

SWEETS

FOR LEISURE HOURS.

Embellished with numerous coloured Engravings.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY
DEAN & MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

Price Six-pence.

Charles Barton

Sept^r 22nd 1828

FRONTISPIECE.



SWEETS

FOR

LEISURE HOURS.



EMBELLISHED WITH

SIXTEEN NEATLY COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

DEAN & MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

THE FROZEN BIRD.



See, see, what a sweet little prize I have found!
 A Robin that lay half-benumbed on the ground:
 Well housed and well fed, in your cage you will
 sing,

And make our dull winter as gay as the spring.
 But stay, sure 'tis cruel, with wings made to soar,
 To be shut up in prison, and never fly more—
 And I, who so often have longed for a flight,
 Shall I keep you prisoner?—mamma, is that right?
 No, come, pretty Robin, I must set you free—
 For your whistle, though sweet, would sound
 sadly to me.

MAMMA AND THE BABY.



What a little thing am I!

Hardly higher than the table;
I can eat, and play, and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me;
Sweet mamma, I love her so,
She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
Very often for some kisses:
O! how good I'll try to be,
To such a dear mamma as this is!

THE DUTIFUL SON.



Poor Susan was old and too feeble to spin,
 Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they
 were thin;
 And she must have starved, as so many have
 done,
 If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

He went every morning as gay as a lark,
 And worked all day long in the fields, till 'twas
 dark,
 Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,
 And joyfully gave her the wages he got.

Oh then, was not little Jem happier far
 Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?
 For, as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and
 joy,
 To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.



Whilst you are asleep, the poor little sweep
 At the dawning of morning must go,
 With brushes and bags, and clothed all in rags,
 In the winter, thro' frost and thro' snow.

We're obliged, I am sure, for what they endure,
 To save us from smoke and from fire;
 And often I weep to think that the sweep
 Must do such sad work for his hire.

Then we'll keep in mind, that the sweep's very
 kind,
 For us such a service to do,
 And never feel fright when he comes in our sight,
 Because of his dark sooty hue.

SWEETS FOR
TUMBLE UP.



Tumble down, tumble up, never mind it, my
sweet,

No, no, never beat the poor ground;
'Twas your fault you could not stand straight
on your feet,

Fall you will, if you twirl yourself round.

Oh dear! what a noise:—will a noise make it
well?

Will crying wash bruises away?
Suppose that it should bleed a little, and swell,
'Twill all be gone down in a day.

That's right; be a man, love, and dry up your
tears,

Come, smile, and I'll give you a kiss;
If your live in the world but a very few years,
You must bear greater troubles than this.

A WALK TO THE MEADOWS.



We'll go to the meadow, where cowslips do grow
 And buttercups looking as yellow as gold;
 And the daisies and violets beginning to blow,
 For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

The honey-bee humming about there is seen,
 The butterfly merrily skims it along;
 The grasshopper chirps in the hedges so green,
 And the linnnet there sings us his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay;
 The beasts of the field all are glad, and rejoice;
 We, too, will be thankful to God every day,
 And praise His great name in a loftier voice.



You are old, Father William,
And I am young,
And I have a list of things
I want to say;
You are old, Father William,
And I am young,
And I have a list of things
I want to say;
You are old, Father William,
And I am young,
And I have a list of things
I want to say;
You are old, Father William,
And I am young,
And I have a list of things
I want to say;

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.



“You are old, Father William,” a young man
did say,

“And life must be hast’ning away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon
death :

Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William
replied,

“Let the cause thy attention engage :
In the days of my youth I remembered my
God,
And he hath not forgotten my age.”

CONTENTMENT.



No glory I covet, nor riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied;
 And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessing which Providence kindly has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 While sweet meditation and cheerful content
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.

MORNING HYMN.



My Father, I thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank Thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distress.

My voice shall be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love;
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above.

As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day.

EVENING HYMN.



The sun that lately filled the skies
With all his sparkling rays,
Now hides his glories from our eyes,
And night comes on apace.

And now to him who made the Sun,
The world by day to light,
Who gave the gentler Moon to cheer
The still and gloomy night.

To Him, O let my willing tongue
Send up the grateful strain;
And let my heart join with the song,
Or all my praise is vain.

TO BLESS, IS TO BE BLEST.



When young, what honest triumph flushed my
breast,

This truth once known,—To bless, is to be blest!

I led the bending beggar on his way;

(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey;)

Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,

And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.

