





"A Book of Joys

For Girls and Boys."

ERNEST NISTER LONDON EP DUTTON & CO NEW YORK



Only for Very Sood Children.

"ONLY for very good children!"
Oh, Mother, is it so?
Because you have sometimes told us we are not very good, you know.

Do you think we may
lift the cover?
Do you think we
may have a peep?
Sometimes old Nursey
tells us we are good
when fast asleep.

Will that help a little bit, Mother, especially if we try

To be dreadfully good this morning, we will not quarrel or cry.

Or get into naughty tempers, if you'll let us have one look At some of the pretty pictures, in this pretty, pretty book.

Oh there! I just saw one, Mother, a dear little blue-eyed girl, Who is crossing the lawn, and the sunshine

is dancing around each sweet curl.

She is carrying a dear little doggie so playfully up in her arm, While mammy dog watches it closely

to see that it comes to no harm.

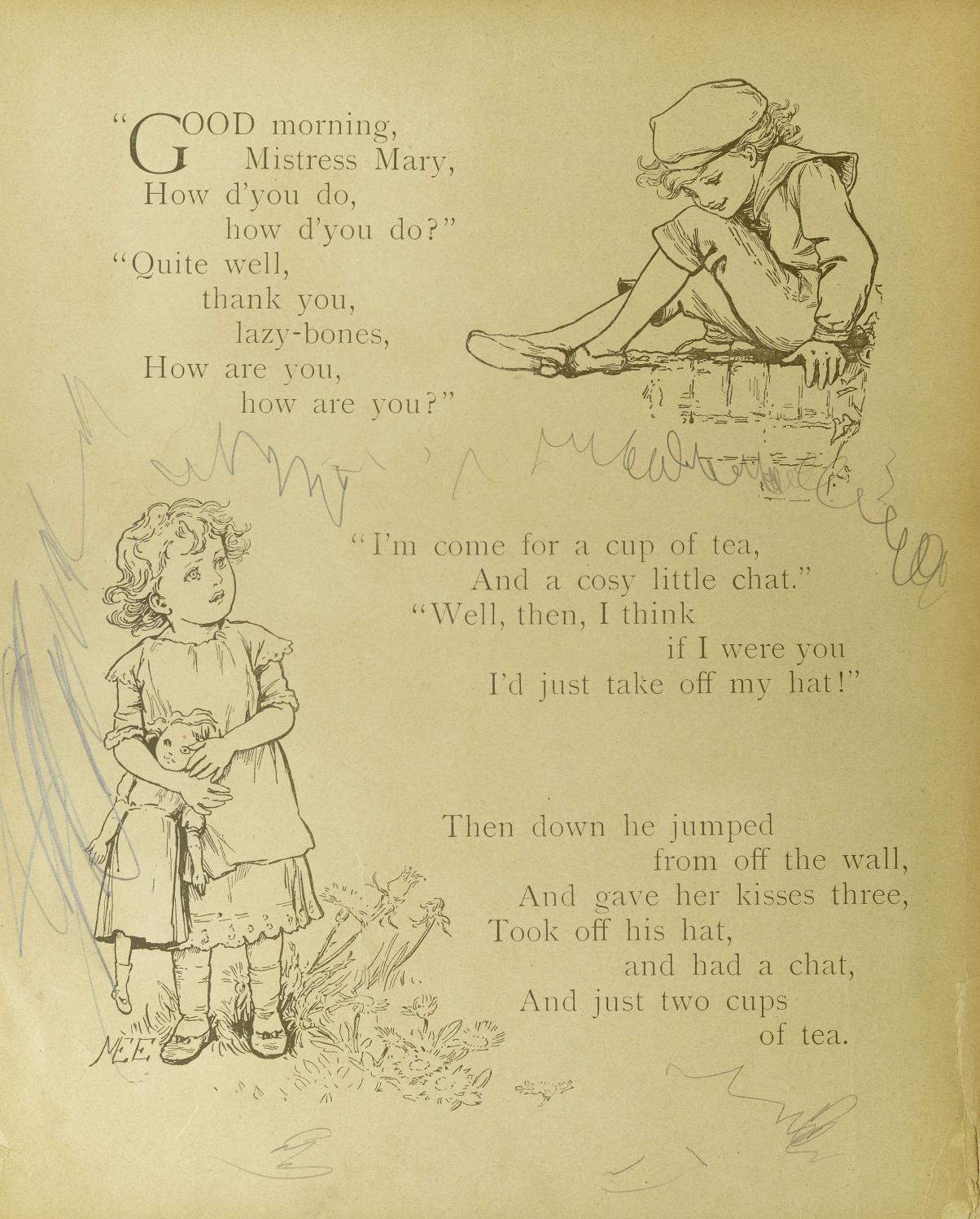
And there is another one, Mother, who has two little bunnies to pet;

Just see the funny
fat darlings—
to feed them she
doesn't forget!

