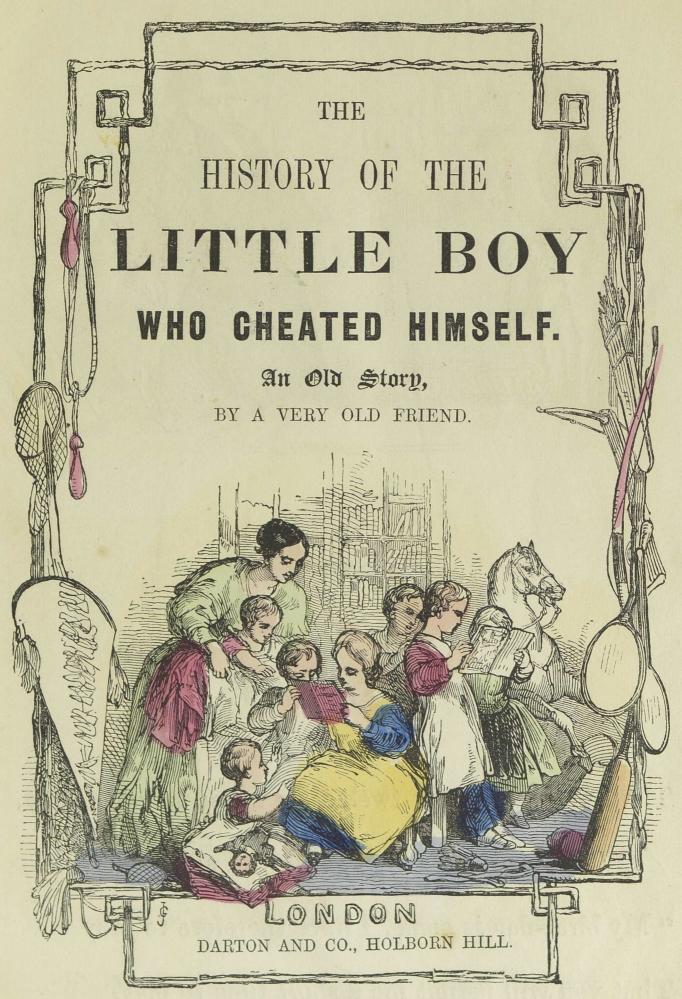


PRICE SIXPENCE.

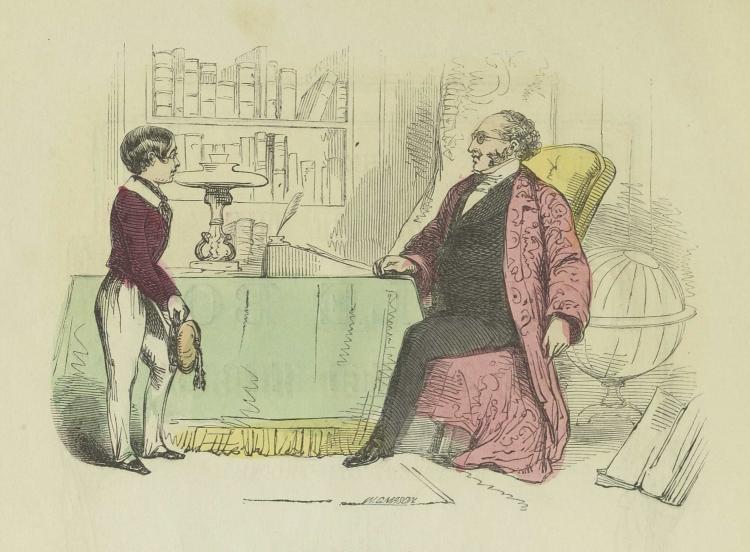
DARTON AND Co's INSANT SCHOOL DEPOT AND INSENT SCHOOL DEPOT

58 HOLBORNHILL. 58





PRICE SIXPENCE.



~ > 60 × 600 × -

REQUEST.

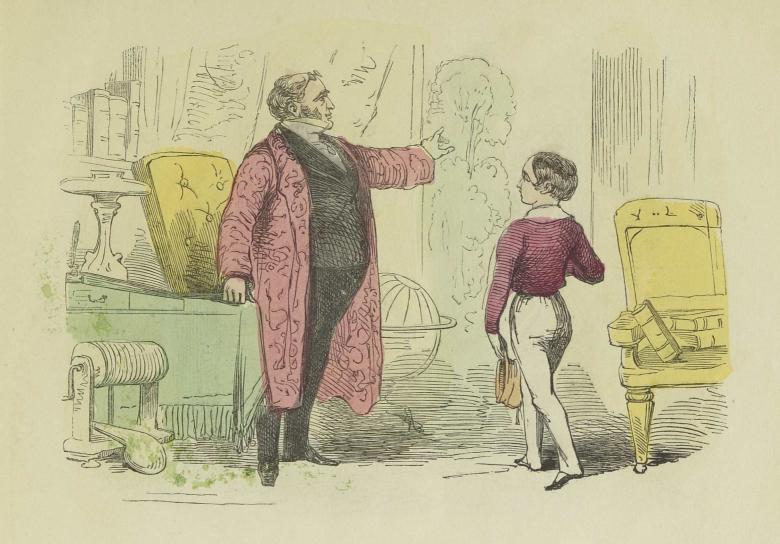
The clock had struck twelve, on a fine summer's day,

