

Rhymes and Recitations for Little People.

FINGER GAME.

This is the mother so kind and dear,
 This is the father so full of cheer,
 This is the brother strong and tall,
 This is the sister who plays with her doll,
 And this is the baby, the pet of all;
 Behold the good family, great and small.

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
 They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
 They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
 They all took one, and left four in.

There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
 Each thought there was one cat too many;
 So they fought and they fit,
 And they scratched and they bit,
 Till, excepting their nails
 And the tips of their tails,
 Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

The robin and the redbreast,
 The robin and the wren;
 If you take from their nest
 You'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
 The martin and the swallow;
 If you touch one of their eggs,
 Bad luck will surely follow.

As I was going to St. Ives,
 I met seven wives.

Each wife had seven sacks; how many sacks in all?
 Each sack had seven cats; how many cats in all?

Little Betty Blue
 Lost her holiday shoe,
 What shall Betty do?
 Buy her another
 To match the other,
 And then she'll walk upon two.

High in the Pine Tree
 A young turtle dove
 Built a little nest
 To please his little love.
 In the dark shady branches
 Of the high pine tree
 How happy were the doves
 In their little nursery.

The young turtle doves
 Never quarreled in their nest;
 They loved each other dearly,
 But they loved their mother best.
 "Coo," said the little doves,
 And "Coo" said she;
 And they all lived so happy
 In their little nursery.

Three little bunnies,
 Out for a run
 In the bright moon-light,
 Oh, what fun!

"Dear," said the little one,
 "What is that
 Sitting on the fence
 With cheeks so fat?
 See its big teeth
 And eyes so bright!"
 Then home they ran
 With all their might,
 Three funny little bunnies
 With eyes so bright.

—Selected.

"Little drops of dew
 Like a gem you are,
 I believe that you
 Must have been a star.

"When the day is bright
 In the grass you lie,
 Tell me then at night
 Are you in the sky?"

Lines in Season.

One step and then another,
 And the longest walk is ended;
 One stitch and then another,
 And the largest rent is mended.

Every time the world's best men
 Are made from boys who try again.

"Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
 Do you wish for a truth? Be true.
 What you give of yourself you find—
 Your world is a reflex of you."

I am sure that hands, lips, eyes,
 Have work to do,—
 The first to be helpful, the next to be wise,
 And the last to be bright and true.

Let us be content to work,
 To do the thing we can, and not presume
 To fret because it's little.

E. B. Browning.

It is not winter yet, but that sweet time
 In Autumn when the first cool days are past.
 A week ago the leaves were hoar with rime,
 And some have dropped before the north wind's blast;
 But the mild hours are back, and at mid-noon,
 The day hath all the genial warmth of June.

—Selected.

"Then followed the beautiful season,
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All
 Saints.
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and
 the landscape
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

—Longfellow.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
 For we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit round by round.

—F. G. Holland.