

PRINCE OF WALES

PICTURE BOOKS.

Little Jane.

6d.
COLOURED



WEBB MILLINGTON,
LONDON

Do like the good in early youth,



LITTLE Jane and her mother were walking one
day,

Through London's wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.

And as they passed by the great house of a lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,

In all you think and say,

And wise commands obey.

If your brother speaks in anger,



Answer not in wrath again.

To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er ;
The footmen behind were in scarlet and green,
The horses were prancing before.

Never give another pain ;

Little children, for each other



To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.
The boxes in leather and jewels were made,
The handkerchief was printed all over;
The feathers behind were in scarlet and green,
The horses were painted in blue.

For each child, a little box

(p)

dr fol

LITTLE...

[between 1853
and 1862]



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Little Jane by her mother walked silent and
sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye,
Till her mother said, "Jane, I should be very
glad
To know what it is makes you cry."

"Mamma," said the child, "see that carriage
so fair,
All covered with varnish and gold,

The days are delightful and long,

The season of beauty and song.

For then it is summer time gay,

Then fair is the beauty of morn,

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When blossom is white on the thorn,



And roses so red are in bloom.

Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
While we have to walk in the cold.

“ You say, God is kind to the folks that are
good,
But surely it cannot be true ;
Or else I am certain, almost, that he would
Give such a fine carriage to you.

And sweet is the pleasant perfume,

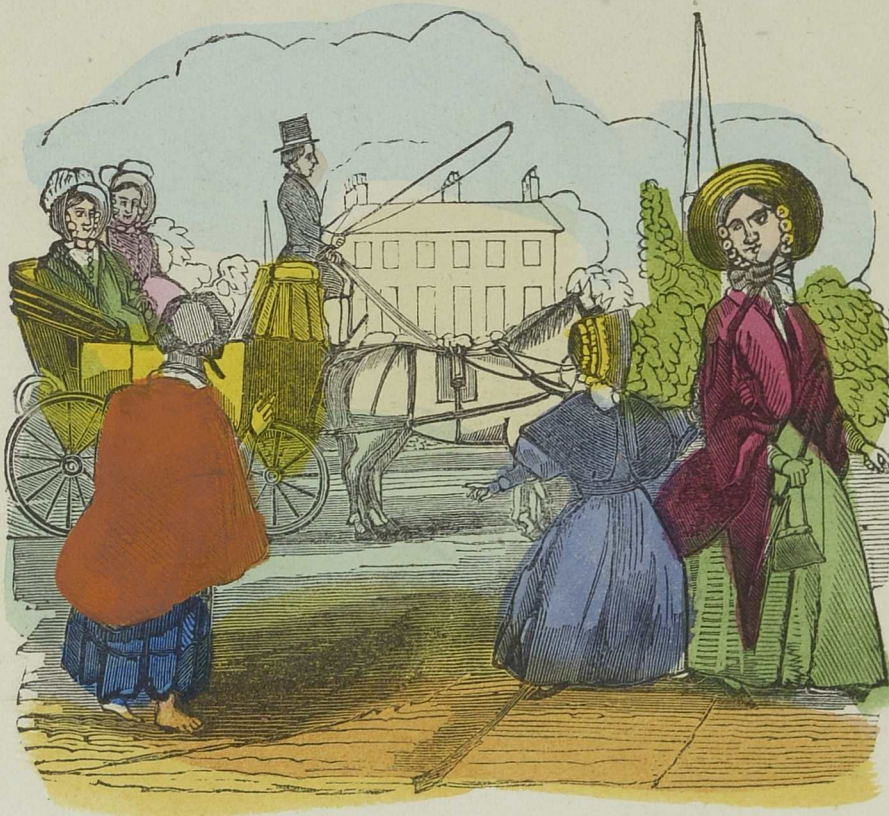
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



These ladies are trying to change the
While we have to walk in the cold
And God is kind to the little that are
Good,
But nobody is kinder to the poor
Of course I am certain, though that he would
Live such a life as this is to
And I am sure it is a good one

And I am sure it is a good one

Be patient e'en if ills betide,



“Look there, little girl,” said her mother and
see,

What stands at that very coach door ;
A poor ragged beggar, and listen how she
A halfpenny stands to implore.

“All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye,
Her hands look like skeleton bones ;

Nor dare the simplest to deride ;

Nor scorn of life your lowly state,

Nor see great things with pride elate.



She has got a few rags just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones."

