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Mother's BIRTHDAY



Written by

Juliana Horatia Ewing

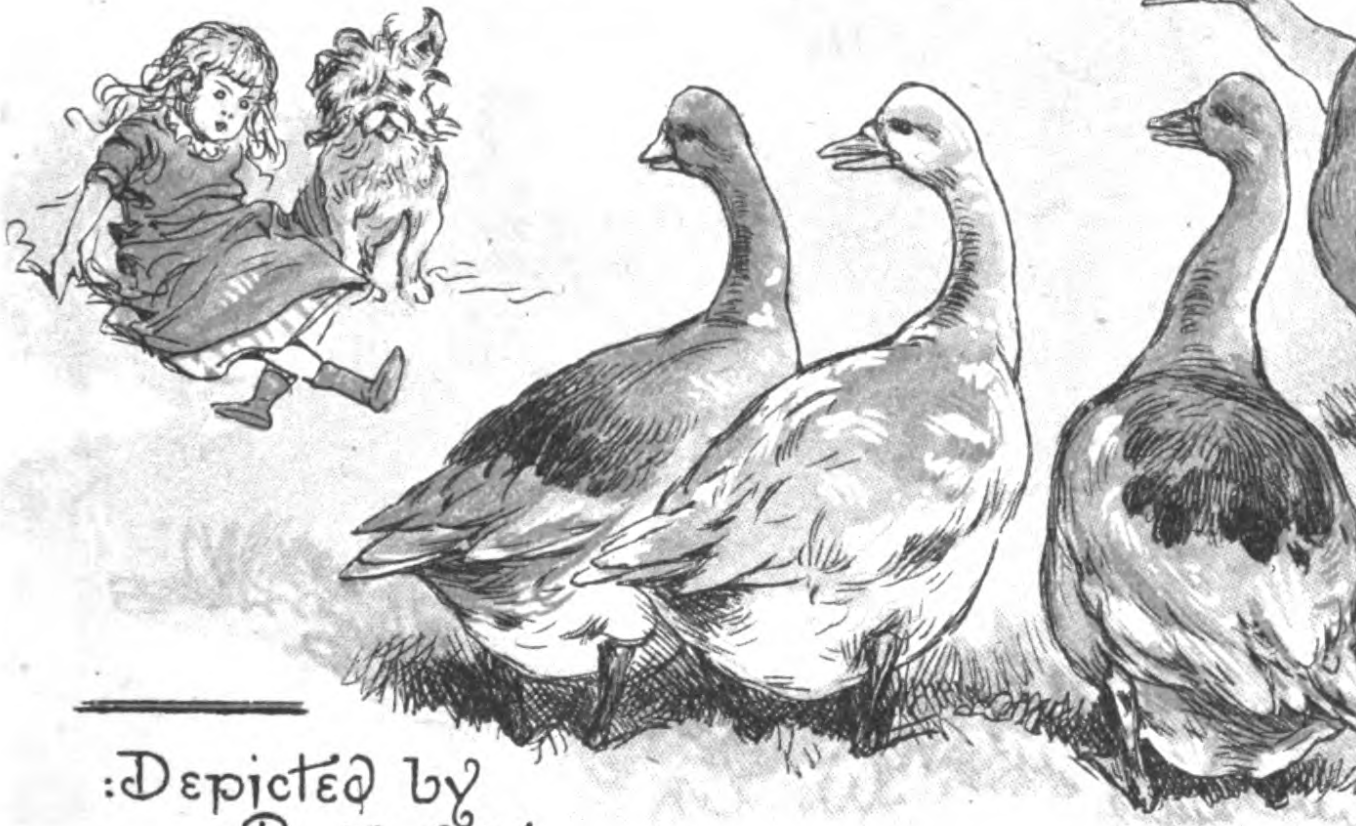
Society for
New York



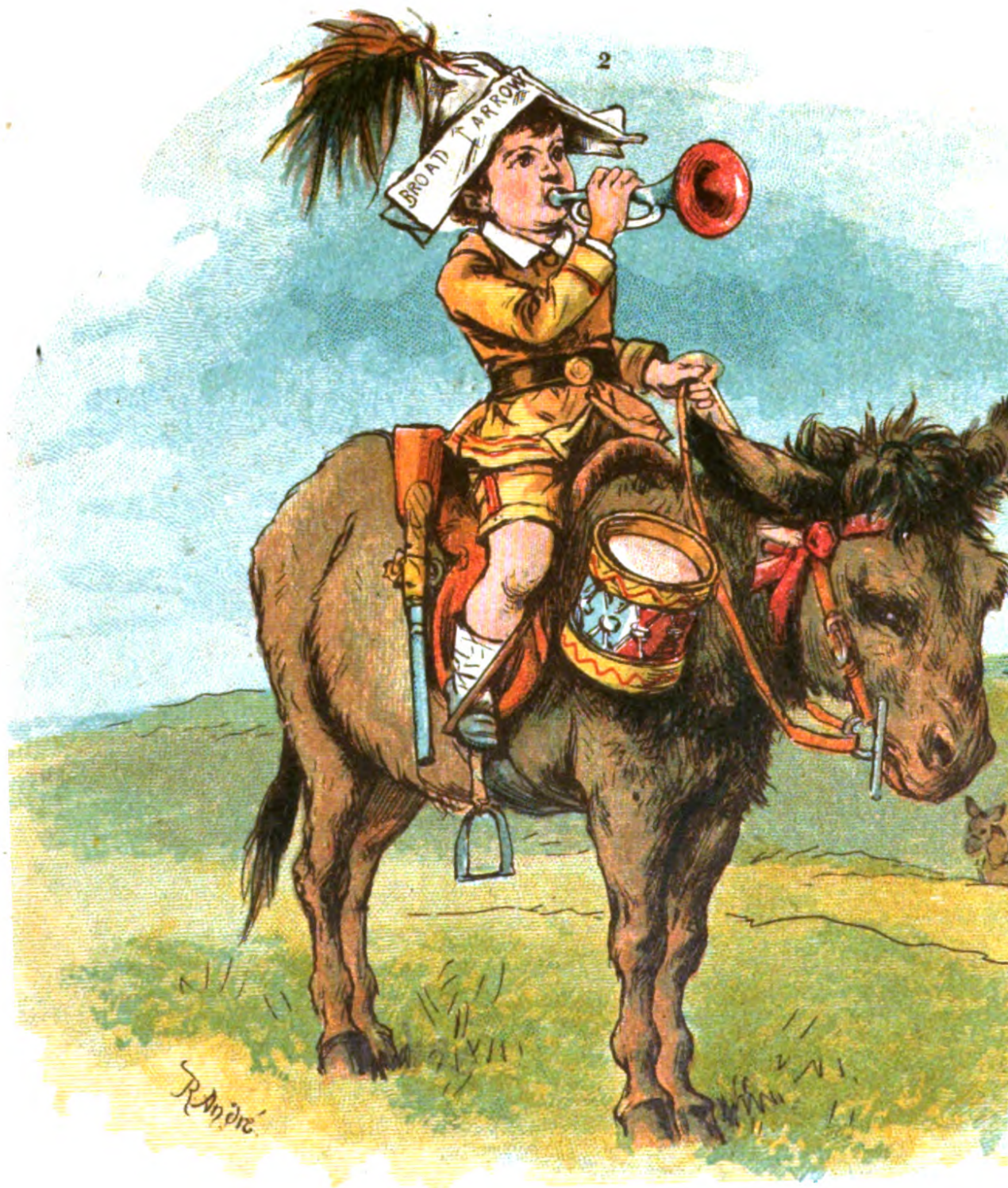


Mother's Birthday Rev¹

Written by Seve
Juliana Horatia Ewing:



Depicted by
R. André:



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY REVI

Written by

Juliana Horatia E

Depicted by
R Andre.



R Andre

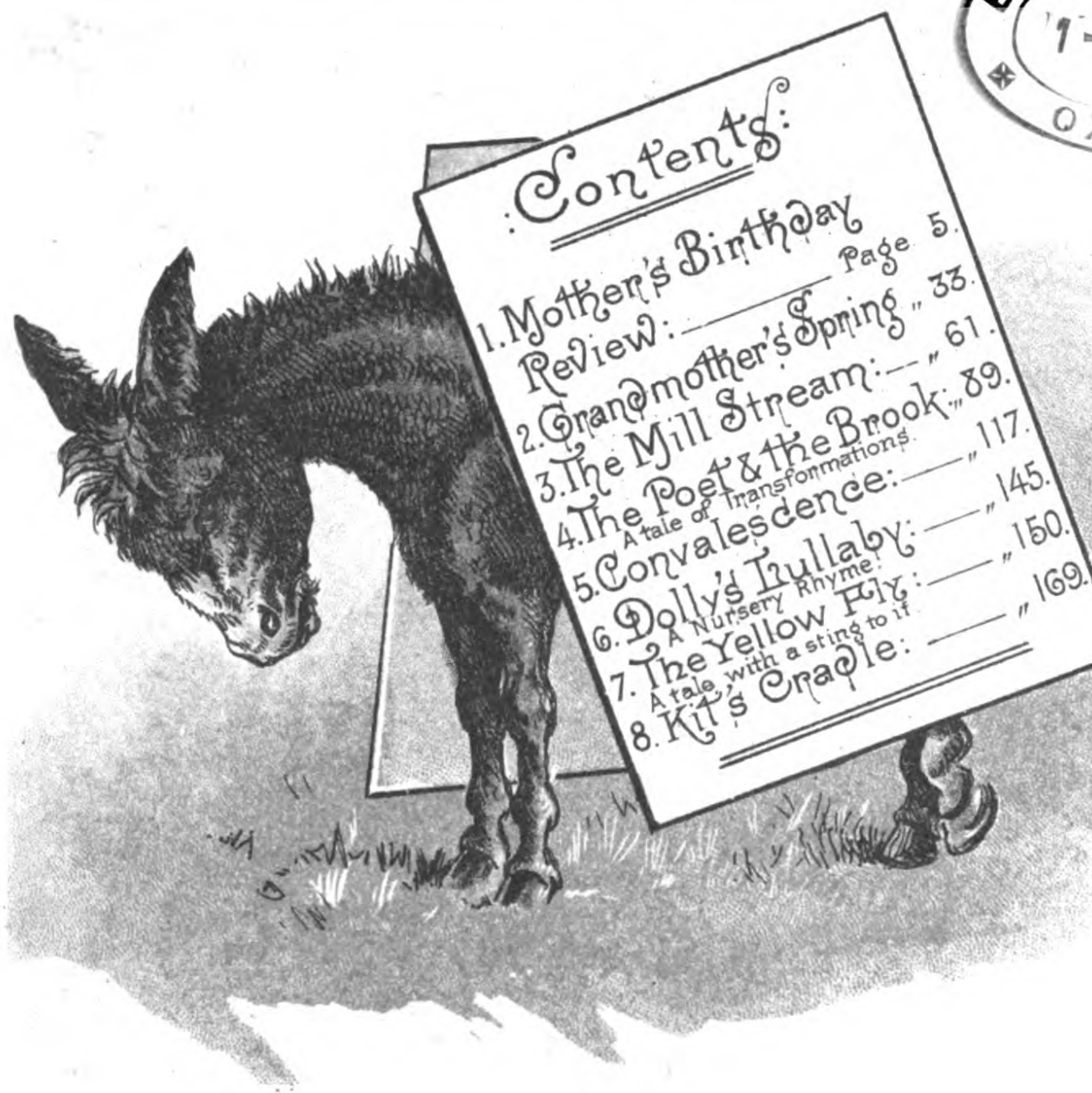
London: Soc^y for Promoting Christ
New York: E. & J. B. Young

LITH. IN HOLLAND BY EMRIK & BINGER, 21st BERNERS ST. LONDON.

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A tale of Transformations.
A Nursery Rhyme.
A tale with a sting to it.

Mother's Birthday

BROTHER BILL

To have a good big grown-up person is very difficult indeed,

We don't give it up, for Mother says the harder you try till you succeed, the harder you must try till you succeed.

Still, our birthdays are different; we wear things, and choosing your own pudding, and holidays are treats.

But what can you do for people who always dinner and never have lessons, and don't sweets?

I know Mother does not, Baby put a big her mouth, and I saw her take it out again on

I don't believe she even enjoys going a-g she gets neuralgia if she stands about where

And how can you boil the kettle if your's brook. But it's the last time she shall do the

I told her so; I said "What's the good give sons, except to mount guard over you of all Mother's that ever were?"





But she's not easy to manage, and she shams, and shaming is a thing I can't bear.

She shamed about the red comfit, when I think Baby could see her;

And (because they're the only things we can get for birthday presents for her) she shams we needle-book and a pincushion every year.

The only things we can think of for Father's paper-cutter's; but there's no sham about giving them out;

He would always lose them, long before his birthday, if Mother did not keep finding lying about.

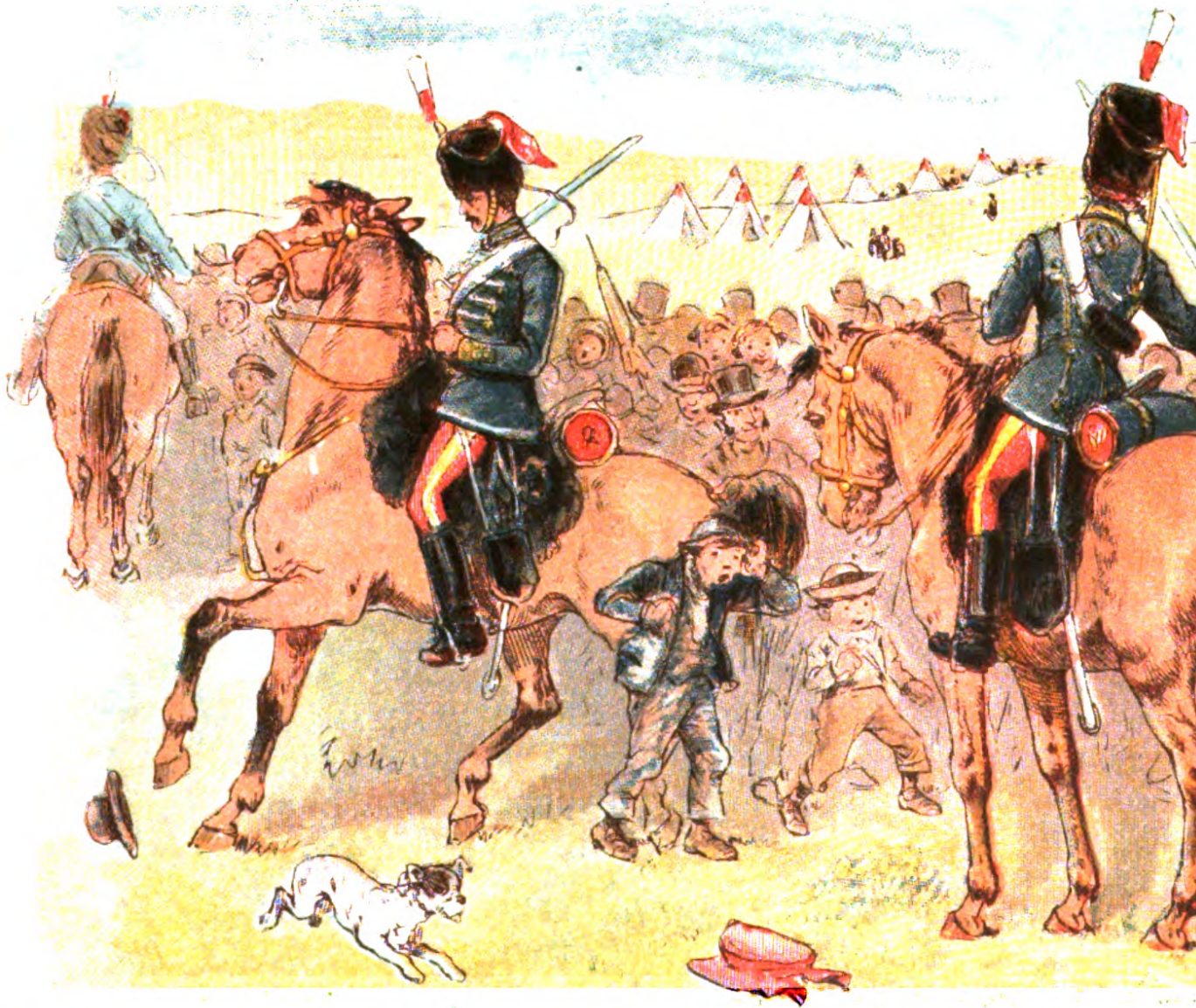
Last year's paper-cutter was as big as (not as big as Father's sword, but as big as a wooden one, like ours)

And he left it behind in a railway carriage when he'd had it just thirty six hours.

So we knew he was ready for another.
 Mother's birthday that bothered us so
 And if it hadn't been for Dolly's Major
 Godfather and she calls him "my Major") w
 should have done I really don't know
 He said "What's the matter?" And Dolly said
 "Mother's birthday's the matter" And I said,
 think what to devise

To give her a birthday treat that won't give
 neuralgia and will take her by surprise,
 Look here's Major! How can you give pe
 treats who can order what they wish for
 than you

I wonder what they do for the Queen
 birthday must be the hardest of all" But
 Not a bit of it! They have a review
 Cockeyed hats and all the rest of it; a
 salute, and a feu de joie, and a March



"Gcocked hats, and all the rest of it."..... Page 9:



"That's the way we keep the Queen's Birth
and every year the same as the last"

So I settled at once to have a Mother's
-day Review; and that she should be Queen
should be the General in command

I thought she couldn't come to any harm
sitting in a fur cloak and a birthday wreath
window, and bowing and waving her hand

We did not tell her what was coming,
asked for leave to have all the seven days
hour and a half

(We always hire them from the same
two for the girls, and five for me and my
I told him "for me and my staff"

We could have managed with five, if
girls would only have been Maids of
stayed indoors with the Queen

Maggie would if I'd asked her; but

Will go her own way, and that's into the thick thing, to see whatever there is to be seen

She's only four year's old, but she's ridiculous like the picture of an ancient ancestress of

Who defended an old castle in Cornwall against the French for hours and hours

Her husband was away, so she was in command, and all her household obeyed her

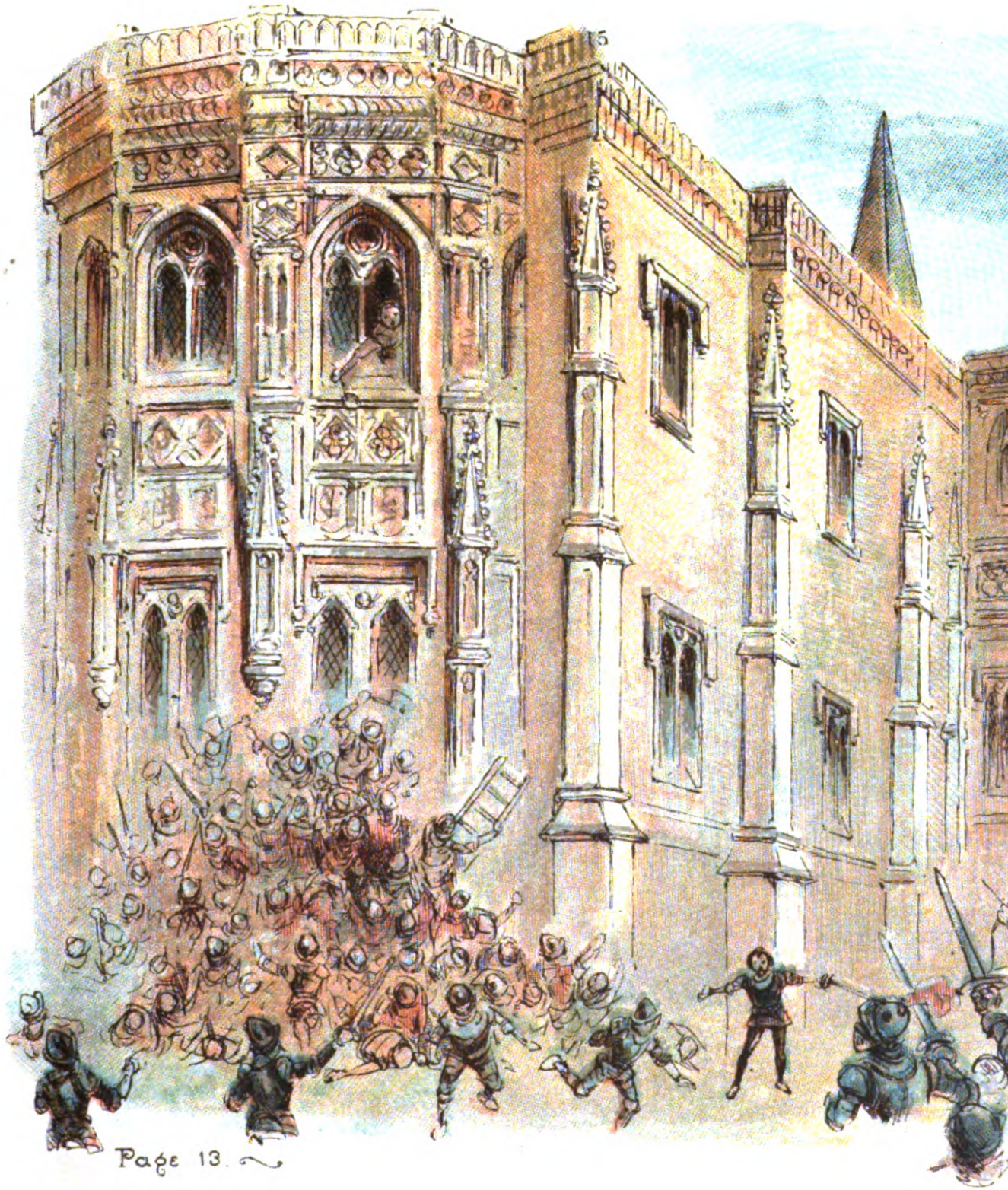
She made them strip the lead off the roof and they did, and she boiled it down and it very hot indeed to the French invader,

Maggie would have let the French in; She doesn't like me to say so, but I know she would not can get anything out of Maggie by talking

She likes to hire a donkey, and then she rather not ride, for fear of being too heavy, and take Spike out for a run, and then carry Spike Save him the troubles of walking



: Dame Elizabeth Greyfriar (temp. Henry VI.), defended Place House, F
in the circumstances, and with the vigorous measures described: a



But she's very good; she made all our cocked
 at the review she and Dolly, and Spike, were
 Dick, and Tom, and Harry were the troops, and
 the General, and Mother looked quite like a
 window, and bowed

The donkeys made very good "chargers"
 whole, and especially mine

Jem's was the only one that gave trouble
 neither fair means nor foul would keep
 Just when I'd dressed all their noses to a
 (you can do nothing with their ears) then he
 Jem's brute

And Jem caught him a whack with the
 sword (a thing you never see done on the
 and it rather spoilt the salute

But the spirit of the troops was excell
 we'd a feu de joie with penny pistols (e
 was the only one that shied) and Dolly's
 that, all things considered, he never saw
 March Past

And Mother was delighted with her first
 Review, and she is none the worse for it, and

only hopes that it wont be the last

Dolly

They call me Dolly, but t'm not a doll, and a baby, though Baby is sometimes my name

I behave beautifully at meals and at Church and I can put on my own boots and say a part of the catechism; and ride a donkey, and play boys' game

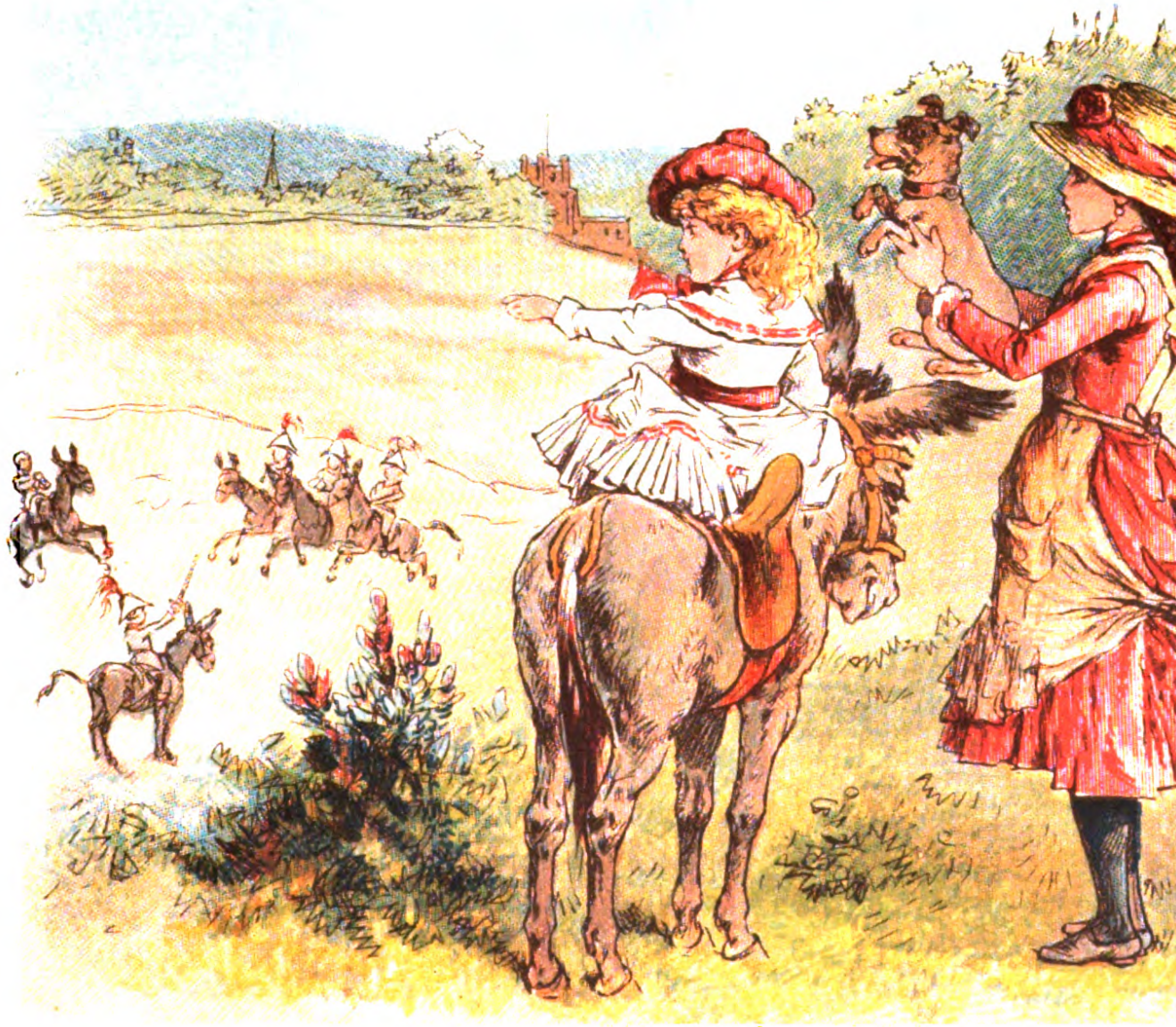
I've ridden a donkey that kicks (at least him as long as I was on) and a donkey that an old donkey that goes lame

I mean to ride like a lady now, but that I ought, not because I easily can

For what with your legs and your pommes mean the saddle's pommes) it would be easier always to ride like a man

Boys looks braver but I think it's really dangerous to ride side-ways, because of slipping round





(I didn't cry; I played at slipping round the
and getting to New-Zealand with my head
on the ground)

The reason the saddle is slippery is not because
it's smooth, for it's rather rough; and there's
ridge behind

And the horses hair coming through the
back (I mean through his saddle) scratches
freakishly, but I tuck my things under me,
pretend I don't mind

They work out again though, particularly
they are starched, and I think socks get
every time they go to the wash

But I don't complain, if it's very uncomfortable
make an ugly face to myself and say, I

We've all of us, had a good deal of
we ought to know how to ride;

We've ridden a great deal since we
on the heath, and we rode a good deal
was stationed at the sea-side

My Major taught me to ride sideways,
he would hold me on

But I don't like being touched; and I don't like riding like a lady if you're held on by and I'd rather tumble off if I can't stick on, so I sent him away and the nasty saddle slung round directly he was gone.

