

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 Commandment 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. Stevenson'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 posting 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 anonymous writer known as "A," collaborated, 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