

"Sunday Lollipops,"

BEING

BALLADS AND STORIES

FOR

CHILDREN.

No. IV.

TORONTO:
GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY, 26 & 28 KING STREET EAST.

1875.

Pauline Barnett
11,272

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A FRESH AND ORIGINAL STORY

FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR,

FOR

FAMILY READING.

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SUNDAY LOLLIPOPS.

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"Come, rest awhile, mother, 'neath the Laburnam.
I am so tired of this long holiday,
All my old books are so stale I could burn them,
Peter is busy, and Polly won't play.
How I should like a new, beautiful story,
All about men who were noble and true,
Cities and battles, and deeds of great glory,
Something quite thrilling, and something quite new ;
I don't forsake Blue Beard, Sinbad the sailor,
Sessame, Tom Thumb, and others you know !
Each time they are told they grow staler and staler,
Then they're not true, least you once told me so.
Mother, so many sweet tales you have told me,
All which our Jesus in Heaven gave you,
I don't tire of them, they teach me and help me :
Tell me another, quite startling and new."
"Yes, my dear boy, see the summer's sun spreading
Light o'er the blue hills, and cresting the sea,
Where the Laburnam her gold drops is shedding,
I'll come and tell a sweet story to thee."

"Dark flows the swollen river at close of day,
When 'neath the pale green willow we weep and pray ;
Our harps like our hearts are broken, hung on the trees,
Our tears flow with the waters, ours sighs with the breeze.
Hark ! while we're softly moaning, bowed to the earth,
Round us strange faces gather, asking for mirth ;
Oh ! sing ye, Zion's captives, while the daylight fades ;
Far-famed is the music and beauty of your maids ;
Lift we our woe clad faces to their bright gaze,
On our ears as light as snow flakes falls their fair praise.
Sternly we make reply, "No, never on this strand ;
How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange, far land ?
Strong sons of Edom, ah ! happy shall he be
Who shall avenge our childrens' blood found on thee ;
Daughter of Babylon, when wasted thou dost lie,
Zion and her glory shall fill the earth and sky."

Thus sung the Jewish maids mournfully and slow,
 While at the brazen gates they cluster in woe,
 Gaily round the multitudes flutter in surprise,
 And wave their peacock fans to chase away the flies.
 Ah, dead are they for evermore to sounds of mirth;
 Their white brows knit with anguish, their long hair sweeps the
 earth.

Back from Egyptian lands the conqueror came;
 Proudly he marches home, spreading wide his fame;
 Princes from Syrian shores swelling his mighty trains;
 While from the sweetest spot on earth, loaded with chains,
 Fair maids in queenly robes, noble boys he brings,
 Youths in whose veins flowed the blood of ancient kings.
 "Live and reign for ever, king," echoes forth the cry;
 "Glory crown the victor's brow," rends the earth and sky;
 Towering temples, turrets, arches, with one voice,
 As song of many waters, echoed "rejoice."
 To the palace of his fathers the nobles bring
 The conqueror, and on the throne they crown him king;
 Who can describe the glory, who can the feast,
 With all its golden grandeur, spoils of the East;
 All that fairy tales could picture would glitter there,
 Cashmere robes, embroidered curtains, jewels bright and rare,
 See the rosy wine is flowing in a stream,
 While sweet music makes all round seem like a dream.
 Ah! like a weary dream was that scene so bright and fair,
 And sound of mirth and feasting to Jewish captives' there.
 In heart along they wandered the golden sand,
 And cactus groves that lead them to their sweet land;
 They sought again the olive shade and fig tree bowers,
 The lovely vines that climbed the walls, and lovlier flowers,
 And more than all, those faces and forms so sweet,
 Of parents, brothers, sisters they ne'er shall meet;
 And then they bowed their heads with shame to think that it
 was their
 Their people's sin that brought them down to such despair,
 A nation nobler and more blest than all beside,
 The rich glory of whose temple was the pride
 Of all the earth. And now their sons—how great their fall!—
 Grace the feast as slaves in a heathen monarch's hall.
 Forth from the monarch's throne issues the command,
 "Choose me fair youths of princely seed from the band
 Of captives I have brought to crown my victories;
 Let them be learned in all mysteries;
 Teach them all Chaldean lore, and let them eat
 King's food, their portion, their fare my wine and meat."
 Ah, Ashepinas, methinks rich promise I divine

