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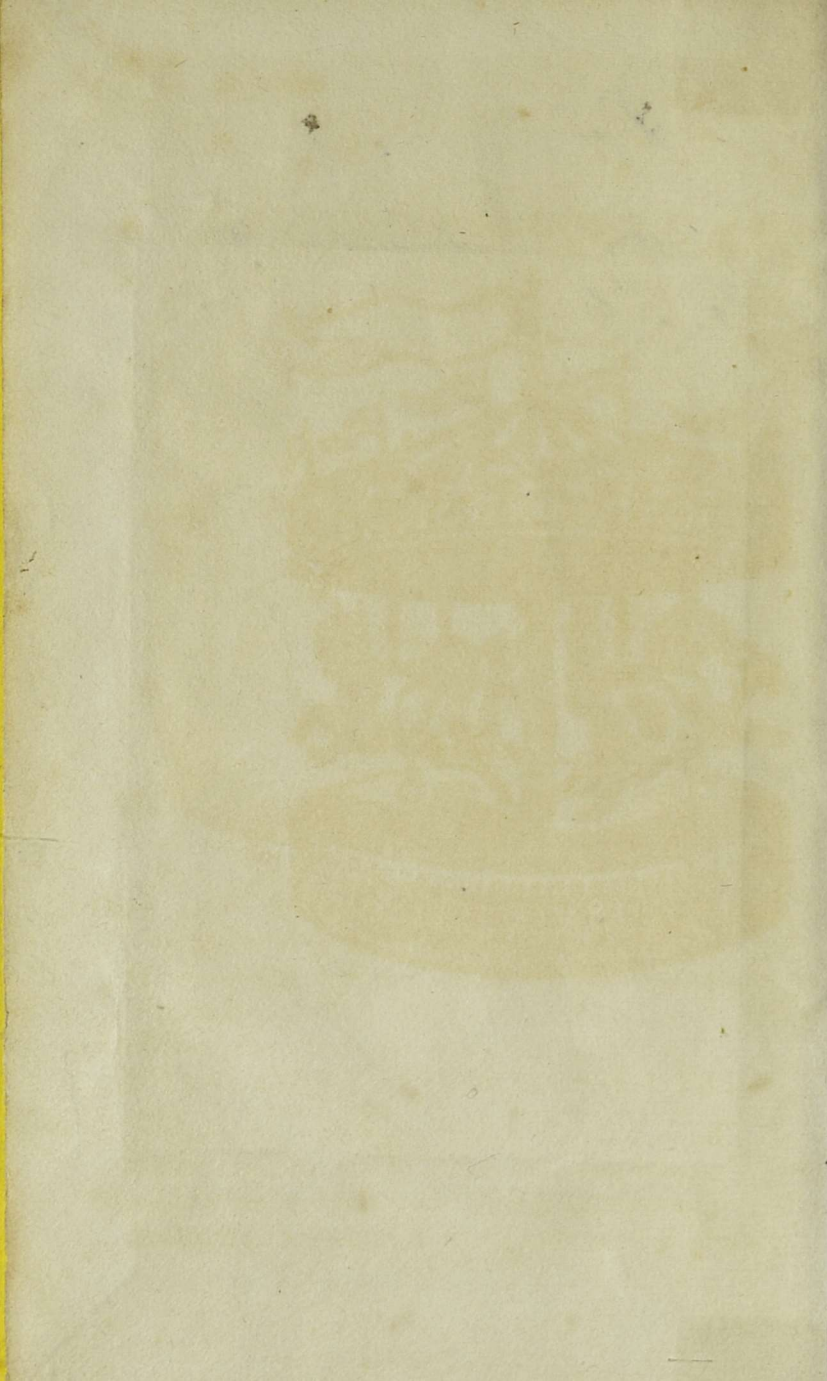
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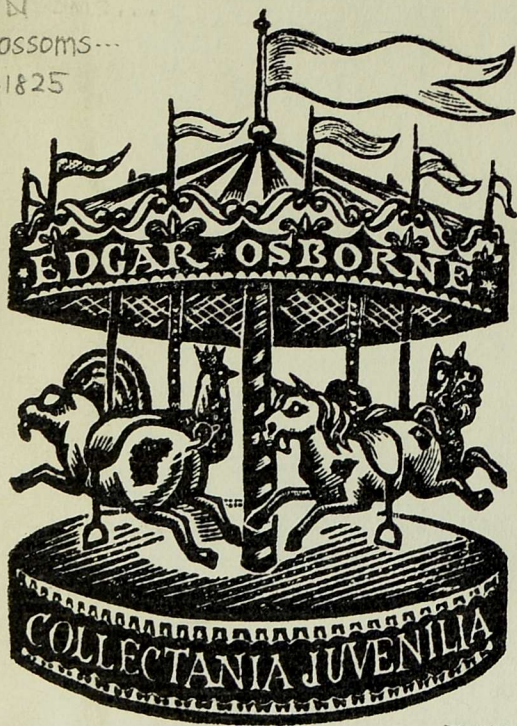
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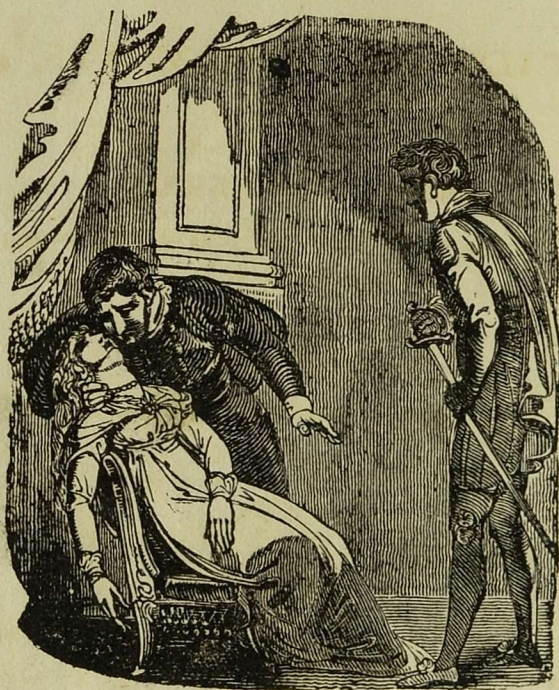
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FRONTISPIECE.



Oh! may these "BLOSSOMS" yield the
fruits of PEACE!

If cherish'd by the dews of Heaven they
will :—

And then the seeds of virtue will increase,
Till love and joy the infant heart shall fill!

But, children, you must lend a helping hand,
By striving to retain what here you learn :
Obedient be to what your friends command ;
And pray that you the truth may well discern.

BLOSSOMS OF PEACE:

A SERIES OF

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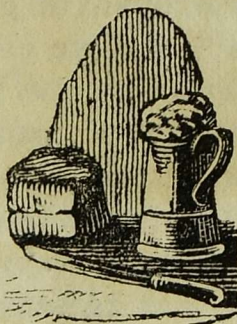
IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

DESIGNED AS EASY LESSONS FOR YOUNG PERSONS
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EMBELISHED WITH

Upwards of One Hundred Engravings



LONDON

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JUVENILE PRESS,

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W. H. BLOOMER & CO.

NEW YORK

BLOSSOMS OF BEVCE

P R E F A C E

The following Stories and Narratives, if the Author may be permitted to give some of them such a title, are designed to impress the Juvenile Mind with the deep importance of virtue, when founded on the principles of practical Morality and pure and undefiled Religion. They may serve as easy and familiar lessons, every one of which contains some specific, moral, religious, or philosophical truth or maxim. These respective topics are, for the most part, brought into the very narrow, but sufficiently comprehensive, compass of two, or, at most, four lines of simple verse, capable of being speedily committed to memory, and easy of retention, when once so learnt. Such of the stories as are without this poeti-

cal appendage, nevertheless, contain within themselves some short sentence, expressive of the truth intended to be conveyed; and it is recommended to Parents, and other Teachers, who may think proper to put this little Book into the hands of their young charge, to encourage them to get these short verses and sentences by heart, that, when required, they may instantly tell what precise moral truth the stories respectively teach. Thus will their young minds be amused by the perusal of the narrative; and their hearts, through the Divine blessing, be improved by the truth it contains.

Though it may not add to the merit of these little anecdotes, the Author may be allowed to say, that they are not a compilation, but original in their kind; and, it is believed, new in their mode of inculcating the principles of morality, and the practice of virtue.

J. N.



THE STORM-BEATEN FLOWER.

I saw my auricula, blooming and fair,
 Erect hold its beautiful head ;
 With the rest of my flowers it partook of my care,
 And had of my fostering protection a share,
 As daily I watered its bed.

But, lo ! as it bloom'd, the keen sharp pelting
 hail,
 Its beautiful petals destroy'd ;
 All shatter'd, my floweret sunk low in the vale,
 Its odours no more did my senses regale,
 And I cast it, as useless, aside.

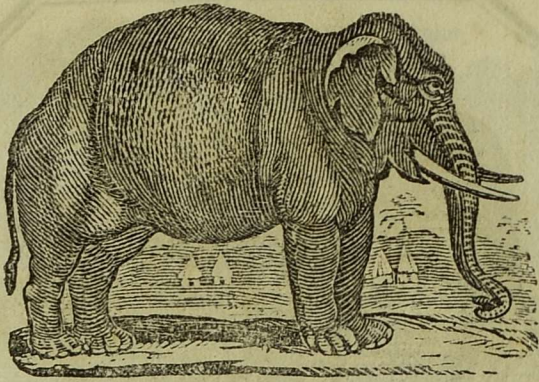
So when the fierce blasts of chill penury light
 On the child of affliction and woe,
 Unprotected he droops in the cold cheerless night,
 And silently yields to the merciless blight,
 Till he sinks to the regions below.

Yet, not like my floweret, destroy'd by the storm,
 Once more he shall lift up his head ;
 The sun of eternity, genial and warm,
 Shall shortly restore his poor worm-eaten form,
 And call him to life from the dead.



