

## Poetry.

## TO A SICK BROTHER.

The bright spring sun is shining  
On each budding flower and bough,  
Stern winter is declining,  
And all looks glad but thou:  
Thou whose sweet smile could cheer us  
In even sorrow's hour,  
Whose gentle looks endear us  
To thee, fair fragile flower.  
And now, oh, wouldst thou leave us? Brother,  
It must not be;  
We have loved thee far too long, we have loved  
too tenderly.

Oh, would that we could bear thee  
To milder climes away,  
Where sickness could not wear thee,  
And darken life's young day:  
Thou knowest not the anguish  
Thy sufferings to us give,  
'Tis hard to see thee languish,  
And stifle sobs of grief.  
Oh, brother, must thou leave us? No, no, it  
cannot be;  
We have loved thee far too long; we have  
loved too tenderly.

Oh, may the genial breath of spring  
Breathe softly on thy brow;  
Restoring health the roses bring,  
Which grace not thy cheek now.  
Yes, we must hope, and, dear one, list  
The glad birds sing to thee,  
And tell of days and hours of rest,  
Where pain can never be.  
We cannot bear to lose thee; brother, it must  
not be,  
Have we not loved thee long, dearly and ten-  
derly?

## The Family.

## "THE UGLY DUCK."

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

A highly respectable matronly duck intro-  
duces into the poultry yard a brood which she  
has just hatched. She has had a deal of trou-  
ble with one egg much larger than the rest,  
and which, after all, produced a very "ugly  
duck," who gives the name, and is the hero of  
the story.

"So we are to have this tribe, too?" said  
the other ducks, "as if there were not enough  
of us already! And only look how ugly one  
is, we won't suffer that one here." And im-  
mediately a duck flew at it and bit it on the  
neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother, "it does  
no one any harm."

"Yes, but it is so large and strange looking,  
and therefore it must be teased."

"These are fine children that the mother  
has!" said an old duck that belonged to the  
noblesse, and wore a red rag round its leg.  
"All handsome, except one; it has not turned  
out well. I wish she could change it."

"That can't be done, your grace," said the  
mother; "besides, if it is not exactly pretty,  
it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the  
others, even a little better. I think in grow-  
ing it will improve. It was long in the egg,  
and that's the reason it is a little awkward."

"The others are nice little things," said  
the old duck, "now make yourself quite at  
home here."

And so they did. But the poor young duck  
that had come last out of the shell, and looked  
so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased  
by ducks and fowls. "It's so large!" said  
they all; and the turkey cock that had spurs  
on when he came into the world, and there-  
fore fancied himself an emperor, strutted  
about like a ship under full sail, went straight  
up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The  
poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or  
where to stand, it was sorrowful because it  
was so ugly and the ridicule of the whole  
poultry yard.

Thus passed the first day, and afterwards  
it grew worse and worse. The poor duck  
was hunted about by every one; its brothers  
and sisters were cross to it, and always said,  
"I wish the cat would get you, you frightful  
creature!" and even its mother said, "Would  
you were far from here!" And the ducks bit,  
and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed  
the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran  
and flew over the hedge.

On it ran. At last it came to a great moor  
where wild ducks lived; here it lay the whole  
night, and was so tired and melancholy. In  
the morning up flew the wild ducks, and saw  
their new comrade. "Who are you?" asked

they; and our little duck turned on every side,  
and bowed as well as it could. "But you are  
tremendously ugly!" said the wild ducks.  
"However, that is of no consequence to us, if  
you don't marry into our family." The poor  
thing! It certainly never thought of marry-  
ing; it only wanted permission to lie among  
the reeds, and to drink the water of the marsh.

"Bang! bang!" was heard at this moment,  
and several wild ducks lay dead among the  
reeds, and the water was red as blood. There  
was a great shooting excursion. The sports-  
men lay all around the moor; and the blue  
smoke floated like a cloud through the dark  
trees; and sunk down to the very water; and  
the dogs splattered about in the marsh—splash!  
splash! reeds and rushes were waving on all  
sides; it was a terrible fright for the poor duck.

At last all was quiet; but the poor little  
thing did not dare to lift up its head; it waited  
many hours before it looked round, and then  
hastened away from the moor as quickly as pos-  
sible. It ran over the fields and meadows,  
and there was such a wind that he could hard-  
ly get along.

Towards evening the duck reached a little  
hut. Here dwelt an old woman, with her tom  
cat and hen; and the cat could put up its back  
and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the  
old woman loved them both, as her very chil-  
dren. For certain reasons of her own, she let  
the duck live with them.

Now the tom cat was master in the house,  
and the hen was mistress; and they always  
said, "We and the world." That the duck  
should have any opinion of his own, they never  
would allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Can you put up your back and purr?" said  
the tom cat.

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion  
of your own, where sensible people are speak-  
ing."

And the duck sat in the corner and was  
very sad; when suddenly it took it into its  
head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine;  
and it had such an inordinate longing to swim  
in the water, that it could not help telling the  
hen of it.

