

The Stars.

Little stars that shine so bright,
I love to look at you each night,
You seem to me like angels' eyes
Watching o'er me from the skies.

Pussy Willows.

Dear little pussies, in gray coats of fur,
I'm listening hard to hear if you purr;
When my kitty's cosy and warm in my lap,
She purrs, and she purrs, till she falls in a nap.

A Busy Worker.

The trees are hung with spangles bright,
With diamonds sparkling in the light;
Whose work is this? we all guess right,
Jack Frost was busy all last night.

Earth's Winter Dress.

Dear Mother Earth looks so dainty and bright
In her pretty new dress, so pure and so white;
The dear little flakes have been busy all day
Working so hard in their own quiet way.

—Primary Education.

The Wind.

The wind is blowing very hard
Everywhere tonight;
I really fear for the little stars,
I hope they'll hold on tight.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
O wind, a blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, ablowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert L. Stevenson.

A Riddle For the Little Ones.

I bloom among the roses,
And I kiss the violet's cheek;
I am heard in every echo,
But I'm sure I never speak.

In childhood I see double,
But not at all in age;
I'm always found in trouble
By the poet and the sage.

In the storm and in the morning,
In the ocean, in its roar,
In fair woman, her adorning,
In the now and evermore.

I'm with the good and holy,
But ne'er with rich and fair;
Abiding with the lowly,
I give the poor a double share.

Pray search and find me, children,
I'm in both north and south;
I am ever very near you,
In your tongue and in your mouth.

—The Western Teacher.

A Story in Two Parts.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

A Good Night Song.

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

A Very Late Scholar.

A diller, a dollar;
A ten o'clock scholar;
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

The Chickadee.

Amid the sleet and cold and snow,
This black-capped bird will fearless go
On tireless wing to hunt for seeds
That may be left on worthless weeds.
He swings and sways, poor little bird!
But utters no complaining word.
Though storms may rage, he'll cheery be
For warm his coat—and he is free!
So small is he, so dull his coat,
We'd pass him by but for his note;
His name he calls to you and me—
'Tis chick-a-dee, brave chick-a-dee!

—Sarah E. Sprague...