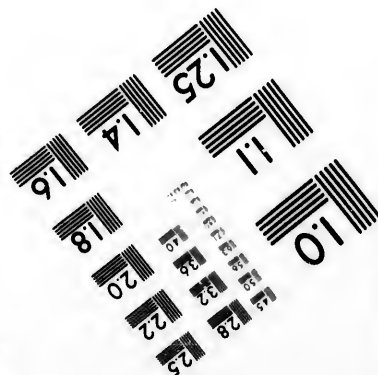
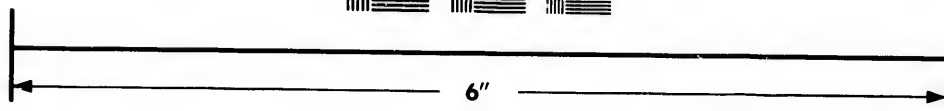
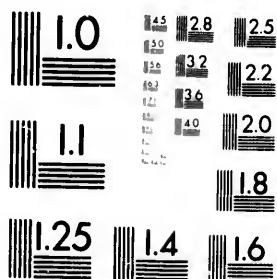


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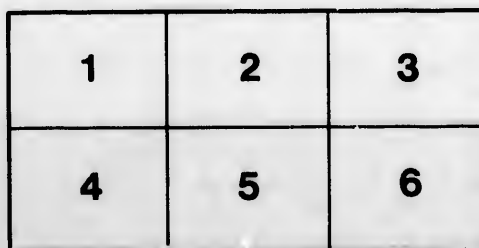
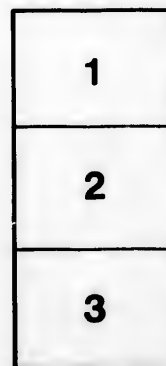
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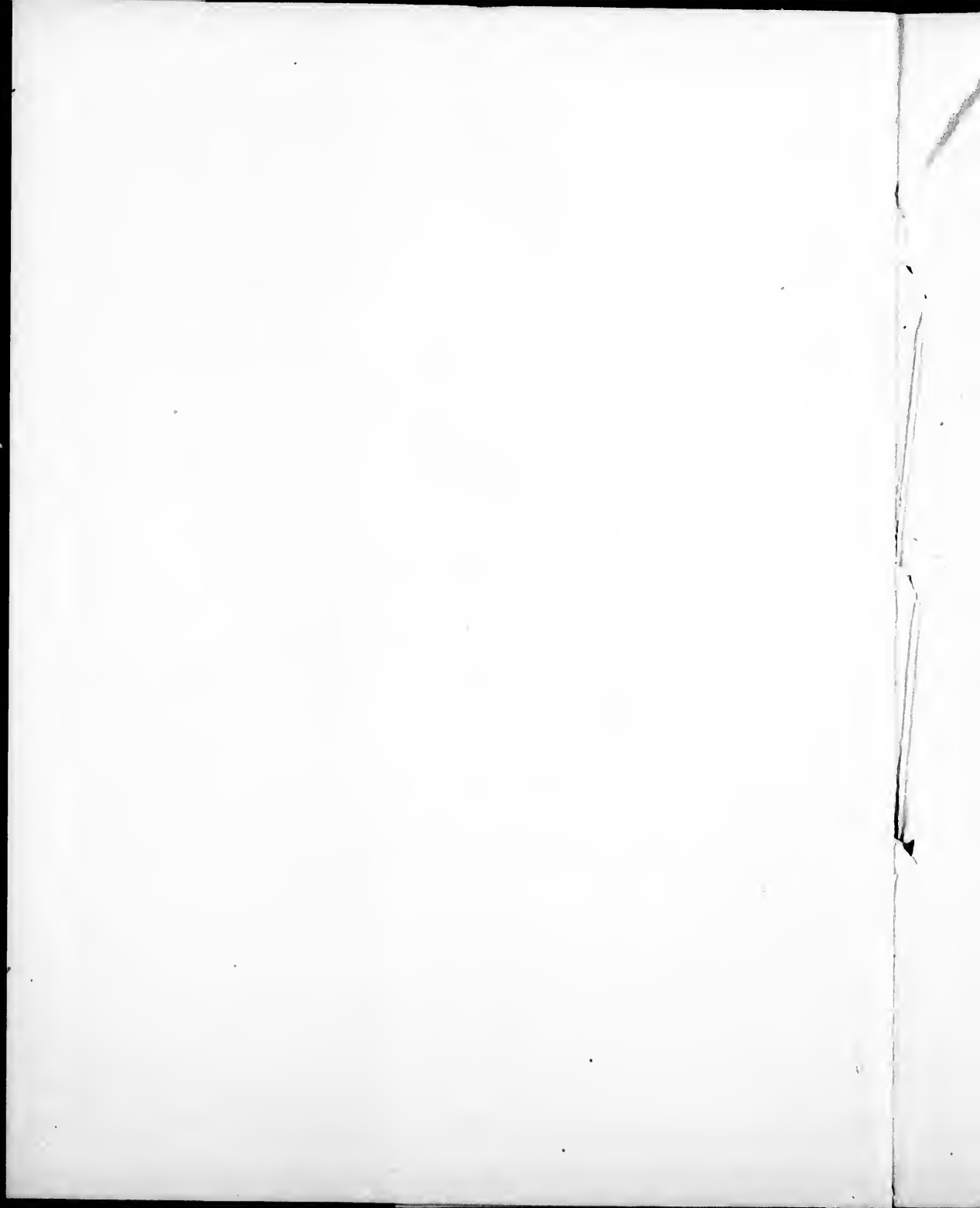
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ORIGINAL FABLES AND RIDDLES,

