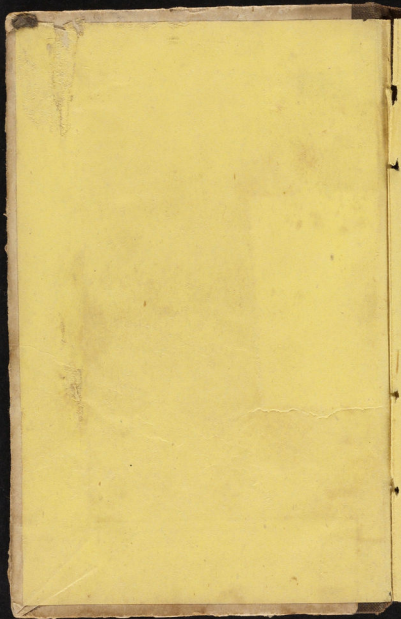
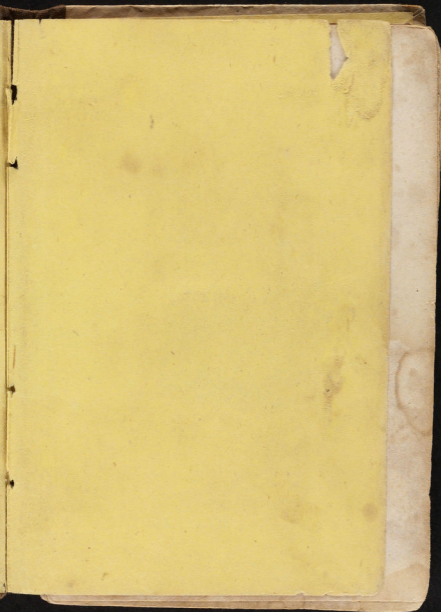


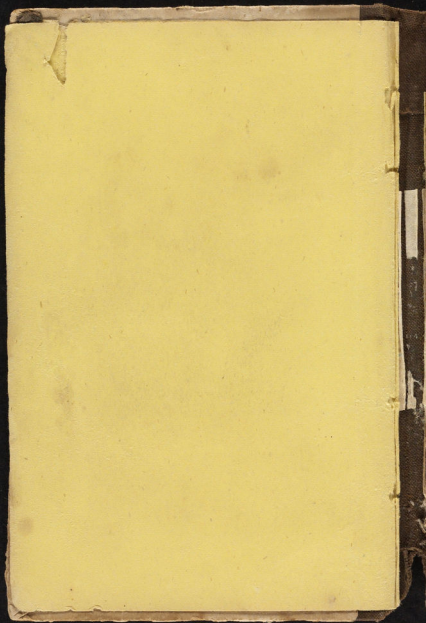
THE CHILD'S



CASKET.







M. Y.

UNCLE TIMOTHY.

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TROY, N. Y.  
MERRIAM, MOORE, & CO.





## NORAH DEAN.

NORAH DEAN was the daughter of a widow. Her father was a gardener, but died while Norah was a little girl. Her

mother after his death gained a living by taking in sewing for her neighbors.

Until Norah was five years old, she did little but play with her doll and her cat Tabby; it



was a great day in Norah's early life when Tabby, whose kittens had been killed, adopted a family of young squirrels which Norah's brother had found and brought home. Tabby acted as mother



to the young squirrels, and they soon became lively, and would run about the house and let Norah play with them, until Tabby one day had a fight with a neighbor cat for a mouse, at



which the young squirrels, who had now grown pretty large, seemed to be frightened, and scampered away to the woods, to the great grief of Norah and Tabby.

Tabby had one bad habit, which she had learned when young; she would slyly watch the birds, and when she could get near enough to them would spring upon one and kill it.



Norah tried in vain to break her of this habit; but she found that with cats, as with men and women, it is hard to break them when old of evil ways they learned when young.

Norah's uncle had made her  
a present of a fine canary bird



in a new cage; she greatly en-  
joyed the singing of Cherry,

and took the best care of him. Norah and her brother spent many happy hours in listening to the singing of Cherry while they were at work, and in play-



ing with him when their lessons were all learned and their work was all done; for they had lessons to learn and work to do every day.

But one day Cherry was miss-

ing; Norah hunted throughout the house, and called him, in vain; no Cherry appeared: but the next day a neighbor's son brought in his dead body, having found it in the adjoining field;



Tabby had been seen near the spot where Cherry was found, and was strongly suspected of having killed him.

At last Tabby died of old age. Norah did not very much mourn her loss, for since Cherry's death she had never been as fond of Tabby as before, and she was

now required to be busy with study and work. She helped her mother do the work in the house; and her brother had the cow and pig to take care of, and the wood to split and bring in.



