

There is a dear little shallow brook,—
And here is a beautiful climbing vine ;
How its glossy leaves in the sunbeams shine ! ”
And the glad child shouted in artless mirth,
“ O, this is the pleasantest place on earth ! ”

“ Pee-dee-dee ! ” sang the listening bird,
And the child looked up as the song he heard.
“ Pee-dee-dee !—little laughing boy,
Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy ?
—Thine is no selfish and sealed-up heart,
Wearied and warped by the stern world’s art ;
Thine is no spirit grown cold and chill
By the workings and warrings of earthly ill ;
Welcome, sweet child, with thy guileless heart,
Of Nature’s self thou a portion art ! ”
Will it aye be so ?—or will time’s dark wings
Dim the perceptions of beautiful things,
Chilling the fountains of joy in thee ?
But what am I thinking of ? Pee-dee-dee !

Pee-dee-dee ! little laughing boy !
Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy ?
Oh ! beautiful child, with thy guileless heart,
Of Nature’s self thou a portion art ;
And I will not think what thou yet may’st be
When years have passed over thee—Pee-dee-dee ! ”

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.