IN RHYME,

WITH OTHER POEMS,

BY

MELISSA T.

AND

EDWIN L. SANFORD.

“ Instead of a fleet of broad-bowed Ships ”
We “ Send a child’s Armada of chips, ”
But “ Freightied with Love’s golden fleece. ”



Montreal :

W. DRYSDALE & CO., PUBLISHERS,

232 St. James Street.

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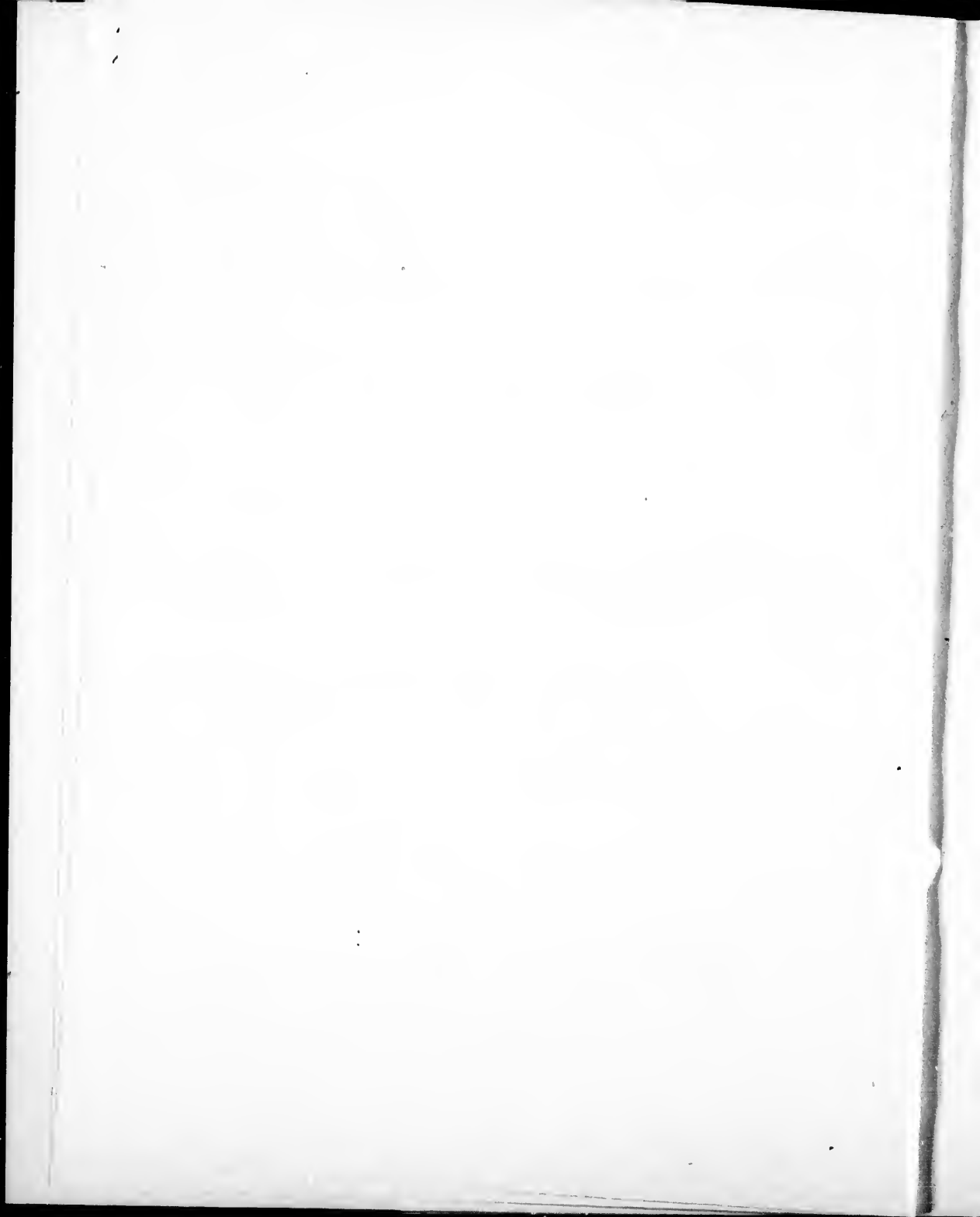
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❧ P R E F A C E ❧



