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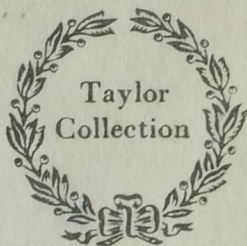
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Mary Belton Elliott

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SIMPLE...
1812



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SIMPLE TRUTHS IN VERSE,

FOR

THE AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN,

AT

AN EARLY AGE.

By MARY BELSON,

AUTHOR OF

“Innocent Poetry,” “Grateful Tributes,” “The Orphan Boy,”
“Precept and Example,” “Industry and Idleness,” &c. &c.

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PREFACE.



WHEN I consider the tender ages of those, for whom the following pages are intended, I feel the necessity of avoiding prolixity, and such terms as might seem difficult, or strange, to the infantine reader. Few of the Poems are longer than may be committed to memory, or contain words exceeding two syllables, excepting three or four towards the conclusion of the work; and it is presumed, when the little scholar has reached thus far, neither inclination or ability will shrink from the trifling advance in matter and syllable.

Most of the affections, passions, and juvenile habits have been touched upon,

I trust, without violating Truth or Nature. Some information relative to common and useful things, has likewise been introduced, and a sense of Religion, whenever the opportunity offered. On this point, it is ever my wish to blend it with other matter, so that it may seem the natural accompaniment of every good, and thus lead the mind from *effect* to cause. All children are sensible of the first term, and usually curious to discover the latter; from such feelings may spring gratitude; and the child, whose young heart expands with delight, as he plucks the gay flower of the field, might soon be taught to reverence the abler hand which placed it there. Experience convinces me, this is but a SIMPLE TRUTH.

June 1st 1812.

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SIMPLE TRUTHS.

THE DANGEROUS TRIAL.

FANNY, now we are alone,
Hold some paper to the fire,
Pretty sparks will quickly come,
Put it nearer,—raise it higher.

See how red, and bright they shine,
Mounting one above another
Fanny answers, “yes, it’s fine,
But take it from me dearest brother.”

The sparks had now become a flame,
And Fanny’s frock was burning too;
Silly children, both to blame,
Little good your tears can do.

Their screams bring nurse with terror wild,
In the hearth-rug she rolls Fanny;
The prudent caution sav’d the child,
But weeks of pain she suffer’d many.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

GRAND-MAMMA has left the taper,
Help me on her chair to kneel;
I'll make a letter of this paper,
And try if that red wax will seal.

When by the taper it gets hot,
'Twill melt and drop,—but let me see,
Suppose instead of what I want,
The scalding wax should fall on me.

Just so when Robert bade me try
The pretty sparks; I thought no harm,
But now, when down I cast my eye,
I see sad scars upon my arm.

Paper and wax you may remain,
Where I found you, safe and sound;
Fanny wou'd not be burnt again,
Not for twenty thousand pound.

NEW SHOES.

ROSY MARTHA laughs with joy ;
What has pleas'd the little maid ?
Has she got a fine new toy ?
No, she cries, and shakes her head.

Her garment tight she holds behind,
And peeps at something on the ground ;
Her head to right, then left inclin'd,
Ah ! now the secret I have found.

She smiles her new green shoes to see,
With clasps of polish'd silver bright ;
Yon shoeless girl feels no such glee,
Her ragged cloaths give no delight.

Yet Martha, though her clothes be old,
Her heart is good, her manners mild,
I'd give your shoes, were they of gold,
To see you half so good a child.

GOOD ADVICE LOST.

How pale is little Julia's cheek,
How dull and heavy looks her eye;
Yes, Julia has been sick a week,
So sick, they thought her near to die.

I blush to say what made her ill,
Though hope a caution it may prove,
To such as follow stubborn will,
Though told 'tis wrong, by friends they love.

A bright red berry Julia found,
And guess'd it must be very sweet;
Jane bade her leave it on the ground,
But Julia thought it good to eat.

The juice she suck'd, and soon sad pain,
Made her repent the foolish deed,
She says, she never will again,
Pick strange berry, fruit, or weed.

FALSE ALARMS.

For every trifle Sarah cried,
Her cheeks with tears, was always wet,
In vain Mamma wou'd gently chide,
Still more wou'd Sarah pout and fret.

Such folly tired all her friends,
Her playmates shunn'd a child so cross;
Ill-humour never gains its ends,
And Sarah found it to her loss.

While standing near the door one day,
She saw some boys a dog pursue,
And tried to run another way,
But at the frighten'd child he flew.

He bit her cheek and made it bleed,
And though she loudly call'd for aid,
Her friends who heard it gave no heed,
" 'Twas only Sarah's whims," they said.

THE NEW LOOKING-GLASS.

IN the water-tub William had found
Two fish who were swimming with glee;
Robert begged to be rais'd from the ground,
That their sports he might easier see.

Then he mounted an old broken chair,
Peep'd into the tub with delight,
Ah! William, he cried, I declare
I have found out another fine sight;

Each part of my face I can view,
As plain as I do in the glass
Let me see if my hands will shew too.
And he quitted his hold—when Alas!

Right into the water he fell,
William saved him, or he had been drown'd
Let children who hear this, think well,
Before they seek sights from the ground.

PENNY WISE.

GRAND-MAMA gave Jane a penny,
Because she said her lesson well;
And Jane saw pretty things, so many,
Which was best, she scarce could tell.

At the toy-shop she stood gazing,
Still she could not make a choice;
To a doll, her eye was raising,
When she heard a feeble voice

Wish her ev'ry good and blessing,
If a farthing she wou'd spare;
The beggar said, his wants were pressing,
And pointed to his silver hair.

Jane heard, and freely gave her penny,
A tear was in the old man's eye;
Jane bought no doll, or had she any
Wish, a single toy to buy.

I WILL.

I *will* go out Louisa cried,
No matter for the rain;
I will not always be denied,
I tell you so again.

Wait till to-morrow, Patty said,
And then the sun may shine;
Louisa minded not the maid,
But said it *then* was fine.

Away she went, a shower came on
Wetting her hat all o'er;
It was not fit to look upon,
Though new the day before.

No other will Mamma allow;
And when her child complains,
Answers—you had your will, and now
Must wear this for your pains.

I WILL NOT.

How happy little Charlotte looks,
Playing with her toys ;
Her doll how neat, how clean her books,
She keeps them—not destroys.

To see a book with corners turn'd,
Denotes a child a dunce ;
Charlotte has this maxim learn'd,
Although she did it once.

And then she said, “ ’tis wrong I know,
I will not do it again ;”
And when she said she wou'd not do,
The promise was not vain.

I *will*, you never heard her say,
But when such words were right ;
For this they bought that doll so gay,
She views with such delight.

THE GIVER.