Did you ever see finer flowers? They grow round the watering-pot, as if they knew that, were it not for the drink given to them from that vessel, from time to time, they must wither and die. Now, as God has made all things for our use, we should not neglect to treat them properly; and in very dry weather it would be a sort of cruelty to the flowers, which we have planted, to refuse them a little water, to quench their thirst, and make them grow.

Surely the Rose's pleasant smell
Deserves some water from the well!



The ELEPHANT, of which this is a very fine picture, is remarkable for two things: the clumsy appearance of its body, and the wonderful strength of its instinct, or mind. In *Hodgson's "Little Book of Animals,"* there are many instances recorded of its great sagacity and recollection; but what I wish you at present to learn from viewing this picture is, never to look upon a mere outside as a sure proof of either wisdom or folly, provided you see no marks of idleness or dirtiness; but when that is the case, you may be certain, that there is something wrong in the mind, as well as in the person.

All little boys should very cautious be,
How they decide from merely what they see.



O'er burning sands, and desert plains,
 The patient Dromedary toils:
 Not for his own, but others' gains,
 Beneath Arabia's sun he broils.

These animals afford us the most instructive lessons of patience, useful labour, and successful perseverance. They will travel days and weeks, almost without food; and that beneath such scorching heats from the sun above, and from the sands beneath, that few human beings can sustain their pressure. Camels and Dromedaries carry heavy loads for merchants trading to Constantinople, Egypt, and other parts.



A SOLDIER ASLEEP! "Poor fellow," said Mr. Wood, who passed him, lying on the road-side, "he appears quite worn out with travelling!" The fact is, that this soldier had obtained leave to go and see his friends in the country, and he had walked so many miles, that at last he laid himself down to rest. It is well he was not with his regiment; for if he had slept then, they would have left him behind; and he might have been punished. We should never sleep whilst we have any waking duties to perform; but

Those may sleep, and soundly too,
Who have done all they had to do.



This picture represents honest William Wilkins, who travelled between two towns in the north of England, to convey dispatches from one trading concern to another; and a faithful servant he was! Although he had not been taught how to cast accounts, he seldom made mistakes; but, above all, *he was honest, because he felt it his duty to be so*; and he who is honest, merely because it is prudent to be so, is not honest at all.

That man's a knave at heart, who'er he be,
Whose honesty consists in policy.



This man was apprenticed to a tradesman of respectability; but his disposition to idleness was so great, that he was turned over, first to one, and then to another, till at last he was forsaken by every one. When a boy, he never would attend to his book; so that when he was thrown out of trade, he had no resource in his mind. He enlisted as a soldier; but, even in that situation, he was idle and ignorant; in addition to which, he was grossly intemperate. Having got repeatedly drunk, he was whipped. He then deserted, and became a highway robber. Having taken his fire-arms with him when he deserted, he one day robbed a gentleman, for which he was tried, and suffered death.



THE ARTILLERY-MAN.

This an Artillery-man they call :

“ What art does he profess ?”

“ The art of firing cannon-ball

“ With judgment and address.”

This question, with its short reply,

’Twixt Susan and her brother

Once pass’d ; yet thus they went not by,

But soon produc’d another,

’Twas this :—“ But tell me, brother, why

“ Cannon are fir’d at all ;

“ Is it to shake the earth and sky,

“ And throw away the ball ?”

“ O ! no, my dear,” the youth replied,

“ It is to kill our foe ;”

“ That’s stranger still,” poor Susan cried,

“ He’ll die himself, you know.”



THE DRUM.

There's music in the drum—
 The music of the grave;
 It bids to death and slaughter come
 The generous and the brave.

It is oppression's voice—
 The language of the tomb;
 Whilst tyrants loud rejoice,
 It seals the victim's doom.

Its harsh, discordant sounds,
 Beating upon the ear,
 Speak but of blood and wounds,
 Of wretchedness and fear.

Always, dear Charles, beware
 Of those who boast of glory;
 And shun the dangerous snare
 That lurks in martial story.



“ You seem, Mr. Snip, to be a very merry fellow ; but you appear to be out at the elbows. How is this ? You have a good business, and plenty of work : I wish you would attend to it a little better.” This reproof was just enough whilst Mr. Snip continued to be what they called “ a jovial companion,” sung a good song, made a good speech at the inn, and neither feared God nor worked righteousness ; but having been seized with a fit of sickness, he was brought to see the error of his ways : he happily recovered, became a sober, religious man ; and is at this time a capital mercer, tailor, and draper, in London.—A word to the wise is sufficient !



There is more pleasure, far, in pleasing,
 Than in tormenting, and in teasing :
 This girl, who draws her little brother,
 For one delight receives another.

There is no pleasure more lasting than that of affording comfort and delight to others, especially to those whom we love and respect. **JESUS CHRIST** told his disciples to love and do good even to their enemies; how much more then ought we to strive to make our school-fellows, friends, brothers and sisters, happy? Doubtless, this young lady is as much pleased in drawing her brother and sister, as they are in being drawn.



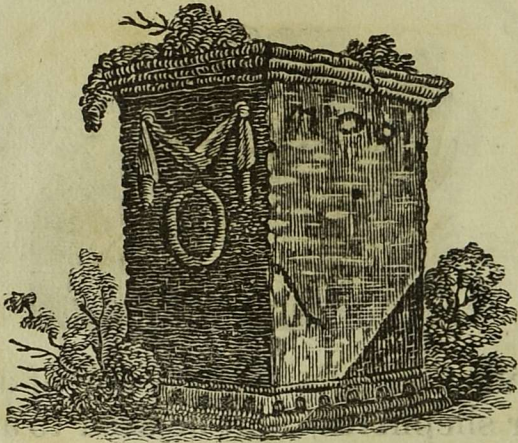
Oh ! see in what a frightful rage
 That little foolish boy appears ;
 He's given to gaming, I'll engage—
 The slave of wicked hopes and fears !

Gaming is a vice of a most wicked nature : it wounds our peace of mind, and ruins the best temper ; it robs both ourselves and others of property ; it is an offence against the laws of man ; and a breach of that Divine commandment, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods. It is the parent of many other vices : it causes cursing, swearing, lying, deceit, cheating, fighting, self-destruction, and leads to future misery.



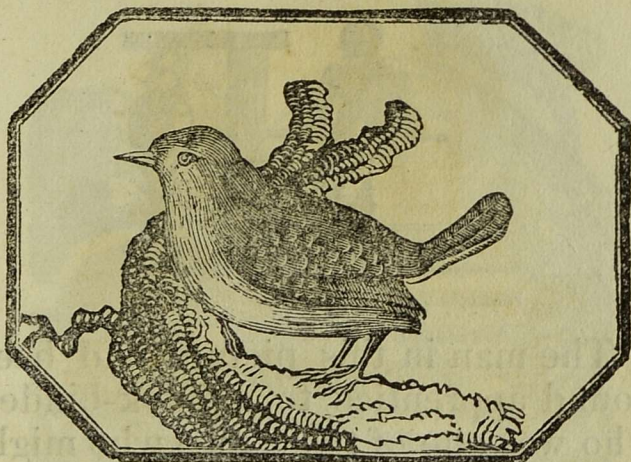
James Kindly was the son of a very poor shepherd ; and he used to attend with great care to the sheep : seeing that they were constantly taken to the pool to drink. When any of the young ones were sick, or met with any accident, he would carry them in his arms, and nourish and feed them as if they had been human beings requiring his assistance. This was precisely his duty ; but he did it with zeal, and a willingness that rendered his conduct truly deserving of praise : for it is not only our duty to do good, but to do it cheerfully, and *because* it is our duty.

If kindly we would treat our friends,
How much upon the mode depends !



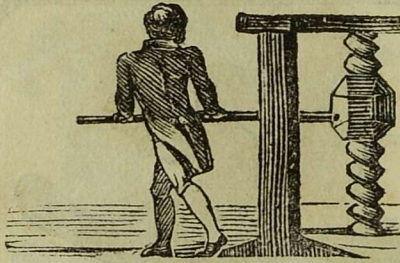
This is called a **CENOTAPH**, that is, a monument erected in some place to the memory of a person who lies buried somewhere else. They are, as you may see, stone buildings, and have epitaphs and inscriptions upon them, in praise of the person deceased. They are very useful, 1st. as they serve to remind the living that they also must die; 2dly. as they are part of the rewards of a good and honourable life; and, 3dly, as they stimulate youth to great and worthy actions.

Would you be honour'd when you die,
Live well—for that's the way, my boy!



Chirp away, my pretty bird,
There's no boy to tease thee here :
Oft thy pleasing notes we've heard ;
Yet, when had'st thou cause to fear ?

If little birds could distinguish between good and bad boys, they would suit their song accordingly. In the presence of cruel, hard-hearted children, who delight in tormenting animals, they would not dare to chirp ; but when good boys and girls were near, they would whistle and sing their most delightful tunes. Now, although little birds cannot tell good from bad children, God Almighty can !



The man in this picture had been bound apprentice to a book-binder, who was one of those men who might have made a rapid fortune, for he had a good business, and was expert at it, but that he spent almost the whole of his time in jest and nonsense at a public-house; so that at length he became too weak to press the books, and was compelled to have a man to do that business for him. John, for that was the man's name, his former apprentice, was desired to come to his assistance: he did so, when his master dying, and having no children, he left him the business, by which he soon became a very rich man.