I only crushed my sun bonnet, and the dog stood quite still (We always call that one "the dog").

I wasn't frightened, except just the tiniest bit, says he was dreadfully frightened. So I said, "ought to be ashamed of yourself, considering medals, and that you're a Major."

He likes me very much, and I like him, and my fifth birthday comes, he says I'm to choose a donkey, and he'll buy it for me, but the saddle shall be quite new:

So I've made up my mind to choose the one Bill had for his charger at Mother's Birthday Review;

And Maggie is so glad - she says her heart is quite miserable with thinking.



How miserable other lives are,

TO DORKING
HORSHAM

GROCCER



R. Anoné

if only we knew

Maggie loves every creature
 She won't confess to black beetles, but she
 on them (I've stamped out lots in my window
 and she doesn't even think a donkey ugly
 And she says she shall buy a brush
 her pocket money, and brush my donkey
 till he looks like a horse, and that it shan't
 fault if there isn't one poor old brute beast
 happily to the end of his days



The
 over t
 Brother Don
 the darkness
 still through the g
 All around us
 the Heath Bedstraw in glimmering sheets of
 Dragged and trampled, and plucked and
 it patiently spreads and survives;

Kicked and thwacked, and prodded, and laden, we patiently cling to our lives

Hee-haw! for the rest and silence of days that follow the labours of light

Hee-haw! for the hours from night to morn balance the hours from morning to night,

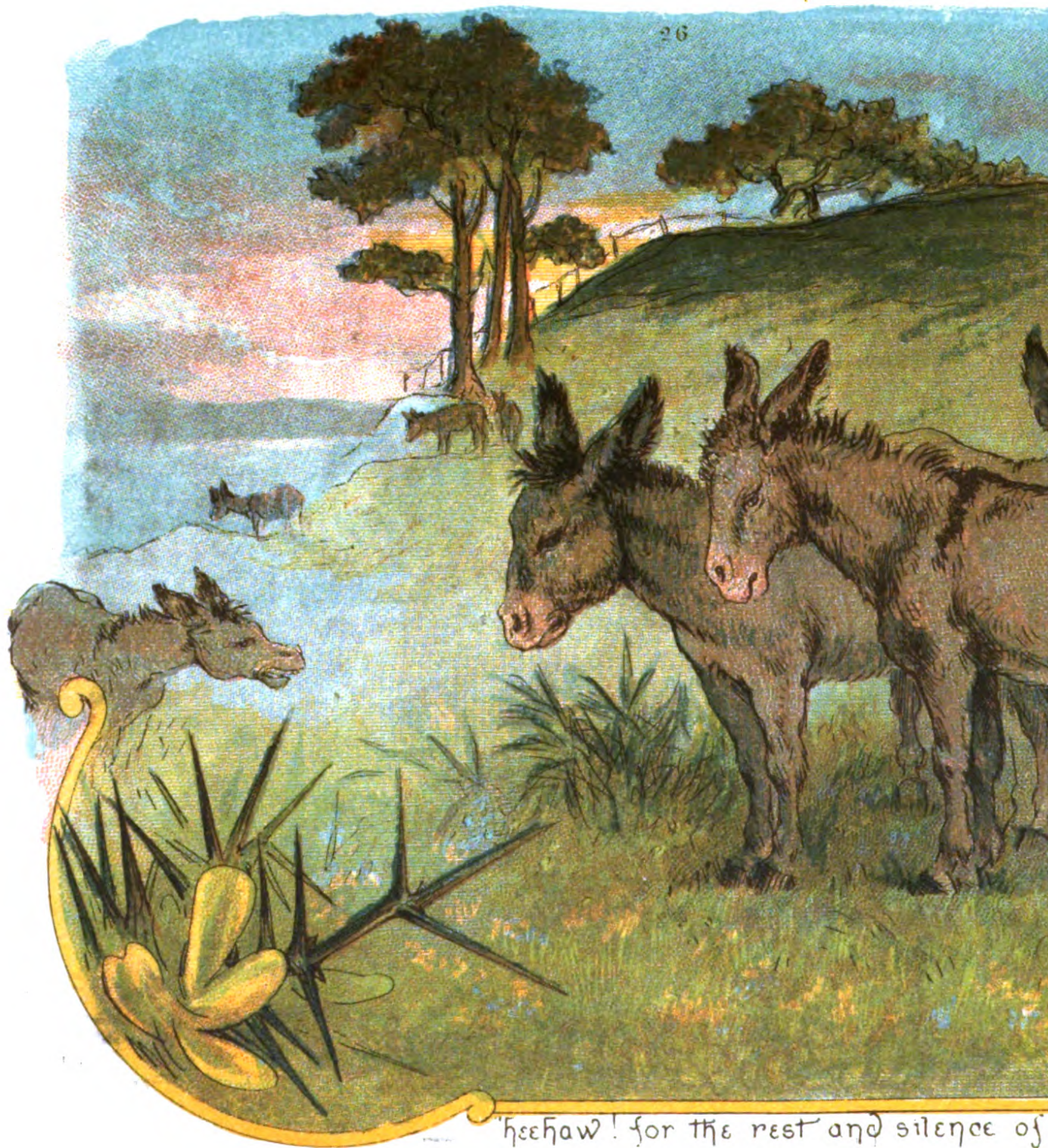
Hee-haw! for the sweet night air that gives beings cold in the head;

Hee-haw! for the civilisation that sends beings to bed

Rest, Brother Donkeys, rest, from the bit, the blow

The dust, the flies, the restless children, the roughs, the greedy donkey-master, the greedy donkey-hirer, the holiday-maker who knows no better, and the holiday makers who know!

When the odorous fuzze-bush prickles the nose, and the short damp grass refreshes the



hee-haw! for the rest and silence of



"hee-haw! for the hours from night to morning

Then, Brother Donkeys, then a long and
ear

Whilst I proudly bray
Of the one bright day
In our hard and chequered career
I've dragged pots, and vegetables, and
and fish, and I've galloped with four co
to the races;

I've carried babies, and sea coal and s
and sea weed in panniers, and been sold to
and bought back for the sea-side, and r
white saddle-cloth with scarlet braid) b
-onable visitors (There was always a certain
in my paces

Though I say it who should not) I've spent a s
the Heath, and next winter near Covent Gard
moved the following year to the foot of a m
take people up to the top to show them the v

But how little we know what's before
And how little I guessed I should
chief charger at a Queen's Birthday R

Did I triumph alone? No, Brother Donkeys
 You also took your place with the benefactors
 the nation

Subordinate positions to my own, but men
 filled, though a little more style would have
 become so great an occasion

That malevolent old Moke - may his next....
 choke him! - disgraced us all with his jibbing
 tempered old ass!

Young Nephew is shaggy and shy, but not an
 he'd held his ears up, and not kept his eyes
 grass

Nothing is more je-june (I may say vulgar)
 than to seem anxious to eat when the crisis
 for public spirit, enthusiasm, and an elevated

And I wish Brother Donkeys, I wish that
 felt as I felt, the responsibility of a March
 Throne!

Respect and self-respect delicately blended
 up, and the other lowered to salute, as I pass
 window from which we were seen



"Rest, Brother Donkeys, rest, from the burden, the dust,



"the holiday-makers who ought to know better".... Pag

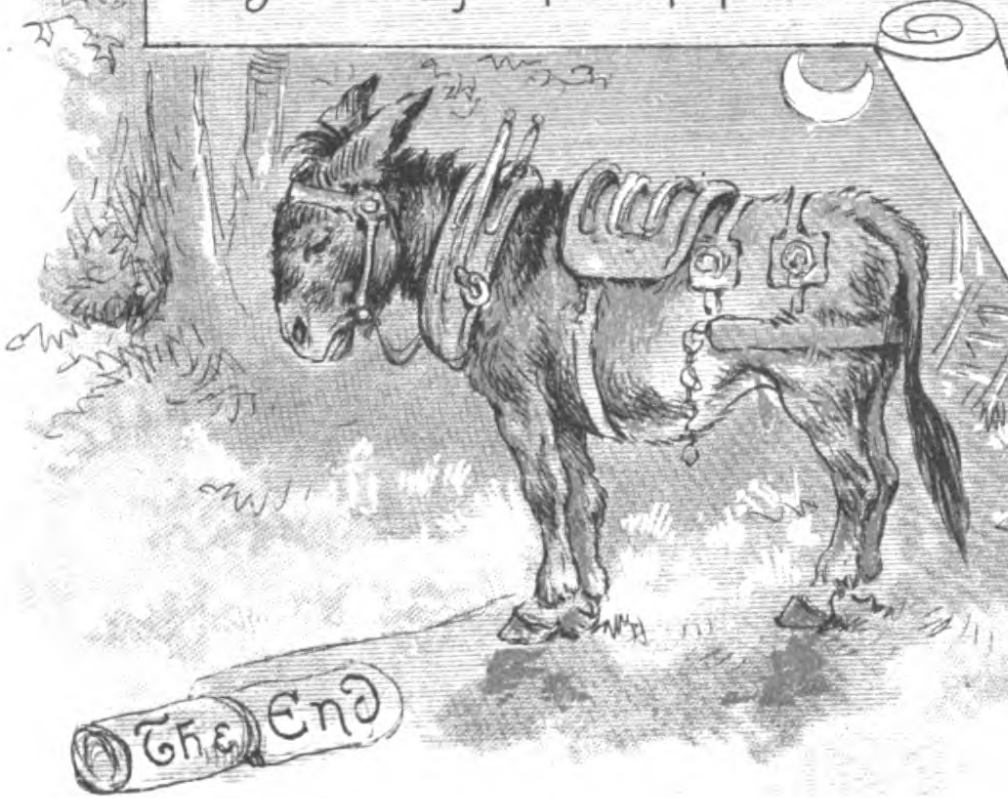
Unless I grievously misunderstood the
(General this morning) by no less a personage
Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN

Sleep, Brother Donkeys, sleep! But
you're sleeping already, for you make no

Not a quiver of your ears, not a stir
your motionless drooping noses, dark against
dusky night sky.

As black and immovable as the silent
solemnly sleep

Whilst I
meditate on
past, and
ponder
as the
over



THE END

Grandmother's



In my young days, the grand
 (Nothing h
 Where cap and curls were
 In my young days, when we
 Ramblin
 Scraml
 Each little dirty hand in
 Like a chain of daisies a

Of neighbours' children, ser
 Really and truly going a-
 My mother would bid us
 And lifting a slender straw
 Would say
 Little Kings and Queens of

R. André:



Listen to me!
If you want to be
Every one of you very good
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,



Where the little birds
turned with
That some of them

Whatever you
Leave some for



R André.

Picked from the stalk, or pulled up by the root,
From overhead, or from underfoot,

Water wonders of pond or brook;
Wherever you look,



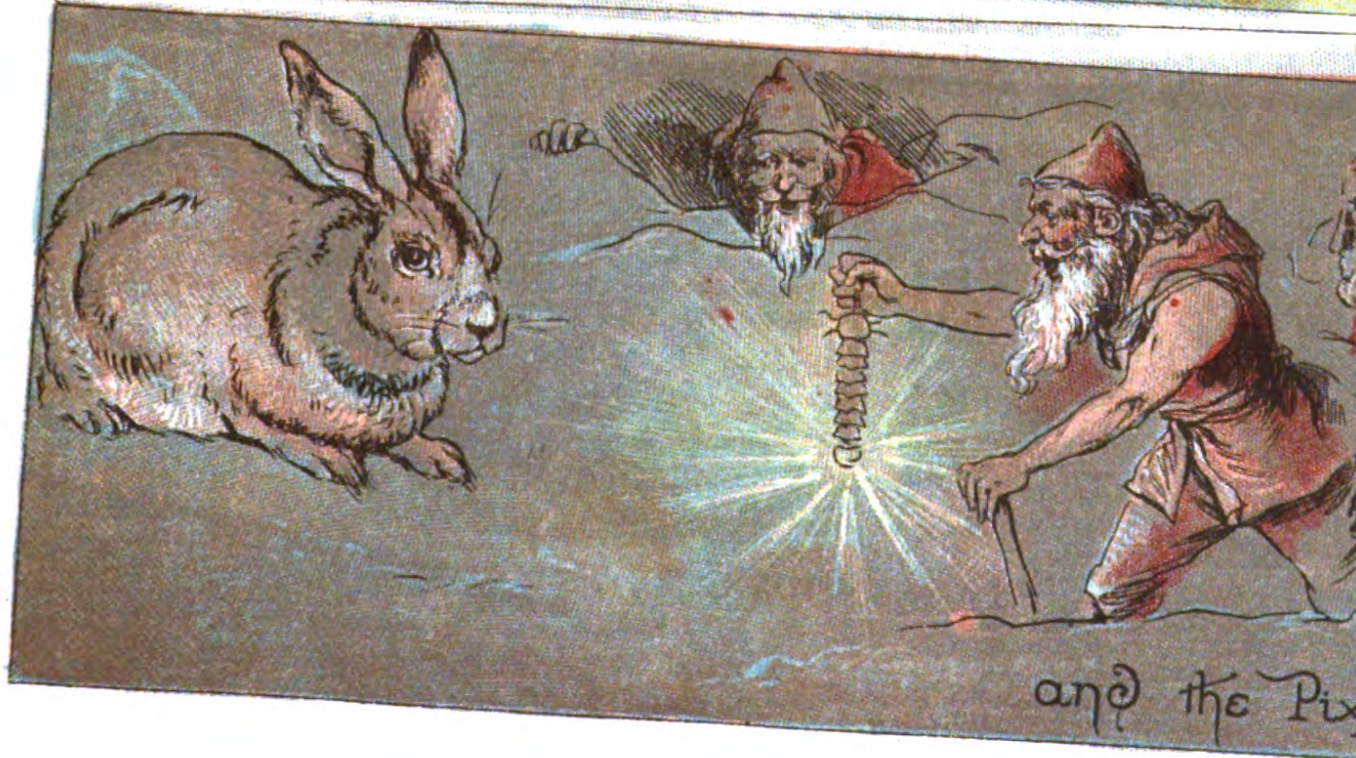
And whatever you
Leave something

Some for the Naiads,



Some for the

And a bit for the Nixies,





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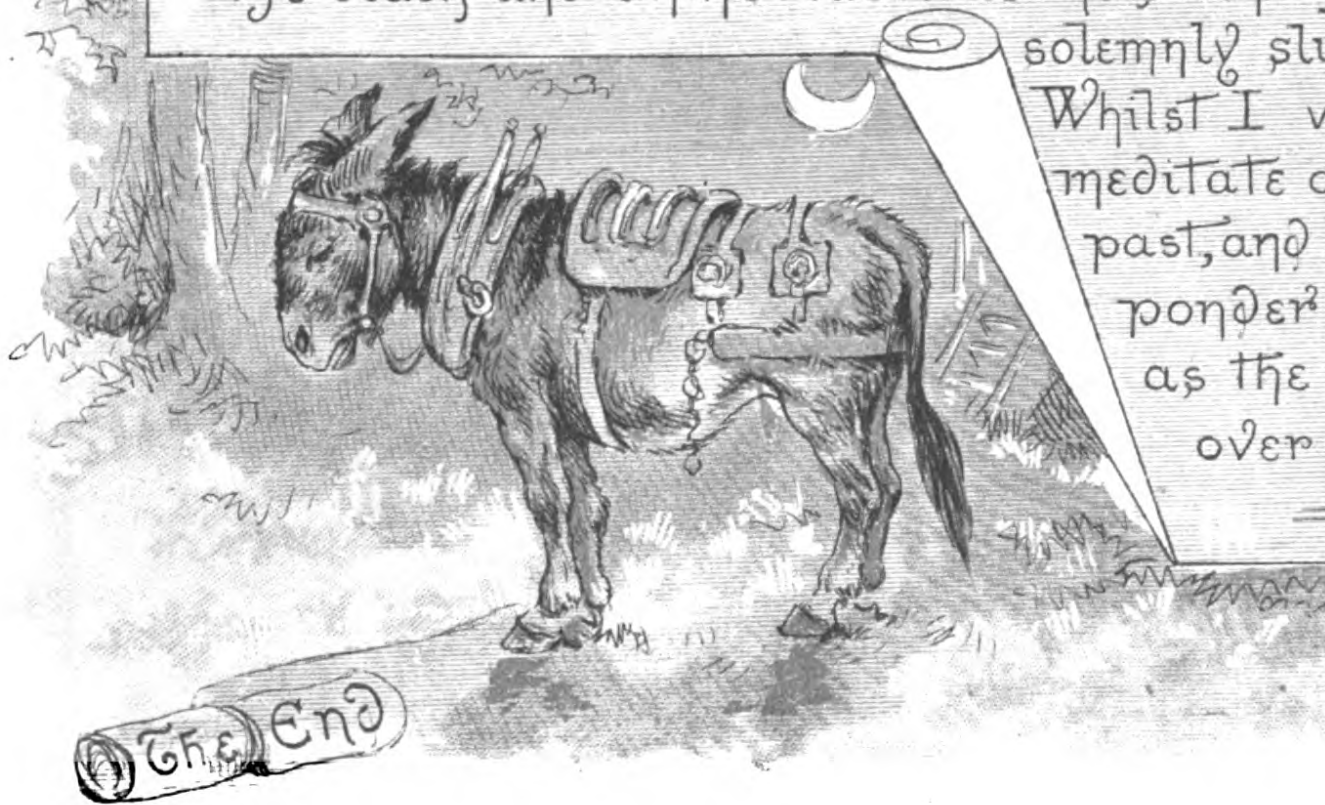
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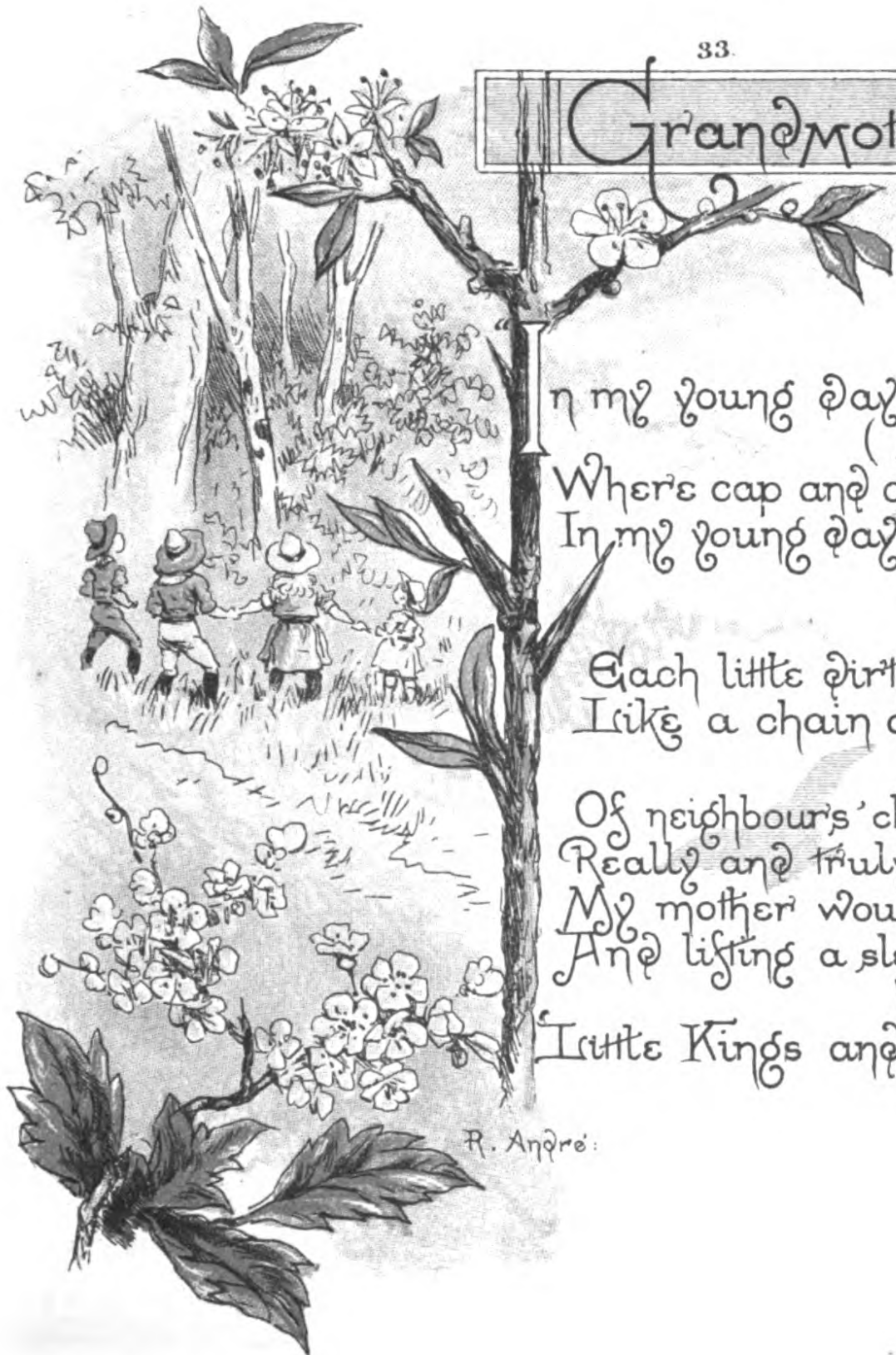
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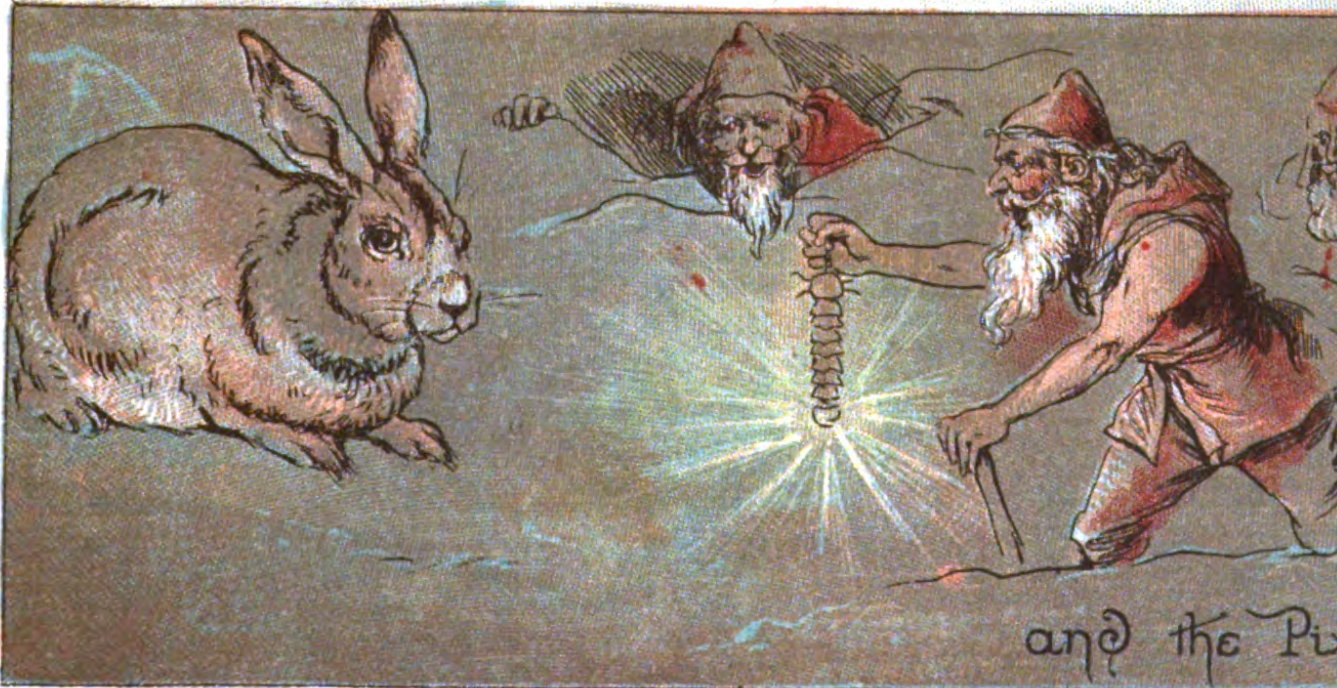
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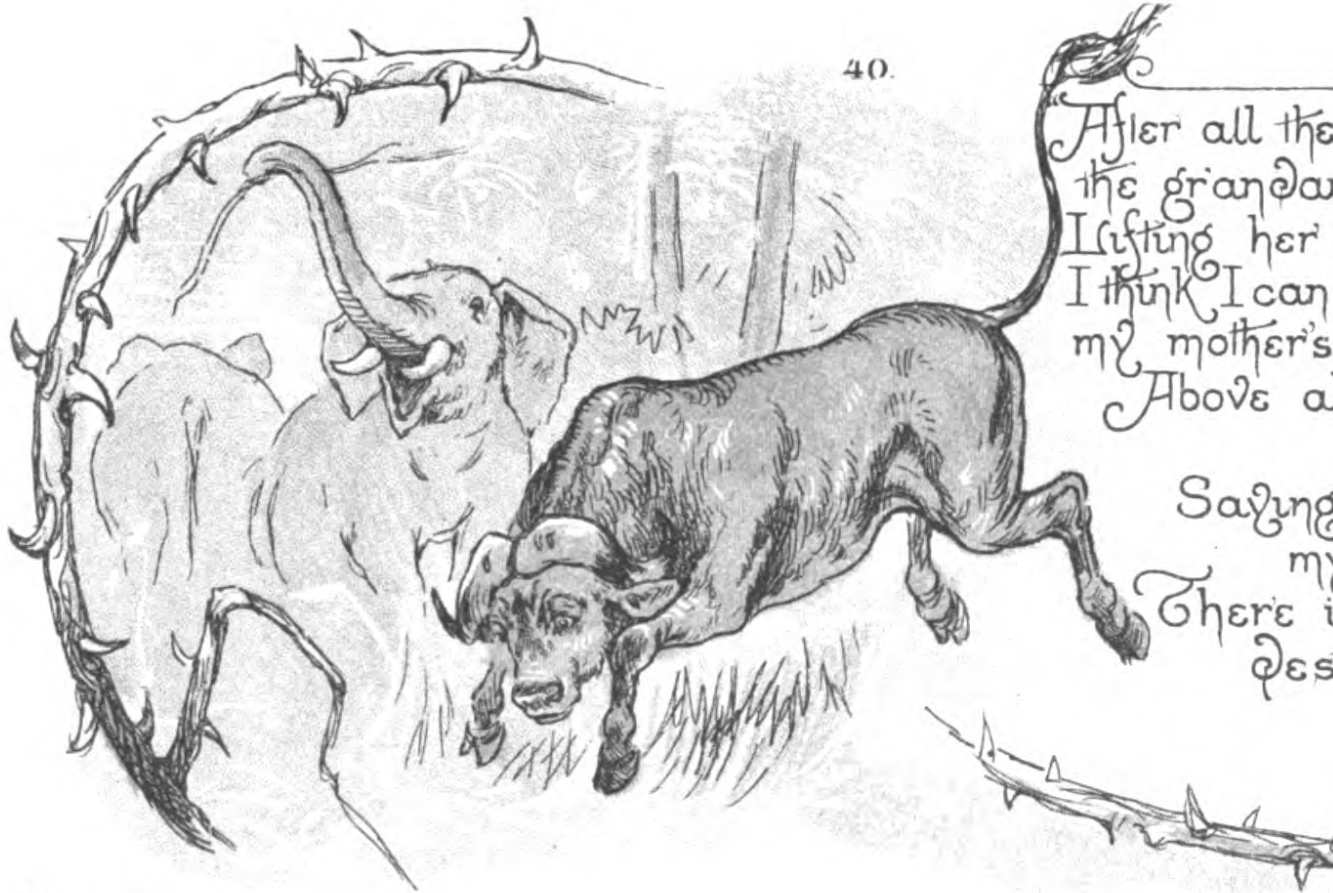


