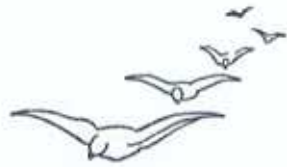


THE LITTLE ARTIST.

Oh, now we'll draw
such pretty things!
See! little birds with
outspread wings,



The sloping hill o'er which
they fly



To reach a tree with branches
high—



The tree these birdies love the
best,
Because it holds their own dear
nest.



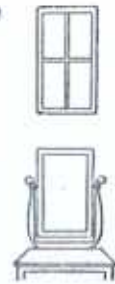
That was the birdies' home,
and here
We'll draw the children's home,
so dear;



And leading to the very door
Are all these steps—one, two, three,
four.



The window now we'll draw, where we
Look out so many things to see.
O window clear and bright, 'tis you
That let the lovely light pass through!
When sunbeams on this mirror fall,
The light-bird dances on the wall.



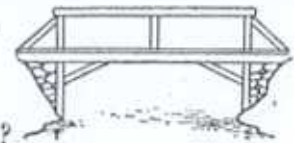
Now, if you could but look
behind
The house, this rippling brook
you'd find,



Where swim so many silvery
fish:
And if to cross the brook you
wish,



Why, here's the bridge, so
safe and dry.
Shall we go over, you and I?



What's this? A watering can like
ours,
To fill with water for the flowers.



And now we draw a ladder—see!
A long, long ladder it shall be.
No wonder baby thought he soon
With this could reach the shining moon.



Now here's a cosy pigeon house,
Not hid in any leafy boughs,
But set upon this pole so tall;
Here safely live the pigeons all,
And coo with voices



soft and low
As in and out their
house they go.



Down far below them on the
ground
The hen and chickens walk
around.



And see! a rabbit next
appears;



O bunny, you have such long
ears!



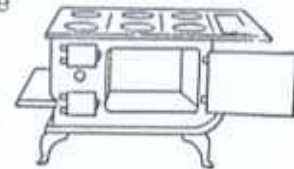
And here's the farmyard gate,
which we
Should always close so carefully.



Now, for the carpenter, we'll draw
A hammer—see! and this sharp saw;
And always gratefully we'll tell
About the house he built so well.



More friends like him we
have, so kind,
We like to bring them to
our mind.



So, baker, since our bread you bake,
An oven now for you we'll make.
And, miller, for the wheat you grind,
This flour barrel you shall find.



Good farmer, here's your harrow
now;
We'll draw, besides, the useful
plough;

