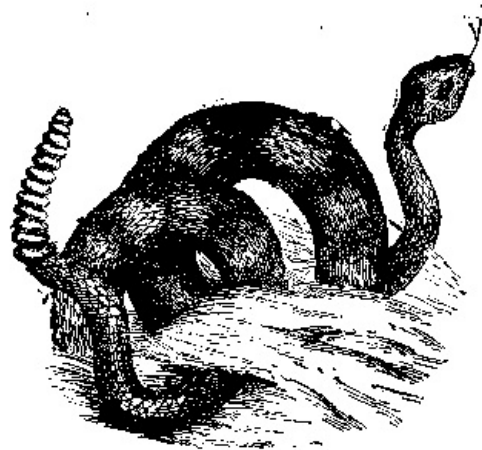
When the warm sum-mer days draw near,  
From south-ern climes the Quails ap-  
pear.



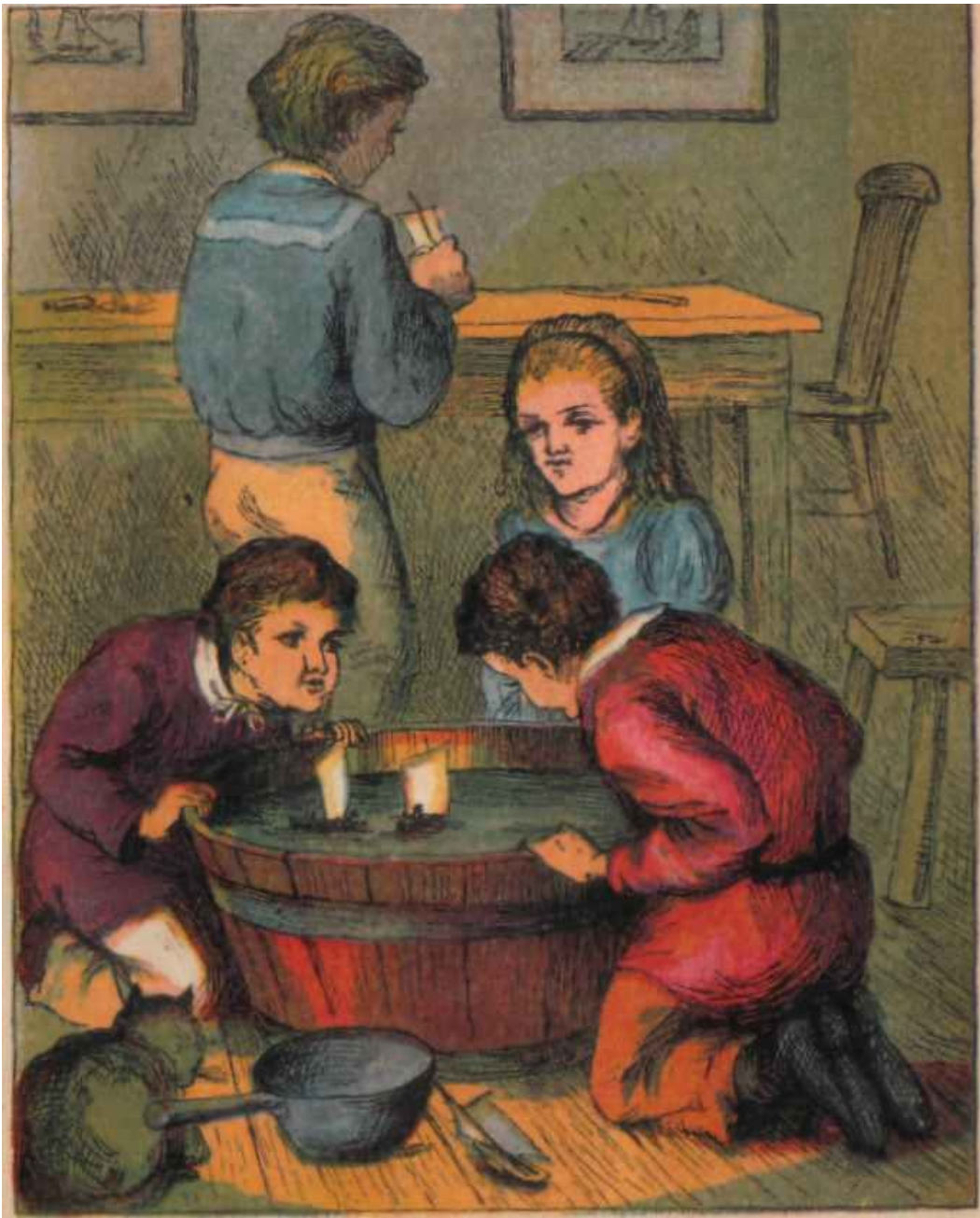
The fish-er-man the Roach may hook,  
In quiet pond or gentle brook.