A goodseer, in "THE BRIGHTSIDE," a review, to be published by DEALFAIR & DOWELL, is to say of this little book : "These little Fable-Riddles are singularly fresh and original, in fact unique, and well adapted to young readers. May they help to make many young people happy."

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RIDDLES.



No. 1.

I will sing you a song of a warrior wee,
The powers of darkness before him flee ;
He is very slender and very small ;
But a match for the strongest man of all.
In his first great battle he sinks and dies,
And his body in dust and ashes lies,
But his glory remains by night and by day
To drive the cold and the gloom away,

MORAL.

And whosoever, though weak and small,
Is striving to comfort and gladden all,
Though seeming to perish and die away,
Shall live in glory for aye and aye.

For answer to Riddles, see page 36.

No. 2.

It is my part to have a heart
Like Poet's heart to feel,
And yet, by me, most cruelly
The kindest people deal.
In the coldest place my beardless face
In winter you may see ;
And if I tell I am treated well
A liar I shall be ;
For when the heat upon the street
Makes people faint and reel,
They keep me where the same I bear,
And ask how much I feel.

MORAL by No. 4.

No. 3.

When men are in sore trouble
They treat us as their friends ;
But they cast us off ungratefully
Whenever their trouble ends.
We often have been feet to
The grand and wealthy lame ;
And to the poorest in the land
We oft have been the same.
Now! here we wish to emphasize
What we have said before,
That rich and poor all shun us
When they need our help no more.

MORAL by No. 4.

No. 4.

I am a body the world can't spare,
In its greatest work, I have a share,
Whenever it seemeth for the best
I turn old Earth from east to west.
Sometimes my lot is very hard ;
They wipe my nose on flinty shard,
Which some may think is very mean,
For a neater nose was never seen.

MORAL.

But let me kindly tell you
It is folly to repine,
The while we are fulfilling
Our Maker's wise design.

No. 5.

“ Listen my children and you shall hear,”
Of the mid-day ride of a Chevalier.
He whom I sing is next akin
To the famous Captain J. Gilpin,
He is a little Jockey,
And made to go astride
A thing more like a halter
Than like a horse to ride.
He never has a saddle
But his blankets are so neat,

We like to have them near us
When we sit down to eat.
He seldom goes a-riding
When the wind is very high,
And of the rain, as of the wind,
This little chap is shy.

MORAL.

Who fears not to ride with never a rein
A steed that thousands of men has slain,
May yet be afraid to face a storm,
Or danger wearing some other form.

No. 6.

It is over the way of a duck.
It is under the way of a goose.
And right in the way of a railroad train,
And every day in use.

MORAL.

We falsely deem our onward road
By many things blockaded,
Which really are of our way
By heavenly wisdom graded.

No. 7.

This riddle is made for a little boy,
And a little girl, to guess
About a thing they can always find
Somewhere upon their dress.

No. 8.

“ With head thrown back and lips apart,”
Unlike the forms of Grecian art,
Upon its breast, the thing inclines
Which is the subject of these lines,
With foot and hand Fitstight I'll strain
Before I need the thing again.

No. 9.

In the city home I'm a servant,
And I serve in the house on the grange,
And those who are very observant
Have noticed a thing that is strange ;
Both empty, and full, I may be at once.
Who solves this riddle is no dunce.

No. 10.

It well agrees with common sense
That Frisky free can't climb a fence ;
But Frisky, fettered, easily
Can mount above the taliest tree.

MORAL.

So to our souls the bonds of love
Are as the pinions of the dove.

