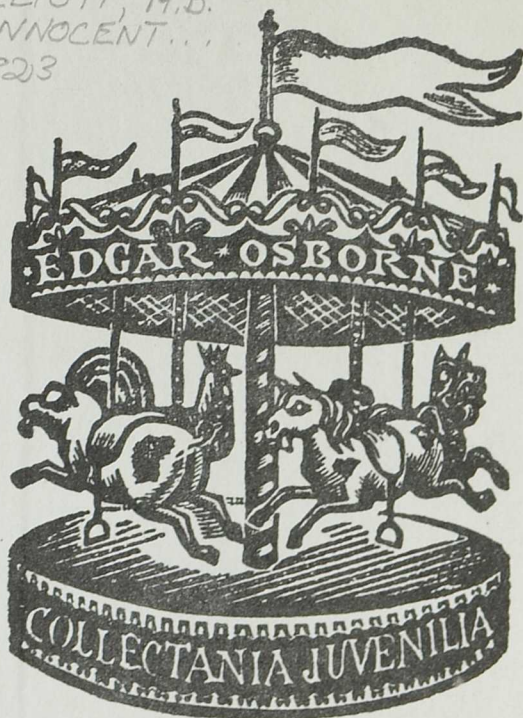


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ELLIOTT, M.B.
INNOCENT...
1823



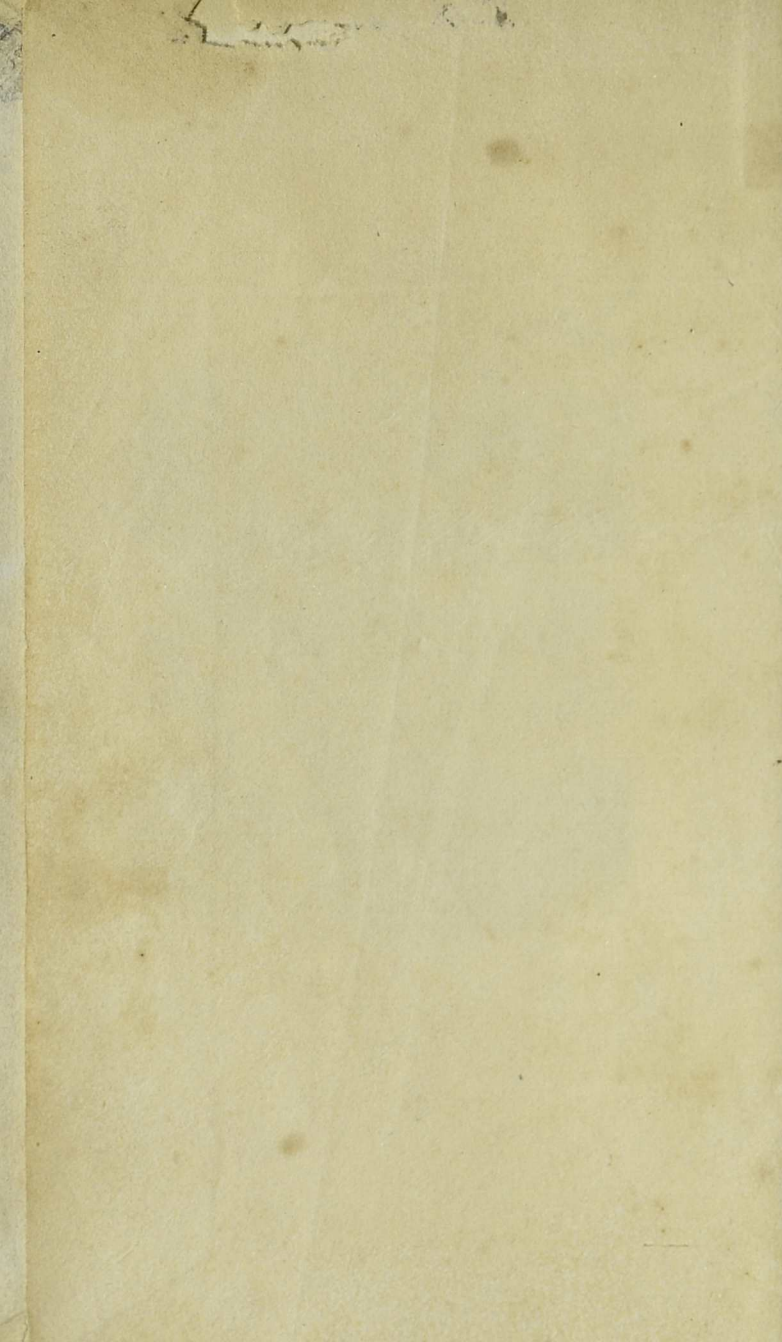
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1823

(1st pub 1809)





"See, shrinking from the piercing storm,
The beggar aid implores,
No cheering blaze his cold limbs warm,
Or plenty ope her stores."

Winter, page 25.

London Published May 1.1818, by W.Darton, 58 Holborn Hill.

Innocent

POETRY

FOR INFANT MINDS.

BY MARY ELLIOTT
AND OTHERS.

London :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

1823.

POETRY

FOR MENTAL EXERCISE.

BY MARY EMILY
SMITH

Printed by G. SMALLFIELD, Hackney.

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INNOCENT POETRY,

&c.

The little Pilgrim.

Little Pilgrim, young in years,
Hast thou not a hundred fears,
Thus to enter life's new road
Never but with danger trod ?

Paths intricate dress'd in bloom
Will entice thy steps to come ;
But, though ev'ry fragrance sweet
Charm thy senses, shun the cheat.

Yes, kind friend, I know full well,
Sin and sorrow in them dwell ;
Never shall my steps be led,
Where the virtuous should not tread

I will choose me such a guide
That I cannot step aside ;
Lord ! if thou wilt be my aid,
All these gay deceits shall fade.

Shew me where that path to find,
Which for heaven is design'd ;
What though narrow be the road,
It will lead me to my God.

This sweet hope shall urge me on
Though each step sprang up a thorn ;
Strong in faith I will not yield,
With thy promise for my shield.

Need I then, though young in years,
Own the worldly pilgrim's fears ?
And what journey long can be
That must terminate with *Thee* ?

The Advantages of Education.

How blest my lot, 'bove savage race,
O God, to have the power
Of gaining knowledge of thy grace,
To soothe the dying hour !

How eager through the sacred page
My eyes delighted rove,
Tracing thy acts from earliest age,
Thy wisdom and thy love!

And as I read, with pleasure fraught,
Most grateful feels my heart,
That I, by parent care, was taught
The truth thy laws impart.

The untaught savage hails the sun,
As source of life and day,
While I to God, and God alone,
My daily worship pay.

Since then such benefits are mine,
When thousands know thee not,
My actions sure should doubly shine,
Proportion'd to my lot.

Each moment as my mind expands,
Thy glory shines more bright:
I know my life is in thy hands,
And own it with delight.

For if thy dictates I fulfil,
And thou the pow'r hast given,
Such knowledge of thy holy will
Shall gain the joys of heaven.

On a Sleeping Infant.

Dearest babe, while sleep hangs o'er
thee,
And thy breath so gently heaves ;
There is one who stands before thee
Who thy cradle never leaves.

Those soft cheeks, like velvet feeling,
She beholds with mother's joy,
For a bloom o'er them is stealing
Sickness did of late destroy.

That dear countenance look'd sadly,
Always moist with pain's sad tears ;
Ev'ry symptom promis'd badly,
Rousing all a parent's fears.