In the fair kingly youths I brought from Palestine;
 See, see my hero stands midst a group of four.
 Sure in Babylonia's halls never before
 A face so purely beautiful and good was seen—
 The people wondered when they looked on such a lofty mien.
 Wonder, well they might wonder for such great power
 Fell, with his words and wisdom, that e'en an hour
 Spent with him made the heathen love him and adore;
 Knowledge a youth possessed of fourteen years scarce more.
 Such might Chaldean sage labour to attain
 From moon and stars a thousand years all in vain,
 Such knowledge only flows straight from Jehovah's throne,
 And to him who asks in prayer and humble faith alone.
 O Daniel, in musing hours I think of thee,
 Thy wisdom great, thy sweet nobility,
 That conquering faith and love which like the glorious rays
 Of suns lit up thy path thro' dark and devious ways;
 Then pray that my children gathered round my knee
 Daniels may become in faith and purity.
 Daniel, beloved of God, such was his noble name,
 Monarchs of thousand lands might envy him his fame.
 Read we of mighty deeds, warriors of renown,
 Wading thro' seas of blood to purchase a crown.
 But were there ever deeds one half so fair and grand
 As the deeds of these captives in a strange far land?
 Great was the monarch who in his favor said,
 "Let the royal seed with dainty fare be fed;"
 But greater far to be obeyed Jehovah's voice,
 Who gave command unto the people of his choice,
 "Touch not, taste not the heathen feast nor wine
 That heathen gods are said to bless, for thou art mine."
 So Daniel purposed with his friends to trust God's care,
 And ne'er to touch or taste again the dainty fare.
 Daring to do right, and daring to be true,
 God blessed these noble boys with their end in view.
 Each day the Lord of all made them more fair and wise,
 So that over all they found favor in the king's eyes.
 Each day he sought to learn wisdom from their word;
 Each day they grew in might, favored of the Lord,
 Far and wide their fame spread; no Magi in the land
 Their skill could even rival, their wisdom understand.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

Monarch of this mighty realm,
 At whose dread name the nations bow,
 Why at midnight dost thou rise

And flee thy sleep with troubled brow,
 Favorite of the golden gods,
 On whom Bel and Merodach smile,
 Sure it needs but thy command
 And earth's best music shall beguile
 Thy waking hours, or perhaps
 The sons of laughter shall excite
 Thy smiles by strokes of humor,
 Or tales of love and feats of might.
 Away with such foolish toys !
 The monarch's in no mood to play,
 As lowering hawk his sullen eye,
 As sword his wrath unsheathed to slay.
 At last he speaks, and all the court
 Hold breath to hear. "Last night I dreamed
 A dream of import strange and great,
 And when distressed I woke, it seemed
 To pass as swiftly from me
 As darts an arrow from the bow.
 Here ye, O eastern Magi,
 This day I'll prove ye, and shall know
 Your divination's value,
 If the gods speak with you or no :
 On that man who doth my dream
 Fully reveal I will bestow
 Honor and great reward ; if not,
 All of you shall this day be slain,
 And nought of yours and of your fame
 But ruined heaps on heaps remain."
 Picture now the awful dread
 Gathering in each sage's breast.
 Earnestly they plead for time
 That they might do his high behest.
 No ; the stern decree is past ;
 The captain goes forth with his band
 To hew in thousand pieces
 All the wise men in the land.
 See each trembling household press
 Around each father, husband, son ;
 Close at hand the soldiers tramp ;
 E'en yet the slaughter has begun.
 But see, the gallant captain
 In his course is stayed, and his band
 Stand before a fair bright youth.
 He speaks to them with upraised hand,
 Pointing to heaven—these his words :
 "Stay, Arioch, pause ; tho' thou canst slay,