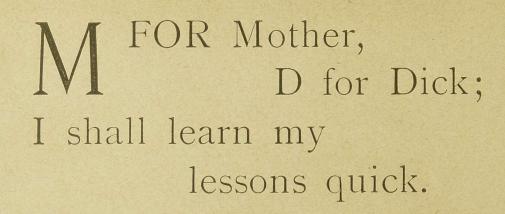
But, Mother, please
show us
the pictures, and
tell us what
each is about,
You always see
more in a picture
than we can ever
find out.

We'll try and be good, dear Mother, like you, when we grow big and tall;
But just while we're little, Mother—oh, you'll be good for us all!



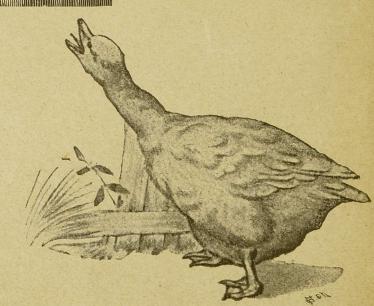




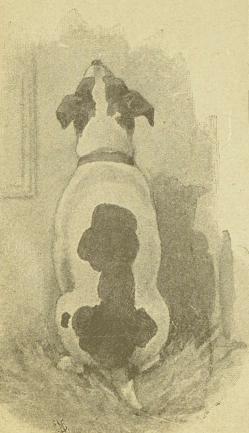




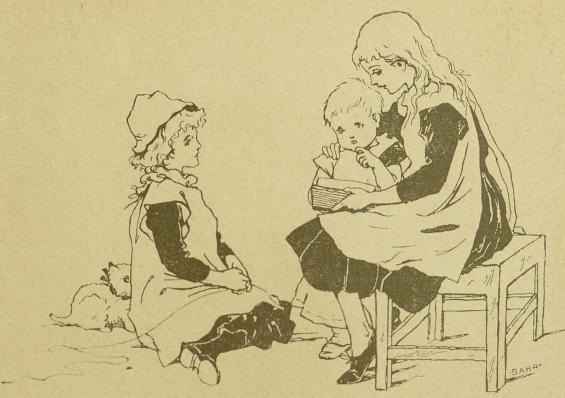
D for Dinner,
and T for Tea,
All the world's
an ABC.

