

THE
ROSE,
CONTAINING
ORIGINAL POEMS
FOR

Young People.

BY THEIR FRIEND,
MARY ELLIOTT.

ACCOMPANIED WITH ENGRAVINGS.



London,
WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL,

Price 1s. with Plain Plates, or 1s. 6d. with the Plates Coloured.

The Gipsy Girl.

"The Village school just o'er one day."—page 15, verse 5.



"But look on the Green,"—page 24, verse 1.

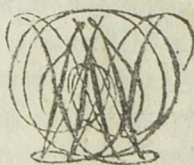
Cricket.

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THE ROSE.

The Invitation.

THE sun shines not too bright to-day,
But mild and genial is its ray,
We need not stay at home ;
Far as the eye in distance sees
The hill, the vale, and shading trees,
All tempt our steps to roam.

Where yonder spire appears to grow
Amid the humble roofs below,
A neat-built cottage stands ;
This winding path will lead us there,
Through fields of springing flowers fair,
All blooming to our hands.

The high-barr'd gate and broken stile,
We'll climb to save us half a mile,
Until we reach the road ;
Then, as we pass the village through,
Some characters I'll bring to view,
And point out each abode.

The hill with gentle slope descends,
And, where that weeping-willow bends,
There runs a rapid stream ;
A wooden bridge will take us o'er,
Where painted sign hangs at the door,
Of Waggoner and Team.

The walk will well our toil repay,
So truly picturesque the way,
For nature paints the scene ;
'Tis grateful too the ways to trace,
Of these her humble, rustic race—
Of honest, cheerful mien.

Rural Characters.

WHAT busy group is that I see
 Hov'ring one spot around ?
 What is it that excites their glee ?
 What treasure have they found ?

Too plainly now I see their sport—
 'Tis one of pain and death ;
 A harmless frog, which they have caught,
 Lies gasping for its breath.

From yonder pond the reptile came
 To sport upon the grass,
 Yet, harmless as it is, and tame,
 They could not let it pass.

Yon little urchin, who with joy
 Beholds its helpless state,
 Will prove, I fear, a cruel boy,
 If check'd not ere too late.

That boy who looks with angry frown,
 Because too far apart
 To share the action of renown,
 Betrays a harden'd heart.

How can they pull its legs with force,
 And squeeze it by the head ?
 Alas ! if they pursue such course,
 The frog will soon be dead.

But who comes here, with hurried pace,
 Amid the throng to rush ;
 With indignation in his face,
 That makes his comrades blush ?

'Tis Frank, who never hurt a worm,
 Or caused another's pain ;

Yet who, in danger, is more firm?
Who seeks his aid in vain?

And see, at once, the sport has ceased;
His orders they obey;
The inoffensive frog released,
Asham'd they shrink away:

For cruel minds are always mean,
And wish to shun reproof;
But see, a far more pleasing scene
Beneath this low thatch'd roof.

Old David's Cottage.

A LOWLY roof, indeed! yet fine
The prospect from its door:
How neatly train'd the jessamine
That runs its windows o'er!

Just look within, what order there!
How neat is all we see!
Such regularity and care
Are proofs of industry.

Old David owns this little cot,
Which once was but a shed;
Erected on a dreary spot
Far from the traveller's tread.

His active mind improvement plann'd,
And thus transform'd the place,
Aided by many a youthful hand—
The children of his race.

His orphan grandsons here he train'd
With tenderness and love;
And those whose youth he thus maintain'd
Their gratitude now prove.

No longer does he labour hard
 In life's declining day;
 Their kindness is the best reward,
 As oft I hear him say.

And proudly glows his aged cheek
 As, leaning on these boys,
 He goes to church, that word to seek
 Which tells of future joys.

There may be dwellings grand to view,
 That seem the seat of bliss;
 But few, I fear a *very* few,
 Can be compared to this.

But hark! a buzzing noise ascends,
 The hour of school is o'er,
 And see, a host of chatt'ring friends
 From yonder cottage pour.

The Village Scholars.

HAPPY beings, light and gay,
 Now enjoy your harmless play,
 Let the idler, if he will,
 View your sports whilst he stands still.

Who is he that stands aside?
 Is it idleness or pride?
 Ah! I see his weeping face
 Tells a story of disgrace.

