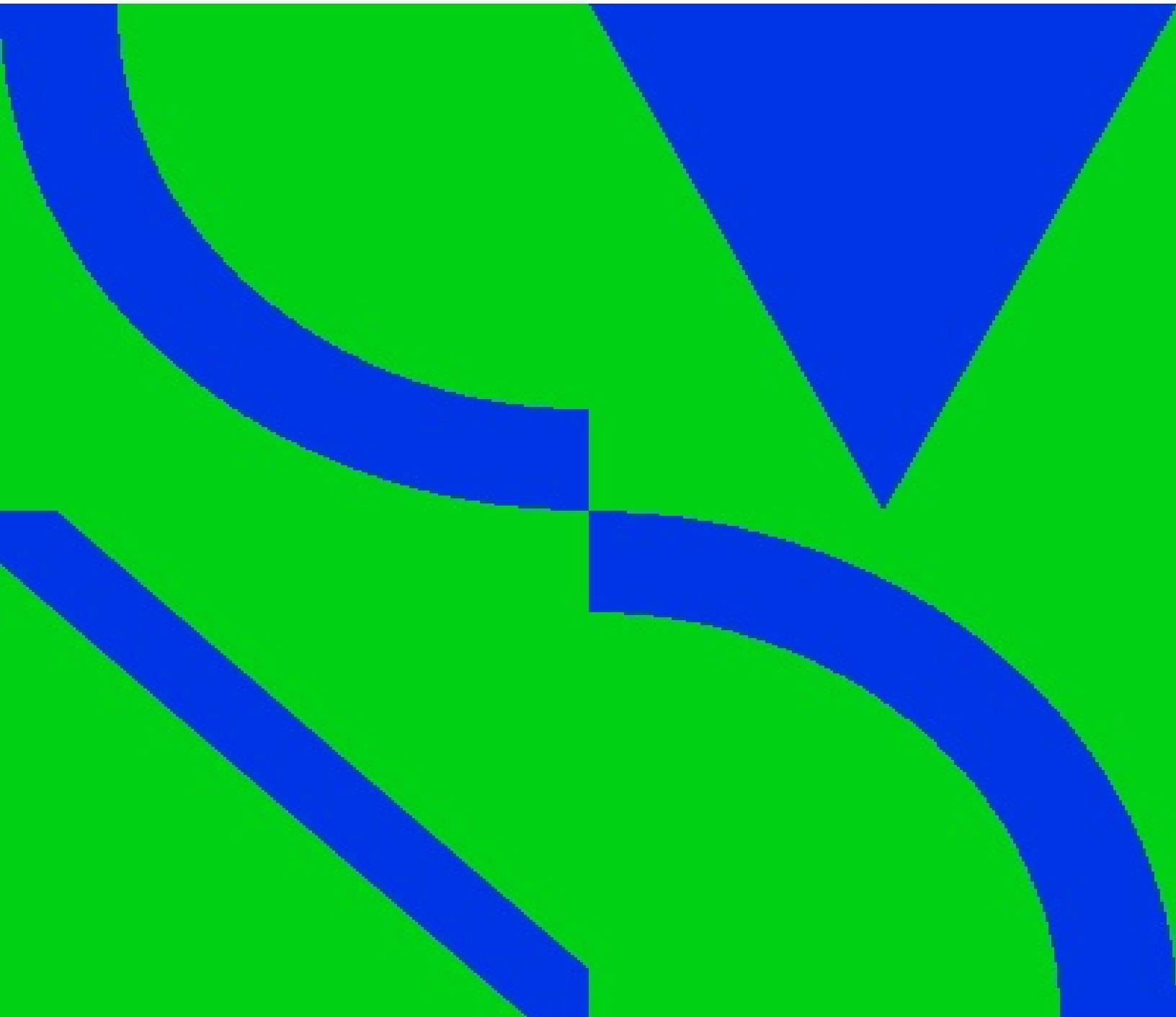


"Smiles"

A Book of Recitations for Girls

Alice Lewis Richards



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"WINKS"
A BOOK OF RECITATIONS FOR BOYS

"THOUGHTS"
A BOOK OF READINGS FOR THE
GIRLS AND BOYS IN TEENS

BY
ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS





LAILA'S SMILES

"SMILES"

*A BOOK OF RECITATIONS
FOR GIRLS*

BY
ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS



AKRON, OHIO
1900

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BY
ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS



PREFACE

IN WRITING this little book of recitations it has been the aim of the author to help fill a long-felt want, namely: A work written especially for children; with recitations suitable for all occasions, that will please the children.

Any little girl can find in this book "some piece to speak," from the time she learns to talk until the time shall arrive for her to lay away her dollies for other joys that come with later years.

A. L. R.

MY DAUGHTER, Laila Myrtle,
Though your years are only few,
This book of "Mama's Poems"
I dedicate to you.

Some were written while you slumbered,
Some were written while you played;
Some the Muses brought to mama
While at grandma's you have stayed.

Some were written for your pleasure
"Cause you always liked to speak,"
So I penned "Only a Sparrow,"
That the moral you might teach.

When you are grown, my daughter,
And back upon your childhood look,
Oh! how sweet will be the memories
Of the writing of this book!

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ROBIN'S RETURN	11
PAPA'S BEST GIRL	14
DOES JESUS KNOW	15
LILA'S CONCLUSION	17
EMMA'S IDEAL	20
ALICE'S CHOICE	22
WHAT JANIE THINKS	24
MYRTLE'S LETTER	27
ONLY A SPARROW	29
MAY'S APPLE-TREE	32
TEACHING A LESSON	34
THE LITTLE CRIB BED	38
ROBIN'S FAREWELL	40
THE FOOLISH FLOWERS	43
GRANDPA AND PET	46
WHEN I WAS A BABY	49
DOT'S NEW LEAF	51
DREAMING, SWEETLY DREAMING	53
THE SNOWDROP'S CALL	55
WHEN BROTHER WAS A SISTER	57
WE'RE ONLY LITTLE CHILDREN	61
A DREAM OF EASTER	62
MOTHER ROBIN	64
MABEL GRAY	67
THE NAUGHTY CROW	69
THE BIRDS' GOOD-NIGHT	70
SANTA'S QUEER JOKE	72
LITTLE SUNBEAMS	76
WHERE DO BABIES GO	77
WHEN MY KITTY WAS A KITTEN	80
THE BUSY LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER	82
GRANDMA'S POCKET	84
WHAT GOOD IS A BROTHER	86
MR. HOP-TOAD	89
MINNIE'S SECRET	90

NELLIE'S EASTER EGGS	92
WHEN DOLLY WAS SICK	95
AUNTIE'S PARLOR	98
OFF TO SCHOOL WE GO	100
CLARABEL'S VALENTINE	102
THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S	105
DOLLY DAYS	109
THAT GIGGLE	112
MARION'S LAMENT	113
WHEN I'M A BIG GIRL	114
WHAT THE BELLS SAID	116
WHY	118
BECAUSE	120
HOW HAZEL KEPT HOUSE	122
DROPS OF HONEY	125
WHEN MY DOLLY WENT TO SCHOOL	126
THREE LITTLE KITTENS	128
THE SPIDER'S PARLOR	129
MOTHER GOOSE'S DINNER PARTY	132
OLIVE'S ADVICE	136
THE OLD AND THE NEW	137
PA'S WAYS	139
THE SPIDER AND THE BEE	142
KITTY BELL	143
THE BIRDS' PARTY	145
JANUARY	148
FEBRUARY	149
MARCH	150
APRIL	151
MAY	152
JUNE	153

*Little girls with sunny smiles,
 Little girls with happy whiles,
 When you through these pages look,
 I hope you will enjoy your book.*

ROBIN'S RETURN

A ROBIN came one day in spring,
From South he flew with tired wing;
He looked around him then to see
An old familiar cherry-tree.

There grew one by the kitchen door,
Redbreast had seen that one before;
He flew about, then lit up high,
And watched to see some one pass by.

A girl came through the kitchen door,
Her years, I think, just numbered four;
She saw Redbreast, and called to him,
As he perched upon that cherry limb:—

"Oh, sweet robin! When did you come?
Are you hungry? Do you want a crumb?
Are you thirsty? Do you want a drink?
You must be very tired, I think.

"Say, Sir Robin, why don't you sing?
Or don't you know that this is spring?
Where have you been this winter long?
I missed, so much, your little song!"

"I flew about in a sunny clime,
Singing my 'cheer-up!' most the time.
And what did you, my little maid,
While I down South this winter stayed?"

"When Christmas came we had a tree,
And that was nice for Lisle and me;
'Twas hung so full of things all new,
I wish that you had seen it too.

"I got some blocks and he a drum,
I tell you then we had some fun!
We got some dolls and whistles too,
And then we played, and then we blew.

"We got a sled and went to slide;
We went to town and had a ride;
We popped some corn when days were cold,
And ate as much as we could hold.

"One doll got sick and had the croup,
Another coughed with dreadful whoop;
And so, Redbreast, I think you'll see
I've been as busy as I could be.

"And now, Redbreast, where is your mate?
What made her stay down South so late?
Why don't she come to build her nest,
And lay some eggs, and sit and rest?"

"Oh, she'll come soon, and then you'll see
We'll build right here in this same tree,
And here we'll stay till cherries are gone,
And then sing you a parting song."

PAPA'S BEST GIRL

I'M MAMA'S little baby,
I'm grandpa's little lady,
I'm uncle's little trouble,
I'm auntie's little bubble,
But, I'm papa's best girl.

DOES JESUS KNOW?

WHEN the Easter chimes are ringing,
And the church choir gladly singing,
Of that Easter long ago;
When we sing the old, old story,
How He rose from death to glory,
How I wonder! does Jesus know?

When we're singing of His dying,
And our music turns to sighing
O'er His suffering and His woe;
When we're singing of the morrow,
That will never more bring sorrow,
How I wonder! does Jesus know?