No. 11.

"Its fine array was wrought in looms of air
And woven by the shuttles of the sun
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue fair,"
The silken web it gleamed and shone,
With splendour far too bright to last,
For while we gazed its beauty passed.

No. 12.

My "heart is fire and my eye is flame,"
I long have borne a mystic name,
The murky darkness helpeth me
To make mankind more clearly see.

MORAL.

And good and evil, in God's hand
Bring out the beautiful and grand.

No. 13.

He is truly as poor as a skeleton,
Yet with flesh is daily clothed upon,
Often with beauty he keepeth tryst,
And daily he is clasped and kissed,
His white moustache is a powerful charm
To beautify and keep from harm.

NO. 14.

They are slender, and four,
They are hard, they are bright,
To tell you much more
Were to tell you outright ;
But because of their work
Jack-frost cannot bite.

NO. 15.

I am set the freshest news to hold
That this to men may be unrolled,
The longer I the same conceal
The better all concerned will feel.

MORAL.

If all, like me, were wisely dumb
The kingdom would more quickly come.

No. 16.

I am somewhat like a shepherd's crook
That you see pictured in a book.
I'm a little thing that ladies use—
'Tis hard to keep the frisky muse
From saying that which would disclose
The name of things that cover hose ;
And then you would not need to look
To name me at a shepherd's crook.

No. 17.

As black as the stove,
And hard as a stone,
The hardest of riddles
I help to make known.

No. 18.

His heart is the heart of a dentist to feel
About as much as a piece of steel.
He is wrinkled, and rough, in his early day ;
And all his work is to tear away.
But when he has mangled the cheeks and jaws
Of those whose teeth he never draws,
Reversed is the law of length of years
And far less wrinkled he appears.

No. 19.

Whenever I work, three ways I go,
Half the time to, and half the time fro,
And *all the time*, one way I press.
It takes a bright boy this riddle to guess.

No. 20.

I am greater than some,
Some are greater than I.
Tobogganing slide-wise
I am placed over pie.
They are peeled, and are scattered,
That coast over me.
With Meg in the kitchen
My form you may see.

No. 21.

Significant of union, betokening divorce,
Pursuing outline drawing in the most useful course,
Containing signs and symbols of innumerable things,
This tool is in the dwellings of peasants and of kings.

No. 22.

One question over and over again,
By a thousand men was put to me,
And different answers to all these men
Were all as true as true can be.

MORAL.

The wisest and the best of men
Will readily allow,
That all the facts of yesterday
Show not what truth is now.

No. 23.

My father and mother are black as night,
But I am white, like a line of light.
I am sometimes nothing, and sometimes much,
I am swept away by a gentle touch.

urse,
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kings.

No. 24.

I daily force my way below,
Where lightning's bolt can never go.
And heaven has given unto me
Of solid walls the mystic key.
Yet barriers reared by baby's hand
Can force me to a sudden stand.

MORAL.

Thus strength and weakness are allied
And show the foolishness of pride.

No. 25.

Many wee hats for little heads,
With hair of white, or coloured threads.
Many small hats, and all in one,
That is taken off, when the hat is done.

No. 26.

Oh ! exquisite one, thy bosom swelled
With the breath of the sweet young soul,
While the hues of the heaven's loveliest one
Over the fair face stole ;
But all too soon from our loving sight
Our beautiful vanished into light,
But the Maker can cause again to be
The face, and the form, we long to see.

No. 27.

"Of stature tall, and slender frame,"
The bearer of a brilliant name,
He makes the deadly striker's blow
Fall harmless as a flake of snow.

No. 28.

If you look him through, you may descry
That he tells a fact, while he tells a lie,
No other one whom I ever knew
Was always false and always true.
I tell the scope of this thought so queer
In "the near is far and the far is near."

MORAL.

Then for a single failing hang nobody to a tree ;
Perhaps a bough as justly might be fructified with thee.

No. 29.

I am placed in a clime that is cold and drear ;
But just like summer, is all my year.
I have more pains than toothache brings,
And I am the home of the fairest things.

No. 30.

I'm related to the sun, I'm related to the moon ;
In the morning of my days I am taller than at noon ;
And I could bear the crushing of a rushing railway train ;
Nor lose the beauty of my form, nor suffer any pain.
"The Primer of New England a man through me might read,"
And fiercest thrust of spearman could never make me bleed ;
I lead the men of science, and follow every fool ;
And I'm largely instrumental in keeping people cool.

No. 31.

