

.. Blowing Bubbles. ..

RIGHT and ready, little Eddy,
On a stool sits blowing bubbles;
Round his mouth his laughter runs,
Like the ripples over stones,—
For he is a merry fellow,
Very free from baby troubles.

Like a tattered rainbow, scattered
On a globe as thin as air is,
The bright colors glide and swim
Round the glowing bubble's rim,
Till it seems a wee world peopled
With gay troops of dancing fairies.



WHAT BABY DOES.



Hoity-toities! how his bright eyes
Laugh to see it—"Tee it, muzzer!"
("See it, mother,"—the words trip
Sweet as kisses on his lip),
Then, at that world's sudden bursting,
Laughs he, "I tan make anuzzer."

Ever ready, darling Eddie
Blows again his broken bubbles,
Never wasting any tears
When a bright one disappears,
But as happy in their breaking
As the making, blows "anuzzer,"
And laughs down his baby troubles.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.