

PAPA'S LETTER.

FOR THE YOUNG.

I was sitting in the study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"P'ease, dear mamma, Bridget told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzet f'ing to do,
W'iting letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I w'ite a letter too?

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me w'ite letter,
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face--
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded
As I slowly shook my head.
Till I said, I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead.

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Bridget in his glee.
"Mamma's w'iting lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Bridget—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.