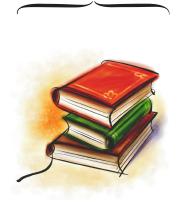
## PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Summer fading, winter comes— Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs, Window robins, winter rooks, And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone Nurse and I can walk upon; Still we find the flowing brooks In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by, Wait upon the children's eye, Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks, In the picture story-books.

> We may see how all things are Seas and cities, near and far, And the flying fairies' looks, In the picture story-books.

> How am I to sing your praise, Happy chimney-corner days, Sitting safe in nursery nooks, Reading picture story-books?