South Afric's plains the Quag-gas roam,  
Re-mote from farm or set-tler's home



When the fell Rat-tle-snake slides near,  
The In-dian may its rat-tle hear.





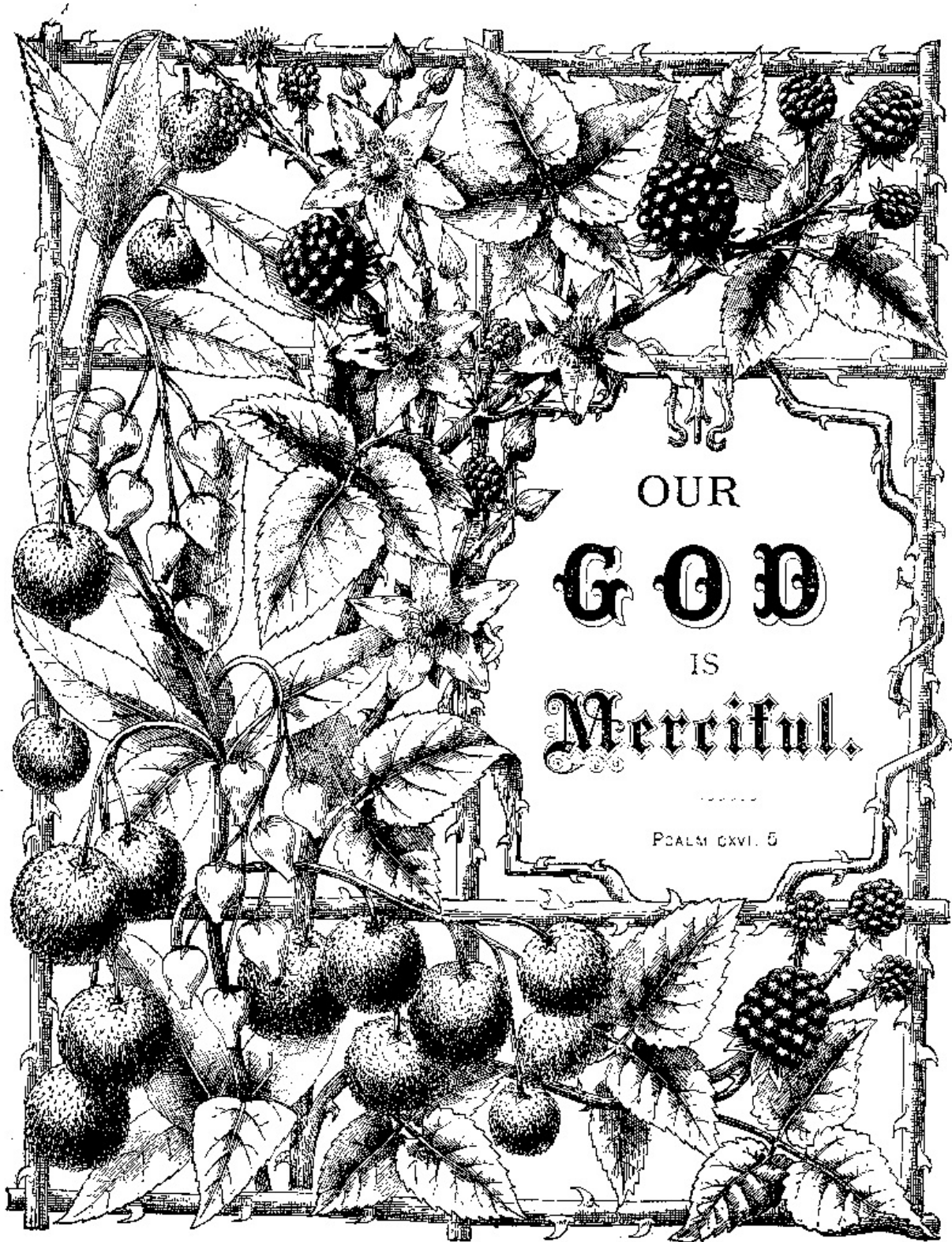
**BAT-TLE-DORE AND SHUT-TLE-COCK.**

See these mer-ry chil-

dren four,  
Now their les-son time  
is o'er,  
Deal-ing with the bat-  
tle-dore  
Steady blow on blow;

Till the fea-thered shut-  
tle-cocks  
Fly at their al-ter-nate  
knocks,  
"Re-gu-lar as kitch-en  
clocks,"  
Spin-ning to and fro.