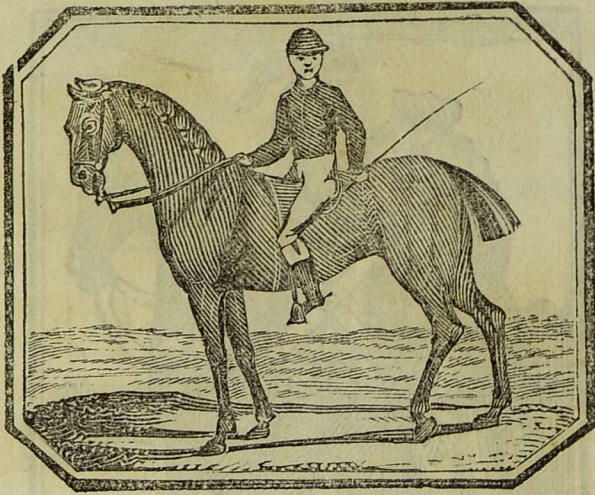


Do not neglect to attend Divine Worship at some place or other to which your parents wish to lead you ; but do not think that you have performed the whole of your duty, either towards God or man, when you have been once, or even twice, at church. You see the church near yonder high hill : can you suppose that you have nothing to do but to climb up that hill, walk into that building, and read or repeat your prayers, and then return home ? Oh ! no :

Prove that you love your great Creator,
By doing good to every creature.



“It is astonishing how some people get on in the world, or, at least, pretend to do so; but all is not gold that glitters. For my part, I cannot tell how that Tom Plumtree manages it; but this I know, that it was but the other day that he was crying fruit about the streets in a little cart, with one horse, and now he is carrying on a dashing trade, as a fruiterer, at the west end of the town! Wait a little ---we shall soon see what will become of his fine shop; but *I* say nothing!” Such was the envious, sneering language of a miserably narrow-minded man, concerning the honest Mr. Plumtree; who, through his own industry, is, nevertheless, likely to become richer still.



If we with others would keep pace,
 As horses strive, that run a race,
 We must, like them, exert our strength,
 That we may gain the prize at length.

Race-horses appear to be quite sensible, that it is an object to be desired to keep up with, and even to outstrip their fellows, when they are set on to run against each other. The cruelty (for cruel it often is) of this amusement should not prevent us from learning this lesson from even horse-racing: If we are idle in any pursuit, others, who are aiming to excel, will triumph over us.



Dr. Samuel Johnson remarks on the phrase, "*This is the last,*" that there are few circumstances in which it is not attended with painful feelings. Perhaps there are none in which it is felt more keenly, than when a faithful wife, or chaste and affianced lover, takes leave of a soldier or sailor, about to enter upon a scene of danger. Their sensations on such occasions may be conceived, they cannot be described.

What can be done, when friends are called away? Why, live more near to God from day to day.



“TO ENJOY IS TO OBEY.”

Well may little Betsy dance,
Frisk and play, and gaily prance,
Fearing not who may advance :
She has done her duty.

She rose this morning with the sun,
With him a steady course did run,
Now both their daily tasks are done—
Emblems of moral beauty !

'Tis pleasing to our God on high
To see us, from beyond the sky,
His bounties gratefully enjoy,
And live in harmless pleasure.

But then, the jest, the dance, the song,
Should only to the good belong,
No share should have the vicious throng
In virtue's precious treasure.



GOING HOME.

O ! haste ! boys, haste ! hear the sound of the
horn !

The stage cannot wait, tho' so early the morn—
To home we fly !

The holidays now are commencing, and we,
Our friends and kind parents shall presently see,
With delight and joy !

O ! list ! boys list !---again the glad sound
Of the horn is heard, and swift o'er the ground
The rattling coach

The door of our school, with most welcome
speed,

As if drawn by a proud and a prancing steed,
Does fast approach !

So, come ! boys come ! our friends will rejoice,
To hear once again our welcome voice ;

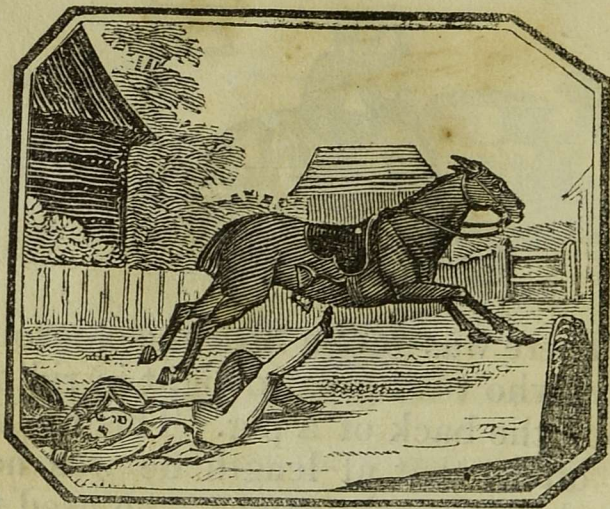
And see us improv'd,

In learning and form, as we hope we are ;

Then now let us utter a grateful prayer,
For our friends below'd !



There was once a little mischievous boy, who took great delight in riding upon the back of a pig. This he did so often, that at length he was noticed by several persons, who used to frequent a public-house in the neighbourhood at all hours of the day. They laughed heartily at the little pig-rider, as they called him; and once laid a wager, that he could not ride the pig a certain distance in a given time: for, they were so besotted with liquor, it never occurred to them, that the boy could not guide the poor animal. The result was, that the pig ran right into a pond; threw the boy from its back; and, before any one could come to his assistance, he was nearly drowned.



He who in life is rais'd too high,
 May chance to fall too low;
 Just as this little silly boy
 Down from his horse did go.

As it is meritorious to excel in useful pursuits, so it is absurd to aim at things beyond our reach; and although we should not despair of our powers, yet we ought not to pretend to that of which we are ignorant; and as we should not foolishly raise ourselves, so we ought not fallaciously to raise others, by exciting expectations we cannot gratify, lest we lift them the higher, only to make their fall the greater.



In most parts of the country, it is customary for persons to fetch their milk, or send for it to the dairy; but in London it is the practice to carry it out to gentlemen's houses; and those dealers in milk, who have a set of customers within a certain range, or district, say they have got "a milk-walk." Jane Mathews, the wife of a very worthy Welchman, purchased one of these *milk-walks*, from a person who, through neglect, was rapidly losing his customers. When she purchased *the walk*, she found she had not many persons to call upon; and it was some time ere she could convince the neighbours that she would act very differently; but at length she succeeded, and now she has no fewer than twenty cows!



Learn your book, my pretty love,
 And then you'll know the cut above,
 Describes a man enjoying pleasure,
 Which can't be bought by any treasure.

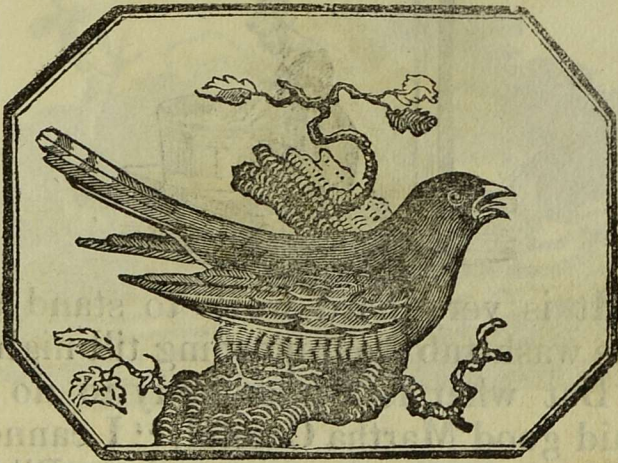
And what do you think that is?
 Oh! it is the pleasure of a quiet mind,
 talking, as it were, with the dead, be-
 cause he is reading what those have
 written who have ceased to live many
 years; and yet he can converse with
 them in their writings; agree with, or
 dispute their opinions; and profit by
 their wise and just maxims. Now,
 without application, no money could
 purchase a pleasure like this.



The Half-Moon public-house, situate a few miles from London, was kept by a very honest, sober, and sensible man, who had his beer from Barclay and Co. and his spirits from Nicholsons'. He would never suffer unnecessary tippling and beastly drunkenness in his house. This becoming known, his house was frequented by all respectable persons who travelled that way on business or pleasure. The brewers' drayman, who used to come to his house with beer, happened to be blest with a sober disposition, and a sound judgment, and had saved some money. Seeing the steady conduct of this landlord, he proposed to him to join him in business: suffice it to say, that they are now very opulent wine-merchants!



I once knew a Basket-maker, who at first manufactured all his articles with his own hands. His plan was this: the three first working-days in every week he devoted to making baskets; and, generally, during the next three, he managed to sell all he had made. His gains were not very large, but they were more than sufficient to maintain his family. The surplus he carefully put by, till the sum amounted to what enabled him to take a shop, in which he rapidly grew, if not to wealth, at least to a comfortable independence. This shews the advantage of laying out your time, as well as your money, judiciously.

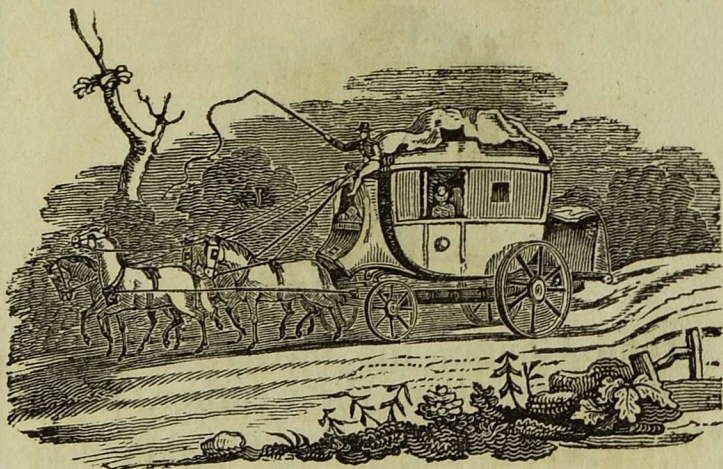


Light the heart to guilt a stranger,
 Not o'erwhelm'd by hard oppression;
 Who do no wrong need fear no danger:
 Crime's the author of depression.