Yes, 'tis Robin by his looks
 He who never valued books,
 Never wish'd for scholar's fame,
 Idler is his well-known name.

How unlike that gentle pair,
 Who to cross the bridge prepare!

They are not so old as he,
Yet noted for their industry.

When at school they never play,
But a close attention pay ;
Be it work, or task to learn,
Praises they are sure to earn.

But, when play-fellows among,
None more blithsome in the throng ;
Conscious they have acted right,
What they feel is pure delight.

Fanny and her sister Jane
All their neighbours' good-will gain ;
Not a villager but says
Something in young Fanny's praise.

Little Jane, though young in years,
Understands the praise she hears,
And, by such example led,
Tries in Fanny's paths to tread.

Thus in humble life we find
Virtues of superior kind ;
Though but sketches of the poor,
Pity we should wish for more.

Frank.

SEE that boy with rosy face,
Blooming as the flow'rs of spring,
Asking some to run a race,
Play at ball, or any thing.

Gay of countenance and heart,
Frank is always found the same—
Ever ready to impart
Harmless mirth, or join the game.

Should the village boys fall out,
 All to him at once appeal,
 And no matter what about,
 Frank is sure the breach to heal.

If a champion be required
 To defend the young and weak,
 Can a better be desired
 Than the lad with rosy cheek ?

Should some aged village swain
 Loiter feebly on the road,
 Frank will lead him home again,
 Though far distant his abode.

When at church, whose ready eye
 Marks the trembling hand of age ?
 Who but Frank is ever nigh
 To turn o'er the sacred page ?

Blessings from the old I hear,
 As they see him ready stand ;
 And I've seen the grateful tear
 Fall upon his little hand.

Frank is void of worldly pride,
 Grandeur is to him unknown ;
 But if splendour be denied,
 He knows joy that shuns a throne.

Christopher and his Sons.

O look you not there at yon garden of weeds,
 It tells us a sorrowful tale ;
 Yet how can we hope e'er to see fruitful seeds
 Where habits so baneful prevail ?

There Christopher lives, who once owned a farm,
 A portion of wealth in those days,

Rural Characters.

"Too plainly now I see their sport." — page 4, verse 2.



"See that boy with rosy face," — page 7, verse 1.

Frank.

And his life might have ended free from alarm,
Had prudence but guided his ways.

But selfish and lazy, he spent all his store,
And sought not his land to improve,
Till forced from his farm, both deserted and poor,
For a humbler dwelling he strove.

This crazy old cottage alone is his home,
And he lives we scarcely know how ;
His children in rags, through the whole village roam,
Pursuing a dog or a cow.

The rustics, tho' little, ashamed to be seen
With Christopher's mischievous boys,
Suspend all their play when they come on the green,
For all mirth their presence destroys.

With faces unwash'd, and with manners so rough,
They are not companions to choose ;
Yet once they were cleanly, and e'en mild enough,
And such as we could not refuse.

'Tis sad now to view them and think of their fate,
If they are not reform'd in time ;
And how may their father repent tho' too late,
Of the course which led them to crime !

O! happy the children with kind friends to guide
And early instruct them in youth ;
But double their guilt if they e'er turn aside
From the paths of virtue and truth.

The Gardener's Cot.

BUT turn we aside from the scene,
Here is something more pleasing to see ;
This Cot with its palings of green,
This seat round the old walnut-tree.

Rebecca, the Gardener's wife,
 Here lives with her five little ones;
 Hers is not the dwelling of strife,
 Her offspring no villager shuns.

The labour of many long years
 Was spent on this sweet little spot
 But none in the village appears
 To vie with the Gardener's Cot.

The stranger ne'er passes the door
 Without admiration and praise,
 Whilst the idle and wilfully poor
 Behold it with envious gaze.

What will not exertion attain,
 When join'd with a well-disposed mind?
 But laziness offers no gain,
 Or attainment of any one kind.

In summer, when evening comes,
 This walnut-tree seat will be fill'd,
 Young rustics all haste from their homes
 To listen to such as are skill'd

In telling some wonderful thing,
 Some hist'ry unheard of before;
 While some to the circle will bring
 Fine tales from their grandmothers' store.

In the sound of their mirth I delight
 It comes from the innocent heart;
 I linger to hear each "Good night,"
 And oft am the last to depart.