When we're singing of the flowers,
And of springtime and the showers

That doth make the grasses grow;
When our songs are all of praises
For the lilies and the daisies,
How I wonder! does Jesus know?

Does He hear us when we're singing?
Does He hear the church bells ringing
As they're swinging to and fro?
Does He hear us when we're praying?
Does He hear what we are saying?
How I wonder! does Jesus know?

Yes, up in that land of glory,
Where no one is ever sorry,
All our heavenly music goes.
So no longer will I wonder
If He hears us way up yonder,
For I'm *sure* that Jesus *knows*.

LILA'S CONCLUSION

You may talk about old Santa Claus,
With his sleigh and fleeting deer;
You may tell about his furry coat
And the jingling bells you hear.

You may talk about the Christmas trees
Which he loads with lots of toys;
You may tell about the dolls and sleds
That he brings for girls and boys.

You may picture him in story-books.
With a beard that's long and white;
You may paint him when he's going down
Through the chimneys in the night.

You may tell the story o'er and o'er
Just the way 'twas told to you;
And I've listened to it often,
But I've learned it isn't true.

You may write about his pretty deer,
As they climb upon the roofs,
But it's very plain to any one

That they can't climb up with hoofs.

And I know that Santa never went
Down a chimney in the night,
For they all are dark and small around,
And they'd squeeze him awful tight.

If he ever did get into one,
Then he never could get out,
For they picture him in story-books
With a form that's broad and stout.

Then he can't come through the outside doors,
For the bolts and locks are there;
Nor he can't get through the cellar door
To climb the cellar stair.

Nor he never could get over all
This whole world in a night,
To fill the little stockings up,
And get home before it's light.

Then no one ever seems to know
Where the dear old fellow dwells;
And no-one ever saw his sleigh,
Nor heard his jingling bells.

I've looked the maps all through and through,
But his home I cannot find;
So at last I've concluded this:
That he's only "in your mind."

And this pretty little tale you tell
To the babies may be told;
But 'twill hardly do for me to hear,
For I've grown too big and old.

EMMA'S IDEAL

I LIKE to see a handsome boy,
With good and honest face;
The one who has a twinkling eye
And form of manly grace.

I like to see him go to school,
And like to see him play;
But much, I fear, of what he does
Is time just thrown away.

I much admire the little man
Who brings the coal and wood;
And helps his mama when she's tired,
As every good boy should.

I like the boy who never steals
The pie upon the shelf;
And never hunts the cookies up
To eat them all himself.

I like the boy who heeds advice,
And does as he should do;
And so I like the thoughtful lad
Who's good to sister too.

And thus you see my views are plain,
And when I older grow
I sometimes think—I guess—may be—
That I—shall have—a beau.

But he must be the model lad,
Who does not chew nor swear;
And he must be a temperance boy,
Who goes not on a tear.

He must not speak of parents dear,
Regardless of respect;
He must not call them fogies old,
Nor their advice reject.

And so the one that I will take,
And love him as a brother,
Will be the good, old-fashioned boy,
Who always minds his mother.

ALICE'S CHOICE

I'D RUTHER be a little girl
An' have a lovely doll,

Than be a boy with a pistol toy,
Or have a bat an' ball.

I'd ruther be a little girl,
'Cause they are sweeter far
Than all the boys with all their noise,
No differns who they are.

For little girls is always good,
An' try to do their part;
But boys will shirk their share of work,
An' think they're acting smart.

An' little boys is naughty too,
An' often tease us girls,
About our dresses an' our tresses,
An' pull our pretty curls.

They laugh at us jess 'cause we cry
When we gits hurt at play;
But we don't care,—they do their share
Of cryin' every day.

They calls us little "frady-calves,"
'Cause we's afeard of mice,
An' dogs, an' cats, an' snakes, an' rats,
An' other things not nice.

But we'd ruther all be little girls,
An' let them call us babies,
Than all the boys with pistol toys,
For they don't grow to ladies.

WHAT JANIE THINKS

I'D LIKE to see old Santa Claus
And find out who he really was.

I think 'twould be a pretty sight
To see him coming in the night.

And watch him on the housetops ride,
Then see him down the chimneys glide.

I think it's very, very queer
The way he comes round every year.

For no one ever sees or knows
Just how he comes or how he goes.

And how he can so quiet be,
Is the very strangest part to me.

But Christmas morn, in early dawn,
We're sure to find he's come and gone;

For there upon our Christmas tree
Are toys for brothers and for me.

But not a mark, or not a track,
Does he ever leave when going back.

And so I've wondered many a time
How Santa could the chimney climb.

I think 'twould be a better way
To travel round by light of day;

Than go a-prowling round at night
Like burglars do, to keep from sight.

Then little children all could see
Who their good Santa Claus might be.

And then we'd know, without being told,
If Santa Claus was young or old.

If he was fat, or very thin,
If he had whiskers on his chin.

If he was short or very tall—
Why, girls like us would know it all.

Then how much nicer it would be
For him to come when we could see,

Than always come when we're asleep,
So none of us at him can peep.

I think I'll write him just a line
And say: "Please come some other time;

"For I don't think it looks just right
For you to always come at night."

MYRTLE'S LETTER

I THINK I will write to old Santa,
And ask for a few little things;
And then I will try to be patient,
And wait to see what he brings.

I'll write him to bring me a dolly,
With eyes of a beautiful brown,
With hair that is all in gold ringlets,
And dressed in a beautiful gown.

I'll ask him to bring me a buggy,
To take my new dolly to ride;
I'll ask for a cunning, swift runner,
So dolly can go out to slide.

I'll write him to bring me a banjo,
A harp, and a cute little drum;
I'll wish for a sweet-toned organ
And a *whole* big box full of gum.

I want him to bring a wee table,
That is made for girlies like me;
And a set of little blue dishes,
So I can have company to tea.

I'll hint that I need some new dresses,
For mine are all faded and old;
I'll tell him I need some new mittens,
To wear when the weather is cold.

But maybe I'd better stop wishing,
And finish my letter with care,
For fear dear old Santa may fancy
I'm asking for *more* than *my* share.

I'll write him my stocking is hanging
Right close to my head, on the wall;
I'll tell him the right way to manage

In case that my stocking's too small.

I'll tell him to look in the corner,
At the foot of the bed, he'll see
A place that I think is just lovely
To fasten a cute little tree.

ONLY A SPARROW

A SPARROW flew to my window one day,
And in a bird's way he began there to say:
"Chirp, chirp, little girl, please listen to me
I'm hungry and cold as a sparrow can be!

"I'd like a small crumb or something to eat,
And may I come in and warm my poor feet?
They're almost frozen out here in the snow;
So kind little girl, please do not say no."

I listened to him and then shook my head;
And to that poor sparrow I saucily said:
"Well, Mr. Sparrow, if your story is true,
I don't think I'll trouble myself about you.

"You're a plain-looking bird with a dirty old coat,
And you never once sang a sweet little note
So, Mr. Sparrow, you may just fly along,
For I feed none but birds of beauty and song."

"But think, little girl, were you a bird like me,
And were out in the cold with your home in a tree,
And you came to my house in the cold, deep snow,
Would you think it were kind if I treated you so?

"Would you think it quite right to be twitted that way,
Just because of your coat was not handsome and gay?
Would you think it would be nice if you could not sing
To be counted as naught but a poor useless thing?

"I know I'm not handsome, and my chirp is not sweet,
I know I'm not loved by the most that I meet;
But I'm just as God made me, a plain little bird,
And have, in this world, a right to be heard.

"And the birds of great beauty you like to see,
In the sight of our Maker are no better than me.
So I bid you adieu, my proud little miss,
But some time I pray you will just think of this:

"That kind little deeds by a good little child
So often will tame a nature that's wild.
Then always be kind and never be rude,
And hold to your tongue in an angry mood."

Then he nodded his head and flew far away,
And I saw him no more that cold winter day.
But, oh! how sorry and grieved was I then,
When I saw how very unkind I had been.

He was only a sparrow, so humble and plain,
But the lesson he taught me will always remain.
As I journey through life I shall keep it in mind,
And never again will I act so unkind.

MAY'S APPLE-TREE

ONE April day
Our little May
Did plant an apple-tree;
Although 'twas slow,
She watched it grow
Until its years were three.

She oft would say,
In her sweet way,
"How tall you going to be?
I'd like to know
If you can grow
To be as big as me?"

So one Spring day
When little May
Stood by her apple-tree;
What do you think?
Some buds in pink
Were there for her to see.

She laughed in glee

Those buds to see,
And smelt their sweet perfume;
And blossoms white
Were soon in sight,
Upon the tree in bloom.

Then apples green
So soon were seen,
As round as they could be;
And so they grew
In sun and dew
Upon her apple-tree.

Then May did eat
The apples sweet,
As nice as they could be;
Then little May
Had her full pay
For planting that one tree.

TEACHING A LESSON

THEY were gazing through the window,
On a cold December day,
At the pretty toys for children,
That were shown in fine array.

One was robed in richest raiment,
With a face so bright and glad;
One was dressed in poorest garments,
With a face so wan and sad.

While they gazed upon the window,
Said the rich one to the poor:
"Ain't it nice that Christmas is coming,
For that brings old Santa sure.

"Oh! he's going to bring a dolly,
And a lovely Christmas tree,
And some toys and nuts and candy
And some story-books for me.

"Don't you know what he will bring you?—
Lots of pretty toys, I guess!

And a cloak and pair of mittens,
And, perhaps, a pretty dress."

But the little child made answer,
With a deep, unbidden sigh:
"Santa never comes to see me,
And I never knew just why.

"Nor I don't have pretty playthings
Like some other children do;
Nor the toys and nuts and candy
That old Santa brings to you.

"For we live down in an alley,
In a house that's poor and old;
And we scarcely can keep warm
When the nights are chill and cold.