'Tis one alone can make alive.
 Pause while I seek the king, and pray
 A few short hours to bestow,
 That I and my companions may
 Kneel before Jehovah's throne,
 Who never turns His ear away.
 I know Himself is wisdom ;
 All secrets He reveals to those
 Who trust His love, and who rest
 Upon His word—His mind He shows.
 Thus in confidence we pray."
 And so they knelt in prayer that night,
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand.
 The cry of faith, the prayer of might,
 With an arrow's speed it flew ;
 And answer brought on wings of light :
 See the vision, strange, revealed
 To Daniel in the calm midnight.
 Then sang he his heartfelt praise :
 " Blest be God's name for evermore.
 Might and wisdom are His own ;
 O spread His fame from shore to shore.
 Times and seasons He can change,
 Establish kings, and kings remove ;
 Wisdom to the wise He gives ;
 The fountain He of light and love ;
 Knowledge to the humble souls
 That long to know, and secret things
 Thro' the darkness He reveals,
 And bids us mount on eagle's wings
 To that light wherein He dwells.
 O Glory to the King of kings !
 Might and wisdom He bestows ;
 And now our great desire has given.
 With hallelujahs on my lips,
 I speed with haste unto the court,
 To show the king how great our God,
 What power and wonder He hath wrought,
 How His mercy hath revealed
 This secret dream to sinful man,
 And prove to him that in our God
 Dwells perfect knowledge ; never can
 Men discern the secret thoughts
 That dwell within another's breast.
 Nothing can be hid from God ;
 All things obey His great behest."
 Look at Daniel's happy face ;

The Lord is with Him ; see, the king
 At his feet amazed falls down,
 And bids the priests sweet odors bring,
 Great Daniel's God to worship.
 "To him of Gods all praise belong,
 Adoration to His name,
 Glory for ever," be our song.

DANIEL'S TRIAL.

1

"Rulers, princes, shall we suffer
 Such daily insult to our worth,
 That this Daniel should reign o'er—
 That Daniel, slave of Jewish birth?
 Surely we, whose ankles never
 Bore the foul badge of slavery—
 Surely we, of noble nation,
 Are far more fit for rule than he.
 Are we tamely thus to suffer,
 And lick the dust beneath his feet?
 Bound all his orders to obey,
 Bound to hear his yea or nay?
 Or even now our foolish king
 Thinks greater honor for him meet."
 Thus spake the princes with themselves
 Of Babylonia's mighty land ;
 Filled with their bitter discontent,
 On Daniel's ruin all intent,
 They join together hand in hand.

2

From morn till eve, from eve till morn,
 They toil and scheme in every way.
 Fancy a hundred pair of eyes
 Watching his steps through all the day ;
 But Daniel cared not ; they could find
 No fault in him ; for to the eye
 Of God his thoughts and deeds were brought,
 And strength and guidance from on high
 Were given to him for each day.
 Three times he bent his knees in prayer ;
 Turned towards Jerusalem his face,
 He brought rich glory down and grace ;
 And thus he found a remedy
 For each perplexity and care.

Chagrin is on the prince's brow,
And hatred growing in each breast.
They cannot help but sing his praise ;
So just and true in all his ways,
So upright and above deceit,
No man could be more fair and blest.

3

But picture we amongst that band
A man of wit, malignant, rise :
"What, are ye vanquished ? we who stand
Amongst the gods of men as wise ;
I tell ye, though this matchless Jew
Wears well-cased armor, tried and strong,
He has a vulnerable place ;
I know it, for I've watched him long—
He has two spots alone left bare ;
These are his knees ; take but good aim,
And pierce those knees, then doth his fame
Receive his deathblow ; he expires ;
And we as kings the glory share.
This is the law of his own God
That he obeys, to him more dear
Than life, or the decrees so great
Of the great Medo-Persian state.
If I judge right in such a case,
The world won't move him, much less fear."

4

A council of great dignity
Await the hearing of the king.
The governors and councillors
For sanction to Darius bring
A just decree : "For inasmuch
As there are those in this great state
Who take unto themselves a right
That's thine alone, O monarch great,
We do advise this royal law,
That for a month to gods or men
No prayer be made except to thee ;
And who rebels 'gainst this decree,
As food for lions shall be cast
At once into their awful den.
This royal statute hear, O King
Darius ! give thine hand and seal ;
The counsels of the Persian state
Are good, unchangeable, and great.

