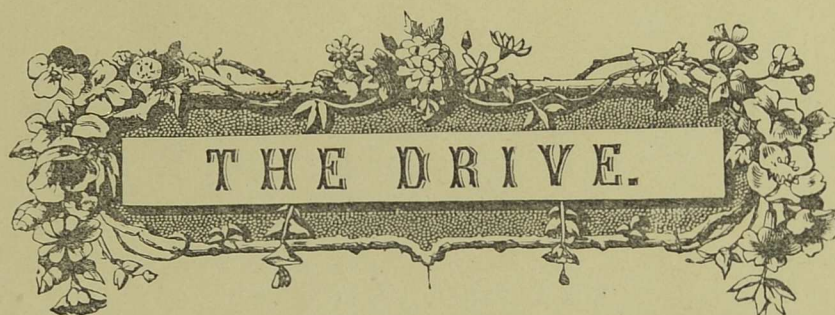


THE THREE GOOD FRIENDS



C. NELSON & SONS LONDON & EDINBURGH





E two, with babies nice and clean,—

By babies our two dolls I mean,—

My baby could not keep awake,

Behind my seat no harm she'll take ;—

Well, we and babes and puss make five,

All going for a carriage drive.

Now Floss, don't bark ! It isn't right,

You'll make the horses both take fright.

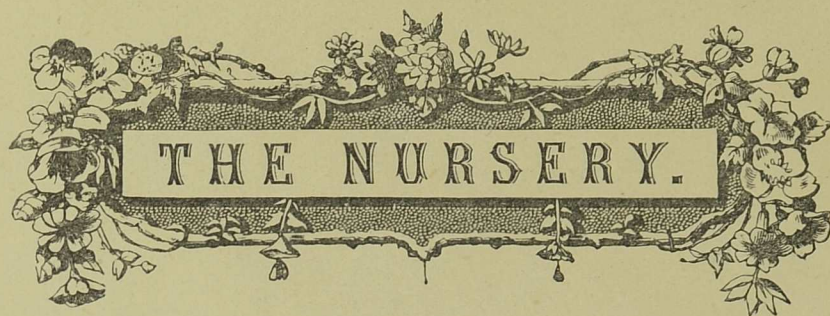
And if they do, they'll run so fast

That you'll be left behind at last !

Mamma is coming here, I see,—

Look, Floss ! she nods her head to me !





HERE we are with our babes, are they not pretty dears ?

They are both made to cry, but they never shed tears;

They have fine rosy lips with some hard stuff beneath,

And mamma thinks they never will have any teeth !

Their frocks get so dirty, and we cannot tell how;

They were quite clean this morning, and look at them
now !

Then their faces get dirty, and dirt sticks so fast !

Meg has been in a bath since the night before last.

I am sure we take pains to teach babies to walk;

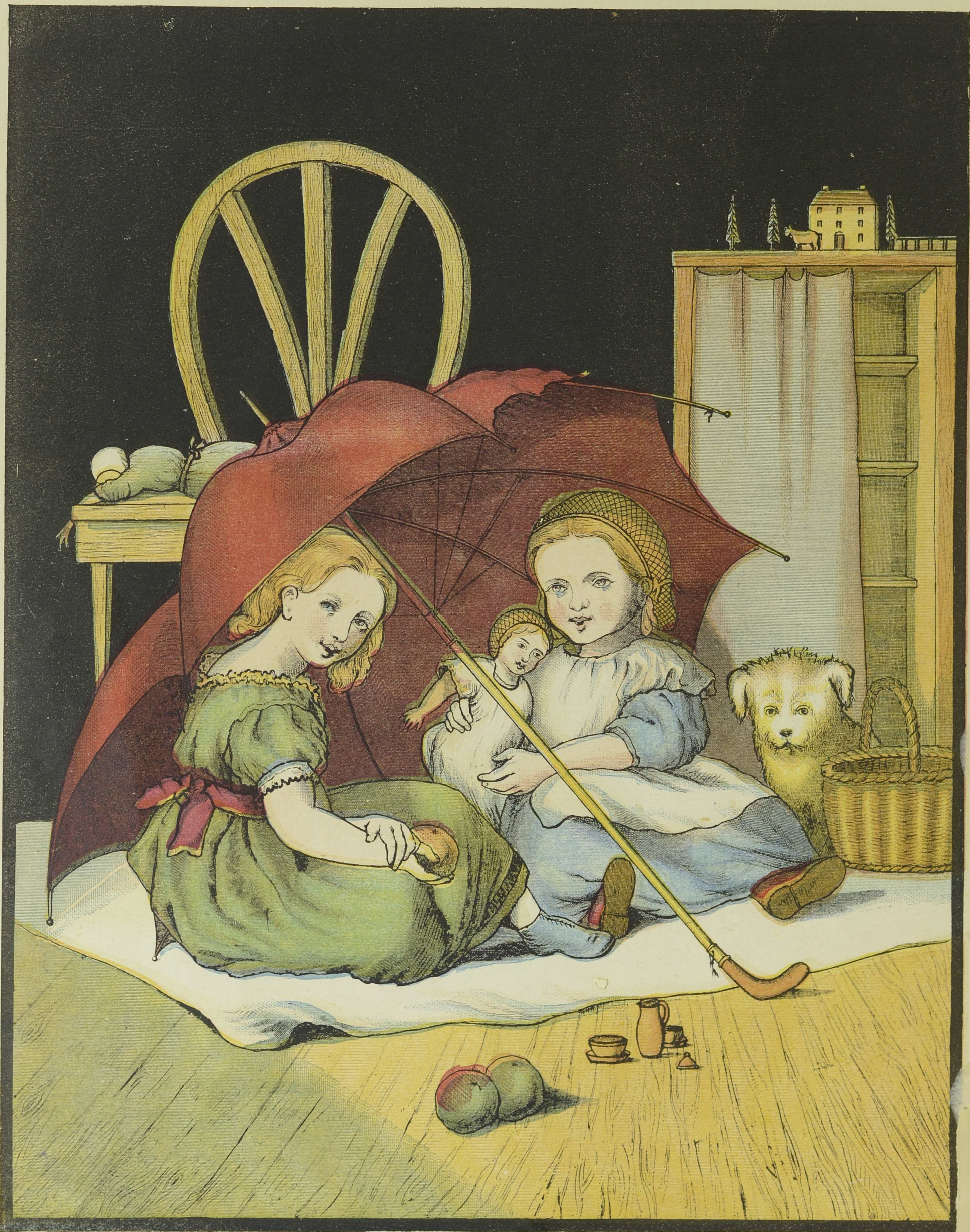
We lead them, we jump them, and we coax them to talk;

We have tried too to teach them a nursery rhyme,

But still dolls will be dolls to the end of all time !









WE are pretty well, thank you ; and pray how are you ?

And why do you laugh at our house ? It is new,
For we built it to-day ; and I'm sure it is grand,
Though uncle can carry it off in one hand.

It is open and pleasant, and it is not too small,
And our carpet is made out of Mary's wool shawl ;
She wants not a shawl whilst she is having her tea,
And her shawl does well where it is, as you see.

At Umbrella Cottage we merrily live,
And to friends, when they call, some nice apple we give.





WE'RE singing! Floss, be quiet now!
Your song is only bow-wow-wow!
You don't keep time,—you cannot speak;
We told you so one day last week.
Just wag your tail and hold your tongue
Until our pretty song is sung.
Now do see Floss! How sly he looks!
Floss, ours are not real music-books.
Ma's album and pa's book of maps
Will do as well for us, perhaps,
Because we have such little throats,
And have not learnt to sing from notes.