OUR  
**G O D**  
IS  
**Merciful.**

PSALM CXXVI. 5

### CUT-TING NAMES.

See where the spread-ing beech  
has made  
Be-neath its boughs a plea-sant  
shade

To screen them from the sun;  
There George, and Anne, and  
Ma-ry play,  
Or read up-on each sun-ny day,  
When all their tasks are done.

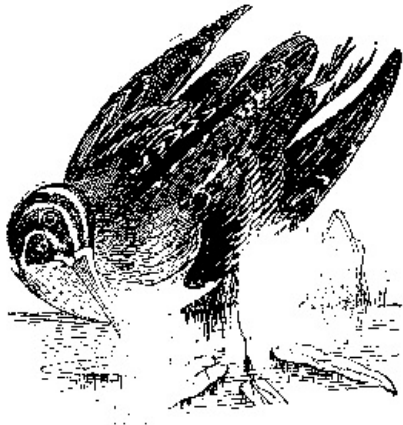
George has pulled out his knife,  
you see,  
And on the smooth-barked  
beech-en tree

Has some-thing found to do;  
He's carv-ing deep, and plain,  
and well  
The let-ters, one by one, which  
spell  
His name and An-nie's too.

His sis-ter An-nie, stand-ing by,  
Is watch-ing with a cu-ri-ous eye,  
And won-der-ing at his skill.  
To men and wo-men when they  
grow,  
They'll come and find the beech  
tree show  
Those names quite plain-ly still.

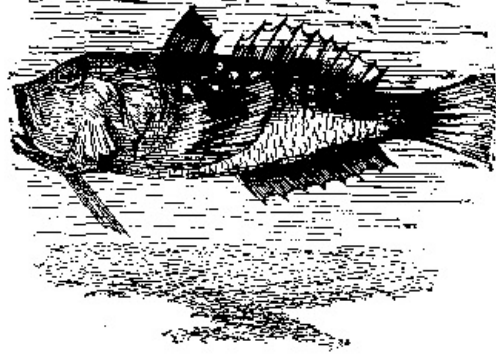
## **THE CON-CERT.**

"See how it rains! We can-not  
go  
Our walk a-cross the fields;  
and so,  
Since Tom and Et-tie Holmes  
are come,  
And cous-in Fred has brought  
his drum,  
And some can sing, and o-  
thers play,  
We'll have a con-cert here to-  
day.  
You, Tom, must in the mid-dle  
stand,  
And mark the time, with stick  
in hand;  
You, bro-ther Ben, the tongs  
must take,  
For they will good tri-an-gles  
make;  
Hal clicks the 'bones,' and  
Em-me-line  
Will beat her lit-tle tam-bour-  
ine,  
And cous-in Fred will drum a-  
way,  
And Kate the con-cer-ti-na  
play.  
All must at-tend to Tom; and  
mind  
None play too fast, nor lag be-  
hind;  
And then, I'm sure, we all  
shall see  
How grand a con-cert this will  
be,  
And say this is the wis-est way  
To spend this wet Oc-to-ber  
day."

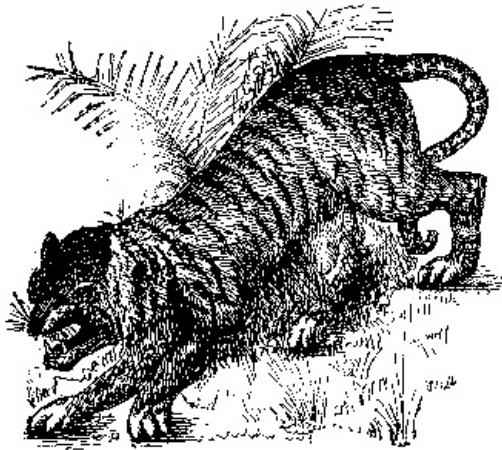


The long-bil-led Snipe fre-quents our  
clime

About the chil-ly au-tumn time.



