

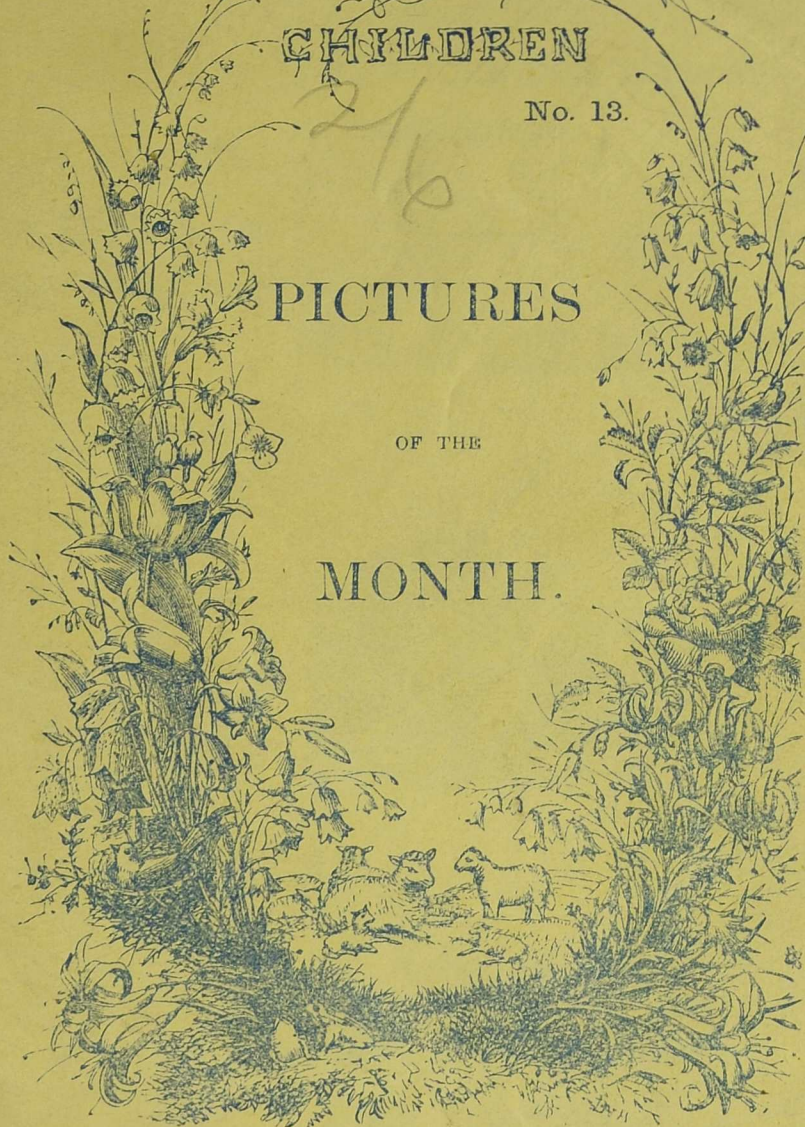
PICTURE BOOKS FOR LITTLE
CHILDREN

No. 13.

PICTURES

OF THE

MONTH.

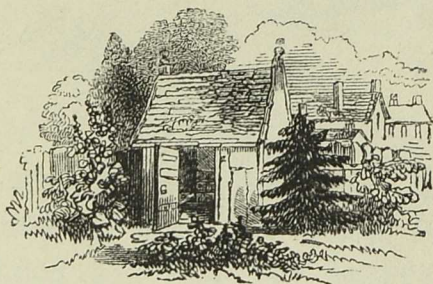


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[No. 13.]

PICTURE BOOKS FOR LITTLE;
CHILDREN.

PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.



LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

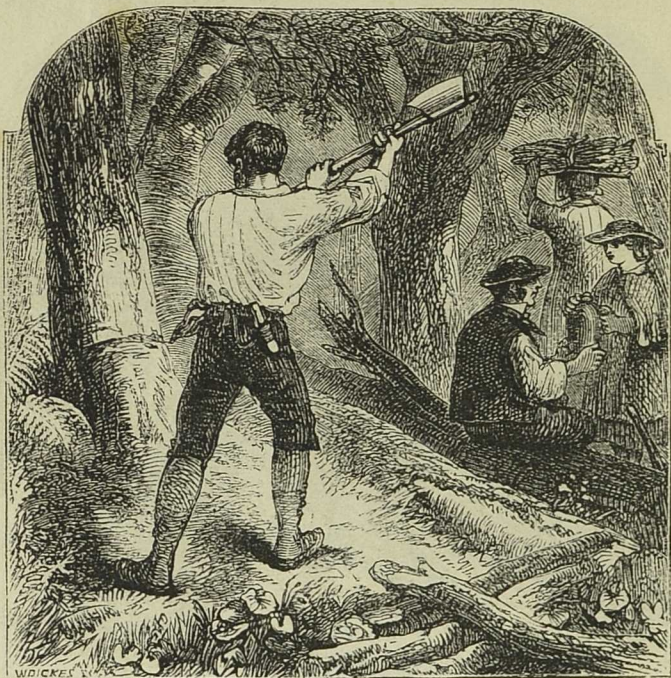


JANUARY.

THE farmer's man is now breaking the ice on the pond, that he may get water for the cattle. The trees are bare of leaves, and are covered with snow.

With the first day of January we begin a new period of our time. We should now seek, through faith in Jesus, that all our past sins may be forgiven us, for his sake; and pray that his Holy Spirit may help us, all the new year, to do what is right.

PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.



FEBRUARY.

THE work of the woodman begins with the winter, and mostly ends in February. We may now see him with his axe, felling one of the mighty trees of the forest. His strong arms and sharp axe will soon bring the old oak to the ground.

“In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be,” Eccl. xi. 3. If it be so with us, when we fall by death, let us now be sure of a good hope of heaven. If we trust in Jesus we shall be safe.



MARCH.

MARCH is one of the busy months of the year. The farmer now ploughs and sows, and the seeds will be in the ground ready for April showers to soften them, and cause them to spring forth in stems and leaves. The gardener, too, must sow and plant, dig the ground, dress the beds, prune his fruit trees, and root up all the weeds.

O Lord, help me to root out each evil from my heart.



APRIL.

CHILDREN are in the garden ; they may now almost see the tender leaves and sweet buds spring forth day by day. One hour there is a gleam of sunshine, and the next a soft shower of rain falls on the earth. But both sun and rain make everything grow, so that the ground will soon be clothed in beauty. May I be like a little flower planted in the house of the Lord ; and grow more and more like Jesus, who is “ the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valley.”



MAY.

THE village children are now in the green lane picking wild flowers, and their merry voices are heard in the woods.

“The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of singing of birds is come—”

Here I am, though long in coming ;
Hark, the little bee is humming ;
See the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky ;
And the gnats are on the wing :
I am come—my name is Spring.

PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.



JUNE.

IN the fine weather of June the haymakers are abroad in the fields. First come the mowers, then men, women, and children, with forks and rakes, follow one another, turning and tossing over the grass that it may dry in the sun. The psalmist says of the wicked; "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth," Psalm xc. 5, 6. May I not be like the wicked.



JULY.

As the day dawns the dairymaid goes abroad, while the dew is heavy on the grass. She enjoys the pure air in the meadows, and the bright sunshine, whilst we are lying in our beds. In a short time her pail is filled, and, with its load on her head, she hastens home with a supply of nice milk for breakfast. We will be thankful to God, among his other gifts, that he has given us that gentle and useful creature, the cow, to satisfy our wants and refresh our tastes.