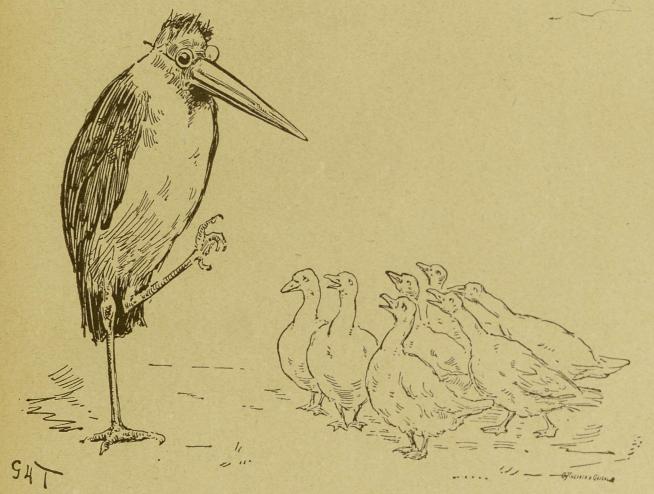






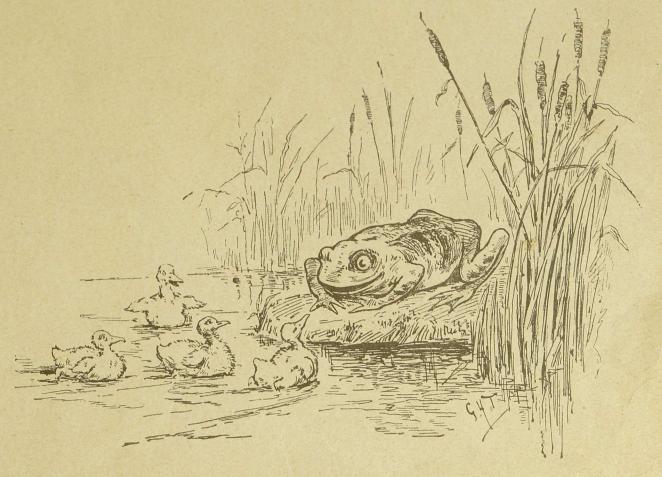
A LITTLE school,
Whose gentle rule,
Is kind as kind can be;
Where Sister May
One sunny day
Taught Pet her ABC.





A little school
In meadow cool,
Where grave old
Master Stork
Tries every day,
In every way,
To teach young geese
to walk.

Another school
Beside a pool,
Where learning's quite
a joke;
Since Froggie tries,
With earnest eyes,
To teach wee
ducks to croak.





to run away;
They can gallop,
trot, and walk,
Canter too,
and laugh and talk!

Other horses only neigh—
These can chatter all the way;
That's the reason, though they're small,
Why Jack's pair's the best of all!



"MIEW!" cried Puss, "you'll let me fall, I don't like playing 'Doll' at all."

Dia



Winnie were twins and were very fond of each other; but Willie was a little bit of a tease, and one day

he made Winnie cry.

They were staying at the seaside and Willie caught a crab in his net. "Come and see what I have found?" he cried, and when he saw Winnie was rather afraid of it, he pretended to put it on her, and Winnie began to cry.

Fortunately mother came up just then.

"Don't tease your sister," she said, "but put the crab

in Winnie's pail and I will tell you a story."

"There was once a big old mother crab lived under a rock with her children. She was a very wise crab and so she told her little ones not to venture too far away from their rock, or they would be caught by a terrible monster, called a boy. But one little crab did not believe his mother and went crawling away from his home and was caught. Oh! how frightened he was, especially when he found his new master was not a very kind little boy, for he teased his sister and made her cry."

"Oh! mother," cried Willie, "I was the boy; but I'm

sorry, I really am, I didn't think."

"It's all right," said little Winnie, "I was silly to be frightened; but don't you think, Willie dear, we had better put the crab back into the sea, so that he can run home to his mother? Think how anxious she must be." So Willie tipped up the pail and away went the crab, very glad to be safe in the sea once more, and then mother and two happy little people went home to tea.

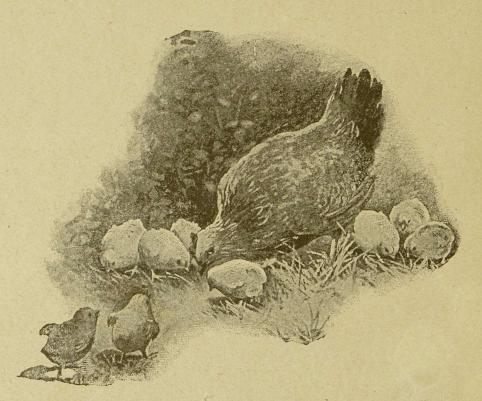




THEY were two
busy gardeners,
A little man
and maid;
She held the basket
while he dug
The flowers up
with a spade.

Then came ten
other gardeners,
Who didn't
care for weeds,
But with their
busy little feet
Scratched up
the gardeners'
seeds!

And when the real
true gardener saw,
He only said to Nurse:
Both were so bad,
he couldn't tell
Which gardener was
the worse!





WINTER-TIME is lovely, we think. Snow and ice are lovely. When the snow falls we sit by the window and watch the millions and millions of white flakes coming softly down like feathers. Then we throw crumbs to the poor little dickies, and they come quite

close to us to pick them up.

Then when the bright sun comes out, away we go for a run with our dog Toby, and we have snowballing, and we make snow-men, and we have sliding and skating. And we bring home the Yule-log for Christmas, and we help to make the plum-pudding. And everybody wishes us a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we dance and sing round the Christmas-tree, and everybody is merry and happy as the day is long, and that is why we think the winter-time so lovely.



foal switched his tail-Said he: "Is that nice cabbage, Floss, for me?" And then without much more ado The brown foal took a bite or two.