TELL me Mary, tell me where,
You get those pretty clothes to wear;
Shoes to keep you from the ground,
And coat so warm to wrap you round?

They came from kind papa you say,
To shield you from cold Winter's day:
And who gave him the power to buy
Clothes to keep you warm and dry?

God, gave him strength to toil for me,
And means, to buy the gifts you see,
This coat, once wool, on sheep did grow,
And even this to God I owe.

His care protects all living things,
From him our every comfort springs;
Papa, but gives me, what he can,
But God gives every thing to *Man*.

AN EXCUSE FOR PUSS.

LITTLE FANNY calls poor Tib
A naughty, cruel thing,
Because she caught a pretty bird,
And tore its tender wing.

But foolish child, do you forget
The fly, you kill'd one day?
Without a motive too, and yet
That puss is cruel, say.

I've seen you pouting look, and dull,
With mutton on your plate;
But had it been with chicken full,
Like puss you would have ate.

In future, be not so absurd,
Eat what your friend's provide;
Puss may from instinct kill a bird,
But *you* have sense to guide.

USE OF THE COW.

PRAY do not tease the gentle cow,
One of your kindest friends ;
You stare, as if you knew not how ;
I'll shew, if you attend.

For milk, which every day you take,
For cheese, and butter too,
With many puddings that we make,
Thanks to the cow are due.

For all these comforts that she yields,
No wages she requires ;
Let her but crop your grass-grown fields,
Nature no more desires.

And now her value I have told,
In future treat her kind,
Nor fail to keep, when she grows old,
Her former gifts in mind.

WHAT IS VEAL.

WILLIAM asked how veal was made ;
His little sister smil'd ;
“ It grew in foreign climes,” she said,
And called him silly child.

Eliza laughing at them both,
Told to their great surprize,
The meat cook boil'd to make them broth,
Once liv'd, had nose and eyes ;

Nay more, had legs and walk'd about ;
William in wonder stood,
He could not make the riddle out,
But begged his sister wou'd.

Well brother, I have had my laugh,
And you shall have yours now,
Veal, when alive, was call'd a calf,
Its mother was a cow.

WHAT IS MUTTON.

If veal is calf, what's mutton, pray?
That cannot be calf too;
No, William, no, but step this way,
And mutton is in view.

Eliza, I see nothing there
But flocks of woolly sheep;
Yet stay, I think some lambs there are
Grazing down yonder steep.

True brother, and when sheep we kill,
Mutton becomes its name;
When young, we call it lamb, but still,
The taste is much the same.

The wool which from its back we sheare,
Makes nice warm coats for you,
Flannel for Jane and I to wear,
And other uses too.

PORK AND BEEF.

LITTLE JANE thinks she can tell,
What pork is when alive ;
She knows their squeaking noise quite well
When pigs to market drive.

Well, Jane is right, for pork is pig,
But does she know beside,
That when they older grow, and big,
Bacon they make, if dried.

And what is beef? sure Jane must know,
For often have we seen
The creature running to and fro,
When in the fields we have been ;

She cannot guess; I must explain,
The ox—is then its name,
And other countries try in vain,
To equal ours in fame.

THE QUESTIONS.

DID God make every thing that lives?
And can they feel as we?
If he their life and feeling gives,
How cruel must we be,

To take the life his bounty gave,
Making his goodness vain;
Surely we ought to try and save,
Rather than cause them pain.

Eliza let us give up meat
For all our lives to come;
Puddings and pies are very sweet,
Let us eat them alone.

When others see what we have done,
They will leave eating too;
Or if we can't save every one,
At least we'll save a few.

THE ANSWER.

Most true my love, that all was made,
By God's all perfect hand ;
We cou'd not move without his aid,
All, is at his command.

Mankind first made, he loves them best,
The brute creation then,
First to the earth, with all the rest,
And only made for men.

'Tis his desire that we should kill,
Those animals we eat ;
We therefore but obey his will,
In making such our meat.

To give them pain is surely wrong,
From idle wanton sport ;
We should not let them suffer long,
But use them as we ought.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the Bible, tell me pray?
For much I long to know;
'Tis full of good, and truth they say,
And is it really so?

How can a simple book unfold,
All that we ought to do;
Direct the wise, and check the
Nay, make us happy too?

Just so, my love, that sacred page
Displays God's mercies past;
His wond'rous works from age, to age,
And bliss to come at last.

As sense shall with your years increase,
This volume read each day,
So plain it points to paths of peace,
You cannot miss the way.



THE GRATEFUL CHILD.

Sophia now can spell her name,
Read all her little books,
Is first at every sprightly game,
Happy and gay her looks.

And happy sure she ought to be,
That she has strength to play ;
Ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And spirits thus so gay.

But does she for these gifts of God,
Return to grateful prayers ?
Kneel every night and every morn,
To thank him for his cares ?

Ah! yes, Sophia daily learns,
To give him praises due ;
Repeats her hymns and prayers by turns,
And catechism too.

BRICKS.

HOUSES are made of bricks we know,
And what must bricks be then ?
I think indeed they cannot grow ;
Pray are they made by men ?

Yes, Edward, bricks are made of clay,
With water mix'd, and sand ;
It's dirty work I needs must say,
For this is done by hand.

Bricks, when moulded neat, and made,
In kilns are put to burn ;
And then in rows, with mortar laid,
Soon into houses turn.

Thus what we treat as dirty earth,
Where every insect treads,
By art may prove of greatest worth,
A shelter for our heads.

PAPER.

MAMMA, pray is it true,
What William just now said;
The book I brought to you
Of rags and scraps is made?

Just so my love; nay more,
It once grew in the field;
Flax was the name it bore,
Which flax a thread doth yield.

Now thread, when spun, and wove,
Makes linen cloth to wear;
Nay, when it's old, may prove
Of use, by art and care.

The rags you throw away,
By labours not a few;
You may receive one day,
In books and paper new.

SILK WORMS.

JANE do you see these little dots,
Which on this paper lie?
They seem just now but trifling spots;
Yet, will they live and die.

Shortly, they will begin to move,
The silk-worm is the name;
My gown, your bonnet too my love,
From such small creatures came.

No doubt you think it very strange,
And yet you know not all;
How often in their shape they change,
And once, look'd like a ball.

Plain as the outside doth appear,
How rich they are within;
Who would suppose to see them here,
They such gay silk could spin.

BUTTER.

Few little folks but like to see,
Some butter on their bread;
But yet it is not clear to me,
All, know how it was made.

If milk be left in dishes wide,
The top to cream will turn;
This from the milk is drawn aside,
And put into a churn.

There being shook and turn'd about,
For certain space of time;
A substance forms, which taken out,
Is butter in its prime.

And let me add, you should not use
Too much, although 'tis nice;
For if good health you would not lose,
Pray follow my advice.

