

THE SNARE.

Once I heard a buzzing nigh,
Sounded like a silly fly ;
Searching round me I did spy
It in a spider's net.

When the fly the centre shook,
Spider saw it from its nook ;
Then he gave a knowing look,
And to action set.

Now with him a rope he brought,
T'was to mend the net it broke ;
His presence gave the fly a shock,
For well he knew his fate.

Spider then walked round and round,
Proved the fly was on his ground ;
None to help fly could be found,
Alas, it was too late.

Poor little fly, one foot was free,
But, alas, the spider he,
Soon fastened it as fast could be,
With his cruel rope.

That spider's heart was surely stone,
To think that he could look upon
The fly's distress, and hear it moan,
"Twas to the spider sport.

A short way off he stood at ease,
The fly's wings fluttering made a breeze ;
And that the spider seemed to please,
Though not a word he said.

He stood a while to whet his sting,
Then at the fly he made a spring,
And soon made fast that little wing,
Then stung him dead.

Now, gentle folk, we all may take,
And out of this a moral make ;
Nor need we good manners break :
Beware of gin.

"That is all very nice Gussie ; but really I would not care for a barn full of it. You will never make a penny by it, child. No, no, you must contrive something to make money by, for we will get no more from the old man, now, he is away ; at least, not likely."