May conscience through life be as free
 As now, in these moments of joy;
 And, sad as the future may be,
 It will not all comfort destroy

The Village Shop.

Now, traveller, do not betray,
 By a look of surprise or a smile,
 That what we consider so gay,
 Is nothing to London's fine style.

Though lowly this little shop seems
 Its treasures, though paltry to you,
 Have haunted some folks in their dreams,
 Who sigh'd as they vanish'd from view.

The door is but small, I allow,
 The windows two narrow panes high—
 But then, what a prospect they shew!
 What dainties for those who can buy.

No gingerbread browner can look;
 That candy, which lies in a mass,
 Is tempting—and then, in yon nook,
 What various sweets in a glass!

There's sugar-stick streak'd red and white,
 And caraway-seeds of all hues;
 No pamper'd or keen appetite,
 But here may be pleased if it choose.

Now turn to this end, and behold
 Kites, wheelbarrows, waggons, and tops—
 And dolls, dress'd in scarlet and gold,
 As fine as your gay London shops.

Then look at those books, gilt outside,
 Much wisdom their pages contain,
 And knowledge our actions to guide,
 All which for a penny you gain.

How many bright eyes have I seen
 Examine each article o'er;

Still looking, while pausing between
The window and latch of the door.

For well the young customers know
The dame does not like to be teased,
And, when indecision they show,
Cries, "Children can never be pleased!"

Such grumbling, however, is borne,
While thus she displays such nice fare.
And her threshold, uneven and worn,
Proves how many footsteps go there.

The Village Pastor.

Now, cross the road, and there we reach
The residence of one,
Who, by example, well can teach
What we should do or shun.

For there our Village Pastor lives,
Loved by the good and wise;
Each pious lesson that he gives
His humble hearers prize.

Our friend and monitor combin'd,
In whom we all confide,
As one, by Providence design'd
To be our earthly guide.

Our little hamlet thus retired
From all gay scenes removed,
His humble wish alone desired,
And we the flock he loved.

He enters into all our cares,
And seems to own a part,
And from his income often spares
What cheers the widow's heart.

No shed that holds a human form,
 But he has enter'd there,
 The chill of poverty to warm,
 And soothe its pangs by prayer.

All seek his praise, or fear his blame,
 Assured his judgment's right;
 While those who have no cause for shame
 Approach him with delight.

And here our village chat must end,
 Evening comes on apace,
 The sloping hill we will ascend
 And back our footsteps trace.

When memory brings this walk to mind,
 With all the truths I tell,
 Pass o'er our faults with feelings kind,
 But on our virtues dwell.

Louisa.

WHAT blessings must fall to Louisa's share
 If we may judge from her satisfied air!
 Her smiles I delight to behold;
 I have marked with attention each youthful face,
 And not in the fairest of all can I trace
 The beauties her features unfold.

Yet many assert that, Louisa is plain,
 A truth I have heard again and again,
 But still she has charms in my eye;
 I think every girl less pleasing, though fair,
 And when with their bloom, her smile I compare,
 Its power I cannot deny.

The blessings enjoy'd by Louisa are these—
 A mind of content and a strong wish to please,

Ne'er striving to have her own way ;
 Docile in temper, and cheerful of heart,
 The pleasing effects to her features impart
 A charm—sweet as nature in May.

And what is real beauty but virtue in youth,
 Whose smile on the face is the index of truth
 That points to a heart pure as kind ?
 I would not, dear girl, thy goodness exchange
 For every charm in beauty's wide range,
 Where gentleness is not combin'd.

I hold thee a mirror in which is well shown
 A reflection that all might proud be to own,
 Unsullied and bright to the view ;
 And happy are those who look in the same,
 A mirror it is that needs no gilded frame
 Whilst thus it reflects what is true.

The Gipsy Girl.

THERE goes the little gipsy maid,
 Of whose sad tricks we are afraid ;
 Her faults we all can well describe,
 For she is one of artful tribe.

But while her faults we thus condemn,
 Can we find nought to balance them ?
 Has she no quality to praise
 In spite of all her vagrant ways ?

Poor wand'ring girl, whom all despise,
 I see thee with more lenient eyes ;
 And through thy errors can discern
 What culture might to virtue turn.

