

ON THE PICTURE OF A "CHILD TIRED OF PLAY."

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T**IR**ED of play! T**IR**ed of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong day?  
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;  
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,  
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,  
Twilight gathers, and day is done—  
How hast thou spent it, beautiful one!

Playing? But what hast thou done beside  
To tell thy mother at even tide?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?  
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?  
How with thy faults has duty striven?  
What hast thou learned by field and hill,