How she griev'd to see thee languish,
Wanting speech thy pain to tell !
Ev'ry sound that told thy anguish
Gave her heart a pang as well.

He, whose life and death were glory,
Came to us in infant form,
Scripture sweetly tells the story
Which one day thy heart shall warm.

Though with tears thine eyes shall
glisten,

And thy cheek with anger glow,
While I tell, and thou shalt listen,
What that babe did undergo.

From his childhood persecuted,
Driven from his place of birth ;
Error then, too deeply rooted,
Could not feel a Saviour's worth.

When I view'd, and thought thee
dying,
Strongly did it bring to mind
What he underwent, when trying
To redeem and save mankind.

O ! that I may live to see thee
Cherish ev'ry word he said,
And his name, who died to save thee,
Never from thy mem'ry fade.

Such remembrance in thy bosom,
Would bring forth, in days to come,
Ev'ry fair and pious blossom,
Bearing an eternal bloom.

Value of Time.

Hasten, George, that lazy pace
 Can never hope to win the race,
 You know I mean a race of *mind*,
 In which 'tis shame to lag behind.

Do you not know that Time hath wings,
 And never waits for worldly things?
 Are you not emulous to be,
 Clever like many boys you see?

Let not more youthful steps advance,
 While you supine, as in a trance,
 Sleep on, and let the wakeful gain
 That excellence you should attain.

The present time is in your hand,
 But who the future can command?
 If idleness the mind controul,
 You must not hope to reach the goal.

Night.

SEE night her shadowy curtain spread
 O'er scenes of busy day;
 The sun, with all his brightness fled,
 Leaves not one cheering ray.

Silent the feather'd warbler's note,
Clos'd many a beauteous flow'r,
Whose tender bloom and glossy coat
Shrink from the dewy hour.

No longer nature's genial smiles
The wand'ring eye delight ;
But mortal man with earthly wiles
Disturbs the peace of night.

Yet 'midst these dangers and this gloom
My heart admits no fear :
Darkness, nor man, can seal my doom,
While Providence is near.

If conscience tells me through the day
My faults have trifling been,
I'll kneel and penitently pray,
Nor fear to rise serene.

Secure of Heaven's protecting care,
My wearied limbs I'll rest ;
Resolv'd with cheerful mind to bear
Whate'er my God thinks best.

On Revenge.

OH ! never may my youthful breast,
With angry passions fraught,
Let malice dark its peace infest,
By one revengeful thought.

Grant me, O God, the pow'r to check
Each deed or thought amiss ;
Nor on my conscience leave a speck
To cloud my promis'd bliss.

Trifling the ills I may endure,
If I consider thine ;
And yet thy spirit, meek and pure,
Did never once repine.

If me unjustly foes accuse,
The truth to thee is known,
And shall themselves with guilt con-
fuse
When summon'd to thy throne.

Nor will my own forbearance fail
To meet a just reward ;
While kindred angels joyful hail
The child approv'd by God.

The Gnat.

A SILLY gnat, with wanton flight,
Spreads out his filmy wings,
And round a blazing candle's light,
In buzzing murmurs sings.

He feels the heat, yet dares its pow'r,
And hovers o'er the flame:
'Tis sing'd, 'tis caught, the flames de-
vour
This thing of vent'rous fame.

So giddy mortals, void of thought,
Vague pleasure's path pursue;
Nor heed that tinsel'd joys are fraught
With sorrow's blighting hue.

The present is the bliss they crave,
To them *this* day is given,
Alas! they think not of the grave,
Nor woo the joys of heaven.

On Grandeur.

RICHES may give external grace,
And deck the worthless mind ;
But 'tis a short and fleeting race,
And to *this* life confin'd.

Virtue alone is truly fair,
A grandeur so sublime—
It sets at distance mortal care,
And seeks a better clime.

Thus artificial light exacts
The wonder of an hour ;
But heaven's bright beam soon coun-
teracts
And humbles human pow'r.

Then let not outward forms combine,
To lead our hearts astray ;
That with true grandeur we may shine,
Where heaven points the way.

The Sun.

HAIL luminary, heavenly bright,
Hail sun, whose beams refresh my sight
When from the waves they rise ;
How great the God who fashion'd thee,
And with thy pomp and majesty
Adorn'd the vaulted skies !

From thee proceeds that gentle flame,
Which, piercing quick thro' nature's
frame,
Makes ev'ry part revive :
The tallest oaks, the smallest plants,
In due proportion to their wants,
Receive its warmth and thrive.

Thou art, when nicely understood,
An emblem of the wise and good,
Who ne'er his help denies ;
But knowledge to the ignorant,
And sustenance to those who want,
With bounteous heart supplies.

The Wish.

A BOY who, with inquiring eye,
Had view'd a swallow's nest,
Wish'd anxiously that he could fly—
He *thought* he should be blest:

To rove the woods and skim the air,
And then at eve to come
And sup together, on that fare
Collected in their home.

But while the little urchin gaz'd,
A loud report was heard;
His heart beats high, he stands amaz'd;
Down drops a youthful bird.

Poor twitt'ring rambler, void of harm,
Who could thy path annoy?
Could not the murd'rous gunner's arm
Some vicious bird destroy?

Ah! me, I see how vain are those
Who idle wishes vent:
Henceforth I'll fly such silly foes,
Which nourish discontent.

God the best Judge.

Both joy and sorrow come from thee,
For thou dispensest all,
Thy will commands prosperity,
Thy word decrees our fall.

Amid the choicest scenes of wealth,
When comforts seem secure,
Or in the proudest bloom of health,
Our state is never sure.

Thy searching wisdom knows what's
best,
Unworthy as we are,
And feels a father's interest,
A tender father's care.

Whatever ills in life I meet
My heart shall not repine,
Whate'er of good shall seem more sweet
Because a gift of thine.

Though scenes may change, yet shall
my soul
Firm to its purpose be,
And like the needle to the pole
Still turn, O Lord, to thee.

On Love to one another.

WHEN first creation own'd a birth,
 And from the bosom of the earth
 Sprung flower, herb, and tree;
 When man more perfect than the whole
 Was form'd with feeling, mind, and
 Then all was harmony. [soul,

Yet man, with sense and reason blest,
 For whom fair nature thus was drest,
 Who ev'ry bliss enjoy'd,
 Soon learn'd the sin to disobey,
 And, by temptation led astray,
 This harmony destroy'd.

If we but cast our eyes around,
 And view the beauties which abound
 At ev'ry step we tread;
 Or listen to the warbling throng
 Who fill the air with grateful song,
 When summer's stores are spread ;

Small will our gratitude appear,
 Who view such scenes from year to
 Nor feel repentance keen— [year,
 That such examples we should see,
 And not among ourselves agree,
 Like nature's general scene.

Observe beneath yon rose's shade,
Borne on one stalk, two buds display'd;
Who could such union sever?
May faith and friendship ever bind
Each fragile flow'r of human kind,
That we may bloom for ever.

When storms of passion rude arise,
Be nature's rule before our eyes,
To check the coming sin ;
Her gentle precepts let us love,
Yielding to them we soon shall prove
That all mankind are kin.

On Death.

THOUGH death in various forms assail
The life of mortal man ;
Though beauty at his glance be pale,
And feel its bloom a span :

Yet to the upright, perfect heart,
His presence gives no pain ;
Religion can a balm impart
To prove death's terrors vain.

Tis on the guilty mind alone
His tort'ring dart hath claim;
The mind where virtue's seeds are sown
Heeds not the threaten'd aim.