Some for the

And a bit for the Nixies,



and the Pu



After all the
the granda
Lifting her
I think I can
my mother's
Above a

Saying
my
There i
des

No wild bull with his horns,
No wild briar with clutching thorns,
No pig that routs in your
garden bed,
No robber with ruthless
tread,
More reckless and rude,
And wasteful of all things
lovely and good,



Than a child, with the face of a boy, and the ways of a



Who doesn't
Or some ignor
little min
Who never thi

Now I never knew so stupid an elf
That he couldn't think and care for
himself.

Oh, little sisters and little brothers
Think for others, and care for others!
And of all that your little fingers find
Leave something behind!

Pluck, children, pluck!
But leave - for good luck -
Some for the Naiads,
And some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies, and the
Pixies!"



"We were very young"
 the grandmother said,
 Smiling and shaking
 her head;

And when one is young,
 One listens with half
 an ear and speaks
 with a hasty tongue;



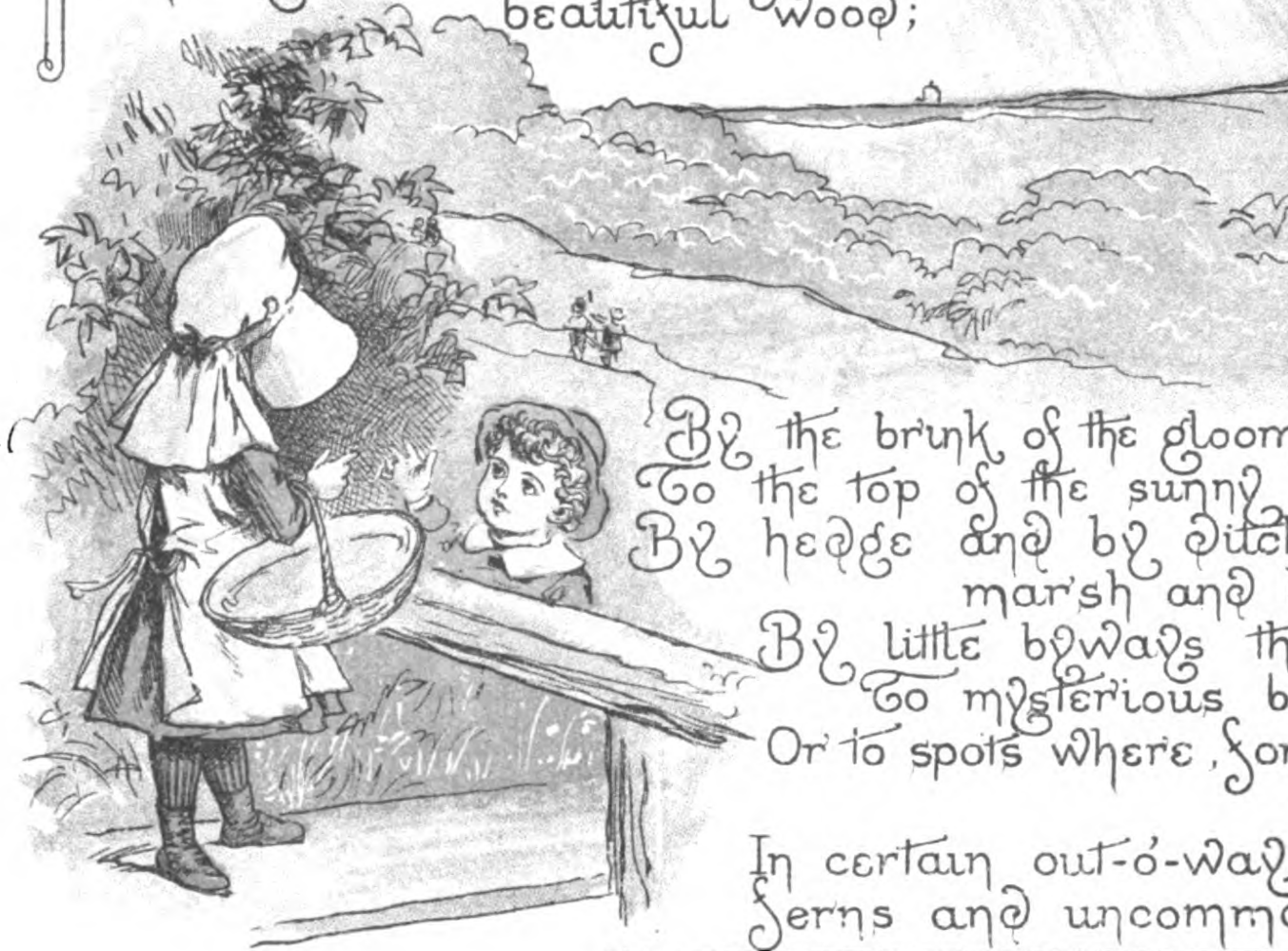
So with sh
 And promis
 wi

Hand in hand we started off
A chubby child



Stretching the whole wide width of the lane ;

Or in broken links of twos and threes,
 For greater ease
 Of rambling,
 And scrambling
 By the stile and the road,
 That goes to the beautiful,
 beautiful wood;



By the brink of the gloom
 To the top of the sunny
 By hedge and by ditch
 marsh and
 By little byways that
 to mysterious b
 Or to spots where, for

In certain out-o'-way
 ferns and uncommo



There were flowers everywh
 Censing the summer air,
 Till the greedy bees went rolling
 To their honeycomb,
 And when we smelt at our

The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed coloured
 Dust on our noses;



Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing
 Dear dog-roses.



But it may
have been
only a
fairy
joke,

For she was
at home,
and I
sometimes
thought it
was really
the flowers
that
spoke.



From the Foxglove in its pride,
To the Shepherd's Purse by
the bare roadside;
From the snap jack heart of
the Starwort frail,
To meadows full of
Milkmaids pale,

And Cowslips loved by
nightingale,

Rosette of the
tasselled
hazel-sv

Dandelions like mid-day suns
Sky-blue star of the





Lords with
check

In purple s
pale g

Family
Prim

Orch
Velvet

that nev

Butterfl
which nev

Robert the
strange s

And cru
when sum

Clustering
All this g

Said to us
seemingly,
"Pluck,
children,
pluck!
But leave
some for
good
luck;
Some for the
Naiads,
Some for
the Dryads,
And a
bit for the
Nixies,
and the
Pixies.







"I was but a maid
 grandame said
 "When my mother
 And many a time
 stood
 In that beautiful
 To dream that
 every woodlark
 Through the croak
 Of twigs and the
 of brack
 Through the r
 Of leaves in the
 And the bus
 Of dark eyed, taw
 squirrels flitt
 about the tree

Through the
 purling and
 trickling cool
 Of the streamlet
 that feeds the
 pool,

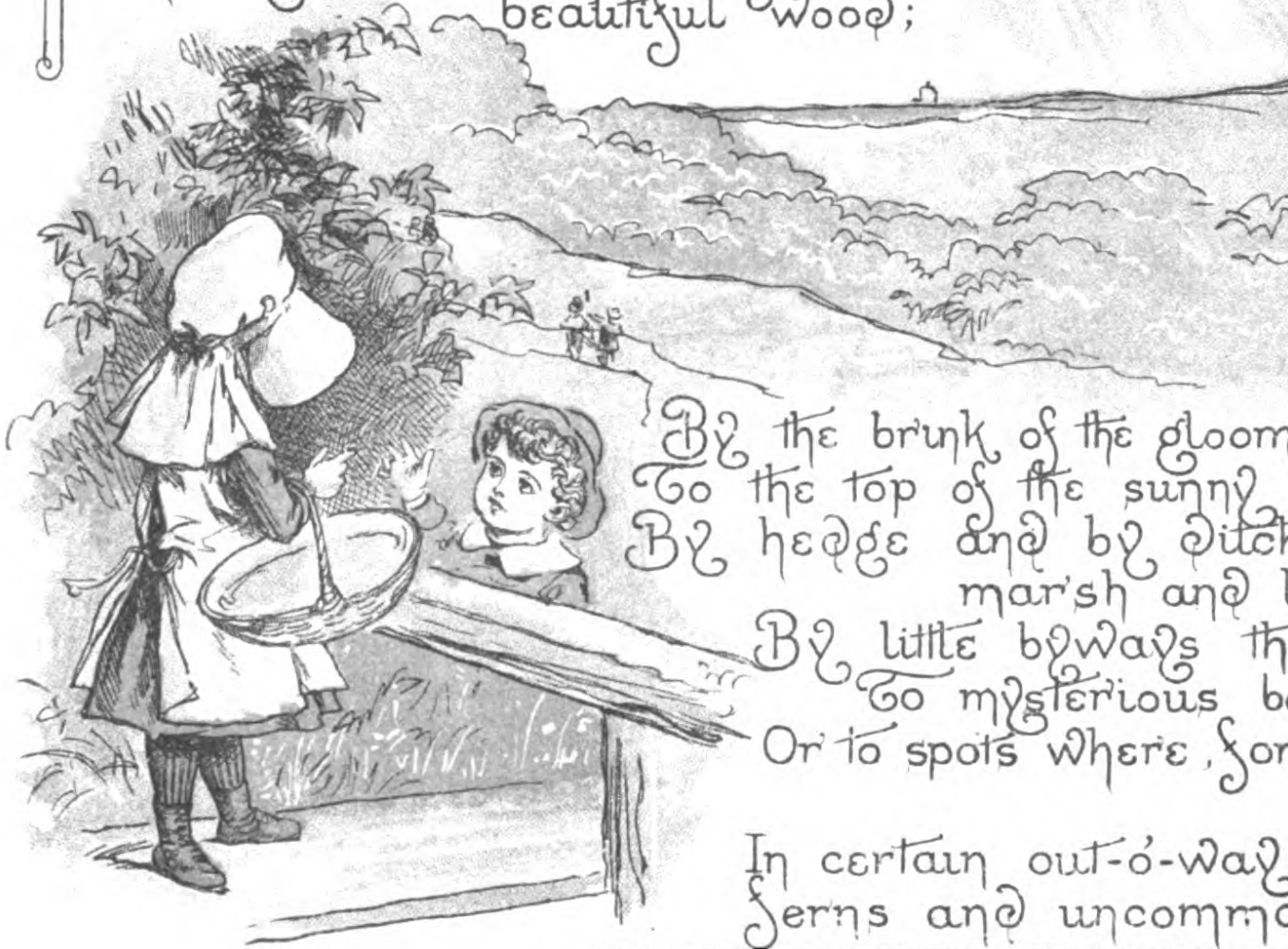
I could hear
 her voice .

Should I wonder
 to hear it? Why?
 Are the voices of
 tender wisdom
 apt to die?

And now, though
 I'm very old,



Or in broken links of twos and threes,
 For greater ease
 Of rambling,
 And scrambling
 By the stile and the road,
 That goes to the beautiful,
 beautiful wood;



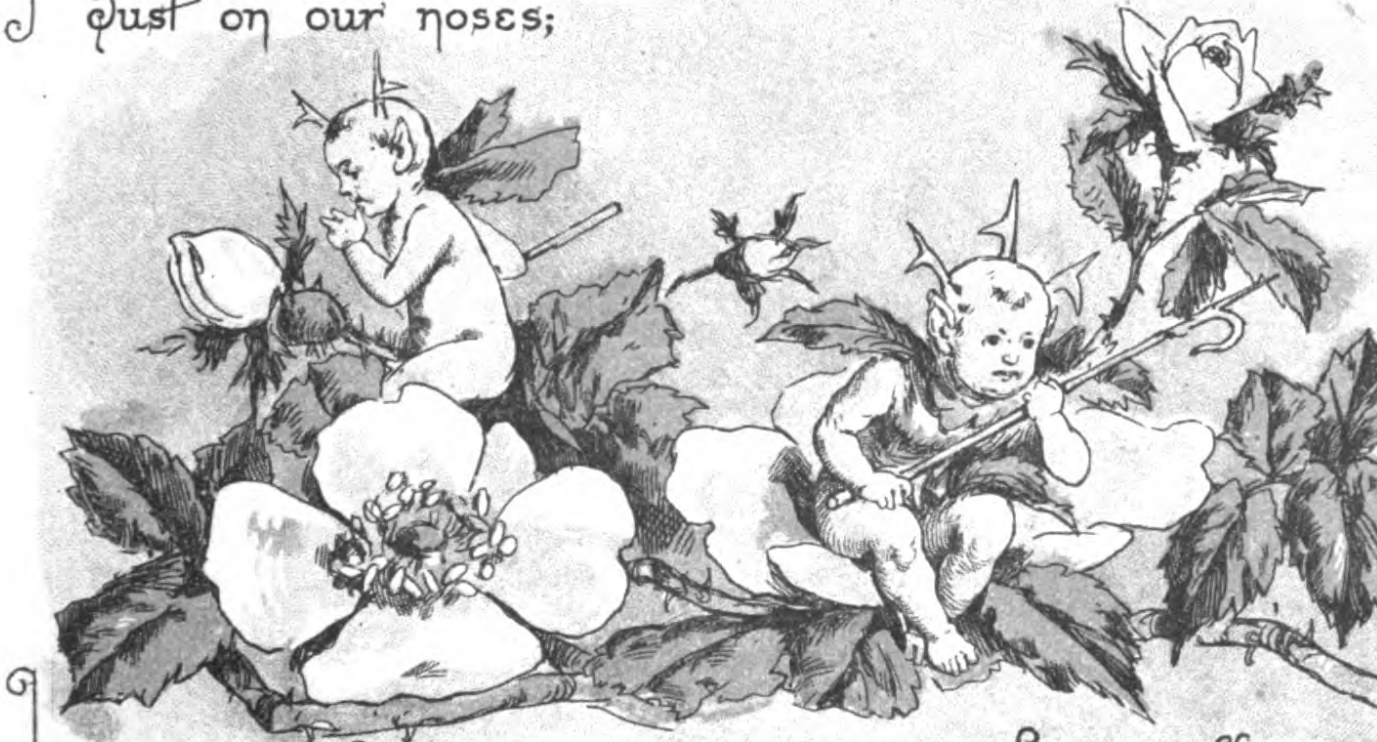
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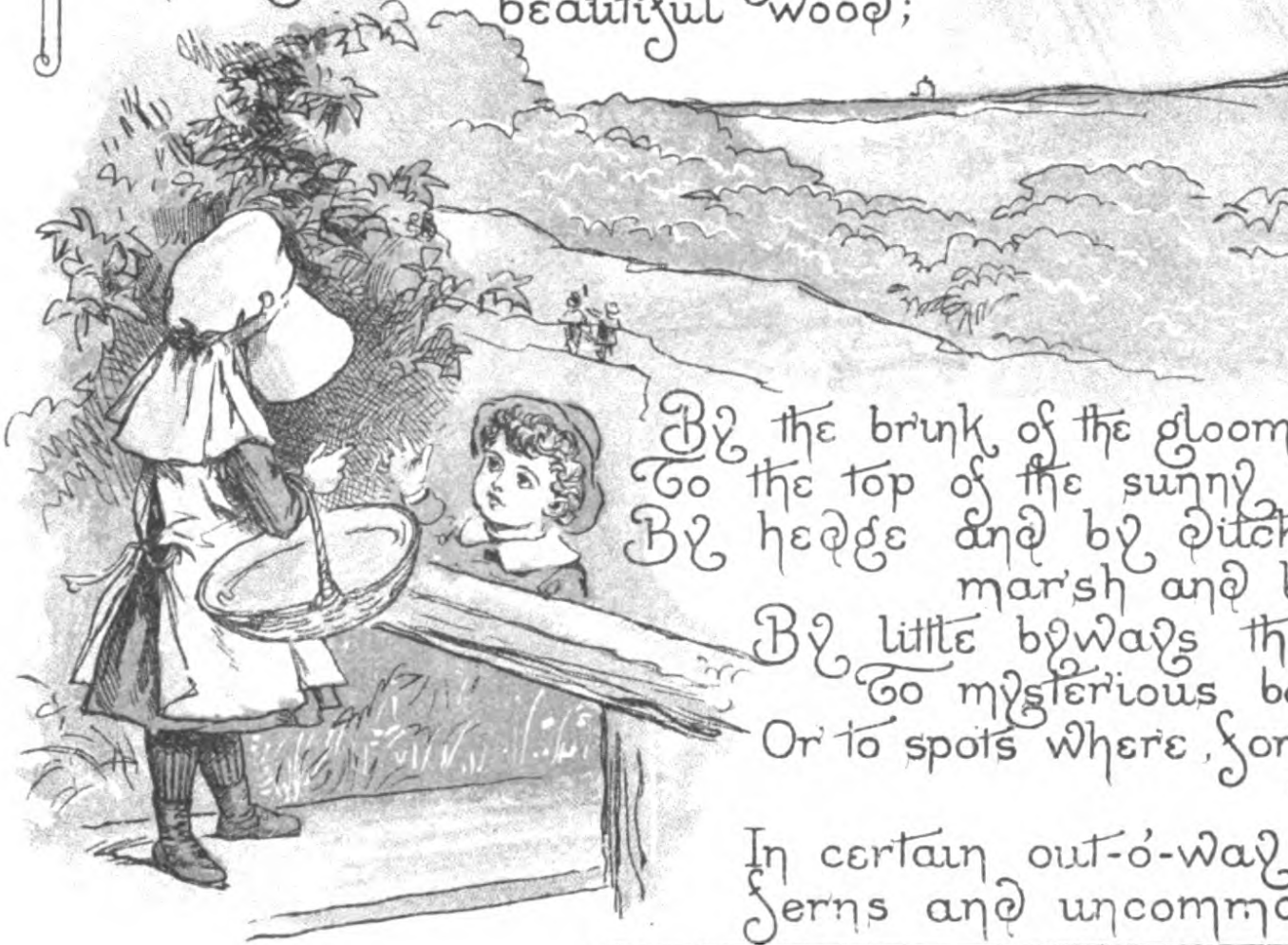
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 Till the greedy bees went rolling
 To their honeycomb,
 And when we smelt at our p

The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed coloured
 dust on our noses;



Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing
 Dear dog-roses.

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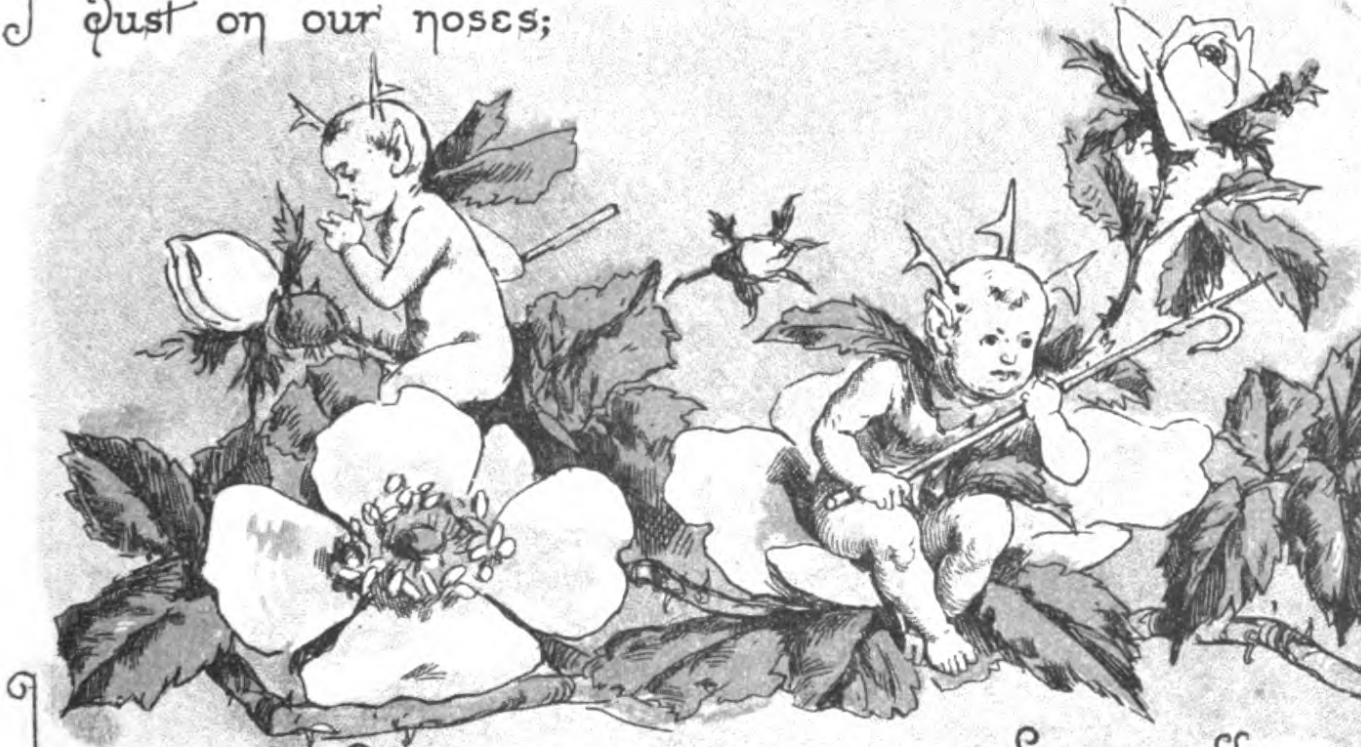
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Dandelions like mid-day suns





Lorids with
check

In purple s
pale g
Family
Prim

Orchi
Velvet

that nev

Butterfl
which nev

Robert the
strange s

And cru
when sum

Clustering

All this g

Said to us
seemingly,
Pluck,
children,
pluck!
But leave
some for
good
luck;
Some for the
Naiads,
Some for
the Dryads,
And a
bit for the
Nixies,
and the
Pixies.







