

BABY FINGERS.

TEN little fat fingers so taper and neat ;
Ten fat little fingers so rosy and sweet !
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, and pulling your hair,
Soothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheek with a mischievous clutch ;
Gently waving good-by with infantile grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing your book at a furious rate ;
Gravely holding them out, like a king, to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist ;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradled pillow, secure from all harm.
O, dear baby hands ! how much love you enfold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold !
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways,
And bless with fond care our last weariful days.

MRS. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

PAPA'S BABY.

NO little steps do I hear in the hall ;
Only a sweet silver laugh,—that is all ;
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight,
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright.
Two hands a wee little face try to screen ;
Baby is hiding, that's plain to be seen.
“Where is my precious I've missed so all day?”
“Papa can't find me!” the pretty lips say.

“Dear me! I wonder where baby can be!”
Then I go by and pretend not to see.
“Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs!
Then I must peep under sofas and chairs.”
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright.
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will indeed be sad, weary, and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.