

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands, on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-cords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turned,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

THE FAMILY.

THE family is like a book :
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers,
That protective beauty give.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank, and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love, is the little golden clasp,
That bindeth up the trust,
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

CARY.

