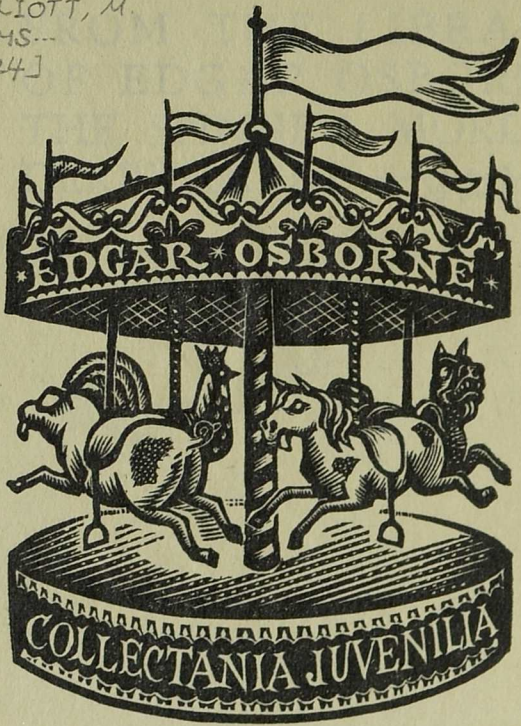


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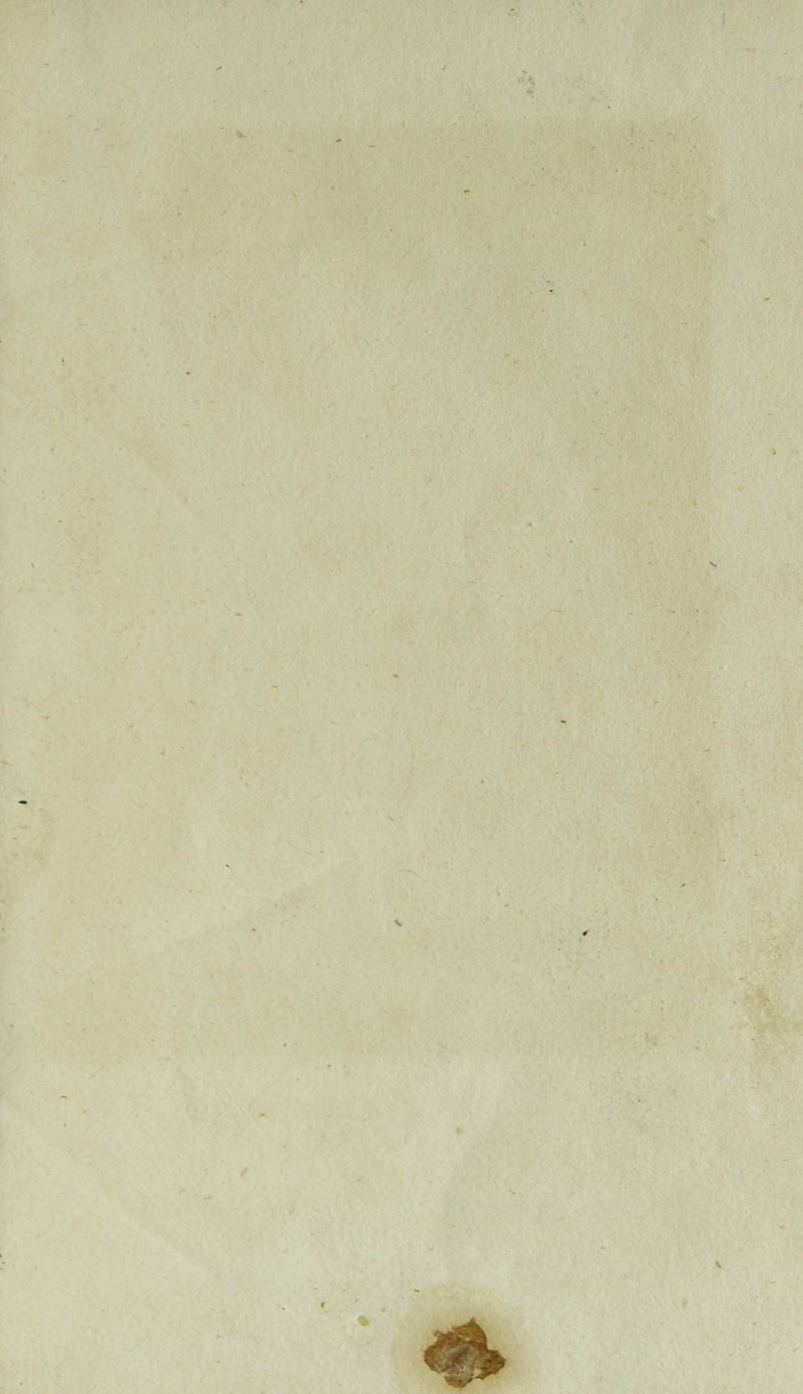


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Mrs Charlotte Edlin



FRONTISPIECE TO "GEMS IN THE MINE."



THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

SLY puss is on the watch
Until I go away,
And then she hopes to catch
My pretty bird for prey.

see page 49

London. William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 3. mo. 6. 1824.

GEMS IN THE MINE ;

OR,

TRAITS AND HABITS OF CHILDHOOD,

IN VERSE.

BY MARY ELLIOTT.

These gems in nature's state receive,
And if they should excite
One virtuous deed, that *one* shall leave
A polish ever bright.

London :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLEBORN-HILL.

GEMS IN THE MIND

GEMS IN THE MIND

THE ARTS AND HABITS OF CHILDHOOD

THE MIND

BY MRS. MARY ELLIOTT

ALL OF US HAVE A MIND

AND IT IS OURS TO USE

AS WE PLEASE

AND TO TRAIN IT

TO DO WHATEVER WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

AND TO MAKE IT

AS GOOD AS WE PLEASE

Printed by G. SMALLFIELD, Hackney.

GEMS IN THE MINE.

The Holiday.

DAY of pleasure come at last,
All my irksome lessons past !
Now I shall have time to play,
And enjoy my holiday.

Not a book shall meet my view,
Nor one stitch of work I'll do ;
I may stroll about at ease,
Play, or do just as I please.

But is this what I desire ?
Will not so much leisure tire ?
Shall I, when the day is o'er,
Feel more happy than before ?

No ; 'tis said, that days employ'd,
Always are the most enjoy'd ;
And the truth I must confess—
Pleasure is not idleness.

The Bud of Pink.

SEE this pretty bud of pink
 Bursting from amongst the green ;
 Not a month has pass'd, I think,
 Since its stem was scarcely seen.

But I tended it with care,
 Pluck'd each saucy weed that grew ;
 Morn and evening did repair
 Such attentions to renew.

So my parents tended me,
 Watch'd my progress every hour,
 Strove from faults to keep me free,
 That I might in virtue flower.

Pretty bud, you please the eye,
 And your odour sweet we find ;
 But a child, like me, should try
 For the *sweets* and *bloom* of mind.

Falsehood Checked.

FOOLISH tongue, so quick to speak,
 I have check'd you just in time ;
 See, the blushes on my cheek
 Chide you for the threaten'd crime.

Why should I the truth deny ?
 Could I thus my fault repair,
 Know I not, there is an eye
 In whose sight my heart is bare ?

Had I let you utter *No*,
 When I knew it should be *Yes* ;
 Say, if I had acted so,
 Could you aid me in distress ?

No, indeed you *now* may say,
 Falsehood meets the shame its due ;
 Should we into error stray,
Truth alone can bring us through.

The Doll.

PRETTY doll, of waxen form,
 Soft thy bloom, and bright thine eye !
 But, expos'd to sun or storm,
 Soon would all these beauties fly.

Then, I should not call thee fair,
 Take such pains thy clothes to make,
 Praise thy lips and curling hair,
 Kiss thee for thy beauty's sake.

But no matter thy decay ;
 Thou hast neither thought nor sense ;
 Thou wert only made for play,
 Not to give or take offence.

I may lose my charms as well ;
 But, though plain to outward view,
 Yet may read, and write, and spell,
 And worthy actions still may do.

Blame to thee can ne'er belong ;
 Nor from dolls can faults proceed ;
 But in *me*, whate'er is wrong,
 Is my own, both thought and deed.

Temper.

Do not cloud your pretty brows
With the frown of discontent ;
Such a gloomy aspect shows
Passions that would fain have vent.

If some trifle has gone wrong,
Why should that disturb your mind ?
Ah ! dear child, if you live long,
Greater trials you will find.

Then, when you have felt real care,
These no longer ills will be,
But mere " trifles light as air,"
Little drops thrown in the sea.

Cruelty.