For only o'er our vital breath,
His power hath controul,
A thousand times more great than death
That Pow'r which rules the soul,—

A God who ev'ry action sees,
With clear, impartial eye,
Softening the pangs of death to ease,
Making it bliss to die.

Our dread, therefore, should only be
To swerve from his just ways,
To shun a future misery,
From guilt of present days.

A life in deeds of virtue spent,
Though mark'd by woe and care,
May in death's suff'rings feel content,
Immortal life to share.

The Man of Snow.

Now, my friends, our task is done,
We have made our man of snow ;
True he cannot speak or run,
Yet as true he is no foe.

Let us leave him here awhile,
Certain that he will not stray ;
See the sun, with beaming smile,
Bids us warm ourselves at play.

Ah! its beams do something more,
And the work so late our boast,
Seems to melt at ev'ry pore,
Even now its form is lost.

Here is then our labour's end,
He for whom we took such pains,
Slips away like fickle friend—
Not a vestige now remains.

So in life we form our schemes
Just as fancy leads the mind,
And like this they end in dreams,
Fruit unsound, with tempting rind.

Who that builds on sandy ground
Should pronounce the fabric sure ?
Can the wholesome draught be found
Where the waters are impure ?

When reflection tells us this,
Why should we pursue that path,
Which not only is amiss,
But no useful purpose hath ?

No, let us shun the path that's wrong,
Let us seek the only road,
Where we may, on basis strong,
Build our faith and hopes in God.

Honey of the Mind.

Like the bee I would rove,
For quick changes I love,
And envy his banquet of sweets ;
As he feeds on the bloom,
Or by languor o'ercome,
He into the flower retreats.

Such excursions may do
For a bee, not for you,
Who ought to seek food for the mind;
And sip every hour,
From learning's fair flower,
The honey of wisdom to find.

First Recollection of Dawn.

OH! first remember'd glorious morn,
That on my slumbers stole;
My dawn of sense wak'd with thy dawn,
Yet not conceiv'd the whole.

Surpris'd I view'd the misty grey
Disperse the gloom of night,
Fancied I saw a brighter ray,
Yet scarce could call it light.

While on the half-enlighten'd cloud,
With anxious heart I gaz'd,
The glorious sunbeams bursting
shew'd
What ev'ry sense amaz'd.

The hills, the dales, which night had
screen'd

With all their beauteous store,
Reviv'd when o'er the scene he gleam'd
More lovely than before.

How, ask'd my heart, is all this done,
And who these wonders caus'd?
Proceeds it from yon glorious sun,
Or is it?———and I paus'd :

For sudden on my infant soul
The first great truth now rush'd,
Fixt firm at once without controul,
While ev'ry doubt was hush'd.

We, but as dew-drops seemed now,
Thou, the diffusive show'r ;
We but the half-form'd buds, and thou
The wide-expanding flow'r.

Oh! where exists the wretched heart
That will not all believe,
Or even doubt the smallest part,
When babes like me conceive ?

Ah! let him view, as I have done,
The truths one dawn can show ;
Let him but watch the rising sun—
He'll feel as I do now.

He'll seek the shelter of that flow'r,
That shadows virtue's seed;
Then own there is a secret pow'r,
A very God indeed.

Spring.

No longer bleak Winter presides,
With her snow-chilling train she
retires; [hides,
See the treasures of earth which she
Till the cold rain of Winter expires.

See the path which of late we explor'd
While our footsteps imprinted the
snow—

By the bounty of nature new stor'd,
With a thousand varieties glow.

How fresh looks the green of the plain!
How cheering the rays of the sun!
He heeds not the light-falling rain,
And his beams and the drops seem
as one.

Ah! list to the notes of delight,
 As from every spray they now pour;
 'Tis Spring doth this rapture excite,
 For the hardships of Winter are o'er.

What a fragrance the blossoms diffuse!
 How beauteous the hues they display!
 [dew,
 And at morn, when bespangled with
 What diamond looks brighter than
 they!

Just so is the Spring of our youth,
 We in innocent beauty thus shine,
 Ere we quit the plain dictates of truth,
 With the world and the vicious to
 join.

Summer.

How clear, how bright, yon cloud of
 blue,
 Reflected in the limpid stream!
 How rich yon damask rose's hue,
 Expanding in the noon-day beam!

Bending with fruit, the loaded trees
Ripen beneath the sultry ray ;
While man and cattle court the breeze,
And eager shun the heat of day.

Its frolic sports the lamb gives o'er,
And languid seeks the hedge's shade,
Returns unto the mead no more,
Till ev'ning breezes lend their aid.

'Tis when the glorious sun has set,
We view the good his warmth hath
done ;

And seeing, feel how vast the debt
We owe the Author of that sun.

The luscious fruit, the waving corn,
Ask but a little of our care ;
If tender'd in the season's morn,
Their benefits become our share.

Oft in life's Summer we may find,
Though various pleasures we enjoy,
That the weak, fickle, silly mind,
Chooses the good that soon must
cloy.

But when our sun of youth is past,
We think of former good, and sigh,
Regretting, while such joys did last,
We thought not of the Autumn nigh.

Autumn.

GAY Summer's treasures disappear,
Wither'd her beauteous flow'rs ;
The short'ning days speak Autumn
near
To rob the leafy bowers.

Cool blows the wind, with misty rain,
In mournful murm'ring sound ;
The fading leaves resist in vain,
And, rustling, strew the ground.

The acorn drops at ev'ry breeze,
Bounding the path along ;
The redbreast quits the leafless trees,
And nearer sings her song.

Early the sun retires to rest ;
But as his rays decline,
Their gold reflection tints the west,
When he has ceas'd to shine.

How like the scene to man's career !
But when his Summer's o'er,
Conscience should be the sun to cheer ;
Man's seasons come no more.

Amaz'd he views the lapse of time
When age is creeping on ;
For ever pass'd his days of prime,
Winter alone's to come.

Winter.

AND see the Winter now appear,
The cold wind boist'rous blows ;
The distant hill, the valley near,
A barren prospect shows.

Those trees, with chilling Autumn
faded,
Their ev'ry leaf have lost ;
The path that leads where grove once
shaded,
Now glistens with the frost.

The timid bird that hasty fled,
When footsteps met its ear,
Now ventures to the crums we spread,
Hunger o'ercoming fear.

See, shrinking from the piercing storm,
The beggar aid implores ;
No cheering blaze his cold limbs warm,
Nor plenty opes her stores :

While those who fortune's gifts enjoy,
 Spread the luxuriant board ;
 Yet shall their pleasures feel alloy—
 Time's warnings will be heard.

The snow shall melt, the storm give
 o'er,
 The trees again bud green :
 Life's Winter past, and we no more
 Shall tread the busy scene.

In Spring our hearts we should prepare,
 That as our years decay,
 Conscience should soften ev'ry care,
 Hope point the heav'nly way.

First Recollection of Public Worship.

THY word, O God, from earliest youth
 Hath been to me most dear,
 I've listen'd to the sacred truth
 With blended love and fear.

But when unto thy temple brought,
 To join in general pray'r,

Where rich and poor, by precept
taught,
Ask'd thy protecting care ;

What language can express the new
And various joys that sprung,
When listening to the praise thy due,
By hundred voices sung !

Distinct as were the multitude
In points that trivial be,
I found alike in pray'r they sued—
All had one voice to thee.

I ventur'd in thy praise to join,
Although in feeble song ;
Ah ! didst thou hear this voice of mine,
When mingling with the throng ?

Yes, yes, I know thy ready ear
To infant pray'r is given,
That if I do my duty here,
I join the choir of heaven.

