

the toilers therein from the deep treacherous pits of ignorance and crime, on and upward to the firm ground of knowledge, and opened to their wondering view new vistas in the realms of human activities.

SOME NOTES ON POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

(Concluded from last month.)

WE would have in the Child's Anthology the Raggedy Mau's account of the man in the moon, which there is no space to quote. We would also have Mr. Eugene Field's Dutch lullaby, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," which is well known; and William Miller's "Wee Willie Winkie," which is better known. Another but less popular Scotch poem, belonging to the same family, is "Wee Davie Deylicht," by Robert Tennant. This class of poetry, wherein a bold figure (such as Jack Frost) is employed to make the picture more real and vivid, is good for children. It stimulates the imagination, and that, in this world, is a most desirable proceeding. There is a capital poem by William Howitt beginning:—

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!"
which I have not heard since I was in words of one syllable, yet to this hour I never see a gusty day without recalling the piece, and thinking momentarily of the wind as a huge, humanized, practical-joking rebel. I don't claim to be a better citizen for this memory; but life is more interesting.

One of the larger sections of the Child's Anthology would consist of what may be called dissuasive verse: the chief producers of which are Jane and Ann Taylor, author of "Original Poems," the first deliberate effort to make a book of verse to please children first and other people afterwards. Although seventy years and more have passed since this collection of lyrics and tragedies first appeared, the

book still sways the nursery. In this continued popularity we may perhaps find another proof of the distaste of children for poetry. The manner is prosaic, almost bald; the matter is, beyond words, alluring. The fascination excited by a history of human disaster is ever powerful; and the author who deals faithfully with elemental faults and passions is assured of longevity. Jane and Ann Taylor did this. They took cruelty and greed, covetousness and theft, impatience and anger, and made them the centre of human narratives; vividly real and human narratives—that is the secret of their power. Children never change; the same things that interested the infant Moses interest infants to-day; and there is still something not unattractive in the misfortunes of others. Hence is it that the "Original Poems" hold little audiences spell-bound in 1896 just as they did in 1826, and will hold them spell-bound in the thirtieth century, it mothers are wise. Their influence for virtue is another matter. They are popular, I fancy, rather for their dramatic interest than their didacticism. Sinners in real life are not so easily daunted. At any rate they would be included in the Child's Anthology, not for their dissuasive powers, but for their capacity to interest.

"False Alarms" is one of the most terrible; the story of Little Mary, who called for her mamma in alarm when there was no cause, by way of pleasantry, and laughed when her mamma came. In the end she catches fire in her bedroom, cries vainly for