COME, take a book, and let us read
 Of some good little girl or boy,
 Who never did a cruel deed,
 Or any living thing destroy.

But turn your eyes from that sad page,
 That tells a very shocking thing
 About a child who, in a rage,
 Tore off a harmless insect's wing.

He could not love his parents much,
 For then his heart had been more kind;
 I never heard of any such
 Who were to cruelty inclin'd.

Let us, who feel that mercy's sweet,
 From all such wicked acts abstain,
 Knowing the worm beneath our feet,
 Though dead to *joy's* alive to *pain*.

Envy.

WHAT was it made my bosom swell,
 When listening to my brother's praise?
 Did I regret he had done well?
 And could his worth such feelings raise?

Ah! was it Envy caus'd the pain,
 Though I abhor its very name?
 I trust it will not come again,
 Making me feel so much to blame.

If I am good, why should I fear,
 Though others may deserving prove?
 Should commendation be less dear
 Because 'tis shar'd with those I love?

Far be from me so base a part;
 The struggle past, I now am free;
 Envy, go seek another heart,
 You shall not find a *home* with *me*.

The Sun.

CHEERFUL Sun, I see your beams
 Come to rouse me from my dreams ;
 Wait while I just ope my eyes,
 Then I will not fail to rise.

Ah ! I know what you will say ;
 " I can rise at break of day,
 Warm the earth, and all it yields,
 Deck with flowers gay your fields."

Well, I know all this is true ;
 And the least that I can do,
 As I view what you have done,
 Is to thank you, cheering Sun.

But more grateful should I be
 To Him who made both you and me ;
 All your merits I will own,
 But give praise to God alone.

Orphan Child.

LITTLE baby, yet too young
 To complain in orphan's tongue,
 Well your friendless state I know,
 Though you cannot speak your woe.

O how grievous must it be
 Never parents' face to see!
 Never hear their voice approve,
 Nor receive their kiss of love!

How can those who daily share
 A father's and a mother's care,
 From their precepts go astray,
 When they know they should obey?

Let them view this helpless thing,
 Like a bud in early Spring,
 None to shield it from the cold,
 Or to watch its bloom unfold.

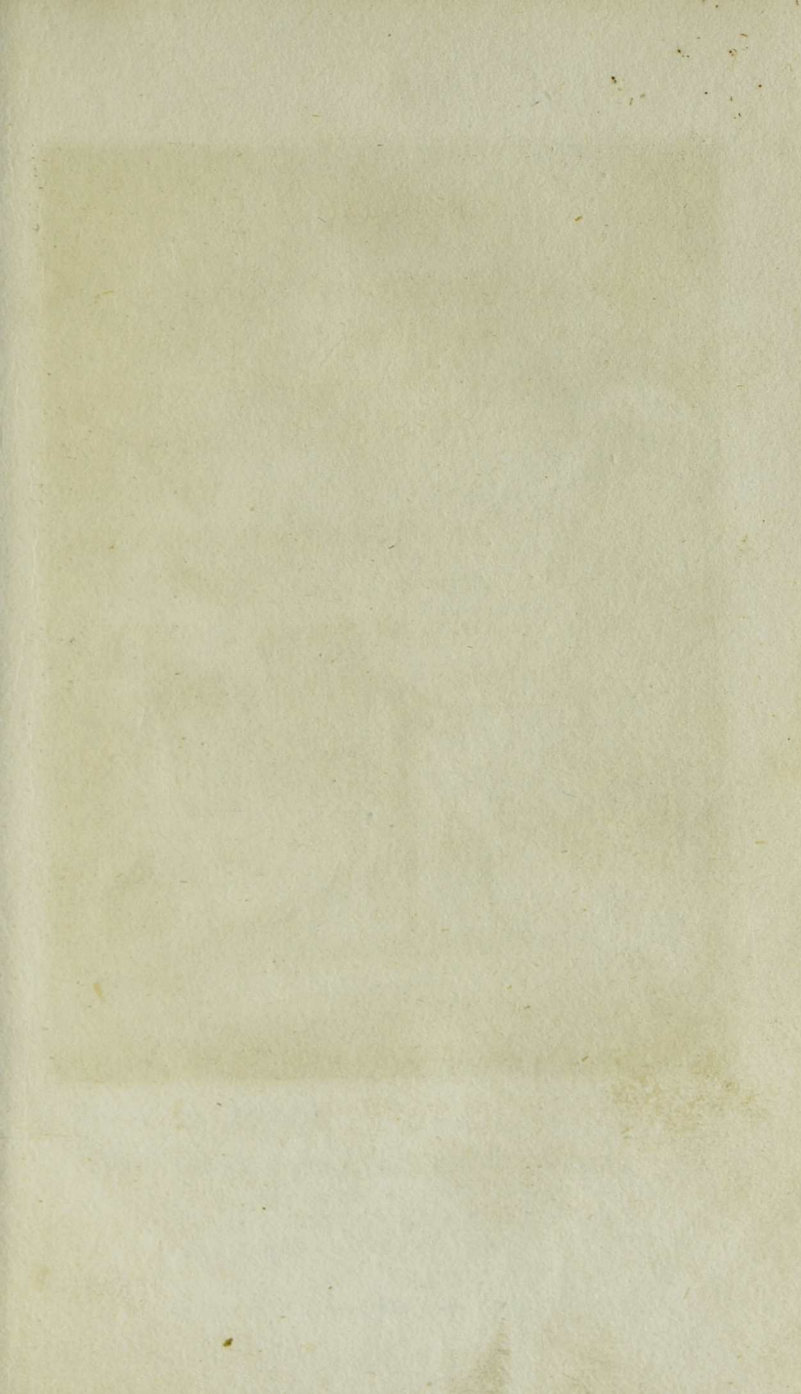
Dearest parents, ne'er believe
 I shall give you cause to grieve;
 How could I so thankless be
 To God, who spares you both to me?

Self-will.

How can children say,
 They will have their way,
 When check'd by the aged and wise?
 "I will," and "I won't,"
 "You sha'nt," or "now don't,"
 Are words that we all should despise.

And when they are said,
 With cheeks glowing red,
 And lips that so angrily pout,
 Though great the offence,
 No child of good sense
 Would like to be thus pointed out.

Then do not give way,
 Not even in play,
 To rudeness, which always offends;
 Speak gently and mild,
 As suits a good child,
 With no other will than your friends'.





INVITATION TO A PIGEON.

PRETTY Pigeon, with thy breast
Shaded soft, with colours bright,
On my house-top, pray thee, rest,
Till again thou takest flight.

see page 13

London. William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 3 mo. 8. 1824.

Invitation to a Pigeon.

PRETTY Pigeon, with thy breast
 Shaded soft, with colours bright,
 On my house-top, pray thee, rest,
 Till again thou takest flight.

How I like to hear thee coo,
 Sitting by thy tender mate !
 Thou art welcome to my view
 Ev'ry where, but in my plate.

No, I cannot wish thee dead,
 Though I know thy flesh is sweet ;
 Who, that once a pigeon fed,
 Could desire its flesh to eat ?

Thus thou wouldst be safe with me,
 And all pigeons, for thy sake ;
 I desire no luxury,
 That a harmless life should take.

The New-Year's Gift.

AH! New-year's gift, I've chang'd my mind,
 And shall not spend you as I thought;
 A better way I now can find,
 Worth more than all you could have
 bought.

For toys will break, and things to eat
 Too often do the stomach cloy;
 But I can purchase what is sweet,
 Yet good for ev'ry girl or boy:

I mean a book, in which to read
 For pleasure, and to make me wise;
 My little friends too it will feed,
 For it no scanty meal supplies.

Thus do I mean to spend my hoard,
 Growing a scholar by degrees;
 And when my little head is stor'd,
 I'll give advice, but take no fees.

Charity.

Is all your money gone ?

What not a penny more ?

Ah ! thoughtless, wasteful John,

You now indeed are poor.

Yet poorer still is he

Who yonder shiv'ring stands,

And craves your charity,

With shrunk, uplifted hands.

But you have naught to give,

On self you spent it all,

Though you in comfort live,

And know not hunger's call.

A trifle had you spar'd,

Or one small bit of food,

A feast you might have shar'd,

The *sweets* of doing good.

Faults.

DEAR Jane, accept a hint or two,
 Not meant to give you pain,
 But what I often see you do,
 You should not do again.

When kind mamma desires that Jane
 Will leave some things alone,
 Her busy hands will not refrain,
 At least, she must touch *one*.

Not roughly, or to spoil the same,
 But *just* to have her *will*;
 And though it merits little blame,
 'Tis disobedience still.

For is not her perverseness strong,
 Although the fault seems slight?
 The surest way of missing *wrong*,
 Is, doing what is *right*.