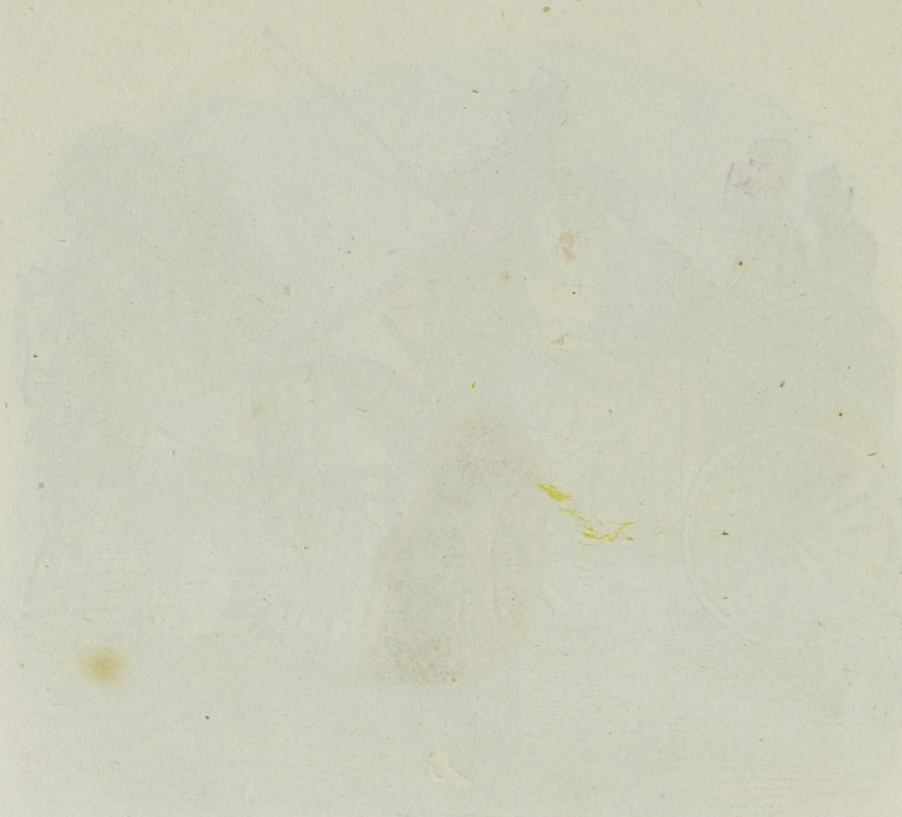
"Dear ladies" she cries and the tears trickle
down,

"Relieve a poor beggar, I pray ;
I've wandered all hungry about this wide town,
And not eat a morsel to-day.

To sympathise for other's sorrow ;

And let me ever rest resigned

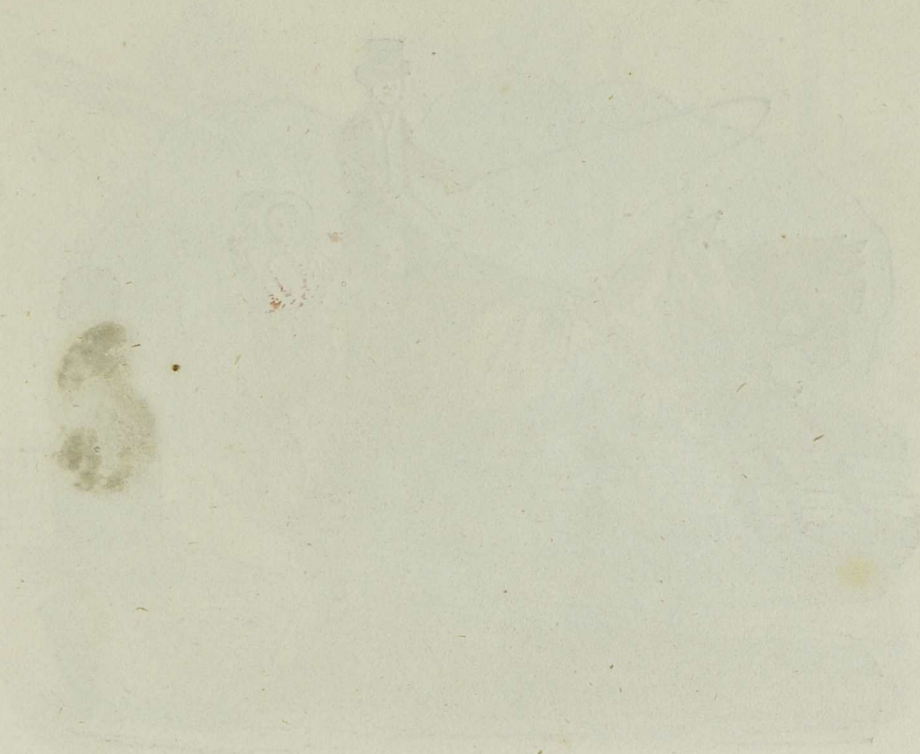
To live to-day or die to-morrow.



And not eat a morsel to-day,
I've wandered all hungry about this wide town,
"Believe a poor beggar, I pray;
-don't you see how I'm worn and thin?
"Dear ladies," she cries and the tears trickle
And her tattered feet bleed on the stones,
She has got a few tags just about her to tie.