I saw thee share thy trifling store,
 With one who like thyself was poor ;

I saw thee lend a helping hand
Where age, from weakness, could not stand.

The village school just o'er one day
Out rush'd the youthful throng to play;
I caught thy sad, yet wistful eye
As each young scholar pass'd thee by.

Full well I understood thy looks,
Thy eye and thoughts were on their books,
And seem'd to say, " My friendless youth
Has no kind friend to teach it truth."

What makes thy race disgrace our clime
But idleness—the nurse of crime?
And if thy heart for knowledge pant,
Shall we refuse the boon to grant—

And, free from prejudice, allow
That if we proper pains bestow,
The gipsy girl, in time may prove
An object of esteem and love?

The scripture saith, let those alone
Who faultless feel, " First cast the stone ;"
But who is he, with conscience free,
Shall cry, " That deed's reserv'd for me !"

Amelia, or the Contrast.

" PULL down the blinds," Amelia cries,
" And shade me from the sun ;"
Then for the coolest seat she tries,
Soon weary of each one.

" This sultry heat no frame can bear ;
It kills me by degrees ;
I sigh for evening's cooling air,
When I may hope for ease."

And thus the pamper'd girl complains,
 Feeling for self alone;
 Yet hers are only fancied pains,
 Express'd in childish tone.

Let her but view the harvest field,
 Where through this burning day
 The reaper toils, with nought to shield
 Him from the scorching ray.

Fatigued he yet pursues his toil,
 Which even women share,
 Nor fear the sun their skins should spoil,
 For *self* is not their care.

Beneath the hedge's bushy shade
 A sun-burnt infant sleeps,
 Oft to the spot where thus 'tis laid
 The anxious mother creeps,

To ascertain if danger's nigh
 Its slumber to annoy,
 Or, if she hear its feeble cry,
 To soothe her darling boy.

If habit makes them feel less keen,
 Their comforts are but few;
 Amelia, view the harvest scene,
 And say if this be true.

Thy happy lot with theirs compare,
 And mark what they endure;
 To share their labour and their care
 Would soon thy evils cure.

Industrious Richard.

WHEN Richard left his humble home,
 A simple cottage boy,
 Friendless from town to town to roam
 In search of some employ;

How many obstacles combin'd
 To check his honest zeal,
 To damp the ardour of his mind
 And make him timid feel !

But perseverance led him on,
 And hope threw out her light ;
 Till difficulties, one by one,
 Vanish'd, and all went right.

Years of success now roll'd away
 His every wish to crown ;
 And Richard lived to see the day
 That brought him just renown.

While thus among the wealthy class'd,
 His thoughts would often rove
 To those with whom his youth was pass'd—
 Objects of early love.

Again the rural scene he sought,
 The dear, though poor abode ;
 Where, to the pious lesson taught,
 The present good he owed.

His grateful bosom proudly beat
 To think he now should share
 The wealth, by industry made sweet,
 With those oppress'd by care.

His parents his first thoughts engage,
 The next his friends demand ;
 But all had claims, whose feeble age
 Needed his fost'ring hand.

And thus the humble cottage boy
 Strew'd charity's fair seed ;
 While grateful thanks and heartfelt joy
 Repaid each generous deed.

The Robin.

HARK! what sounds are those I hear?
Such cheerful notes and sweet!
See, the visitor draws near,
Quitting his loved retreat.

Winter's winds have stripp'd his home,
And leafless is each bough;
Here for succour he has come
If we his claims allow:

We to whom he sung his song
When, strolling at our ease,
We saw him hop the boughs among,
And nestle in our trees.

Other groves he might have sought,
And charm'd a stranger's ear;
But, past kindness Robin taught
He would be welcome here.

When last winter's chilling frost,
Denied his usual fare,
Robin's food was at our cost—
Our crumbs he came to share.

On that bush where now he sits
He sung his cares away,
Whilst we strew'd our tempting bits,
Inviting him to stay.

Instinct leads him to return
To friends he once has tried;
For he has not now to learn,
He will not be denied.

Female Schoolfellows.

"Who are those who seek the shade?"—page 25 verses 3 & 5.



"Then there is Martha, poor old dame!"—page 29, verse 8.

Disappointment.



"The doll, with all its beauties rare."—page 32, verse 8.

