

BABY LOVERS.

By HARRIET KENDALL.

"Kiss me, Dollie," Bobbie said,
 "For I love you." Red lips met,
 Like twin rosebuds that were wed,
 Ere the summer sun had set.

"Bobbie, I will marry you,
 When you are a great big man;
 If you are a soldier too,
 I will love you all I can."

Then a bird sang "Do it! do it!" (tweet)
 And the sunflowers glanced aside
 As they kissed. The bird sang "Sweet"
 To the little promised bride.

* * * * *
 Years have gone: the blue-eyed sprite
 Is a woman. Bobbie too
 A great big man, and he can fight
 As the great big soldiers do.

He is tall, with manly brow;
 He has fought in far-off lands.
 "Dollie, do you love me now?"
 As he takes her trembling hands.

And the world is all aglow,
 As her sweet eyes answer "Yes!"
 For the birds their story know,
 And the stately sunflowers guess.

Faithful hearts these baby lovers;
 Faithful still as in the past;
 Faithful till the green earth covers
 Bobbie—Dollie, at the last.



RHYMED AIDS TO MEMORY.

It is, doubtless, a very old-fashioned method, but a good word may be spoken for the plan of helping out the memories, which are so sadly apt to be sieve-like, by the little couplets and verses which are much easier to most children to learn than the plain bare facts.

It is not so with all; we have known children who laboriously committed poetry to heart word by word, unable to appreciate the aid given by the swing of the rhythm.

Probably it is the little ones whose earliest training has been given by those wise parents and nurses who resort to bright, sensible nursery-rhymes for amusement and instruction, to whom the ability to learn poetry with ease comes most naturally, and the scraps of general information acquired in this way are sure to be useful to them in their after-life.

For example, people whose infant minds were fed on Ann and Jane Taylor's wholesome *Rhymes for the Nursery*, will be able to give unhesitatingly the date of the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies, because in the pathetic little poem, "The Negro Boy," the lines occur—

"It was on the first of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-four
 That we told the poor black people we would serve them so no more."

The irregular number of days in each month can always be settled to satisfaction if one knows the old rhyme beginning

"Thirty days has September,"

which is too well-known to need repeating.

There are also various weather prognostications (which are not proved by experience to

be very reliable) which take this form, such as the prophecy of the spring foliage—

"Oak before ash,
 Splash, splash, splash;
 Ash before oak,
 Choke, choke, choke."

Also tradition tells us that

"A rainbow in the morning
 Is the shepherd's warning;
 A rainbow at night
 Is the shepherd's delight."

The shepherd's calling being one to which wet or dry weather makes much difference as to comfort, for rain or shine, he must abide on the open hills with his flock.

In such a business-like volume as *Whitaker's Almanac* there are printed several of these aids to memory. One is called "The Rule of the Rail," and explains the meaning of the signals—

"White is 'right,' red is 'wrong,'
 Green means 'gently come along.'"

Three different sets of rules for ships passing at sea are given, and two versions of the "Rule of the Road," the simplest being the following—

"The rule of the path
 To get well along
 Is, 'keep to the right,'
 And you cannot go wrong.
 The rule of the road
 Is a paradox quite,
 If you keep to the left
 You are sure to be right."

Oddly enough this latter rule is reversed in America, and also, we believe, on the Continent of Europe, to the dire confusion of drivers and horses who have had their training on the British roads.

The leading facts of history have been embodied in several different rhymes, some of them being such wretched doggerel as to be quite unworthy of quotation, but there are three lists of the English kings since the conquest which are well put together, and likely to be useful. It is not always easy to the average mind to recall on the spur of the moment what king followed Richard II., or who preceded John, but the whole list of sovereigns are given at a glance in the ten following lines—

"William the Norman, and William his son,
 Henry, Steph, Henry, then Richard and John,
 Henry III., Edwards one, two, and three,
 After Richard II., three Henrys we see.
 Two Edwards, one Richard—a murderer,
 I ween,
 Two Henrys, one Edward, then Mary was queen,
 Elizabeth, James, then the first Charles was slain,
 After Oliver Cromwell did second Charles reign.
 James II., then William and Mary stood forth,
 Next, Anne, Georges four, and King William the fourth."

The above does not give the dates, but a more ambitious attempt (and apparently a

later one, for it includes our present queen), aims at not only giving each king's date, but some leading event of his reign in the two lines allotted to it. We give only the three first couplets.

"The fierce Norman William in ten sixty-six
Himself on the throne of the Saxons did fix,
And by him to his son, William Rufus, was given
The English possessions in ten eighty-seven.
At the first Henry's learning the people all wondered,
So named him Beauclerc in one thousand one hundred."

