

# My BIRTHDAY

## NEW SERIES TOY BOOKS

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, 65, ST. PAULS CHURCHYARD,  
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

ONE SHILLING











WHAT makes the dear children so gay?  
What is it the little ones say?

“Many happy returns of the day!”  
The long weeks of waiting are past,  
The long-looked-for day come at last,  
And the little tongues run—and run fast.  
Ah! early to-day they must wake,  
For Lily their queen they will make;  
And dear Lily herself cuts the cake.

Play away, play away, make the best of the day!

How swiftly the seasons have flown!  
The months and the years have rolled on,  
And our Baby to childhood has grown!  
She scarcely could lisp her own name,  
Nor stand when her FIRST birthday came.  
She could play just one merry wee game,  
When not in her cradle asleep,  
Brother Harry beside her would creep,  
And hiding his face cry “Bo-peep!”

Oh! how Baby would crow, when Harry cried “Bo!”

Ah! then she was helpless as fair;  
She needed our tenderest care,  
And our love met her wants everywhere.  
Dear mother, with sweet lullaby,  
Would sing her to sleep, and be nigh,  
Quick to hear if her Baby should cry.  
By mother the Baby was dressed,  
By mother so fondly caressed;  
And if Baby were hurt or distressed,

In her dear mother's arms she was safe from alarms.







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[ca. 1865]



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Kronheim and Co.,

London.

THE FIRST WALK.



We loved her, and quickly she grew,  
The white pearly teeth all came through,  
And she gave us smiles many, tears few.  
She soon learned to throw the soft ball;  
To know us, and come at a call;  
To come running, and tripping to fall;  
To stand high on tip-toe to see  
What things on the table might be;  
To climb on her dear father's knee,  
Clasp and pull at his chain, to hear "tick-tick" again.

Full well I remember the day  
When Lily first ran quite away;  
Father lured her from mother to stray—  
"Come, Lily, sweet roses, come, take."  
And sure of her treasure to make,  
She trotted away by mistake:  
Then stopping in wonder and fear,  
Plump she fell! but her father was near;  
And for Lily we all gave a cheer!  
"Never mind, little maid! try—don't be afraid!"

The flowers we gathered with care,  
Leaf by leaf from the stem she would tear;  
The roses no better would fare.  
Lily knew not that summer must go,  
She thought not of cold, frost, and snow,  
When the flowers sleep the dark earth below.  
But to summer the autumn succeeds,  
And autumn to winter quick leads;  
Then spring—oh, how fast the year speeds!  
When next the spring smiled, two years old was our child.













Kronheim and Co.,

London.

THE FIRST DOLL.



The wise little woman of THREE  
Set off to the toy-shop with me,  
And back she came bringing with glee  
A Dolly!—her first—all her own;  
A Dolly to nurse all alone;  
To sing to in soft and sweet tone:  
A Dolly to “make-believe” feed,  
To carry in arms or to lead,  
To teach how to spell and to read.

We dressed the Doll gay, and we called her “Miss May.”

A cradle was bought where at night  
“Miss May” could lie snugly and tight;  
But her mistress awoke with the light,  
And Doll she must fetch to her bed,  
For Doll must quite early be fed!  
When we bought her “Miss May’s” cheeks were red,  
But petting so much made her pale,  
And her nose wore away—oh, sad tale!  
Lily wondered what Dolly could ail,

So carried “Miss May” to the doctor one day.

“Dear doctor,” she said, “I suppose  
You can tell me what ails Dolly’s nose;  
And why so much paler she grows?”  
Brother Harry, the doctor, looked wise—  
“Well, Madam,” said he, “I advise  
That she eat no more puddings or pies.  
Give her rest and fresh air; and be sure  
Her pale cheeks I cannot well cure  
Till your kisses be drier and fewer!

Her poor nose to restore, give bread-pills—three or four.”











Happy childhood ! its joys pass away ;  
Happy children ! enjoy while you may  
Its innocent pleasures and play.  
Step by step life's long journey we take,  
Day by day we to wisdom awake,  
One by one childish pastimes forsake.  
Thus Lily the "Babe" full of glee  
Grew apace, and the "Babe" ceased to be,  
For her birthdays passed—one, two, and three ;  
The Babe lost in the child, our fond hearts beguiled !