How does it happen, that children are happier and merrier than old persons? Because they know less of vice in themselves, and they have seen less of it in others. The first symptom of real grief is remorse, or a painful recollection that we have done wrong. This little bird, unconscious of evil, sings away; and will continue to do so till silenced by age, or the hand of some cruel boy.



It is very hard work to stand at the wash-tub from morning till night. "But what is a poor body to do?" said good Martha Careful, "I cannot see my children starve; and my Bible tells me, that those who will not work ought not to eat." This poor woman had lost her husband, and was left in great distress. She, however, cast all her care upon Him, who cared for her; and said, that she was determined, through the grace of God, in whatever situation she should be in, to be content. She therefore took in washing; and, as she had soon more than she could do, she employed assistants. In time she became a capital laundress, carried on a great business in her way, and brought up her children to useful trades.



Little John Shepherd was so very happy at home with his parents, that he did not think there could be any comfort in other countries; but he was mistaken. This is the picture of what they call **THE PARIS DILIGENCE**; that is, a stage-coach, which carries passengers from different parts of the country in France to Paris. Now, do not you think it looks a comfortable carriage enough for the purpose? Then, never more let Jack Shepherd think there is happiness in England only; for

God, who made this earthly ball,
Provides great comforts for us all.



John Gough, the furrier, did not care a straw about the weather, provided he could make an honest penny by buying hare skins and rabbit skins in London streets. Every morning he went his rounds; and when he returned home in the evening, he used to reckon up his profits, and always contrived to live upon little more than half of what he earned. This practice he continued for several years, and, of course, every year grew richer; but, although he increased in property, he still maintained his habits of frugality, and did not increase his expences with his profits. If Mr. Gough had not been a man who feared God, he certainly would have become a miser.



CHARLES TO HIS MOTHER NURSING HIS LITTLE SISTER.

Said Charles, "Mamma, pray once did I
 " Thus sit upon your lap and cry?
 " And did you nurse me at your breast?
 " And sing, and rock me thus to rest?"

" And did I cause you so much care,
 " And pour'd you forth so oft a prayer
 " For me, as for my sister here,
 " Whom now you call your pretty dear?"

" Oh! yes, dear child," his mother said,
 " For you, full many an aching head,
 " And many a sleepless night I've known,
 " Felt many a pain, heav'd many a groan!"

" Believe me dearest mother, I
 " Will never cause another sigh;
 " From this time I'll obedient prove,
 " To shew my gratitude and love!"



“ POOR JOE’S ALONE ! ”

Oh ! mark the aged wand’rer’s step,
 And grief-worn form ; his tearless eye,
 By sorrow drain’d, forgets to weep ;—
 He scarcely breathes the lingering sigh.
 So still, yet so profound his grief,
 We rather feel than hear him groan ;
 Whilst in this strain he seeks relief :

“ *Poor Joe’s alone ! Poor Joe’s alone !* ”

To him, from life’s gay scenes estrang’d,
 And all the dear delights of home ;
 The world to one vast waste is chang’d,
 Where only beasts appear to roam.
 No friend the social bliss to share,
 No wife to make his griefs her own,
 The trembling victim of despair :

“ *Poor Joe’s alone ! Poor Joe’s alone !* ”

In vain the source of woes we seek,
 Of woes that shun the gazer’s eye ;
 The cares that blanch the furrow’d cheek,
 The griefs which prompt the latent sigh ;
 To all the forms of nature dead,
 And deaf to pity’s melting tone,
 Each fond, each dear emotion fled :

“ *Poor Joe’s alone ! Poor Joe’s alone !* ”



If bad children could but tell
 The wretchedness that oft ensues,
 When they presumptuously rebel,
 A wiser course they 'd surely choose.

“*The Art of Swimming*,” on which the Reader may have a good book at “The Juvenile Press,” is what every one ought to acquire; but then little boys should not attempt it without their parents’ leave, nor in the absence of some old and experienced swimmer. Many have been the boys who have fallen victims to disobedience and rashness. Indeed, bad children must not think that their punishment will be always put off till after death.



Bless me! how it rains, thunders, and lightens! See the **CATTLE UNDER A SHED** during the **STORM**. Poor things! I dare say, they are very much alarmed; and so would you be, if you did not feel yourself safe by the fire-side. Then, take care, and be very good; for God, who made you, made the cattle also, and causes all storms; not to frighten either you or the poor cows, but to clear the air, and make it more pure and fit to breathe, and the better to promote the growth of plants, and herbs, and flowers.

Only the wicked need to fear:
God to the good is always near.



This man and woman, whose names are John and Mary Hart, were at one time haymakers on the same farm. Being both of them sober, thoughtful, young persons, they could not but now and then make observations on the conduct of each other, as far as it respected attention to their respective duties. John observed, that Mary was not like some of her fellow-haymakers, light, giddy, and foolish; laughing immoderately at the loose jests of some of the men; and Mary took notice that John worked hard, whatever others did. At length they married each other; and having saved a little money, they were enabled to take a small farm, which they cultivated with their own hands, and soon became rich, honourable, and respectable.



THE BROTHER'S GRAVE.---A Gentleman walking through a church-yard, saw a little girl standing near a grave. He asked her whose grave it was. "It is my brother's," she replied. "He died because he would eat unripe fruit, unknown to father and mother; but he was very sorry for what he had done; and we are all sorry he is dead." "It is a sad thing," said the gentleman, "to do wrong, and then to add to it by concealing it."

If once a little child offends,
How seldom there its error ends!

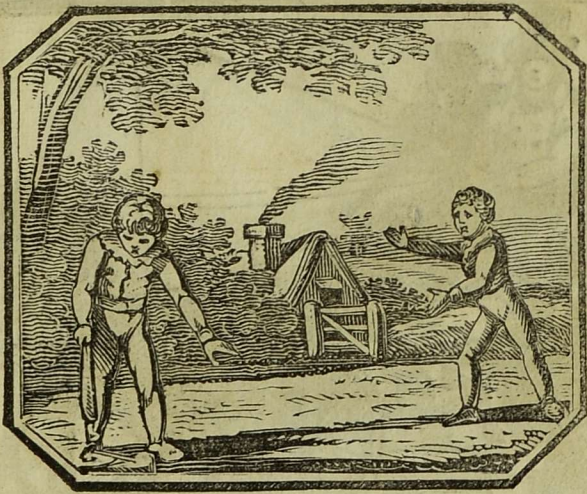


One of these gentlemen was educated to the profession of physic, and the other was brought up as a publican. They had both of them sufficient money to begin life with, and for a few years they appeared to succeed admirably; but the doctor meeting with the publican, and being fond of what he called a good glass of wine, they became so much attached to each other's company, that the doctor neglected his patients, and the publican his customers, till the former died, and the latter went away. The doctor turned quack; but having no money to puff off his poison with, he is covered with rags, and is dying from starvation. The publican is become a hanger-on at a watering-house, and is now despised by every one.



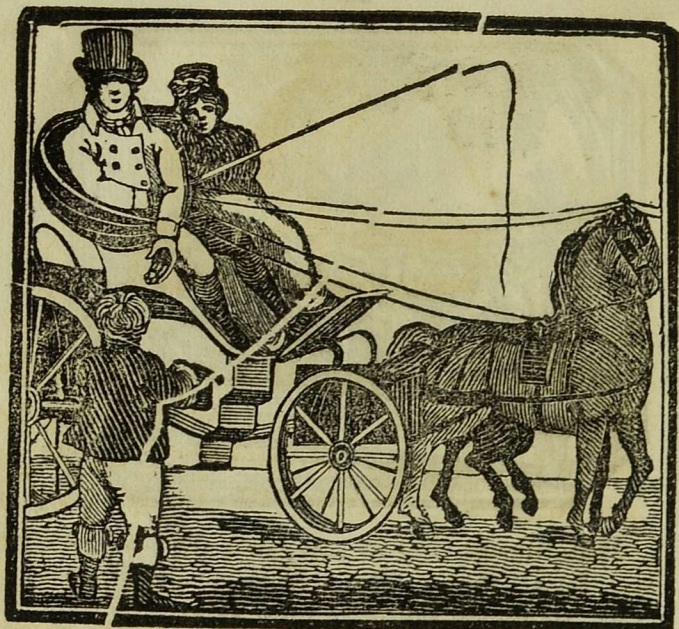
Whatever your diversions are,
 Pursue them all with proper care,
 And never, till your task is done,
 To any play attempt to run.

It never was intended that little boys should give up every moment of their time to reading and study. When they have learnt their tasks, and have obtained leave to play, they should do so, and enjoy themselves as much as they can ; but, in many sports---this of leap-frog, for instance---there is some danger, unless the greatest care and steadiness be observed. It appears, therefore, that even in play care and caution are needful.



Whether at top, or taw, or ball,
 In all things labour to excel :
 If 'tis worth while to play at all,
 It is worth while to do it well.

The holy Scriptures command, that
 “whatsoever our hands find to do,
 we should do it with all our might ;”
 and a very wise command it is. A
 good writer has said, that whatever is
 worth doing at all, is worthy being
 well done. It is always pleasing to
 to see a child enter upon its amuse-
 ments, as well as upon its book, with
 zeal, and with a wish to be amongst
 the first-rate in skill and activity.



LEARNING AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.—The gentleman and lady in this chaise were once two poor little children, who could neither read nor write; but they were very attentive, and very diligent; and in time grew up to become both wise and rich. They went to the same school when infants, and now they are married. They have been riding out, and are rewarding the post-boy.

Those boys and girls too fond of play,
Will through this world make wretched way.



There is a practice very prevalent in some parts of the country, for persons to employ themselves as “rag-gatherers.” Some of these are industrious persons, and soon become rich and happy; but many of them prefer rag-gathering to some steady trade. They wander about the country, calling upon all sorts of persons; and, what is still worse, they spend much of their time at the taverns, and thus waste at night what they have earned in the day. I knew one of this stamp, who, in his childhood, neglected his book, played truant to go flying his kite, and when he came to manhood turned rag-gatherer. As he spent most of his time in drinking, he died in great poverty.