Ellen's Fairing.

Here no wily snare is laid,
 No foe to do him harm,
 For we think us well repaid,
 When thus his notes can charm.

Be this spot his winter's home,
 Here he unhurt may live;
 Never let him farther roam
 While we have crumbs to give.

Signs of Christmas.

WHEN the holly's bright green,
 And its berries of red,
 In the hedges are seen
 As the snow-path we tread;

When the winds whistle shrill,
 And the day is soon sped,
 When the birds to our sill
 Come hopping for bread;

When the stream, now so clear,
 With the ice is fast bound,
 And there's nothing to cheer
 In the prospect around;

We may turn from the scene
 To our warm fire-side,
 Till the spring, dress'd in green,
 Comes again in her pride.

Yet our hearts may be gay
 Though stern winter prevail,
 As we cheat time away
 With the marvellous tale.

When assembled in joy,
 Our young friends we behold,

Say, what school-girl or boy
Can give thought to the cold?

But while Providence kind,
With such gifts makes us glad,
Is there none we can find
To whom Christmas is sad?

Shall we share all this good,
Without thinking of those
Who are pining for food,
Or surrounded by woes?

No; the winter's stern chill
Shall no coldness impart,
But warm charity still
Be the guest of each heart.

Schoolfellows.

WHENCE come those sounds that on the ear
In loud confusion ring?
Some little colony is near,
Gay as the budding spring.

Within those gates of iron strong,
Arises all this glee;
There look, and see the busy throng,
From study just set free.

All eager to enjoy that hour,
The brightest in the day,
When no correcting hand of power
Shall check their sportive play.

Though future ills may be in store
To damp their youthful joys,
The present moment, and no more,
Their happy thoughts employs.

The group you see at distance stand,
 Prepare a race to run,
 And, now the leader gives command,
 Away starts every one.

That urchin bold, with yellow hair,
 You see outstrips them all;
 But though he wins, let him beware
 Lest pride should have a fall.

The hour for school must come again,
 And then his triumph's past;
 For when there's learning to attain,
 He's always lag-the-last.

The youth with grave but pleasant face,
 Who lightly skims the ground,
 Knows how to win a better race—
 Where honour may be found.

To please his playmates now he runs,
 And not to shew his skill;
 'Tis plain he competition shuns,
 Letting him win who will.

Thus though superior to the rest,
 He yielding seems to each,
 For kindness dwells within his breast,
 For all whom it can reach.

Different Sports.

WHAT! only two at marbles play,
 Though five are looking on?
 Ah! could you hear what those five say,
 Surprise would soon be gone.

The two at marbles, cousins are,
 Yet never can agree—
 Each other's temper cannot bear,
 Or their own errors see.

They quarrel, scold, and even fight;
 Are shunn'd by all around;
 Quite strangers to the sweet delight
 In social compact found.

How different are this little band
 With nine-pins making sport!
 And one there is whose steady hand
 Soon makes the number short.

The skilful player's name is Will,
 And he who stands just by,
 Smiling at every feat of skill,
 With triumph in his eye—

Is William's brother, gentle Ned,
 Who likes to see him win;
 Yet never, as I hear it said,
 Could throw a single pin.

But never did an envious thought
 Disturb his humour gay;
 The churlish cousins well have taught
 How sad is envy's sway.

That boy, who, follow'd by a train,
 Bears on his back a kite,
 Is George, who, of his prowess vain,
 Thinks e'en himself a sight.

Yet though his kite may please the eye,
 Here admiration ends;
 Among the crowd to see it fly
 How few are George's friends!

Robbing an Orchard.

WHAT is that merry fellow saying,
 That makes his listener's smile?
 It cannot be a trick he's playing,
 He looks so void of guile!

No, a proposal he is making,
 That when the sun goes down,
 Those friends shall join his undertaking,
 And, stealing into town,

A certain orchard wall ascending,
 They soon may climb those trees
 Whose branches with ripe fruit are bending,
 And cull them at their ease.

"The pears," he says, "are ripe and mellow,
 The apples red and sweet,
 The magnum bonums turning yellow,
 Each in itself a treat."

Observe how many are consenting,
 All longing for the night!
 But Philip looks as though repenting—
 He feels it is not right.