"And my mama sews to keep us,
So it's all that she can do
With the little that she's earning
Just to feed and clothe us two.

"So, perhaps, that's why old Santa
Never knocks upon our door,
'Cause he don't care for the children
Of the people who are poor."

To the little child of plenty,
'Twas a story strange, but true,
That her Santa was so partial,
And would give to such a few.

Home she ran and told her mama
All the story, strange and sad:
"He's a naughty, naughty Santa,
So I'll make the children glad.

"I will just make up some bundles
Of the things he brings to me,
Then I'll play that I am Santa,
With a pretty Christmas tree.

"And I'll go down the alley
And that little girl I'll find;
That will teach him such a lesson!
One, I think, he'll always mind.

"Then I'll write a different letter
From the ones he's had before;
And I'll tell him it's his duty
Just to stop at every door.

"That, I guess, will set him thinking
All about his conduct here;
Then the poor he will remember
When he comes another year."

So out went the little Santa
With the bundles from her tree;
And she passed not by a doorway
Where she found that want might be.

And the lesson for old Santa
In her childish way she taught
To the selfish ones about her,
Who for others had no thought.

THE LITTLE CRIB BED

THERE'S a little crib bed that is unused now,
And is stowed in the garret with care;
For the wee baby girl that slept in that bed
Will never again dream there.

There's a little old pillow of matted down,
But no more 'twill be tumbled at night;
For the little babe's head that rested there
Now sleeps on a pillow more light.

There's a little odd quilt of an ancient style,
That was pieced from the dresses she wore;
But it lies in the bed now undisturbed,
For the baby will kick it no more.

So this little crib bed is stowed away now,
And the pillow is minus its case;
And the little, odd quilt, now faded and old,
Is neatly tucked in its place.

In memory again we only shall see

The babe in her little, snug fold;
But we treasure the bed, with pillow and quilt,
For the baby it used to hold.

Yet how happy the times in the olden days,
When the baby was sung off to sleep,
And the sweet curls lay on the pillow of down,
With the quilt tucked over her feet.

But the baby has gone to a chamber above,
That is furnished in colors of light;
And the bed where she rests is one of ease,
With a cover all spotless and white.

In her picture again we only shall see
The ringlets of gold on her head;
For her hair—is done up and she's grown too tall
To sleep in that little crib bed.

ROBIN'S FAREWELL

A ROBIN had come to bid me good-by,
And up in a tree had perched himself high;
He seemed not to mind that the day was cold,
But sang his sweet song the same as of old.

The morning was drear and leafless the tree,
But dear old robin! so happy was he!
I said to him, "Robin, why do you wait?
It seems to me you are staying too late.

"The weather is cold, the flowers are dead,
The trees all their leaves have long ago shed;
You'd better be going before the snow comes,
Or hungry you'll be, and looking for crumbs.

"And old Jack Frost will be after your feet,
Then you'll need your wing to cover your beak.
So, Robin, please hurry away, or you'll freeze
If you stay around here in the leafless trees."

But robin sang on, and, nodding his head,
"Don't worry for me," he knowingly said,
"I'm not a bit 'fraid of Jack or the snow,

That's why I have been in no hurry to go.

"It won't take me long to fly away there,
Where trees are all green and balmy the air;
It's just a nice trip for this time of year,
And I've made it before, so I haven't a fear."

"But, Robin, you know that the rain might fall,
And the day might end in a dreadful squall;
So I cannot see why you have been so slow,
For the rest have flown there long ago.

"Say, what do you do in that far sunny clime?
Does Santa Claus come there at Christmas time?
You cannot go coasting, or skating on ice,
So I don't think the South can be very nice."

"When you are watching for Santa Claus' sleigh,
He travels down South in a far differ'nt way.
In a great air ship, with fairies for guides,
From chimney to chimney he quietly rides.

"When you are coasting adown some hill,
I'll be drinking from some rippling rill;
When you are freezing your feet on your skates,
I'll be sailing o'er beautiful lakes.

"When you are making a man out of snow,
I'll be tending some wild-flower show;
When you are trying your best to keep warm,
I'll be away from Jack Frost's harm.

"But now I am going to say good-by,
So, dear little girl, for me do not cry.
I'll not be afraid though the journey is long,
For my body is warm and my wings are strong.

"But if I grow tired and think 'twill be best,
I'll stop on the way and take a short rest;
And in the glad spring I'll come flying back,
And others will follow right on in my track.

"So watch for my coming and list for my song,
For winter is short and you won't wait long";
Then he sang unto me a robin's adieu,
And opened his wings and southward he flew.

THE FOOLISH FLOWERS

MISS CHRYSANTH'UM gave a party
On a cool October night,
And invited in the flowers
That had tender buds in sight.

Then she whispered to the Pansy
That old Jack was coming soon,
And he'd nip her tender budlets
If she left them out to bloom.

Then she told the grand Nasturtium,
That was climbing up the wall,
That if Jack should overtake her
She was sure to have a fall.

And she said to Miss Petunia:
"You must find a hiding-place,
For if Jack should chance to kiss you
He would spoil your pretty face."

And the other summer flowers,
That were blooming rather late,
She told them all to hide away,
Or they'd meet a frosty fate.

So they put their heads together,
All the flowers that were wise,
And they planned to fool old Jack
With his sparkling, piercing eyes.

But the flowers that were foolish,
When she bade them take advice,
Shook their heads of flowery beauty
And they laughed at frost and ice.

Miss Chrysanth'um helped the wise ones
In the plans that they had laid:
So they gathered leaves of maple,
And some coverlets then made.

When old Jack came stealing onward,
With the stars all shining bright,
Not a flower among the wise ones

Was there left to greet his sight.

All were hidden under covers
Made from leaves of Autumn's gold;
And Jack then failed to find them
Though he was so sharp and old.

But the Marigold was laughing,
When he chanced to pass her by;
And Nasturtium still was climbing
O'er the wall so old and high.

Then he blew his breath upon them
And they both began to sneeze;
Soon the tender buds and blossoms
Of the flowers began to freeze.

When the sun shone out next morning
O'er the pretty flower-bed,
All the wise ones were rejoicing
But the foolish ones—were dead.

GRANDPA AND PET

GRANDPA was holding his pet on his lap,
Grandpa and pet were taking a nap.

Off in far dreamland were grandpa and May,
Looking for goodies for Thanksgiving Day.

Jogging along, he was holding her hand,
Viewing the sights in funny dreamland.

Looking for turkeys, dressed up in gowns,
Shooing at goblins wearing bright crowns.

Smiling at puddings a-walking on legs,
Laughing at dumplings a-sitting on pegs.

Onward and onward went grandpa and May,
Looking for goodies for Thanksgiving Day.

Hunting for turkeys stuffed and roasted,
Longing for bread buttered and toasted.

'Round and 'round went grandpa and May,
Hungry as two little children at play.

Finding at last a table all spread,
Grandpa and May sat down at the head.

Looking it o'er some goodies they spied,
"See! Grandpa, see!" little May cried:

"There's a turkey stuffed and roasted!
There's some bread buttered and toasted!

"There's some dumplings sitting on pegs!
There's a pudding standing on legs!

"There's a clock that's mountains high,
Reaching up against the sky!"

Soon the clock began to chime,
Everything marched off in line.

'Round and 'round in giddy whirl,
Passed the man and little girl.

Pet and grandpa watched them all,
Wond'ring that they did not fall.

He helped himself and little May,
As the turkey came their way;

Piled their plates up full and high,
As the rest came marching by.

Just as grandpa took a bite,
Sleeping pet then moved a mite,

Slipped and fell from grandpa's lap,
Right then ended grandpa's nap.

Back from dreamland came the two,
Sorry that their trip was through.

WHEN I was a baby
They said I was "sweet";
I'd such dimpled hands
And soft, little feet.

My head, it was bald,
My teeth had not come;
But then just the same
I chewed my own gum.

My eyes they were blue,
My lips they were thin,
My cheeks they were dimpled,
And so was my chin.

I was very good-natured,
Full of frolic and fun;
And they said I was "cute"
For a baby so young.

And when I grew older
I learned how to talk;
And soon after creeping,
I learned how to walk.

I trotted about
Most all of the day;
And got into mischief
When I wasn't in play.

I've kept on growing
And now am quite tall
And think it much nicer
Than being so small.

I'm growing much older
And soon will be eight;
And so long to grow big
I scarcely can wait.

DOT'S NEW LEAF

As DOT sat by the fire one night,
She thought of times gone past;

Of summer days, of romps, and plays,
Of school, and its hard task.

She thought of times of misspelled words,
And numbers hard to sum,
Of tardy lines, and awful times,
And scales she could not run.

So Dot resolved that winter night,
The new year she would try
To study well, and learn to spell,
And sing the scale up high.

So when began the winter term,
And Dot went off to school,
She with the rest then tried her best
To learn each little rule.

Though little Dot meant all she said,
Somehow 'twas hard to do;
'Twas greater fun to slide or run
Than multiply by two.

The seat grew hard, the teacher cross,
And lessons harder got;
"I'd rather skate than use my slate,"
So mused poor little Dot.

When time wore on to balmy days,
With sunshine and with showers;
She stayed away from school, to play
And gather wild-wood flowers.

So when, at last, the school was closed,
She dropped behind the class;
For little Dot, her leaf forgot,
And then she did not pass.

DREAMING, SWEETLY DREAMING

I HAVE tucked away my dollies
All so snugly in their bed,
And I listened to the prayers
That my little dollies said.

Oh, they were so tired and sleepy,
For they played so many hours;
But now they're dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
Of the birds and pretty flowers.

They have played among the daisies,
And among the lilies too;
They were romping in the clover,
And were picking violets blue.
They have chased the shining sunbeams
That came flitting from the skies;
But now they're dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
Of the birds and butterflies.