> Said Floss: "Well, Sir, I think you might Wait till you're asked, it's not polite

To help yourself in that rude way, This cabbage is for us, I say."

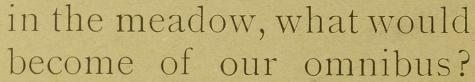
But little Toddles said: "Oh! do Spare Brownie just a leaf or two, Because, you know, it's only fair, Our dinner with our friends to share." MILK for the baby lamb,
Corn for the little chicks,
Bones for the puppy dog,
Full of merry tricks.
Milk for the kit who tries
On my lap to climb;
Everything that's hungry knows
When it's feeding time!

Hay for the pretty calves, Aren't they gentle things? Bread and biscuits for the swans, With their snowy wings. Bread and milk for boys and girls— Finish up the rhyme: Take a spoon and eat it up When it's feeding time!

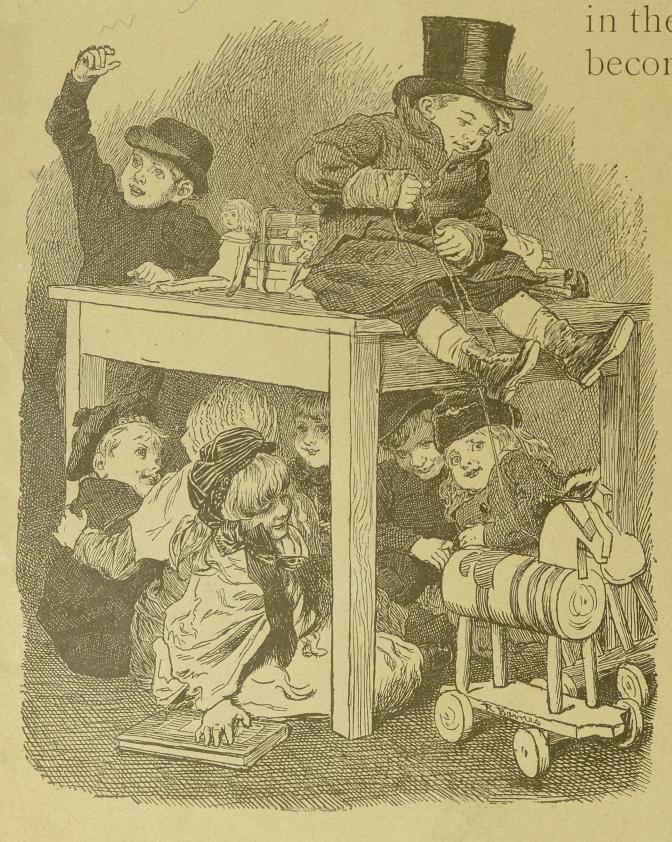


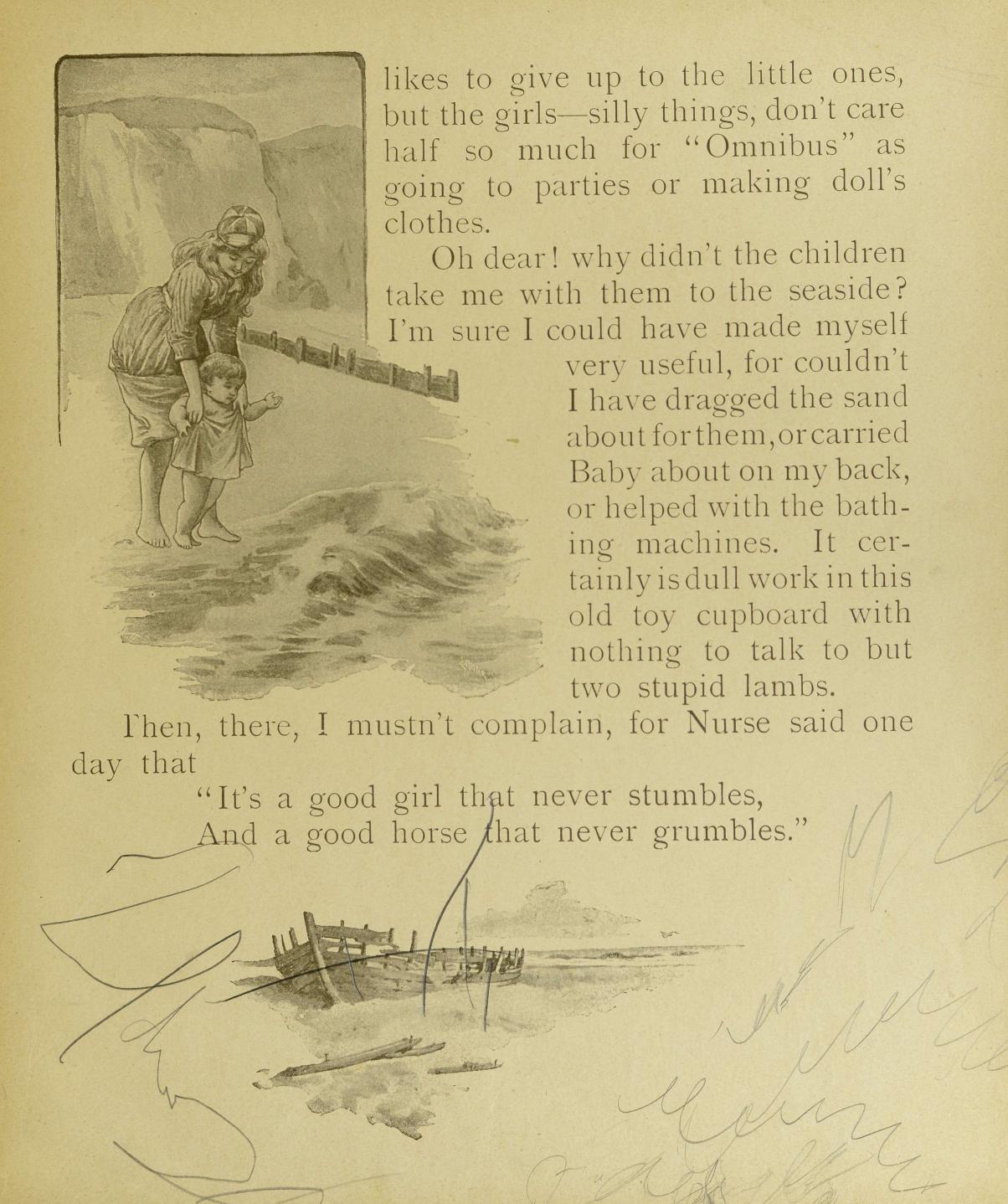
I'M a horse—a wooden one—not alive like Frisky, Daisy's grey pony, or of what use should I be to the children? For, of course, you couldn't knock nails into Frisky, or pull hairs out of his tail, or paint spots all over him, now, could you? And that's just how the children treat me. Still, I wouldn't care about changing places with the grey pony, not for all the world, and not even to go scampering round and round the meadow with dear little Daisy on my back.

Besides, if I were a horse like Frisky, and lived all day