"Your scheme," he says, "has taste and flavour,
 Yet think ere we proceed,
 If of dishonesty it savour,
 And prove a wicked deed.

"What is the plan but downright stealing?
 For truth must call it so;
 And which of us must own the feeling
 The guilty mind must know?

"No fruit though tempting, ripe, and mellow,
 Could do the crime away;

So think again, my honest fellow,
Of some more harmless play.

“Some play that shall not end in sorrow,
Or cause us future pain;
Mirth we may talk of on the morrow,
And wish it o’er again.”

Cricket.

BUT look on the Green,
What an active scene
Presents itself to the eye;
The cricketers stand
With bats in their hand,
Their skill and power to try.

Come let us draw near,
Some adepts are here,
Whose feats we should like to see
But they seek not fame,
In this healthful game.
With the spirit of rivalry.

One feeling alone,
These happy boys own,
Good humour is never asleep
No squabbles we hear,
By which it is clear
That each his temper can keep.

And well it would be
If all could agree
Like these merry cricket friend ;
For churls we can spare—
They bring us but care,
With nothing to make amends.

When looking around,
 I see in this ground
 So many in youth and bloom,
 I sigh to believe,
 That one should deceive,
 Or do wrong in days to come.

But let us away,
 We disturb their play,
 And fleeting are joys like these:
 May their manhood bear
 A prospect as fair,
 And with hearts as much at ease.

Female Schoolfellows.

LIGHTLY climb yon garden wall,
 Where laburnum branches fall;
 Move their yellow flowers aside,
 Sweeter blossoms far they hide,

No loud boisterous boys we see,
 Yet there seems no lack of glee;
 Groups of merry girls appear—
 We shall glean some pleasure here.

See those skippers in a row,
 Graceful attitudes they show;
 One more agile beats them all,
 Her, the sprightly Rose they call.

But a secret I can tell,
 Lessons she can skip as well:
 Julia does not skip so light,
 Yet who learns with more delight?

Who are they who seek the shade?
 Are they of the sun afraid?

No, they to that spot repair
To arrange a grand affair.

Round Eliza see they press,
All her waxen doll would dress;
Each has help'd the cloaths to make,
For the little beauty's sake.

Never babe was more caress'd;
How they long to see it dress'd!
Pleasure beams in every eye,
As to get a peep they try.

Hasten, nurses, hide your child,
One draws nigh of manners wild—
Ruder far than many boys;
Mischief she alone enjoys.

Well you know her artful ways,
How she seems to join your plays
Till your confidence she wins,
Then some mischief she begins.

Wicked girl, why thus destroy,
Rather than partake their joy?
Can you like to hear your name
Mention'd but with fear or blame?

Other Amusements and Characters.

To the left another group
See, prepare to play at whoop,
Hiding close behind yon tree,
Where the seeker may not see.

But Maria is no drone,
She will find them every one;
Let them hide where'er they will,
Who escapes her searching skill?

But not only when at play
Does she sense and skill display
For in all she undertakes
Sure proficiency she makes.

Lucy, who is creeping slow,
Undecided where to go,
Would as puzzled be to find
That which would improve her mind.

Rachael cautiously decides ;
Margaret at random hides :
In their studies 'tis the same—
One has, the other has no aim.

See that interesting pair,
Reading with a serious air ;
Thus in all things they agree—
All they do is harmony.

Ere to play their thoughts they turn,
Every lesson they will learn ;
Then, and not till then, be free
To join their playmates' liberty.

Jane and Susan long have stood
Head of all that's kind and good ;
Not surpass'd by any one,
As their school-mates all will own.

That is Ann, who steals away,
Nor attempts to join in play ;
Such a dunce should never share
Pleasure earn'd by pains and care.

But 'tis grateful to observe,
Few our censure here deserve ;
Only two appear to blame ,
While the rest approval claim.

Reflections on the last Scene.

SWEET season of happiness, innocent joy,
 When youth gives a zest that admits no alloy;
 No hopes of ambition the world may excite
 Could afford to your bosoms their present delight.

The various changes the future must bring
 Will call to remembrance this season of spring;
 And then, though your prospects be dazzling and fair,
 You will not, as now, feel exempt from all care.

Yet what you now learn, if 'tis rightly applied,
 May bring you to greatness by laudable pride,
 May add wealth and honour, or strengthen the mind,
 Should sickness assail, or the world prove unkind.

