

## P O E T R Y.



## THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT. ;

Little birds sleep sweetly  
In their soft round nests,  
Crouching in the cover  
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,  
All the summer night,  
With their old ewe mothers,  
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet  
Lie our little heads,  
With our own dear mothers  
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices  
Sing our hush-a-bies,  
While the room grows darker  
As we shut our eyes.

When we play at evening  
Round our father's knees,  
Birds are not so merry,  
Singing on the trees ;

Lambs are not so happy,  
Mid the meadow flowers ;  
They have play and pleasure,  
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's lov'ng,  
Works of love will do ;  
Those we dearly cherish,  
We must honour too ;

To our father's teaching  
Listen day by day,  
And our mother's bidding  
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood.  
Our dear Lord was here,  
He too was obedient  
To His mother dear.

And His little children  
Must be good as He,  
Gentle and submissive,  
As He used to be.

*Children's Magazine.*

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Said a bright little daughter, " This garment, dear papa,  
To colour will make it look richer ;  
So to do it up pretty, to please you and ma.  
I've got some good rum in my pitcher.  
And I am sure this will give it a rich dazzling hue "

And people will ask where I had it,  
So I'll hasten away and my industry show,  
And get a large portion of credit."

Said the father, with wonder. his face looking blue,

" Your knowledge is small, my dear daughter ;  
For to colour good red, I most sure never knew

That rum was much better than water."  
" But, dear papa, I've been told," the philosopher said,

" By mother, who sure ought to know it,  
'Tis the rum gives your nose such a bright dazzling red,  
And this is the reason I do it."

## I AND WE.

" Cork, May the 6th, year ninety-four,"  
(Thus wrote a captain—now no more—  
To let his owners understand  
Why he was then in Erin's land ;  
For he had his departure ta'en  
From Falmouth bound direct for Spain.)  
" Good sirs, upon the first of May,  
I got the Ego under way ;  
I sail'd along the English shore,  
Weather'd the Wolf a league or more ;  
I found the wind none of the best—  
I shaped my course about south west—  
I saw a vessel heave in sight—  
I made all close to have a fight—  
I ran up on his weather side—  
I many skilful tactics tried—  
I fought him for an hour or so—  
I made him strike his colours low—  
I sent my prize to Plymouth Sound—  
I steer'd then as by order bound—  
I found the wind draw forward more—  
I braced sharp up to keep of shore—  
I found the gale increasing fast—  
I reef'd the sails, secured each mast—  
I tried, but found she would not stay—  
I wore, but she made much lee-way—  
I prick'd our course upon the map.  
And found great danger of mishap :  
So call'd all hands, who soon began  
To try their best in many a plan :  
But all in vain, for, truth to say,  
WE lost the ship in Bantry Bay."