

THE BROWNIE'S SHOPPING.

Would take much longer than the span
Allotted to a mortal man;
One might be scribbling till the blast
Of doom put all such notions past,
And then, in spite of zeal and skill,
Be only at the preface still.
Ah, they have ways to come and go
That we may never live to know;
Can one expect to tally keep
Of fish that dart through ocean deep?



The child that heeds
the parent's nod
Will need few lessons
from the rod.



To watch their windings and their play
At hide-and-seek, from day to day?
No one has power, save Him alone
Who gave each fish its wealth of bone,
Its icy blood and oily scale,
Peculiar fins and driving tail,
And said: "Go forth, like lightning fit,
And cleave the wave as thou art fit;

But whether sporting in the brine,
Or struggling on the angler's line,
I will take heed, for thou art mine."

Ere long each active member stepped
Within the place where goods were kept.
The kind of clothing there they found
Would suit the people, earth around —
The English red, the Chinese blue,
The buckskin for the painted Sioux.
Egyptian garments white as snow,
And fur coats for the Eskimo