My toothless mouth is very wide,
And to keep the food in it is tied.
I am often hugged by yeomen strong ;
But am seldom made the theme of song.

No. 32.

It is black, and hard, as the stove is,
With holes for kettle and pot,
A place for fire, and an oven
That is often very hot.
And 'tis easy for a guesser
To tell what it is not.

MORAL.

This shows how just one little word,
Designed to mystify,
Can make of many honest facts
A most ungracious lie.

No. 33.

What boots it, though I tell to thee,
We are taken from a forest tree,
And shapen by machinery ;
Then in the track of a bright one passed
At first, we find our home at last
Sole holders of a gloomy hall
That very often will rise and fall.

No. 34.

I often use both glasses and canes,
When I go in leading strings,
Afar may be heard my thundering strains,
But farther my whisperings.

No. 35.

It is made of wood, or rope, or wire,
As different uses may require ;
It helps to gather the fruit from trees ;
It helps the sailors on the seas ;
It helps the brave to rise to fame,
Through clouds of smoke and sheets of flame ;
Some lad or lass can speak its name.

No. 36.

I will give you "a clew to the thread,"
When I mention the gash in my head ;
Or declare, by a circuitous route
I always go straight to my bed.

No. 37.

I bear my bearer, my bearer bears me,
If you bear us apart, bare my bearer will be.

No. 38.

It is always in ice,
It is always in snow,
In the Danube, the Rhine,
The Doon and the Po ;
And out of the Nile
In its overflow.

MORAL.

Thus three in one, and one in three,
As one, in one grand plan agree
To bless our whole humanity.

No. 39.

No other thing in Christendom
Is honoured as I am ;
My mother is a fury,
But I am like a lamb.
My dam is kept in prison
Or guarded with great care,
But I am left to wander,
As free as light and air.
And it with art and science,
And common-sense agrees
That whoso sees this riddle
The answer also sees.

No. 40.

With my outside in, and my inside out,
I bear the rich, or poor about,
Along a city's ways I pass,
Like cloudlet's shadow over grass.
And high and dry across the sea
Mankind are pleased to carry me.
If o'er and o'er again you need
These simple rhymes to hear or read,
Before their meaning you discern,
My misspelled helpers do not spurn.

No. 41.

I have given my harp
No dark-woven lay,
It is plain to be seen
What I mean when I say :
He is seldom at a funeral,
But often at a feast.
His outwards were the inwards
Of a very nimble beast.
His neck is very lengthy,
And his head is very small,
And he imitates too often
The hideous caterwaul

MORAL.

'Tis well when what gives small annoy
To one, gives many honest joy.

No. 42.

His kingly features, and royal name,
Point to the stock of which he came,
In every land upon the earth,
Men own his purity and worth.
However mixed with the vile and mean
Untarnished he has ever been ;
In heaven his brightness will be seen,
Though one of a most unhallowed hoard,
He is really and truly owned of the Lord ;
Who says that love of him is a cause,
Of dire disasters and broken laws.
Now send him by orphan's or widow's hand,
To be kept in the Bank of Emmanuel's land !

No. 43.

My corn on another was cured where it grew,
Yet it hurts me to wear either slipper or shoe.
Though my place is the place of the menial feet,
I am handle in hand with the tidy and neat.
Had I said it was killed, instead of "was cured,"
Each sequence the same I would have insured.
Now! showing this synonym, ought to give me
A place in the heart of each learned M.D.

MORAL.

How many claim our love and trust,
Though nothing more than able
To preach themselves alone to us
In a misleading fable.

No. 44.

I am "as broad as a porker,"
I am "as thin as a shad,"
I am made to ward off blessings
That come on the good and the bad ;
With real bones, my body,
My makers used to stay ;
But they brace me up with rods of steel,
In this my latter day.

MORAL.

Whenever God's general blessing
Gives particular grief or pain,
He giveth a shield to comfort,
In giving the power to gain.

No. 45.

We wear the image of greatness or worth,
We journey with fleetness all over the earth ;
Before we start in our useful career
Our beauty with blackness they faithfully smear.
And this thing is done with design to prevent
Any dishonest person from stealing a cent.
And so we are like the loving and true,
Who suffer for wrong that others *might* do.

No. 46.

Think not of Hohenlinden,
Muse not on Bannockburn,
Let not your mind a moment
Towards a seafight turn.
We are two hundred guardsmen,
Arranged in bright array ;
We are two hundred spearmen
All ready for the fray.
No fierce campaign of bloodshed
Will be by us essayed,
Our duty will be chiefly done
On peaceful dress parade ;
And when our day is over,

And all our duty done,
And we to dust have fallen,
Like pine spikes one by one ;
No monument or cenotaph
Will be reared up for us,
And over us no bard will make
A sentimental fuss.