They have picked the blushing roses,
And have kissed the starry bells,
And found the sweet forget-me-nots
Where they bloom in flowery dells.
They have romped among the grasses
That were fanned by evening breeze,
But now they're dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
Of the birds and humming bees.

When the stars have ceased to twinkle,
And the sky is bright and clear;
When the sun is up and shining,
And the dewdrops disappear;
When the little fish are swimming,
Swimming in the sunny streams,
Then my dollies will be waking,
Waking from their happy dreams.

THE SNOWDROP'S CALL

"COME, wake up," said the Snowdrop
To a Crocus sleeping nigh,
"The sun is brightly shining,
And there's blue up in the sky.

"The snow has left the hill tops,
And the frost is going too;
So it's time that you were waking,
For to show your face of blue.

"Come, Daffodil, I'm calling;
You are sleeping much too long;
For the bluebirds are returning,
And I've heard the robin's song.

"The South wind is gently blowing,
For I heard it 'mongst the trees
And the Hyacinth is waking
To perfume the gentle breeze.

"Come, Jonquil, do not linger!
For the morn is passing fast;
If you soon are not awaking,
You will surely be the last."

The Crocus 'woke up quickly
When she heard the Snowdrop's call;
And put forth her face of blue
When the snow began to fall.

She shivered in the snowflakes
That fell about her feet;
Then was sorry she was wakened
From her winter's quiet sleep.

"You have called us all too early,"
Said the sleepy Daffodil,
"For the North wind still is blowing,
And the nights are cold and chill."

Then they all dropped back to slumber
Till the days some warmer grew;
Then their winter nap was ended,
And they 'woke and blossomed too.

WHEN BROTHER WAS A SISTER

WHEN brother was a little girl,
She never wore her hair in curl;

But she was very good and sweet,
And had the "cutest" dimpled feet!

Her little hands were soft and white,

And so she kept them day and night.

Her dimpled cheeks were pretty too,
In rosy tints of nature's hue.

And oh! such happy times had we,
My little sister Lisle and me.

We sometimes kept a little store,
And sold our playthings o'er and o'er.

And through the long, long summer day,
Upon the lawn we used to play.

We played with dishes and with dolls,
With dolly cabs and rubber balls.

She helped to wash the dishes too,
Like little sisters always do.

And in her sorrows I could share,
For sister was my only care.

And with a loving sister's arm
I used to shield her from all harm.

Then life for me was all a joy
Before Lisle turned into a boy.

But Time flies on his changing wings,
And many curious changes brings.

The creeping worm becomes a fly,
And wings his way toward the sky.

The golden egg within the nest,
Becomes a chick with downy breast.

The pollywog becomes a frog,
And croaks within his hidden bog.

And little sisters turn to boys,
And leave their dolls for warlike toys

Then Time brought me the saddest day,
When sister's frocks were laid away.

The little cloak and bonnet too
Were changed for cap and coat of blue.

And for the girl with sweetest face—
A boy had stepped into her place.

A boy! and oh, so changed is he!
From the little girl he used to be.

The dimpled feet are brown and bare,
And rough and tumbled is his hair.

The rosy cheeks of nature's hue—
Sometimes they're black, sometimes they're blue.

The little hands so soft and white—
With dirt begrimed, they are a sight.

Now through the long, long summer days,
Upon the coalhouse roof he plays.

And on the roof he sits and fishes,
And never helps me wash the dishes.

He scorns the sister's loving arm
That used to shield him from all harm;

And for my loving, watchful care,
He turns his nose up in the air.

Oh! I wish he'd never turned into a boy,
To bring such woe instead of joy;

But stayed a little girl like me,
For then my life would happier be.

WE'RE ONLY LITTLE CHILDREN

We'RE only little children,
And not so very wise;
So don't expect too much,
And do not criticise.

We came here for your pleasure,

And 'twould be hardly right
If we should make mistakes,
For you to laugh to-night.

So won't you kindly listen,
And patience try to keep?
Don't whisper to each other,
Nor yawn and go to sleep.

We're only little children,
But think, when we are through,
You big folks all will say
We did as well as you.

A DREAM OF EASTER

WHEN Nell her evening prayer had said,
And climbed into her snowy bed,
She closed her little weary eyes,
To dream of wonders in the skies,
And dream of days of long ago,
When her dear Savior was laid low.

She saw Him nailed upon the cross,
And heard poor Mary grieve her loss,
Then saw Him laid within the tomb,
Where all was dark as midnight gloom;
And saw the loved ones turn away
From where their dear, dead Savior lay.

She heard an earthquake's rumbling sound,
And felt the shaking of the ground,
Then saw a white-robed angel band
Descend to earth from heaven land;
And at the breaking of the day,
She saw one roll the stone away.

A glorious light dispelled the gloom
That reigned within the Savior's tomb;
And forth He came, in garments white,
Amid the morning stars of light;
A shining crown was on his head,
For He had risen from the dead.

The band of angels sweetly sang
Until the tomb with music rang;
The birds cooed softly in the trees,
And sweet perfume was on the breeze;
The sun arose in splendor bright,
To shed o'er earth his beaming light

When Nell awoke within her bed,
"It is our Easter morn," she said,
"Such visions fair in sleep I've seen,
For Jesus rose up in my dream.
Out from the tomb I saw Him rise
And pass beyond the heavenly skies;
And with a band of angels fair,
He went to heaven to dwell up there."

MOTHER ROBIN

A ROBIN was sitting high up in a tree,
And was happy as ever a robin could be;
In a nice little nest that was built by two,
She was sitting on four small eggs of blue.

Her mate on a limb was sitting close nigh,
And thinking of birds that would come by-and-by.
He always kept near that little home-nest,
And often would sit to give his mate rest.

When she grew tired of waiting so long,
He would cheer her up with a sweet little song.
In a very short time her sitting was o'er,
And the birds in her nest numbered just four.

A sweet little girl lived near to this tree,
Who was happy as ever a girl could be;
She had a nice doll, that had a nice swing,
That had hung in this tree since early in spring.

One day she was swinging her doll to and fro,
Mother Robin was peeking at her below;
She said: "Little girl, little girl, look up to me,
I've four little birdies for you to see."

"O Mother Robin, I'm glad they have come!

I'll go right now and bring you a crumb;
I'll bring one for your mate and each of the four,
And when supper is ready I'll bring you some more."

"All right, little girl, I wish that you would,
I'm glad to see you so thoughtful and good;
But I wish you would keep old Tabby away,
For I know she was gazing up here to-day."

"O Mother Robin, you must have no alarm!
For Tabby, I'm sure, will do you no harm;
She's a good old cat and minds what I say,
But I'll tell her again not to come this way.

"Will you give me a birdie? one of your four,
I only want one and not any more;
I have a nice cage I could hang in the tree,
And birdie, I know, would be happy with me."

"Oh, no; little girl, it never will do
To part with my birdie and give her to you;
She never could live shut up in a cage,
And my mate, I fear, would fly in a rage.

"Will you give me your doll? I'd like to have one
For my little birdies, you know they have none;
When they get older they'll all want to play,
And I've room by my nest to tuck her away."

"Oh, no; Mother Robin, my dolly would cry,
If she lived in a nest that was up so high;
When the wind blew my dolly would fall,
Then down would come birdies, nest, and all.

"So I'll keep my dolly, for I think it is best,
And you keep your birds till they fly from the nest;
They will be happier, I know, to be free,
And my dolly's contented to stay here with me."

MABEL GRAY

EARLY to her slumber
Went little Mabel Gray;
Rose up in the morning

Just at the peep o' day.

Busy little maiden
Was little Mabel Gray;
Doing all her house work
Before she went to play.

Helping in the kitchen
To keep things shining bright;
Dusting in the parlor,
And setting things to right.

Singing all the daytime,
From morn till dewy night;
Shedding rays of brightness
Like stars of purest light.

Busy little woman,
And with a loving heart,
Never shirked her duty,
But always did her part.

Charming little woman,
And loving little wife,
Ever bright and cheerful,
Lived a long and happy life.

THE NAUGHTY CROW

A BLACKBIRD was swinging
On a blackberry bush;
When there came an old crow
And gave him a push.

Then the blackbird fell
From the blackberry bush;
And the old crow crowed
'Cause he gave him that push.

THE BIRDS' GOOD-NIGHT

"GOOD-NIGHT," said the robin,
As he finished his song;
"I am going to sleep
Till the morning doth dawn."

"Good-night," said the bluebird,
As he sought his snug nest;
"Now the evening draws near,
I am going to rest."

"Good-night," said the lark,
As he hushed his lay;
"I am off to my sleep
Till the break of the day."

"Good-night," said the thrush
As he trilled his last note;
"I am off to my roost
In the broad spreading oak."

"Good-night," said a maid
As she nodded her head,
"When you've gone to your rest,
I am going to bed."

"I have finished my work,
And have finished my play;
And am glad for the night
At the close of the day."

"I am sleepy and tired,
And I long for my bed;
For the soft, downy pillow,
Where I lay my wee head."

"And to dream there sweetly
Till the sun shines bright:
Till then, my birdies,
Good-night, good-night."

SANTA'S QUEER JOKE

WHEN Santa came one wintry night,
A pair of stockings hung in sight

Just side by side upon the wall—
But one was large and one was small.

When Santa turned and saw them there,
He said: "Well, that's a queer-matched pair!

"This girl is up to tricks I see,
And thinks she'll play a joke on me;

"But I'll look 'round and soon find out
What this fair miss has been about."

And then he took the stockings down,
And a folded note in one he found.

'Twas written plain, so Santa read
Each line and word the wee note said:

"Dear, dear Santa, I hope you won't mind
Because two stockings you happen to find.

"Don't think I'm greedy, that won't be fair!
For one is grandma's you see hung there.

"You have not filled it since she was young,
So I hung it up to have some fun.

"So please, dear Santa, do not scold,
For grandma now is getting old.

"She wants some specs, so she can see
To knit some winter mitts for me.