Then seek these advantages while in your power,
 And think of their use in your merriest hour;
 Improvement and pleasure should go hand in hand;
 It is only the *present* we have at command.

Disappointment.

What is disappointment? say,
 Ye who know its pains.
 "To loose" (cries one) "a holiday,"
 Because, perhaps, it rains.

"Ah!" Lucy added, "that indeed
 Is disappointment sore;"
 And many on this point agreed,
 Who ne'er agreed before.

Till soon their recollection brought
 Worse evils to the mind,
 Which some, by sad experience taught,
 Seem'd worse than this to find.

Old Davids Cottage.

"And proudly glows his aged cheek" — page 6, verse 7.



"In telling some Wonderful thing." — page 10, verses 6 & 7.

The Gardener's Cot.

Their list of grievances made out,
 How gloomy look'd each face !
 But what was musing George about ?
 Told he no dismal case ?

No, George had heard them all complain,
 Nor join'd such fancied woe ;
 "Methinks," said he "more grievous pain
 Than all you name, I know.

"Look at poor Charles, whose youth was past
 In all that wealth can give ;
 But now his prospects overcast,
 He has not means to live.

"Misfortune has occasion'd this,
 And wrought a change so sad !
 Can we compare our ills with his,
 Or think them half as bad ?

"Then there is Martha, poor old dame !
 Who rear'd her son with care ;
 But he has crush'd her hopes with shame,
 And left her in despair.

Should we of disappointment speak,
 Who never felt its sting ;
 Whose troubles are but what we seek,
 Or else from trifles spring ?

"What! though we lose a treat or play,
 By unexpected rain ?
 The sunshine of another day
 Will bring us joy again."

Richard's Apology.

LITTLE gossips, gather round,
 Richard comes elate with news ;
 Let your silence be profound,
 Lest a single word ye lose.

Has he fancied some new play,
Which he knows will cause delight?
Come, good Richard, tell us, pray,
What can make you look so bright!

Richard stands amid the throng,
Smiling at his friends' surprise;
"Doubtless ye have thought me long,
Ere I join'd your sports," he cries.

"But, as crossing yonder lane,
I was hast'ning to you all,
Loud I heard the cry of pain,
Follow'd by a feeble call.

"Guided by the mournful sound,
To the spot I bent my way,
Where, extended on the ground,
Lay the child of William Gray.

"Climbing up an apple tree,
Down the little urchin fell—
Cut its head, and, but for me,
Had not then escap'd so well.

"For, as I approach'd the spot,
Came a cart with heavy load;
All the horses in full trot,
Must have crush'd him in the road.

"Thus if I too long have stay'd,
None can blame my doing so;
Here, I only should have play'd—
There, what I have done, ye know."

"True," his little audience say,
"All you did was kind and right,
Far more useful than our play—
Richard's heart may well feel light."

Ellen's Fairing.

THE day so often wish'd to come
 Is here, and all the young look gay ;
 In laughing groups they rush from home,
 To view the neighbouring Fair's display.

And many a little cherish'd hoard
 Is now drawn forth some toy to buy ;
 But those who great things can't afford,
 For less expensive fairings try.

What youthful bosom felt more light
 Then Ellen's, as she view'd her purse,
 In which were lodg'd three shillings bright,
 To buy a doll to dress and nurse ?

And see a leather baby stands,
 With ruby lips and curling hair,
 Such nice red cheeks and pretty hands !
 No doll so tempting in the fair.

"This babe be mine," young Ellen cries,
 But in a minute changed her mind,
 As a new object met her eyes,
 One of a very different kind,—

A stool, with carpet cover'd o'er,
 Which well her new-form'd plan would suit ;
 For it would keep from earthen floor,
 And rest her father's gouty foot.

To give him ease, or soothe his pain,
 Were worth a hundred dolls or toys ;
 To see him walk about again
 Would be the brightest of her joys ;

The doll, with all its beauties rare,
 No longer claim'd another thought;
 And, ere she left the noisy fair,
 The pretty carpet-stool she bought.

As home she tripp'd, her fancy drew
 The pleasure that her gift would cause;
 Her father's smile she brought to view,
 A smile worth all the world's applause.