Address to a Canary-Bird.

SING, sing pretty bird, yes, be happy and
 gay,
 Remember I did not decoy you away,
 By traps or by snares, from your dear native
 grove,
 The home where I found you had nothing to
 love.

In a bird-dealer's cage, and but scantily fed,
 I saw you a prisoner, nearly half dead;
 I purchas'd and gave you a cage of your own,
 And ev'ry attention I'm sure I have shewn.

It would not be kindness to set you free now,
 So far from your kindred and pleasant green
 bough;
 But here rest contented, where no harm is
 nigh,
 To be loved while you live, and be mourn'd
 when you die.

The Mischievous Child.

COME, walk in the garden, and see
 The flowers which lately have blown,
 Do look at the gay lilac-tree,
 And see how these borders are grown.

How pleasant all look to the eye!
 Come gather a flower or two.
 But Hannah, I cannot see why
 You should strew them about as you do.

Though *you* do not value their bloom,
 Why wantonly pluck them to waste?
 I pray you remember, that some
 Possess better motives and taste.

If nature no pleasure afford,
 She blooms not for you to destroy;
 'Tis selfish, as well as absurd,
 To *spoil* what we cannot enjoy.

Compassion.

My heart to-day feels very sad,
Yet when I rose it felt quite glad
To think I should so soon awake,
With dear papa a walk to take.

But in that walk I saw a sight
That threw a damp on this delight—
A beggar, poorest of his kind,
Who led a boy, both deaf and blind.

The poor man told his tale, and we
Gladly bestowed our charity;
While the sweet child unconscious stood,
Moaning as if for want of food.

The contrast of his lot and mine
Shall check me when I would repine,
And teach me never to refuse,
But *see* and *feel* when misery sues.

Gentleness.

No charm that little girls possess,
 Is sweeter than true gentleness ;
 All feel its worth, and own its sway,
 While wrath before it dies away.

For who could harshly disapprove,
 Or let a fault their anger move,
 When the offending child shall own
 Its error, in a gentle tone ?

Then bear in mind, my youthful friends,
 That pertness never gains its ends ;
 A saucy answer anger breeds—
 'Tis gentleness alone succeeds.

To the Bee.

Go, humming Bee, go fly about,
Collecting nature's store ;
The window's open, get thee out,
Nor tease me any more.

It is not fair to use thy sting,
When not assailed by foe ;
I would not hurt thee, testy thing,
For well thy use I know.

I like to watch thy rambling course,
In quest of all that's sweet,
Knowing such journeys are the source
Of many a future treat.

I would be gathering like thee,
Though not of honey kind ;
'Ill eat *thy* fruits of industry,
But keep my *own* in mind.

Fretfulness.

MARTHA's tears so ready flow,
 That we do not seek to know
 What such sorrow can excite—
 Feeling, that the cause is slight.

But with Fanny, ev'ry heart,
 Seems inclin'd to take a part;
 Fanny has no tears to spare
 For a weak or fancied care.

Children make a great mistake
 When they cry for crying's sake;
 To expect our sympathy,
 That indeed would weakness be.

No, we cannot sympathise
 With the child who always cries;
 But we can, where it is due,
 Give our *love* and *pity* too.

Lost Child.

Do you not hear that bell,
Which sounds so shrill and loud ?
What does the bell-man tell
The anxious, listening crowd ?

He says, a little child
Has stray'd away from home ;
Or else has been beguil'd,
By gipsey band, to roam.

I hope the child is young,
Or it is much to blame ;
For when we know what's wrong,
We should avoid the same.

A little boy I knew,
Was tempted, for a cake,
To join a vagrant crew,
And all his friends forsake.

Taught to deride the truth,
He passed his infant days,
And died, in early youth,
The victim of his ways.

Covet no Neighbour's good.

WHAT fine ripe plums are these !

And what a blooming peach !

Could I but climb the trees,

Or only one bough reach.

But yet I should reflect,

This fruit is not my own ;

And some one might detect

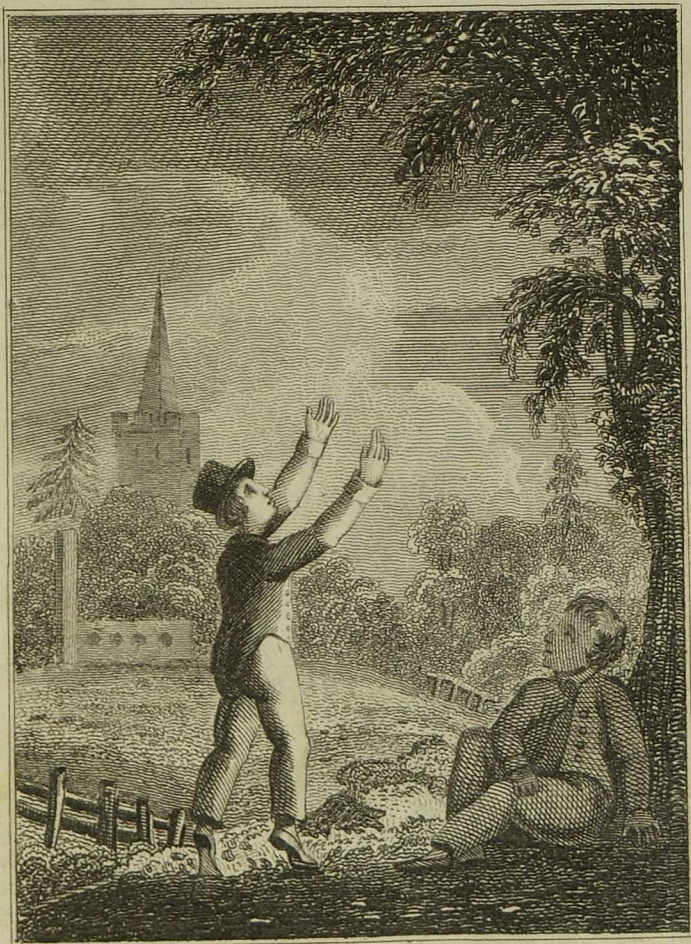
The deed as soon as done.

This is a tempting spot,

But thought comes just in time ;

There, let them hang and rot,

Ere I commit a *crime* !

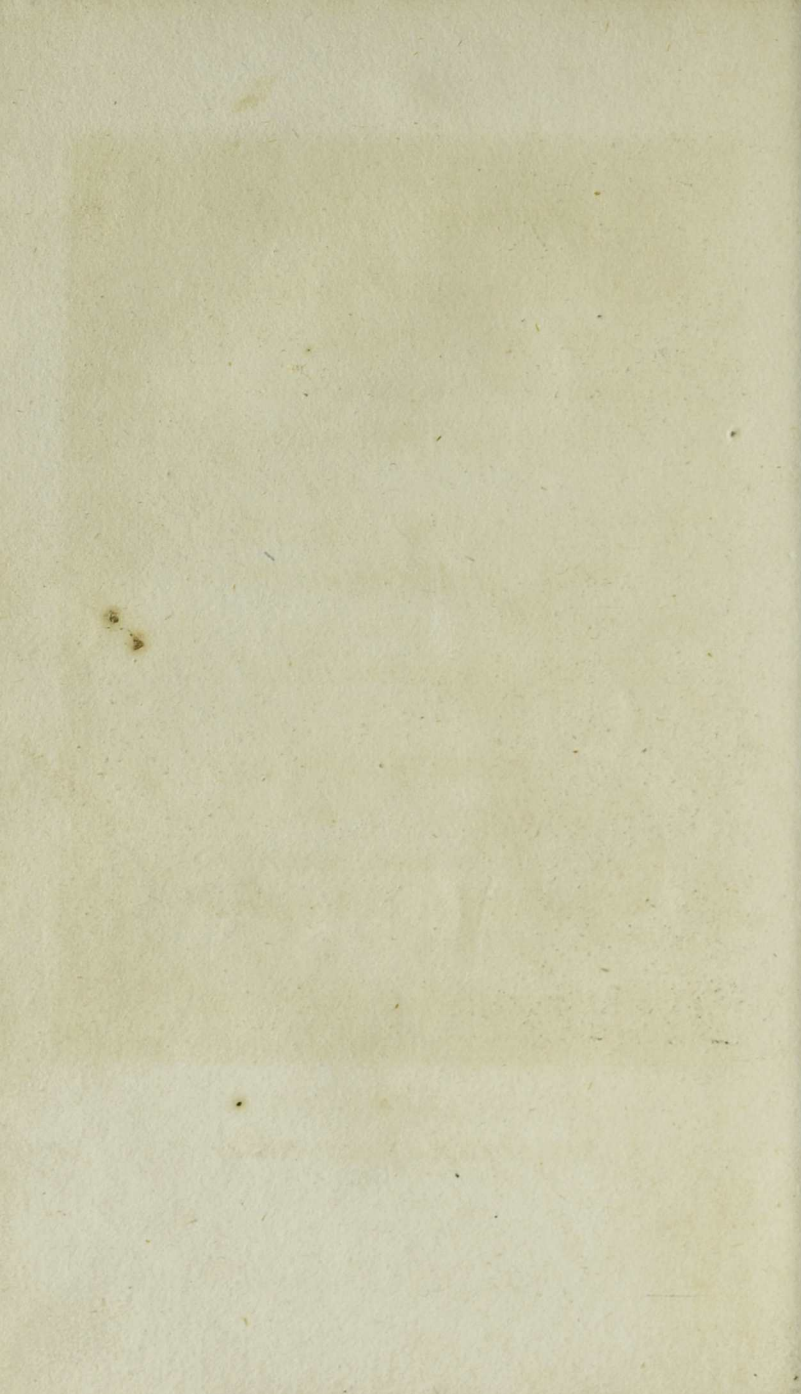


COVET NO NEIGHBOUR'S GOOD.

