

For the Children

Nancy's Fancy

I've something very, very strange
To tell you, Kitty dear;
Although you are so old and wise,
I know you'll laugh to hear.

The fairies wash their clothes at night
And hang them out to dry
All on the grass and bushes green,
Till sunshine's in the sky.

This morning there I saw them all
With these two eyes of mine,
As thin as my new muslin frock,
And twenty times as fine.

The nicest sheets and table cloths,
And pillow cases too,
And petticoats and handkerchiefs
All snow white—washed in dew.

The cunningest wee scarfs and veils,
And stockings, many a pair,
And pinafores, that I suppose
The baby fairies wear.

I spy them from this window high,
And wish that I could go
And see them near, and touch them,
too,
Just softly, once, and now.

But nursey shakes her head and says,
"Not yet awhile, not yet,"
She says, "'Twill give you shaking
chills
To go out in the wet."

She says they're only spider webs,
And nursey thinks she's right;
But one thing's sure, by nine o'clock
They're all clean out of sight.

* *

The Sculptor Boy

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding
stone,

With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor
shone—

He had caught that angel vision.
Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us.
Waiting the hour, when, at God's
command,

Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then, on yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty will be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

—W. C. Doane.

* *

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where:
For who has sight so keen and strong
That he can follow the flight of a
song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—W. H. Longfellow.



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