"I was but a maiden
 grandame so
 "When my mother
 And many a time
 stood
 In that beautiful
 To dream that
 every woodland
 Through the crack
 Of twigs and the
 of brack
 Through the r
 Of leaves in the
 And the bus
 Of dark eyed, taw
 squirrels flitt
 about the tree

Through the
purling and
trickling cool
Of the streamlet
that feeds the
pool,
I could hear
her voice.
Should I wonder
to hear it? Why?
Are the voices of
tender wisdom
apt to die?

And now, though
I'm very old,



And the air, that
used to feel fresh,
strikes chilly
and cold,
On a sunny day
when I potter
About the garden,
or totter
To the seat from
whence I can
see, below,
The marsh and
the meadows I
used to know,
Bright with the
bloom of the
flowers that
blossomed there
long ago;



Then, as if it were y
I fancy I hear them



'Pluck, children
But leave some for

Picked from the s
pulled up
From overhead,
under



Water-wonders of pond or brook,
Wherever you look,
And whatever your little
Finger's find,
Leave something behind;



Some for the Naiads
And some for the Dryads,



And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixie's :





The End: ==



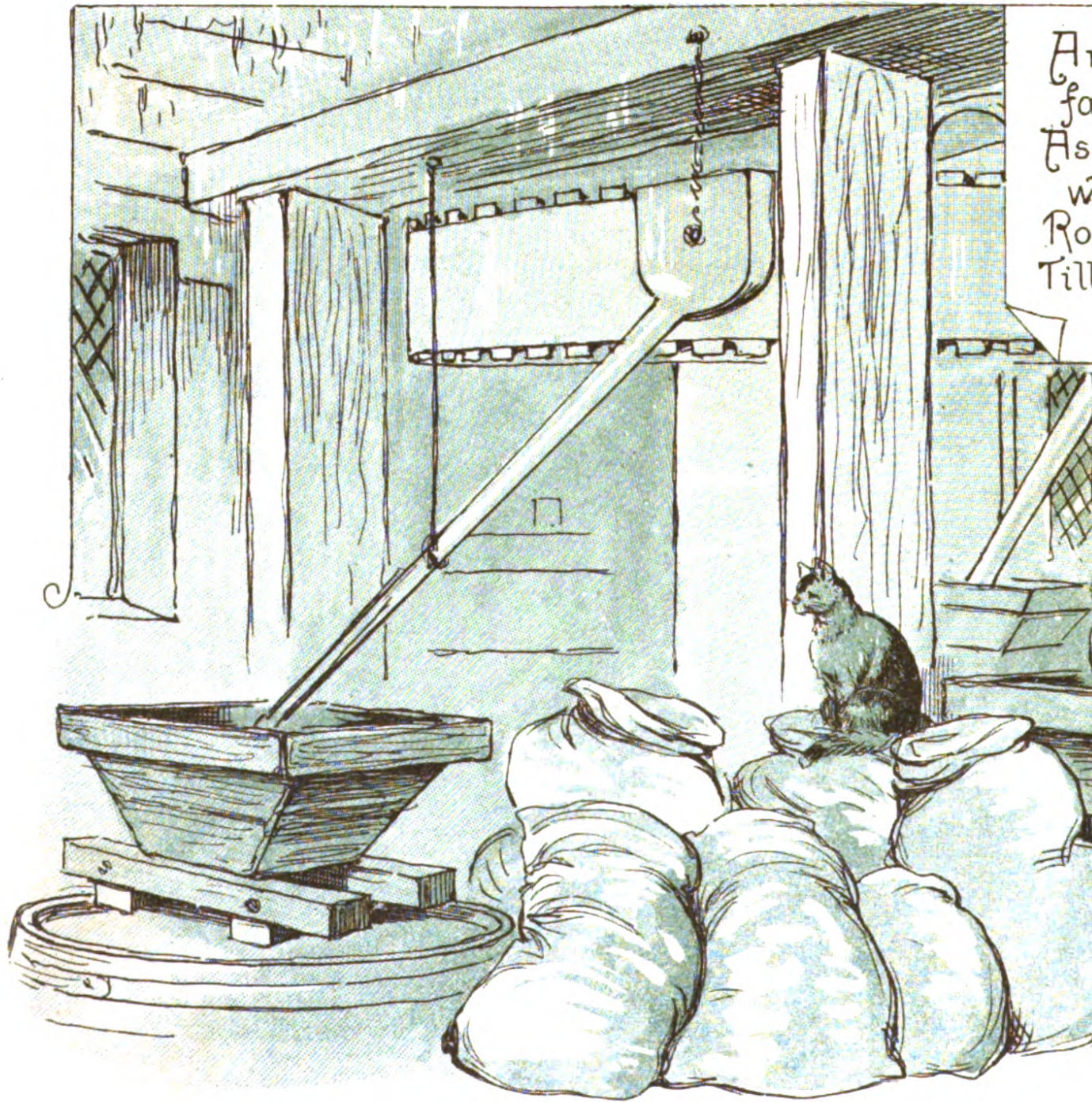
ONE of a hundred little rills
 Born in the hills,
 Nourished with dew's by the earth, and with t
 Sang — "Who so mighty as I?
 The farther I flow
 The bigger I grow.

I, who was
born but a
 little rill,
Now turn the
big wheel of
 the Mill,
Though the
surly slave
would rather
 stand still.





Old and weed-hung and
 I am not afraid of
 For when I come round
 With a creak and a
 The monster



A
fo
As
w
Ro
Till



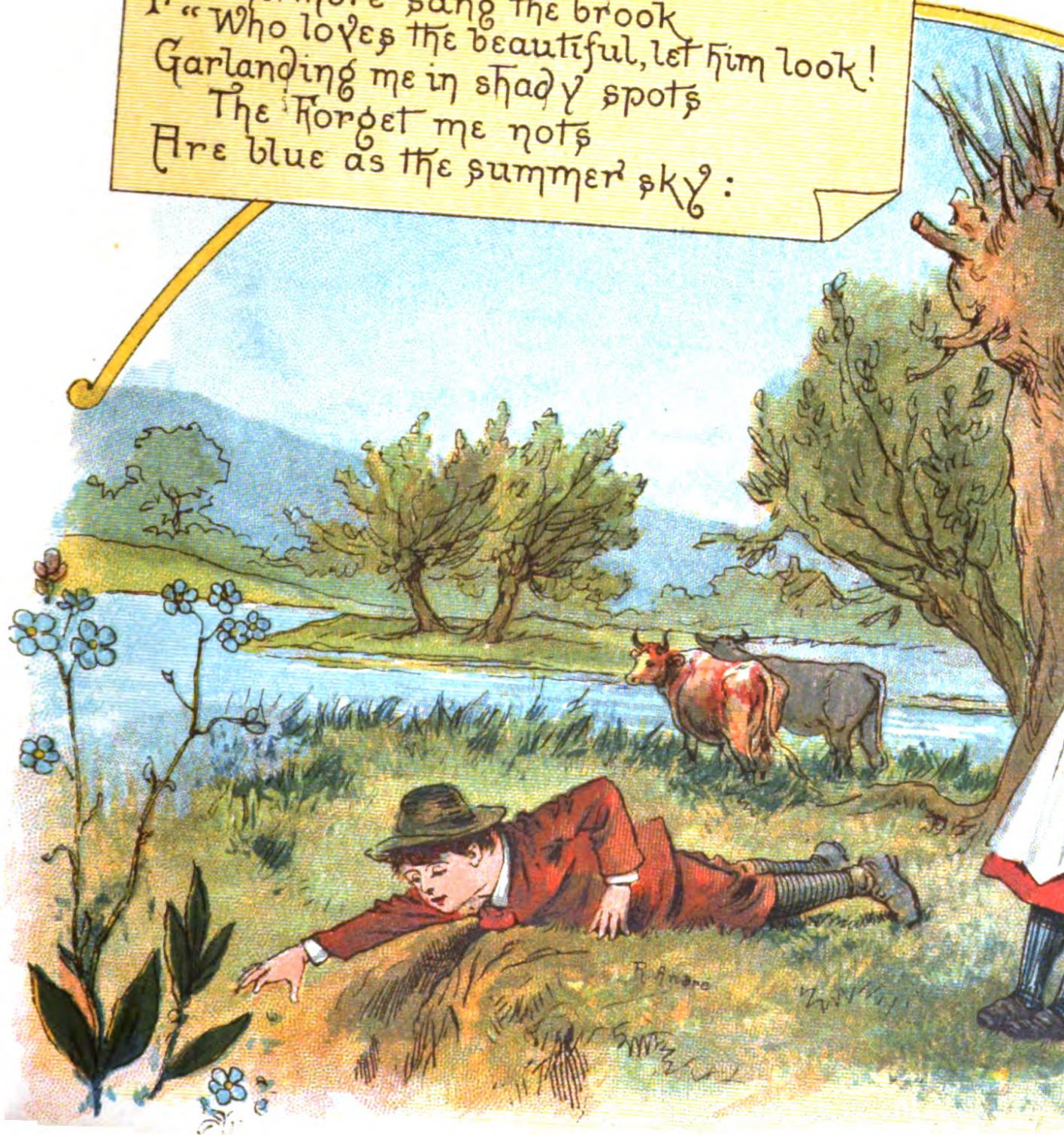
R. Anon.

And the miller smiles as he stands on
And knows he has me to thank
Then when he swings the fine saw
I feel my power.



But when the children enjoy their food
I know I'm not only great but good!"

Furthermore sang the brook
"Who loves the beautiful, let him look!
Garlanding me in shady spots
The Forget me nots
Are blue as the summer sky:





Who so lovely as I?
My King cups of gold
Shine from the shade of the
alders old
Stars of the stream!
At the water-rats' threshold
they gleam;

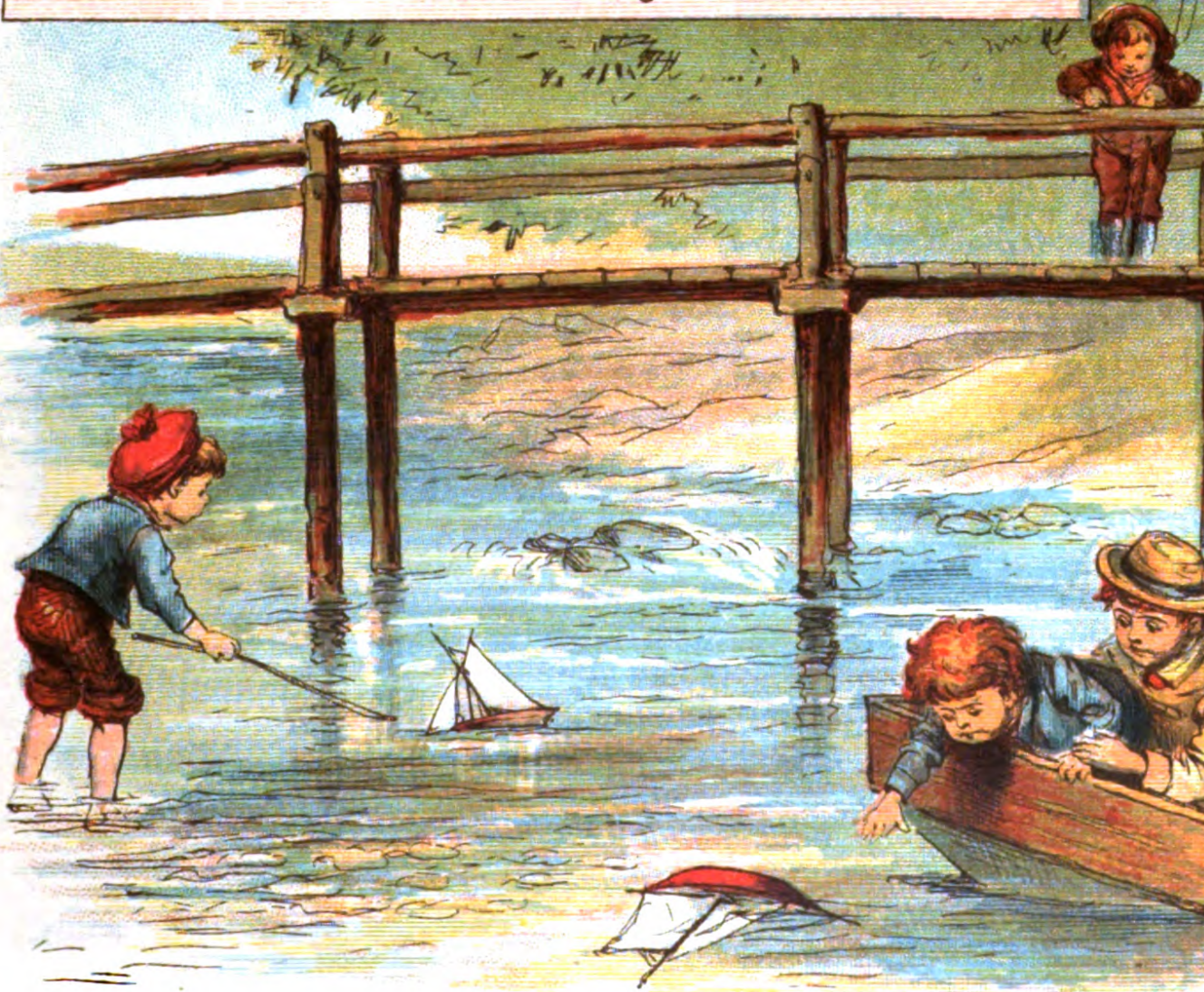


From below
 The frog-bit spreads me its blossoms,
 And in masses,
 The willow-herb, the flags, and
 Reeds, rushes, and seed
 Flower and fringe and

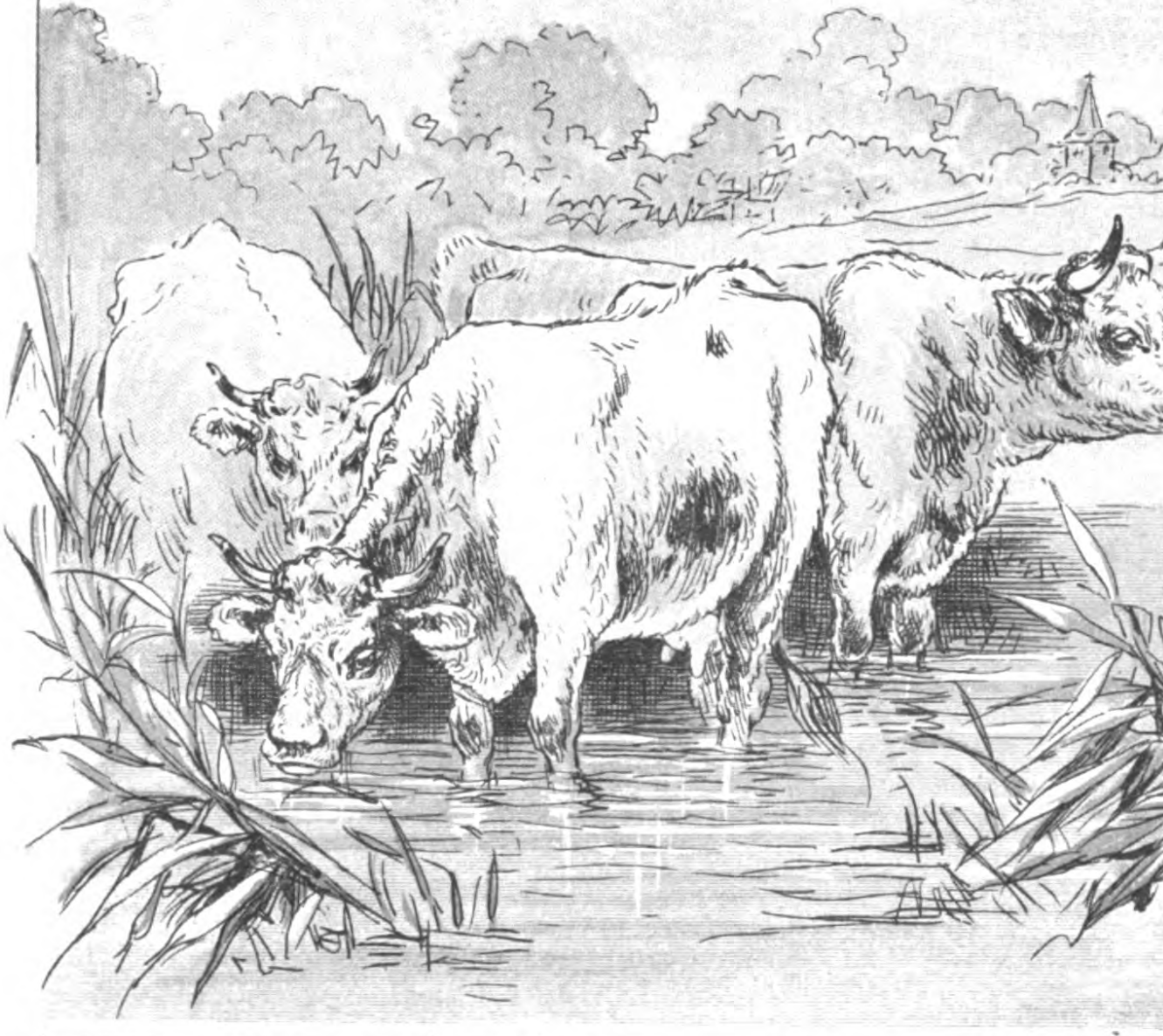


To be beautiful is not amiss,
But to be loved is more than this;
And who more sought than I,
By all that run or swim or crawl or fly?

Sober shell fish and frivolous gnats,
Tawny-eyed water-rats,
The poet with rippling rhymes so fluent,
Boys with boats playing truant;



Cattle wading knee-deep for water,
And the flower-plucking parson's daughter.

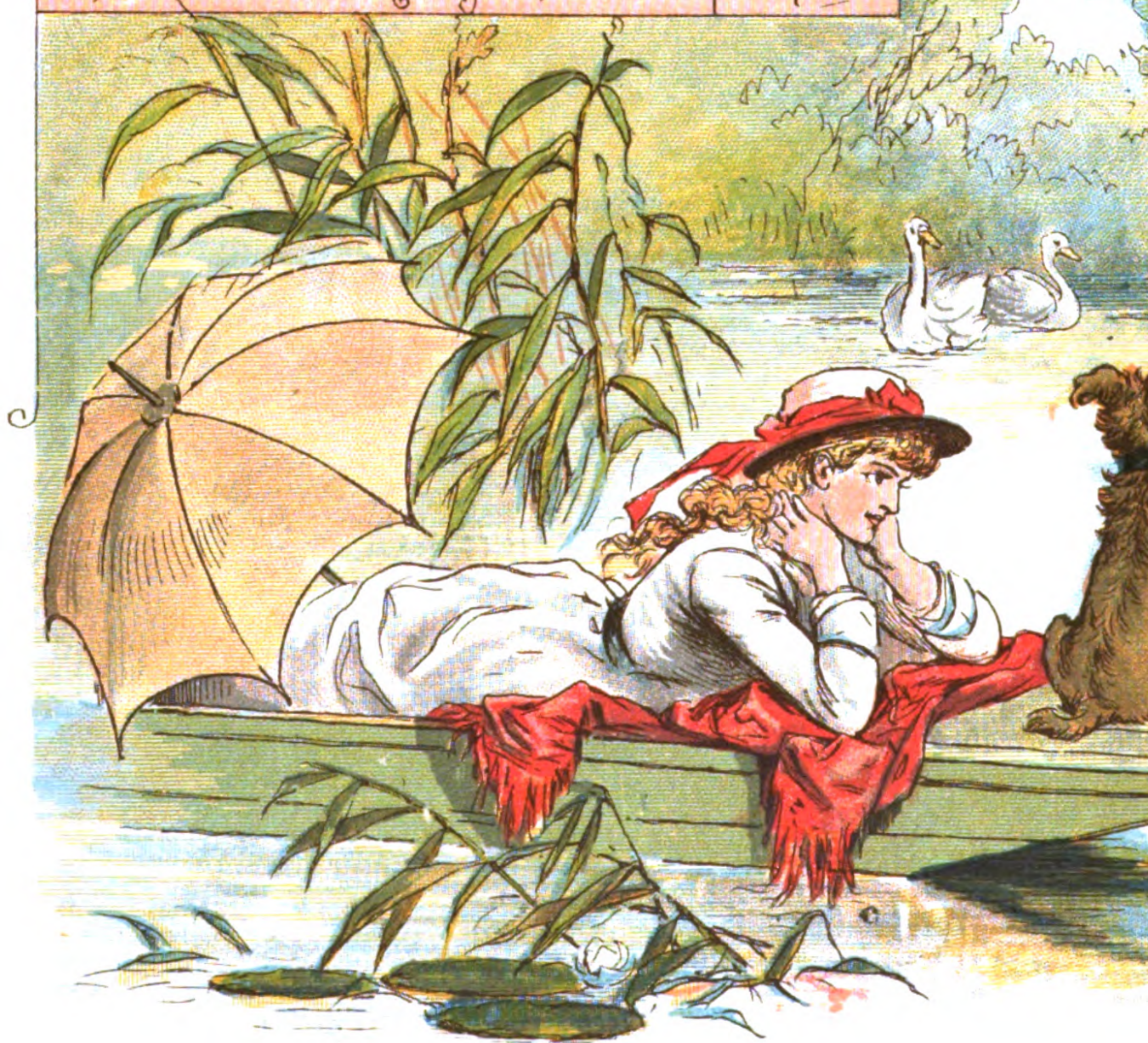


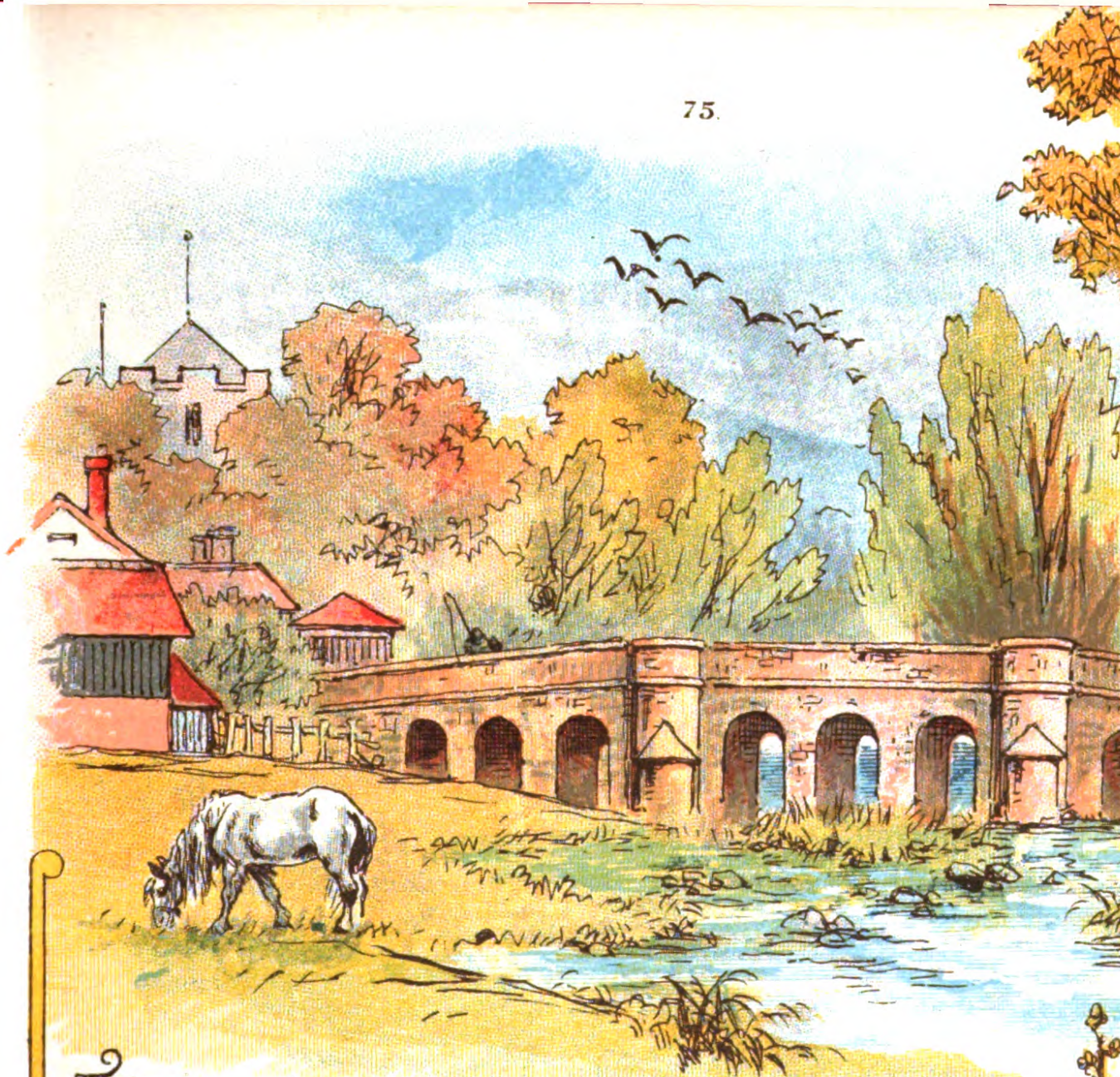
Down in my depths dwell creeping things,
 Who rise from my bosom on rainbow wings,
 For-too swift for a schoolboy's prize.—



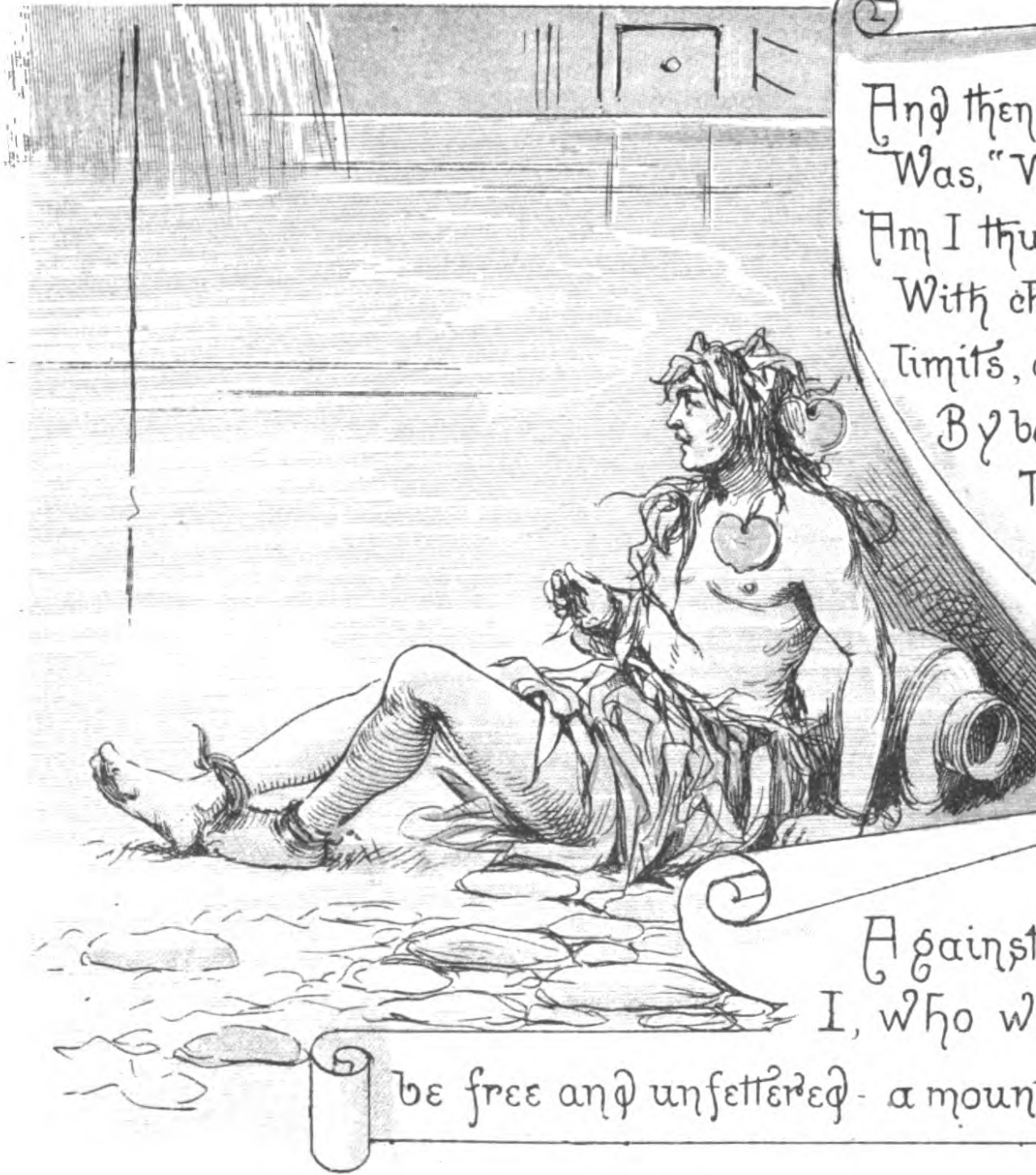
Hither and thither above me dart the prismatic-hued dragon

At my side the lover lingers
And with lack-a-daisical fingers,
The Weeping Willow, woe-begone
Strives to stay me as I run on."





