

A Friend in the Garden

He is not John the gardener,
And yet the whole day long
Employs himself most usefully,
The flower beds among.

He is not Tom the pussy-cat,
And yet the other day,
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,
He crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash the dear old dog,
And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him,
You'd come to love him too.

He's not a Blackbird, though he chirps,
And though he once was black;
And now he wears a loose, gray coat,
All wrinkled on the back.

He's got a very dirty face,
And very shining eyes;
He sometimes comes and sits indoors;
He looks – and p'r'aps is – wise.

But in a sunny flower bed
He has his fixed abode;
He eats the things that eat my plants –
He is a friendly toad.

~ *Juliana Horatia Ewing* ~