The U-rano-sco-pus hides a-mong  
The mud, and an-gles with its tongue.



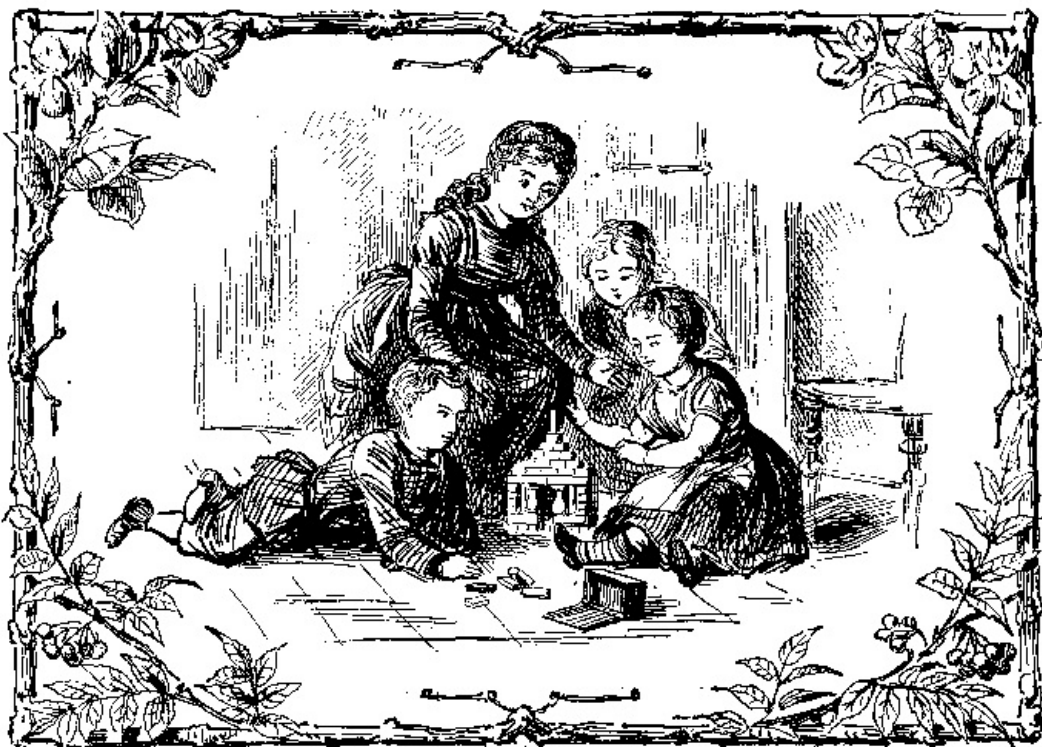
The Ti-ger, from his hid-den lair,  
Springs on the tra-vel-ler un-a-ware.



Though gay and pleas-ing to the sight,  
The Vi-per has a dead-ly bite.







**PLAY-ING WITH WOOD-EN BRICKS.**

An In-di-an tem-ple on the floor  
The chil-dren build with wood-  
en bricks,  
They've placed two pil-lars by  
the door,  
And on the roof they now  
would fix  
A good tall spire, so Et-ty takes  
A long-er brick, and sets it  
there;  
And though when-e'er we walk  
it shakes,  
It will not tum-ble, I de-clare!

## CAUGHT IN THE FOG.

Anne and Jane will long re-mem-  
her  
How, one morn-ing in No-vem-  
ber,  
As they both were home-ward  
stroll-ing,  
Round the Lon-don fog came  
roll-ing—  
First, a yel-low dark-ness fall-  
ing,  
Then a noise of link-boys call-  
ing,  
Cab, and 'bus, and cart-wheels  
rum-bling,  
Hor-ses on the pave-ment stum-  
bling,  
Peo-ple, in the smoke and smo-  
ther,  
Run-ning up a-gainst each other,  
No one see-ing, much less know-  
ing,  
Whi-ther he or she was go-ing.  
Little Jane clung to her sis-ter,  
While Anne com-fort-ed and  
kissed her,  
For the girls felt bro-ken-heart-  
ed,  
Fear-ing lest they should be  
part-ed.  
So they were when Char-lie  
found them,  
Lost a-mid the crowd a-round  
them,  
But so glad when they es-pied  
him,  
And came trip-ping home beside  
him.

