

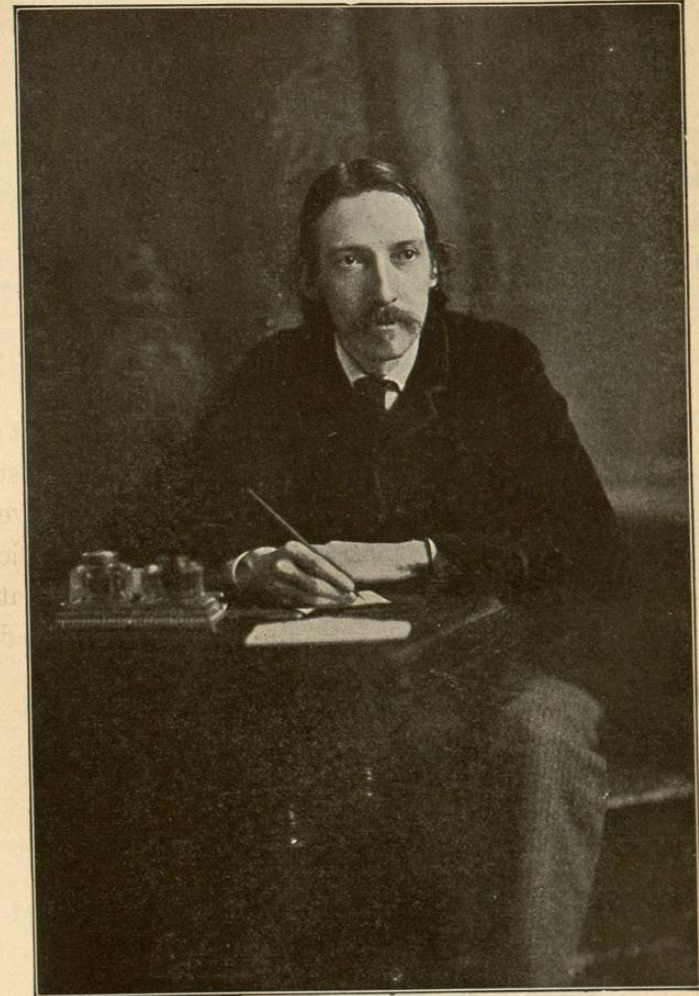
XXIII. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, though he lived to be a great man, never ceased to be a boy; that is, his heart was always young. For most of his life he was an invalid, continually suffering pain; yet he loved to be out of doors, loved to play with children, loved all nature, and was almost always cheerful in spite of his troubles.

His home was in Scotland, and he dearly loved it; yet because of his poor health he had to leave most of his friends, leave his native land, and go to live on the island of Samoa, away out in the Pacific Ocean, where the people are only half civilized. But here he and his brave family built them a home, and did very much to teach the poor people of the island how to take better care of themselves, and how to live more wisely.

Mr. Stevenson wrote many books, most of them stories which boys love to read, full of adventure and life. He also wrote a number of poems, some of which are here given.

After living on the island of Samoa for several years, at last the disease which had pursued him from England mastered him, and he died; that is, his body died; but Stevenson will never die, so long as people read and love his books.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XXIV. THE WIND.

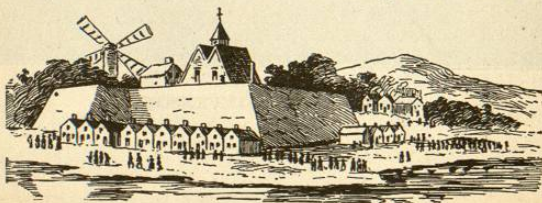
BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



SAW you toss the kites on high,
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass, —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long!
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid,
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all, —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long!
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold!
 O blower! are you young or old?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long!
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!



XXV. NIGHT AND DAY.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



HEN the golden day is done,
 Through the closing portal,¹
 Child and garden, flower and
 sun,
 Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
 As the rays diminish,
 Under the evening's cloak they all
 Roll away and vanish.
 Garden darkened, daisy shut,
 Child in bed, they slumber; —
 Glowworm in the highway rut,
 Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
 Parents move with candies;
 Till on all, the night divine
 Turns the bedroom handles.
 Till at last the day begins
 In the east a-breaking,
 In the hedges and the whins²
 Sleeping birds awaking.

¹ portal, door or gate.² whins, thorny shrubs.

In the darkness, shapes of things —
 Houses, trees, and hedges —
 Clearer grow; and sparrows' wings
 Beat on window ledges.
 These shall wake the yawning maid;
 She the door shall open, —
 Finding dew on garden glade,¹
 And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
 Green and rosy painted,
 As at eve, behind the pane,
 From my eyes it fainted.
 Just as it was shut away,
 Toy-like, in the even,
 Here I see it glow, with day
 Underglowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
 Every bush of roses,
 Every blue forget-me-not,
 Where the dew reposes, —
 "Up!" they cry, "the day is come
 On the smiling valleys:
 We have beat the morning drum;
 Playmate, join your allies!"²

¹ glade, an open space in a forest. ² al'lies, friends; associates

XXVI. NEST EGGS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



BIRDS all the sunny day
 Flutter and quarrel
 Here in the arbor-like
 Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
 The brown nest is seated;
 Four little blue eggs
 The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
 Staring like gabies,¹
 Safe in each egg are the
 Bird's little babies.



Soon the frail eggs they shall
 Chip, and, upspringing,

¹ ga'bies, silly people.

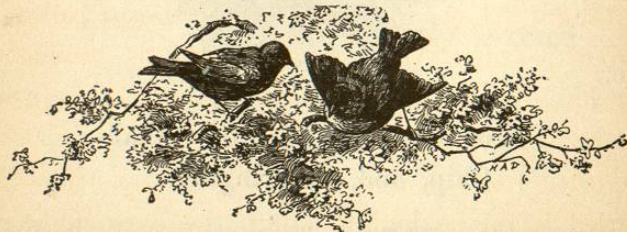
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children! and frailer;
Soon in blue air they'll be
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller, and stronger;
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
With musical speeches,
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

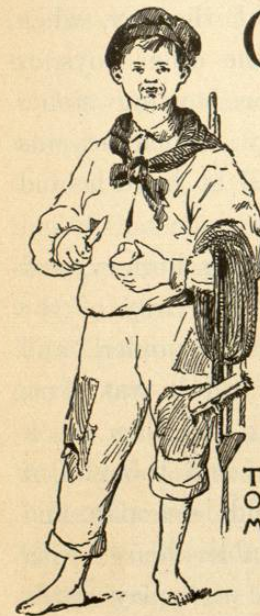
In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.



XXVII. THE WATER BABIES.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.



ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend.

He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard.

He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rub-