Who ever heard of a one horse omnibus? Dobbin couldn't draw it alone because he has only two wheels, and is such a poorspirited creature, so you see that if it were not for me there would be no fun in the game at all. Jack likes playing at omnibus better than anything else, especially when Dick lets him take the reins, and Dick generally does, for he always







I LIKE little Pussy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm; So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away, But Pussy and I very gently will play. "INTERIOR "WITH AT a shame!" cried Mrs. Hen, as she came into the kitchen and flew upon the table. "Here's my long lost egg."

"Be off," cried the cook, "or I shall roast you for dinner." The hen went off.

"What a shame!" said the black cat, as she waited by a mouse's hole in the kitchen. "Master Mouse won't come out to be eaten, and I'm so tired of waiting." The mouse heard her and stopped at home that day.

"What a shame!" said the bunnies; "here's a robin

eating our dinner."

"Eating your dinner?" replied the robin; "don't be unkind; you can see how very little I eat, as I have such a little body. I think you ought to invite me to

dinner with you

every day."

"That's true," said the bunnies; and they begged the robin to stay and to make himself at home, which the robin did, you may be quite sure. And that is the end of this story.



BABY has a lot of pets, And he loves them so; When the dear a new one gets All the house must know.



Baby's saying: kittens wee,



NE morning when Jenny came downstairs, she saw the fields all white with snow.