## TRUST IN GOD.

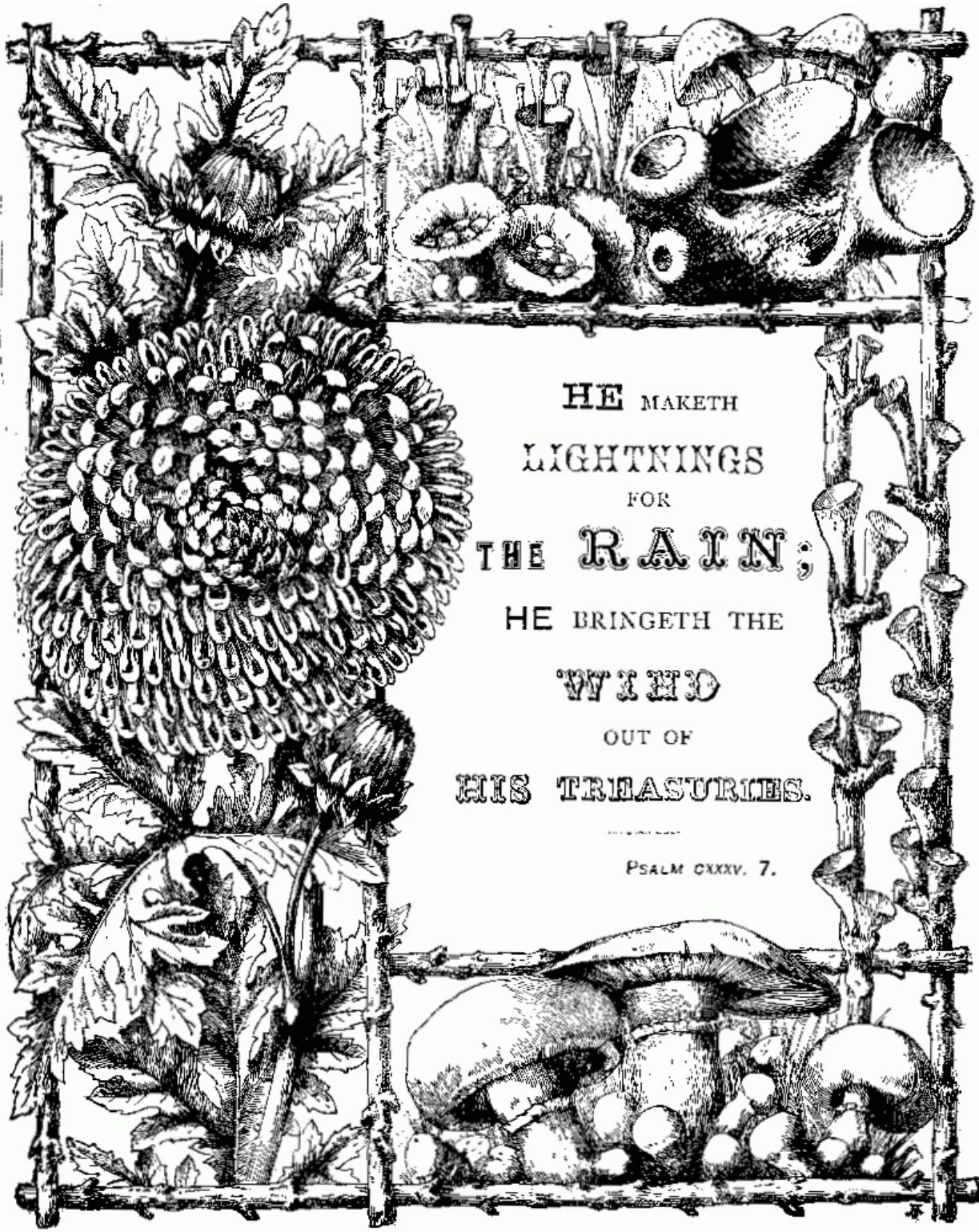
**"He ma-keth light-nings for the rain; He bring-eth the wind out of His trea-sur-ies."—Ps.  
CXXXV. 7.**

Our God who reign-est up on  
high,  
Though light-nings flash a-  
cross the sky,  
And howl-ing tem-pests hur-ry  
by,  
We fear not these, for Thou art  
nigh  
To all who trust in Thee.