E



This is an old worn-out officer, who had faithfully served his country; at least, as far as the common notion of serving one's country goes: by killing our fellow-men of another country, and calling them our enemies. Honestly and truly, however, had this poor officer done his duty; and he was sitting on a bench in a park, reflecting on his then deserted state, when an officer overheard his complaints, and relieved him.

Our duty teaches us to serve each other,
 Tho' we not always meet a grateful brother.



TOM WARD'S VISIT OF CHARITY.

---James Smith, a poor man, lay sick in bed; his old mother sat shivering near the fire-place; near her sat his little boy, weeping. Mrs. Smith was much distressed, for their money was all done. Still they trusted that God would not forsake them, when in came good Tom Ward, and gave them some money, which not only relieved the family, but made Tom happy.

Who seeks to give another ease,
Is sure, at length, himself to please.



There was once a boy so extravagantly fond of flying his kite, that he thought of nothing but how to make the best and prettiest kites, and then to waste all his time in seeing them fly. He one day, as usual, ran away from his parents, taking his kite along with him, which he continued to fly in a distant field till it became almost dark. As he returned towards home, he began to think what kind of a falsehood he should tell. Whilst he was thus wickedly thinking, and walking along, he lost his way, and wandered about all night. In the morning he was found by a traveller, who persuaded him never to go home; and he was not heard of for some years, when he was found begging in the streets!



DEATH OF THE WILD BOAR.

Thro' fields and forests long had prowld,
 And oft with other beasts had howld,
 A Boar of mons'trous size ;
 The neighbouring Barons fearing sore,
 The ravages of this wild Boar,
 Held out to his destroyer a rich prize.

Many, with longing eyes survey'd
 The tempting offer, yet afraid,
 To face so fierce a foe,
 From time to time excuses press'd,
 Yet none their cowardice confess'd,
 'Till noble Edwin slew him with a blow.

And so, when dangers press us sore,
 As fierce as this tremendous Boar,
 Too oft we shrink with fear ;
 And none are truly brave or bold,
 Who, undismay'd, cannot behold
 Life's various ills, whilst arm'd with Virtue's
 spear.



THE BLOCKHEAD.

Who bowls his hoop the live-long day,
 And thinks of nothing else but play,
 Whilst time, incessant, rolls away?
 The Blockhead.

Who scorns all order and command,
 And seldom takes a book in hand;
 Or, when he does, can't understand?
 The Blockhead.

Who spends what money he has got,
 In food or toys which serve him not;
 And, when a man, becomes a sot?
 The Blockhead.

Who gives his friends and guardians pain,
 Because from vice he'll not refrain;
 And, tho' a fool, is proud and vain?
 The Blockhead.



Perhaps there never occurred an instance of a woman, who could lay her hand upon her breast, and, in the presence of the God who searcheth the heart, honestly affirm that she had through life really done her best to earn an honest livelihood, yet at last was compelled to turn ballad-singer. The woman in this picture was the daughter of rather a poor, but a very honest, well-meaning man; and he contrived to give his children a decent education. This one, however, took to bad ways: she had a fine voice, but a narrow mind; a pleasing face, but a depraved heart. After running through a course of vice and extravagance, she was reduced, in her old age, to what you here see her!



It is not possible to describe the pleasure derived from the perusal of a good book, by an enlightened mind. Nature furnishes rich materials for study; but when she is assisted by the information contained in a well-written work on the subject, the heart not only becomes powerfully affected, but the mind greatly enlarged. The gentleman in this picture appears to be partaking of that *joy to the heart, and light to the mind,* which it is the design of this book to give to all.

The weakest mind on folly would not look,
 Could it but feel what pleasure's in a book.



The Lion is called the King of the the Forest; yet it does not appear that he exercises any extraordinary power over his fellow animals. It is true, when hungry, he endeavours to satisfy himself by devouring such animals as best suit his taste. For this purpose nature has endowed him with great strength and courage; but, at the same time, he is said to possess a very high degree of generosity, so that he never destroys any animal from mere cruelty, whim, or caprice. Now, were all persons, possessing power over their fellow-men, to act in a similar manner, we should never hear of deeds of cruelty or oppression, of tyranny or wantonness.

Power is a weapon apt to be abus'd,
But a great blessing, when 'tis rightly used.



Skating, although a very pleasant and a very healthful exercise, is nevertheless, a very dangerous one; and, if indulged in when business ought to be attended to, a very improper one. The man in this picture kept a shop in Cheapside, in a business the chief of which was what they called a winter trade. In the summer time he had little to do; and, being a gay, foolish, and withal an ignorant man, he had no means of employing his time to advantage. In the winter, when the ice was strong enough to bear him, he would leave his shop to go skating. At length his customers forsook him, his business went to ruin, and he came to beggary.



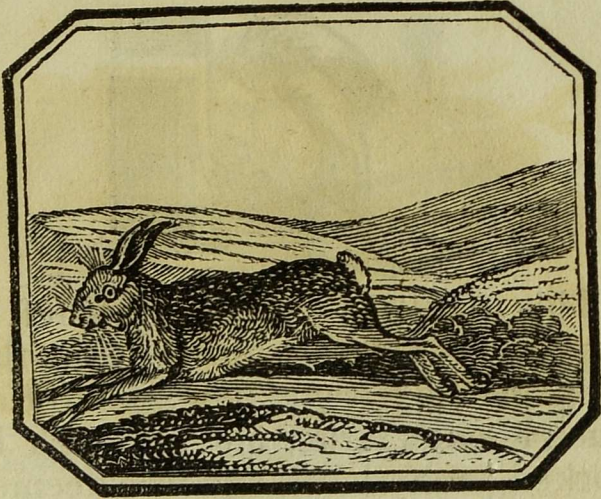
Bless me! what haste you appear to in, pretty little STAG! Why do you run so fast, and seem so anxious to hide yourself in that thicket? I do not see any dogs, nor men as cruel as dogs, pursuing you. Did we not know to the contrary, we might be inclined to think this poor animal had done something wrong, it appears to be so very desirous of getting out of the way; but as it cannot have guilt upon its mind to cause fear or shame, it is, doubtless, running thus for its own pleasure, or in quest of food or its companions. It is guilt that causes shame, and shame that makes bad boys seek to hide themselves.

The wicked flee when none pursue;
The good are always firm and true.



Fishing is a very ancient practice, not, as now, with a line and hook, but with nets, by which means the fish were not tortured as well as caught. Jesus Christ's disciples were, some of them, fishermen; but they did not fish for amusement, but from necessity. Many good men, however, have been very fond of fishing as a sport; although I think there can be but little sport in first deceiving, and then tormenting, animals that are perfectly harmless in themselves.

Those painful duties which our wants require,
Need never be perform'd from mere desire.



Fly, fly, lest the hunters arrive,
 Thou poor little innocent hare;
 And thus may good children survive,
 Whatever would tend to ensnare.

It is sometimes more courageous to run away from evil, than to stand still and face it; but this is only where the evil is of a wicked, a powerful, and a destructive nature. To pray that we may not be led into temptation, and afterwards to run into it, or not strive to avoid it, is both foolish and profane. To shrink under evils which might have been cured, or ought to have been borne, is cowardice.

F



This man had a small estate left to him by his father. At the time this happened, he was a day-labourer on a neighbour's farm; and although he worked pretty hard, and was deemed a good servant, yet, as he used to take pleasure in "spending his evening" at the Red Bull, he did not save much money. When, however, he became a farmer himself, he found it necessary to leave off the Red Bull. As he was one day carrying a sack of corn to be ground at the mill, he was met by the principal man in the concern, who enquired into his history, which pleased him so much, that he took him into his employ; and, in course of time, he became a partner. Had he SENT the corn, instead of carrying it himself, this would not have happened.



SIGHTS IN THE AIR.

How is it, that we are so mightily pleas'd

At seeing a thing in the air?

If a straw, by a gust of the wind, is but seiz'd,

How eagerly people do stare!

And so, when a youth sees his paper-kite fly,

Till its beauties are lost in a cloud,

His delight is increas'd as it mounts tow'rd's the
sky,

And he's cheer'd and carress'd by the crowd.

But when a Balloon, with a *man* at its tail,

Like a black little speck can be seen,

By the aid of a glass, should the naked eye fail,

Curiosity then is extreme!

Yet the sun, moon, and stars, those great sources
of light,

Unheeded still roll on their way,

Dispersing the gloom of a long winter's night,

Or adding new charms to the day.

Just so 'tis with those, who lie grov'ling below,

Thinking but of themselves and their deeds;

Whilst to God all their comforts and pleasures
they owe—

To God, who his children still feeds.

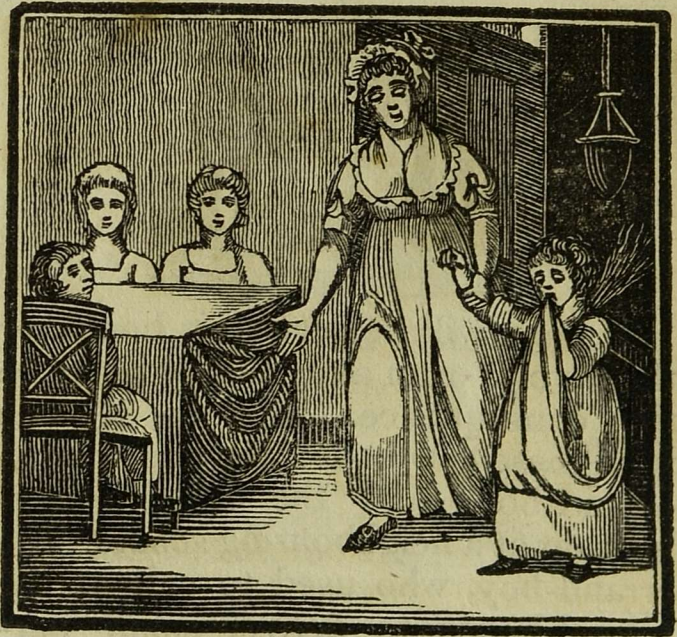


THE EFFECTS OF IDLENESS.