MORAL.

Now here we show the moral,
Of our mystic little lay ;
The many poor unlettered ones,
For toil get little pay ;
And none will give them honour due,
When they have passed away.

No. 47.

In form I much resemble
An iron kettle's bail,
I'm a token unimportant
To that powerful fish the whale.
In reference to my substance,
What follows gives the gist,
Whenever I am fairly hit,
'Tis always when I'm mist.

MORAL.

A thing may have great beauty,
And significance beside,
And yet may go for nothing
With the grandest fish that glide.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.



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LINES WRITTEN IN AUTUMN, 1886.

'Tis Autumn, and a lovely day,
 All nature smiles as if to say,
 For toil, and care 'tis not the time,
 Come, muse on things and scenes sublime !

The trees, so lately robed in green,
 In gayest colours now are seen,
 The happy birds the listener greet
 With nature's music, soft and sweet.

I hear the sound of a passing train,
 As it sweeps in beauty across the plain ;
 And the woods repeat the whistle shrill,
 As it echoes back from hill to hill.

The roar of the Nicolet, too, I hear,
As its waters dash in the rapids near ;
And the busy hum of the stately mills
The ear with labour's music thrills.

But fairest sights that I can see,
Are faces ever dear to me ;
And never sounds my heart can cheer,
Like voices that my heart holds dear.

I think, as I gaze, with a parent's joys,
On my two fair girls, and my two bright boys,
Of my boys afar, for whom I yearn,
With a mother's prayer for their return.

TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

A faithful friend you've been to me,
When troubles, like a mighty sea,
Their billowy waves did dash and roll,
Which racked my brain beyond control.

Nor has thy faithfulness been shown,
My dearest friend, to me alone,
For helpless children too have share
In gentle love and tenderest care.

In a strange land, no kindred near
To shed one sympathetic tear.
Methinks that He whose tears did flow,
With pity deep, for human woe,

Did look with pity, and with love,
With human tenderness above,
Yes, even He, did move the hand
That spread your table in this land.

I know I never can repay
Such loving kindness, day by day ;
But I will strive with heart and mind,
To be a faithful friend, and kind.

And when with us life's day is done,
And when for each has set life's sun ;
May we together live for aye,
In Heaven's blissful, perfect day.

ALBERT MELISS.

More than three hundred years ago,
When the midwinter's ice and snow
Formed over Northern Holland's streams,
The mantle that so brilliant gleams,
The cruel Spanish foeman came
Into that land, with sword and flame.
The Westzean villagers, in fright,
Their treasures took in sudden flight.
See yonder lad his flight impede
By dragging goods in foolish greed ;
O'ertake him comrades, and our gains
Will more than pay us for our pains ;
Although a motive pure and sweet
Gave strength to hands, and speed to feet,
Mean greed of gain, advantage shod,

Soon round the brave young Dutchman trod,
Admiring pity's tears bedew
The warriors' eyes, at what they view.
'Tis all the treasure Albert drew,
His widowed mother, helpless laid.
" God bless the boy ! " the soldiers said.
The lad, his sledge and precious freight
Drew through Horn's open western gate,
Horn's rulers deemed to virtue due
Memento of a deed so true,
A marble sledge, old dame and son
Above the gate show how 'twas done.
On young hearts may this tale impress
The fifth commandment's sacredness.

THE SWEETEST HOPE.

We shall know and love each other
In that land of fadeless bloom,
We shall clasp the hand of mother,
In our home beyond the tomb.

And the children God hath taken,
To His home so bright and fair,
Surely will a hearty welcome
Give us as we enter there.

And our dear and loving Jesus,
Who for us such sorrows bore,
When from sin, and death He frees us,
We shall see and love Him more.

I'M FOUR YEARS OLD.

I'm four years old mamma, to-day,
A bright-eyed boy was heard to say,
As loving arms he twined in bliss
Round mamma's neck, and gave a kiss.
And I have read my four books through.
I know the Ten Commandments, too,
And when I grow to be a man,
I think I'll preach some if I can,
And to my sisters, and each brother,
I'll say, be kind, and love each other,
Be gentle and kind to each living thing,
From the worm that crawls to birds that sing.
I'll say to those who listen to me,
Don't rob birds' nest in bush or tree.