When his master George Playful address'd;

"My birth-day is come, I have therefore to pray

That you will permit me a short time to play,

If it 's proper to grant my request."



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ASSENT.

"That I will," said his master, for George had been good,

And had said all his lessons that day;

"You may take all your play-mates, and go to the wood, Which stands by the field on the side of the road,

And sport till I call you away."



100 × 100 ×

IDLENESS.

Then George quickly call'd all his play-mates around,

And away they set off in full glee;

When in passing along they beheld on the ground

A man stretch'd along in a sleep most profound,

While a basket stood close to his knee.





PROPOSAL.

Cried George to his play-mates, "If you are inclined,

Like me, to enjoy some rare fun,

I 've a thought for that purpose come into my mind;

Let us open this basket—take out what we find,

And hide it away when we 've done.



->40>60K-

AGREEMENT.

"It will be such fine sport, we shall all of us grin,

To see how the fellow will stare,

When he opens the basket, and finds nothing in."

His play-mates cried "Come, let us haste and begin;

'Tis a famous fine plan I declare."





MISCHIEF.

The basket they open'd, a parcel well seal'd,

And pack'd up with care they espied;

They took it away to the end of the field,

And beneath some long grass it was quickly conceal'd,

And the basket they put by his side.



~ X83 K884

CARELESSNESS.

As soon as they ended, the poor man awoke,

And, thinking all safe as before,

His basket he seized, without taking a look,

Walk'd on, while they follow'd, much pleased with the joke,

Till he rested at George's school door.



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ENQUIRY.

To the servant he said, as they plainly could hear,

"Is Master George Playful at home?"

"No-he's gone out to play, and I hardly know where,

But I think I can see him—yes, here, I declare,

Master George and his play-mates all come."





PRESENT.

George spoke to the man—"Did you want me, I pray?"
"Oh, yes, Sir," he cried, with a bow;

"Your Mamma sends her love, and, she bid me to say,

She has sent you a present, to grace your birth-day,

And a charming plum-cake 'tis, I know."



ASTONISHMENT.

The basket he open'd, but guess his surprise

When he found that the parcel was flown;

George was silent, and scarcely could lift up his eyes,

From his play-mates loud torrents of laughter arise,

For the cake he had hid was his own.



VEXATION.

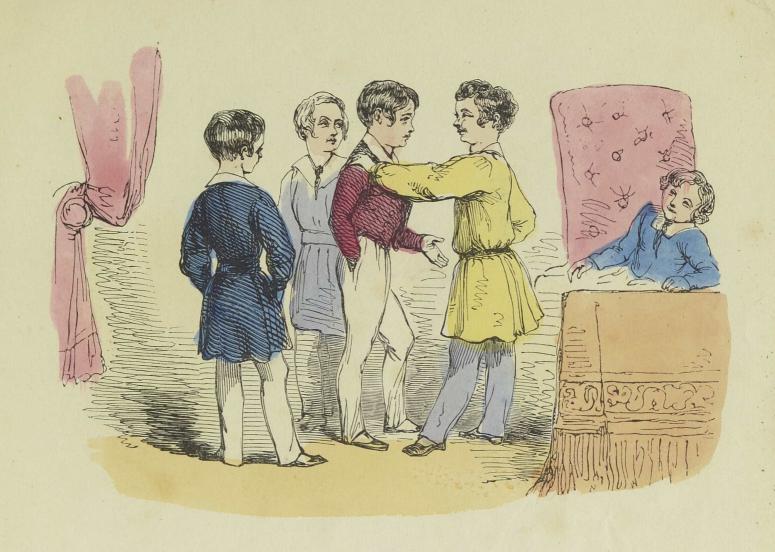
George ran to the spot, but his fate had been seal'd,

For the parcel was lost to his eyes;

As a plough-boy, in passing, while George left the field,

Discover'd the cake, though so nicely conceal'd,

And carried it off as his prize.



~ (BC-

REPENTANCE.

Now vex'd at his folly, and loss of his cake,

His pleasure all turn'd into pain;

He resolved all his old foolish tricks to forsake,

A new course of life for the future to take,

And never to do so again.