TOM FICKLE was an idle boy,
 Apprentic'd to a tailor;
 Form'd to become his parents' joy,
 Instead of begging sailor;
 For Tom good-natur'd was and true,
 Ingenious, kind, and witty;
 In person, also, to the view,
 Some thought him rather pretty.
 But Tom this horrid failing had:—
 His book and work he hated,
 And from his home away would gad,
 And oft would be belated.
 One day, so far from home he ran,
 He fear'd to face his master;
 And now that course of life began
 Which led to his disaster:
 He went on board a man of war,
 And so became a sailor,
 Which he then thought was better far
 Than working as a tailor.
 Now idleness will not agree
 With war and cannons' thunder,
 And in a fierce engagement he
 Had one leg shot asunder!



If boys will neglect their books or their work, ruin and misery must be the consequence. Just so it was with these two boys: the one was an errand-boy, and the other a day-boarder at a neighbouring school. The errand-boy, who used to call at the school-house to deliver small parcels, frequently met the school-boy in school hours playing in an adjoining field. They became very intimate, and were so frequently together, that the errand-boy was turned out of his situation; and the school-boy was such an inveterate block-head, that his master desired his parents to take him home. The one is now a drunken cobbler, and the other is rapidly preparing himself for a workhouse or a prison.



CRYING TO SCHOOL.—This little girl never went to school without crying; yet, when she was there, she was as happy as the rest of her school-fellows, and knew very well that her parents had more sense and love for her than to keep her at home, merely lest she should cry, and spoil her face. What a silly girl she was! to weep to no purpose, and then to be happy in that which had been the cause of her weeping!

To cry for what we never can obtain,
Is both a foolish and an useless pain.



JESUS, the Saviour of mankind,
 In parables was wont to preach ;
 And Æsop did the inquiring mind
 By pleasing fables often teach.

The beasts once resolved to ask, how it was that they should be in subjection to man. They received for answer, that God had so ordained it; and also, that it was for their own good they should remain ignorant in this respect: for that man had designs upon them, which, could they know before-hand, would make them miserable.



MUSIC AND THE BIRD.—A little tame bird came and perched on the top of a piano-forte, on which a gentleman was playing a merry tune. The vibration, that is, the shaking, of the strings, made the boards of the piano tremble, and thereby tickled its feet very much. It was frightened, yet had not sense enough to hop off, and thereby enjoy the pleasure of the music without the pain of being too near it. How pleasing soever things look in the face,
Still nothing is right that's not in its right place.



This picture represents a Landlord coming to demand his rent of a poor Curate, who is unable to pay him. He saw the Landlord coming, and met him at the door. He used some harsh terms to him at first, which drew tears from the old clergyman's eyes; but, at length, he was so much affected at his tenant's distress, that he ceased to threaten him, and went away. Now, the curate did not, as some do, think hardly of his Landlord for wishing to have his rent, nor rail against him when he was gone away.

Oh! never rail against the boy,
Who asks his own, and not your toy.



This is a LITTLE GIRL, who saw her father's PIG FEEDING on acorns under a tree: she took up one or two, and ate them; and she soon began to feel herself very ill. She went home, but never told her mother what made her ill. They gave her some physic, which did not suit her case, and she grew worse. When she feared to die, she told what she had done; for she had heard her father say, that it would be a dreadful thing to die with a guilty mind.

God sees whatever children do,
Though sometimes kept from parents' view.



Bolder than lions stand the just,
 Whilst crimes the stoutest oft appal ;
 For sinners lick the very dust,
 Since guilt " makes cowards of us all."

The old man in this picture was an unjust steward. He had presented his accounts to his lord, in which were detected several instances of fraud, and had called to receive his salary, which was given to him; but he was instantly dismissed the service, in shame and disgrace. Oh! the misery and toil of dishonesty!



See how the little BEAVER gnaws the trunk of that tree! He'll have it down, by and bye, as thick as it is; for he is building a house, and he wants trees for that purpose; and he knows very well, that, if he continue to work, he must and will fell the tree in time. If you wish to know more about this, you must behave well enough to merit the present of *Hodgson's "Little Naturalist,"* which will tell you all about Beavers' building their houses: at present, learn this lesson from the patient industry of the Beaver:

To patient skill; but not to play,
Almost all things, at length, give way.



What is industry better than idleness, if it be not exercised upon some useful and valuable object? and how does frugality benefit the world, if the fruits of it be not seen in our conduct towards others? The man in this picture never employed his time for the good of any one besides himself; nor cared a penny to benefit any one in distress. Not being, therefore, employed to any good purpose, he deserves to be ranked with the idle and the worthless. He one night dreamed, that, as he was counting his money, Death appeared to him, and took away his money; at which he was so frightened, that he never recovered himself, and died in great misery.



A lady, who had lost her husband by death, was so greatly affected by the circumstance that nothing could cheer or comfort her. In opposition to every friendly entreaty, carrying an infant in her arms, she would visit the vault in which lay the remains of her departed husband. Her grief, indeed, was great; but it was very wrong in her not to listen to the advice of her friends, and try to become reconciled to her loss, and put her trust in God.

Religion yields a sure relief
To every kind of real grief.



There are boys and girls who think it a task to become wise; but those are very foolish children indeed! Now, if such boys and girls should be told, that to learn to read is a great favour, and to play a great task, they would cry to be compelled to play, and desire to be instructed. Yet do you think these children appear happy: one learning to read, and the other to play on the piano-forte?

Learning not only is a treasure,
But really yields substantial pleasure.



I dare say some little boy or girl is wondering how a Razor-grinder could become rich by his occupation. The truth is, that many of those who become rich, after following what are improperly called low trades, do not become so directly from that trade itself; but, by saving what they can out of the little they earn, they, in time, enter upon some higher branch of their trade, till they arrive at opulence. This was precisely the case with the man in this picture: he never made a farthing away foolishly; he never lost an hour when he had work to do; and he laid by every penny he could spare. He first took a little cutler's shop. What he is now, is well known in the city.



A YOUNG MAN'S TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE TO HIS PATRON.

I remember, dear patron, those sad gloomy days,
 When I wander'd forlorn and unknown,
 When rude was my speech, and unpolish'd my
 ways,
 None kindly corrected, nor cheer'd me with
 praise,
 But left me in darkness to moan.

Then your friendly hand was stretch'd out to
 my aid,
 My spirits to raise from the dust,
 On virtue and learning you bade me be staid,
 Nor of a vain world or myself be afraid,
 But seasons more cheering to trust.

On my heart deep engraven, till nature decay,
 Those marks of your tender esteem,
 Whatever betide me, shall ne'er wear away:
 I'll fondly recall them with each coming day,
 And gratitude still be my theme.



A PIOUS CHILD'S REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

“ Why are those men in sable clad,
 “ With muff'd hooded wands?
 “ Why stand they there, so grave and sad,
 “ As waiting for commands ?”

So ask'd a little pious boy,
 Passing a person's door,
 Where death had damp'd the inmates' joy,
 And pleasure reign'd no more.

“ Those men are mutes,” it was replied,
 “ They keep the crowd away :

“ Within, some one has lately died,
 “ And is interr'd to-day.”

“ Yes, said the child, we all must die,
 “ And mingle with the clay ;

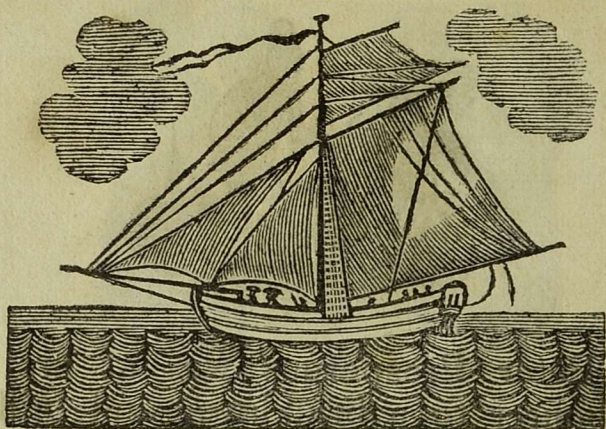
“ Yet not for ever there to lie,
 “ But once more see the day.

“ It must be so—for GOD hath said
 (“ I've read it in His Word)

“ That He will call the righteous dead
 “ To Heav'n, as their reward !”



Peter Prosperous was at first a labourer to a bricklayer and builder; he afterwards became a regular journeyman; in time was made an overseer, or foreman; and, last of all, became a master on his own account. From these facts I gather two things: 1st, that Peter was an honest, careful, and industrious man; and, 2dly, that Mr. David Wellstone, the mason, who was Peter's last master, had a judgment to discern merit, and a heart to encourage goodness, which was, indeed, the case; and often did Peter exclaim: "How good is my master! and how bountiful the Almighty, to give me such an employer!" In this cut, you see Peter returning home from his day's labour.



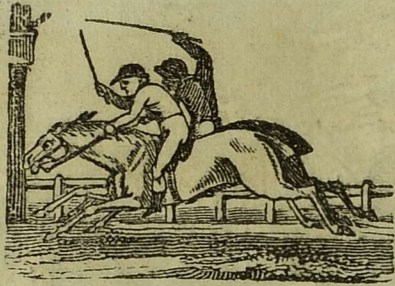
O'er the ocean's stormy deep,
 When the wind extends the sails,
 Even little vessels sweep
 Right before the wafting gales.

The art of sailing is called Navigation; for it is not sufficient merely to build a ship, launch it upon the sea, and then leave it to itself. There is great art in conducting the vessel to that part of the world to which the mariners wish to go. Were it not for this art, a vessel would soon founder and be lost, for she would be carried just where the wind blew her; and would be like a man without instruction, or a guide.