TEA.

“ CAN tea be made by peoples hands ?”
Be made ! dear William, no,
It comes to us from foreign lands,
Where ships from England go.

This grateful shrub in China grows,
The leaves alone we see ;
And these, when water on them flows,
Make, what we call our tea.

Sugar too, is a foreign plant,
They call it sugar cane ;
Large fleets of ships, bring what we want,
Then go for more again.

Perhaps you do not know the place
To which these ships go back ;
'Tis name'd West-Indies, and the race
Of people, *all* are black.

COFFEE.

AFTER the sugar-cane, and tea,
Suppose we name the coffee-tree;
Its fragrant berry, burnt and ground,
In every grocers shop is found.

The very best in Turkey thrives,
And from that place, a name derives:
Though the West-Indies doth produce,
The chief of what's in common use.

To forty feet, the tree will shoot,
The coffee berry is its fruit;
The English first its flavour knew,
In sixteen hundred and fifty-two.

These kind of trees and shrubs don't grow,
Where winter clads the earth in snow;
They need a warmer clime than ours,
Which yields but common fruits and flow'rs.

THE CROCUS.

MATILDA, come hither I pray,
There is something peeps out of the snow ;
It is yellow, and looks, I should say,
Like a bud, that is ready to blow.

But surely in weather so cold,
It could not survive half an hour ;
Little bud, you must be very bold,
To hope at this season to flower.

Yet this bold little bud which you see,
Though expos'd to the keen frosty air ;
Will still keep its yellow head free,
And bloom without trouble or care.

I rejoice when I see it appear,
To our thanks it has surely a claim ;
For it tells us, that spring-time is near,
Kind crocus, for that is its name.

SEE SAW.

WHAT can James and George be doing,
Now up aloft, then down are going ;
I wish that I could do the same,
Tell me Mamma, what is its name,

The name my dear, they see-saw call,
I hope they will not get a fall ;
For though it seems a pleasant play,
Danger and mischief in it lay.

When I was young, I liked it too,
But now I leave these things to you ;
I have escap'd unhurt you see,
And wish you may as lucky be.

Some little boys, whom I have seen,
Have in and out of temper been ;
Such see-saw whims are very wrong,
Although they may not last them long.

FOLLY OF FEAR.

Go Martha dear, and take
My writing desk up stairs;
Why do your hands thus shake,
Your eyes too fill with tears;

You cannot be afraid,
To go without a light;
Good people it is said,
Fear neither day nor night.

Banish this idle fear,
Why should you feel alarm;
When God is always near,
To shield the good from harm,

What danger can there be,
While such a guard is nigh;
For though we may not see,
All is before his eye.

THE GREY HORSE.

Poor horse of grey, go stroll at ease,
Eat, drink, and gambol as you please;
Ah! no, you cannot gambol more,
For all your strength of youth is o'er.

Once, you were active, young and gay,
Your coat was bright, and sleek they say;
Journies of many miles you went,
Nor under heavy burthen bent.

When I was sick, no doctor nigh,
My mother feared her child wou'd die;
How swift the message you convey'd,
That brought her back the wish'd for aid.

Go, think yon paddock all your own,
My little hands the seeds have sown;
For, future want, have not a fear,
I'll sow a double crop next year.

PUDDING OR NO PIE.

A little boy, whose name I know,
But do not wish to tell it you,
Because my story will not prove
This little boy deserves your love.

One day at dinner as he sate,
They put some pudding on his plate,
But shameful child he toss'd his head,
Because the pudding was made of bread.

He said it wanted plums and spice,
And many things to make it nice;
Plain milk and bread was not enough,
He could not eat such nasty stuff.

Then do without, papa replied,
Drawing the plate of pudding aside,
And as you cannot pudding eat,
Of course you must not pie or meat.

THE BEE.

MARIA hears the humming bee,
And shrinks with fear his form to see;
Maria need not be afraid,
It will not hurt the little maid.

Though on her arm it chose to light,
The noisy insect will not bite;
Unless she tries to strike it down;
Be wise, and leave it quite alone.

If kindly used, bees seldom sting;
There see, again it spreads its wing;
'Tis going home to leave its store,
Then back will come, to seek for more.

Look in the hive, observe their plan,
And find a lesson there for man;
No idle inmate will you see,
For ever active is the bee.

THE BLACKBIRD.

A BLACKBIRD flying to its nest,
Was seen by idle John;
He thought not of its young, distress,
But knock'd the warbler down.

Feeble and hurt it rais'd its wings,
As if again to fly;
John sudden on his victim springs,
Nor seemed to hear its cries.

Grasped in his hand, he took it home,
There in a cage confin'd;
He left the bird and went to roam,
Hoping more birds to find.

But after fruitless search, once more,
Homeward again he sped;
Opens with haste the prison door,
And finds its inmate——dead.

A CURE FOR PALE CHEEKS.

LITTLE FRANK looks pale and wan,
And fretful spends the day ;
The roses of his cheeks are gone,
And all his wish for play.

But look at James, his laughing eyes,
A better story tells ;
He,—cheerful boy, is much too wise,
To make himself unwell.

But why is Frank so pale and dull ?
He can't enjoy his play ;
While James with spirits ever full,
Makes all around him gay.

Truth is, James early goes to bed,
And wakes refresh'd and light :
But Frank, by foolish fancy led,
Sits up till ten at night.

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

COME dry up those tears, my dear little Fanny,
It grieves me to see you thus cry ;
All children have faults, you had better have any
Than the bad one, of telling a lie.

I will own that the china, which just now was
broken,
I priz'd as the gift of a friend ;
Yet while I lament you destroy'd such a token,
Your conduct I still must commend.

When you saw what was done, without wishing
to hide it,
The truth you at once did reveal,
And though fearing my anger, wou'd rather
abide it,
Than meanly the action conceal.

Most proud do I feel of the proof you have giv'n,
'Tis a bud of much promise in youth ;
You know not my child how 'tis noticed by
heaven ;
For God is the fountain of *Truth*.

KNIVES, NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

BETSY leave that knife alone,
A hundred times was said ;
She answers in an angry tone,
“ I’m not so soon afraid.”

“ I eat my dinner every day,
With knives as sharp as this,
Therefore its nonsense now to say,
I’m doing what’s amiss.”

Then o’er the edge she pass’d her thumb,
To show how slight her fears ;
But Betsy’s flesh was not so numb,
A large deep gash appears.

Too late she views the flowing blood,
And feels the throbbing pain ;
Knives should be only used for food,
And not for purpose vain.

THE USE OF A SPOON.

WHAT a breakfast of pleasant new milk for my
Kate,

She must not begin it too soon ;
Why certainly she will not eat up the plate,
I see she is biting the spoon !

