

CHAPTER XII

MORE FROM PHEBE

EVER THE SAME!



THE sun burns high and
the sun burns low
With a red or a yellow flame
And the clouds before it come and
go—

Janet is ever the same.
Off runs the snow when warm winds
blow,
With never a blush for shame,
But Oh! but Oh! One truth I know:
Janet is ever the same!

MORE FROM PHEBE

The light of her eye is always there

In weathers cloudy or bright.

Her soul is fair—I have seen it bare—

And all her ways are right.

Oh who can love a mortal maid

Since this white angel came?

A flower will fade, light change to

shade,

But ever she's the same.

She was always old, she was always

young;

She is innocent and wise.

There are questions, books-full, on her

tongue

Yet knowledge is in her eyes.

Heaven's mark is set upon Janet;

Her life is free from blame.

Since in Janet all good things met

She must remain the same.

LOVE OF FREEDOM

A dog was put into a pen
Because he jumped up on our clothes;
He dug a hole, then,
Through the earth of the den
And so up outside, with his toes.

A pig was put into a sty—
To keep him from straying, I s'pose.
That pig said "Good-by,"
And stopped not to cry—
He dug his way out with his nose.

A man was shut up in a jail
Because he had stolen some lands.
That man did not fail
To get free on the trail;
He dug his way out with his hands.

MORE FROM PHEBE

I think I should not like to be
A thief nor a dog nor a pig,
But I'd like to be free
As the whole of the three
To love my Janet when I'm big.

I'D RATHER—

I would not like to be the sky,
So far away of nights,
Up there so lonesome and so high
When God puts out the lights.
I'd much prefer to be the world
All covered up with sky—
Like a blue blanket tucked in warm
While the chill night goes by.

I would not like to be an owl
And pounce upon a chick
'Mid cackling hens and doggies' howl
While some one hunts a brick.

I'd rather be the howling dog,
I'd rather be the brick,
I'd rather be the cackling hen,
But I'd hate to be the chick.
I would not like to be the rain
When people meant to go
A-picnicing, and when 'twas plain
I was not wanted; so,
I'd rather be the picnic-ground
Left waiting to get dry,
But I wouldn't rather be the girl
Who couldn't go—not I!

A FROG-SONG

I heard a great voice in the creek—
Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.
I ran down, the monster to seek;
'Twas only a frog on the bank—
Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

MORE FROM PHEBE

I said,—“ Sir, you make so much
noise ”—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

“ Keep still! You’ll be caught by the
boys! ”

He plunged; in the water he sank

And paused from his “ thonka-ka-
thank.”

I afterward heard him again—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

I scolded him cruelly, then;

He listened, then roared from his
bank:

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

I said,—“ Sir, if you are a prince ”—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

“ Speak English; you’d sooner con-
vince—

"You sound like a wheel on a plank"—
Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thonka—

If he was enchanted or no,—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

His music lacked sweetness and flow;

It seemed to turn on with a crank—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

I named him The Prince of the
Spring—

Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank.

I argued a prince shouldn't sing,

But he argued back from his bank:

"Ka-thonka, ka-thonka, ka-thank!"

NICE

I s'pose it isn't nice to stamp

My foot upon the ground

And get into a boiling rage

Because a wheel is round.

MORE FROM PHEBE

I s'pose it isn't nice, at all,
To rise at night and stand
Beside my window, wishing that
The moon was in my hand.

I s'pose it isn't nice to want
The whole big world to be—
Like a mud play-thing in my hand—
Made over, just for me.

But worst of all, I s'pose, is this:
To wish that things were nice
When they are not. Good consciences
Cost such a big, high price!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BE SENSIBLE

“It is not sensible to cry;
I will not cry,” she said,
And yet, however she might try,
Her eyes were sometimes red.

JANET AND HER DEAR PHEBE

“It is not wise to love so well
That one cannot forget;
I will not love so.” Sad to tell—
That girl remembers yet.

“It is not sensible to weep
On sorrows in a book,”
She said, “But dull things make me
sleep—
I’ll read where none can look.”

“It is not wise to want a star
Or pray for space to end;
I’ll ask for something I can have”—
Alas! She wants her friend!

EASTER EGGS

Midgie brought a dozen eggs
And put them in a nest
Of green leaves. “Bunny, dear,” she
said,

“Now do your very best
And paint them pretty in the night
While all the people rest.”

Bunny began to eat the nest
Before the gate was bound;
The eggs, she scattered all about
And rolled upon the ground,
Where Fido came and feasted well
On every one he found.

Midgie found a dozen eggs
Beside her breakfast plate;
One had a head of Washington,
One a Columbus date,
And one an Aschenputtel shoe
Lost from its tiny mate.

Midgie said,—“How very wise
Our Bunny-pet must be!

JANET AND HER DEAR PHEBE

He knows his history like a book,
And reads his Grimm, I see;
I'll take him to the school, I think,
And let him learn for *me!*"

TRYING TO LAUGH

There is a girl who tries to laugh,
'A girl who feels like crying.
It sounds like wind around the house
When all the leaves are dying,
When laughing comes so very hard,
To keep on trying, trying.

But then this little girl believes
That, though it's hard beginning,
We can get used to doing things.
If laughter would be winning
It's got to use the time all up
And give the cry no inning.

MORE FROM PHEBE

Oh—Oh—Oh—Phebe wants to cry.

But Phebe will not do it.

She means to try and try and try.

Till try has nothing to it

And happiness comes easily.

Then she will say,—“I knew it!”