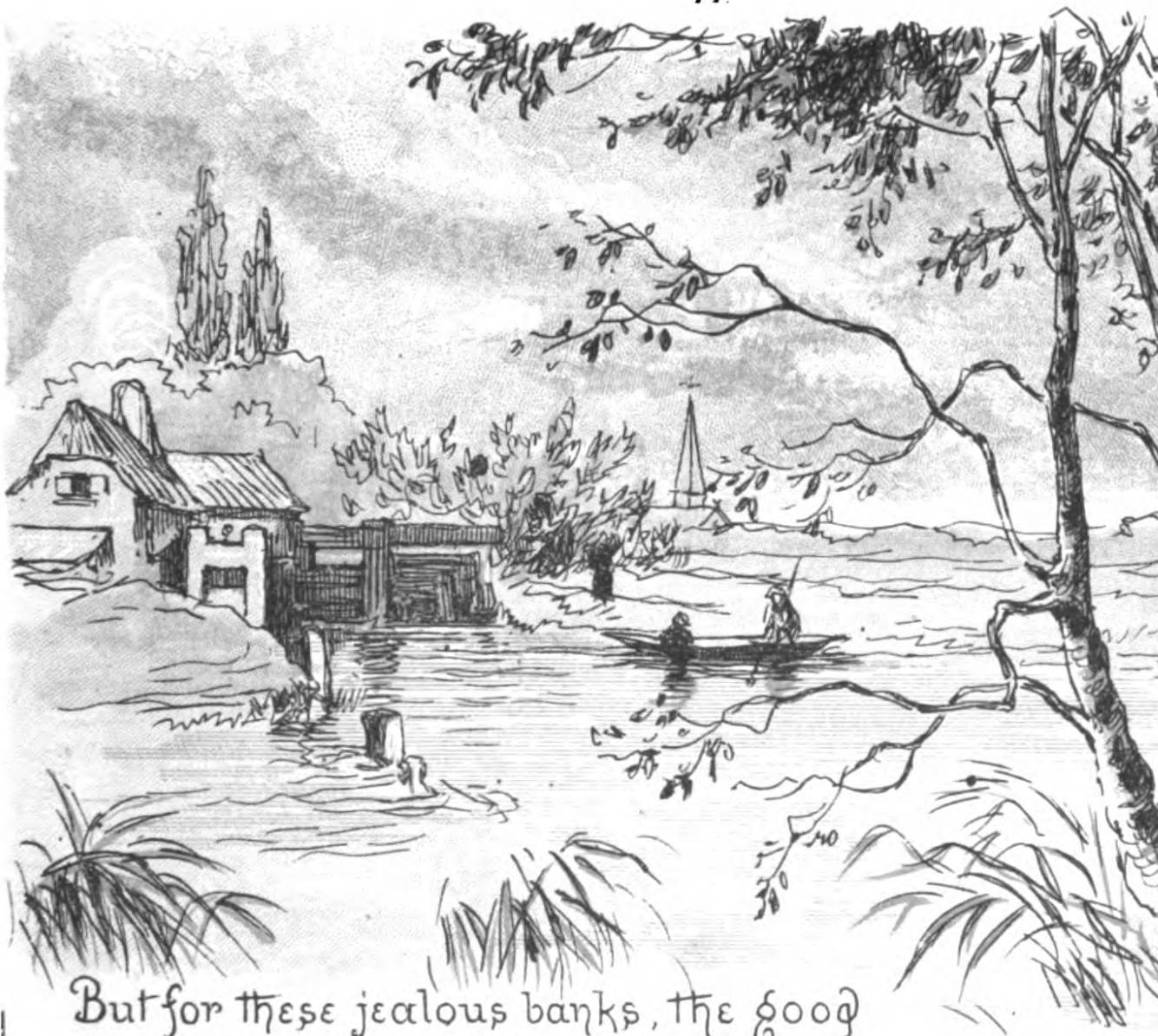
There came an hour
When all this beauty and love and power
Did seem
But a small thing to that Mill Stream.



And then
 "Was," W
 Am I thu
 With ch
 limits, o
 By bo
 T

Against
 I, who w

be free and unfettered - a moun



But for these jealous banks, the good
Of my gracious and fertilising flood
Might spread to the barren highways,
And fill with Forget-me-nots countless neglected by - v



Why should the rough barked Willow for ever lave
Her feet in my cooling wave;
When the tender and beautiful Beech
Faints with midsummer heat in the
meadow just out of my reach?

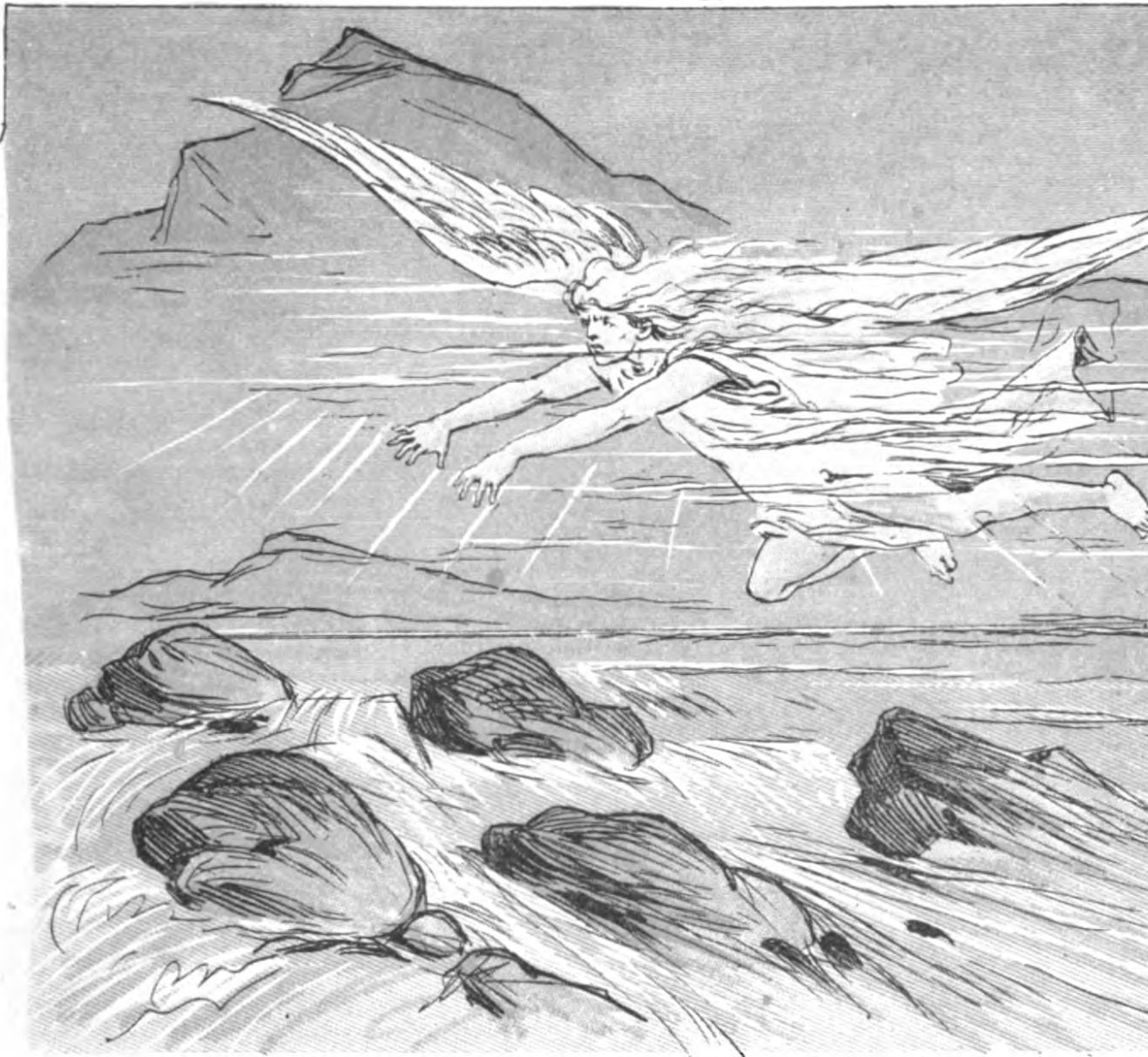


Could I but rush with unchecked
 The miller might grind a day's
 corn in an hour
 And what are the ends
 Of life, but to serve one's f

A day did dawn at last,

When the
spirits of
the storm
and the
blast,





Breaking the bands of the winter's frost and snow
Swept from the mountain source of the stream
flooded the valley

Dams were broken and weirs came down;
Cottage and mill, country and town,
Shared in the general inundation,
And the following desolation.



Then the Mill stream rose in it
And burst out of bounds to left and
Rushed to the beautiful beech
In the meadow far out of re



But with such torrents the poor tree died,
Torn up by the roots, and laid on its side.
The cattle swam till they sank;
Trying to find a bank.





Never more shall the brook
Grind the corn to make the
To make the children
The miller was

When the setting
I looked to see w
Mill Stream
In its
Of unlimit
And w
left w
pa



R. Andre

Behold the
channel was
stony and dry
In uttermost
ruin
The Mill-Stream
had been
its own
undoing



Furthermore it had
 drowned its
 friend
 This was
 the end: ~



The

The Poet & the Bird
a Tale of G



A little
that bal

Once
Po
A Poe
hair a

Who we
wa

And on
This Broo
that Poet
rueful

Now in the poem that he read,
 This Poet said:

"Oh! little Brook, that babblest under grass!
 (Ah me! Alack! Ah, well-a-day! Alas!)

Say, are you what you seem?

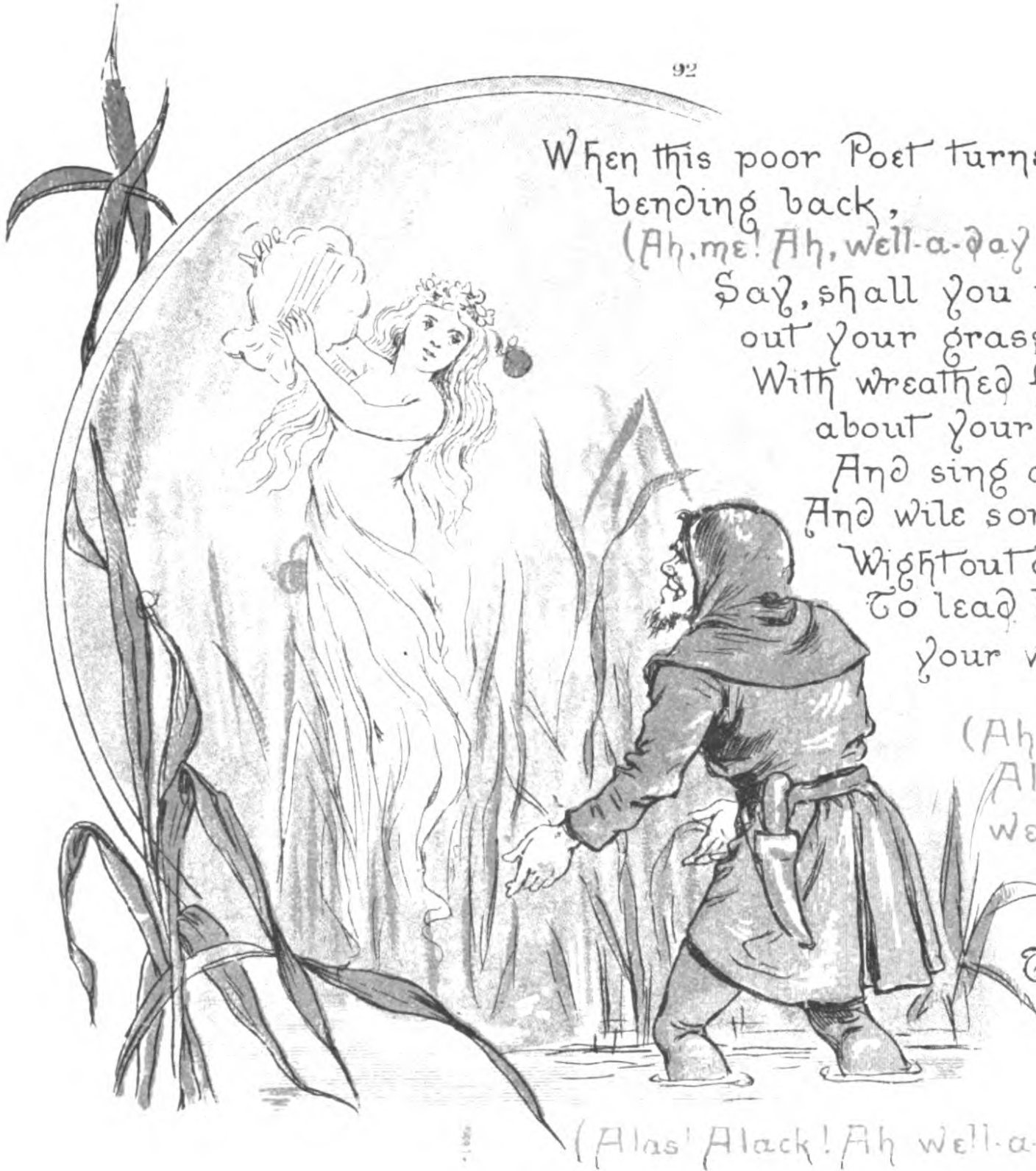
Or is your life, like other lives, a dream?

What time your babbling mocks my mortal me,
 Fair Naiad of the stream!





And a
good
could
poesy
the tru
A Water
Who som
man's
deligh
Puts o
form o
Go v
with a
grace



When this poor Poet turns
 bending back,
 (Ah, me! Ah, well-a-day
 Say, shall you
 out your grass
 With wreathed
 about your
 And sing a
 And wile son
 Wightout
 To lead
 your w

(Ah
 Al
 we

(Alas! Alack! Ah well-a-

So far the
 Poet read his
 pleasing strain,
 Then it began
 to rain.

He closed his book,
 "Farewell, fair
 Nymph!" he cried, as
 with a lingering
 look,

His homeward
 way he took;
 And nevermore
 that Poet saw
 that Brook.



The Brook passēd several days in anxious
 Of transformation
 Into a lovely Nymph
 bedecked with flowers;
 And longed
 impatiently
 to prove
 those powers



Those dangerous powers-
 of witchery and wile,
 That shoulde all mortal men mysteriously b



For life as m
lost
Before the e
of young so

And ye
hope se
Despite
str

Though the days can
and went a
The seasons changed the Brook r

The Brook was
 almost tired
 Of vainly hoping
 to become
 a Naiad;
 When on a certain
 Summer's day,
 Dame Nature
 came that way,
 Busy as usual,
 With great and small;
 Who, at the water-side
 Dipping her clever
 fingers in the tide,
 Out of the mud drew
 creeping things,
 And, smiling on them,
 gave them radiant wings
 Now when the poor Brook murmured "Mother—"
 Dame Nature bent to hear,



And the sad stream poured all its woes into her
sympathetic ear

Griying - "Oh, bounteous Mother!
Do not do more for one child than another;
If of a dirty grub or two
(Dressing them up in royal blue)
You make so many shining Demoiselles;
Change me as well;
Uplift me also from this narrow place;
Where life runs on at such a pesty pace,



Give me a human form, dear Dame, and then
see how I'll flit, and flash, and fascinate the race

‡ The "Demoiselle" Dragon-Fly, a well known slender variety (Libellula) with a body of brilliant blue.

Then Mother Nature, who is
 Did that deluded little Bro
 To be contented with



And with
 and cheer
 Run, as c
 appointe
 Safe both
 and rece

Outliving human

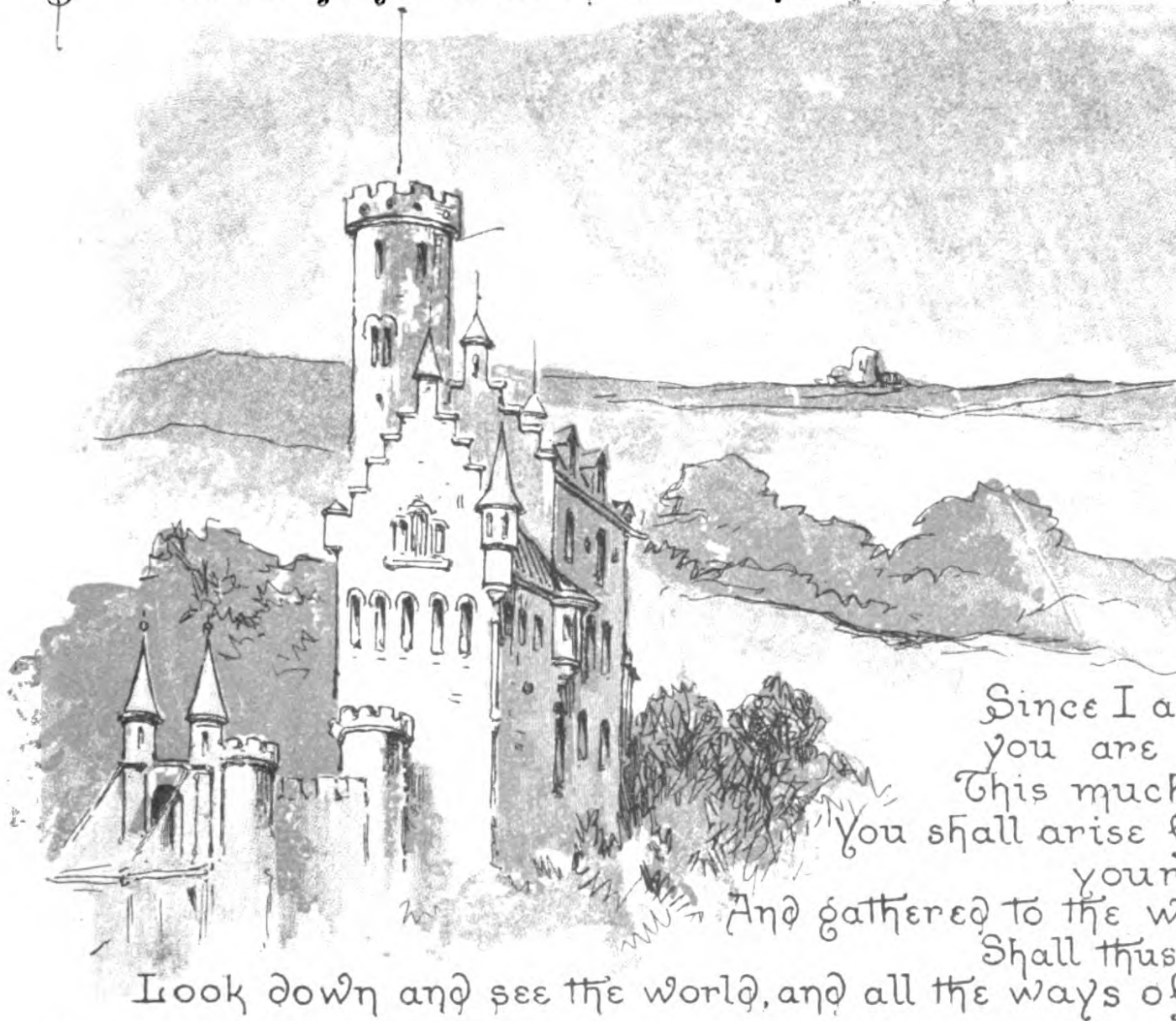


outlasting human charms.

But good advice, however
Is thrown away upon a man
And this was all that babbling Brook would
"Give me a human face and form, if only for a

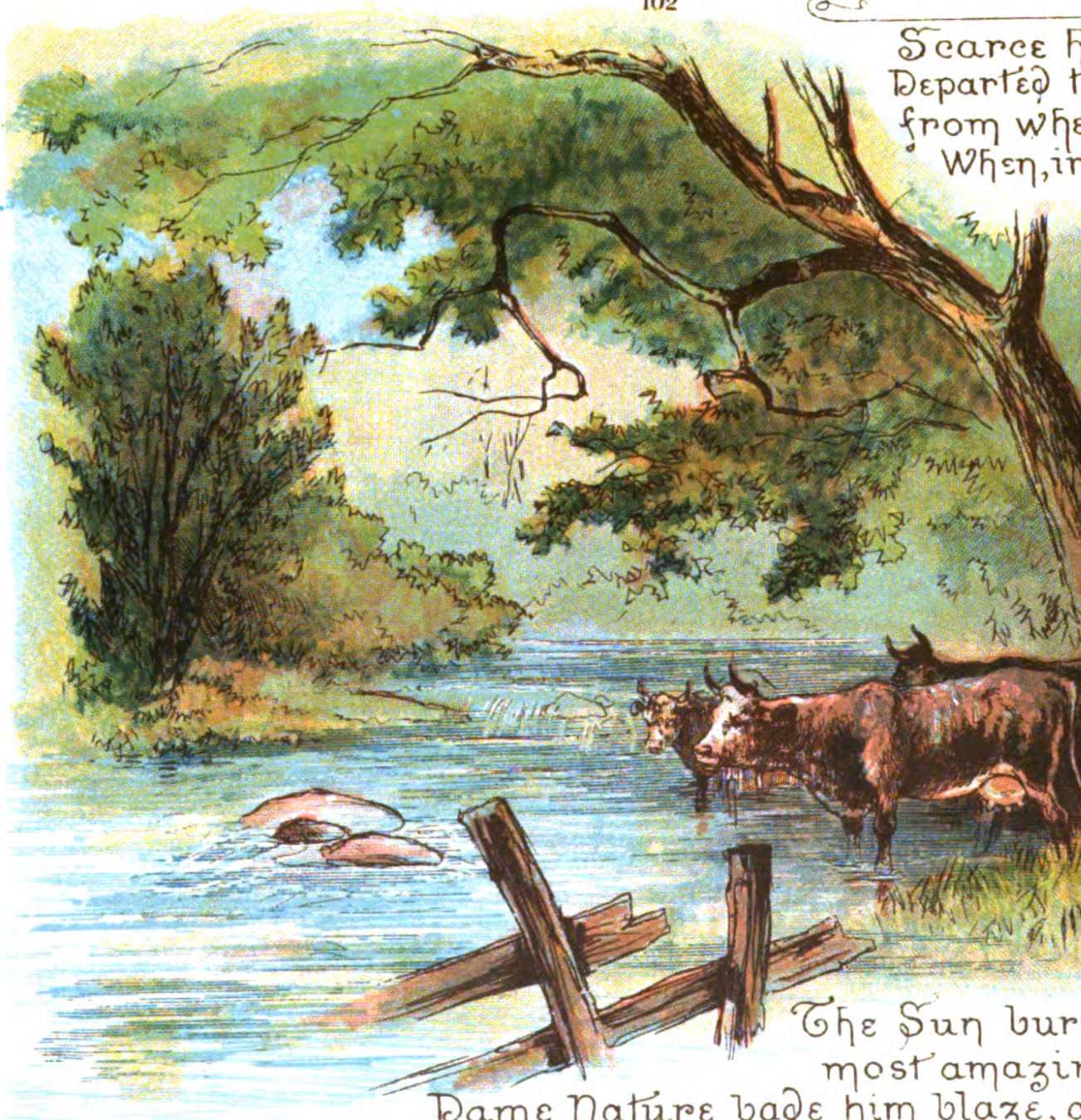


Then, quoth Dame Nature: "Oh, my foolish
 Ere I fulfil a wish so wild,



Since I a
 you are
 This much
 You shall arise
 your
 And gathered to the w
 Shall thus

Look down and see the world, and all the ways of



Scarcely had
 Departed the
 from where
 When, in

The Sun burst
 most amazing
 Dame Nature bade him blaze, and
 He drove the fainting flocks into

FA

He ripened all the flowers into seed,
 He dried the river, and he parched the meads,
 Then on the Brook he turned
 His burning eye,



Which rose and left
 narrow channel
 And, climbing up by side
 to the sky
 Became a snow white cloud, which softly flo



It was a glorious F
 And all the world w
 and gold was
 When, as this cloud a
 heavens did pa
 Lying below, it sav
 the grass,
 The very Poet who
 a stir made,
 To prove the Brook
 freshwater merm
 And now
 - Holding his book
 corrugated brow
 he read aloud
 And thus apostro
 passing cloud
 "Oh, snowy-breast
 Mysterious mess
 upper air;



Can you be of those female forms so dread,
 Who bear the souls of the heroic dead,
 Go where undying laurels crown the warrior's head,
 Or, as you smile and hover,
 Are you not rather some fond goddess of the skies
 Who waits a mortal lover?
 And who, ah who is he?
 And what, oh what! — your message to poor me
 — So far the Poet. Then he stopped:
 His book had dropped.