Can a girl of her age, be so very uncouth,
To eat in a manner thus rough ?
The side of the bowl, should but go in the mouth,
And with children polite, is enough.

How greedy it looks, when a plenty is near,
To see a child feed in such haste ;
And those who want all, are too often, I fear,
The first to be careless and waste.

Be careful my Betsy, attend to these rules,
They will tend to your good in the end ;
Advice can be only made light of, by fools,
Who know not a foe from a friend.

MARY AND THE PEAR.

MARY has got a fine large pear,
And now what will she do?
Her little brother's standing near,
In hopes to taste it too.

I guess she will divide her fruit,
And give her brother half;
So Robert thinks, for though he's mute,
I see the rogue can laugh.

No Robert, no, we are deceiv'd,
She every bit devours;
Ah! Mary, will it be believ'd,
That such a deed was yours.

Well may your cheeks turn red with shame,
Your eyes stream down with tears;
Robert, would not have done the same,
For twenty hundred pears.

THE BUSY CHILD.

HANNAH, a busy meddling thing,
Would peep in every place ;
A habit, which must always bring
Young folks into disgrace.

One day, her mother put a jar,
Upon a cupboard shelf ;
Sly Hannah view'd it from afar,
And said within herself,

“ What can mamma have plac'd so high,
It must be something nice,
And if I thought she were not nigh,
Would see it in a trice.”

Quick on the table then she skipped,
When feeling some alarm ;
She sudden turn'd, her left foot slipped,
She fell,——and broke her arm.

SULKY CHILDREN NO GAINERS.

How much it does grieve me, to see my Eliza,
Look sulky and hang down her head ;
I thought that my child would have acted much
wiser,
And guess'd not she was so ill-bred.

When I bade her attend to her lesson just now,
It was surely her place to obey ;
To see her sit idle I cannot allow,
And have told her so, many a day.

She ought to be grateful, and take double pains,
Not look sulky, because she is chid,
All the labour is mine, she alone has the gains,
If she does but perform what I bid.

My wish is, to see her, both active, and kind,
As she is when she wishes to please ;
And I will not but think, my Eliza inclin'd,
The heart of her mother to ease.

THE FOLLY OF PASSION.

WHAT a frown do I see, on that late smiling brow
What an angry flush on that cheek ;
Why Henry, you look, I can scarcely tell how
But for certain not pleasant, or meek.

Pray what is the cause of this passion I see,
Though I doubt if you now can explain ;
For you seem to be out of your senses to me,
I will wait till you find them again.

And was it the poor little sister you love,
Only treading by chance on your cart ;
And could such a trifle your temper thus move ?
Fie ! Henry,—where is your heart.

See the tears in her eyes, need I point out the rest,
Go, tell her your passion is o'er,
Put your arms round her neck, hug her close to
your breast,
You will feel that you love her still more.

MAKE FREE WITH YOUR OWN.

THERE was only one rose in the garden,
And Thomas has pick'd it I see;
He thinks it was wrong, and asks pardon,
It surely was making too free.

YET it is not the worth of the flower,
That makes me regret what was done;
But we should not, (although in our power,)
Make use of the thing not our own.

THOMAS knows how we all like the rose,
And this, though it bloom'd in the morn,
He will find, when no longer it grows,
How soon all its bloom will be gone.

BUT now it's too late to repair,
We must do without roses this year;
YET Thomas, in future take care,
Or such actions may cost you most dear.

WORTH OF THE DOG.

CARLO, why run away,
Is it thy master scares thee?
You need not fear to stay,
Good-will alone he bears thee.

This stick is not for you,
I could not bear to hurt thee;
Full well I know thy due,
And never will desert thee.

I have had thee many a year,
And ever found thee faithful;
And now when age draws near,
Thy master shall prove grateful.

If feeble be thy pace,
My own I will restrain;
Look in thy honest face,
And think thee young again.



READING QUICK, NOT READING WELL.

MARY has read three lessons well,
But George has read a dozen ;
And who reads best? pray can you tell,
Young Mary, or her cousin?

Who reads the best?—why, let me see;
For certain George read many ;
But then, he reads too fast for me,
I could not make out any.

Just so he hastes from first to last,
Nor stops hard words to spell :
Where he should stop, he goes on fast,
And where it's wrong will dwell.

Now Mary, every stop observes,
And makes a proper rest ;
The sense of every word preserves,
She—therefore, must read best.

EARLY RISING.

How is it, that Jane can so soon
Learn her task, do the work of the day ?
She is busy and active till noon,
And then is at leisure to play.

I have tried to get on just the same,
For I wish'd quite as clever to be ;
But before I was done, the night came,
I must own it's a riddle to me.

Then thus may the riddle be read,—
She rises at morn with the sun ;
And while you lay idle in bed,
The chief of her labour is done.

If you wish to be clever like her,
You have but to follow this plan ;
Let the praises she gains be a spur,
And excel her as fast as you can.



THE LAST NEW DOLL.

SOPHIA begg'd her sister Grace,
The last new doll to bring ;
And shew'd a pretty bit of lace,
To dress the little thing.

It would she thought go round its cap,
Indeed for that 'twas bought ;
Careful she lay it in her lap,
Till Grace the baby brought.

Grace soon came back, and in her arms
A doll, that once was new ;
But ah! quite faded were its charms,
Quite frightful to the view.

“ This your new doll,” Sophia cries,
“ You make me blush dear Grace ;
“ More careful must you be, and wise,
“ Before I give my lace.”

THE VALUE OF ORDER.

“SISTERS, make haste,” young Frank exclaims,
“The coach is at the gate ;
“Hark! now papa repeats your names,
He says he will not wait.”

“Coming, my dear papa,” said Ann,
“We are almost ready now ;”
And in a moment down she ran,
Complete from head to toe.

But why did careless Emma stay,
The reason soon is known ;
She could not find her gloves that day,
Her tippet too, was gone.

Ten minutes pass'd, she did not come,
Papa grew angry quite ;
And left the careless girl at home,
To find them as she might.

THE CARD HOUSE.

SEE brother, see what you have done,
Just, as I had placed the last card ;
My elbow you pushed in your fun,
But you might have been more on your guard.

If you, had been building a house,
I would not a finger have mov'd ;
But quiet have set, as a mouse,
As I think I have many times prov'd.

Don't suppose I am angry from this,
Though I hope you won't do it again ;
So I think I shall give you a kiss,
For I know you don't wish to give pain.

Come mix all your cards with the rest,
You shall help me to build such another ;
I am sure it will please me the best,
Because from the hands of my brother.

THE WOODEN LEG.

A POOR old man is at the gate,
Alas! he has a wooden leg;
How hard, how very hard his fate;
To be so lame, yet forced to beg.

I wish my little purse was full;
And so it might, had I been wise;
To think upon it makes me dull,
And brings the tears into my eyes.