This hope alone my mind shall guide,
To all that's right and just,
Through life's great scene shall be my
pride,—
Hereafter make me blest.

Censure.

“First cast the beam out of thine own eye.”

Matt. vii. 5.

How soon our watchful eyes can view
 The smallest faults which others do!
 Yet to our own we're ever blind,
 And very few or none we find.
 If with our neighbours we compare,
 Their faults like mountains do appear }
 While ours but trifling molehills are. }
 But did we with impartial eye,
 Our own as well as theirs descry,
 The odds, perhaps, would be but small,
 Or to our share the greatest fall.
 For by experience we find,
 There needs but little strength of mind
 Man's imperfections to explore—
 Fools oft-times have it in their power,
 And they're most apt to ridicule
 Who least observe perfection's rule.

Though reason acts, a feeble guide,
 We virtue and her laws deride;
 By envy stung, or conscious shame,
 Each strives to wound another's fame;

So quick our sight, we can espy
In innocence deformity !
Nay, human frailties oftentimes
Appear premeditated crimes.

But who, my friends, is most to
blame,
The man who wounds another's fame,
Or those who, with a greedy ear,
The tales of scandal love to hear ?

On Envy.

How cold the heart, how weak the mind
That can another's merits view,
Mark the rich gifts that grace mankind,
Yet seek to hide the praise their due !

Such unkind feelings should not dwell
One moment in the youthful breast ;
For who the cruel pangs can tell,
When tort'ring envy is its guest ?

Tho' greater charms our friends may
own,
Or, blest with talents still more bright,

Think not the good is theirs alone,
If equal be our sense of right.

Such worldly blessings may create
The ready praise by mortals given ;
But by the wise decrees of fate,
Virtue alone hath praise in heaven.

Should outward charms alone conspire
To gain the object, public fame—
Far be from us the vain desire,
In such a cause to hold a claim.

If goodness be the theme of praise,
With rapture let us join the strain ;
Catching the spark from virtue's rays,
And prove th' example is not vain.

On Good Humour.

IN the sport of our juvenile days,
With the dearest of sisters and brothers,
How often our wish lies one way,
And that of our playmates another!

Yet why should such trifles excite
Discontent, and dark looks of dis-
pleasure—

Spoil the moments of purest delight,
Forgetting that patience's a treasure?

How easy to yield with a grace,
Which good nature can ever bestow,
To recall her sweet smiles to a face,
When a frown was beginning to show!

How easy to grant their request,
Though at first it may seem out of
reason;

But in time they will feel you were
just,
And reflection will come in due
season.

'Tis then that your friendship they'll
court,

As your merit they learn to discern;
They'll remember you yielded in sport,
And will yield you their love in
return.

On Charity.

CAN we the various good survey
Which Providence bestows ?

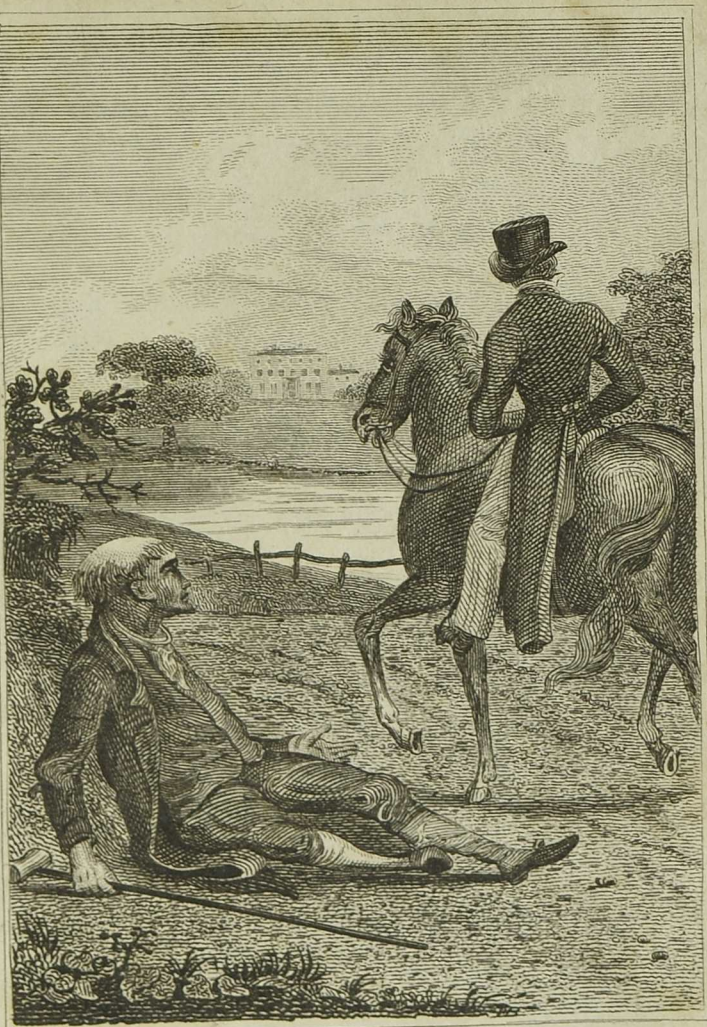
Can we receive, nor wish to pay
The debt such bounty owes ?

Can we enjoy, nor cast an eye
Where sorrow droops her head ;
Or shun the haunts of poverty,
To pity's feelings dead ?

Sure He who all our comforts gave,
That we might give again,
Will scorn the being, loath to save
A fellow-man from pain.

And well may He, whose endless love
To us is daily shown,
Expect our sense of it we prove
In actions like his own.

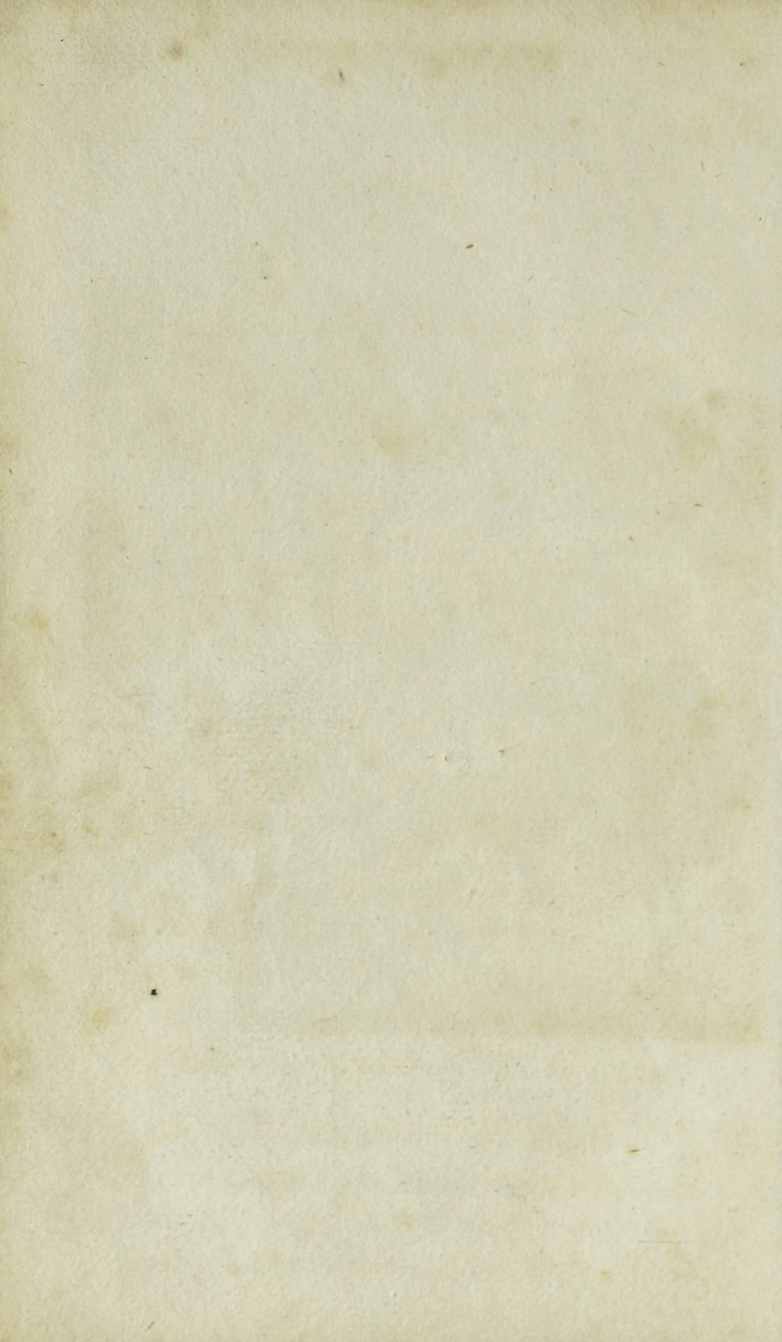
The orphan or the widow's prayer
He never hears in vain ;
The destitute he makes his care,
And does their lives sustain.