Though now the sky is o-ver-  
cast,  
And hea-vy rains are fall-ing  
fast,  
And storm and sleet go driv-ing  
past,  
And day by day the moan-ing  
blast  
    Sweeps dead leaves from the  
tree,

No-vem-ber time, that seems  
so drear,  
When days are dark and win-  
ter near,  
Will pass at length, and Christ-  
mas cheer  
The last hours of the dy-ing  
year  
    With song and dance and  
mirth.

And in due time Thy mighty  
pow-er  
Will give the spring, with sun  
and shower,  
The o-pen-ing leaf, the ear-ly  
flow-er,  
And birds in e-ve-ry wood-land  
bow-er  
    Will sing to glad-den earth.



HE MAKETH  
LIGHTNINGS  
FOR  
THE RAIN;  
HE BRINGETH THE  
WIND  
OUT OF  
HIS TREASURIES.

PSALM CXXXV. 7.



## HOME FROM SCHOOL.

Come, Meg and El-len, don't  
com-plain,  
For, see, the geese en-joy the  
rain,  
And dog-gie docs not fret;  
And yet,  
The drops come rol-ling down  
his ears,  
And nose, and whisk-ers, just  
like tears;  
Poor Mop, he's drip-ping wet!  
Our big um-brel-la co-vers  
three,  
And snug and dry we all may  
be,  
And chat-ter as we go,  
And show  
The grumb-ling peo-ple whom  
we meet  
That nei-ther wind, nor driv-ing  
sleet,  
Can spoil our tem-pers.—No,  
We will not take such days as

this,  
Nor any-thing God sends, a-  
miss,  
But what we can-not cure  
Endure;  
And this will prove a Gold-en  
Rule  
To prac-tise as we walk from  
school—  
Of that we may be sure.

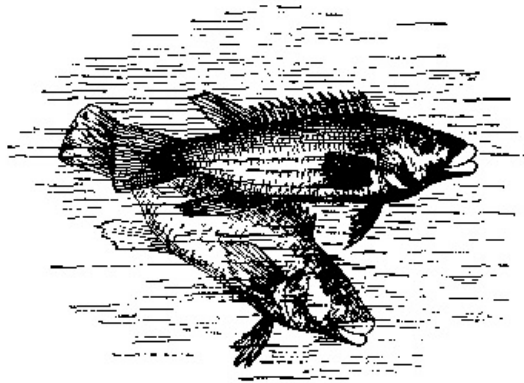
## **THE KIT-TENS' BATH.**

One day when Lil-lie saw her cat  
Sit down and lick a kit-ten's  
face;  
"No, puss," said she, "don't wash  
like that—  
My bath will be the pro-per  
place.

"I'll show you how to wash them,  
puss."  
So in she dipped them one by  
one;  
Poor Min-nie mewed and made a  
fuss,  
But Lil-lie only thought it fun.

Puss feared her lit-tle kits would  
drown,  
And did her best to get them  
out;  
While Lil-lie dipped them up and  
down,  
And splashed the wa-ter all a-  
bout.

Till nurse came up and saw the  
mess,  
Took out the kit-tens, and  
instead  
Made thought-less Lil-lie quite  
un-dress,  
And have her bath and go to  
bed.



We find the snow-y Whi-ting most  
A-bound along our South-ern coast.



The Xen-o-pel-tis has a hide,  
With spots of man-y co-lours dyed.



Who roams through Eng-land's mea-  
dows fair  
May see the Yel-low-ham-mer there.



See, with long tail but scan-ty mane,  
The Ze-bra gal-lops o'er the plain.





**TURN-ING THE TRENCH-ER.**

If, at this old Christ-mas  
game,  
Kate, who spins the trench-  
er, call  
Any play-er out by name,  
He must catch it ere it fall.

If "Move all" she should re-  
peat,  
All sit still; but if she say  
"Twi-light," each must  
change his seat,  
Or a for-feit he must pay.

## THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The East-ern sages watched  
the sky,  
They looked from night till  
morn,  
There shone a bright, new  
star on high,  
They knew that Christ was  
born.

Then up they rose, and came  
from far,  
They jour-neyed night and  
day,  
Led by the shin-ing of that  
star,  
And found Him where He  
lay.

There is not any need for us  
To leave our homes be-hind,  
Through dis-tant lands to tra-  
vel thus  
The Son of God to find.

For home to us each Christ-  
mas Day  
The new-born Sa-vi-our  
brings;  
Then shall we not our hom-  
age pay  
Like those good East-ern  
kings?

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