"Then 'twould be nice if you've enough
So you could spare a box of snuff.

"Some gum to chew, some nuts to crack—
I'm sure you've got them in your pack.

"She needs a cap with lace and strings,
So, Santa, please give her these things.

"That's all I'll ask; if you'll do this,
I'll pay you some time with a kiss."

"This little girl, with heart of gold,

Must love her grandma now so old.

"And it's all for fun! Yes, yes, I see!"
Then Santa laughed again with glee.

"I'll carry the joke as far as I can,
For I like some fun, if I am an old man."

Then dropping his pack upon the floor,
He looked its contents o'er and o'er,

And found a cap, some specs, and gum,
A whistle, doll, and little drum;

A nice red sled, and doll buggy, too,
Old Santa found as he searched them through.

Into grandma's stocking he stuffed the doll;
Although 'twas large, it wouldn't hold all.

Then tied with a string the sticks and drum,
And said: "Now grandma can have some fun."

Then into the other, the one so small,
He stuffed the cap, specs, snuff, and all.

Then said to himself, the jolly old man,
"I've carried the joke as far as I can.

"I'd better be off ere grandma is waking,
Or maybe I'll get a jolly good shaking."

Then should'ring his pack till his form was bent,
He got into mischief wherever he went.

Then in the morning, when grandma awoke,
She laughed, till she cried, at Santa's queer joke.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS

WE'RE a band of little children,
That is gathered here to-day,
And we're working for our Savior,
In our little childish way.

In the path that lies before us,
In this world of ours below,
We will strive to do our duty,
As we ever onward go.

We are as the light of morning,
That comes peeping through the pane;
We are like the rays of sunshine,
That we welcome after rain.

We are just some little sunbeams
That are scattered here and there;
And without us little sunbeams,
This great world would not be fair.

WHERE DO BABIES GO?

WHERE has baby gone to?
Asks a mother dear;
Why has darling baby
Left me lonely here?
And my pretty home
Grown so still and drear?

Where are all the playthings
That lay upon the floor?
Where's the little dolly cab
That bumped against the door?
It's stowed now in the attic,
For she'll never want it more.

So she went and left us,
Our little baby May,
And we are so lonely
Since she went away,
That we wish our baby
Would come back and stay.

There's a dreadful longing
In poor mama's breast,
Where her precious baby
Laid her head to rest;
And slept so sweetly,

Like birdies in their nest.

Where has baby gone to?
Says mama with a sigh;
Where has baby gone to?
And a tear is in her eye,
And will my darling baby
Come back by-and-by?

She gazes from the window,
And sees the faces sweet
Of the pretty children,
Coming down the street;
But not a face like baby's
Does she chance to meet.

Soon a winsome lassie
Comes tripping into view,
With head of flaxen curls,
And eyes of deepest blue,
And a loving heart
That always beats so true.

Mama sees the lassie
That took the baby's place,
With the same blue eyes,
But not the baby face;
For the winsome lassie
Has one of older grace.

And that's where baby went to;
But no one ever knows
How the baby disappears,
Or how the baby goes,
Only that a baby
Eats, and laughs, and grows.

WHEN MY KITTY WAS A KITTEN

WHEN my kitty was a kitten,
That was many years ago,
Her was dest the sweetest kitten
Of any kitten that I know.

An' her wore a ribby ribbon
That was striped in stripes of blue;
An' her purred the sweetest pur
When her didn't mew her mew.

Her was dest as good an' gentle
As a kitten ever was;
An' was berry neat an' 'ticular
'Bout her little pawey paws.

Her was full of fun an' frolic,
An' her played wiv paper balls;
An' her slept her little sleeps
Wiv my darling dolly dolls.

But my kitty's growed a catty
An' forgot her cunnin' plays;
An' her doesn't like my dollies,
So her spits an' runs away.

Nor her isn't sweet an' gentle
Like my kitten used to was;
For her scratches little misses
Wiv her naughty scratchy claws.

Oh! I's sorry that her's bigger
Than my kitten used to be;
For a kitten's awful sweeter
Than a catty is to me.

THE BUSY LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

I's SUCH a busy little housekeeper,
An' dot so much to do,
I has to stop an' think a bit,
If ever I tan git froo.

For there's my dollie's bed to make
An' pretty dess to mend;
An' there's my little baby doll
That I must stop to tend.

Whenever she wakes up at morn,
She's sure to fret or cry,
Unless I rocks her for a while
An' sings a lullaby.

An' there's my little bruver Joe,
He's such a naughty tease,
He always wants my dolly boy,
But never will say "Please."

He makes such lots an' lots of work
For mama an' for me;
I often wish he was a fish
A-swimmin' in the sea.

An' when I has such busy days,
An' dot so much to do,
To care for all my dollies dear,
He never helps me froo.

I musn't stop no longer now
To tell you nuthin' more;
I thinks I hear my dollie scream,
Like she's tumbled on the floor.

I has to go an' git her now,
An' hush her up right quick;
Or maybe she will hold her breff,
An' then git awful sick.

GRANDMA'S POCKET

I HAVE a lovely grandma
Who's very dear to me;
I go to see her oftentimes
And sit upon her knee.

She tells me pretty stories

Just what I like to hear;
She thinks I'm very nice, I guess,
And calls me little dear.

My grandma has a lovely dress
She's worn a long, long while;
She made it all herself, she said,
When pockets were in style.

It's made with pointed, ruffled waist,
That has a surplice twist;
And has the old-time bishop sleeve
That buttons at the wrist.

The skirt does hang so nicely too,
And always looks so well,
It has not any train to it,
Nor was it cut a bell.

It has a lovely pocket though!
That's big, and wide, and deep,
I always find out where it is
And slyly take a peep.

"There is something in my pocket, dear,"
Says grandma every time.
I'm sure to find a penny there,
Or else a silver dime.

"It's yours, my little girlie dear!"
Says grandma, with a kiss,
"So keep them all, my little one,
Until you're grown a miss."

I'm saving up my money now
To buy a golden locket;
And have her picture placed in it
With dimes from out her pocket.

WHAT GOOD IS A BROTHER?

WHAT good is a brother?
I never could see,
But only to tease

A poor sister like me,
And that is as naughty,
As naughty can be.

He's nothing but trouble,
And mama's great care,
And always in mischief
A-doing his share;
And no peace in the house
Whenever he's there.

He hangs up my doll
At the foot of the bed,
With my new skipping-rope
Until she is dead;
Then laughs at the tears
That it makes me shed.

Then he teases my kitty,
Like the bad boys do,
By pulling her tail
Till it's nearly in two;
Then whistles and laughs
When he hears her mew.

If I had my wish,
Do you know what I'd say?
I'd tell my poor mama
To give him away
To grandpa and grandma,
And there make him stay.

But, then, poor grandpa!
He never could nap
Without a bad boy
Crawling up on his lap,
And whipping his knees
To make them get-ap.

And poor, dear grandma,
So patient and kind,
It worries her so
Because he won't mind;
And then her glasses
She never could find.

I suppose I must live,

And try, if I can,
To bear with his capers
Until he's a man;

But I do hope then
My brother will see
What a lot of trouble
He has been to me.

MR. HOP-TOAD

A HOP-TOAD came out
One day in the spring.
He struck up a tune,
And began to sing;

The weather was cold
And made his voice crack,
So poor old hop-toad
Just waddled right back.

MINNIE'S SECRET

I'VE GOT a little secret
I'd like to have you know;
So, now, I'm going to tell it:—
My sister has a beau.

She looks so sweet and pretty
When Tommy comes to call;
And talks so nice and witty,
And is so good to all.

I'm afraid he's going to love her,
And marry her some day;
But if he only knew her,
He'd think another way.

She's awful cross to brother,
When Tommy ain't around;
I don't believe a crosser girl

Could anywhere be found.

She says I am a bother
When she has got a beau;
And act so very stupid
By telling all I know.

I only told to Tommy
That she would lie in bed,
And let our tired mama
Do all the work instead.

I told him not to love her
For she was awful cross;
And me and little brother
She always tried to "boss."

I guess he's going to listen
And my advice he'll take.
He said she must do better
Or she would get the shake.

I'm just a-going to tell her
To mind what she's about;
For soon I'll be as big as her
And then I'll cut her out.

NELLIE'S EASTER EGGS

OLD Biddy Brown, a nice old hen,
Belonged to little Nell;
She hid her nest from all the rest,
And kept her secret well.

And every morn, just like the sun,
She made her daily trip
Up in the hay her egg to lay,
And gave the rest the slip

But one cold day old Biddy Brown
Concluded it was best,
That in the hay she'd better stay,
And take a little rest.

They missed her from the chicken coop,
And from the barnyard pen;
And none could tell, not even Nell,
Just where to find that hen.

The days went by, the weeks sped on,
And still she hid away;
But little Nell kept hunting well,
And found her in the hay.

Now, Easter time was drawing nigh,
And Nell, in colors bright,
Was going to taint, with brush and paint,
Old Biddy's eggs so white.

She took them from the poor old hen,
Who'd sat so long with care,
And in a tin she brought them in,
Which really was not fair.

She dabbled with those pretty paints,
Till shells were lost to view;
Then with delight she viewed the sight
Of eggs, in red and blue.

She put them by the kitchen stove,
And covered them up tight,
To keep them warm and free from harm,
And out of baby's sight.

The next morn rang the Easter bells,
And Nell rose with a start;
Her playmates, some would surely come
To view her work of art.

So proudly to the kitchen then,
With step so light and free,
With happy look her playmates took,
Those Easter eggs to see.

But what a change came over Nell!
Had some one played her tricks?
To her surprise, before her eyes
Was a pan of downy chicks.

WHEN DOLLY WAS SICK

MY DOLL got sick one summer day,
And then I had to stop my play.

I tucked her in her little bed,
With burning cheeks and throbbing head.