A few days back I had a store,
Why was I tempted cakes to buy;
Nor save a penny for the poor,
To ease one want, to check one sigh.

Ah! dear Mamma a trifle spare,
Send not the beggar man away;
Give him a dinner, all my share,
I don't deserve a meal to-day.

E N V Y.

YOUNG RICHARD has written his name,
Without inking paper or hands;
And as a reward for the same,
At the head of his class he now stands,

How happy he looks, as he may,
For he feels that he merits our praise;
But what ails his brother, I pray,
His eyes he seems fearful to raise.

Why surely he cannot repine,
That Richard is thought to excel;
If he wishes himself thus to shine,
He should study to hold his pen well.

But Envy, my child, is a crime,
And to see it in you makes me sad;
For if you don't check it in time,
It will lead you to every thing bad.



THE BIRTH-DAY.

MARY is eight years old to day,
Her little heart is light and gay;
O! may she feel as gay and light,
When she retires to bed at night.

Her doll, and baby-house are new;
Pleasure alone appears in view;
Kind and attentive are her friends,
What can she do, to make amends?

She ought to do, whate'er she's bid,
Whenever wrong, or gently chid,
I trust she will not sulky be,
Like children that I sometimes see.

No, rather let her yield with ease,
Be pleas'd herself, and strive to please;
Let her but try, she must succeed,
Then this will be a day indeed.

THE STRAY LAMB.

A LITTLE lamb once chanc'd to stray,
Beyond its usual bound ;
The mother heard its bleeting lay,
And echoed back the sound.

The timid wanderer, sought again,
To trace its native fields,
By various paths ; alas ! in vain,
Till to fatigue it yields.

A hillock props its gentle head,
Stretcht, lies its panting form ;
It hears approaching footsteps tread,
And life begins to warm.

Rise little lamb, thou will not die,
For see thy mother's near ;
There's hope and comfort in her eye,
E'en *pity* lends a tear.

DO, AS YOU WOULD BE DONE
UNTO.

DEAR William, I grieve to reprove,
As much as I like to commend,
But I cannot allow, those I love,
To lack the advice of a friend.

Had a glass been before you just now,
A blush would have covered your cheek ;
To have witness'd the scorn on your brow,
And *looks*, my dear brother, can speak.

When Betty refus'd to comply,
With your wish, of upsetting the chair,
You would not attend to know why,
But assumed such an insolent air,

That it brought the tears into her eyes,
For Betty can feel well as you ;
And if servants you learn to despise,
From them no civility's due.

THE NEST.

ARTHUR to Robert made a sign,
That check'd his merry tongue ;
And whispered—Robert what luck is mine,
A blackbird and its young.

Look through the bush, see ther's the nest,
The mother, brood, and all ;
You shall have her, I'll take the rest,
But hold me, lest I fall.

Stay—Authur, for a moment stay,
And think upon the deed ;
When you were young and helpless, say,
Did you a mother need ?

If so, you soon may comprehend,
How these poor birds will fare,
When *you* have *gained* your cruel end,
They *lost* a mothers care.

THE LITTLE MISER.

AMELIA has taken her brother up stairs,
See how closely she fastens the door ;
Now to open her treasures she slowly prepares,
But *her treasures*, are not for the poor.

She has trinkets and toys, and a little green purse,
In which there is plenty of gold ;
Yet no little girl can deserve riches worse,
For the heart of Amelia is cold.

She does not enjoy, though she hoards thus her
wealth,
(For the fears of the miser are strong ;)
Gold cannot procure her a day of good health,
No, foolish Amelia, your wrong.

The way to make riches a source of delight,
Is, to give, where you know there is need ;
For pity's a gem, than a diamond more bright,
And can purchase a pleasure indeed.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

WILLIAM, whence this store of treasure,
Whence are all these splendored things;
It seems to me your greatest pleasure,
Not from use, but number springs.

I feel assured, that half this number,
Would satisfy some boys I know;
Where did Williams prudence slumber,
When he spent his money so.

I know my William means to share them,
For never covetous was he;
But what will babies do? why tear them,
And what a pity that would be.

Besides, he more than once has tasted,
How delightful 'tis to give;
Not where things are spoil'd or wasted,
But where want and misery live.

THE PLEASURES OF WEALTH.

What pleasure I take in observing,
One dear little girl that I know ;
She is always so good and deserving,
I cannot but wish, all were so.

From her friends she has money in plenty,
(But it is not put by as an hoard ;)
I believe not a child out of twenty,
Can guess, what by her is procured

Why,—food for the hungry and weary,
And clothes for the ragged and poor ;
The countenance pallid and dreary,
Returns with a smile from her door.

Her books, and her doll are her pleasures,
When to learning, or play she's inclin'd ;
The feeble and poor are her treasures,
And the casket which holds them—her mind.

READING.

MAMMA, said Julia, as she took
From off her mother's knee, a book,
Say, shall I like a woman look,
By Reading.

Jane learns long lessons every day,
And grows quite tall, the people say,
But still 'tis hard to give up play
For Reading.

I know my letters very well,
And many words too, I can spell,
Think you mamma, I could excel
In Reading?

Yes, if you try, my love, no doubt,
But nothing can be done without,
So quickly let us set about,
This Reading.

TEMPER.

'That heavy look on Emma's brow,
Where smiles of pleasure beam'd just now,
Induces me to think, somehow,
'Tis Temper.

I pity a girl with sense endow'd,
Neither too humble, or too proud,
Should yield, for truth must be allow'd,
To Temper.

Methinks were I in Emma's place,
I could not bear the past to trace,
I'd set about reform, with grace
And Temper.

This failing would I soon remove,
And when successfully I'd strove.
Those, should love me, who say they love
Good Temper.

PUSS CAN TAKE HER OWN PART.

RICHARDS eyes with tears are streaming,
Observe how fast they flow;
Just now I heard him loudly screaming
And sought the cause to know.

He shew'd his hand, alas! 'twas bleeding,
Scratched by his favourite cat;
It seems, Miss Puss, (whom he was feeding,)
Refused to to eat the fat.

Now Richard thought she wanted beating,
And seized her by the ear;
But puss dislik'd this way of treating,
And made him pay most dear.

We have the power, and should but use it,
To gain our proper ends;
Those, who, (tyrants like) abuse it,
Make enemies of friends.

A BABY.

My little Henry's growing wise,
I see sense beaming in his eyes,
No more for trifling things he cries,
Like Baby.

To ask for that which is not right,
Or wish to sit up late at night,
He would not do, for that is quite
The Baby.

He does whate'er mamma requires,
Governs his wish by her desires,
And reads his book, nor ever tires
Like Baby.

His praises all the mother moves,
She must not say how much she loves,
Lest in her Henry's eye, she proves
A Baby.