The last couplet reveals the chief defect of the piece, namely, that the rhymes are often forced and faulty, which perhaps is inevitable when a date must be introduced in every other line.

That "wondered" should be coupled with "hundred" is, however, no worse than Tennyson's use of "blundered," and "thundered" in the "Charge of the Light Brigade," but Tennyson would never have fallen so low as the following—

"General Monk had his plans, and everything fixed, he
Recalls second Charles, sixteen hundred and sixty."

The author of this is unknown, and also of the third version, a complete copy of which we never saw, but several stray stanzas have lingered in the memories of some of the middle-aged people who learnt it as children.

This aims at being more poetical as well as giving more information than either of those which have been quoted.

WILLIAM I.

"In the year ten hundred and sixty-six,
From his Norman home the Conqueror came,
And England's trampled rights affix,
The tyrant's brand upon William's name.
He ruled with a stern and ruthless hand,
And sleeps unwept in his native land.

WILLIAM II.

In the year ten hundred and eighty-seven
His son ascended the island throne,
A fiery prince to whom fate had given
To fall in the forest chase o'erthrown;
Where his father bade the wild stag hide,
By Tyrrell's arrow the Rufus died.

HENRY I.

To his younger brother the crown he bore,
In the year one thousand one hundred came;
While far away on the Syrian shore
Duke Robert courted the warrior's fame.
Henry I. on whose mitred head
The beam of cloistered law is shed."

In these verses the dates come easily and naturally, and the rhymes are correct.

To the Bible-student it is essential to know the order of the sixty-eight different books

that no precious time may be wasted in turning from one to the other; but to commit to memory the sequence of the minor prophets, or the epistles is no small task, and even greater is the effort to remember the leading event and purpose of each.

We once noticed at one of the London May meetings when a speaker had made a very striking allusion to the life of Nehemiah, that the chairman, a philanthropic and well-informed baronet, took the large Bible, and turned the pages to and fro in a vain endeavour to find the book of Nehemiah among the minor prophets. It did not seem to occur to him to look before the Psalms, which stand like a landmark amid the books of the Old Testament.

To overcome this common difficulty, about half a century ago, Thomas Pumphrey, the head master of the large public school of the Society of Friends at Ackworth, in Yorkshire, applied himself to the task of linking the titles of the books together by rhymes, at the same time giving some idea of their contents.

Very skilfully was the undertaking carried out, with perhaps one exception—that the four Gospels—the very keystone of the whole Bible—have but one couplet allotted to them. In the hope that the verses may prove as useful to others as they have been already to many, we will give it entire.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just, and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in Deuteronomy recounts God's mighty deeds;
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite,
But Ruth records the faith of one well-pleasing in His sight.
In first and second Samuel of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes in first and second Kings revolted from his seed.
The first and second Chronicles see Judah captive made,
But Ezra leads a remnant back by Princely Cyrus' aid.
The walls around Jerusalem Nehemiah builds again;
Whilst Esther saves her people from plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;
Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.
The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's rose;
While Christ the Saviour and the King through the rapt Isaiah shows.

The mourning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns,
His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel falls in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;
And Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;
Whilst Obadiah's prophecies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah displays a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord;
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.
And Nahum tells on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give;
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again;
And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord,
His closing notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John the holy gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died, His life, and all He taught.
Acts proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place;
St. Paul in Rome teaches us how men are saved by grace.
The Apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves;
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God, and for eternity.
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven;
In Timothy and Titus too, a bishop's rule is given.
Philemon marks a Christian's love which only Christians know;
Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law.
James teaches without holiness, faith is but vain and dead;
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
John in his three epistles on love delights to dwell,
St. Jude us awful warning gives of judgment, wrath, and hell.
The Revelations prophesies of that tremendous day,
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

MAUD MORRISON.

VARIETIES.

NOT WRITTEN BUT PRINTED.

Lady of the House: "Ah, cook, you are reading. I thought you were hard at work."

Cook: "Yes, mum; I'm reading a novel."

Lady of the House: "By whom is it written?"

Cook: "Written! It ain't written at all, mum; it's printed."

THE TEST OF A PREACHER.

The famous French divine, Fenelon, was once asked what was the best test of a preacher.

"The test of a preacher," he answered, "is not that his congregation go away saying, 'Oh, what a beautiful sermon!' but that each one goes away saying, 'I will do something.'"

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Tom (to his sister): "Kitty, if you give me a bit of your cake, I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight."

DUTY MADE LIGHT.—It lightens a duty to resolve to perform it cheerfully.