

PREFACE.



IN the happy days that have passed away, I asked my dear sister, Frances Ridley Havergal, to make up a volume of her most simple poems for the dear little ones growing up around us. She at once promised to do so, but from the many claims on her time was never able to carry out the idea.

I have therefore now made a selection, and believe that these "Streamlets of Song" will afford pleasure and profit to many young readers. Pure and sparkling as the mountain rills, or calm and reviving as the brooks of the valley, they tend to show how the lambs of the flock may be invigorated on the hills of God, or be refreshed in the green pastures of spiritual teaching, while still enjoying the innocent playfulness of childhood, and the bright imaginings of youth.

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WESTON-SUPER-MARE.