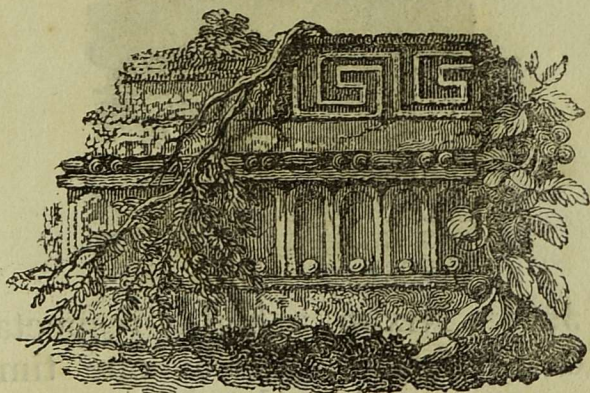


If thieves could but see how foolish they look when detected, they would be ashamed to commit so wicked and so degrading a crime as theft. See what a pitiful appearance this man makes, having been found in the act of stealing! But, in fact, all sorts of crime lead to shame and disgrace, and, sooner or later, to severe punishment. The very dog appears to look upon the wretch with scorn; but how must his conscience be now reproaching him!

That man, tho' poor, must not expect relief,
Who shows the slightest marks that he's a thief.

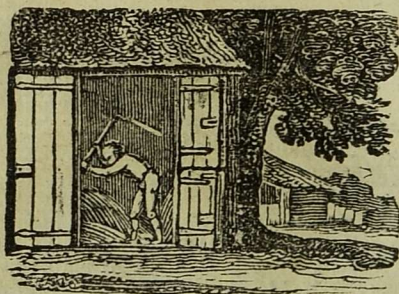


There once lived in Bond-street, or its immediate neighbourhood, a young man who was a tailor and draper. A better tempered man never breathed; a merrier man there could not be; he was full of life, gaiety, and spirits; but, although he knew his business very well, and had a good connection, he was, unfortunately, given to horse-racing and the sports of the field. This led him into expences far beyond the profits of his trade; and being a fine gentleman, he could not think of working. The consequence was, that, in a few years, he was so involved in debt, as to be cast into prison, where he died, covered with shame, remorse, and filth.

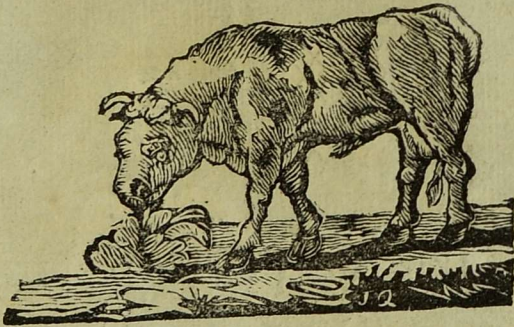


This picture will give the attentive reader an idea of two different kinds of ornament used in ancient buildings; but to know the particular nature and details of these ornaments, the top of which describes what is called the Grecian scroll; and the bottom, or base, the round arches, so common in some of our old, and even modern buildings, the reader should peruse with care *Hodgson's "Little Antiquary; or, Easy Guide to the Study of Antiquities."* At present, from this picture reflect that,

Old Time successful preys on every plan,
And every labour of the wisest man.



James Nixon, a highly respectable Kentish farmer, was at one time a poor man, and used to be employed as a thrasher of corn at the squire's farm. I'll tell you how he came to have corn of his own to thrash, and a barn and farm almost as good as his former master's: He thrashed away, and did any thing else on the farm that he was required to do, most willingly and cheerfully. The sun never rose and found him in bed; that great and bright pattern of daily industry never sat and found James Nixon spending his time at the tavern, or in idle or unprofitable pastimes. He never loitered away time; nor stood hesitating whether he should do that which his conscience told him was his duty.



Now on coarsest herbage feeding,
 Quietly the Bull remains ;
 Soon, perhaps, you'll see him bleeding,
 Tortur'd by a thousand pains.

There is a practice, once very common, of what they call bull-baiting. It is the sport of the vulgar and the cruel. The Bull is tied to a stake, dogs are set on to torment, bite, and worry the poor animal, till it is driven to the utmost state of madness and fury ; and often breaks the rope, and does much mischief. I hope not any of the readers of this book will take pleasure in tormenting dumb animals.



A poor little boy refused to take his food : a doctor was sent for, who could not account for the lad's loss of appetite. He did not say he could not eat ; but, when questioned, he at length confessed that he could not bear to see his poor brothers and sisters want ; and as his parents could not get sufficient for them all, he feigned sickness, that they might eat what it was supposed he could not. This was really kindly meant ; but

God forbids that we should do
Evil, that goodness may ensue.



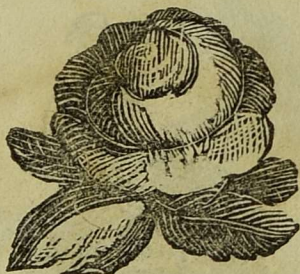
This soldier had been in the army several years, and had behaved very well. Going to visit his friends, he accidentally met the mother of a fellow-soldier, to whom he gave a very good account of her son's health and conduct. The poor woman was greatly pleased; but she could not help saying to herself, "Ah! if Tom had been good at home I should have been much happier!"

A child from its parents no comforts would steal,
If it could but feel as a parent does feel.



THE FIGHT AT "THE DOE."

" Pray where are you going?
 " Do, mind what you're doing,
 " Or else you'll be lost in the snow ;
 " Come take my advice,
 " And turn back in a trice ;
 " You're a fool one yard farther to go.
 " Here's a warm public house,
 " Where, as snug as a mouse,
 " You may sit, and hear all the fine news ;
 " Besides, there's a fight
 " To take place here to-night,
 " 'Twixt a couple of capital Jews !"
 So spoke a vile sot,
 To old honest John Scott,
 As he pass'd by the sign of the Doe ;
 But he turn'd a deaf ear,
 And refus'd to draw near,
 For he was " not afraid of the snow."
 So he went on his way ;
 But I shudder to say
 What became of the men at the Doe :
 When the battle was o'er,
 They were turn'd out of door,
 And many died drunk in the snow !



THE ROSE.

Bloom, lovely flower, in all thy richness bloom,
 While yet thou may'st ; for soon the time will
 come,

When even thou shalt wither and decay ;
 Thy leaves drop off, thy colours fade and die ;
 And, blighted 'neath a cold and wintry sky,
 Thy variegated beauties pass away.

But tho' thy outward form must quickly fade,
 And all thy glories perish in the shade,
 Or lie neglected on the desert waste ;
 'Till trodden to the dust, and quite destroy'd,
 For ever vanish'd thy external pride,
 Thy varied scents shall still regale the taste !

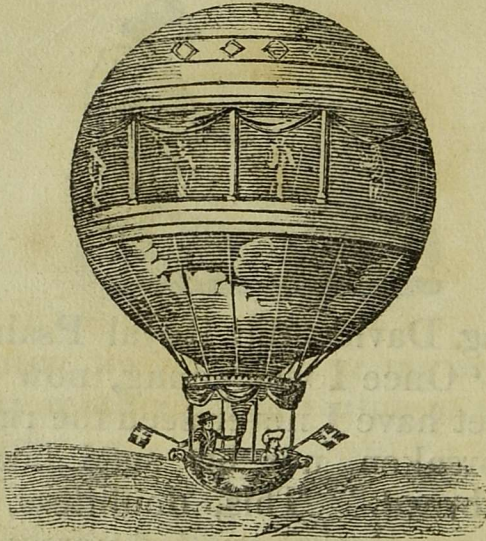
Just so, dear William, you will often find,
 The modest man of genius, and of mind,
 In this ungrateful world of care and pain ;
 Cold-hearted avarice, or the pride of power,
 May cramp or crush him in the present hour,
 Yet shall the fragrance of his worth remain !



There was once a young woman, whose mother had no other means of bringing up a family than by selling oysters. When she died, this young woman continued the same business. She sold a good article, was very modest and civil, and got on amazingly; besides, at night she employed herself at needle-work, making shirts, &c. On Sundays she was constant at church, and was called the neat oyster-wench. At length she married a man in the same business, who, like her, was desirous of getting on in the world by honest industry and frugality. Now do you wonder that “an oyster wench” should become opulent?



King David, the Royal Psalmist, said, "Once I was young, now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." This, doubtless, was the case with that exalted personage; and, as a general observation, it is perfectly agreeable with experience. This unfortunate man, however, was an exception to the rule: His father was a sober, righteous, and good Christian; "he knew in whom he believed;" and "Christ dwelt in him, the hope of Glory;" but his son did not follow his steps. It is true, he himself was not "forsaken;" but his son, who was an idle spendthrift, after having nearly ruined his excellent father, came at last himself literally to "beg his bread" in the streets!



Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 See, flying through the air,
 Against Attraction's law,
 A man, and lady fair !

The reason why this balloon flies so rapidly through the air is this :— Although all things that have not life are kept to the earth by what is called attraction and gravitation ; yet this balloon is filled with a kind of air lighter than the common air, and seeking to ascend, like smoke, carries the balloon along with it.