WHAT fine ripe plums are these!
And what a blooming peach!
Could I but climb the trees,
Or only one bough reach.

see page 24

London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 3 mo. 8. 1824.



Any thing better than Idleness.

WHEN children are at a loss,
 Yawning for something to do ;
 It often will make them cross,
 I've seen it in not a few.

I like to see youth employ'd,
 In working, learning, or play ;
 Let them for ever avoid
 An idle and useless day.

So many things will amuse
 The child who can work or read ;
 That they may always choose,
 Or it would be strange indeed.

See, Lucy her doll can dress ;
 In drawing, James shews his skill ;
 Nay, any thing, I confess,
 Is better than *sitting still*.

Early Flowers

You pretty buds
That brave the wind,
My early friends
You bring to mind.

Amidst the cold
We see you bloom,
Before the flowers
Of summer come.

Those tender plants
The sun must warm,
But you without,
Spring forth to charm.

Like friends who wait
No shining hour,
But do you good
When they have power.

No Pleasure in Mischief.

I CAN no pleasure take
 In sports that threaten harm,
 To play for mischief's sake,
 Or try to cause alarm :

To draw away a chain,
 And let a playmate fall ;
 Another's dress to tear,
 Or friends by nick-names call.

I would not frighten those
 Whose nerves I know are weak ;
 Laugh, or turn up my nose,
 When timid persons speak.

I would not give friends pain,
 But if it can be had,
 Their *good word* I will gain,
 And not deserve their *bad*.

Necessity and Choice.

THERE are a cow and calf,
 Going to take the air,
 Better turn back by half,
 Or they will find a snare.

For where the driver leads,
 The butcher waits to kill ;
 How can he do such deed ?—
 Their blood how can he spill ?

The sight our feeling pains,
 Yet it is for our good ;
 For Providence ordains,
 That we should eat such food.

More cruel far are those
 Who tease the helpless kind ;
 For they are wilful foes,
 And do not *serve mankind.*

Windows dangerous.

HARK ! is there not a dreadful crash ?
 I fear it is the window sash ;
 And thought I heard a plaintive cry—
 I hope the children were not nigh.

No, they are safe, and free from harm,
 Though John has caused them much alarm ;
 Raising the sash to look about,
 He very nearly tumbled out.

That he is safe, I feel most glad ;
 But think his conduct very bad,
 So often as he hears us say,
 He must not with the windows play.

How strange that children will pursue,
 Those things we tell them not to do !
 But when they do adopt such course,
 'Tis sure to end in something worse.

Black Man.

Poor man, thy face is dark,
But I am not afraid ;
I know it is no mark,
By evil conduct made.

To you I may appear
Strange, as you seem to me ;
And, therefore, it is clear,
We ought good friends to be.

God has designed it so,
One black, the other white ;
And giv'n us sense to know,
“ Whatever is—is right.”

The Cottage.

Is that small place a house ?

 If so, who can live there ?

I should suppose a mouse,

 And little room to spare.

Small as may seem the place,

 Beneath its roof reside

A poor but hardy race,

 Unknown to wealth and pride.

Could you their wants behold,

 How many would they seem !

For comforts bought with gold,

 To them are but a dream.

They live in this lone cot,

 From idle wishes free ;

Contented with their lot,

 Nor envy you nor me.

Friendly Hints.

ANN, will you give me leave
A fault or two to name,
Such hints as may prevent
Some censure and some shame ?

First, do not interrupt,
When hearing others talk ;
Do not turn in your toes,
Or shuffle when you walk.

And when you leave a room,
Pray never slam the door ;
Nor when with older folks,
Rudely push on before.

If you consider well,
This will not give offence,
And habits of this sort
Disgrace a girl of sense.

Danger of Sliding.

WHERE is the smiling boy
 We used kind James to call,
 Whose presence gave us joy,
 So well behav'd to all ?

Alas ! 'tis now a week,
 Since tempted here to slide,
 The treach'rous ice gave way,
 And thus our playmate died.

His death should warning be,
 To those who danger court ;
 Let us, my friends, agree
 Never to choose such sport.

The backward Seed.

How very vex'd am I
 To find no leaf appear!
 Some method I must try,
 Some better seed next year."

No leaf can bud, dear Jane,
 While you impatience show;
 Let but the seed remain,
 And doubt not it will grow.

While yours is digging up,
 I leave mine in the mould;
 For e'en the butter-cup
 Takes time e'er it unfold.

How would *you* ever learn,
 If what you gain'd one day,
 By some unlook'd-for turn,
 The *next* was forced away?

Nature knows how to rear
 Your seed, if let alone;
 But if you interfere,
 Be *sure* there's mischief done.

The Ignorant Child.

HERE is a little book,
To please it cannot fail ;
Into its pages look,
They tell a pretty tale.

You blush and turn away,
As of my book afraid,
“I cannot read,” you say ;
I blush to hear this said.

A girl six years of age,
And not know how to read !
Not understand one page !
It is a shame indeed.

Go, hasten, child, to school,
And try to learn at once ;
I can excuse a *fool*,
But own I scorn a *dunce*.

The Lame Horse.

POOR Horse, with shaggy mane,
Were you but young again,
I would thy back ascend,
And ride to see a friend.

But now it is too late,
You could not bear my weight;
Those legs, for swiftness famed,
Have long been swell'd and lamed.

'Tis sad to see how slow
And timidly you go ;
But many beasts there are,
Who heavy burthens bear.

With us you live at ease,
Go *when* and *where* you please,
And sorry shall we be,
To see this paddock *free*.



THE LAME HORSE.

POOR Horse, with shaggy mane,
Were you but young' again,
I would thy back ascend,
And ride to see a friend.

see page 36

London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 3mo. 6. 1824.

Moonlight.

WHAT a lovely sight is here !
See the moon, how bright and clear !
See, her silv'ry face she shows,
In the stream which gently flows.

Thus to walk is quite a treat,
After day's oppressive heat ;
But how gloomy would it be,
Were it not, bright orb, for thee !

Lend thy beams till early day
Brings the sun with brighter ray ;
Then thou must give way to him,
And thy beauty will look dim.

What were sun and moon, though bright,
Without Him who gave all light ?—
Made the world from empty space ?—
Yes, all things to God we trace.

Passion.

WHAT frightful looks can passion give,
To any pretty face !
Never, dear children, while you live,
Let this be your sad case.

Loud, frightful screams and stamping feet,
Anger in every look ;
Oh ! what a sight is this to meet,
Or read of in a book.

If children did their features see,
Before their passion's past ;
The sight would quite sufficient be,
To make such rage the last.

Vulgar Habits.

ALL vulgar habits must be wrong ;
 Of something good they take the place ;
 To idleness they all belong,
 And are the cause of much disgrace.

To bite the nails down to the quick
 Is vulgar, and gives pain likewise ;
 Twisting the feet's another trick,
 And stooping makes the shoulders rise.

To put your fingers in a plate,
 Or ask to eat of all you see,
 Then tease your friends when told to wait,
 Are proofs of much vulgarity.

My little friends, it would be wise
 To ask yourselves, when thus inclin'd,
 What good you ever saw arise
 From vulgar tricks of any kind.

The worried Dog.

AND did old Pompey bite your hand,
So gentle as he seem'd to be ?
I thought your word was a command
He would obey most readily.

Ah! now I see, the cause was this,
You tried his temper by rough play—
All sorts of tricks, and teasing hiss,
Until his gentleness gave way.

I do not like to hear you cry,
Yet really think you much to blame ;
For did we thus your temper try,
Just think if you could bear the same.

