

## THE FAIRIES' BAZAAR.

Two fairy sprites, Carrie and Clare,  
Resolved to hold a garden Fair,  
And serve to Butterflies and Bees  
Just what they love, and what would please.

So, 'neath the maples, wide and tall,  
Each placed a pretty tiny stall,  
With such a fragrant bright array  
Of condiments, and flowers so gay.

Then came the fussy wandering Bees,  
For Honey-suckle or Sweet Pease;  
Buzzing around, from stall to stall,  
Intent were they on gobbling all.

Fluttering came gay Butterflies,  
In golden robes, and starry eyes,  
Made a hasty lunch on "Stock"  
And hovered off; a happy flock.

Old neighbour Toad came limping past,  
Ah, ha! cried he, I see at last  
Where I'll get something for the throat.  
My cousin Frog, has such a croak.

And while upon my stool I rest,  
Put up some Balsam, of the best,  
Spruce-gum too, roll up with it,  
'Twill cure me of my hated spit,

Poor little Toad! I'll bind your limb  
With Ribbon Grass, its just the thing.  
(Oh, why do wicked boys throw stones  
To give you pain and broken bones?)

There's grand Old Man, and Father Thyme,  
Sweet William too, and Columbine,  
Ladies' Slippers, with velvet bows,  
(No thimble heels, no needle toes!)

Coxcombs too! we have a score  
Very cheap! they're such a bore,  
Bachelor Buttons, by the gross.  
And oh, such green inviting Moss!

Pine needles too, for sewing leaves  
Just the same as mother Eve's,  
They're also good for sewing Tares  
Such as the Ragged Sailor wears.

Here's Juniper, from overhead  
Where old Elijah wished him dead,  
The Wandering Jew brought from afar,  
On Thistle down's light aerial car!

And Sea-weed, from God's public highway,  
Foxglove from dame nature's by-way;  
See the lovely Golden-rod  
Pointing up to nature's God.

And here's green Shamrock, from Armagh,  
Crush'd by the Saxon Lion's paw!  
\* \* \* \* \*

The clouds are cradling round the sun,  
The Fairie's long day's work is done.

Each takes her little spruce pine pillow,  
And goes to rest beneath the willow;  
The lovely orphan! Queen of night!  
Will shine o'er them, till morning light.