

For Friday Afternoon.

THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain
As it patted on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping o'er the chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner,
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the corner
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the music
Of my mother's evening song,
As she sang in sweetest cadence,
What I often since have read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
Of a time long since forgot,
Came upon my dim remembrance,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back in mem'ry
To those happy days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed, upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my little head,
That she taught my little lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,—
They to memory were given!
"Hallowed be Thy name, our Father;
Father thou who art in Heaven!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has slept beneath the sod,
But I know her sainted spirit
Reigneth in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Lights over all my life has shed,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

THE SNOW.

Hurry and scurry! Hurrah for the snow!
How the flakes dance, and how the winds blow!
Run for the sleighs and for mufflers run,
Little ones, eager for frolic and fun.

Pull on the mittens and ring out bells,
Jolly, I say, is the music that tolls
Winter has come, and the snow king is here—
There! a big snow-ball hit me on the ear!

THE BUILDERS.

FOR RECITATION.

All the architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great;
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps betwixt;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Ease our lives are incomplete,
Standing, in these walls of Time;
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base:
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.
—Henry W. Longfellow

ENGLISH HISTORY IN RHYME.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed,
And Victoria came—
May she long be the last.

"NO!"

Would ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?

Would ye seek to emulate
All ye see in story,
Of the noble, just and great,
Rich in real glory?

Would ye lose much bitter care
In the world below?