

## 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 ozzer fmg to do,  
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?  
Tan't I wite a letter too?

"Not now, d'arling, mamma's busy;  
Run and play with kitty now."  
"No, no, mamma, me wite 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 witing 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.