LISTEN AND LEARN.

WHAT's this? what's that? Maria cries,
And quick from place to place she flies;
Yet, eager as she may appear,
She never stops their names to hear.

Papa? (asks John,) what may you call
This slender tree, which grows so tall?
He waits an answer to the same,
And learns, the poplar is its name.

In time, John gathers quite a store,
And every day gains something more;
In every walk new pleasure flows,
From knowing nearly all that grows.

But blushes stain Maria's cheek,
When asked on common things to speak;
How can she say a single word,
Or mention what she has not heard



THINK BEFORE YOU ACT.

ELIZABETH, her frock has torn,
And prick'd her finger too ;
Why did she meddle with the thorn,
Until its use she knew.

Because Elizabeth will touch,
Whate'er comes in her way ;
I've seen her suffer quite as much,
A dozen times a day.

Yet though so oft she feels the pain,
The habit is so strong,
That all our caution is in vain,
And seldom heeded long.

I should not wonder if at last,
She meets some dreadful fate ;
And then perhaps, regrets the past,
When sorrow comes too late.

CONSEQUENCES OF AGE.

TRUE, Robert is now in his prime,
But if it please God, he should live,
He must yield, like the beggar, to time,
And all that God chuses to give.

His back may be bent like a bow.
His eyes now so clear, may grow dim,
His hair may turn white as the snow,
And feeble be every limb.

Ah! Robert, if such be the case,
Reflect, 'ere you dare to make game
Of the aged, whose figure, or face,
May be chang'd without causing them shame.

Yes, with pain I remark'd your rude smile,
As we pass'd a lame beggar just now;
Cruel boy, could you really revile,
An object, whom God had made so.

USE OF PHYSIC.

MATILDA does not run about,
As she was won't to do;
Indeed, she scarce can walk without
The help of Jane or you.

Poor child, she has been very ill,
And caused us all much pain;
She's getting better now, and will,
Soon run about again.

When physic by the nurse was brought,
She never call'd it stuff,
But took it quickly as she ought,
Without one scold or huff.

I hope that Jane and you will try,
(When sick) to do the same;
If not, perhaps you both may die,
And who would be to blame?

THE FROG, A HARMLESS CREA- TURE.

TELL me what makes Charlotte start,
When through the fields we pass;
Why beats with fear her little heart,
Why shuns she thus the grass?

I'm fond of butter cups you know,
Looking for some about;
A living creature touched my toe,
And oh! a frog jump'd out.

And could a little harmless thing,
Give you so much alarm;
Frogs, dear Charlotte, never bite,
Or can they do us harm.

I blush to see a girl of sense,
Who should much better know;
Make every trifle a pretence,
Some silly fear to shew.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Just now, when Julia had a book,
She longed to put it down;
And wanted at some shells to look,
How soon she's tired grown.

The tedious book she threw aside,
She wishes for again,
Her motive Julia need not hide,
For all must see it plain.

No stronger wishes does she feel,
To read the book desired;
Then, when she strove not to conceal,
How much the subject tired.

But now 'tis in her sister's hand,
She sees it makes her smile,
And soon she makes her understand,
'Twas lent, but for a while.

Poor selfish child, if soon you cloy,
And pass real pleasure o'er;
Leave others freely to enjoy,
Who can enjoy it more.

GIVE FREELY, OR NOT AT ALL.

As Edward was cutting some paper to waste,
And strewing the scraps on the floor ;
One piece Mary begged, but he stopped her in
haste,
To think if he wanted it more.

On reflecting a little, he granted her suit,
But small was the paper he spared ;
Ah! Edward, had Mary done so with her fruit,
Her brother I think would have stared.

It is not the worth of the paper indeed,
But sure 'tis a selfish excuse,
When a favour is asked, before we accede,
To consider what may be its use.

We do not oblige when the favour we grant,
With us all its value has lost ;
We should give to our friends, not what we don't
want,
But what we have valued the most.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

TELL me Henry how to find,
The confidence I've lost;
I used to think your candid mind,
Most firm, when trusted most.

And if you pledged your word to do,
I almost thought it done;
And fancied, (but it was not true,)
Truth and my child were one.

Why did you let me feel secure,
If meaning to deceive?
When shall I think your promise sure?
How venture to believe?

In future, never say a thing,
But, what the heart intends;
To truth and honour ever cling,
As to your best of friends.

A FAULT CONFESSED, IS HALF REPENTED.

COME hither Sarah, Martha, John,
And list to what I say ;
I need not ask of either one,
If he, or she, likes play ?

I know they do, and love to see
Them, mix in harmless game ;
But mischief never pleases me,
'Tis sure to merit blame.

Some heedless hand, to day has thrown,
A ball against this glass ;
Its use as well as beauty's gone,
How did it come to pass ?

Matha is right, the fault was her's,
Which candid she avows ;
The simple truth, that shame defers,
My Martha ne'er allows.

EASY TO GIVE UP TRIFLES FOR A GOOD PURPOSE.

HERE is news for Louisa, will dimple her cheek,
And tinge it with pleasure's bright glow ;
The doll she admir'd, for many a week,
May be purchas'd, unless she says no.

Nay, dearest mamma, you can never suppose,
That I, should not gladly agree ;
It has been my desire, as every one knows,
But tell me, who gives it to me ?

Your uncle, my love, is the donor indeed,
Yet perhaps you may fancy another,
When you learn, half the sum, wou'd a poor
baby feed,
Who has lost both its father and mother.

O! yes, dear mamma, it is too much to pay
For a plaything, so trifling and vain ;
Take freely the whole, feed the baby I pray,
I can play with my old doll again.

A FRIEND IN NEED, IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Poor little dog, why tremble so?
You see a friend, and not a foe,
The worth of all your race I know,
From Rover.

He, honest cur, has serv'd me long,
(I trust I never did him wrong,)
For he is weak, and I am strong,
To Rover.

When he was young, he wou'd not see
The smallest insult offer'd me,
And now he's old, a guard I'll be
To Rover.

You look, as though you were astray,
And wander'd many miles to day,
Come home with me, I'll make you gay.
With Rover.

FOLLY OF POUTING.

WHY will Eliza give us pain,
She knows her pouting is in vain,
What can a child expect to gain
By fretting?

I'm sure, were I inclin'd to grant,
Her wish of taking tea with aunt,
She could not now enjoy the jaunt,
From fretting.

Let her grow wise, and learn to bear,
The trifling ills of life,—her share,
Far greater cause have I, for care
And fretting.

Yet still I neither whine or pout,
Nor will she bring her wish about,
Until I hear her speak, without
This fretting.

TRIUMPH OF TEMPER.

DEAR Mary, how much I admire
That laudable courage of thine;
It has conquered a foolish desire,
Nor will you have cause to repine.