"Sure he who all our comforts gave,
That we might give again,
Will scorn the being, averse to save
A fellow man from pain.

Charity, Page 32.

London Published May 1.1818, by W. Darton, 58 Holborn Hill.



So should we haste to give relief,
If with the means prepared ;
So eager seek to soothe the grief,
Our happier lot has spared.

That when that awful day shall come,
When judgment shall be given,
Such charity may fix our doom
To dwell with saints in heaven.

The House built of Cards.

LAUGH, my friends, for laugh you may,
If for laughter cause you find,
That my house is blown away,
By a sudden blast of wind.

Oh ! how oft do you, as I,
For the wind your building raise,
Domes so spacious and so high,
Domes on which with pride you
gaze !

Will they one day longer stand ?
We shall see what time they last ;
Lo ! the moment is at hand,
Which the joys of life shall blast.

*A Child's Lamentation for the Death
of a dear Mother.*

A poor afflicted child, I kneel
Before my heav'nly Father's seat,
To tell him all the grief I feel,
And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay
These tears that trickle while I bend,
Since thou art pleas'd to take away
So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain
The many times I griev'd her sore ;
Oh ! if she could but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye,
'Twould be my play to do her will ;
And she should never have to sigh
Again, for my behaving ill.

But since she's gone so far away,
And cannot profit by my pains,
Let me this child-like duty pay
To that dear parent who remains.

Let me console his broken heart,
And be his comfort by my care ;
That when at last we come to part,
I may not have such grief to bear.

How long, sometimes, a day appears !
And weeks, how long are they !
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago
That I was taught to read ;
And since I was a babe, I know
'Tis very long indeed.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone :
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have
an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun !

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

Pride.

O! Pride, thou art a little thing,
Great as thou fain would be ;
Thy honours ever on the wing,
Spite of thy vanity.

I would thine eye would deign to view
The beauties of the field ;
Will spring thy charms as theirs renew ;
Or must thy folly yield ?

And yield to what ? a simple flower
Nurtur'd by nature's hand,
Whilst thou with all thy boasted power
Hast nothing at command.

The pomp of life may promise much,
To please the trifling mind ;
But ah ! its constancy is such,
It passeth like the wind.

The servile few may call thee great,
While thou canst gifts bestow ;
But let prosperity abate,
And they will sink thee low :

See all thy faults, and scorn thy pride,
Deem thee of little worth,
A being but to dust allied,
And must return to earth.

If this be true, why wish to shine
To run so mean a course?
Leave such base metal in the mine,
And seek a richer source,—

Search wisdom's depths, where lies a
store
No time hath yet defaced;
An unadulterated ore,
That cannot be debas'd.

False and true Praise.

ALL cry, that I'm taller and prettier
each day;
Now whether 'tis flattery or no,
I wish they could make an addition,
and say,
That I daily more sensible grow.

To grow tall or handsome depends not
on me—

To time is that praise due alone ;
But if in my learning, improvement
they see,

Such praise I receive as my own.

The Fish on the Hook.

SEE, in the stream, with many a maze,
The little wanton frisks and plays ;
And when he views his foe above,
Imagines his deceit is love.

Regardless of the line and hook,
He on the prey is charm'd to look ;
With joy he leaps and snaps the bait,
Ah ! foolish fish, thou seek'st thy fate.

Of such misconduct I'll beware,
And prudent fly the fatal snare ;
Avoid what others has undone,
And all the world's allurements shun.

Obedience to Parents.

THE source of every grief we know,
To our first parents' sin we owe;
Their disobedience to the word
And laws of an almighty Lord,
Provok'd his wrath and seal'd the doom
Of thousand beings yet to come.

So when from parents' law we stray,
And cease their precepts to obey,
The crime not only now will show
But prove the cause of future woe;
And to our souls hereafter be
A bar to heaven's eternity.

For how can we expect to move
The just decrees of God above,
Which promise bliss and length of
days,
To those who walk in duty's ways?
So that when life to death be given,
They meet a Father's love in heaven.

On Vanity.

WHY should a weak and vain desire
For outward show and gay attire,
Engage our thoughts, employ our time,
Wasting the precious hours of prime ?

If gaudy colours please thy sight,
Approach and view yon tulips bright :
If bloom and beauty suit thy taste,
To yonder blooming rose-tree haste.

There hue and fragrance sweet com-
bine,
To form a dress almost divine ;
Yet while we gratify the eye,
That very glance may see it die.

If thus the works of nature fade,
How useless those which art hath
made !

How rich to ours, their bright array !
Yet must we die as well as they.

No dress can inward folly hide—
Be Virtue's garb our only pride ;
Her purity and taste refin'd
Will teach us to adorn the mind.

Humanity to the Dumb Species.

WHILE I feel all the vigour of youth,
And my cheek glows with pleasure
and health,

When my wants of the day speak a
truth,

That I lack not the comforts of
wealth—

I could wish from all ill to refrain,

Ever ready to aid the distress'd,

Nor e'er for a moment give pain

To a being with feeling possess'd.

How often I've view'd with concern,

My companions destroy a poor fly !

Ah ! could not their pity discern

It was pain e'en for insects to die ?

And sure from the plenty we share,

From the blessings we daily enjoy,

One meal to a fly we might spare,

And not the poor victim destroy.

When I sought in the heat of the day

For repose 'neath the willow-trees'

shade,

On the grass a young pigeon there lay,

Sore wounded and needing kind aid:

As I rais'd it, my bosom was pain'd
To see the blood flowing around ;
Little pleasure the cruel hand gain'd
That inflicted so grievous a wound.

I bath'd its white breast in the stream,
I press'd its poor head to my cheek ;
How reviv'd did the sufferer seem !
And oh ! how I wish'd it could
speak !

I return'd to the opening glade,
With a hope that the warmth of the
sun
And my bosom, whereon it was laid,
Would finish the work thus begun.

But the beams of the sun came too
late
To restore the chill form that I prest ;
I look'd to discover its fate,
And the pigeon was dead on my
breast.