I know you cannot answer Yes,
So think of Pompey in this view ;
Give him no blows, but kind caress,
For dogs can feel as well as you.

The Butterfly's Warning.

A TRAVELLER'S petition heed,
 Who, on his rambles bent,
 Has come to you in time of need,
 With terror almost spent.

He asks your leave to let him stay
 Upon this plat of grass,
 And when his foes are far away,
 Again to let him pass.

My beauty, once my greatest boast,
 My gay and spotted wings,
 I now discover, to my cost,
 Are vain and useless things.

As late with insect pride I flew,
 (No butterfly more vain,)
 Some boys espied my gaudy hue,
 And chased me through yon lane.

Let not my warning be despised,
 But this I've learn'd to know,
 Beauty, however it be prized,
 May prove our greatest foe.

Mad Dog.

I saw some wicked boys one day
 Amuse themselves with such a play,
 I feel almost ashamed to tell
 The truth of what they liked so well.

A poor stray dog those boys had found,
 Which ran like hare before the hound ;
 A kettle to its tail they tied,
 While at its heels they hooped and cried.

I saw its fright, and heard its cries,
 While tears of pity fill'd my eyes ;
 I tried to stop its course in vain,
 Its speed was urged by fear and pain.

Since then I heard the dog went mad,
 And bit one boy, alas ! 'Tis sad
 To say that *he* went mad also,
 And died—*himself* his greatest foe.

Rough and noisy Play.

'Tis not the rude or rough,
 Who most enjoy their sport;
 Be merry—that's enough
 To gain a good report.

Some children cannot play,
 But they must make a noise;
 Romp in a vulgar way,
 Like low-bred girls and boys.

You must not join with these,
 Thinking their plan is right;
 For riot cannot please,
 Nor rudeness give delight.

Fickle Helen.

THE garden bed's prepared,
 And only wants the seed ;
 But 'ere the seed is sown,
 Will spring up many a weed.

That map is partly drawn,
 And soon might be complete ;
 And Helen's book, if read,
 Would be to her a treat.

In every place we find
 Something by her begun ;
 But who, in truth, can say,
 She ever finished *one* ?

Such fickleness as this,
 We must a folly call ;
 Better do *one* thing well,
 Than *little scraps* of *all*.

The unkind Joke.

GEORGE is not an ill-temper'd boy,
 Yet strangers might think that he were,
 To see him those trifles destroy,
 His brother arranges with care.

He says that he does it in fun,
 And never intends to provoke ;
 His motive I think a weak one—
 It cannot be called a good joke.

For, 'tis at his brother's expense,
 His object he tries to obtain ;
 It shews neither feeling nor sense
 To laugh when we cause others' pain.

Merit and Rags.

Poor William wears a ragged coat,
But it is no disgrace ;
A something he has gain'd of note,
I see it in his face.

He has, indeed, a medal bright
At school, for spelling best ;
His looks are those of real delight,
As on the prize they rest.

No wonder, for what gay attire
Can gain the wearer praise ?
But if to merit we aspire,
There are a thousand ways.

The silly dunce all must despise,
Though wealth he may possess ;
For wisdom only turns her eyes
To *mind*, and not to dress.

The last Shilling.

BE careful, dear child, of that shilling,
For it is the last you possess ;
I hope that you are not unwilling
To give, when you meet with distress.

So think before this is expended,
Lest some foolish bargain you make ;
You must not by this be offended,
For care of your *credit* I take.

And, really, to see children squander
Their money in mere trash of food,
I cannot but grieve while I wonder,
They have not the heart to do good.

Martha and Jane.

SEE Martha's dress, of late so neat,
Is all in tatters torn ;
The poorest beggar in the street,
Looks scarcely more forlorn.

This mischief was all done in play,
In romping, as if wild ;
Dragging whate'er comes in her way,
She is so rude a child.

There's Jane, whose frock is really old,
How neat her dress appears !
But then, she is not rude and bold,
Her clothes she never tears.

Martha has heard her friends condemn
These faults, and not in vain ;
She promises to conquer them,
To look and act like Jane.

The Cat and the Bird.

SLY puss is on the watch
Until I go away,
And then she hopes to catch
My pretty bird for prey.

But hope not, spiteful thing,
To gain your wicked end ;
You shall not touch a wing
Of my sweet warbling friend.

Go, take your milk and meat,
They are enough for you ;
Aye, you may want a treat,
I do not mind your mew.

I, too, a spy can be,
And not perhaps the worst ;
Watch on, and we shall see
Which will be tired first.

Pride.

TEMPT me not with colours fine,
Clothes that are to make me gay ;
Were such useless pleasures mine,
They might lead my thoughts astray.

Dress, though fine, is but put on,
Neither makes me good nor great ;
Pride may teach me to look down
On my friends in humble state.

As I am, I feel content,
Knowing all is for the best ;
Had I more, I might repent ;
Pride indulg'd becomes a pest.

Fickleness.

ROBERT'S fancy's always changing,
Planning what is never done ;
While one plan he is arranging,
We may manage all our own.

Many hours of mirth and pleasure,
Meant for play, does he destroy ;
And we lose the time of leisure,
Waiting for the fickle boy.

Those who are not wise already,
Should remember time has wings ;
And in trifles be as steady
As they would be in great things.

Petulance.

A HASTY word may soon be said,
 Sometimes without intent ;
 And if into the fault betray'd,
 We then can but repent.

But who can take away the pain
 Such words have caus'd our friends ?
 How can we hope their love again,
 Or ever make amends ?

Ah ! is it not a better way
 Our passions to subdue ;
 Never a single word to say,
 That is not kind as true ?

So that, whatever may befall,
 We should not feel afraid,
 Nor wish our conduct to recall—
 One single word unsaid.

A True Case.

A LITTLE baby once was born
 So delicate and weak,
 All fear'd its case was so forlorn,
 It would not live to speak.

But when all hope from others fled,
 One heart could not despair ;
 One hand the drooping infant fed,
 And nurs'd with tend'rest care.

Month after month this care went on ;
 The puny baby grew ;
 Till, all its pain and sickness gone,
 The saucy child prov'd you.

The nurse, with such a tender heart,
 The name of *mother* bears ;
 And all the kindness on your part
 Cannot repay such cares.

Be dutiful in ev'ry sense,
 That she may comfort find ;
 And when her Maker calls her hence,
 Her precepts keep in mind.

The Picture.

THERE is a little girl I know
 Whose features nothing pretty show :
 If I describ'd them as they are,
 She's very plain ! you would declare.

But see her when she should obey,
 How readily she finds the way !
 And hear her speak to rich or poor,
 Her plainness then is seen no more.

In all she does there seems to be
 A charm we do not often see ;
 Thus we prefer young Lucy's grace,
 To striking form, or pretty face.

Beauty is not a sterling prize,
 But hers from goodness does arise ;
 And thus it proves the adage true,
 Those handsome *are* who handsome *do*.

Picture of Maria.

MARIA, with her glossy hair,
Blooming cheek, and skin so fair,
Would a pretty picture make,
Could we fix the time to take.

But 'tis hard to say when she
From ill-temper will be free ;
For the face we should admire,
Does disgust too oft inspire.

Weak Maria, you degrade
That which Nature pretty made ;
All the beauty you can boast
By ill-temper now is lost.

Play-Fellows.

ALL prepar'd now seem for play,
 Ev'ry eye is bright with glee ;
 But I fear I must not say
 That we shall not disagree.

Some, who like to have their will,
 Will not others' plans pursue ;
 And it needs some little skill
 Things to place in fairer view.

Now if ev'ry one would yield
 But a little, as they might,
 All these wounds would soon be heal'd,
 And our play would go on right.

Selfish squabbles only steal
 Moments that we can't recall ;
 And amidst our play we feel,
 Want of *harmony* spoils *all*.

The Tell-Tale.

IF fault you have to find
With others, friend or foe,
Speak out, with open mind,
Nor any malice show.

Not meanly hide the same
From such as you condemn ;
And whisper all the blame
To those who censure them.

No praise is gain'd by this ;
For, though the tale is heard,
The name of Tell-Tale is
Alike despis'd and fear'd.

Fear.

WHY should I shrink, when I am told
To go to some dark place ?

What terrors there can I behold,
That conscience would not face ?

Can darkness make me wicked feel,
Though I have done no ill ?

If I have nothing to conceal,
Is God not with me still ?

Such weakness I will fly with shame ;
For, while my thoughts are pure,
Darkness and light will be the same,
And ev'ry place secure.

Contradiction.

To contradict is always rude,
Whate'er the matter be ;
Besides, it should be understood,
That thoughts to all are free.

If we our own opinion have,
Let others have one too ;
And many quarrels it would save
If all were so to do.