When you heard me my wishes express,
They differ'd so much from your own,
I quickly perceiv'd your distress,
In your eye, in your cheek, it was shewn.

Your temper was getting too warm,
And you could not directly comply;
But reflection soon baffled the storm,
While penitence beam'd in your eye.

And never in youth's gayest hour,
Did it look half so pleasing to me;
Like the sweet little bud of a flower,
Which shews what its blossom will be.

THE IDLE BOY.

How stupid Robert always seems,
He yawns from morn 'til night;
When reading, you wou'd think he dreams,
Or lost the power of sight.

Nay, e'en at play he quickly tires,
Wishing for something new;
And should he gain what he desires,
That, soon disgusts him too.

Robert, I warn you as a friend,
Dispel this idle charm;
Exert yourself, the fault amend,
Your subtle foe disarm.

If thus in idleness you grow,
And live to be a man,
'Twill prove your worst, and strongest foe,
So conquer while you can.

THE IDLE GIRL.

POOR FANNY, how old are her shoes!
How ragged her cap and her gown!
How cruel her friends—to refuse—
Stop, Martha—the fault is her own.

Not a week since her shoes were quite new,
And her gown was much better than thine;
But Fanny's too lazy to sew,
Her hands like her mind, are supine.

The doll which her godmother gave,
Undrers'd, in a drawer still remains;
She has double the books that you have,
Yet never to read them, takes pains.

Thus idle, she lingers through day,
No useful thought enters her head;
And when others are sportive and gay,
She looks,—as just risen from bed.

THE DUNCE.

“ Pray what do all these pictures mean?
They must have some design;
For words in every page are seen,
Each picture has a line?”

“ And do you really wish to know,
What these same lines explain?
Or, do you ask me. but to shew,
You feel no sense of shame?”

“ How can a girl of Emma's years,
Ask, without blushing cheeks,
What ought to fill her eyes with tears,
So plain the dunce it speaks.

Ah! had she like another girl,
But learn'd in time to read,
She now would know these subjects well,
Nor my assistance need.

THE TEAR.

WHAT was it dropp'd upon my cheek?
A tear from Anna's eye;
Lift up thy head, my love, and speak,
Come, tell thy mother why?

It did not seem like passion's tear,
Or did it whim betray;
A better dress it seem'd to wear,
And gently forc'd its way.

Her linnet's death makes Anna dull,
She saw it droop and die;
The grief which found her heart too full,
Took shelter in her eye.

Then not for worlds I'd check its course,
Too dear the gem I hold;
The tear that springs from pity's source,
Is worth a mine of gold.

THE OAK.

OBSERVE, dear George, this nut so small,
The acorn is its name;
Would you suppose, yon tree so tall,
From such a trifle came?

The acorn buried in the earth,
When many years are past,
Becomes the oak of matchless worth,
Whose strength will ages last.

In Summer, pleasant is its shade,
But greater far its use;
The wood which forms our ships for trade,
Its body doth produce.

And many other things beside,
I cannot now explain;
For where its merits have been tried,
They were not tried in vain.

WHAT IS REASON?

PRAY tell me what does Reason mean?
For when I do not right,
They say the act has foolish been,
And void of Reason quite.

Why Reason, means a proper cause,
For what we wish or do;
And when we swerve from Reason's laws,
We seldom good pursue.

The act that follows sudden thought,
More often fails than gains;
Did we consider, (as we ought,)
Success would crown our pains.

Reason's a guide, whose purest ray,
Should shine through every plan;
Brutes feel it not, and thus betray,
How poor they are to man.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

SAY, why does Edward's glistening eye,
Thus seek to shun his mother's view?
Already has she heard him sigh,
A deeper, from her breast it drew.

To see him gay, has been her joy.
To make him happy, all her care;
And still, for this, her darling boy,
How many hardships wou'd she bear.

Yet, now she sees each day unfold,
The growing powers of his mind;
An abler hand, she seeks, to mould
These gifts, for future use design'd.

He cannot think, what God bestows,
To make us virtuous, just, and kind,
Should run to waste, like weed that grows,
Where useful herb, and flow'r might rise.

Is it the *name* of school alarms ?
Or does he shrink from study's pains ?
Believe me, learning hath such charms,
As ignorance alone disdains.

Cheer up ! thy mother does not chide,
From wish to make her Edward sad ;
She wants her pet to be her pride,
And sure the motive is not bad.

Full well she knows these childish tears,
Will never stain the scholar's cheek ;
Who, laughing at his former fears,
Will feel a hero in a week.

And when again he gives the kiss,
Clings to the parent breast so lov'd,
Double will be his mother's bliss,
To find how much her boy's improv'd.



THE SNAIL.

SLOW pacing insect, creeping thing,
Thy tedious motion tires mine eyes ;
Cans't thou not raise a single wing ?
Ah no, thou wert not made to fly.

Go on, thy tedious way pursue,
Thy copy, I will never be;
Each day shall teach me something new,
My genius shall not creep like thee.

Time must not drag, to be enjoy'd,
For snail-pace learning ne'er can shine;
I know how time should be employ'd,
And effort, shall at least be mine.

HOLIDAY TIME.

HARK! what was that murmuring sound?
It seem'd like a coach drawing nigh;
Say, Mary, does not your heart bound,
When you think to whose arms you will fly?

But I fear we are both in the wrong,
It was only the wind midst the trees;
Well, surely it cannot be long,
If time, with our wish but agrees.

Ah! that is the long wish'd for noise,
Of the coach-wheels we fancied before;
And a voice, O! it must be my boys,
Run Mary, and open the door.

Yes, see the dear truant is here,
How welcome, our feelings will tell;
But Edward, why brush off a tear,
Which honoured the cheek where it fell?

The sight of your friends create joy,
But joy has it's tears well as pain,
And the tear of affection, dear boy,
Should ne'er be productive of shame.

Once I censured your weakness 'tis true,
Not for weeping when parting from me;
Such regret to a mother was due,
Who suffer'd in parting from thee.

You smile, now I hint at the cause,
That smile says your mother was right;
You have tasted the sweets of applause,
And found a new source of delight.

I told you how proud I should feel,
When my Edward began to grow wise;
Nor will I attempt to conceal,
Such tears as now moisten my eyes.

Yet 'tis holiday time to my heart,
And I mean to be gay with my son ;
For well as he's acted his part,
His mother will not be outdone.

MY BIBLE.

WHAT taught me in my youthful days,
Ever to walk in wisdom's ways,
And every day my God to praise ?

My Bible.

What told me I should learn to shun,
Whatever was by sinners done,
And from the paths of vice to run ?

My Bible.

What bade me have an upright heart,
To act through life an honest part,
Nor have recourse to guile or art ?