I knew that she was cutting teeth,
And that one thought gave me relief.

But still I wondered as I had,
Why her poor head should ache so bad.

She seemed so ill for one so young,
So I thought I'd have the doctor come.

I sent for him to come—come quick,
For my dear Nell was very sick.

Then when he came he shook his head,
And this is what the doctor said:

"She has the measles or some fever;
But have no fear, I can relieve her.

"I'll give her powders for her head,
But you must keep her close in bed.

"I'll give her quinine made in pills,
And they will cure those dreadful chills.

"But when your neighbors come to call,
Don't let them see your babe at all.

"She must not talk, nor even smile;
So keep her quiet for a while.

"Be careful what you give to eat,
Now don't give salads or cold meat.

"Nor don't give biscuits that are warm,
For they will do your dolly harm.

"But give her nicely buttered toast,
With veal, or lamb, or mutton roast."

I watched beside her suffering bed,
And many were the tears I shed.

But soon a change came o'er my Nell,
I saw that she was getting well.

Oh, what a joy it was to me,
To know from pain my Nell was free!

But she was very pale and thin,
With faded cheeks and pointed chin.

Then came the doctor with his bills—
So much for powders, so much for pills.

I paid them all without a sigh,
And thanked him 'cause she did not die.

AUNTIE'S PARLOR

MY AUNTIE has a parlor grand,
That's furnished very fine,
With lots of pretty, fancy things,
That cost her many a dime.

I like to peep into that room
Whenever I go there,
To see those pretty, fancy things,
And find out what they are.

But auntie always watches me,
Just like a cat a mouse,
And says: "You are a mischief, Belle,
When you are in my house."

There's bric-a-brac on the mantel-shelf,
And pictures on the wall,
And pretty, high-back easy-chairs
That spring up like a ball.

There is a grand piano there
That must have cost her much;
But all I ever hear is this:
"Now, Belle, you must not touch."

There is a lovely stand and stool,
And rugs upon the floor,
And vases in the corner too,
But—a lock is on the door.

Now, what's a parlor good for, say?
I'd really like to know!
With doors and windows fastened tight,
And pretty things for show.

I wish I owned that parlor grand,
And all those things so nice,
I'd let my kitty go in there
To watch for naughty mice.

I'd tell the little girls I know
Who hadn't one so fine,
That they were always welcome guests
To come and play in mine.

OFF TO SCHOOL WE GO

IN THE morning when the sun
Does begin his daily run,
When the stars have gone to sleep,
And no longer brightly peep,
Then we take a morning dine;
And before the clock strikes nine,
Off to school, to school we go,
Some on time and some are slow.

Some look pleasant, some look sour,
Some are whispering every hour;
Some are naughty, some are good,
Some, they study as they should;
Full of fun and full of play,
So they see us every day.
Off to school, to school we go,
Some on time and some are slow.

Soon our lessons are all past,
And the day has gone at last;
Some, they learned them as they should,

Some, they did not get them good;
Some are always staying late
For mistakes upon their slate.
Home from school, from school we go,
Some on time and some are slow.

Soon we girls will older grow,
Then we'll wish so much to know,
So to study we must try,
For our time is flitting by.
Days and weeks are passing fast,
And schooldays will soon be past,
So while off to school we go,
Let's be on time and never slow.

CLARABEL'S VALENTINE

"Now, who shall get my valentine?"
Thought little Clarabel;
"For I must send it to some friend
Who loves me very well."

She thought of cousin Madaline,
A proud and haughty miss,
But changed her mind almost as soon,
For she would scoff at this.

She thought of neighbor Bessie Brown,
But she was rich and fair,
And every year her valentines
Were more than one girl's share.

And next she thought of classmates dear,
Then said their names all o'er;
But every year their valentines
Would number more and more.

So who should get her valentine?
She thought and thought in vain;
At last she said: "I'll keep this one,
And none shall have the gain."

Just then a little voice was heard
To whisper in her ear:

"There's many a girl and many a boy
Who will get none this year.

"So, Clarabel, please think again
Of some poor children's plight,
Who never get a valentine
To make their sad hearts light."

She heard that voice, and then she thought:
"I know what I shall do,
And where to send this valentine
And many others, too."

She took her little money bank,
Where she had kept her dimes,
Then swiftly to the store she ran,
And bought more valentines.

She sent them to the boys and girls
Whose pleasures were but few;
Then told her playmates what she'd done,
And then they tried it, too.

So many were the valentines
That went their happy way,
And many were the girls and boys
That had a happy day.

They thanked the postman o'er and o'er,
Those hapless little elves,
Because he brought them valentines
For their own little selves.

And Clarabel was happy too,
And truly did believe
That giving unto others
Was more than to receive.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S

'Twas Thanksgiving on the farm,
And hurry everywhere;
For Grandma Brown got word from town,
The children would be there.

She sent an invitation
A week or two ahead,
To daughter Anna and daughter Hannah,
And this is what it said:

"Now bring the children, every one,
And have a jolly time;
For we've our share, and some to spare,
So bring them all to dine.
And let them bring their relatives,
And each a playmate too,
So bring them all, both large and small,
We'll have enough for you."

So Nell and Dell invited Bell
And little cousin Prue,
Then Bennie Mills asked Jennie Bills,
And also neighbor Sue:
Then neighbor Sue told brother Ralph,
And Ralph told cousin Nan,
Then cousin Nan asked playmate Sam,
And he told neighbor Dan.

Grandma said to grandson Roy:
"Now bring your neighbor Ray."
So neighbor Ray and sister May
Invited cousin Jack;
Then cousin Jack told neighbor Mack,
And asked his playmate Tess;
Then cousin Lottie asked cousin Dottie,
And also sister Bess.

Then sister Bess invited Richard,
And he invited Ned,
Then brother Ned invited Ed,
And also cousin Fred;
Then cousin Fred asked sister Ann,
And she invited Joe,
Then he sent word, so William heard,
To bring his sister Flo.

Then sister Flo and her young beau
Invited playmate Tom;
They said to him: "Bring neighbor Tim
And also cousin Don.
Tell cousin Don to go along
And ask her neighbor Millie;

Then she will make her brother Jake
Invite his sweetheart Tillie."

When grandma's tables were all spread
For little guests from town,
The happy crowd then shouted loud:
"Three cheers for Grandma Brown!"
They listened while dear grandpa then
Gave thanks for daily bread.
Then Will and Tim did both begin
And so did Tom and Ned.

Then Bennie Mills and Jennie Bills
And little Don and Sue,
All waded in with eager vim
And so did Dan and Prue.
Then sister Bess and playmate Tess,
Ate much of poultry meats;
While Ralph and Nell and cousin Bell,
Ate many pickled beets.

Then Roy and Ann and Dick and Joe,
Ate all of grandma's jam,
While Ed and Nan, Dell, Fred, and Sam,
Ate all the eggs and ham.
Then Ray and Millie, and May and Tillie,
And also brother Jake,
And Jack and Lottie, and Mack and Dottie,
Ate all the broiled steak.

When all were through at dinner time,
There naught remained but crumbs;
For pretty Flo and her young beau,
Ate all the sugar plums.
Then grandma smiled when she looked round
And saw the happy set,
For she just knew, as grandmas do,
How hungry children get.

When grandpa hauled the wagons out
To take them back to town,
They scrambled in, with childish din,
And cheered for Grandma Brown;
They cheered for grandpa loud and long,
And called him "Grandpa, dear,"
He said to them: "Now, come again,
And dine with us next year."

DOLLY DAYS

MY MAMA says that I'm too old
To play with dolls much more,
That I must lay them all away
For dolly days for me are o'er.

But what I'll do, I do not know,
When they're all laid away;
I know I'll sigh and maybe cry,
When I've no doll with me to play.

Then with them all put out of sight
The days will lonely be;
For when I'm mad, or when I'm sad,
There'll be no doll to comfort me.

There's Maggie May, my eldest one,
The doll that was so fine,
Santa let her drop from the chimney top,
And caused a crooked spine.

She's been a cripple ever since,
And such a fretful child,
She's cried and screamed until it seemed
I really should go wild.

There's sweet Marie, a pretty doll,
With hair of golden hue,
With cheeks so bright and chin so white,
And eyes of heaven's blue.

And Rosa Nell, another blond,
Whose temper is so mild,
That every one, both old and young,
Could love the pretty child.

She's broke her nose, but what of that!
She always wears a smile,
She's at her play the livelong day,
And sings most all the while.

There's Lilla Dale, with tangled hair,
Who's lain so long in bed,
When very small she had a fall,

That cracked her little head.

She'll miss my care and I'll miss her
When she is laid away;
For many a time I've soothed her whine
Because she could not play.

And Nellie Gray, the sweet brunette,
Whose hair was dark as night,
My heart will ache and maybe break,
When she's laid out of sight.

She's lost an arm and both her legs,
And only has one curl;
But you may bet she's precious yet,
This dear old darky girl.

But now I'm old; too old, they say,—
I've entered in my teens;
But I'll look back o'er memory's track,
To happy doll-day dreams.

There'll be no hours in years to come,
That have been like the past;
For dolly days and dolly plays
Were just too sweet to last.

THAT GIGGLE

WHEN I arose to speak one day,
I quite forgot what I had to say.
I thought, and thought, and tried in vain
To bring it to my mind again,
And there I stood, with head downcast,
A-dreading what would come at last.

The room grew dark, my heart grew sad,
I thought I surely would go mad;
I tried to speak, but not a word
Or e'en a whisper could be heard.
My limbs with palsy seemed to shake,
My heart with terror seemed to quake.

I heard a giggle clear and loud

Go rippling through the waiting crowd.
I could no longer stand the strain,
For bursting seemed my heart and brain.
Then to my feelings I gave vent,
And weeping to my seat I went.

MARION'S LAMENT

I'M SUCH a lonely little girl,
And play all by myself;
I feel just like a broken doll
That's laid by on the shelf.

