

"You were children once,
Just girls and boys;
No one would think it,
But you
once had
toys."



This is the children's hour for romp and play
You wish that you were children I dare say.
You grown-ups had your fun, oh! long ago;
Can't eat your cake and have it too, you know.
I'm sorry for you: you've been very kind
We'll give you some of ours; never mind.

Some day, a long way off, when, goodness knows,
We shall grow old and sober I suppose
Like you:—do nothing wrong, nor misbehave.

Well, you were children once, just girls and boys,
No one would think it, but you once had toys.
Long time ago you used to suck your thumbs,
Eat cakes in bed and fill it full of crumbs.
You once made taffy, and you never thought
The day could come when taffy would be brought,
And you not care to eat. You must feel bad,
Poor dear old grown-ups, for that's very sad.

Once too you all liked jam and cakes and tarts,
(Oh yes, you did, dear, bless your little hearts!)
Played marbles, tore your Sunday things, climbed trees,
Had holes or darns or patches at your knees:
And washed and dressed your dolls, and had such fun
With grand doll's dinners made of half a bun,
Three lumps of sugar, and some orange peel,
A bunch of raisins,—such a funny meal.
Then you went out to parties, just like us:
(Of course I don't mean grown up people's fuss,
But children's parties, just from six to nine,
With tea, sponge cake, and jam, and currant wine.)
Dressed in white frocks with sashes blue and pink,
For all the world like us. Why, only think!
You played at Hunt in Slipper Blindman's Buff;
And thought the evening never long enough.
Your magic lantern, Christmas trees, with, oh
Such lovely presents on the boughs, you know!

Do you remember how you went to sleep
With such a lot of pretty things to keep?
The biggest dolly cuddled to your side,
Dressed all in white because she was a bride,
A tiny set of tea things at your head,
A splendid box of soldiers made of lead;
A bag of sweets, a gun, a picture book.—
Well that's just how I'm sure, we children look.
Perhaps, some Christmas, if you're very good,
Old Santa Claus will come again, I would,
And fill your stockings too with sweets and buns,
Because you don't forget his little ones.
Well, so you want to play with us, all right,
We'll just pretend you're children for to-night,
So now, be good,—(as good as you can be
That is) and you shall see what you shall see.

Ottawa.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.



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Can't eat your cake and have it too you know.