"Let's make haste, Jack!" she called to her brother, with our breakfast, and go out and make snowballs."

Out ran the two children, when Jenny said: "I must say 'good morning' to Tom. He likes it."

Tom was the children's own pony.

"Oh, come along," said Jack, "Tommy can wait."

But Jenny was already in the stable. No pony was there. "Where can he be?" thought Jenny. "I know—he was

forgotten last night, and left out in the field; mustn't he be hungry?" So the dear little soul trotted off, with as much hay as she could carry, and, sure enough, there was Tommy out in the snow.

"Poor old fellow! Here! I've brought your breakfast,

you shall come into the warm stable."

And Tom's eyes said as plainly as possible:

"Thank you, little darling, I'm glad I'm not forgotten."

THE sun is bright, and the sky is blue, But in the Winter what shall we do? What shall we do, my little brother? Why, cuddle as close as we can to Mother!





"GOOD morning, Mrs. Donkey," said Miss Bunny, as she came tripping across the field. "Glad to see Master Neddy looking so well."

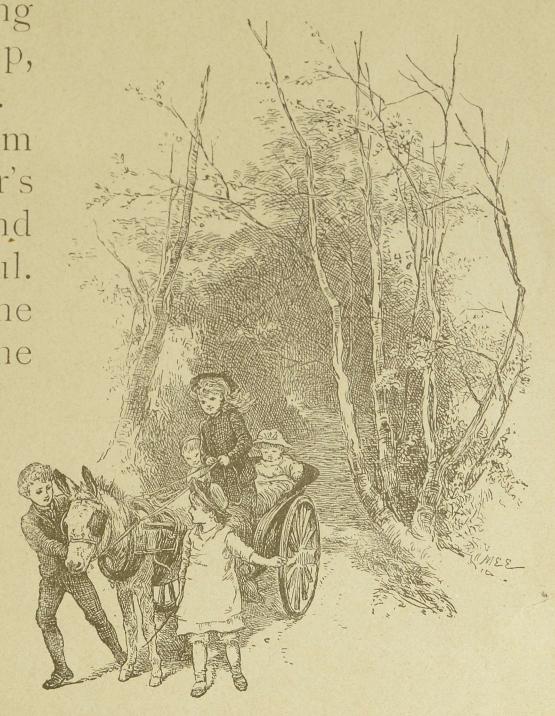
"Yes, he's a fine child, and, I hope, will grow up to be a good Donkey."

I've taken much trouble with his manners and education, and I must say he is ready to learn anything I teach him."

"And what are you going to do when you are grown up, Neddy?" asked the Rabbit.

"Oh," said Neddy, "I'm going to draw the Master's cart to market every week, and make myself generally useful. And sometimes I will take the children for a drive down the lanes and in the woods, and they will give me nice carrots, and we shall be so happy."

"I hope you will," said Miss Bunny. "And now I wish you good morning."



THOUGH Nurse says Tom makes too much noise, He is the very best of boys. He plays with Molly and with me, As though we were as big as he.



AFTER lessons
every day,
When our books
are put away,
Down the orchard
Gwen and I
Have a race;
I'll tell you why.

Tied up underneath a tree
Is a swing
for her and me,
And the one
who wins
the race
Is entitled to
first place.

But she's not
so old as I,
So to win
I never try;
I's much better,
don't you know,
Swinging both
together, so.



HE very first thing that we do when we wake up is to open our eyes, and scramble out of bed, and as soon as we have been washed and dressed, and have had our breakfasts,

we have to wash and dress our dollies.

Then, when Nurse takes us out we take our dolls out too, in their perambulators, or for a drive in the wooden

horse and cart, to get an appetite for dinner.

Sometimes Bobbie, our baby brother, is naughty at breakfast, because he is in a hurry to go out, and when Nurse tells him he must be good, he gets naughtier still, and throws his spoon and plate on the floor; and then, of course, he has to be punished; Bobbie doesn't like being put in the corner a bit, so he soon gets good again, but I'm very glad to say it is very seldom that