When the work was done and her mother sat down to her sewing, Norah and her brother studied their lessons in reading and spelling and recited them

to her, until they had learned to read, and Norah had grown large enough to go to the village school.

When Norah was ten years old her mother died, and Norah went to live with her rich uncle.



Her uncle employed a teacher for Norah and her brother, and her advantages for learning were much greater than before. Norah

tried to improve by all the advantages she enjoyed, and after spending several years in studying, she became fitted to be a teacher herself. She still studied



to improve herself, and at length became the teacher of a large Seminary, where she helped to fit many young ladies for usefulness and happiness.



JAMES BROWN

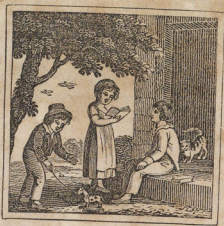
AND

THE HORSES.



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TROY, N. Y.:  
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## JAMES BROWN.

JAMES BROWN was seven years old. One day when riding home from a neighboring town with his father, he saw a spot-



ted horse by the road-side which took his attention. James was getting tired, and dissatisfied with every thing, but his father told him to notice the horses they met, and see if he could remember them all, to tell his sister about them when they got home.

James tried this, and he soon saw a basket maker who was driving a black horse. His bas-



kets were piled up in his cart and hung around it, but his horse trotted off rapidly with it,



while the brickmaker's horse, which they met soon after with

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a load of bricks, could hardly draw his load, though it was much smaller.

Next James saw a white



horse ; he was loose, and galloped on before them as if it were play for him to gallop, until at last he cantered away down a lane that branched off from the



road. Next the mail carrier passed them, blowing his horn, his horse on a full gallop. Frank

did not know why he should be in so great a hurry, until his father told him the mail often contained letters telling of sickness or other matters which people would be anxious to know about.

Soon after they overtook far-



mer Johnson, going to the village with a load of potatoes; and James noticed that his horse did not look as if he would gallop off like the white horse, but rather as if he was very strong and could draw a heavy load. While he was wondering to

himself whether the farmer's work had made his horse look clumsy, or whether the farmer had picked out a clumsy looking horse when he bought him; suddenly a party of men on horses, and a pack of hounds crossed



the road a little distance before them, hunting a fox which the hounds had got track of; and again James wondered to himself whether it was as necessary for the men to hurry to kill the fox as it was for the mail carrier

to hurry with his letters, and he concluded that the fox at least would not think it necessary for the men to hurry.

Farther on they passed a house standing at a distance from the road, from which a pedlar with



his pack was coming, and Frank saw a horse and cow standing near each other, so far off in the fields beyond the house that the horse looked hardly as large as a dog, Frank thought; and he did not quite understand why the pedlar with his pack looked so much larger than the horse



and cow, and why even the rooster which he saw standing on a post by the house looked almost as large as the horse.

They were by this time in sight of the mill, and they pass-



ed the miller's cart loaded with sacks of grain, to be ground into flour. James had sometimes been to this mill with his father, and looked with wonder at the machinery, and at the great millstone as it whirled around so rapidly while a little stream of corn was constantly dropping

in to the hole that was in the middle of the stone.

James knew that drunken Tom Carroll came round the neighborhood every week, taking bags of grain to carry to the mill to



be ground, and bringing them home to the owners again the next day; and soon after they passed the mill, they met Tom walking by the side of his cart, and his boy driving the horse. James thought Tom's horse looked as if he would soon lay down and die, but Tom was singing merrily.

Next they passed a colored man with a horse, his cart loaded with sheaves of grain; he



stood up, and the motion of the cart shook him up and down, in a manner that made James



laugh. Next he saw the squire's two horses just released from

the carriage; they were resting under some bushes, and looked around at James and his father as they passed. They had now got to the village; before they reached home they saw a boy with a brown horse and a load of watermelons; the horse stand-



ing very patiently while the boy tried to sell a melon to a gentleman and lady.

When they got home James told his sister about all the horses he had seen, and found that he had been much interested in watching for them.

EDNA JANE,  
THE  
CARELESS CHILD.



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TROY, N. Y.:  
MERRIAM, MOORE & Co.





## EDNA JANE.

EDNA JANE's father and mother both died while she was very young, and she and her brother were left to the care of an aunt,

who was sickly, and could not attend to her as she needed, so that Edna soon learned many bad ways. She first became careless; the beautiful doll her



aunt gave her, and also her other play things, were often carelessly broken in pieces, or thrown down, when ever she had played with them, and were soon lost or destroyed.