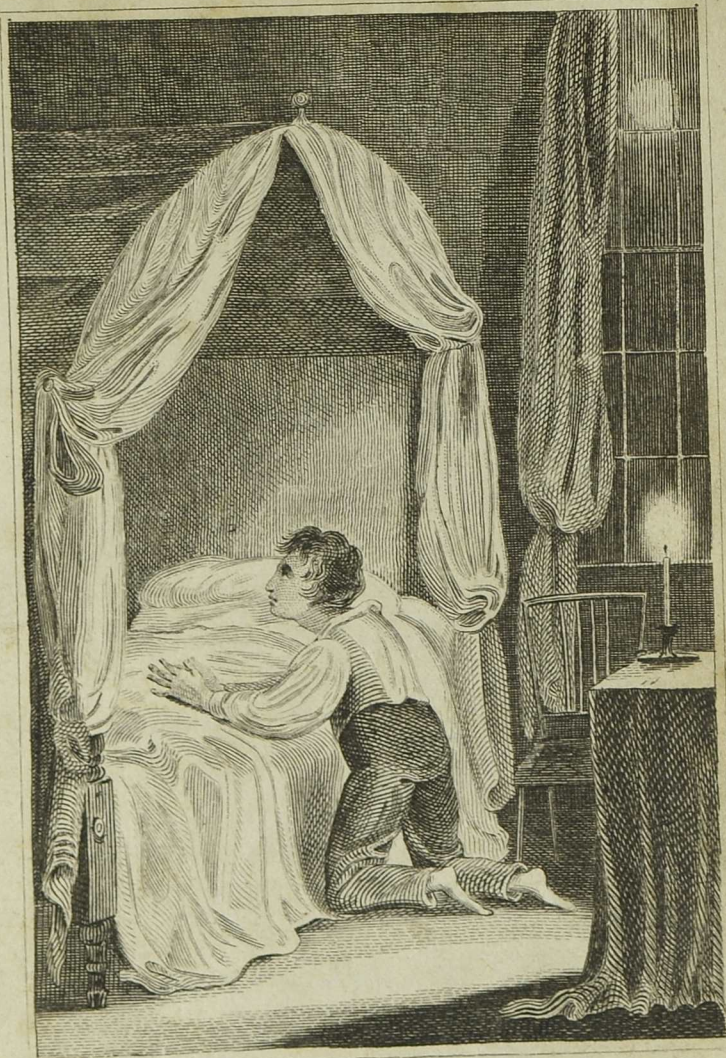
I wept when I found life was flown ;
Yet I knew the poor bird was re-
liev'd,
And I thought had the deed been my
own,
A thousand times more had I griev'd.

A Morning Prayer.

ALMIGHTY God, most gracious pow'r,
That know'st the fate of ev'ry hour,
Accept a grateful infant's pray'r,
For the past night's unbounded care.
O guide me through the coming day,
Nor from thy dictates let me stray ;
Or should my passions lead me wrong,
Do thou restrain my lips and tongue ;
Check ev'ry thought or habit vain,
And bring me to thyself again.
Ah ! let me not the wants pass o'er
Of those in earthly gifts deem'd poor ;
If good or ill my portion be,
Yet while the source I trace in thee,
Let me rejoice or firmly bear
The lot thy wisdom made my share.
To parents' precepts, next to thine,
A ready ear may I incline ;
To all who claim a kindred tie
Let my affections multiply.
But lest my mind should weakly yield,
Be thou, O Lord, my strength and
shield ;
In ev'ry thought and action blend,
My God, my father, and my friend.

An Evening Prayer.

O God ! who from thy heav'nly throne,
On us thy creatures lookest down,
Thou knowest ev'ry fault I've done,
From earliest dawn to setting sun ;
The smallest point on which I've err'd
Is now before thine eye, O Lord !
Yet so extensive is thy love,
(As ev'ry passing hour can prove,)
I thus again for mercy sue,
That thou my pardon would'st renew ;
Pass all my youthful errors o'er,
And save as thou hast done before ;
But fix'd within my grateful breast
Let such great goodness be imprest,
So that I never sin again,
Lest my appeal be made in vain :
Protect me in the hour of sleep,
And from all harm thy creature keep ;
In safety let my friends repose ;
Softens the sick and prisoners' woes ;
And when again the sun shall rise,
When on the world I ope my eyes,
May I from ev'ry sin be free,
From this time to eternity.



"O God! who from thy heav'nly throne,"
Evening Prayer, page 44.

London. Published May 11 1818, by W. Darton, 58, Holborn Hill.

The Cherry-Tree.

I planted a cherry-stone here,
Expecting it shortly would sprout,
And oft have I look'd, but I fear
The stranger will never come out.

Perhaps like the germ of the mind,
It only takes root with much care ;
The soil must be yielding and kind,
Or how can its produce be rare ?

I did not consider this truth,
And thus may have spoil'd a fair
tree ;
But those who instruct me, in youth
A better example must see.

The root they have planted shall grow,
Their efforts I gladly will meet,
At least, for the care they bestow,
The fruit shall be juicy and sweet.

Submission to the Divine Will.

Though born to all the ills of life,
Man may be happy still,
If in the hour of care and strife
He bends him to thy will—

Thy will, O Lord! which ever was,
And ever will be just ;
To thee he may submit his cause,
And to thy mercy trust.

For who but Thee can lead us through
This labyrinth of woe ;
Our fainting health and strength renew,
When weaken'd by the foe ?

How grateful is it to repose
Our hopes on rock so sure ;
And even when this life shall close,
To *know thou* wilt endure !

The world may act a cruel part,
And tempt us to repine ;
But how can man be faint at heart
With such support as thine ?

The Wish.

I wish'd for a bright sunny day,
It came, and I found it too warm ;
And then, how I wish'd it away!—
Thought heat was much worse than
a storm.

The rain fell in torrents at eve,
Preventing the walk I desir'd ;
I watch'd it, and could not but grieve ;
Of staying within I was tir'd.

But O ! the next morn when I rose,
And saw what these changes had
done ;
How rain will those beauties disclose,
First strengthen'd and warm'd by
the sun !

I blush'd at my past discontent,
As all such weak reasoners must ;
Convinced that whatever is sent
From heaven, must always be just.

On Idleness.

WHAT pleasure can the idle feel,
As thro' the irksome day they steal,
 Weary, tho' unemploy'd?
No regular pursuit is theirs,
Their very wishes turn to cares,
 And with success they're cloy'd.

Not so the firm and active mind,
Where will and industry combin'd,
 Full well time's value know:
Eager their knowledge to improve,
The hours on wings of pleasure move,
 While each, improvement show.

Yet, when the hour of study's o'er,
With airy steps and spirits pure,
 They join in youthful play;
No sameness in their sports appear,
Ease and content are ever near,
 And pleasure takes her sway.

The idle views in mute surprise
The cheerful group, and envious sighs
 For all his pleasures flown;



"The idle views in mute surprise
The cheerful groupe, and envious sighs
For all his pleasures flown;"

Idleness, page 49.

London Published May 1. 1818, by W. Darton, 58 Holborn Hill.

But let him think how he has spent
His time, on no one purpose bent—
He'll feel the fault his own.

Ah! thinkest thou the active bee
Completes her work of industry
From one fair flower's bloom ;
Or can those hope content to share,
Who for the future take no care,
Tho' days and years consume ?

The Child's Hope.

It may appear I am too bold
To think my feeble claim,
Fits me to join that chosen fold,
For whom the Shepherd came.

But I have read that God delights,
To have us near his throne ;
And we are guiltless of those slights
Men offer'd to his Son.