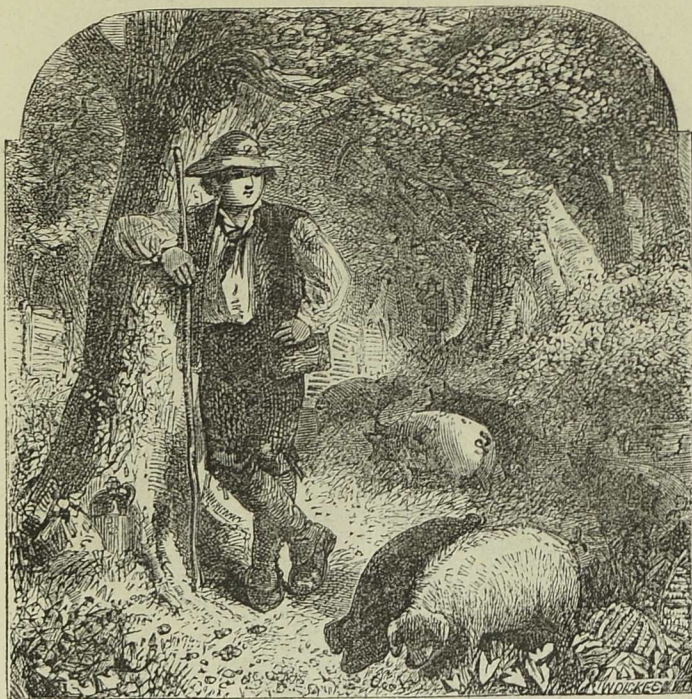


AUGUST.

“WHILE the earth remaineth, seed-time, and harvest,—shall not cease,” Gen. viii. 22.

After the wagon has gone home well filled with corn, it is a pleasant sight to see the gleaners in the fields. Some ears of wheat are left on the field for the poor.

I must be a little gleaner in God’s holy book. If I learn a text every day, what a large harvest shall I reap every year. One text, with God’s grace, may guide me to heaven, where I shall be happy for ever.



SEPTEMBER.

ACORNS and nuts are now ripe, and the keepers of swine lead their pigs, young and old, to the shades of the forest. A good supply of the fallen fruit of beech and oak trees, or *mast*, as it is called, is put into heaps, and the swine feast on it.

Now is the time, too, for village boys and girls to gather nuts and blackberries. We may hear their merry shouts in the woods. That is right, be happy, while you may, but be sure you are wise at the same time.



OCTOBER.

THE apples are ripe and ruddy, and the baskets are filled for the market. The vines, too, yield their grapes at this season. It is a fine sight to see a vine well laden with ripe dark grapes. In the Holy Bible, Jesus likens himself to a vine. "I am the vine," he says; "ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing," John xv. 5.



NOVEMBER.

FEW insects are now seen, and most of the birds have gone to a warmer land. The air is moist, and thick fogs often cover the face of the country. As they come from gathering the sticks in the wood, a torch is lighted, and the boy cries aloud, to give notice lest some cart should come suddenly upon them. The fields are now bare of flowers, and the leaves have fallen from the trees. "We all do fade as a leaf."

PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.



DECEMBER.

DARK, drear, and cold December comes,
With storms, and ice, and fleecy snow ;
We bless the Lord for cheerful homes,
While chilling winds around us blow.

May we be grateful, Lord, to thee,
And thoughtful as each season rolls,
And now at once to Jesus flee,
For grace to save and bless our souls.

PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.



THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

WITH March comes in the pleasant spring,
When little birds begin to sing ;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
And tenderly provide them food.

SUMMER.

Now summer comes with verdant June ;
The flowers then are in full bloom,
All nature smiles, the fields look gay ;
The weather's fine to make the hay.



THE FOUR SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER comes—the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn ;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gather'd in for rich and poor.

WINTER.

Winter's sharp frost and northern blast—
This is the season that comes last :
Now cold, and hail, and snow have come,
But we are safe and warm at home.

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