

PRESENT FOR
LITTLE GIRLS.



SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEWCASTLE.

1844.



A PRESENT
FOR
LITTLE GIRLS.



KAK
BABY

SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

1824.

Published by J. Babcock & Son, New-Haven,
and S. Babcock and Co. Charleston, S. C. who
keep constantly for sale a large assortment of
Books and Stationary.

THE BOYS AND CAT.



1 One summer's day,
Some Boys, at play,
Espied a Tabby Cat ;
Which from its home,
Had chanc'd to roam,
In search of mouse or rat.

2 The boys were rude,
And would intrude
On Tabby's liberty ;
The day was hot,
And puss had got
Beneath a shady tree.



3 Says Tom to John,
Let's set Tray on,
And hunt the Cat away :
Ay, that we will,
Says naughty Bill,
And call'd aloud for Tray.

4 The dog he ran,
And soon began
To worry 'the poor cat ;
When Ann and Jane
Came down the lane,
And saw what they were at.

5 Jane call'd aloud
Unto the crowd,



And begg'd they would forbear ;
 And Ann she said,
 They should be paid,
 If they the cat would spare.

6 They all ran fast,
 But puss at last
 Climb'd up into a tree ;
 The boys look'd sad,
 The girls were glad,
 That puss from them was free.

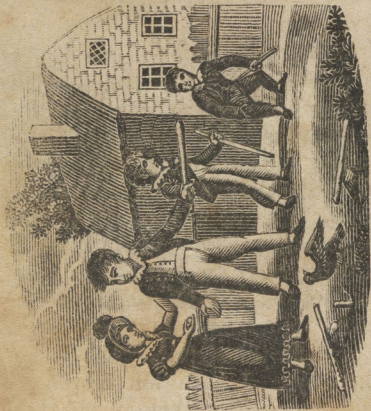
7 Let's pelt her down,
 Said little Brown,
 And took up a great stone ;
 Jane begg'd and pray'd.

Ann cry'd and said,
Do let poor puss alone.

8 Their tears prevail'd,
Brown's courage fail'd,
The stone he did not throw;
The boys call'd Tray,
To come away,
That puss in peace might go.

COMPASSION.

Some rude boys had one day got a pigeon which was lame, and its wings being cut, it could not fly; so they had tied a string to one of its legs, and put it down to be thrown at with a stick, that he who should knock it down might have it: but just as they were going to throw at it, little Mary ran and begged them to stop, and said she would buy the bird. How much, said she, must I give for it? sixpence, said one of the boys. I have but fourpence, said Mary—take all my money, I do



not want the bird, only do not use it ill. So they took Mary's money and gave her the bird. She took care of it, fed it, and it lived a long time in the house.

It would be very pleasant if we could now see how cheerful the poor bird used to look upon Mary every morning as she fed it.

How should we like to be thrown at with sticks or stones? poor birds can feel pain as well as boys and girls do: and it is not right to hurt any one of God's creatures—we should use them with mercy.



PITY.

As Jane and Lucy went to town,
They met a poor boy walking down,
All rags and tatters, pale and wan,
Jane saw him first and thus began.
“Look sister; look, at yon poor lad,
How pale he looks! how meanly clad;
We went to aunt’s the other day,
And had a penny to spend in play;
Now Lucy I will give him mine,
And hope thou’lt also give him
thine.”

“Yes, that I will, with all my heart:
I’m glad I have not spent my part.
Here little boy, without a hat,

Take this half-penny, also that ;
For we have clothes, and victuals too,
We do not want, though others do.”
With smiling face, the lad drew near,
The girls could scarce refrain a tear,
When the poor boy was heard to say,
“ God bless you both, by night and
day.”



ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

Children should never climb on chairs; they were made to sit on, not to stand upon. See, here we have a print of a little girl who did

not mind what was said to her; for sometimes she would get upon the window-seat, and be in danger of falling out of the window; at other times she would stand upon the fender before the fire, and try to step upon the brass top, so as to be in danger of setting her back on fire. One day she climbed on the back of the nurse's chair, who, rising up to follow a little boy that was playing with a dog, the chair fell down upon her, and she hurt her head against the floor. It is not always necessary to climb high to do mischief to ourselves or others, for I once heard



of a little girl who was much ruder than she should be, and did not always do as she was bid. For one day at breakfast-time she stood upon the leg of a table, and was trying to reach some toast in great haste, instead of asking for it in a proper manner, as she should have done; when the stool slipping from under her feet, she caught hold of the table to save herself from falling, and down fell the urn with the boiling hot water!—she was sadly scalded, her screams were very loud, her pains very great; and all this happened from not minding what was said to her.



THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

As I was wandering o'er the green,
Not knowing where I went,
I saw by chance, a pleasant scene—
The cottage of content.

With hasty steps, I nearer drew
Towards the humble cot,
To take a more attentive view,
Of that delightful spot.

Close to the door, in sportive play,
Some children ran about ;
Another in the cradle lay,
All vigorous and stout.

The healthy parents were employ'd,
Just like the industrious ant,
In smiling summer to provide
Against cold winter's want.

When Sol the eastern sky illumes,
And makes all nature gay,
The father then his work resumes,
And ends it with the day.

Happy, thrice happy are the poor,
With necessaries blest !
In conscious innocence secure,
They take their balmy rest.

Not so with minds whose heap'd up
wealth,

Corrodes and spoils their sleep:
 For gold, they lose their time and
 health,
 Which long they cannot keep.

In watchful fear then may I live,
 And day and night be spent,
 In such a manner as to give
 God praise, and me content.

Sophomore

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