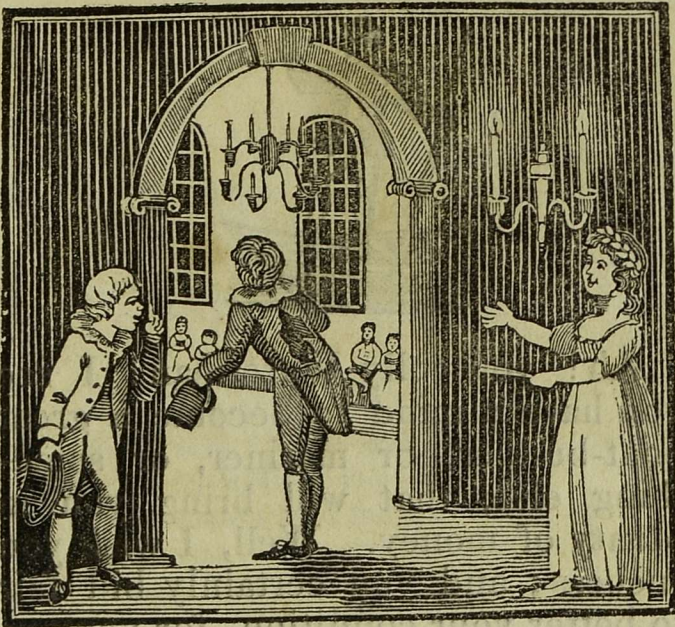


The two children in this picture scarcely ever passed a week without playing truant; they spent almost all their time in the church-yard at play, by which they acquired a habit of gaming; and were as ready to cheat and deceive each other, as they were to defraud their fellow idlers in general. As they grew up, they became rebellious against their parents, and insolent towards every one they had to do with. The consequence was that every body hated, despised, or pitied them. They ran away from their parents, and wandered up and down the country in a state of great wretchedness and misery. The last time any thing was heard of them, they were said to be in prison, on a charge of stealing.



A fox had killed a poor lamb, and was about to carry it away, when two dogs, belonging to a neighbouring shepherd, having heard it bleat in distress, ran to the spot, instantly fell upon the mischievous fox, and soon revenged the death of the lamb. At the same time the shepherd's boy came up, and with a stick assisted the dogs in their attack. Doubtless, sly Reynard thought he should not be found out in his cruelty.

Mind, little boy, what you're about,—
If you do wrong, you'll be found out.

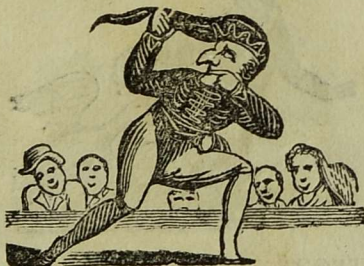


VISITING THE BALL-ROOM.—Master Webb was, one evening, permitted to attend a dancing party. As he entered the ball-room, every one was surprised at the grace and elegance with which he bowed; and, when the Ball was over, his behaviour had pleased his parents so much that they made him a present of a copy of “*Hodgson’s Children’s Guide to Good Breeding.*”

Never think you’ve learnt enough,
Whilst your conduct’s coarse and rough.



Ah! you jolly Waterman! I see you have a mind to become a great boat-builder, or mariner, or something else, that will bring you in plenty of money. Well, I wish you success; and you certainly bid fair to better your condition, for you appear to follow the steps of a great merchant of my acquaintance, who was at one time nothing more than a waterman like yourself. Mr. Marine was brought up a waterman on the river Thames; he dressed very neatly, and was, moreover, very civil; never made use of bad language, nor attempted to charge unreasonable fares. He soon became known; and the consequence was, that in time he became what he now is---a capital merchant!



STAGE-STRUCK.

“ Stage-struck ! stage-struck ! What is that ? ”
 Hear, and I will tell you what :—
 It is to run stark mad for plays ;
 To waste your nights and spend your days
 In studying how to make a face
 With true theatrical grimace ;
 ’Tis how to manufacture groans,
 And sing in sickening semi-tones ;
 It is the mouth to screw and pinch,
 Whilst killing Shakespeare inch by inch ;
 It is to think yourself a king,
 A beggar, knave, or any thing ;
 It is to dress just like a fool,
 And run away from work or school ;
 To be the public’s laughing-stock,
 And sometimes even virtue mock ;
 At all events, not to be nice
 In gilding o’er some pleasing vice.
 These, with some exceptions, rare,
 Are stage-struck features, I declare.



That great and good man, Dr. Watts, in one of his Hymns, says, that

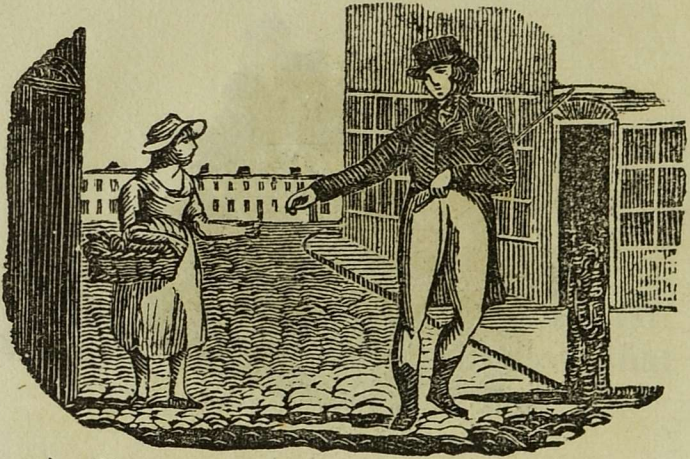
Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

Very true, indeed, is this remark : for many who are given to idleness are not, therefore, always unemployed. The little boy in this plate, who was really too idle to attend to his book, was very active in plaguing and tormenting harmless animals. It was a very common practice with him to employ himself in throwing stones at the ducks in the pond, till at length an old gander flew at him, pecked at his leg, and made it quite sore. This he durst not mention to his parents, till it began to fester, and at length mortify. The end of it was, that the lad died in an hospital, after having had his leg cut off.



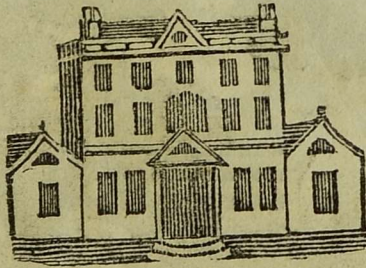
O ! 'tis sweet to steal away
 From anxious care and thoughtless play ;
 With learned writers to converse,
 In useful prose, or pleasing verse !

It was the practice of a certain young lady quietly to retire from her companions, at least one hour in each day, and, in some thick and unfrequented bower, employ herself in reading and study. By degrees she acquired so large a stock of knowledge on most useful subjects, that every body was surprised at her learning, whilst all admired her retired and amiable habits: "Go, and do thou likewise!"

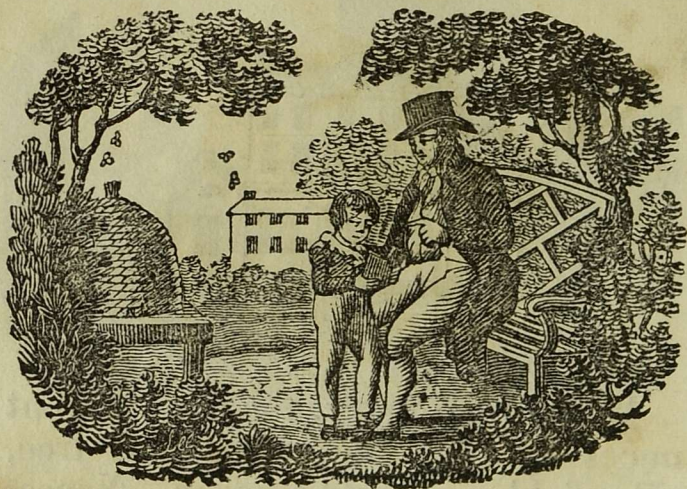


A GENTLEMAN met a little GIRL in the street selling WATER-CRESSES; and, although he did not just then want any cresses, he was so pleased with her neat, clean, and modest appearance, that he kindly gave her a penny; which, of course, greatly delighted her: so she went along, full of gratitude, crying, 'WATER-CRESSES! WATER-CRESSES!' and she soon sold all her stock. Now, when she went home, her mother thought she had been asking more for her cresses than she ought, because she had so much money; but the girl told the truth; for

'Tis a sin, to cheat one's mother,
As great as cheating any other.



Without industry, the most urgent necessity could never plant a tree, till a field, nor build a house. Necessity prompts, ingenuity dictates, but industry must execute. I'll tell you a short story to this effect:---The house which you here see was all built by the hands of a worthy man, who, having had the misfortune to have his former house burnt down, resolved to rebuild it with his own hand. Necessity told him he must have a house to dwell in; Ingenuity pointed out to him how to build it; and Industry, at length, enabled him to accomplish it. Is it likely such a man should be very poor?



Mr. SMITH had a little boy, in whom he took great delight. As he was a very good boy, he bought him "*Hodgson's Child's First Primer,*" and he very often gave him lessons in the garden, near the bee-hive. "I do this," said he, "that my little Charles may have near him a great example of industry." When he had done his task, his father talked to him about the value and duty of industry, and taught him to repeat these lines :

Be but as busy as bees in their hive,
And then in your learning you surely will thrive.



If a little boy were to be seized by a great man—dragged from his home, his parents, brothers and sisters, and confined in a cage, or a small room, although he had plenty of food, and every thing he could desire, but his liberty and the company of his relations and friends, how would he like it? Yet there are boys who would be very glad to take such a little bird as the one in this picture from the bush in which it is singing, and serve it in a similar manner; but to do so would not be to act like a Christian.

Think not the love of liberty
Is felt alone by you and me.



The Arabs believe, that if they taste salt with any one it becomes impossible to do them an injury. A man had nearly filled his bag with the plunder of a neighbour's house, and was about to steal a golden candlestick, which lay concealed in a vault, when he struck his hand against some hard substance; and, suddenly putting it to his mouth, he found it was salt he had touched; and he ran away in great fear!

E'en superstition has its use,
When it prevents a worse abuse.



There was a man who called himself a conjurer, and went about the country, in the day-time, amusing the idle with a dancing bear; and in the evening, performing various tricks at low public houses. Now, who would have thought, that this idle vagabond of a fellow was reduced to earn his livelihood in this manner, in consequence of his own negligence? He had once a capital shop, and sold all sorts of useful and amusing toys for children; but having a habit of frequenting taverns, he became a confirmed drunkard; his friends forsook him; and he ended his days in the house of correction, to which he was sent as a rogue and a vagabond.

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