The great Almighty condescends
To listen to man's prayer ;
To children also he attends,
For they yet weaker are.

Then may I not have some belief,
 I do not plead in vain ;
 May I not hope for that relief,
 Our Saviour *died* to gain ?

Yes, I will hope, though vanity
 Shall not mislead my mind ;
 And is not Faith allow'd to be
 The anchor of mankind ?

The Field Lily.

THE lilies of the field,
 That quickly pass away,
 To us a lesson yield,
 Who die as soon as they.

Those pretty blossoms, see,
 Decaying on the stem ;
 A storm swept o'er the tree,
 And soon it wither'd them.

Just like the early rose
 We see an infant bloom ;
 But death, 'ere yet it blows,
 May snatch it to the tomb.

Then let us think on death,
Even while young and gay ;
God, who gave life and breath,
Can also take away.

While yet our lives are spared,
We constantly should try
To live, so well prepared,
We need not fear to die.

Holy Example.

Let not the idle say,
(Because it suits their turn,)
That on some future day
They will attend and learn ;
Knowledge can never be imprest
Too soon upon the youthful breast.

In scripture we are told,
Our Saviour in his youth,
When only twelve years old,
Could well expound the truth ;
And even to the learn'd explain
What man's weak sense could not
attain.

Though it be not design'd,
 That we should be thus wise,
 Yet, bless'd with pow'rs of sense,
 We should not shut our eyes,
 Or shrink from sources that will show
 The spring of knowledge whence they
 flow.

Our Saviour while he taught,
 Still follow'd nature's laws,
 And though with wisdom fraught,
 Felt in a parent's cause—
 When they to seek him sorrowing came,
 Heard their rebuke, and own'd their
 claim.

If he, the Son of God,
 Could thus obedient be ;
 Shall we, but earthly sod,
 Not shew humility,
 And prove by acts that please him most,
 His bright example is not lost ?

Falsehood.

What is a lie, but useless fraud,
 That never gains its end ;
 Some undeserving act to ward,
 And must to others tend ?



"Stay, youthful passenger awhile;
For by thy gentle tread,
The charm of youth is in thy smile,
And o'er thy cheek is spread."

Blind Boy, page 55.

London Published May 1818, by W. Darton, 58 Holborn Hill.

Who ever told a thing untrue,
And did not coward feel ;
And while he hid the truth from view,
Felt blushes o'er him steal ?

No arts though skilful well can screen
The fact we would deny ;
For ev'ry artifice is seen,
By Truth's inquiring eye.

Still more, the mighty Judge of all,
Sends forth his angry dart,
Which turns our ev'ry thought to gall,
While conscience probes the heart.

The Blind Boy.

STAY, youthful passenger; awhile ;
For by thy gentle tread,
The charm of youth is in thy smile,
And o'er thy cheek is spread.

'Tis true I cannot see thee smile,
Or view thy glowing cheek ;
Yet it would half my cares beguile,
But just to hear thee speak.

And speak, Oh speak ! in soothing
voice,

With feeling tone and kind ;
The sound shall make my heart rejoice,
And cheer the wand'ring blind.

Deign but my sorrowing tale to hear,
As true, alas ! as sad,

Pity perchance may drop a tear,
And whisper, Poor blind lad !

For Oh ! how blest thy lot to mine,

What pleasures round thee flow ;
Joys in *reality* are thine,
I but in *fancy* know.

I hear thee praise the rose's bloom,
But lost its bloom on me ;

I only feel when seasons come,
Their charms I cannot see.

Thou seest all the varying change,

The glorious cause of light ;
Alas ! no matter where I range,
The scene is ever night.

My grief began with life's first breath,
For ere the hour's close,

My widow'd mother sought in death
Relief from all her woes.

Thus I, a wretched orphan, left ;
On the world's bounty thrown ;
Of both my parents' care bereft,
Blind, friendless, and unknown.

Oh ! it would pain thy tender breast,
Were all my sorrows told—
How oft I've sought a place of rest,
Some shelter from the cold :

And as the pelting storm I heard,
Trembling, afraid to move,
Envied each little chirping bird,
That shar'd a parent's love.

Then to my God I'd fervent pray,
To shield me from each ill ;
Then patient wait the dawn of day,
Submissive to his will.

In his great name a boon I crave,
Thou wilt not, sure, refuse ;
A trifle would from misery save
The poor blind boy that sues.

And Oh ! when thou shalt cease to
live,
For this thy gen'rous care,
May heaven thy ev'ry sin forgive,
Shall be the orphan's prayer !

*Compassion for the Deformities of
others.*

IF thro' God's protecting care,
Thy form and nature perfect are,
And if, all other gifts to crown,
The first of blessings, health, you own :

Ah ! look around with feeling eye,
On objects, whose deformity
Make them less pleasing to the view
Than bounteous nature renders you.

Though features harsh, and form most
rude,
May on the outward form intrude ;
How oft within such forms we find
The lasting beauties of the mind !

Never in wanton sport deride
Misfortunes nature does not hide ;
Reflect, that He who all things made
Perfect, imperfect, light, and shade—

With equal eye mankind regards,
And equally their work rewards ;
Virtue from vice his hand will sever,
Doom us to bliss or pain for ever.

On Truth.

OF all the gifts in virtue's pow'r,
That should adorn the breast of
youth,

The fairest, as the purest flow'r,
Is ever-valu'd, simple truth.

Pure as the newly-fallen snow,
Open as mercy's gates to sin,
From her fair stem what treasures
grow,

Forming a store of wealth within!

Her dictates ever lead us right,
Less'ning the fault she bids us own;
Turning false shame to sweet delight—
Delight to liars never known.

Tho' trifling be the act we do,
Or great the punishment we shun,
Not in base falsehood's name we'll sue,
But own with truth the fault that's
done.

For God, who heeds the sinner's sigh,
Hails the repenting soul with joy;
Will look with pity's beaming eye,
Nor e'er a contrite babe destroy.

If of his pardon thus secure,
 The world's reproach no ill shall
 prove,
 Led on by truth, we'll all endure,
 Till list'ning to the truth above.

“Thou, God, seest me.”

AMONG the deepest shades of night
 Can there be one who sees my way?
 Yes;—God is like a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.

When ev'ry eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without controul?
 No; for a constant watch He keeps,
 On ev'ry thought, on ev'ry soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone,
 On ev'ry side there would be God.

Cat and the Doves.

O ! cruel cat that could pursue
My pretty doves that used to coo,
And fill my heart with joy ;
I never can caress thee more,
For ev'ry pur says o'er and o'er,
“ Thy doves I did destroy.”

And yet, poor puss, when I reflect,
What more from thee could I expect ?
Instinct alone guides thee ;
By nature, cruelty is thine,
But a more precious gift is mine—
Soft, kind humanity !

God every where.

God made the world—in ev'ry land
His love and power abound :
All are protected by HIS hand,
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, and English cot,
Alike his care must own,
Though savage nations know him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands
To Lapland's frozen shores.