And when I'm tired of playing alone,
There's nothing else to do,
But wish I had a brother Joe,
Or little sister Sue.

I think I'll write to Santa Claus
And say I'm lone and sad;
And if he'll bring a baby girl,
I'll be so very glad.

I think that he will bring me one,
For Santa's good to me.
I'll tell him please to hang it on
My little Christmas tree.

WHEN I'M A BIG GIRL

I'LL try to be good,
And do as I should,
I'll learn how to work
And never will shirk,
When I'm a big girl.

I'll do with my might
Whatever is right,
I'll study at school
And obey each rule,
When I'm a big girl.

With needle and yarn
My stockings I'll darn,
I'll comb my own tresses
And make my own dresses,
When I'm a big girl.

I'll learn how to bake
Some very nice cake,
I'll make my own bed
And mind what ma said,
When I'm a big girl.

I'll dust, and I'll sweep,
And my dollies I'll keep;
I'll stow them away
To look at some day,
When I'm a big girl.

I'll lay away toys
For some other joys,
I'll never make noise
Like the great big boys,
When I'm a big girl.

Now, had I more time
I'd tell you in rhyme
Some more that I'll do,
When I'm big like you.

WHAT THE BELLS SAID

ONE Sabbath morn in lovely June,
The old church bells rang out a tune.

Unto the world they seemed to say:
"This is our little children's day.

"Now will you listen to our call,
And come to hear the children small?

"Their songs in voices, sweet and clear,
Unto their Maker you shall hear.

"Their smiling faces are a sight,
That turns all darkness into light.

"Their little speeches are so nice,
That you should hear at any price.

"Their little songs in chorus sound
As though there were no evil 'round.

"Their prayers so humble, sweet, and pure,
Will make you feel that heaven's sure.

"Then come you people, one and all,
And learn the ways of children small.

"And live again those childish days,
Before you learned the worldly ways.

"'Twill bring you back those youthful joys,
Of winsome girls and manly boys.

"'Twill give your soul an upward flight,
And bring your heaven just in sight."

And then the bells rang off their tune,
That lovely Sabbath morn in June.

To listen while the songs of love
Went to the Maker up above;

And listen while a childish prayer,
Was breathed upon the holy air.

WHY?

I OFTEN sit and wonder why
It is not always day,
And why the sunshine and the light
Cannot forever stay.

I often sit and wonder why
The birdies are so wild,
And what does make them fly away
From every little child.

And why they always like to sing,
And never like us talk,
And why they always like to fly,
And never like us walk.

Sometimes I sit and wonder too,
About my pussy cats,
Just why they did not have some wings
Like ugly little bats.

My dolly is a mystery too,
And so I wonder why,
When I am washing dolly's face,
She does not pout and cry.

And then it never seemed quite right
To have the world turn round;
It seems so strange we do not fall
Or tumble off the ground.

There are so many other things
That don't look right to me;
I sometimes really don't believe
They're as they ought to be.

BECAUSE

Now what's the use of wondering
Why 'tis not always day?
For we must have the night to sleep
So we can rest from play.

And there's the little birdies too,
It's all right they are wild;
For it never was intended
They should play with a child.

I'd rather hear them singing sweet
Than hear them try to talk;
And rather see them flying high
Than see them try to walk.

Then what would be the use of wings

Upon a pussy cat?
Because she could not catch a mouse
When flying like a bat.

Then what good could a dolly do
To cry, or fret, or scream,
Because her mama's gentle hand
Was trying to wash her clean.

And then I think it is all right
Because the world turns round;
For gravitation in the earth
Does keep us on the ground.

So then, to me, this world of ours
Seems just as it should be;
And with it all I'm satisfied,
And hope it is with me.

HOW HAZEL KEPT HOUSE

"I'M GOING to be the housekeeper,
While you are gone away,"
Said Hazel to her mama,
One lovely summer day;
"For I can tend the baby,
It's nothing more than play.

"I'll play that I am mama
With lots of work to do;
And then I'll call on brother
To come and help me through
With dishes and the sweeping,
Like papa does help you."

Then mama kissed her daughter,
And said a fond good-by;
But gently did remind her:
"Don't let the baby cry,
Don't burn the dinner pudding,
Don't boil the kettle dry."

There were dishes to be washed,
And kitchen floor to sweep,

And soon the precious baby
To rock and sing to sleep;
And dinner to get ready,
And a watch on pudding keep.

So busy was our Hazel
With dinner to prepare,
She did not notice baby
Was tired of her chair,
Nor that her helpful brother
Had run away somewhere.

She went to stir the pudding,
But baby began to cry;
She had to stop and rock her,
And sing a lullaby;
But could not get her quiet,
No matter how she'd try.

She called for helpful brother,
And thought he was around;
But no response was given,
Not one familiar sound;
For little helpful brother
Was nowhere to be found.

The noon hour was approaching,
With dinner—not in sight,
Although our patient Hazel
Had worked with will and might
To have it cooked and ready,
And make the pudding right.

When papa came at noon-time,
A hungry man was he,
But not a tempting morsel
For dinner could he see;
But poor discouraged Hazel
With baby on her knee.

The table looked untidy,
The floor was yet unswept,
And naughty little brother,—
Safe out of sight had kept,
While Hazel, with the baby,
Had set her down and wept.

When mama came at evening
She heard her daughter say:
"O mama, take the baby,
I've had an awful day!"
And Hazel found that keeping house
Was something more than play.

DROPS OF HONEY

THERE was a little busy bee
That roamed a field all over;
At last he spied a blossom red
Upon a stem of clover.

He lit upon that blossom red
And searched it through and through;
And found some drops of honey there
That sparkled like the dew.

He took those drops of honey
And put them in his hive;
And when the cold, cold winter came
They kept the bee alive.

WHEN MY DOLLY WENT TO SCHOOL

WHEN my dolly went to school
I bought her a slate and rule
With my only silver dime;
And I said to dolly dear,
"Now, my pretty, do you hear?
You must always be on time."

But I told her not to worry,
Nor get into a flurry
If she happened to be late;
And what teacher has to say
She must every word obey,
And must always sit up straight.

Then her little study book

And some other things she took,
With a bottle full of ink;
And a pen and blotter too,
With a tablet clean and new,
For to write her little think.

But my dolly had a will
And she never would sit still,
So the teacher had to use a stick.
Then the boys would tease her so
Just because she didn't know
How to get her 'rithmetic.

Soon my dolly grew so haughty
And some days she was so naughty
That she wouldn't mind a rule.
And she couldn't learn to spell,
Nor would get her grammar well,
So I thought I'd take her out of school.

And I'd wait a year or two
Till my dolly older grew,
Then, perhaps, she'd try to learn.
But she promised to do better
So I did consent to let her
Go to school another term.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens,
All sleek as a mouse,
Played hide-and-go-seek,
'Round a honeybee's house.

Three little kittens,
All sleek as a mouse,
Got stung most to death,
'Round a honeybee's house.

Three little kittens,
All sleek as a mouse,
Never played any more,
'Round a honeybee's house.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOR

THERE was a cunning spider once
Who wove a tangled web;
A shining fly came passing by
And to the spider said:

"What have you in your parlor, sir,
I wish you'd tell to me."
The spider said: "I wish instead
You'd step inside and see.

"My parlor is a pretty place
Where you may sit and rest;
With cozy nooks and picture books,
I think mine is the best.

"I've windows in my parlor, too,
All draped in woven lace;
And as you pass a pretty glass
Reflects a handsome face.

"I've pictures on the mantelshelf
I purchased just of late;
The frames are fine and nicely shine
And all are up to date."

The fly then crossed the threshold line
And never thought of harm;
The spider wise then blinked his eyes
And spun a little yarn.

He said unto his victim fair:
"This is a pretty place;
So won't you fly to the window high
Where hangs the woven lace?"

The fly flew to the window pane
Where spider lace was hung;
And ere he knew just what to do
A web was 'round him strung.

He buzzed and hummed and fluttered there,
And struggled with his might.
The spider sly had caught the fly

And held him very tight.

So let's not listen, like the fly,
To untrue tales that are told;
For we must mind we're sure to find
All glittering things aren't gold.

Let's not be led to danger then
By a sinful, harmful guide;
But walk each day in the narrow way
And shun the one that's wide.

MOTHER GOOSE'S DINNER PARTY

OLD Mother Goose
Rode in her caboose,
And invited her friends to dine;
And to each of them said,
As she popped out her head:
"Be sure to come at straight nine."

To Old Mother Hubbard,
Who had a bare cupboard,
With nothing to eat or to sup,
She said: "Bring your dog Jack,
So you can carry back
Enough for to fill you both up."

And to little Bopeep:
"You may bring all your sheep,
And their tails that were hung up to dry."
And to little Jack Horner,
Who sat in the corner,
She said: "I have made a plum pie."

And to little Boy Blue:
"Bring your horn along too,
And play us a rollicking tune;
For the cat with the fiddle
Will play us 'Hi-diddle,'
While the cow jumps over the moon."

And to little Tom Tucker,
Whose face wore a pucker,

Because he had nothing to eat,
She said: "Come to the party
And eat quite hearty,
Then your face will be pleas'nt and sweet."

But of little Tom Green,
The boy who was mean,
She said she would surely leave out;
And would only invite
The boy who did right,
And he was that little John Trout.

To the piper's son Tom,
She said: "Come along
And bring us a pig if you will,"
Then poor simple Simon,
Who met the fat pieman,
She told he could eat to his fill.

And to poor Jack and Jill,
Who fell down the hill,
And cut such a terrible caper:
"Be sure that you bring
A drink from the spring,
And some vinegar and brown paper."

But to bad, bad Peter,
The great pumpkin eater,
She said she thought 'twould be well
To give his poor wife
A change in her life,
And let her come out of her shell.