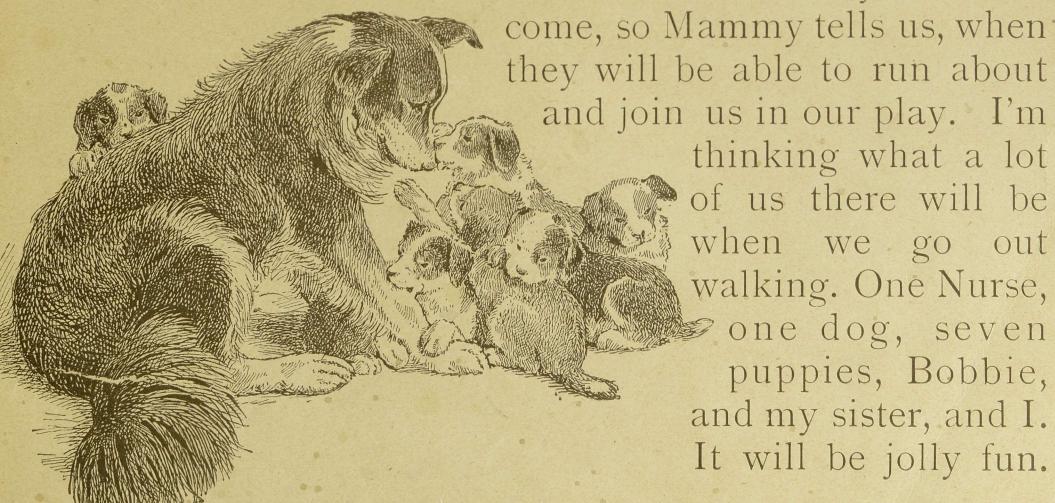
she taught Bob to walk, because he used to hold on to Lassie's soft coat whilst she walked slowly round the room.

We had such a surprise the other morning. What do you think we found waiting for us when we went down to breakfast? Why, seven dear little puppies. They were Lassie's babies. And

they were such funny wee things; they couldn't open their eyes, and didn't know how to walk, and

they squeaked like anything when we picked them up.

Of course Lassie could not come out with us because she had to look after her babies. But the day will soon



Little Boy Blue,
come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn.



OH! Baby
and Bobbie,
With faces of glee,
What can you
be looking at—
What do you see?

Said Baby

and Bobbie,

"If you

would know,

We are

only waiting

For the wind

to blow."



And when that little curly head Was nestled in its snowy bed, A dainty fairy whispered low Of pleasures on the ice and snow.



E sure you don't go into my room, children," mother said, smiling, "Santa Claus might be vexed."

"Very well, mother," Frank answered brightly, but Kitty said never a word.

As soon as mother had gone away Kitty began worrying Frank to say what he supposed mother was going to give

them, for she was a very curious little girl. "I don't know, Kitty, and what's the use of trying to guess," Frank said at length. "Mother doesn't want us to know and it isn't very nice of you to keep on trying to find out."

Presently Kitty was sent upstairs to fetch something, and as she was coming back she noticed mother's room door was open. She stood still thinking—one little peep and her mind would be set at rest. She stole softly into the room and up to the table. There were set out all sorts of things, and a lovely pair of skates, labelled "For my darling Frank," but nothing at all for herself.

Oh! how bad she felt. Surely Santa Claus must have seen her coming and taken her present away as a punishment. For the rest of that day she was a very unhappy

little girl, and she cried herself to sleep at night.

She was very quiet the next morning when Nurse dressed her, but a shout from Frank of "Kitty, Kitty, come down quick!" made her hurry down, and when she came into the hall she saw a pretty little chair, fitted with runners like a sleigh. "It's yours, Kitty," shouted Frank, "and I have skates, such jolly ones, and I'm going to take you out on the ice after breakfast."

"Don't you like it, Kitty?" said mother, for the little

one was looking very solemn. Then Kitty hid her face against her mother and told her what a disobedient little girl she had been and said: "I don't deserve such a beautiful present."

"My pet, I saw you go into my room," said mother, and I knew why you were such a sad little girl vesterday, for your present was in the stable. Still.