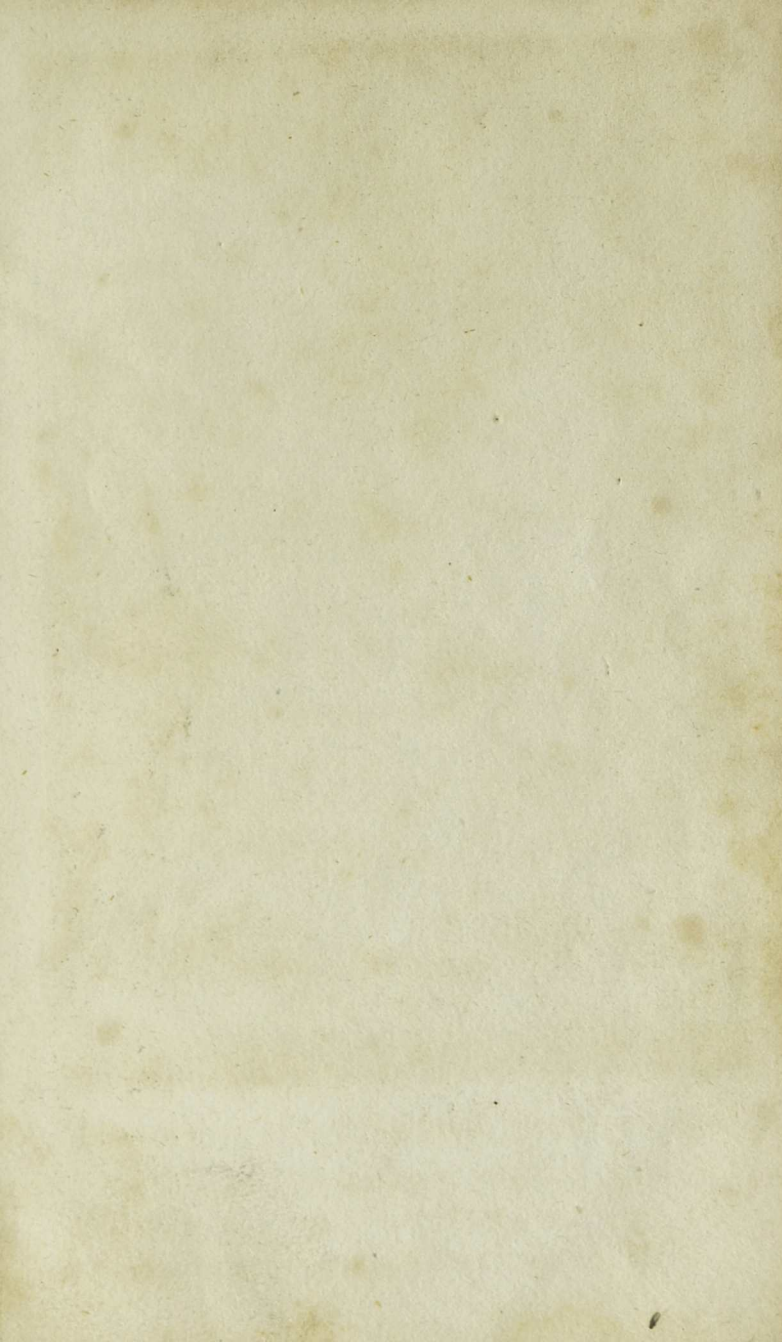
In forest shades and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power he reigns,
An ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of diff'rent nations, name, and birth,
He knows them ev'ry one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The cultur'd and the wild ;
The lofty monarch on the throne,
And ev'ry little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's pray'r,
And the poor Negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends his mercies down :
None are too mean to share his smile,
Or to provoke his frown.





Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me".

Page 63.

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Great God! and since thy piercing eye
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from ev'ry sin to fly,
And turn that heart to thee.

*“ Jesus said, Suffer little Children to
come unto me.”*

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat ;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were
spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“ Forbid them not,” the Saviour said,
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heav'nly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smil'd ;
O ! then, he will not frown on me,
A poor, unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not, surely, let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

The Sailor Boy's Reflections.

Here then I am, on boundless sea,
And when I view my home
Though made with ingenuity,
Yet, venturing thus to roam,—

When I behold the foaming wave,
That bounds against its side,
And think on all the ills we brave,
With those the deep may hide,—

I marvel, that such mites as we,
The dangerous deep should try ;
So near as seems eternity,
And we unfit to die !

If from this scene I turn aside,
Then memory runs ashore,
To that dear home I left one day,
Perhaps to see no more.

I hear my father's sad farewell,
I see my mother's tears,
Their blessings I remember well,
Their wishes, hopes, and fears.

They bade me do thy holy will,
O Lord, and turn to thee,
For tho' the storm be loud and shrill,
Thou art security.

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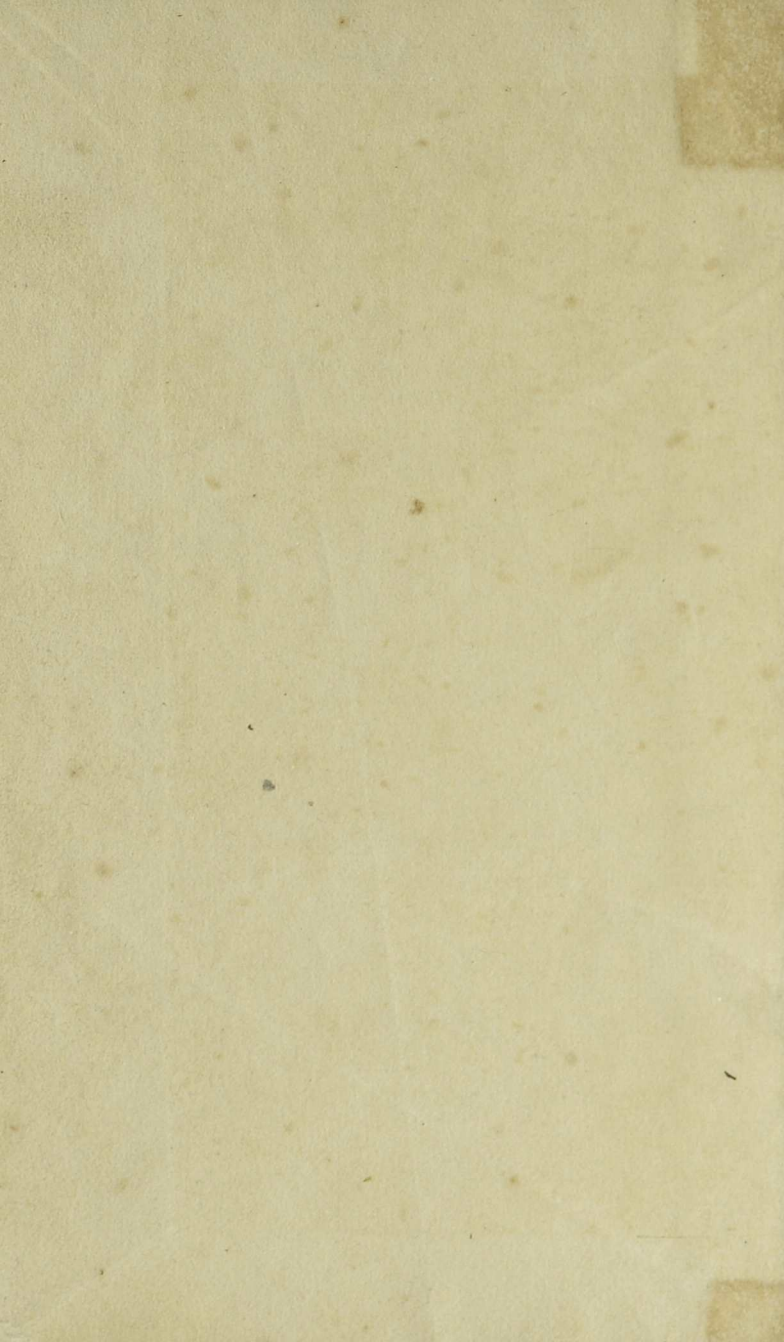
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