But children never should pretend,
In cases e'er so slight,
To contradict a wiser friend,
Pretending to be right.

Then never let your childish tongue
In such a cause engage ;
Submit, and listen while you're young,
That you may speak in age.

Late Hours.

I do not wish, like John, to show
Pale cheeks, without a healthful glow,
Or eyes that heavy look, and dim ;
Do say, what has so alter'd him ?

Why, John keeps late, unwholesome hours,
Which must exhaust his strength and pow'rs :
At night, when he should be asleep,
Yawning he to the fire will creep.

Ah ! how much better would it be
If he would go to bed, like me ;
Refreshing slumbers would revive,
And make him once more feel alive.

But now, when morning comes, he seems
Scarcely awaken'd from his dreams ;
Pursues his tasks in fretful mood,
Nor doing nor receiving good.

Usefulness.

How many ways the young may find,
 To be of use, if so inclin'd !
 How many services perform,
 If will and wishes are but warm !

Should wealth make all our comforts sure,
 We may be useful to the poor ;
 Though we have servants to attend,
 We may be useful to a friend.

A life that's spent for self alone,
 Can never be a useful one ;
 The truly active scorn to be
 But puppets, in society.

However trifling what we do,
 If a good purpose be in view,
 Although we should not meet success,
 Our own good-will is not the *less*.

Little Henry.

COME rest upon this fresh green heap,
 Where little Henry lies asleep ;
 For death is but as sleep to one,
 Who never any harm hath done.

It is not long since he was here,
 I need not say, to us most dear ;
 With pretty smile, and healthful look,
 Trying to read in my new book.

Such winning ways the prattler had,
 As if to make our loss more sad ;
 But, ah ! it is no loss to him,
 For he is with the cherubim.

If we, dear Henry, would join you,
 We must in time our faults subdue ;
 Must try to make all right within—
 Be strong in virtue, *weak* in sin.

The Lark.

WHAT notes are those so sweet and clear,
When dawn has scarcely spread?
'Tis *I*, the Lark, have ventur'd here,
To call you from your bed.

Rise, idle child, and dress you soon,
The sun is rising bright;
You surely think it is the moon,
And *mine*, the song of night.

If simple birds, like me, discern
The hours of sleep are o'er;
You, who must have so much to learn,
Should prize the day still more.

For ev'ry moment wasted thus,
Must trespass on some claim,
And would be faulty e'en in *us*,
But in a *child* 'tis shame.

The Hare.

STOP thy flight, poor timid hare,
 Let the hounds pursue their course ;
 To my little hut repair,
 For it is thy last resource.

How thy bosom pants with fear,
 Close pursu'd by eager foes !
 But thou art in safety here,
 Now lie down and take repose.

When the huntsmen have pass'd by,
 I will let thee out again ;
 For I see thou art too shy
 My companion to remain.

Never will I join pursuit,
 So inhuman in its plan ;
 Nor by injury to *brute*,
 Bring disgrace on name of *man*.

Dainty Children.

JANE and Ann so ready sit,
 Waiting for the choicest bit ;
 Used to rich and dainty food,
 They will only eat what's good.

Even this at times will tire,
 Something else they still require ;
 In displeasure turn aside,
 Tears and sulky frowns to hide.

When such conduct we behold,
 Knowing many, poor and old,
 Would rejoice a crum to share,
 Think what wicked girls they are.

Let me offer this advice,
 Make one dish your wants suffice ;
 And if wishing more than *one*,
 Think how many oft have *none*.

Curious Child.

WHEN Eliza buys a toy,
 Do not think it is for play;
 No, her wish is to destroy,
 And then throw the toy away.

Scarcely is a thing her own,
 Than its inside she must see;
 Then, of course, its beauty's gone,
 And her curiosity.

All this shows a silly mind,
 Nay, 'tis wicked so to spend
 What, if she were well inclin'd,
 Might be used for better end.

It is but a poor excuse,
 That all toys soon break or soil;
 If you buy them not for use,
 Never purchase them to spoil.

Greediness.

MARY wish'd a cake to buy,
 And she bought one large and sweet ;
 Then she ate it up so sly,
 No one guess'd she had the treat.

Richard bought some cherries red,
 And to Mary gave a share ;
 For it never could be said,
Self was Richard's first, chief care.

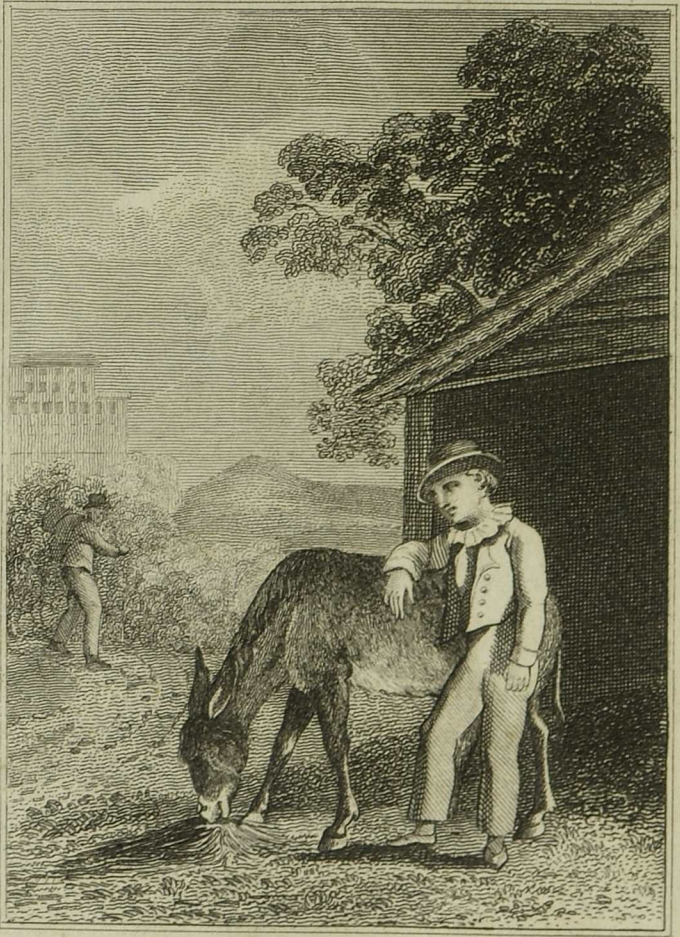
Greedy Mary ate these too,
 And quite ill she soon became ;
 But the suff'rings she went through
 Were not half so keen as *shame*.

Never provoke the Angry.

It is not kindness, when we see
Another's anger rise,
To use that kind of mockery
We know the temper tries.

Never attempt, by ill-tim'd joke,
Such anger to prolong ;
For it is wicked to provoke,
And add to what is wrong.

A better method may be found,
Our testy friends to calm ;
And who would *sharper* make a wound,
When they could find a *balm* ?



THE DONKEY.

Have you not grown fat and sleek,
Since you liv'd in this warm shed?
Does your master ever speak
Harshly to his honest Ned?

see page 69

London, William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 3 mo. 8. 1824.

The Donkey.

GENTLE Donkey, do not fear,
 Have you not a friend in me?
 My light weight you sure may bear,
 For it is not drudgery.

Not as when we first did meet,
 Bending with your heavy load;
 Forc'd by blows, through dirty street,
 Trembling ev'ry step you trod.

Have you not grown fat and sleek,
 Since you liv'd in this warm shed?
 Does your master ever speak
 Harshly to his honest Ned?

No, we always shall agree,
 While we know what is our due;
 Certain duties *you* owe *me*,
I humanity to *you*.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

BROTHERS and Sisters, names so dear,
 Should sweetly sound in ev'ry ear ;
 And ties so strong should always be
 The link of love and harmony.

When such relations disagree,
 Most sad the consequence must be ;
 For those who should be join'd in heart,
 Can never do so well apart.

Did not our Saviour chiding say,
 We should no faults to others lay ;
 Or see a mote in brother's eye,
 Until to move our own we try ?

Then let no quarrels interpose,
 To turn such kindred into foes ;
 Nor to each other raise a hand,
 Against the Lord's express command.

Wisdom delightful to Youth.

WHAT is the trouble of learning to those
Who have understanding and eyes ?
Who would in ignorance wish to repose,
When they might be clever and wise ?

Is wisdom so harsh, we fear her command ;
Or is she too hard to be known ?
No, gentle she is, and holds forth her hand,
As all who approach her will own.

She is the friend who so much can impart,
And teach us the value of time—
The way to correct each thought of the heart,
And keep us from error and crime.

The idle may shun, and think her severe,
But I will not shrink from her task ;
To follow the course she points out so clear,
Is all that I covet or ask.