And don't whip horses, they can't tell
When they are tired and don't feel well.
My darling boy, the mother said,
You need not wait till years have fled,
Begin this day, my little man,
To say and do what good you can.
And when poor children in the street,
But thinly clad, and pale, you meet,
Speak gentle words, do deeds of love,
For God, their Father, lives above.
And when to manhood you have grown,
And from my loving arms have gone ;
A preacher then I hope you'll be
Of sweetest truth and charity.

DUTIFUL.

All we little ones
Are determined to mind
The word of our mother
Who bids us be kind,
And courteous aye
To each other and all,
We'll go at her bidding,
And come at her call.
Such love to our mother
Will bring the reward
Of long life and blessings
From Jesus our Lord.

SONG.

The feet, in age, will lose the powers
That carry Charity's fruits and flowers.
But never, never, the heart grows old,
If never, never, the heart grows cold.
Then keep it warm with loving thought
That Jesus from our Father brought.

The aged hands will lose their might,
And eyes are worn by touch of light.
But never, never, the heart grows old,
If never, never, the heart grows cold.
Then keep it warm with loving thought
That Jesus from our Father brought.

This song and the rest of the rhymes in this book are from our unpublished "The Fairy's Isle."

FAIRY BOAT SONGS.

Oh shell, to boat grow, quickly grow ;
That we to my fair Isle may go !
Mother of pearl to velvet turn ;
And form ye seats in bow and stern !
Come rainbow, bordered from the foam,
Our canopy, come, quickly come !

Silver-tipped surges rock us, and bear
On to the Island of Flowers so fair,
On to the Island of Fruits so sweet,
The Fays and the Fairies, in joy to greet.
Join ye sweet children, join in the strain
That pleases the Elfin Sprites of the main.

SIMILE.

Sweet Simile wandered away one day
Among flowers in poesy's fields to play.
It was not to gather the berries rare,
Or twine a wreath for her shining hair ;
For Simile sought a higher good,
Even the best of mental food:
Yes it was as erst I said to thee,
To feast upon sweet poesy.
When on her way to the pleasant dale,
Where poesy's flowers the soul regale,
She met a Fairy, bland and kind,
To whom she opened all her mind.
A thing that was very unwise to do,
As Solomon also telleth you.

'Tis a foolish thing to go in quest
Of proof of love, that is manifest ;
And it leads to testing worse than vain,
Giving faithful bosoms needless pain ;
But Simile doubted her kindred's love,
" Is it from beneath or from above ?
I would as a needy stranger go
To see what kindness they would show."
The Fairy, seeing this doubting thought,
To the maiden quickly a potion brought,
And bade Sweet Simile drink it all,
That she might into a stupour fall.
Then Simile drank from a lily white,
Of the dew distilled from Lethean night,

She woke with her bones in a wonderful jam,
And the Fairy named her Anagram.
Then off she walked—yes, it is a fact,
For her feet the Fairy left intact.
But somehow or other, she lost her way,
And wandered many and many a day.
“When seven long years had come and” fled,
And Simile’s sire had long been dead,
Sweet Simile came to her mother’s cot,
But the kind old widow knew her not.
“It may be this day, in a distant land
My Simile looks for a giving hand,
I will comfort this crippled one,” said she,
“Some mother may comfort my Simile.”

A good old wizard was Dr. Manse,
To be kind and gentle, he lost no chance ;
And when he saw the stranger's feet,
Like Cinderella's, were small and neat :
Over Miss Ana some words he said,
And Simile stood in the cripple's stead.
And the mother was filled with joy to see
That she had been kind to her own Simile,
From "The king's lost children," and "Gregory's feast,"
From "The mariner old, ' From the book we bring ;
When we are kind to a living thing,
The kindness is done to our Friend the King.