The Schoolmaster.

SEE the chilling snow descends,
 Drifted by the cutting wind;
 Happy those who, bless'd with friends,
 In their home all comforts find.

Just as now once fell the snow
 On a winter's dreary night;
 Loud we heard the north wind blow,
 And huddled round the fire bright.

All rejoiced they were secure,
 Hoped that none might be exposed
 Such a tempest to endure,
 While we were so snug inclosed.

Tales were told, and tears were shed,
 But in sleep we soon forgot
 Those who own'd no downy bed,
 Or the shelter of a cot.

But when morning brought to light
 All the mischief of the storm,
 How we shudder'd at the sight!
 How we grieved to see one form!

He who in the village claim'd
 More respect than all the rest,
 For his learning he was famed,
 And to all a welcome guest.

Many scholars he had taught,
 Who revered him as a friend,
 And his kind instruction sought,
 Which they knew to good must tend.

He was feeble then, and old,
 Quite unable to withstand
 Such a tempest and the cold,
 When no help was near at hand.

Years have pass'd since thus he died ;
 But this storm brings to our mind
 Him who was our greatest pride,
 Him who sense and worth combin'd.

The Youthful Traveller's Choice of a Guide.

HITHER, George, your footsteps bend,
 Choose your path, and choose your friend
 Not as pilgrim need you stray,
 Converse sweet shall cheer your way.

See those forms that ready stand,
 To assist with guiding hand ;
 Gentle travellers they seem,
 Such as fancy gives in dream.

Who is she with sparkling eye,
 Smiles that please, we know not why ?
 " Youth ! " she cries, in winning tone,
 " Take me for your guide alone.

“ Mine’s the path you should pursue ;
 All that’s fair I bring to view ;
 Flowers spring each step I tread—
 Brightness over all I shed.”

Heed her not, dear George, I pray,
 Though she paints her scenes thus gay ;
 True the flow’ry path she takes,
 But her charge she soon forsakes.

When your friendship she has gain’d,
 And full confidence obtain’d,
 To some path of doubt and care
 She will lead, and leave you there.

All the beauties she pourtrays
 Quick will vanish from your gaze,
 Leaving not a trace behind,
 But will pain the youthful mind.

Pleasure is the name she bears—
 Soft in sound, but source of cares ;
 Let her pass with all her joys,
 Be not one whom she destroys.

Yet again delay your choice ;
 She who calls with eager voice,
 Promising her road shall be
 Marked by sweet variety,

Will so many scenes display,
 None will in remembrance stay ;
 No advantage will you gain,
 But your journey prove in vain.

Curiosity’s the name
 Of this busy trifling dame ;
 On her judgment ne’er rely—
 It lies no deeper than the eye.

But another guide appears,
 Meet to aid your tender years ;
 View her placid features well,
 There good sense and prudence dwell.

Her's is not a hurried pace ;
 Every step brings forth new grace ;
 Under her judicious care
 Pleasant paths will seem more fair.

All that's worthy to be seen,
 All the youthful mind should glean,
 She will help you to discern,
 And direct you what to learn.

Take the hand she now extends,
 You will find her best of friends,
 From those tempters turn aside,
 Take you *Wisdom* as your guide.

Hints to Young Travellers.

In your travels should you see
 (Dress'd in plain veracity)
 Her, who tells of early times,
 Holy truths, and human crimes,
 Treasure up what she may say—
Hist'ry cannot lead astray.

Should a traveller you meet,
 Keen in look, with sandal'd feet,
 He, o'er all the world has been,
 And has mark'd its ev'ry scene ;
 Let him your companion be,
 He is call'd *Geography*.

If another cross your path;
 Who an aged aspect hath,
 Tells the date of all that's past,
 That they may on memory last—
 Truth and he so well agree,
 You should court *Chronology*.

With such aid you will acquire
 All that travellers desire,
 Information from its source,
 To which age may have recourse;
 Retrospection going o'er
 What your youth had traced before.

Conclusion.

THE world its splendid gifts may shower,
 Weak mortals to elate;
 But *virtue* only has the power
 To make us truly great.

THE END.

Amelia, or the Contrast.

"The anxious mother creeps,"—page 16, verses 5 & 6.



"What! only two at marbles play."—page 21, verse 1.

Different Sports.

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