* The Valkyrie in Teutonic Mythology, whose office it is to bear the souls of the dead from the field of battle.

But ere the delighted cloud could make reply
Dame Nature hurried by,
And it put forth a wild
beseeching cry :



"Give me a human face and form!"
Dame Nature frowned, and all the heavens grew blo



Falling most softly on the floor most hard,
Of an old manor-house court yard.

But very soft
Upon a frosty winter
The little cloud returned
Falling in flakes of

And as it hastened to
the earth again,
The children sang
behind the window
pane:

"Old woman, up
yonder, plucking
your geese,
Quickly pluck them,
and quickly
cease;

Throw down the
feathers, and when
you have done,
We shall have fun —
we shall have
fun."

The snow had fallen,
when with song
and shout,





The girls
 camp
 Six sturdy
 men are
 Carrying
 brooms
 wooden
 Who sw
 shovels
 fallen
 Which w
 —Oh! oh
 Oh! Mother
 seven
 Pity me ly
 I'm shake
 pieces
 that sto
 Raise me
 me in a
 form."

They swept up much, they shovelled up more,
There never was such a Snow-man before!



They built him bravely with might and main
There never will be such a Snow-man again

His legs were big, his body was bigger,
They made him a most imposing figure;

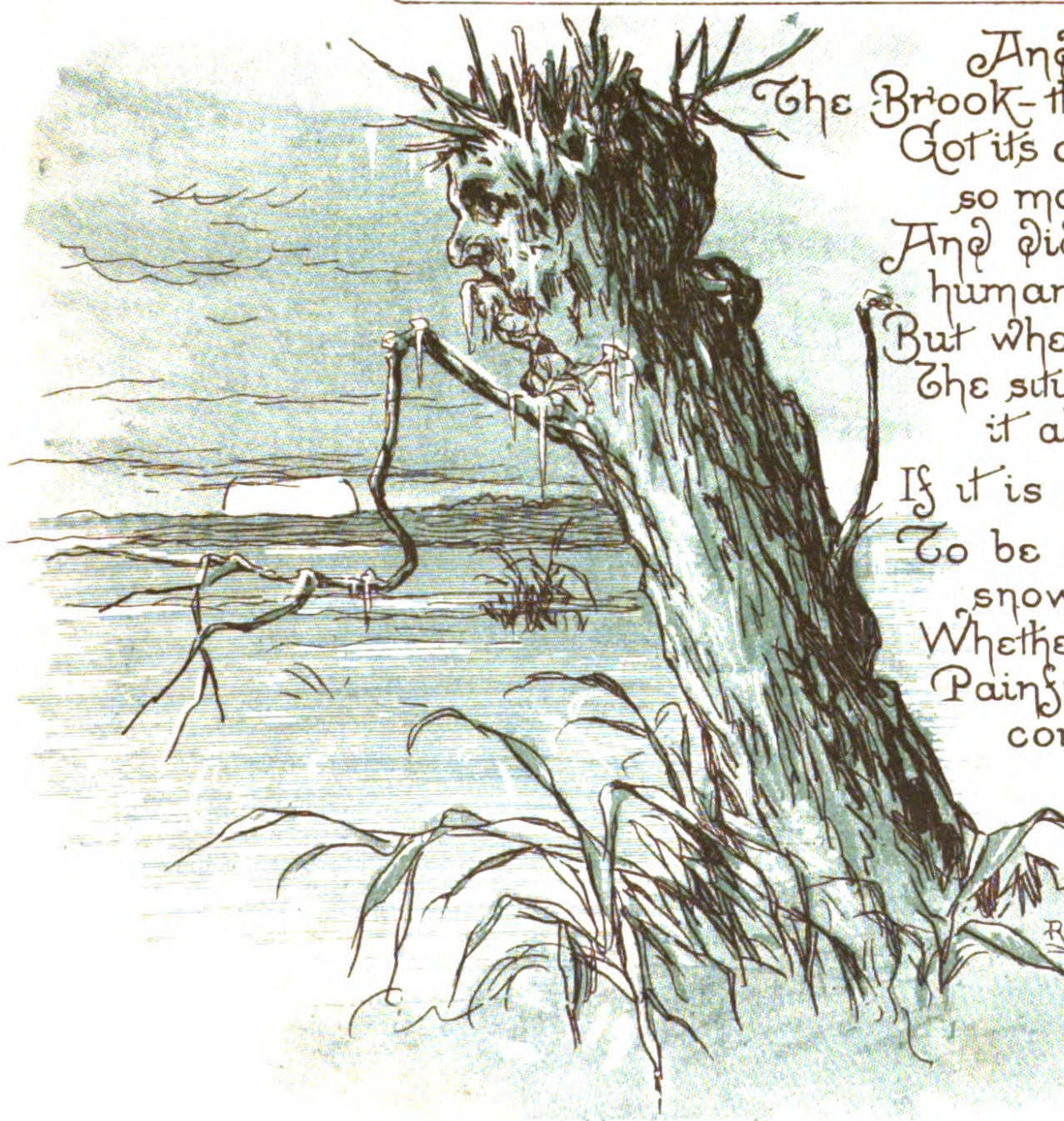


His eyes were large and as black as coal
For a cinder was placed in each round hole.

And the sight of his teeth would have made y
 Being simply the teeth of an ancient rake
 They smoothed his forehead, they patted h



There
 a sing
 -ly
 And v
 had
 fina
 They
 his
 the
 hat.



And
 The Brook-
 Got its
 so m
 And di
 human
 But whe
 The situ
 it a
 If it is
 To be
 snow
 Whether
 Pain
 con



Ch
Wh
Wh
hi
fo
v
ext
If
As

Or if,
As he stood, stark
and stiff,
With a bare
broomstick in
his arms,
And not a trace
of transcendental
charms,
That man of snow
Grew wise
enough to know
That the
Brook's hopes
were but a
Poet's dream,



And well content to be ay

On the first sunny e
Followed quietly a
Or what the end v
must ask the Po
I don't know it



The E

Convalescence



Hold my hand, little sis
 nurse my head when
 to remember the w
 What was it? that the
 says is now fairly esta
 both in me and my b

C-O-N-con, with a
 S-T-A-N-stan, with
 No! That's Constantinople
 The capital of the con
 where rhubarb - and
 con



and I wish they would keep it in that country.



C-O-N-con-how my head swims! now I've
 C·O·N·V·A·L·E·S·C·E·N·C·E.



Convalescence

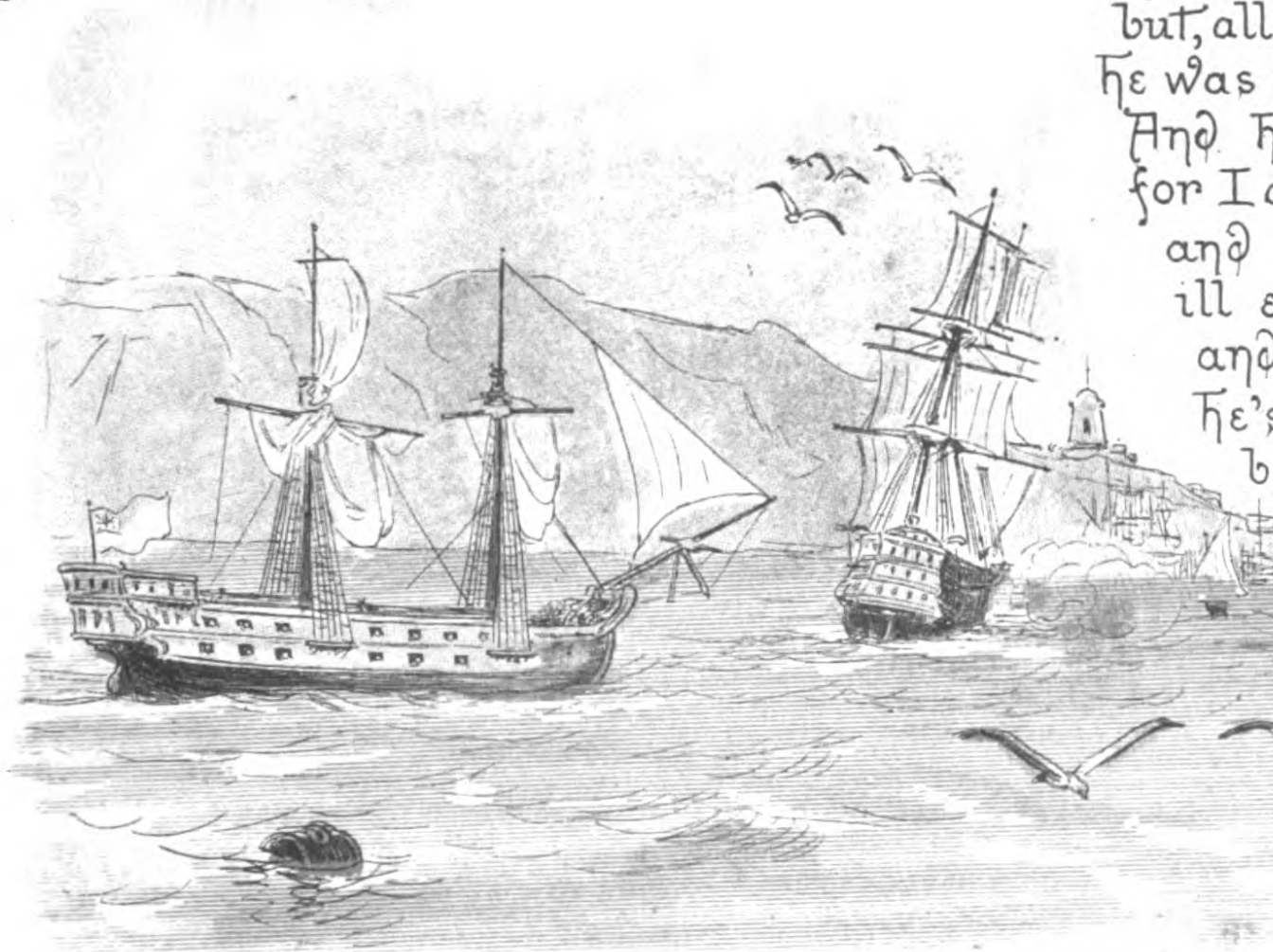
And that's what
 doctor says it
 fairly established
 both in my
 bird and me

He says it
 that you
 better, and
 you'll be
 by and

And so the Sea
 says, and he says

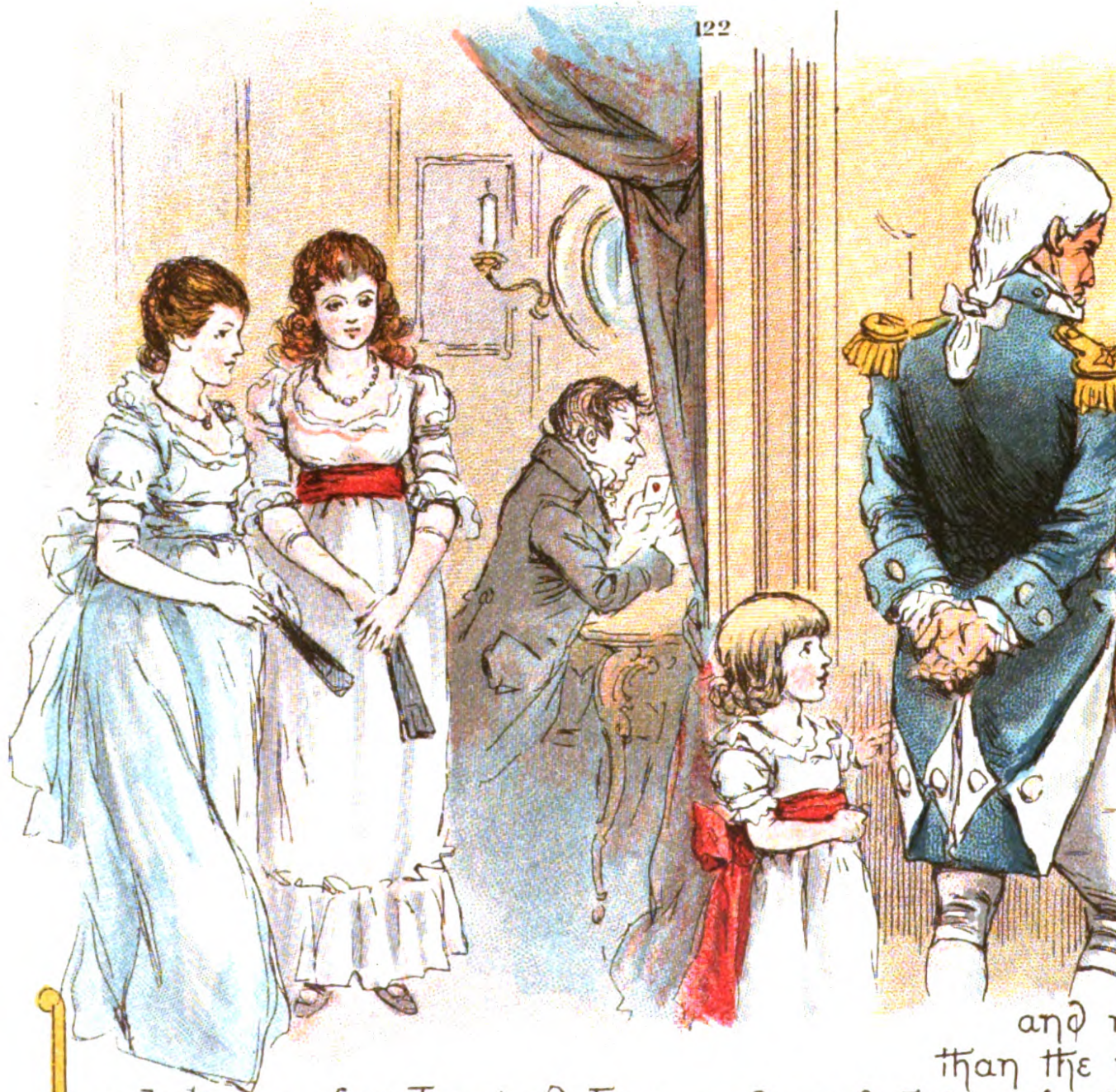
ought to be friends, because we're both convalescent
 at least we're all three convalescents the b

and the captain and I



He's a
not a
but, all
He was
And he
for I
and
ill
and
He's
b

And why somebody else has got his ship, and she behaves
tiffily in the battle, and he loves her quite as much



relations, for I asked him; and now he's afraid
never belong to him any more.

and
than the



I like him
I've seen him three
times out walking with two sticks, when I was driv-
ing a bath chair, but I never talked to him till today.

He'd only
one stick
and

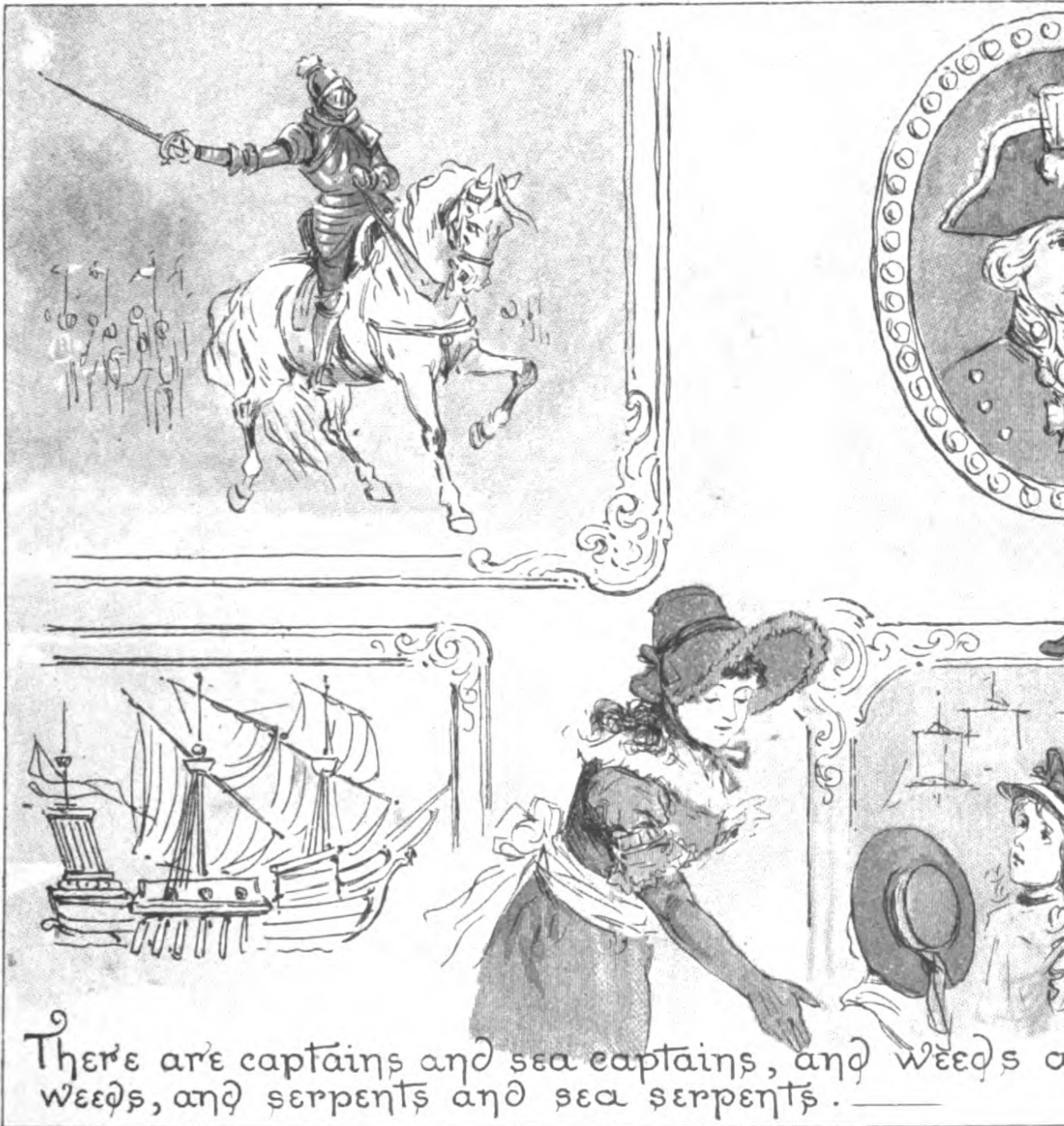


a telescope, and he let me
look through it at the
ship that was
round the corner
into the bay.
He was very

and I
questioned

"Are you
certain?" and

And I said, "How funny
about land things and sea



There are captains and sea captains, and weeds and
weeds, and serpents and sea serpents. —



Φιδ γου ενερ



and is it really like.
the dragons on our very old best blue tea this

But he never did. So I asked him, "have you got c-
eence? Does your doctor say it is fairly establ
your eyes ache if you try to read, and your neck
draw, and your back if you sit up, and your
you talk.

"Don't you get tired of doing
nothing, and worse tired
still if you do any thing;
and does everything wobble
about when you walk?"

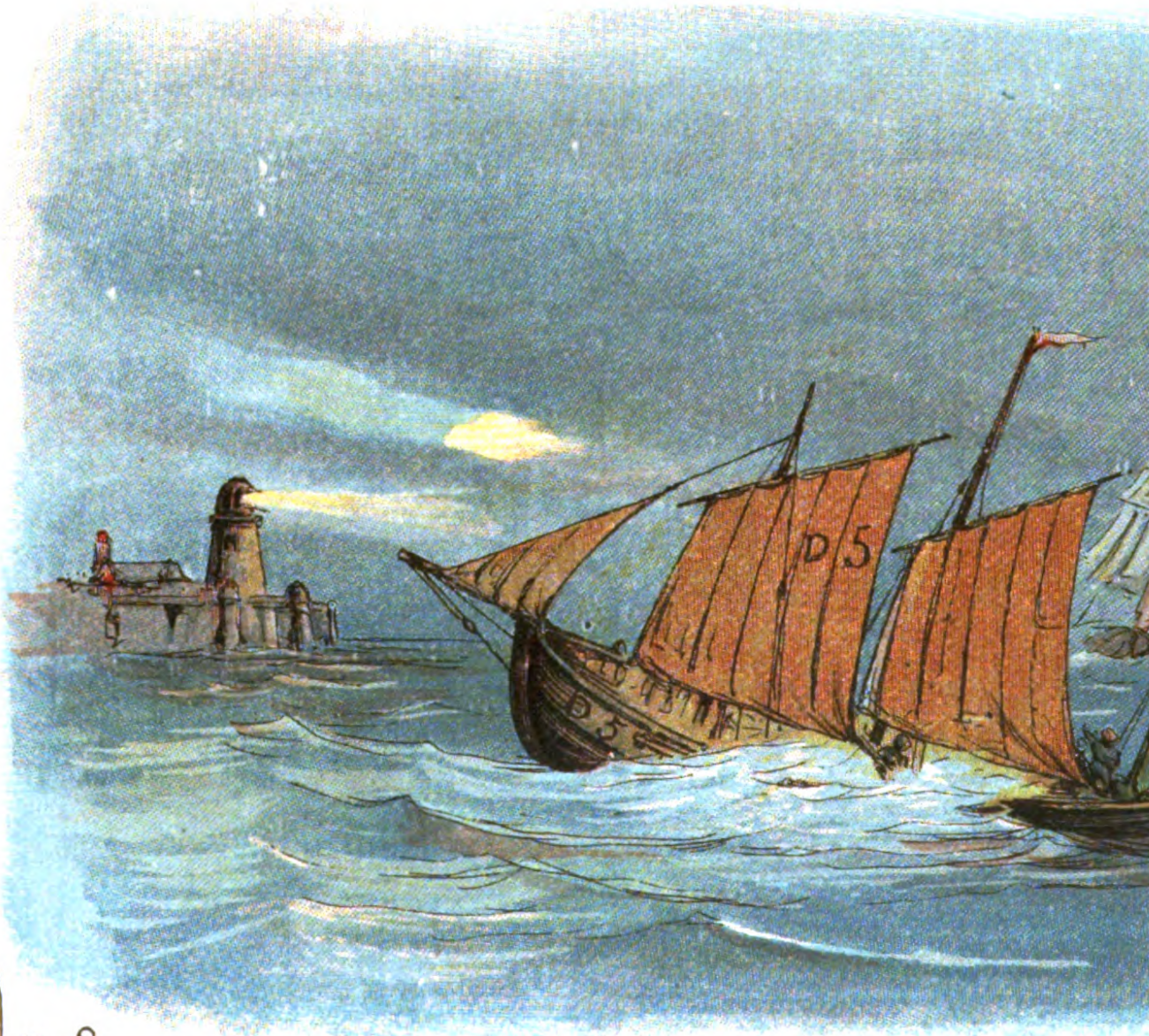


"Wouldn't you rather go
back to bed? I think I
would. Don't you wish
you were well? Wouldn't you
rather be ill than only better?
I do hate convalescence, don't you?"