Thou who hast won great Babel's throne,
 'Tis for thy kingdom and thy weal."

5

Darius sets his seal, and forth
 The fiat goes thro' all the state ;
 And now upon good Daniel's steps,
 In great suspense, the princes wait.
 'Tis hour of prayer, the window where
 He worships, and whence love's keen sight
 Can view sweet Lion's Hill, opes wide.
 Ah ! will he kneel and pray to-night ?
 Or has his cheek grown pale with dread ?
 Has fear of man kept him away ?
 Ah ! no ; mark that exultant song ;
 " Behold he prayeth," from the throng
 Of men that 'neath his windows wait
 The chance to pounce upon their prey.
 We know not what he prayed ; but this
 We do most truly, surely know,
 That God made him quite strong and calm,
 And shielded him all round from harm.
 Oh, would that all the world did prove
 What mighty wonders prayer can do !

6

Ah, could I paint the horrid lear,
 The triumph of their treachery,
 That lighted those men's faces up,
 How would you loathe and turn away !
 Ah, could I paint the calm bright faith
 That beamed in Daniel's lovely face,
 How would you long like him to be,
 To have the same sweet power and grace !
 But ah, my boy, the same great power
 And love that reigned in Daniel's breast
 Lives and o'erflows within God's heart.
 To all who ask He will impart
 Still more and more, that they may be
 Like him in every footstep blest.
 " Ah, ah !" with glee the princes laughed
 " That Daniel is a dead, dead man.
 Tho' the king may love him, and tries
 To save him, yet to-night he dies.
 Tho' kings may fall and seasons change,
 This empire's statute never can."

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

1

"Oh, dark, dark night !
 Oh, weary night !
 Oh, night of woe !
 Would the chill grave had covered me !
 Would that pale death had beckoned me !
 And I had never seen the hour
 That laid black murder on my soul !
 Oh, Daniel ! sweet Daniel ! tried and true ;
 Oh, would that I had ne'er been born !
 Or would that I were you !"

2

Darius wept,
 While others slept
 Thro' that long night,
 Praying for return of morning,
 Watching, watching for the dawning ;
 For thro' his mourning and distress
 A strange, strong hope had clung to him :
 " Surely faithful Daniel's God at this hour
 Will come to succor and to save
 If He but has the power."

3

The happy morn,
 The rosy morn,
 Came at last.
 See the king the dew is sweeping
 With his robes, while he stands weeping
 At that great and horrible den,
 Where hungry lions roar for prey.
 All, all was silent now, calm as the tomb ;
 And bitterly the king wept o'er
 His much loved Daniel's doom.

