



PRESERVING TIME.

SAID Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Your growing very plump, madam,
And also very fair.

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crabapple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led.

"Just see the Isabellas;
They're growing so apace
That they really are beginning
To get a purple face.

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows, unto her sorrow,
Preserving time has come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended
The fruits that looked so fair
Had vanished from among the leaves
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape;

"I'm cider," sighed the apple;
"I'm jelly," cried the grape.

They were all in jars and bottles,
Upon the shelf arrayed;
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to marmalade.