Conceit.

THOSE who do but little know,
 Should attempt but little show ;
 Vain parade excites no praise,
 Knowledge seeks not idle gaze.

Should our merits be confin'd,
 Let us show a humble mind ;
 If our knowledge be of worth,
 Proper time will bring it forth.

'Tis not those who know the most,
 But the *vain*, who like to boast ;
 Yet we soon discern the cheat—
 What so shallow as *conceit* !

The Last Word.

WHEN thoughtless children disagree,
On trifles quite absurd,
Say, what advantage can there be
In *having* the last word?

How often would our quarrels cease,
And each his part repent ;
How many squabbles end in peace,
Did not this word prevent !

If we consider right and wrong,
When such disputes take place,
That child, who would the strife prolong,
Incurs the most disgrace.

Where all is bad, if there be choice,
And anger be a feast,
If in such cause we have a voice,
The *best* must be the least.

Hen and Chickens.

PRETTY hen, with chickens so young,
 How busy and anxious you look !
 Ah! if you had speech in your tongue
 You would say—" Beware of the brook."

That brook, where your pretty white chick
 Fell in, by mischance, and was drown'd,
 While rambling some corn up to pick,
 Which Jenny had strew'd on the ground.

I hope that the brood you now rear,
 Will never their mother desert ;
 With her they have nothing to fear,
 Her wings will protect them from hurt.

These chickens but tell us a truth,
 Whatever the heedless may say,
 That children, from earliest youth,
 Their parents should *love* and *obey*.

Unripe Fruit.

HAVE patience, my dear little girl,
 That fruit is but ripe to the eye ;
 And if you should eat some you will,
 For certain, be ill by and bye.

Some children, not heeding advice,
 Will eat of whatever they see ;
 But 'tis not all things that look nice,
 That will with the stomach agree.

But you would not wish to do so,
 Although the temptation be strong ;
 For *you*, 'tis sufficient to know,
 Your friends think such greediness *wrong*.

The Storm.

BRING my thick shoes and wrapping coat,
And cap well lin'd with fur,
The wintry floods are all afloat,
I am afraid to stir.

But stop, I fear the wind is keen,
The roads all wet and mire ;
I do not like this wintry scene,
And will not leave the fire.

Ah ! child of wealth, 'tis well for you,
Such comforts can be had,
For there are some, and not a few
Who are but thinly clad.

And thus expos'd to ev'ry storm,
Deserted roam about ;
No home, no fire to keep them warm,
And yet they *live* without.

Then shrink not from each trifling ill,
Which ev'ry one may bear ;
For neither wind nor rain will kill
When there is no *real* care.

The Fly-Killer.

ELIZABETH, with eager eye,
 Watch'd the progress of a fly,
 As it rambled o'er her plate,
 Quite unconscious of its fate.

Suddenly she caught its wing,
 And secured the flutt'ring thing ;
 Then she grasp'd it in her hand,
 Until it could scarcely stand.

But, I am asham'd to say,
 What a heart she did betray ;
 Yet the truth I can't deny—
 In the end she kill'd the fly.

When the cruel deed was known,
 Who would speak to her ? not *one*.
 This, their answer used to be,
 " Cruel girl, don't speak to *me*."

The Wasp.

A WASP once fix'd on Julia's face,
 And startled her awhile ;
 But having thought a little space,
 Fear yielded to a smile.

“ Can such a little thing as this,
 Frighten great girls like me ?
 Suppose my cheek it likes to kiss ?
 It is but making free.

“ It will not sting me, I have heard,
 If quiet I remain ;
 Then to be frighten'd, is absurd
 When I no hurt sustain.

“ So, Mr. Wasp, I'll let you stay,
 But do not stay too long ;
 And tell your friends the truth, I pray,
 I *never* did you *wrong*.”

The Mouse.

POOR mouse, so at last you are caught,
 Your sorrow and cries come too late ;
 How into this scrape were you brought ?
 Alas ! I can see, by a *bait*.

And what is the crime you have done ?
 Why, nibbled a bit of old cheese ;
 This seems not a terrible one
 To those who can live as they please.

'Tis said, that great mischief you do,
 Our jellies are never secure ;
 The cupboard you soon nibble through,
 And feed on the best of our store.

Yet somehow I wish you were free,
 For this is a shocking mishap ;
 Yet, I should not be sorry to see
 Some *greedy folks* caught in a *trap*.

Inhumanity to the Deformed.

It makes me sad, when in the street,
Some poor afflicted one I meet,
With crooked form and tender frame,
Bent with disease, but not with shame.

But when I hear such form revil'd,
By some unthinking, cruel child;
I blush to think there is a heart
So hard, or chill'd, to act such part.

The cripple I would sooner be
Than one who used this mockery;
For they themselves *alone* degrade,
Who dare despise what *God* has made.

The Two Beggars.

SEE that poor man with wooden leg,
How hard that he is forc'd to beg !
What's in his basket, can you tell ?
Matches, that he has made to sell.

He has a family and wife,
And would not lead an idle life ;
He merits well what we can give,
Who strives by industry to live.

Not so old Susan, there she goes,
With dirty face and ragged shoes ;
Content with poverty to bear,
So that of work she takes no share.

We cannot feel for her distress,
Which proper labour would make less ;
Who would the bread of others eat,
When *that* they *earn* is doubly sweet !

Folly of Sulkiness.

LET ev'ry child with care avoid,
 Habits of sulky mood,
 By which the temper is destroy'd,
 And all indeed that's good.

The downcast eye and silent tongue,
 Displease, and always must ;
 And then, what pity that the young,
 Should ever cause disgust !

Besides, will sulkiness atone
 For any fault that's past ?
 Does it not add another one,
 Worse even than the last ?

And who regards such childish airs,
 But censure to express ?
 No, if you want to mend affairs,
 'Tis *smiles* insure success.

Rainy Day.

AH! heavy cloud, it is in vain

I watch to see thee clear away ;
 Soon will descend the dreaded rain,
 And I must stay at home to-day.

Such pleasure as I should have had,
 Riding fine prospects to behold !
 But let us hear what others say—
 Another story may be told.

Truly there may, for thy dark hue
 The farmer views with joyful eye ;
 He knows what good the rain can do
 To corn and land that are too dry.

My pleasure is of little worth,
 And neither serves myself nor friends,
 'Tis *best* the weather *suit* the earth,
 On which our *health*, our *life* depends.

The Partridge.

GENTLY step, my little maid,
 Do not trample down the corn ;
 Here lives one who is afraid
 We should harm her newly-born.

Here the Partridge, with her brood,
 Tries to shun the snares of man ;
 But amidst this golden food,
 He will shoot her if he can.

Pretty bird, thy flesh is sweet,
 Such as epicures enjoy ;
 And to gain the dainty treat,
Thee and thine they would destroy.

Sportsman, lay aside that gun,
 This is food that's nice, no doubt ;
 But, before the deed is done,
 Think, Can you not do without ?

Sunday.

SUNDAY is come, a day of rest,
 In which to think and do our best ;
 Our thoughts the truth should also speak,
 On what we did throughout the week.

Not only think, but strive to mend
 What has been done that could offend ;
 So that when Sunday comes again,
 No sign of what is wrong remain.

'Tis sweet to go to church and pray,
 With conscience clear as summer's day,
 To join in prayer and giving praise
 To Him who guides us in his ways.

Throughout the week I'll watch, with care,
 For Sunday's duties to prepare ;
 That, while I live, the day may be
 A day of *serious joy* to me.

The Book.

WHEN I look at that book,
With cover so worn,
Its leaves so discolour'd,
Their corners so torn ;

I can scarcely believe
It ever was mine,
And can still less suppose
It was done with design.

What a dunce I was then !
I could not discern
There was something within
For children to learn.

I am happy to say,
I wiser am grown,
And take care of a book
For its *inside alone*.

The Watch.

THE watch is lost, or thrown about,
 Robert so long desired;
 And said, he could not do without—
 But see, how soon he tired!

Ah! little friends, if truth I tell
 Why it is now no prize,
 It's this, that when the watch went well,
 It told him when to rise;

Told him his lessons should be learn'd,
 And many duties done;
 But now he thinks the table's turn'd,
 And all these he may shun.

He therefore wastes his time in play,
 Nor for his watch will search;
 While *time* unheeded slips away,
 And leaves him in the lurch.

Sailor Boy.

THOMAS is gone to sea,
 Away from all he loves ;
 And far from you and me,
 On the wide ocean roves.

The whistling wind we hear,
 With him may be a gale,
 May fill his heart with fear,
 And split the swelling sail.

A storm may sink the ship,
 And swallow up the crew ;
 In such a storm, oh ! think
 What can poor Thomas do ?