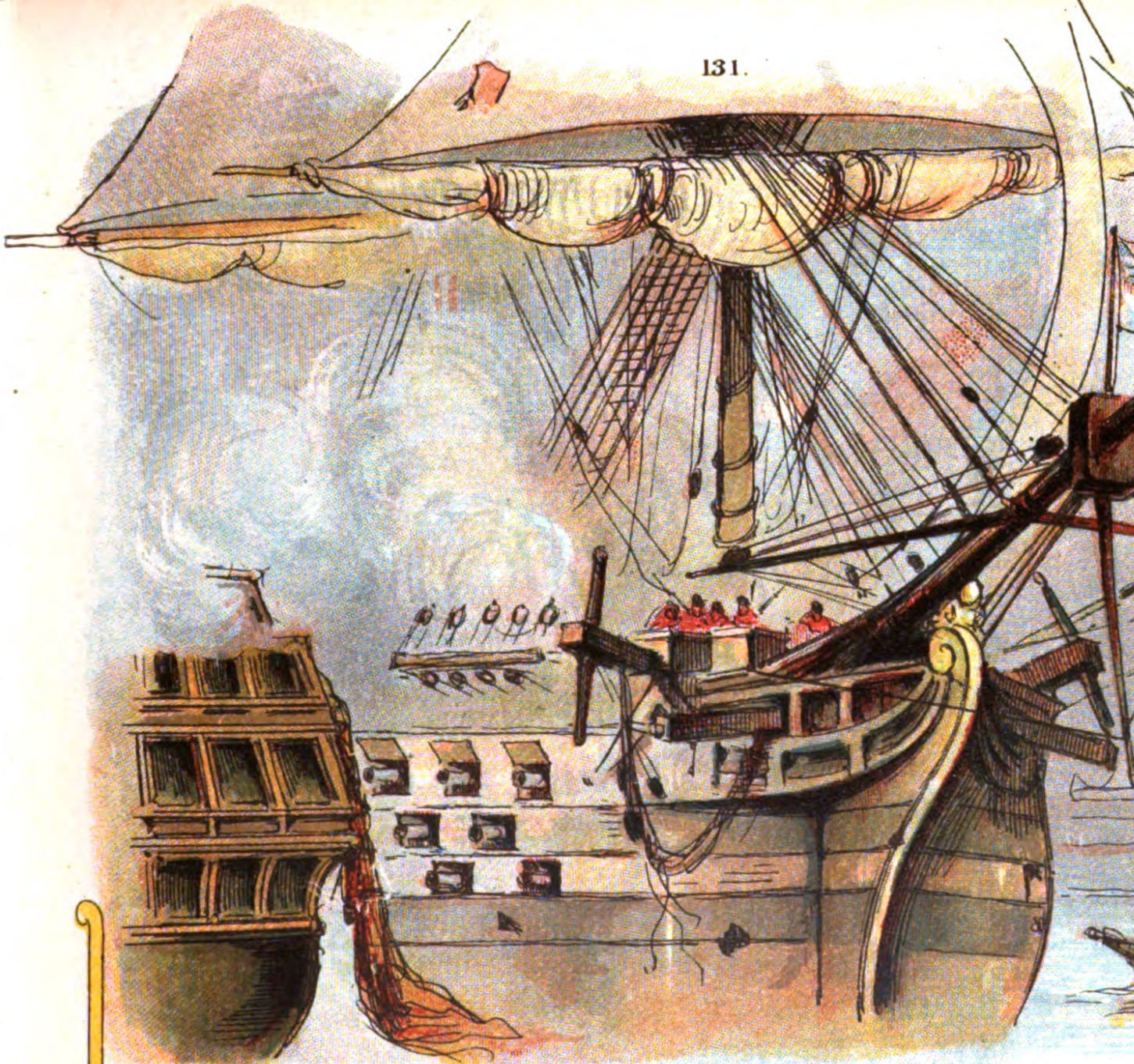
Then I stopp'd asking, and he shut up his telescope, sat down on the shingle, and said, "When you come of age, little chap, you won't think 'What is it I've got to bear?' but 'what is it I've got to do?'"



"What have I got to bear; and how can I do it or bear it better?"



“That’s the only safe point to make for, my lad.
for it, and leave the rest!”



I said, "But wouldn't you rather be in battles than with your head aching as if it would split?"

And he said, "Of course
 would; so would
 But, my little
 -lescent,

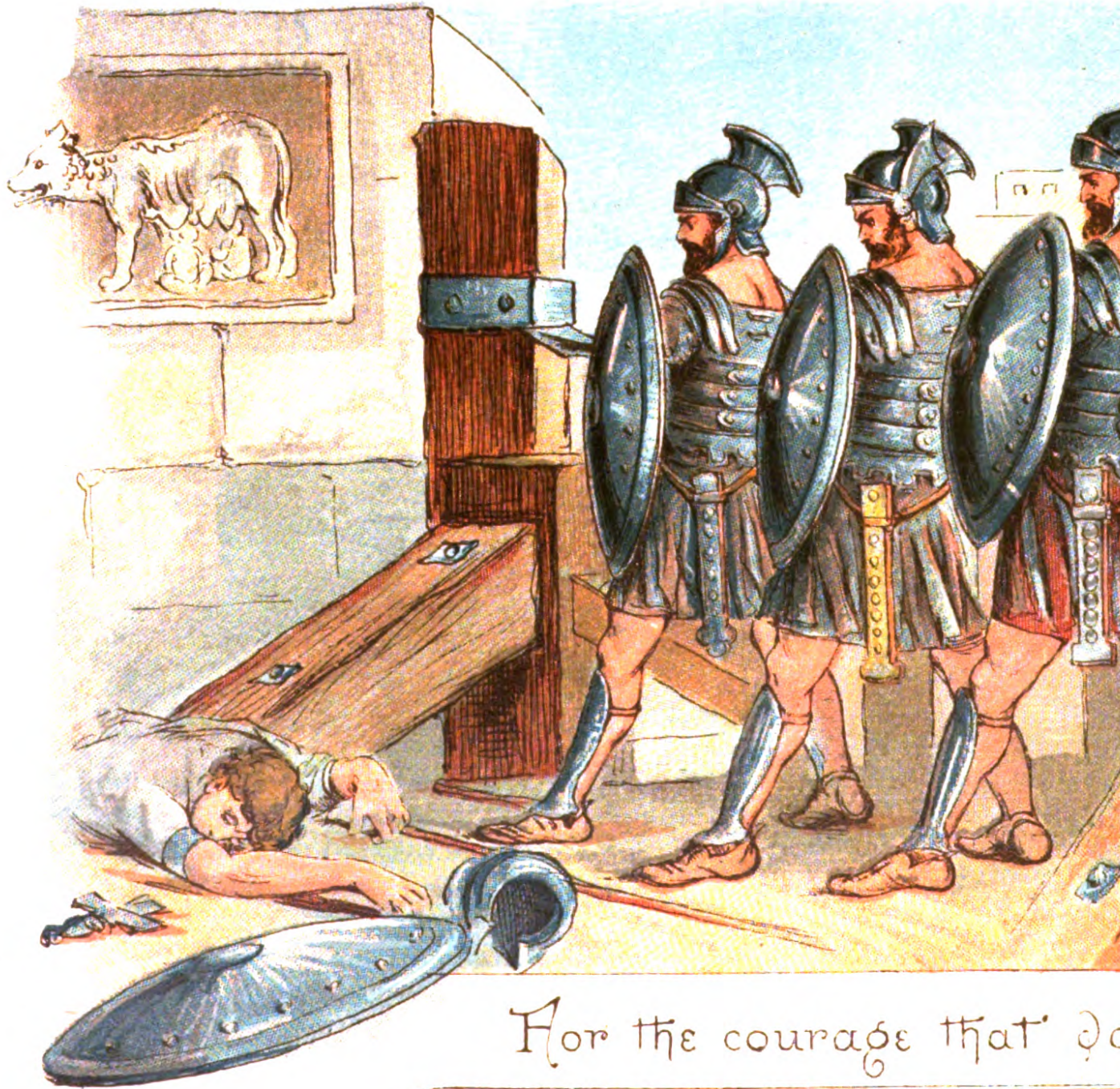


What would you
 of a man who was
 into battle, and was
 grumbling and wishing he

"What should I think of the fellow? Why I know he was a coward," I said. "And if he were called to bed," said the Captain, "and I



grumbling and wishing he were in battle give him no better a name.



For the courage that do



and the courage that
are really one and the

Hold my hand, little sister, and nurse my head, thinking, and I very much fear.
You've had no good of being well since I wa-

led you such a life; but indeed I am obliged to

Is it true that nurse has got something the

her legs, and that Ma-

gone home because

out with nursing,

be fit to work for

(will she be co-

because it wa-

hard work

on me

did

"s-



grumbling and complaining is

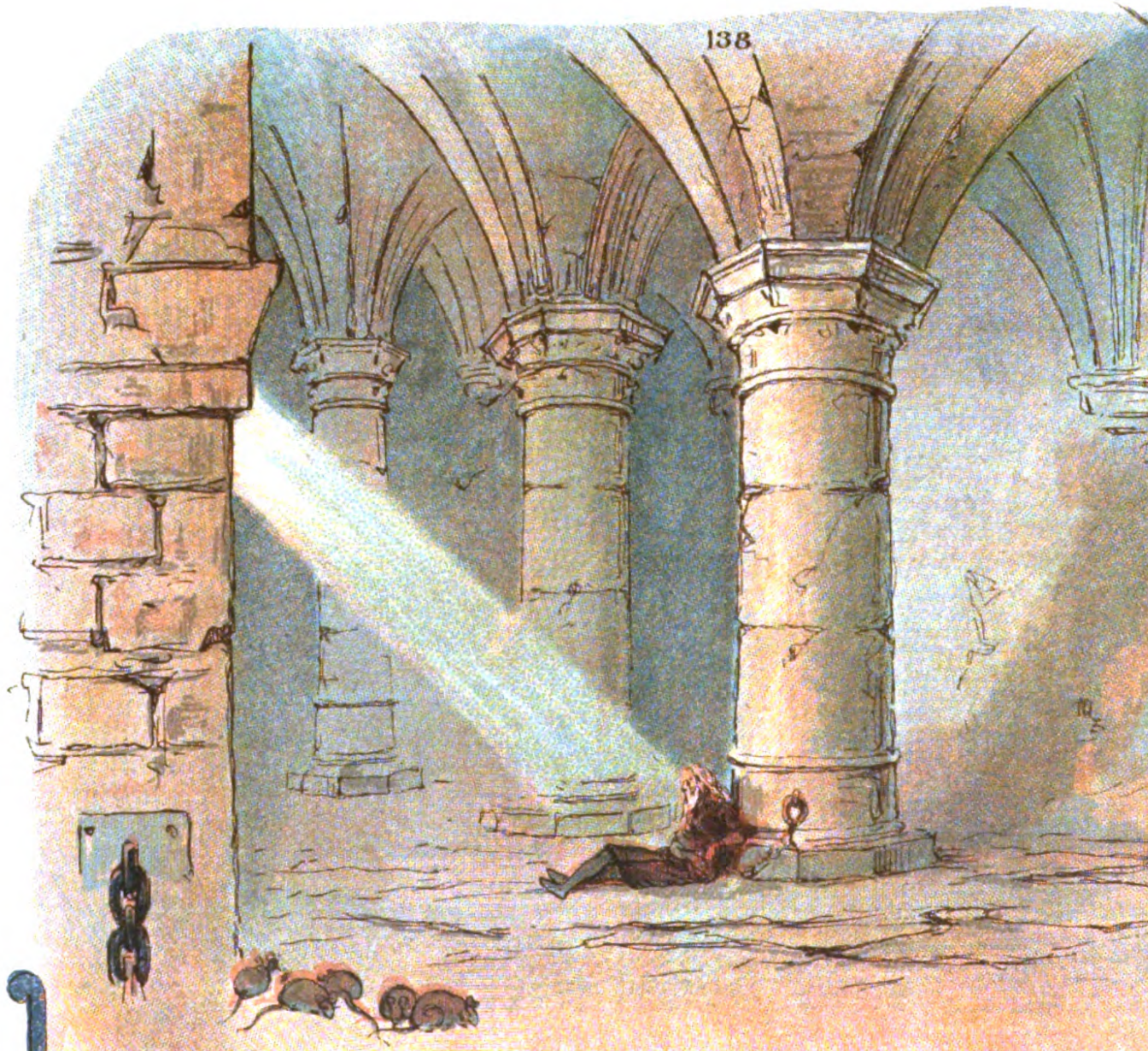
high as big a sin as swearing and cursing ?

I wish I hadn't been so cross with poor Mary, and I wish I hadn't given so much trouble about my medicines and my food. I don't think about her. I only thought what a bother it was. I wish I hadn't thought so much about being miserable, that I never thought of trying to be good.

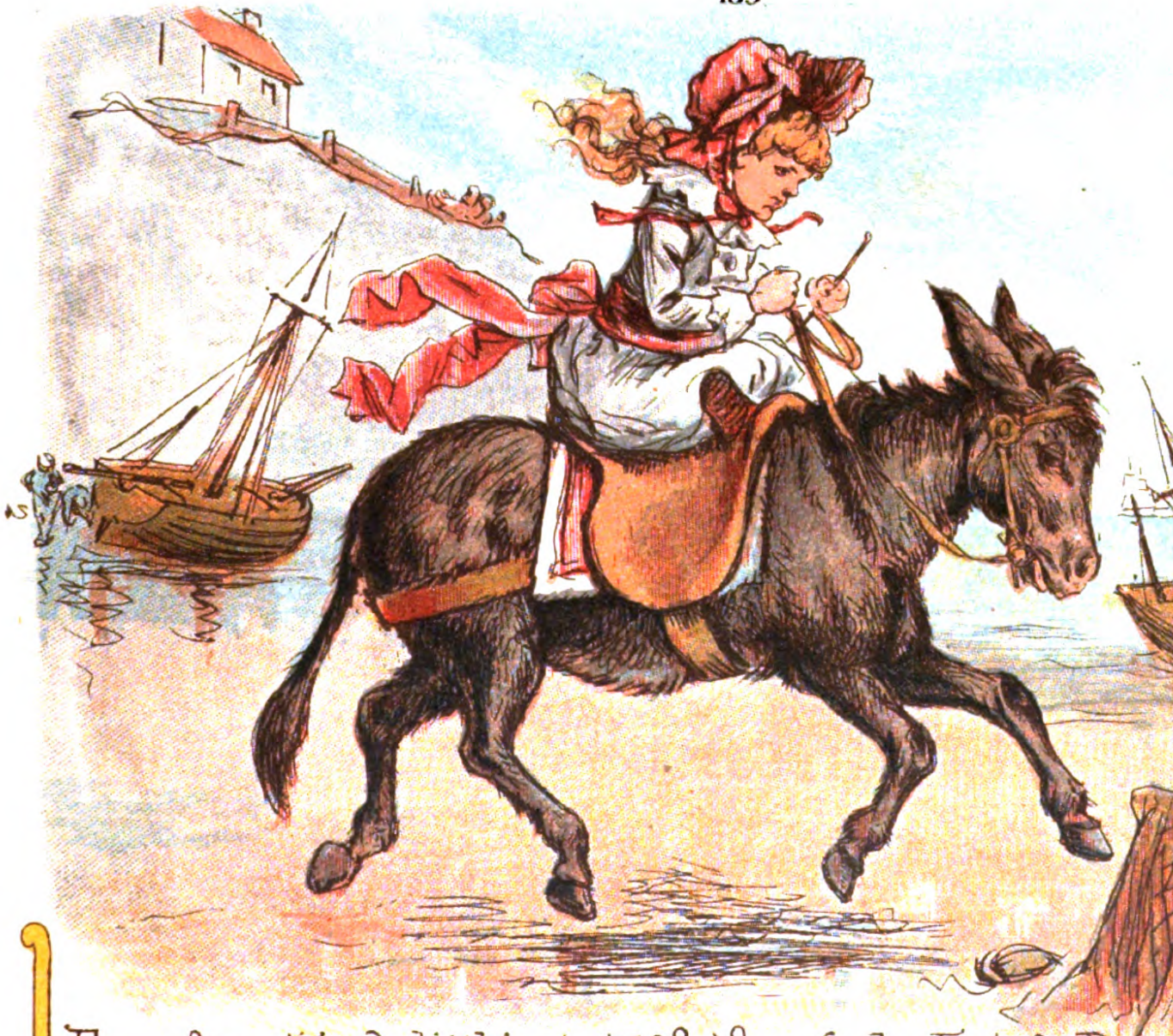
I believe the Sea Captain is right, and I shall tell him so tomorrow when he comes here to tea.

He's going to look at my black bird's leg, and if it is really set, he wants me to let it go free.





He says Captivity is worse than Convalescence
so I should think it must be.



Are you tired, little sister? You feel shaky. Don't
pardon, I beg yours. I've not let you out of my
for weeks. Get your things on and have a gallop on J

Ride round this way and let me see you I
 a word about wishing I was going to
 my head gets bad when
 away, I will bear
 best till you come



Tell me
 before
 If I lead
 patient
 learn
 do you
 The S
 says

He says
 Com
 mak
 an
 finely
 himse
 ought



Perhaps, if I try
 at Convalescence
 may become a broad
 Captain hereafter, could
 my beautiful ship into board
 bring her out again with flying colours and



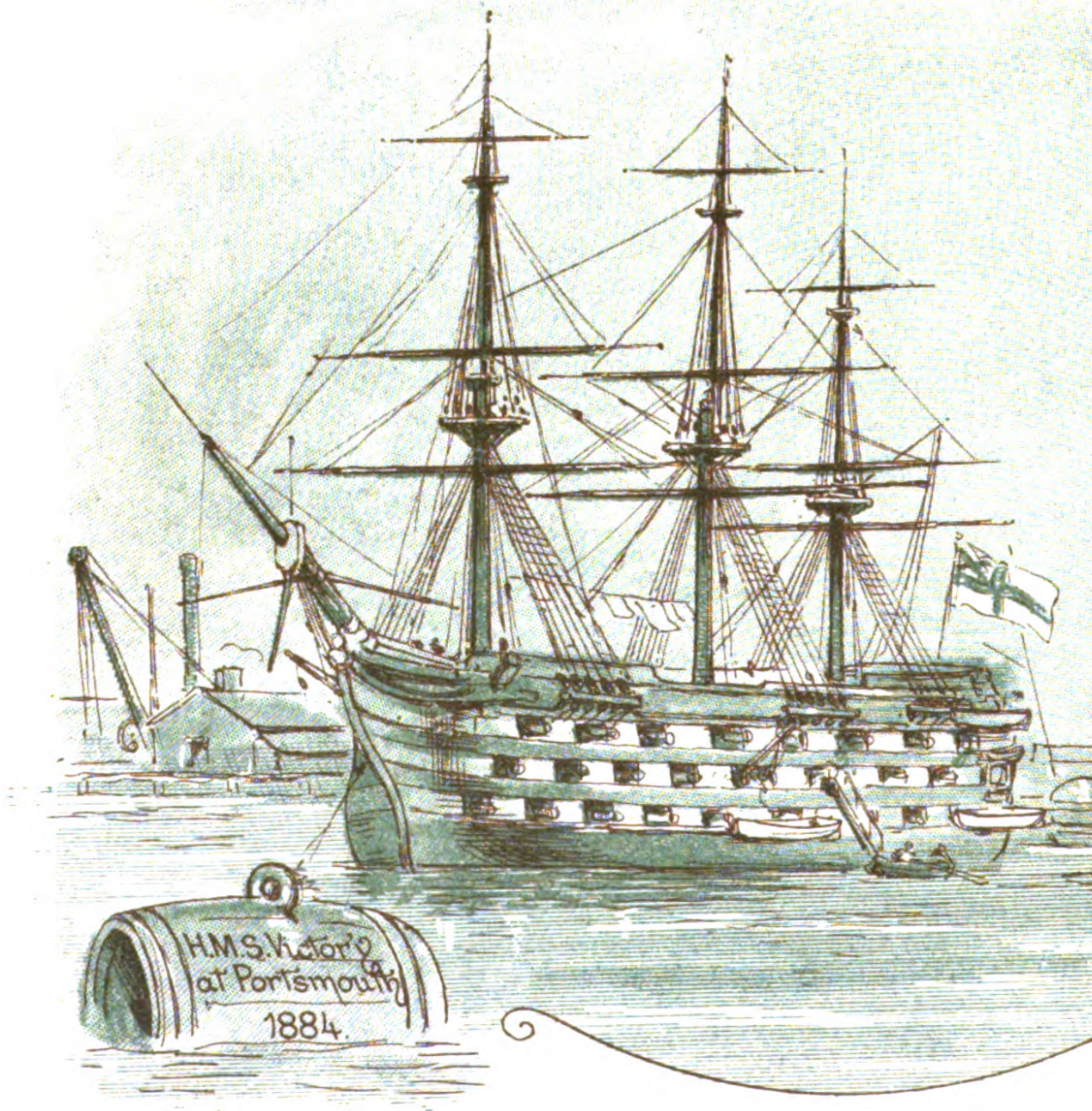
R. André

If the courage that dares.



and the courage that bears ,

are really one and the same: ☺ : ☺





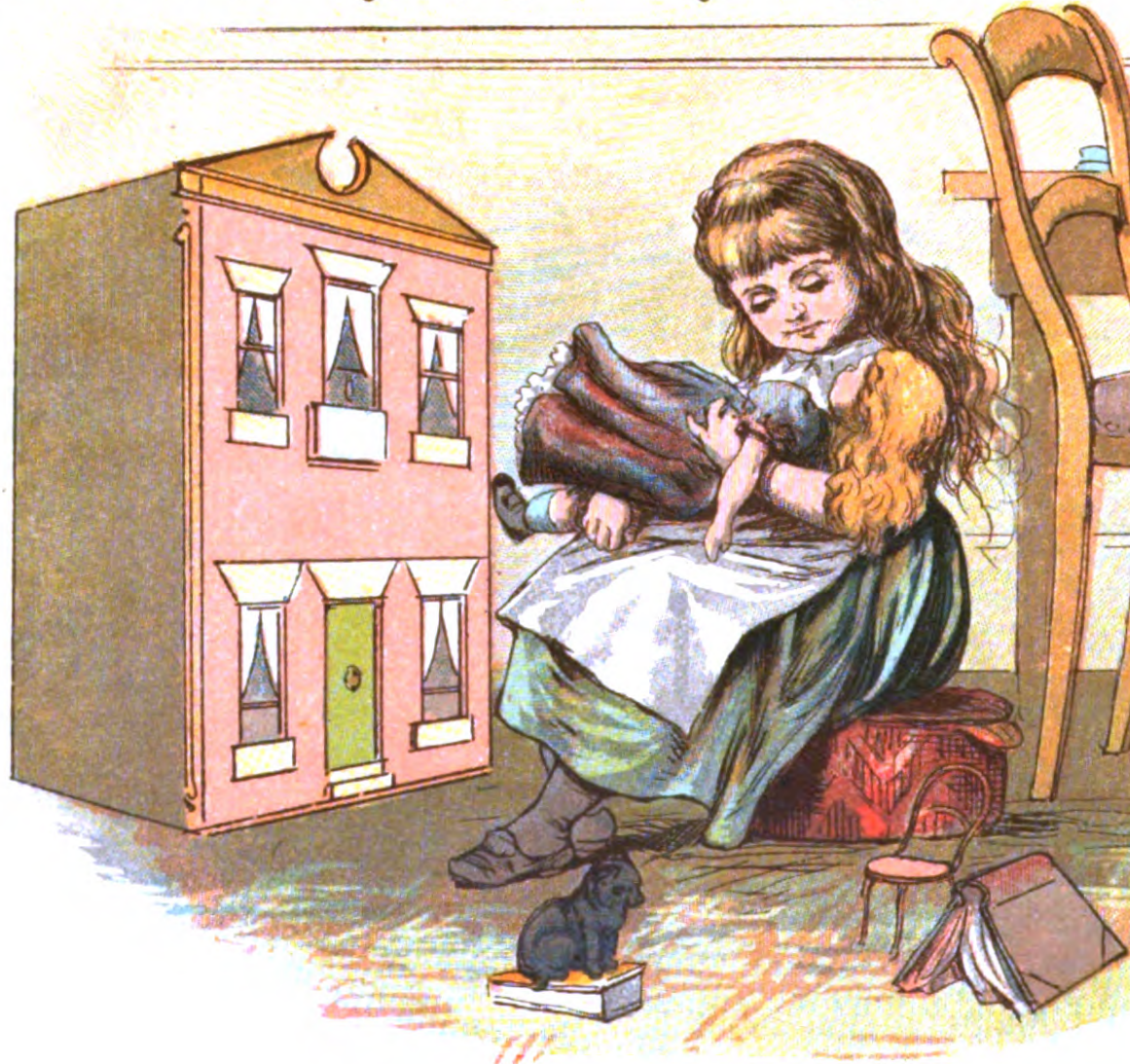
Dolly's Lullaby:

: A Nursery



Hush-a-by, Baby! Your baby, Ma
 No one but Pussy may go where
 Soft-footed Pussy alone may pass
 For, if he wakens, your baby will

Hush-a-by, Dolly! My baby are you,
Yellow-haired Dolly with eyes of bright blue
Though I say "Hush!" because Mother does s
You wouldn't cry like her baby, I know!



Hush-a-by, Baby! Mamma
walks about,
Sings to you softly, or
rocks you without;
If you slept sounder, then
I might walk too,
Sing to my dolly, and
rock her like you.



Hush-a-by Dolly! sleep
 sweetly, my pet!
 Dear Mamma made you
 this fine berceauette,
 Muslin and rose-colour,
 ribbon and lace -
 When had a baby a
 cosier place?

Hush-a-by, Baby! the
 baby who cries -
 Why, dear Mamma,
 don't you shut
 Baby's eyes?
 Pull down his
 wire, as I do, you see,
 I lay him by Dolly,
 and come out with me.



Hushaby, Dolly! Mamma
 will not speak;
 You, my dear baby, would
 sleep for a week.
 Poor Mamma's baby
 allows her no rest,
 Hushaby, Dolly, of babies
 the best!