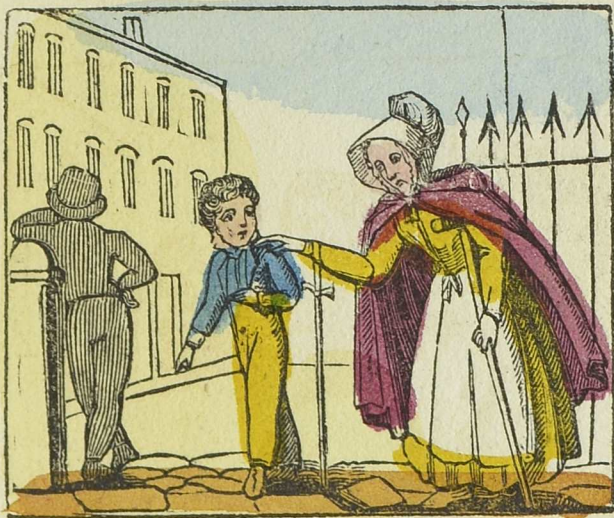
As in his script I dropped my little store,

I grieved to think that little was no more;

He breathed this prayer,—“Long may such
goodness live!”

’Twas all he gave, ’twas all he had to give.

TRUE KINDNESS.



“ Pray help me, young master,” an old woman
cried,

Who many an effort successlessly tried,

Across some rough pavement to go ;

“ For I’m very lame, and besides, almost blind,
And so, without danger, my way I can’t find ;

You’ll help a poor woman, I know.”

“ With great pleasure I will,” the little boy said,

“ Come, lean on my shoulder, and be not afraid,
I’m able to help you, indeed ;

And I’m sure I am willing ; for I have been taught,
That if, my good dame, I would do as I ought,
I must help all I can, who’re in need.”

LOVE TO GOD

PRODUCES LOVE TO MAN.



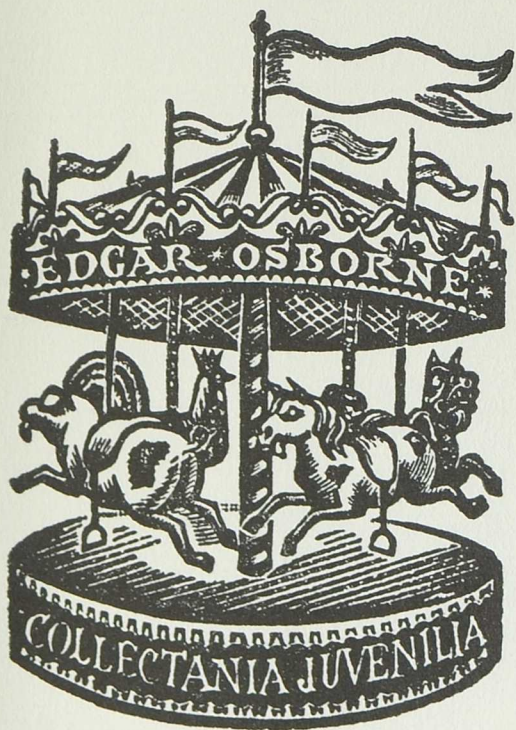
Let gratitude in acts of goodness flow ;
Our love to God, in love to man below.
Be this our joy—to calm the troubled breast,
Support the weak, and succour the distress ;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear ;
The orphan guard, the sinking spirit cheer.
Tho' small our power to act, tho' mean our skill,
God sees the heart;—he judges by the will.

THE LITTLE MOUSE.



In this neat little house,
Lived a poor little mouse,
He had plenty to eat every day ;
Till, enticed by another,
Without leave of his mother,
He ventured one day out to play.

But the cat he soon spied,
As he walked the bank-side,
And soon of his folly repented.
She put out her paw,
Seized him with her claw,
And eat him before she relented.



37131 053 599 288

CHILDREN'S TOY BOOKS,

Six-pence each :

UNIFORMLY PRINTED AND ELEGANTLY EMBELLISHED.

Aunt Ann's Gift, or Moral Emblems in Prose and Verse; with eight coloured engravings.

Child's New Book of Easy Tales; eight coloured engravings.

Courtship and Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren; with thirty coloured engravings.

Cries of London; illustrated with fifteen coloured engravings

Flowers that never Fade; or pleasing Verses for the expanding mind; with fifteen coloured engravings.

First Blossoms of Learning; an Alphabet, embellished with fourteen coloured engravings.

Good Child, or sweet Home; with fourteen coloured engravings.

Infant's Alphabet; with twenty-seven coloured engravings.

Infant's Toy Book; or Easy Tales, in large Type; with sixteen coloured engravings.

Johnny Gilpin's humorous Journey to Ware; with fifteen coloured engravings.

Juvenile Pastimes; or Sports for the Four Seasons; with thirty coloured engravings.

Juvenile Tell Tale, or Pleasing Anecdotes for Children; with fifteen coloured engravings.

Mary and her Doll, a pretty Present for a Good Girl; with ten coloured engravings.

Pretty Stories and Pretty Pictures; with fifteen coloured engravings.

Sweets for Leisure Hours, or little Poetical Pieces, adapted to the capacity of Children; fifteen coloured engravings.