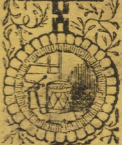




THE
LITTLE GIFT;
OR
Pictures and Verses
FOR
LITTLE READERS.



NEW HAVEN.
PUBLISHED BY S. BAECKOCK.
1850.



Cornelia Manson.

THE
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LITTLE GIFT.



THE PET KITTEN.

My pretty Cat, come here to me,
I want to pat you on my knee;
Go, naughty Tray, by barking thus
You drive away my pretty puss.



THE GOOD BOY.

When Philip's dear mamma was ill,
 The servant begged he would be still,
 Because the doctor and the nurse
 Had said that noise would make her worse.

At night when Philip went to bed,
 He kissed mamma, and whispering said,
 "My dear mamma, I never will
 Make any noise when you are ill."



THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

Joseph West had been told, that when he grew old,
 And he had not learned rightly to spell,
 If his writing was good, 't would not be understood,
 And he said, "I will learn my task well."

And he made it a rule to be busy at school,
 And what do you think came to pass?
 Why he learnt it so fast, that from being the last,
 He soon was the first in his class.



THE NEW PENNY.

Little Ann saw a man quite poor at the door,
 And Ann had a pretty new penny ;
 She meant, as she went, to stop at a shop,
 Where cakes she had seen a great many,
 And buy a fruit pie, or take home a cake,
 By spending the pretty new penny,—
 But this the kind Miss threw pat in the man's hat,
 Although she was left without any.



MARY'S CANARY.

Mary had a little bird,
 With feathers bright and yellow,
 Slender legs,—upon my word,
 He was a pretty fellow.

Sweetest notes he always sung,
 Which much delighted Mary;
 Often where his cage was hung,
 She sat to hear Canary.



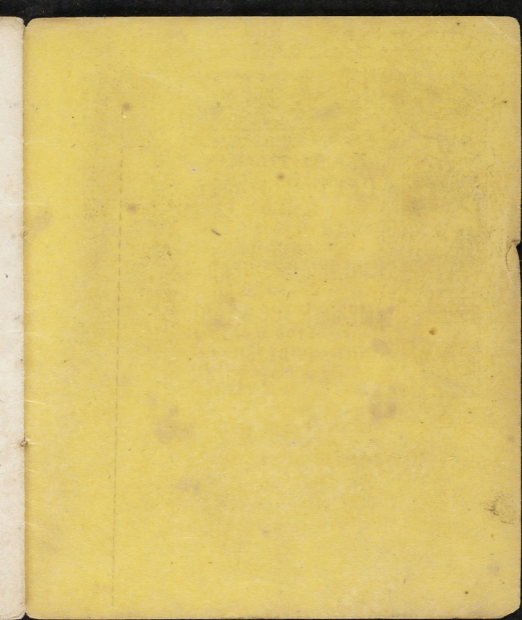
THE NAUGHTY GIRL.

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss
 Your little sister dear ;
 I must not have such things as this,
 Nor angry quarrels here.
 What! little children scold and fight!
 Who ought to be so mild;
 Oh, Mary! 't is a shocking sight,
 To see an angry child.



THE BENIGHTED TRAVELER.

The night is dark, the hour is late,
 The rain comes pouring down;
 A traveller halts before the gate,
 To ask the road to town;
 Oh, 't is a stranger, gone astray,—
 Go to him, Charles, and kindly say,
 Good stranger, here repose to-night,
 And with the morning's earliest light
 We'll guide you on your way.





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EDITED
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