

BOBBY.

" Good boys behaves, and so they don't get
scolded,
Nor drop hot milk on folks as they pass
by."

JOHNNY (*piously*).

" Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones's
bald head,
But I shan't try."

To this stage the piece is admirable.
Then a discordant note is struck.
The next remark of Bobby (aged
three and a half) is to this effect:—

" Do you know why Aunt Jane is always
snarling
At you and me because we tells a lie,
But she don't slap that man that called her
darling?
Do you know why?"

In his desire to make a point the
author transgresses fatally. And in
the next stanza the Seventh Com-
mandment is jeopardized, just as in
the modern novel, and we throw
away the book.

Looking forward is a childish
amusement akin to making believe.
" When I am grown up " is a form of
words constantly on the child's
tongue:—

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

So says the child in Mr. Steven-
son's book. Elsewhere he descends
to particulars, and decides that of all
professions his choice would be the
lamplighter's. But you must have
the exquisite little poem in full:—

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left
the sky,
'Tis time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;
For every night at tea-time, and before you
take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes post-
ing up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver, and Maria go
to sea,
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as he
can be,
But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I'm to do,
Oh, Leerie, I'll go round at nights and light
the lamps with you.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before
the door,
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so
many more;
And oh, before you hurry by with ladder and
with light,
Oh, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night.

If I had to forget all the poems in the
" Child's Garden " and retain but one,
I should, I think, choose " The
Lamplighter." The last line wanders
through the passages of the mind like
a gentle musical phrase.

In " Poems Written for a Child "
(1868), a volume in which the late
Menella Bute Smedley, and an anony-
mous writer known as " A," collabo-
rated, there are some good " Looking
forward " verses called " A Boy's
Aspirations," from Miss Smedley's
pen. Here are three stanzas out of
the ten:—

I was four yesterday, when I'm quite old
I'll have a cricket-ball made of pure gold;
I'll carve the roast meat and help soup and
fish;
I'll get my feet wet whenever I wish.

I'll spend a hundred pounds every day;
I'll have the alphabet quite done away;
I'll have a parrot without a sharp beak;
I'll see a pantomime six times a week.

I'll have a rose-tree always in bloom;
I'll keep a dancing bear in mamma's room;
I'll spoil my best clothes and not care a pin;
I'll have no visitors ever let in.

These lines are good, although now
and then erroneous. The mistakes
are due to ignorance of boy-nature.
A boy, for example, neither wants a
cricket-ball made of gold—it would
be against the laws—nor a rose-tree
always in bloom. Nor would it strike