She also soon began to acquire a habit of meddling with things she ought not to touch. One day a new bonnet was sent home to her aunt, who was absent at the time ; Edna seeing the bon-



net, got her aunt's scissors and began to cut off the ribbon with which it was trimmed, and had almost spoiled the bonnet when her annt returned.

A few days after this, her aunt was invited out to tea; and as Edna promised to behave well and be careful, she allowed her to go with her; but here again Edna got into difficulty; she was allowed to walk in Mr.



Goodman's beautiful flower garden, and there she picked a rare flower which his brother had sent him from Italy; besides this she ran across the beds, and broke off two or three plants that stood on one of the

borders, so that her aunt could not trust her to play in the garden, and she was called into the house; here she was permitted to play with little Henry, but



carelessly allowed him to be hurt by being tripped up by the jumping rope with which she had been playing and heedlessly thrown down on the floor. when she had done with it.

One day she became angry, because she had been punished for some of the wrong things she had done, and ran away, wandering off in the fields alone, causing a great alarm to her



aunt, as she could not be found for several hours; and when found had torn her clothes, lost one of her shoes, and hurt herself in climbing over a wall.

She was sometimes very impatient and unkind to her brother, and once, when sitting by the river side with him, watching the fishes and insects, she carelessly pushed him into the



water. He was sick for several days, and when he became well enough to sit up, she teased him to play with her, and was angry because he could not do so.

At another time her aunt was sick for several weeks, and it was Edna's business, among other things, to feed and water her aunt's canary bird; sometimes she forgot it altogether



and one day after feeding it she did not fasten the cage properly; the bird escaped from the cage, and was killed in a moment by the cat, which chanced to be in the room.

Once when looking at some beehives with her brother, she rashly struck the hive with a stick; this roused the bees and made them angry, and they stung her so terribly on her



face that she was obliged to keep her bed for several days.

At last by one act of carelessness, Edna deprived herself and her aunt of a home. She had

been left to take care of the house, but had kindled a fire and left some shavings lying too near it, and then hurried away for a walk. The house took



fire, and in a little while was burned to the ground.

After this Edna was obliged to go and live at the workhouse, for her aunt was no longer able to keep her.



RHODA GREEN,  
THE  
SAILOR'S WIDOW.



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## RHODA GREEN.

RHODA GREEN was the wife of a sea captain. She had often with tears besought him to give up the sea, and he intended to do so, but on his last voyage, was lost. His vessel was struck by lightning during a storm, and there being a quantity of gun-



powder on board, was blown up, and all on board perished, excepting one sailor who was picked up by another vessel after floating on a plank for several hours.

Nearly all Captain Green's property was lost with him, and Rhoda was left with two children to support, John and Lucy.



The night she heard that her husband was lost, she was almost overwhelmed; but she had learned to look to God in time of trouble, and after putting her children to bed that night, she sat down with her Bible, and in its promises to the widow and

the fatherless, and in praying to God, found herself comforted, and strengthened to bear the burden that had come upon her.

They had the cottage and a



little land, and it was very pleasant. Near the cottage were some old trees, and in the summer the birds and insects seemed almost to fill the air with their various notes as they flit-

ted from tree to tree; not far from the house the road passed through a piece of woods where Rhoda sometimes walked with her children among the trees, or sat under their branches.



She sent John to school, but as Lucy was a tender child, she kept her at home, and taught her to read, giving her lessons to learn when she was able to study. John's way to school led

through the woods, and then wound away over the hill and along by the meadows; in the summer he liked to go, and after eating his breakfast of bread



and milk with Lucy, he greatly enjoyed his walk in the summer mornings, when the woods seemed to be alive with the various kinds of birds and insects, and all of them seemed to be

happy. Sometimes some one of his schoolmates would come home with him, or one of the school girls would come to see Lucy.



But in winter, when the snow storms came, John was sometimes unwilling to go to school, or wished that somebody could go with him; but his mother's encouraging words were always ready, and John would



soon seize his little sled and be on the way.

Lucy had always been subject to attacks of illness, and when she was ten years old, she was



taken with a fever; John watched by her bed side whenever he was permitted to do so, but for many days she was so sick that the physician and her mother thought that she could not live.

Rhoda had taught the children to say their prayers, and when



Lucy was sick, John would go out alone in the evening to a retired spot at a little distance



from the house, and pray that she might recover. She did recover and in a few weeks was

well again. After this sickness she was more healthy and vigorous than she was before.

While she was getting well, John would again go out in the



evening, and in prayer, thank God that he had spared her; and from that time he remembered with gratitude and love the God who had spared Lucy to them; and tried to serve Him.