"What next, I wonder!" said the hen.—  
"You have nothing to do, and so you sit brood-  
ing over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and  
you'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the wa-  
ter!" said the duck, "so delightful when it  
dashes over one's head, and one dives down  
to the very bottom."

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure!" said  
the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the  
cat, who is the cleverest man I know, if he  
would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to  
dive, to say nothing of myself. Ask our mis-  
tress, the old lady, and there is no one in the  
world cleverer than she is; do you think that  
she would much like to swim on the water,  
and for the water to dash over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duck.  
"Understand indeed! If we don't under-  
stand you, who should? I suppose you won't  
pretend to be cleverer than the tom cat, or our  
mistress, to say nothing of myself? Don't be-  
have in that way, child; but be thankful for  
all the kindness that has been shown you.—  
Have you not got into a warm room, and have  
you not the society of persons from whom  
something is to be learned? But you are a  
blockhead, and it is tiresome to have to do  
with you. You may believe what I say; I am  
well disposed towards you; I tell you what is  
disagreeable, and it is only by that one recog-  
nizes one's true friends."

"I think I shall go into the wide world,"  
said the duckling.

"Well then, go!" answered the hen.

And so the duck went. It swam on the  
water, it dived down; but was disregarded by  
every other animal on account of its ugliness.

One evening—the sun was setting most  
magnificently—there came a whole flock of  
large beautiful birds out of the bushes; never  
had the duck seen anything so beautiful.—  
They were of a brilliant white, with long  
slender necks; they were swans. They ut-  
tered a strange note, spread their superb  
wings, and flew away from the cold countries  
(for the winter was setting in) to warmer lands  
and unfrozen lakes. They mounted so high,  
so very high! The little ugly duck felt in-  
discreetly—it turned round in the water like  
a mill wheel, and uttered a cry so loud and  
strange that it was afraid even of itself. Oh,  
the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could  
not forget them; and when it could see them  
no longer, it dived down to the very bottom

of the water; and when it came up again it  
was quite beside itself.

And now it became so cold! But it would  
be too sad to relate all the sufferings and mis-  
ery which the duckling had to endure through  
the hard winter. It lay on the moor in the  
rushes. But when the sun began to shine  
again more warmly, when the larks sang, and  
the lovely spring was come, then, all at once,  
it spread its wings in the air. They made a  
rushing noise, louder than formerly, and bore  
it onwards more vigorously; and before it was  
well aware of it, it found itself in a garden,  
where the apple trees were in blossom, and  
where the syringas sent forth their fragrance,  
and their long green branches hung down in  
the clear stream. Just then three beautiful  
white swans came out of the thicket. They  
rustled their feathers and swam on the water  
so lightly—oh! so very lightly! The duck-  
ling knew the superb creatures, and was seized  
with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them will I fly!" said it, "to the royal  
birds. Though they kill me I must fly to  
them!" And it flew into the water, and swam  
to the magnificent birds, that looked at, and  
with rustling plumes, sailed towards it.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bow-  
ed down its head to the water, and awaited  
death. But what did it see in the water? It  
saw beneath its own likeness; but no longer  
that of an awkward grayish bird, ugly and dis-  
pleasing; it was the figure of a swan.

It is of no consequence being born in a farm  
yard, if only it is a swan's egg.

The large swans swam beside it, and stroked  
it with their bills. There were little children  
running about in the garden; they threw bread  
into the water, and the youngest cried out,  
"There is a new one!" And the other chil-  
dren shouted too, "Yes, a new one is come!"  
and they clapped their hands and danced, and  
ran to tell their father and mother. And they  
threw bread and cake into the water, and every  
one said, "The new one is the best! so young  
and so beautiful."

Then the young one felt quite ashamed, and  
hid its head under its wings, it knew not what  
to do; it was too happy, but yet not proud, for  
a good heart is never proud. It remembered  
how it had been persecuted and derided, and  
now it had heard all say it was the most beau-  
tiful of birds. And the syringas bent down  
their branches to it in the water, and the sun  
shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook  
its plume, the slender neck was lifted up, and  
from its very heart it cried, rejoicingly, "Ne-  
ver dreamed I of such happiness when I was  
the little ugly duck."

## HER MAJESTY IN HER CRADLE.

"Two or three evenings previous to his visit  
to Sidmouth," thus writes to me one whose in-  
tercourse with the Duke was constant, "I was  
at Kensington Palace; and on my rising to take  
leave, the Duke intimated his wish that I should  
see the infant princess in her crib; adding,  
'As it may be some time before we meet again,  
I should like you to see the child, and give her  
your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into  
the little princess's room, and on my closing a  
short prayer that as she grew in years she  
might grow in grace, and in favor both with  
God and man, nothing could exceed the fer-  
vor and feeling with which he responded in  
an emphatic amen. Then with no slight emo-  
tion he continued, 'Don't pray, simply, that  
her's may be a brilliant career, and exempt  
from those trials and struggles which have pur-  
sued her father; but pray that God's blessing  
may rest on her, that it may overshadow her,  
and that in all her coming years she may be  
GUIDED AND GUARDED by God.' That prayer  
was offered."—*Life of the Duke of Kent.*

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