

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met, when they were girl and boy,  
Going to school one day,  
And "won't you take my peg-top, dear?"  
Was all that he could say.  
She bit her little pinafore,  
Close to his side she came,  
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,  
When ten swift years had flown;  
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
But that is yours alone."  
"And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
And called her by her name;  
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,  
Have brought them care and joy,  
She has the little peg-top still,  
He gave her when a boy.  
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
"I've never brought you fame;"  
She whispers, "No, no, thank you, Tom,  
You've loved me all the same!"

Nothing could be prettier than the two pages of the "Contents" in this book, whereon the title of each poem appears flanked with two diminutive vignettes in color, which sum up between them the spirit of the verses to which they belong. The larger pictures which follow, sometimes occupying whole pages in many colors, sometimes framing the text of the poetry in pretty designs of a single tint, and drawn with uniform truth, grace and spirit, are after Kate Greenaway models, but with an independent excellence of their own. The book is altogether one of the finer and better sort. [E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.]

Celia Thaxter's *Poems for Children* are presented without any pictorial embellishments to speak of, though a few pictures in the same brown ink in which the text is printed are scattered through the 153 pages of the book. Miss Plympton is the illustrator, but her work is always subordinate to Mrs. Thaxter's. Mrs. Thaxter is a true poet, and in these fifty-eight songs touches a great many topics of which children would always like to hear. Thus, of

#### LITTLE GUSTAVA :

Little Gustava sits in the sun,  
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run  
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,  
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,  
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,  
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,  
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,  
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim;  
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

And so on for six or eight stanzas more, while over the page sits little Gustava herself in one of Miss Plympton's pictures, eating her bread and milk with her doorway friends—the cats, the chickens, and the pigeon for company. The charm of these poems is in their naturalness, their purity, their unaffectedness, and their musical sound. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.]

Poetry, addressed to much younger minds, may be found by the handful in Mrs. Mary D. Brine's *Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys*, a large quarto of 160 pages, full of pictures large and small, in black and white, with the poetry to match. A good deal of Mrs. Brine's poetry in this book is jingle and nothing else, and the jingle is sometimes badly out of tune, as in such a verse as this :

Would papa pull you out, do you think?  
"I guess he *would*, as quick as a wink!"  
Then what would you do, my little miss?  
"I'd hug my papa, and give him a kiss."

A judicious application of the file and sand-paper would have improved many of these rhymes, but their errors are of prosody and harmless, and their feeling is always pure and true. The pictures are English wood-cuts without a doubt, and

so plentiful that one would have little time for criticism of them, even if it were needed. For five and six year olds this book is a treasure, and the price is very low. [Cassell & Co. \$1.00.]

#### Poetry for Children.

The story of *Bunker's Hill Battle* has never been better told in verse than by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his stirring ballad beginning :

'Twas a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning  
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore;  
"Child!" says Grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?"  
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

H. W. McVickar, who gave us last season an illustrated story of the *Boston Tea Party*, has chosen this poem of Dr. Holmes's for illustration this year, making a gayly-colored quarto of thirty-two pages. The pictures are characterized by humor rather than by delicacy, but hardly reach the point of caricature; and make much of old-fashioned costume, continental uniforms, and the red coats of the British. [Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.]

Of a considerably higher order of artistic merit is *Told in the Twilight*, a collection of short and simple poems for children, by F. E. Weatherly, daintily illustrated in color by M. Ellen Edwards and John C. Staples. The poems are stories about such things as "London River," "The Dead Rabbit," "Christmas," and "The Child's Soliloquy;" the following being a good example :