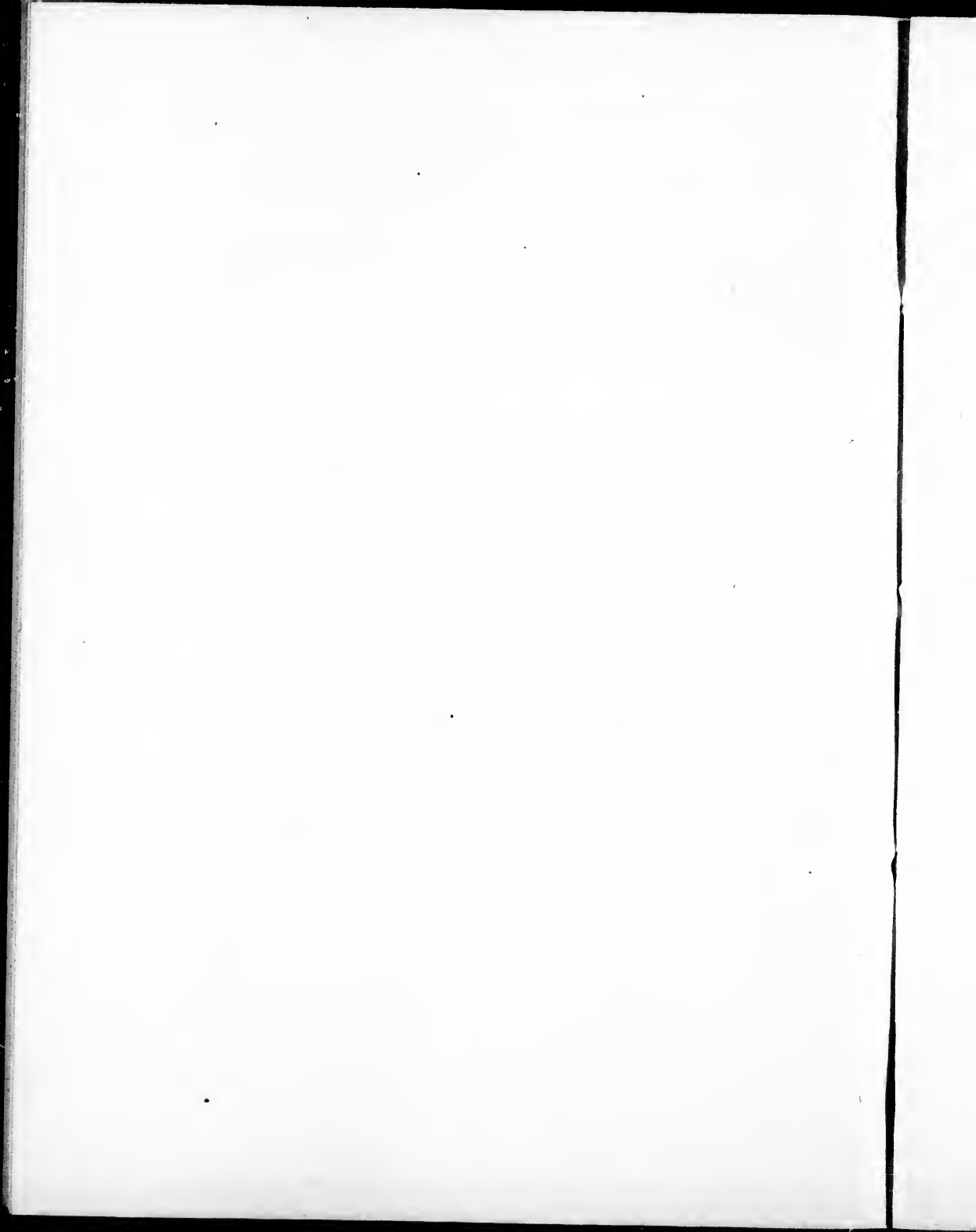
WELCOME.

Welcome good Queen to thy realm of light!
Where never is known the gloom of night,
Where the sun sheds ever his golden beams,
Where we live a life that knows no dreams ;
From whence on errands of love we go
To the home of man in his sin and woe.
Welcome ye mortals with hearts so soft,
At whom the heartless ones have scoffed.

Here is a beautiful calm retreat,
Where you may taste life's perfect sweet.
Here never a living thing feels pain,
When ye walk, or ride, o'er the flowery plain.
Nor when ye climb the mountain height,
Shall pain or sorrow mar delight.
Here every voice that ye have heard,
Of mortal man, of beast, or bird ;
Is joined in one grand hymn of praise
Of the Creator's glorious ways.

LUCERNAL.

Old Jewsharp is dead, and his twangle no more
Is shamed, by the tones from the Organ that pour.
But thanks for the pure, the unmingled delight
He gave me, when I was a lone little wight ;
How oft when by moon light my garret illumed,
The aspect that pleases the fairies assumed ;
Have I fancied I saw them with shimmering feet,
Deftly dancing in glee to his music so sweet.
Now, the lowliest man and the Bard least of all,
Both sadly, and hopefully, follows the pall ;
For the music he mourns, through God's Phonograph great,
May return, for his joy again, early or late.
In the least, as in all, that the maker has made,
To his lovers who look is His goodness displayed.



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