As they grew older, John worked for the farmers around them, in haying, or harvesting, or reaping time, bringing his



wages home to his mother; and when he became a man he was a farmer himself, and took his mother and sister home to live with him.



THE  
CHILD'S GEM.



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TROY, N. Y.:  
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**A B C D**

**E F G H**

**I J K L**

**M N O P**

**Q R S T**

**U V W X**

**Y Z**

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**a**      **b**      **c**      **d**

**e**      **f**      **g**      **h**

**i**      **j**      **k**      **l**

**m**      **n**      **o**      **p**

**q**      **r**      **s**      **t**

**u**      **v**      **w**      **x**

**y**      **z**

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**1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0**



## A, B, C.

The A, B, C,  
Is pleasant to me,  
I'm learning it all the day;  
Whenever I look  
In a printed book,  
I see nothing but A, B, C.

I'm glad to know  
The fine little row



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Of letters both great and small ;  
The D, E, F, G  
The L, M, N, O, P,  
And the X, Y, Z, and all.

If I can fix  
These marks twenty-six  
In this little careless head,  
I'll read every book,  
As soon as I look  
At the letters all over it spread.

I now will learn  
Them all in turn,  
The big letters and the small ;  
For how can I spell,  
Or pronounce them well,  
Till I have learned them all ?

The bees and the flies  
Have nice little eyes,  
But never can read like me ;  
They crawl on the book,  
And they seem to look,  
But they never know A, B, C.



### LITTLE STAR,

Good night little star ;  
I will go to my bed,  
And leave you to burn,  
While I lay down my head,

On my pillow to sleep,  
Till the morning light ;  
When you will be fading,  
And I shall be bright.



## MY DOG.

I'd never hurt a faithful dog,  
But stroke and pat his head;  
I like to see him wag his tail  
I like to see him fed.

Then I will never whip my dog,  
Nor will I give him pain:  
I'll love him, and I'll give him  
food,  
And he'll love me again



### THE SNOW.

THE clouds look sad,  
And mother is glad,  
For it is going to snow;  
And her dear boy,  
Will dance with joy,  
When he on his sled can go.

Now Bennie boy  
Is filled with joy  
He runs for his boots and sled;

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Now get his coat,  
And tie up his throat,  
And put a cap on his head.

Then o'er the snow  
How fast he'll go,  
Giving his sisters a ride;  
They'll run about,  
And caper and shout,  
And down the hill they will slide.

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### FAITH IN GOD.

I KNEW a widow very poor,  
Who four small children had;  
The oldest was but six years old,  
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled  
To feed her children four ;  
A noble heart the mother had,  
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,  
For children must be fed ;  
And glad was she when she could buy  
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had  
On any day to eat ;  
They drank their water, ate their bread,  
But never tasted meat.



One day when snow was falling fast,  
And piercing was the air,

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I thought that I would go and see  
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,  
'Twas searched by every breeze,—  
When, going in, the eldest child  
I saw upon his knees.



I paused to listen to the boy ;  
He never raised his head,  
But still went on, and said, " Give us  
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,  
Still listening as he prayed ;  
And when he rose, I asked him why  
That prayer he then had said.

" Why sir, said he, this morning when  
My mother went away,

She wept because she said she had  
No bread for us to-day.

She said we children now must starve,  
Our father being dead ;  
And then I told her not to cry,  
For I could get some bread.

'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,  
Which made me think that he,  
As we have no kind father here,  
Would our kind Father be.

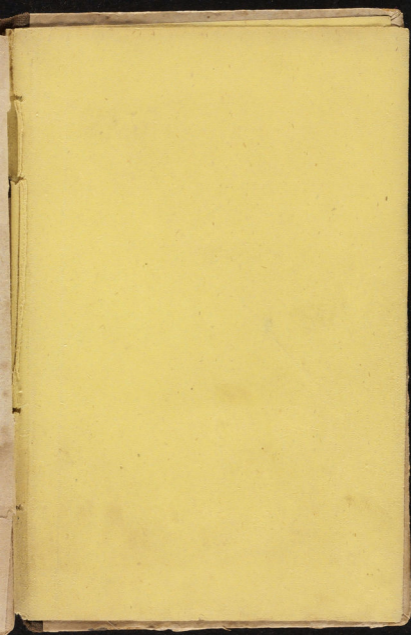
And then you know, sir, that the prayer  
Asks God for bread each day ;  
So in the corner, sir, I went,  
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,  
And went with fleeting feet ;  
And very soon was back again  
With food enough to eat.

"I *thought* God heard me," said the boy.  
I answered with a nod ;  
I could not speak but much I thought,  
Of that boy's faith in God.







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