

# DEW DROPS

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## THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,  
Nothing he knows of books or men ;  
He is the weakest of the weak,  
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,  
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,  
But has more riches than his nurse,  
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,  
And holds them captive by a smile.  
A despot strong through infancy,  
A king from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,  
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother.  
What can he mean? but, I suppose,  
They understand each other.

Indoors and out, early and late  
There is no limit to his sway ;  
For, wrapt in baby robes of state,  
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due, [him ;  
And Turk like has his slaves to dress  
His subjects bend before him, too ;  
I'm one of them. God bless him.