

SUNBEAM

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Great baby's a puzzle to me,
With his "queer little snooty nose;"
His clothes are put on, I can see,
As thickly as leaves on a rose;
They don't seem to fit the least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of repose.

They turn him around, upside down,
And dandle him right in the air;
How the loveliest baby in town,
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere,
They say "Baby's king,"
And then shake the poor thing;
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king
When all of your subjects are mad,
And imagine a wild Highland fling,
Can alone make your majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke in the chin is a joke
Your highness delights in when sad?

But yes, you're a puzzle to me,
You solemn-eyed, infantile king:
A real king might climb up a tree
And you wouldn't say anything.
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,
Of things more amusing than these:
And when half the night long
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand,
The pre-mundane funny idea.
Perhaps if we knew
What most amused you
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

A WALK.

Bright and warm shone the sun, and the bird that lives in the apple-tree was singing his best song when Dora and Don started out to take a walk.

"You may go to the end of the lane and back," said mamma.

They stopped at the little brook that ran right across the lane. Don threw a stone into it, and Dora tried to count the big rings of water, and wondered what made it do so.

A little red squirrel came running along on the rail fence. They both ran after it, and called it to come back; but it wouldn't come. I wonder why.

Then they saw a grasshopper. Don laid his umbrella down on the grass and tried to hop too, but he couldn't do it half as well. I wonder why.

Then they heard a rap, rap, rap, and looking up, they saw a bird rapping on the side of a big tree. What do you think the bird wanted?

Dora picked some clover blossoms, and Don called it "pretty grass." "Why