4

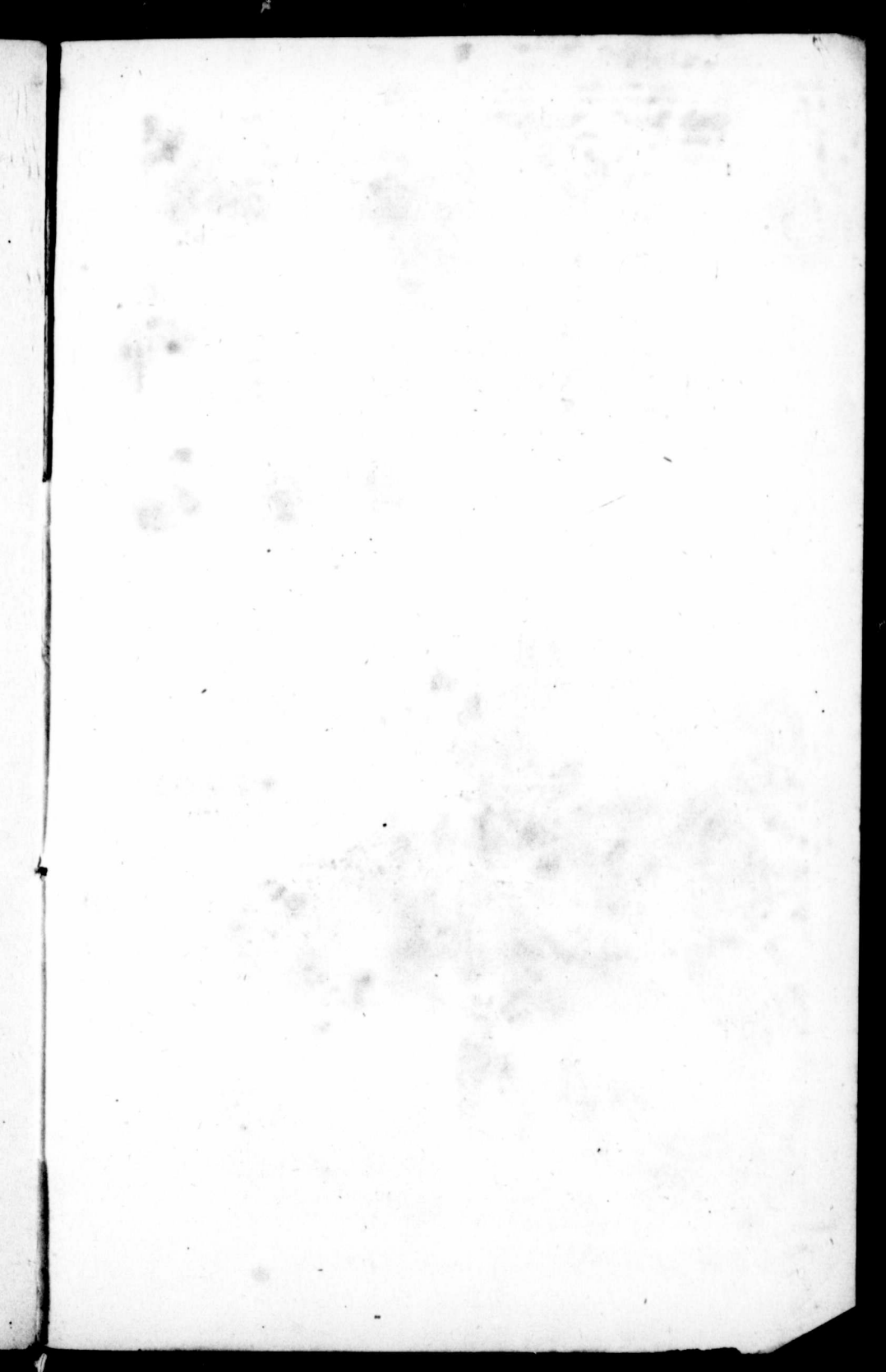
List, sounds of prayer
 Waft on the air
 Forth from the den.
 O'er the mouth, the monarch listening,
 Leaning, cries, his worn eyes glistening :
 " Oh ! Daniel, is thy God, whom thou
 Hast ever served from morn till eve,
 The living God on whom thy footsteps wait,
 Is He then able to deliver thee from lions great ? "

List to that voice ;
 O king, rejoice !
 'Tis Daniel speaks
 To thine ear, like joy bells ringing,
 Sweet as voice of angel singing :
 "O live for ever, king, know thou
 That God has sent His angel down,
 And shut the lion's mouth thro' all the night ;
 For in the eyes of God and king
 I am found just and right."

Oh, happy sight,
 Thro' all that night
 The lions lay,
 Nor dared to raise a glittering eye
 To Daniel, who sat calmly by ;
 For in that loathsome den there stood
 The angel of the Lord from heaven.
 Some people think it was the Lord of might,
 God's own dear Son, our Prince of Peace,
 Who stood by him that night.

The king's command
 Thro' all the land
 Goes forth once more :
 "Bring each man with his family,
 Who sought by this unjust decree
 To take away good Daniel's life,
 And cast him in the lion's den."
 The hungry lions, with fierce unerring ken,
 Tore them to pieces ere they reached
 The bottom of the den.

"Praise Daniel's God,
 The living God,"
 Darius said ;
 "Let all my kingdom rise and say,
 'Glory to God who reigns for aye ;
 Ever shall his dominion stand ;
 He can deliver, he can save ;
 He worketh signs in earth and heaven above,
 And from the power of lions
 He rescued Daniel in His love.'"



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