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WHAT'S THE MATTER ?

I WONDER if the little birds,
That soar above my head,
Are scolded all the sunny day,
And then sent off to bed ?

I almost wish *I* was a bird,
And had a pair of wings ;
I'd fly away from this dull place,
And all these stupid things.

I'm sure 'tis not so very wrong
For girls to like to play ;
I don't know why they want us to
Be studying all day.

I haven't learned my lesson yet,
Or sewed that horrid seam ;
I've broke my doll, and sent my swing
Above the highest beam.

Everything is going wrong,
And has been all the day ;
I hate to work, and seems to me
I almost hate to play.

I wonder why I feel so cross
When mother is so kind ;
She sighs and speaks so very low
When I don't want to mind.

I am a naughty, wilful girl—
I knew it all the while ;
I'll run and tell dear mother so,
And then how soon she'll smile.

And if I live to see the sun
Upon another day,
I'll find my highest happiness
In giving up my selfish way.

—Independent.