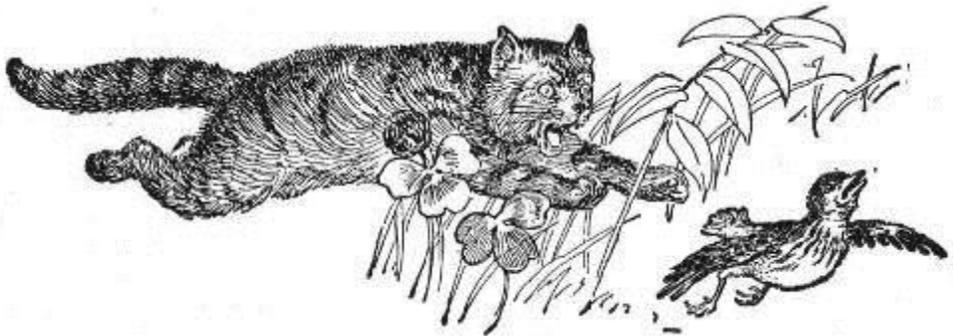


## THEY DIDN'T THINK

PHŒBE CARY

Once a trap was baited  
With a piece of cheese;  
It tickled so a little mouse,  
It almost made him sneeze.  
An old rat said, "There's danger,  
Be careful where you go!"  
"Nonsense!" said the other,  
"I don't think you know!"  
So he walked in boldly—Nobody in sight—  
First he took a nibble, Then he took a bite;  
Close the trap together  
Snapped quick as a wink,  
Catching mousey fast there, 'Cause he didn't think.



Once there was a robin,  
Lived outside the door,  
Who wanted to go inside  
And hop upon the floor.  
"No, no," said the mother,  
"You must stay with me;  
Little birds are safest  
Sitting in a tree."  
"I don't care," said Robin,  
And gave his tail a fling,  
"I don't think the old folks  
Know quite everything."  
Down he flew, and kitty seized him  
Before he'd time to blink;  
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry, But I didn't think."



## SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?  
And wouldn't it be better far  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,  
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And wouldn't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And wouldn't it be wiser  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest,  
And learn the thing at once?

ALICE CARY



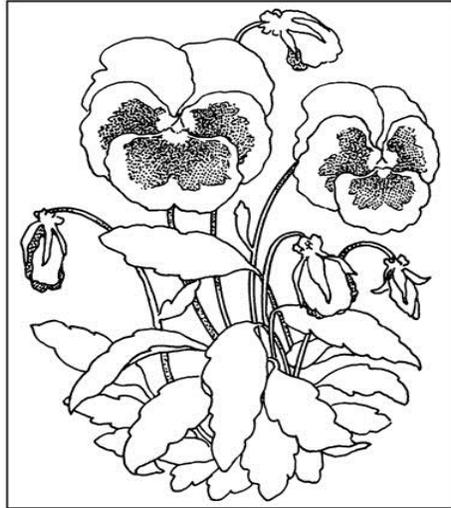
**IF EVER I SEE**

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

If ever I see, On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest;  
I must not, in play, Steal the birds away,  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know, Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;  
So I'll speak to the birds In my softest words,  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then if I'm sad It will make me glad  
To think they are happy and free.



## **ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL**

MRS. C.F. ALEXANDER

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who hath made all things well.