But poor Humpty-Dumpty!
He got such a bumpty,
When he fell way down from the wall,
That he went all to smash
With a terrible crash,
So she couldn't invite him at all.

Then old Mother Goose
Thought 'twould be of no use
To invite the king and the queen;
For they lived so high
On their blackbird pie,
And with poor folks wouldn't be seen.

But thought 'twould be right
To kindly invite
The woman who lived in the shoe.
So lent her caboose
To be of some use
In bringing the children there too.

So all the folks came
To see the good dame,
And they all spent a jolly good day;
And said their good-byes,
With tears in their eyes,
When the wagons were rolling away.

OLIVE'S ADVICE

LET me tell you what to do
As this world you journey through.

Give a smile to all you meet,
Keep your temper nice and sweet.

Keep your faces bright and clean,
Never do a trick that's mean.

Keep pure thoughts within your mind,
Never say a word unkind.

When at home, or when at school
Please obey each given rule.

Keep in mind your duty ever,
Don't neglect it once, no, never!

Then you'll live a happy life,
Free from trouble, free from strife.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE year has past and gone at last,
The parting gave us pain;

But though we sigh for one gone by,
'Twill not return again.

We can't recall, not one, not all
The years that we have known;
They came and went and each was spent,
With good and bad seeds sown.

Then let's not whine nor e'en repine
For joys that might have been;
But with brave heart let each take part
To help his fellow-men.

We must not grieve; but still believe
Time will soon brighter be;
Though we've not met with greatness yet,
There's hopes for you and me.

We'll let the past that's gone at last,
Be lost on memory's track;
We'll live no more the old year o'er,
Nor ever wish it back.

The new year's come and now begun,
So ring, ye merry chimes;
Peal one loud strain of sweet refrain,
And bring us better times.

Let's greet the year with words of cheer,
And new resolves we'll make;
We'll strive with might to do the right,
And duty never shake.

With pages turned and wisdom learned
By mishaps in life's dream;
We'll turn one new for me and you,
And keep it white and clean.

We'll keep it well that it may tell
Our vows were not in vain;
And may each one, when this year's done,
Be raised to higher plane.

MY PA, he's got the funniest ways
Of any man whatever I saw!
He's different than ma.
He never thinks same as she does;
But they alus seem to git 'long some way
'Caus ma says fussin' don't pay.

But pa don't b'lieve in women votin';
En he says that ma can't,
En then he says that she shan't!
He says he'd be 'shamed of her;
En says he'd git divorce.
En pa means what he says o' course.

Pa likes to go to church sometimes;
But he don't b'long to any
'Caus there's so awful many,
En nobody knows which one's right.
He says the preachers don't know
Where the folks is goin' to go.

'Caus they's never been there—
He means the place they's preach for,
What they calls the golden shore.
But he says they's doin' lots o' good
En he don't mind givin' 'm money.
En ma says that's what's funny!

But he never minds what she says,
He says woman can't mind her biz!
En I guess he's right, pa is.
But ma b'lieves in woman's rights;
En says a woman kin talk en do,
En that's what she's goin' to.

Pa says if she couldn't talk she'd die!
En he wants her to live long,
So lets her talk on, en on.
But pa can eat more'n she can;
En he likes everything she bakes
Her pies, en pudins, en cakes.

En it keeps her bakin' lots it does.
She says she wishes he wouldn't eat s' much
Of pies, en cakes, en pudins, en such.
He says her cookin's good too,
En it jest gives him a appetite!

Oh, my! pa eats a awful sight.

But he don't care anything 'bout fashion;
He says his is all his own;
En wishes folks 'uld let him 'lone!
He says if folks 'uld pay ther bills
They couldn't wear so much style,
En go to picnics all the while.

He's gittin' older every day, pa is.
En ma says he's funnier, too,
En she don't know what she'll do!
But she never crosses him now;
'Caus she says it never pays
Fer pa—well them's pa's ways.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a bee,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did see."

"No: I thank you, Mr. Spider,"
Said the busy, humming bee,
"There's no honey in your parlor,
So it's not the place for me."

KITTY BELL

I'VE a story that I'll tell
'Bout a puss named Kitty Bell,
How she played and romped one day,
In a *very shocking* way.

And what happened to her then
Just because she'd naughty been;
For she wouldn't mind a word,
Not a single one she heard.

So she had to go to bed

With a dreadful aching head!
An' she cried an awful lot,
'Caus her head was burning hot.

But I bound an' tied it up,
Gave her tea in her new cup,
Shook her pillow till 'twas light,
Then slept kitty all the night.

In the morning when she woke
Not a single word she spoke;
But she mewed, "I'm hungry ma,"
Then she licked her little paw,

Washed her face as kittens do,
Till it looked as clean as new;
Soon her mama brought a mouse,
That she caught back of the house.

This she gave to Kitty Bell;
An' poor kitty then got well,
Ate it up an' ran to play
In a *very quiet* way.

THE BIRDS' PARTY

THE birds all held a party
One lovely day in June;
When hearts were light and cheery
And voices were in tune.

They came in pairs from woodlands,
From orchards, and from glen,
The robin, rook, and bluebird,
The swallow, cuckoo, wren,

Sweet bobolink and sparrow,
The crow and pretty jay,
The whip-poor-will and linnet,
All came that happy day.

The meadow lark and blackbird,
The tiny chickadee,
The chippy bird and nightingale,

All came the sights to see.

The catbird and canary,
The topknot and the thrush,
The oriole and turtledove,
All came to join the rush.

And each one brought a basket
With something good to eat;
The robins brought some cherries,
The crows each brought some meat.

The sparrows brought some pudding,
The blackbird brought some corn,
The topknot brought a June plum,
The chickadee a horn.

The bluebird brought a horsefly,
The meadow lark a bug,
The linnet brought a cricket,
The turtledove a slug.

The swallow brought a beetle,
The wren a little ant,
The cuckoo brought a blossom,
From off a mustard plant.

The catbird brought some berries,
The thrush his choice of weeds,
The canary and the rest,
Brought baskets full of seeds.

They gathered in the green wood,
To spread their dinner fine;
Then each one took his sweetheart,
And went with her to dine.

The feast was soon all over,
And each one with his mate
Danced to the horn of chickadee,
Until the hour was late.

Then all the birdies parted,
And each one took to flight;
But every bird was happy
When he bade his love good-night.

JANUARY

WITH merry chimes and merry times
We'll greet the new year bright;
We'll turn a page that's new in age
And try to keep it white.

We'll look ahead and never dread
The wind in all his whirls,
For winter days and winter plays
Are good for boys and girls.

The wind will blow and drift the snow
O'er lakes and frozen rills;
But what care we? we'll happy be
A-coasting down the hills!

We'll build our forts for winter sports,
And make a man of snow;
And then we'll skate upon the lake,
And let the cold wind blow.

We like the ice and think it nice,
And wish 'twould always tarry;
Of all the year we hold most dear
The month of January.

FEBRUARY

THE jolly month of winter time
Has called around once more;
And Mr. Ground-hog will be out
To tell us winter is not o'er.

He'll walk about in pig-ship style,
And, ere the day is done,
He'll freeze his nose and chill his toes
And wish he hadn't come.

Then soon will come old Valentine
With lots of fun to see;
He'll have a face that looks like you,

And one that looks like me.

And next will come a birthday
Of one who once was great—
We'll dance and shout and all turn out
And help to celebrate

The birth of one who never lied,
And thus he lived until he died—
George Washington.

MARCH

THE month of March has come again
With blowing, snowing blast;
The winds are piercing in their search,
But come too late to last.

But as the month will onward march,
The winds will warmer grow;
Until 'tis seen the earth is green
And vanished has the snow.

Then comes the sweetest time of all,
When sap flows up the tree;
When sugar-makers busy are
A-making cakes for me.

For I'm the girl who likes the cakes
Made from that sugar sweet—
They're better far than all the gum
That's chewed upon the street.

This is the time I like so well
And wish 'twere always here.
Of all the months that call around
I think March sweetest of the year.

APRIL

THE welcome month of April,

With sunshine and with showers,
Sets all the buds to swelling
And brings the early flowers.

And nature now has wakened
From her long and wintry sleep,
And dandelions are peeping
In the grasses at our feet.

The bullfrog loud is calling
From the pond or running stream,
And the nesting birds are cooing
In their early "love's young dream."

The hop-toad in the cellar
Thinks he'll take a look without,
And old shanghi on the fence
Crows and flops his wings about.

And I am just as happy
As the butterfly or bee,
For the showery month of April
Is a welcome month to me.

MAY

THE sweetest time of all the year
Is when the month of May draws near.
The air is sweet with rich perfume
That comes from apple-trees in bloom.

The peach-tree sheds its fragrance too,
And sips alike its share of dew.
The lilac blooms and shows its right
To make this month a flowery sight.

The pansy lifts her welcome face
From out her long-leaved hiding-place.
The violet blossoms as of old
And shows her color true as gold.

The brooks they ripple as they go
From brink to brink, in ceaseless flow.
The lark sails high on upward wing—

All Nature's glad to greet the spring.

The wild flowers blossom in the wood,
And all proclaim that God is good.
Of all the months I'd have to stay
It is the flowery month of May.

JUNE

THE month of June brings roses sweet,
And daisies blooming at our feet;
When Nature sings her sweetest tune,
'Tis in the balmy month of June.

And glad vacation June will bring,
Then old school bells will cease to ring,
But wedding bells their sweet refrain
Will ring and ring out just the same.

Now lilies white upon the stream,
In early morning will be seen;
And cherries ripe upon the tree
Are tempting to the birds and me.

So robin hops from limb to limb,
And seems to think they're all for him;
And gets his share, and even more,
Before the cherry time is o'er.

This is the month that suits me best,
And I love it better than all the rest;
I'd always sing the same gay tune,
If all the months were just like June.

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Inconsistencies in spelling and hyphenation have been retained from the original.

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