TWO LITTLE POEMS OF CHILD LIFE

INSIDE the garden wall are hollyhocks,
    And through the gate there is a glimpse of sea;—
    You hear it just a little all the time—
Inside the wall the wind stops all at once.
The garden wall is just so high
That I can only see the sky
Above it, white and square, but Lucy said
When she stands by the center bed of phlox
That she could see beyond it, far away,
A hill, and half way up it, roofs of red;
Unless there is a fog in from the bay.—
The hollyhock that’s just as tall as I
Comes only to her shoulder, so you see
Just how much taller Lucy is than me.

WHEN auntie comes to spend the day
She won’t let mother have her way,
    But says, “I will help do the dishes!”
Which is not what mother wishes.
She was the oldest, long ago,
And so she thinks she still must know
What is the best, and says, “You must
Teach your children how to dust.”
And because she is our aunt,
We can never say, “I shan’t.”
But I think that mothers know
Best how children ought to grow.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.