My Bible.

What told me ne'er to turn mine eye
From widow's tears, or orphan's cry,
But pity feel, for mis'ry's sigh ?

My Bible.

MY CONSCIENCE.

WHAT is it, that within I feel,
Appears into my heart to steal,
Displays the fault I would conceal?

'Tis Conscience.

It seems a tie I cannot break,
And formed, to keep my soul awake
When thou art wrong, no rest I take,

My Conscience.

Mem'ry recalls a certain day,
When, (to procure an hour's play,)
I told a lie——where didst thou stray

My Conscience.

Not far indeed, for O! that night,
The fault was ever in my sight,
I slept but to awake in fright,

From Conscience.

Methinks again I could not bear,
Such night of woe, such sleep of care,
I was not *then*, as *now* aware

Of Conscience.

When day-light came, my friends I sought,
And own'd my crime—what ease of thought,
What comfort to myself it brought,
Through Conscience.

Then first I learn'd what caus'd my fear,
That painful sense so hard to bear,
It was, because thou wast not clear,
My Conscience.

Since then, I love thy judgment best,
If right, or wrong, thou art the test,
Impartial tenant of my breast
My Conscience.

How pure, how tender, must thou be,
E'en thought of error sullies thee,
Thou must from slightest spot be free
My Conscience!

How often might I stray to ill,
If left to guidance of my will,
But nature's check is near me still,
In Conscience.

Like as a book, I read thee o'er,
And value, as I know thee more,
My aim shall be to keep thee pure
My Conscience.

Let my life's end prove what it may,
Oh! may'st thou be the cheering ray,
To soften and beguile the way,
Clear Conscience!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BUD of the Spring, thou promised fair,
To pay tenfold thy mother's care,
Who hop'd to see the bloom;
That hope has vanish'd as a dream,
The babe so late her darling theme,
Now slumbers in the tomb.

The sparkling eye that caught her smile,
And made her fancy, for awhile,
Her bliss on earth secure ;
No more shall give or own delight,
Their sparkling beams are set in night,
To beam on her no more.

The grief, the sorrow's all her own,
Thy fate indeed she cannot mourn,
For bliss supreme is thine ;
If earthly-cares in heaven they know,
Plead to thy God to heal her woe,
His mercy—is divine.

WHAT IS WORSHIP?

WILL you explain, (if I attend,)
What worship signifies ?
I do not rightly comprehend,
Its forms, and yet I know they tend,
To make us good and wise.

Worship implies, not form alone,
The *heart*, should join in prayer ;
Words only, never reach that throne,
Where God receives the sinner's moan,
The sigh, which springs from care.

And can we offer him our vows,
Though not to churches near ?
If so, what tender love it shews,
That thus his creatures he allows,
To seek him every where.

But tell me, how I best may shew,
My reverence of his name,
Must I to public temples go,
Or, if at home, I tell him so,
Will it be all the same ?

Where'er you seek his gracious aid,
Worship with all your soul ;
Let Faith, your ev'ry thought pervade,
Like those to whom our Saviour said,
“ Thy *faith*, hath made thee whole.”

THE GLOW-WORM.

WHAT a curious thing I have seen,
Though 'twas night, yet how brightly it shone,
Perhaps you may guess what I mean ;
It led me astray,
But had it been day,
What it was, I must surely have known.

Not so, my dear Thomas, for night,
Alone makes its brightness appear ;
All its charms disappear when 'tis light ;
And the glow-worm in day,
Will ne'er lead you astray,
Or attract, be it ever so near.

Just so, are the foolish and vain,
Who try to deceive us by show,
But as short, as the glow-worm's, their reign ;
When Truth lends her ray,
Like the sun-shine of day,
She quickly surpasses their glow.

Never hope, my dear child, to succeed
By art, though conceal'd the design;
The actions of youth should not need
E'en a shade of disguise,
But appear to our eyes,
In the true garb of candour to shine.

THE AFRICAN.

ALFRED, tell me why you seem,
To doubt what William said;
The thing which you a wonder deem,
By God is easy made.

'Tis true your skin is smooth and fair,
The African's as dark;
Yet both were form'd with equal care,
His colour's not a mark.

No crime has caus'd its sable hue;
Were deeds by colour known,
To us, what censure would be due,
Who forc'd them from their home.

In spite of Natures' dearest ties,
From love of baneful gold,
Regardless of their piteous cries,
Our fellow-creatures——sold!

Well may your cheek indignant glow,
But learn, those times are o'er,
And Afric's race, shall find a foe
In England's sons no more.

For this,—in future when they pray,
Unconscious to what power;
“*On them,*” their trembling lips will say,
Thy choicest blessings pour!

DAYS, HOURS, AND MINUTES.

How many days are in a week?

Can John or Edward tell?

Eager they both appear, to speak,

I hope they'll answer well.

John says there's seven, and he's right,

Now tell their length, both day and night.

“ The hours,” papa, “ I think they say,
Are numbered twenty-four ;
These, are divided into day
And night, when day is o’er.
Twelve days, twelve nights, if right I know ;”
Yes, John——it is exactly so.

How many minutes, may I ask,
Are reckon’d in an hour ?
“ Papa, that is an easy task,
Why, sixty, or three score ;
And each owns seconds just the same,
Though moments be their common name.



NAMES OF DAYS AND SEASONS.

WHAT names are given to days by men ?
I’ve heard you mention some ;
Why Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, then
Wednesday and Thursday come :
Friday and Saturday are the last,
When they are gone, the week is past.

Four weeks, a single month will make,
And twelve months form a year,
In which, (if you due notice take,)
Four seasons will appear;
These, in rotation, mark the time,
And like ourselves shew age and prime.

The first of them we call the Spring,
When bud and blossom blows;
Summer comes next, then, every thing,
In full perfection shows;
Autumn will then in turn succeed,
And bring the corn our mouths to feed.

At length cold Winter ends the scene,
With snow, keen wind, and rain;
John understands what seasons mean,
And has not learn'd in vain.
Such useful things all boys should know,
Great matter oft from trifles flow.

AN ISLAND EXPLAINED.

Now tell me I pray,
What is meant when they say,
Great Britain stands quite in the sea?
Is the water so nigh,
Though the land seems so dry,
I cannot think how it can be!

I will tell you my love,
And easily prove,
Altho' we all live upon land;
The sea flows around,
Yet keeps within bound,
So wisely has Providence plan'd.

An Island 'tis nam'd,
And Britain is fam'd,
For her justice, her commerce*, and laws.
In the Atlantic sea,
No Island so free,
Or so ready to aid pity's cause.

* Trade.

On your maps you will find,
Many more of the kind,
And some which are larger in size ;
But do not confound,
A large tract of ground,
And suppose it an island likewise.

FINIS.

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