

THE GOLD THREAD.

A Story for the Young.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

Author of "The Earnest Student," "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," &c., &c.

With Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, GOURLAY STEELL, and
J. MACWHIRTER.

From the Caledonian Mercury.

THIS is one of the prettiest as it is one of the best children's books in the language. Dr. Macleod is great as a preacher and writer, but he is nowhere so great as in the field of nursery literature. Wherever there are children, if our advice is taken, there will be a GOLD THREAD. It is impossible to give any idea of the book by extracts, but we cannot refrain from quoting *The Squirrel's Song*, which stamps Dr. Macleod as a true poet. As little Eric, the hero of the story, lies at the foot of a gigantic tree, he thinks he hears, in his half-waking dream, a little squirrel sing this song:—

I'm a merry, merry squirrel,
All day I leap and whirl
Through my home in the old beech-tree;
If you chase me I will run
In the shade and in the sun,
But you never, never can catch me!
For round a bough I'll creep,
Playing hide-and-seek so sly,
Or through the leaves bo-peep,
With my little shining eye.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha!

Up and down I run and frisk
With my bushy tail to whisk
All who mope in the old beech-trees;
How droll to see the owl,
As I make him wink and scowl,
When his sleepy, sleepy head I tease!
And I waken up the bat,
Who flies off with a scream,
For he thinks that I'm the cat
Pouncing on him in his dream.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha!

Through all the summer long
I never want a song
From my birds in the old beech-trees;
I have singers all the night,
And, with the morning bright,
Come my busy humming fat brown bees
When I've nothing else to do,
With the nursing birds I sit,
And we laugh at the cuckoo
A cuckooing to her tit!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha!

When winter comes with snow,
And its cruel tempests blow
All the leaves from my old beech-trees,
Then beside the wren and mouse
I furnish up a house,
Where like a prince I live at my ease!
What care I for hail or sleet,
With my hairy cap and coat;
And my tail across my feet,
Or wrapp'd about my throat!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha!