



THE  
CHILD'S  
DREAM.

Before a lonely cottage door, with climbing roses gay,  
I stood one summer's eve to watch two children at their play,  
All round the garden walk they ran, filling the air with glee,  
Till they were tired and sat them down beneath an old oak tree

They were silent for a little space, and then the boy began,  
I wonder, sister dear, if I shall ever be a man,  
I almost think I never shall, for oftimes in my sleep,  
I dream that I am dying— nay dear sister do not weep.

It is a joyful thing to die, for though this world is fair,  
I see a lovelier in my dreams, and fancy I am there,  
Methinks that I am taken there as soon as I have died.  
And I roam around a pleasant place, with an angel by my side,

To that bright world I long to go, I would not linger here,  
But for my gentle mother's sake, and yours my sister dear,  
But when I read my book to her, or when I play with you,  
I quite forget that glorious land, and blessed angels too.

But oft when I am weary grown, of books and of my play,  
Those pleasant dreams come back again, and steal my heart away  
I wish that you my sister dear, and my mother dear and I,  
Could shut our eyes upon this world, and all together die.

Then his loving sister spoke in tones serene and low,  
Oh! if heaven is such a glorious place, dear brother let us go,  
Our mother wept when father died, till her bright eyes were dim,  
And I know she longs to go to heaven, that she may be with him

So let us both together go, the thoughtful boy replied,  
Ah no, we cannot go to heaven, until we both have died,  
But, sister, we must be content, upon this earth to stay,  
Till the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, shall call our souls away.

Once more I bent my lonely way, towards the cottage door,  
Methought to see the children play, but alas, they were no more,  
Before the next year's rose came, that gentle call was given,  
The mother and her two sweet babes that joined the saints  
heaven.



FORTUNATE  
FACTORY GIRL.

The sun had just risen one fine summer's morning,  
When the birds from the bushes so sweetly did sing  
When the la's and the lasses so merrily moving,  
Unto those large buildings their labour begins;  
I espied a fair damsel, far brighter than Venus,  
Her cheeks red as roses none could her excel,  
With a skir like a lily that grows in the garden  
Had this lovely young goddess, the factory girl

I stepped up to her, this beautiful creature,  
She cast upon me a proud look of disdain:  
Stand back, sir, she cried, and do not insult me,  
Though poor and in poverty, that is no sin,  
I said, my sweet damsel, no harm is intended,  
But grant me one favour, pray where do you dwell,  
At home, sir, she answer'd, and was going to leave me,  
I am only a hard working factory girl.

I stood all amazed, and at her I gazed,  
Such modesty and prudence, I never did see,  
You are a sweet charmer, my soul's great alarmer,  
If you will consent, you a lady shall be,  
But she said, sir, temptations are used in all stations,  
Go marry a lady and you will do well:  
So let me alone, sir, the bell is a ringing  
I am only a hard working factory girl.

I stood in a flutter, knew not what was the matter,  
Little Cupid the whole of my heart it trepann'd,  
Lovely girl I replied, if you'll not be my bride,  
My life I will waste in some foreign land,  
For what pleasure's in treasure when love is in wanting,  
Your beauty upon me has cast a spell;  
I'll marry you speedy, and make you a lady,  
If you will become mine, dear factory girl.

She gave her consent, when a license was purchas'd  
The bells they did merrily echo and ring;  
To church then they went, and as they return'd  
The bride's men and maidens so sweetly did sing,  
Now this lovely young couple live happy together,  
She blesses the day that she met with her swain,  
So this factory girl she is made a great lady,  
And married to a squire of honour and fame.