To sympathize for others' sorrow:

THE END OF THE WORLD



My father and mother are long ago dead
My brother sails over the sea
And I've not a rag nor a morsel of bread
As plainly I'm sure you may see
A lover I could be, which was easily told
But no more of physics had I?

THE END OF THE WORLD



“ My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea ;
And I’ve not a rag, nor a morsel of bread,
As plainly, I’m sure you may see.

“A fever I caught, which was terribly bad,
But no nurse or physic had I?

That groweth under hedge and bower,

Violet its name—whose beautiful hue,

Can never fail to charm the view.

Like it the Christian ought to be,

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An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

“ And now that I’m better, yet feeble and faint,
And, famished, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my greivous complaint,
And seldom get ought but a scold,

Humble—adorned with modesty ;

And though to be forgotten now,

Yet he will not be always so.

Take it the Christian ought to

An old fifty shot was the horse I had
And only on straw could I lie

"And now that I'm better, yet better not think
And, furnished, and asked, and so on
I wonder about with my previous complaint
And seldom get caught but a scold

And the old man with the

Fly from self and fly from sin,



“Some will not attend to my pitiful call,
Some think me a vagabond cheat;
And scarcely a creature relieves me of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

“Then ladies dear ladies your pity bestow;”
Just then a tall footman came round,

Fly the world's tumultuous din,

Fly its pleasures fly its cares;

Fly its friendship, fly its snares,

Fly by dread of vengeance driven,



Fly from Hell and fly to Heaven.

And asking the ladies which way they would
go,

The chariot turn'd off with a bound.

“ Ah ! see little girl,” then her mother replied,
“ How foolish it was to complain ;
If you would have look'd on the contrary side,
Your tears would have dried up again,”

Fly and stretch your flight above,



“ Your house, and your friends, and your
victuals, and bed,

’Twas God in his mercy that gave ;
You did not deserve to be covered and fed,
Yet all of these blessings you have.

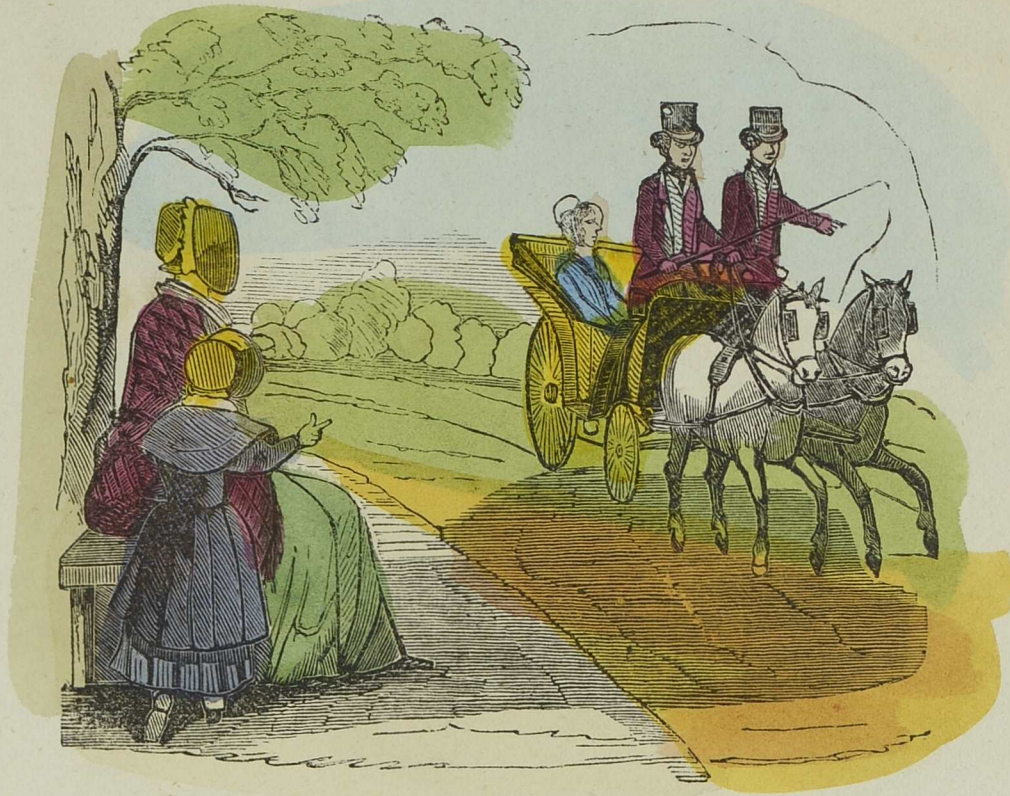
“ This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father or mother has she ;

And rapture in the eye,

How oft the unerring shaft is shot

Which dooms that heart to die.

Where angels dwell and spirits rise,



To be for ever blest.

And while such an object as this you behold,
Contented indeed you should be.

“ A coach and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Give little true joy to the breast ;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly
desire,
And then leave to God all the rest.”

A home of peace and rest,

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