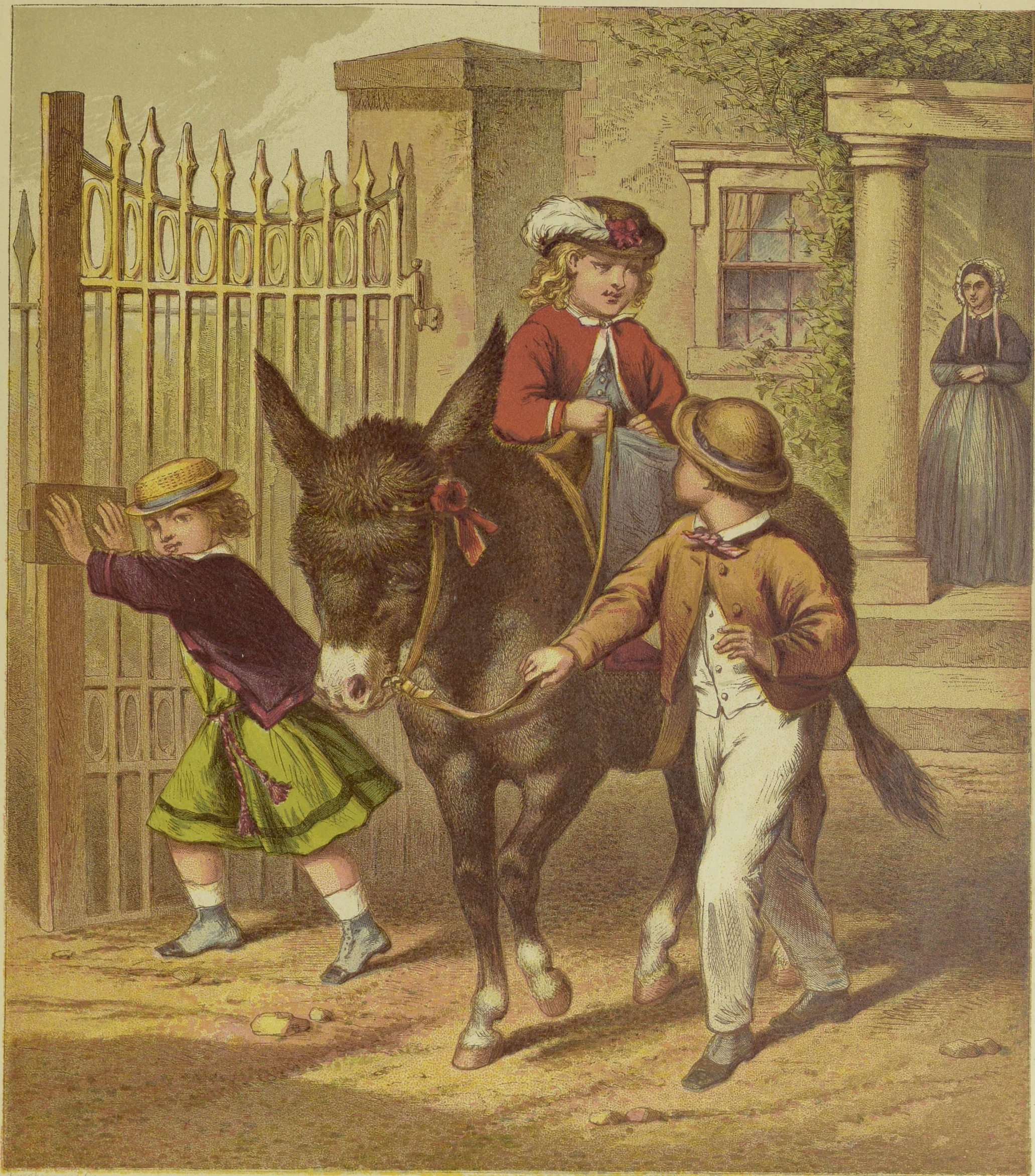
She was FOUR ! and was promised a ride ;  
Arthur said he would walk by her side,  
And she mounted the Donkey with pride !  
The joy of the children was great,  
Harry eagerly opened the gate,  
And the little queen rode out in state.  
Now off down the lane, and away !  
What is it the singing birds say ?  
"Many happy returns of the day !"

Lily heard their sweet song, as Ned trotted along.

Up and down in the saddle she goes !  
And Arthur his arm round her throws,  
For Lily is timid he knows.  
On the grass lay the glittering dew,  
On the bank the pale primroses grew,  
And violets in shade not a few.  
The sun sparkled glad through the trees,  
The leaves whispered low in the breeze,  
And all things united to please.

Oh ! how full of delight was that morning so bright.





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London.

THE FIRST RIDE.











Dear mother, when Lily was FIVE,  
A party was asked to contrive ;  
And as little bees buzz round a hive,  
Little voices in concert of sound  
Murmured sweetly our tea-table round ;  
What pleasure in friendship is found !  
Thence gaily they troop to the hall,  
Where loudly for Lily they call,  
For Lily is loved by them all ;  
And to give her the choice of the game they rejoice.

“ Blind Man’s Buff ! ” So for Arthur they sought  
To be “ Blind Man ; ” and Arthur soon caught  
Little Lily : and poor Lily thought  
The game so much better would be  
If only the Blind Man could *see* !  
For she could not catch *one* ! Oh, what glee,  
As little girls round Lily danced !  
And little boys round Lily pranced !  
And Lily impatient once glanced  
The handkerchief under. Who saw her, I wonder ?

Young Harry played “ Blind Man ” so well,  
He caught two together and fell ;  
And the children rushed round him pell-mell.  
Then the bell rung : a knock at the door !  
Another ! then two or three more !  
And the play for the evening was o’er.  
“ Good-bye ” now to each little friend !  
The happiest day has its end ;  
May Lily when cares shall descend,  
And life opens anew, find friendships as true.





Bronheim and Co.,

London.

THE FIRST PARTY.













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THE FIRST BIBLE.



As older our dear Lily grew,  
She could read easy words not a few,  
And this her kind grandfather knew.  
And on her SIXTH birthday he brought  
A Bible for Lily, who thought  
A more beautiful could not be bought.  
She peeped the gilt edges between,  
Where the clear and large letters were seen ;  
And great must her pleasure have been,  
When her grandfather next bade her read him a text.

Of a verse of a psalm it was part—  
*Thy word have I hid in mine heart !*  
“ My darling,” he said, “ you must start  
On your journey through life with this guide ;  
God’s word in your heart you must hide,  
And there let its precepts abide.  
You will read of the Saviour herein :  
How he died to atone for our sin ;  
How he loves little children to win,  
How all who believe he will surely receive.

“ *Search the Scriptures* again and again ;  
Seek the Spirit the truth to make plain ;  
If you ask, it shall not be in vain.  
Read the wonderful message of love  
Which Jesus brought down from above ;  
With his blessing your Bible shall prove  
A light to your path day by day,  
A lamp to your feet lest you stray ;  
And as birthdays and years pass away,  
May its life-giving page be the joy of your age.”











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