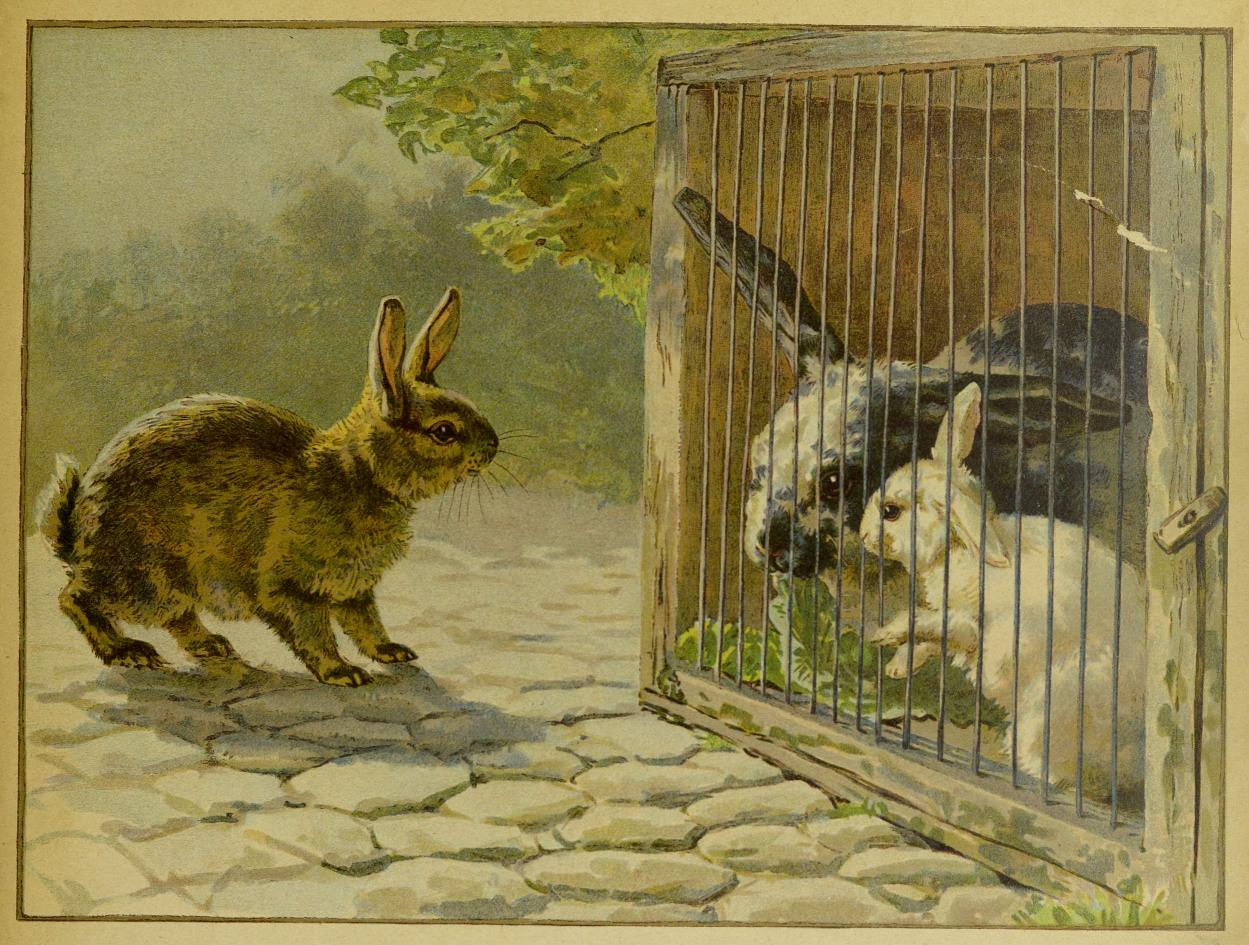
"Go and look for him, my pet—you'll find him there," said Mother.

Off the little maiden toddled, looking for her brother.

Daisy looked with all her eyes—even the bushes under, "Fink he must be here," said she; "where is he, I wonder?" Then she called him by his name, Echo answered only; Where, oh where now could he be?—

Daisy was so lonely!

Suddenly from o'er the wall came a bright face peeping, Peeping down where Daisy stood, very nearly weeping! "Who's that laughing so up there, with the roses round him?" Daisy then began to laugh—for at last she'd found him!



"CAN'T you get out? There are people about,
And I'm not quite sure what they mean to do.
Your wires are strong, but it wouldn't take long
For your sharp little teeth to nibble them through."

"Can't you get in? Why, it seems a sin

To see you sit in the moonlight there,

And as likely as not to hear a shot,

For the keepers are hunting you everywhere."



You are fast asleep in the sun;
God send you a bright sunny life, little maid,
'Tis a picture-book just begun.