End of Dolly's L

150
The Yellow Fly: a tale with a

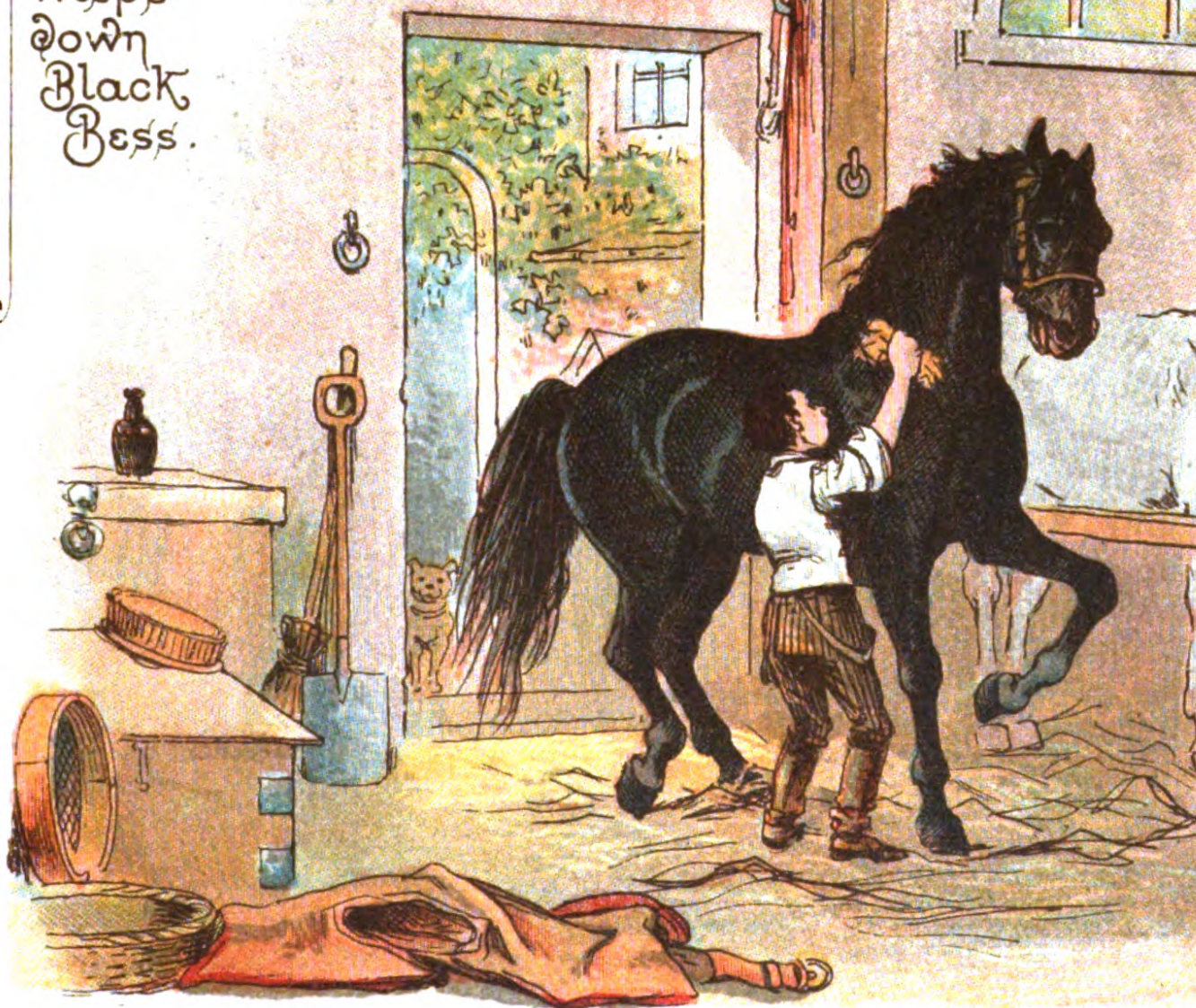
Ah!
There you are!
I was certain I heard
a strange voice from afar



Mamma calls me a pup, but I'm wiser than she
One ear cocked, and I hear half an eye
and I see
Wide awake though I doze, not a thing escapes me



Yes?
Let me guess:
It's the stable-boy's
hiss as he
whisks
down
Black
Bess.





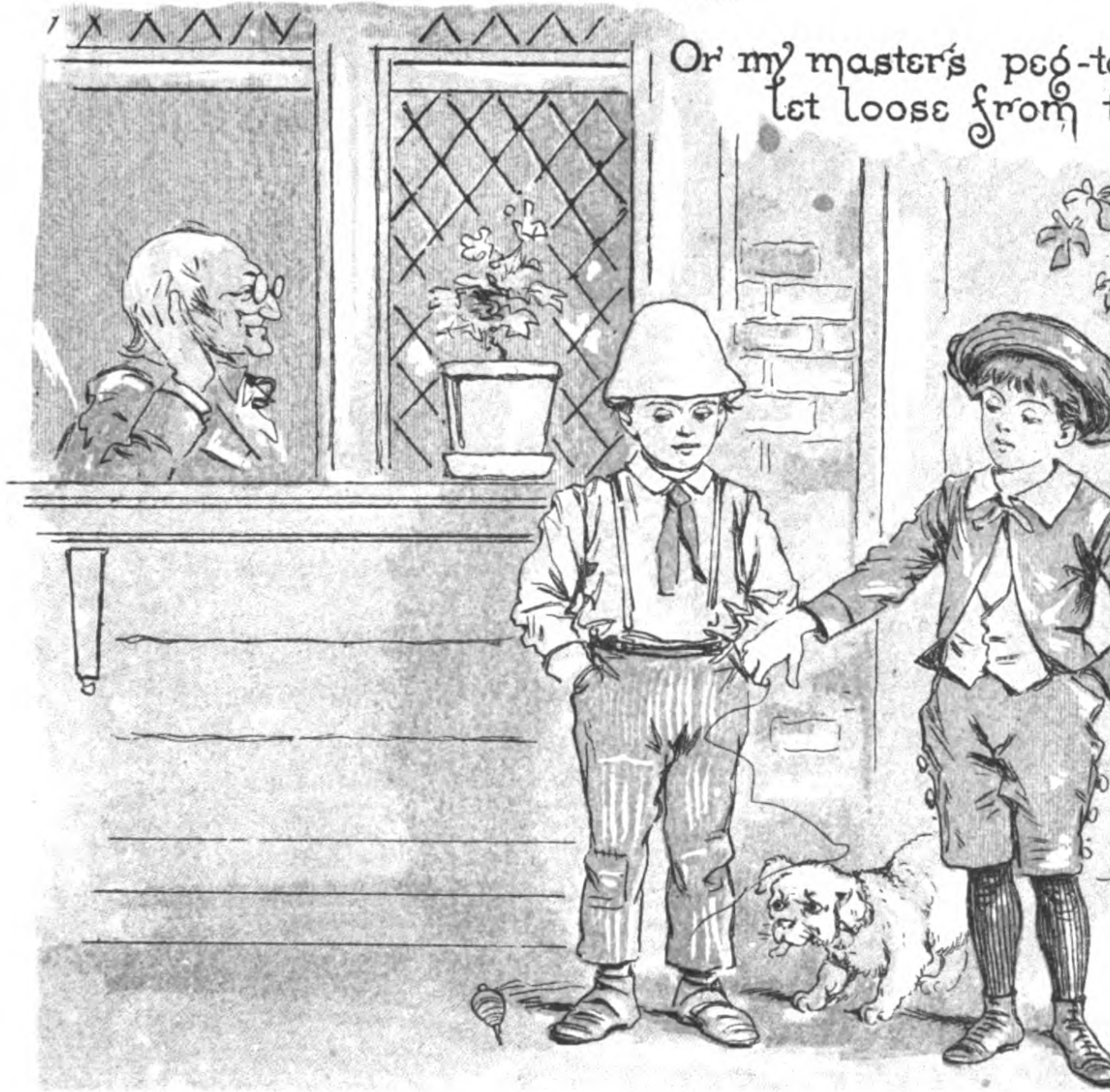
It sounds like
Kettle
beginning
to sing

Or a bell
a pane
a mot
the



R. André.

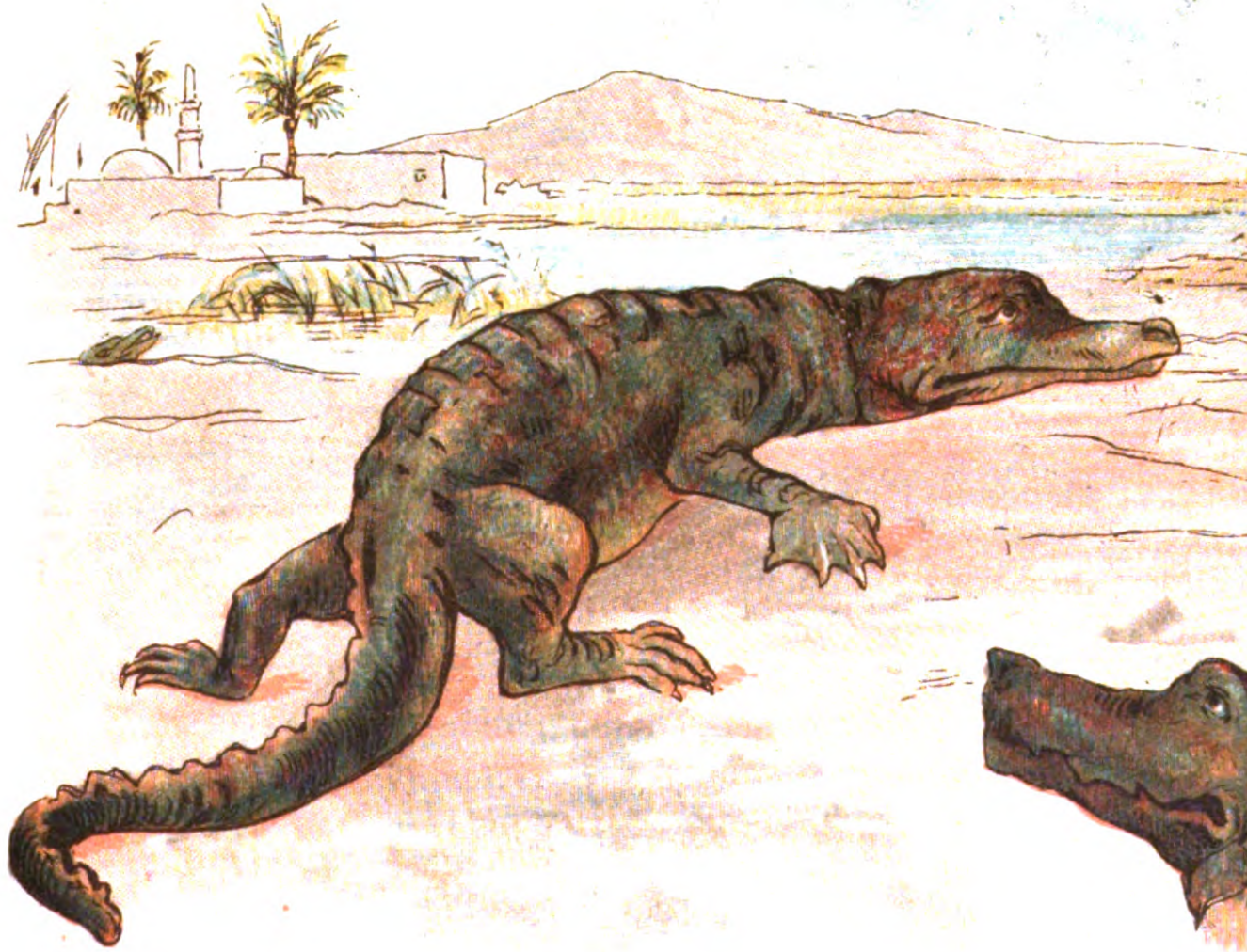
Or my master's peg-t
let loose from



Well!
Now I smell,
I don't know who you
are, and I'm
puzzled to tell.
You look like a fly
dressed in very
gay clothes.



But I blush to have troubled my mid-day repose
For a creature not worth half a twitch of my nose



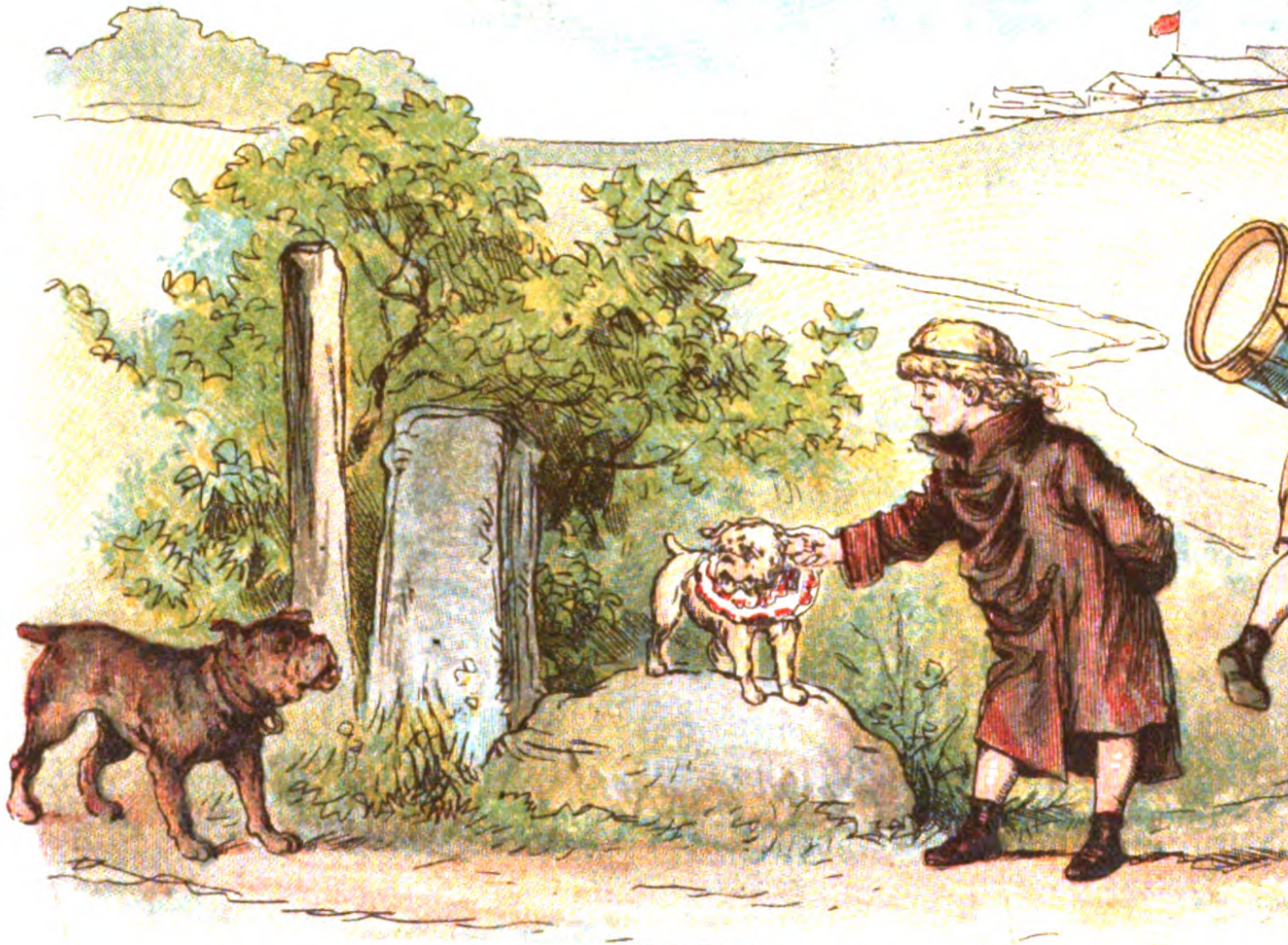
How now?
Bow, wow, wow!
The insect imagines we're
playing, I vow!
If I pat you, I promise
You'll find it too hard.





Be off! when a watch-dog lies
on guard.
Big or little, no stranger's allowed
yard.

Eh?
 "Come away!"
 My dear little master, is that what you say?



I am greatly obliged for your kindness and ca



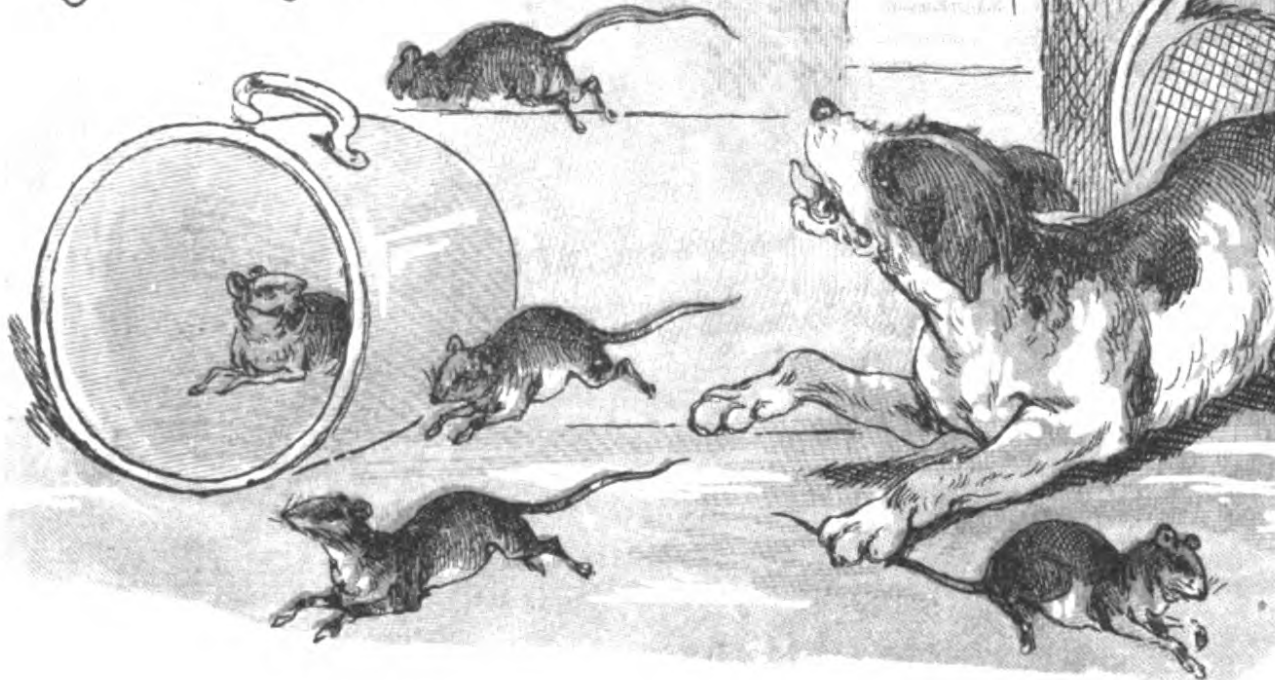
But I really can manage my own small affairs
And banish intruders who give themselves a



Snap!
Yap! Yap! Yap!

You defy me? You pigmy, you insolent scoundrel!
What—this to my teeth,
that have worried
a score

Of the biggest
rats bred in the
granary floor!





R. André

sw
I s
n

Help
Yelp! Yelp! Yelp!
Little Master, pray save
an unfortunate whelp,
Who began the attack,
but is now in retreat





Having shown all his teeth just escapes on his
And is trusting to you to make safety comp

OH!
 Let me go!
 My poor eye!
 my poor ear!
 my poor tail!
 my poor toe!



Pray excuse my remarks, for I meant no su
 Don't trouble to come — oh, the brute's on the

I'd no notion, I'm sure, there were flies that coul





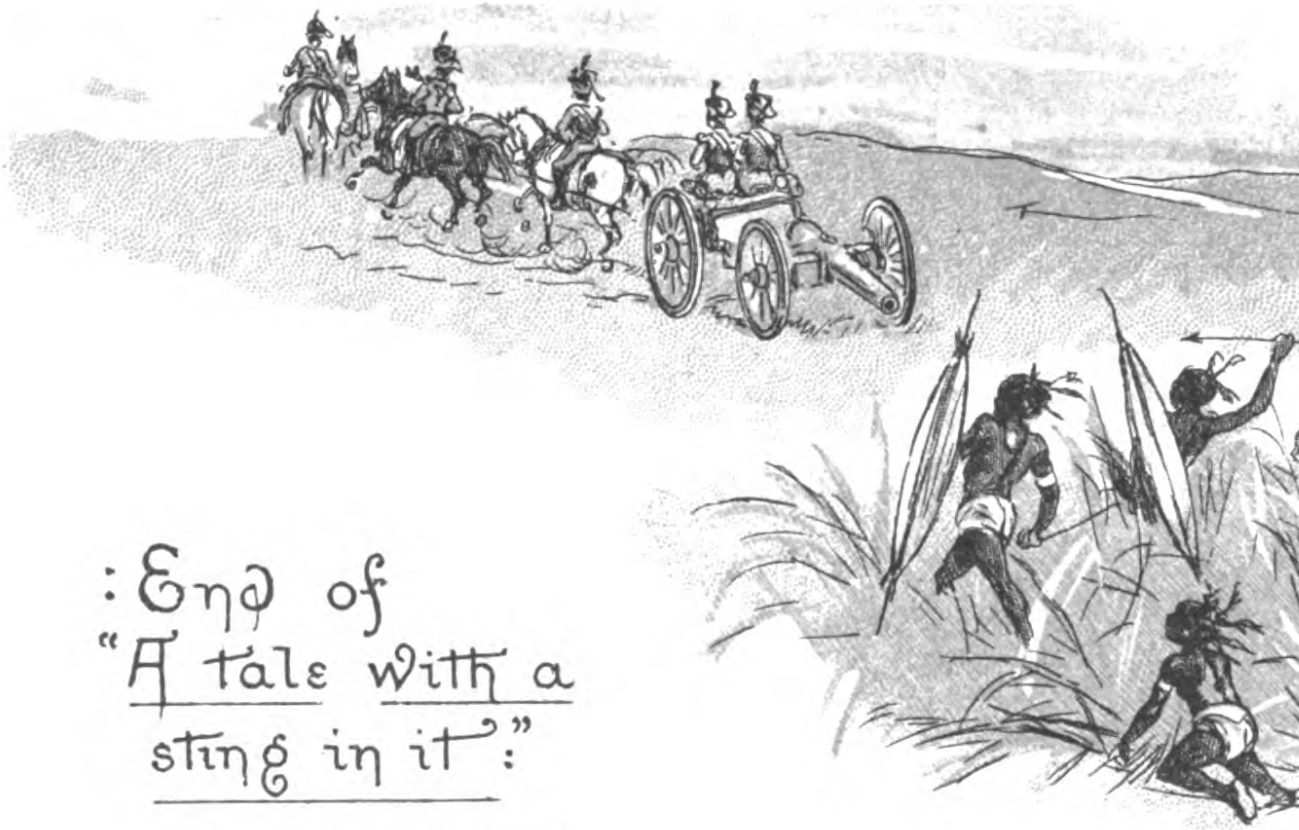
Dear me!
I can't see,
My nose burns,
my limbs shake,
I'm as ill as can be -



I was never in such an undignified plight.



Mamma told me, and now I suppose she was
 One should know what one's after before
 shows



: End of
"A tale with a
sting in it:"



Kit's Grad

They've taken the cosy bed
That I made myself with the
And set me a hamper of ser
By that great black stove in the

R. André

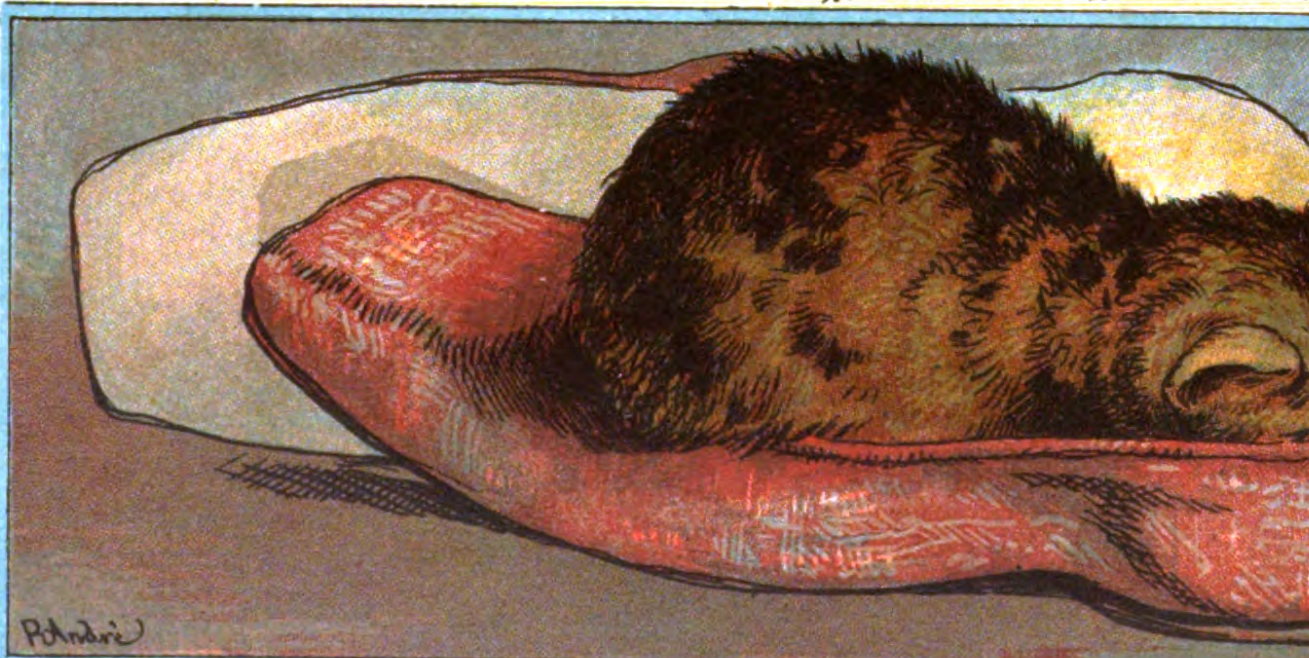


I won't sleep there; I'm resolved on that!
They may think I will, but they little know
There's a soft persistence about a cat
That even a little kitten can show.



I wish I knew what to do but
And spit at the dogs and
My fur's feeling rough, and
Whether stolen sausage agr

On the drawing room sofa they've
 closed the door,
 They've turned me out of the
 easy chair's,
 I wonder if never struck me
 before
 That they make their beds for
 themselves upstairs. * * * * *



P. Andrie

I've found a crib where they won't find me,
 Though they're crying "Kitty!" all over the house
 Hunt for the slipper! and riddle my riddle
 A cat can keep as still as a mouse


It's rather unwise
perhaps to purr
But they'll never
think of the
wardrobe shelves
I'm happy in ev'ry
hair of my fur;
They may keep the
hamper and
hay themselves.



The End







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By the same author
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