Though death seems at the door,
 E'en then our Thomas must,
 As he was taught on shore,
 In God put *all* his *trust*.

Sponge.

COME, take this sponge your slate to clean,
 But tell me first what sponge doth mean ;
 Say if it grows, or if it's made,
 What country sells the best for trade ?

An animal 'tis said to be,
 Found under cover of the sea ;
 Adhering close to rock and shell,
 And 'tis the water makes it swell.

The Turkish sponge is reckon'd best—
 From various places comes the rest ;
 Its use is known from North to South,
 But never put it in your mouth.

A boy once ate a little bit,
 And soon indeed repented it ;
 To get it from his throat he tried,
 But could not—so alas ! he died.

Effects of Disobedience.

“KEEP from the water, dearest child,”

The tender mother said
To Benjamin, an urchin wild,
Who no attention paid.

And soon as she was out of sight,
He took his little boat,
Ran to the pond in great delight,
To try if it would float;

When stretching far, he lost his ground,
And plunged in over ears;
Nay, certainly he had been drown'd,
But for his mother's fears.

She heard his cries, ran to the place,
And rescued him with joy;
Since when they call him, in disgrace,
“The disobedient boy.”

Little Girl and her Playthings.

LITTLE girl, what can you do,
 With the presents you receive ?
 Why are they conceal'd from view ?
 Let us see them, with your leave.

Oh ! what pretty toys are here !
 Many more than you can use ;
 Do not keep them all, my dear—
 Let your brothers something choose.

What ! you do not like to part
 With a trifle from your store ?
 But this shews a selfish heart,
 Which you never shew'd before.

If for self you keep all these,
 Half the pleasure is destroy'd ;
 E'en the finest things won't please,
 If not with our friends enjoy'd.

The Patient Child.

WHEN John is ill, he does not cry
 At ev'ry pain he then may feel ;
 Nay, often have I seen him try,
 From friends his suff'rings to conceal.

He knows that fretting will increase
 The pain he is ordain'd to bear ;
 That when God pleases, it will cease,
 And that he only has his share.

Once taught with patience to submit,
 The lesson never is forgot ;
 All would do well to practise it,
 For patience softens every lot.

Danger of Fire.

Now blazing the fire looks and bright,
Just fit for this cold frosty night ;
But come not, I pray you, too nigh,
Lest sparks or a cinder should fly.

When Mary was timid and young,
Scarce knowing the right from the wrong,
Her stool to the fender she drew,
And brought forth her work-box to sew.

That moment a cinder red hot,
Came bounce from the grate to the spot ;
And Mary in fright and amaze,
Beheld her thin frock in a blaze.

We saved the poor child, as you see,
But often when talking to me,
She says it is right all should know,
That *fire* is a *friend* and a *foe*.

Use of Knives.

PRAY let me ask you, little friends,
What is the use of knives ?
Our meat to eat at meals *I* think,
Not to endanger lives.

And yet we often see them used
For very different things ;
As often, too, this same misuse,
Some serious evil brings.

Remember knives are not for play,
Or tricks of any kind ;
And let this knife of caution make
A *notch* upon your *mind*.

Learning no Trouble.

CHILDREN I have sometimes seen,
 With so sorrowful an air,
 That I fear'd their case had been
 One that border'd on despair.

But when questions I would ask,
 Matters took another turn,
 All their trouble proved *a task*
 Which they had not heart to learn.

Shame on those who have been taught,
 That a *task* should make them sad ;
 If they studied as they ought,
 Would not learning make them glad ?

Children may with sadness look,
 Who have never learn'd to read ;
 But when taught, to fear a book
 Shews a want of sense indeed.

Danger in eating of Nuts.

SHALL we go nutting, little boy ?
 I know a ramble you enjoy ;
 The day is fine, the nuts are brown—
 And see this stick to hook them down.

No, my good friend, I must decline,
 Nutting is not a sport of mine ;
 Have you forgotten that year's fall,
 When George went nutting with us all ?

The nuts you know were ripe and sweet—
 How many of them he did eat !
 And went home sick, took to his bed,
 And in a week, poor boy, was dead.

Unwholesome fruit I know they are,
 And think there is much better fare
 In many books I have at home,
 So need not for amusement roam.



THE FARM-YARD.

But hark! what a gabble is here!
It cannot be children from school;
No, look now, the quackers appear,
'Tis ducks running down to the pool.

see page 97

London: William Darton, 58. Holborn Hill, 3 mo. 8. 1824.

The Farm-Yard.

LET us go to the farm-yard, and see
 The little fat pigs in the sty ;
 In time what nice pork they will be,
 Or bacon for peas, by and bye !

Look, there is the hen with her brood,
 And here, the cows ready to milk ;
 The geese who are cackling for food,
 And rabbits, their skins soft as silk.

But hark ! what a gabble is here !
 It cannot be children from school ;
 No, look now, the quackers appear,
 'Tis ducks running down to the pool.

And there are old Dobbin and Joe,
 The horses that drew home the hay ;
 And Trusty, who barks at us so,
 Too sharp and too crabbed for play.

Though London has many fine sights,
 More pleasing than this to our eyes ;
 Yet what would be all its delights,
 Without what a farm-yard supplies ?

Fishing.

ALL day long has Edward been
 Angling in yonder stream,
 But his boasted fishing scene
 Has ended like a dream.

Not one fish would take the bait—
 I'm glad they were so wise ;
 And I hope 'tis not too late
 To open Edward's eyes.

Fishing is a cruel sport ;
 And boys who are humane,
 Will not, for a pleasure short,
 Inflict a lasting pain.

The rich Child and the Beggar.

How many shoes does Jessy own !
 But see that child who has not one ;
 And will not Jessy give a pair,
 She who so many has to spare ?

'Tis well for her she has such store ;
 But should she not relieve the poor,
 And pity those whose lot may be
 To feel the sting of poverty ?

Let Jessy look into her heart,
 And learn to act a tender part ;
 Or else, the *more* she may possess
 Will only make us love her *less*.

Use of Arithmetic.

JOHN wants to know what three times three
Added to five times two, may be ;
Long has he puzzled o'er the sum,
Nor finds to what amount they come.

Yet he is old enough to know
Much more, and I must tell him so.
Let us ask Charles, for he can count,
And soon will tell us the amount.

Well, three times three are nine, he says,
And five times two are ten, always ;
When ten and nine are thus combin'd,
Nineteen's the number we shall find.

We ought to reckon quick and well,
That what we spend our books may tell,
And make us saving, to this end,
That we may *give*, as well as *spend*.

Hay Harvest.

COME, take a walk, the shower is over,
 Sweet smell the beans and blooming clover;
 The birds refresh'd, are sweetly singing,
 And hark! the village bells are ringing.

See from the field the hay is taking,
 Then all will join in merry-making;
 They may be merry with good reason,
 This is the farmer's happy season.

Are we not glad to see our neighbour
 Thus reap the profit of his labour?
 May he enjoy his mirth and leisure,
 For those who *work* have *right* to *pleasure*.

Good Morrow.

GOOD morrow, my friends, here am I
As gay as a lark in the sky ;
But watch me awhile, you shall see,
I soon shall be brisk as a bee.

Though never, I hope, like a drone—
My plan is a more active one ;
For idleness will not procure
The learning I hope to secure.

Yet so will I manage the day,
Some time I will find for my play,
My studies with pleasure combine,
Be cheerful, and never supine.

Each morn when I open my eyes,
For something improving I'll rise,
And try by all means to acquire
Whatever my friends may desire.

Good Night.

DAY has gone by, and now for rest,
With all that's peaceful in my breast ;
My teachers have been pleas'd to say,
I've studious been thro' all the day.

My playmates had no fault to find,
Their good-night kiss was warm and kind ;
Nor can I to my memory bring
Reproach, or one unpleasant thing.

It was not always thus, I know,
For temper was one time my foe ;
But I have conquer'd it, I trust,
And hope my faults will flee as dust.

Good night, my friends, I must repeat :
My thoughts just now are all so sweet,
That conscience gives a new delight,
To which I will not say, *Good Night.*

Talents given for Use.

WHAT are talents great and rare,
 If they be not well applied?

What is beauty e'er so fair,
 If it be deform'd by pride?

Every gift on us bestow'd,
 Should to something good excite;
 Every talent be a road,
 Leading us to what is right.

Double is the sin of those
 Who to excellence may rise,
 Yet in idleness repose,
 As though sorry to be wise.

How ungrateful such return
 To that God who gave them sense!
 Should they not take pains to learn,
 Lest that God should take offence?

Though his love all love exceeds,
 We are taught his wrath to fear,
 And by all our words and deeds
 Prove his law to us is dear.

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