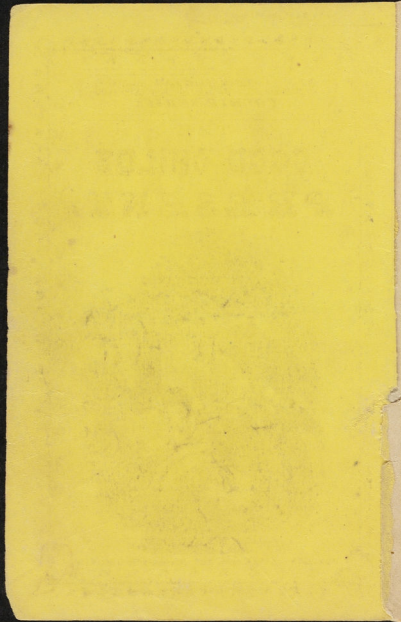


COZANS' SCHOOL TOYS,
FOURTH SERIES.

THE
GOOD CHILDS
PRESENT.



PHIL. J. COZANS, 107 Nassau Street, N. Y.



Ida M. Mallory

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TRUE CHARITY.

AMONG the noblest of man's attributes is the virtue of Charity. Charity may be defined as that disposition of the heart which makes us feel kindly towards each other, or which makes us do some good. Not to resent the injury that some evil-disposed person may do us, is also, in some cases, a charity. There are various kinds of Charity, and it exists under many forms.

There is false Charity and there is true Charity. False Charity, is when we give to the needy or unfortunate, only because some one whose good opinion we wish, is looking at us. It is giving with the hand and not with the heart, to do acts of kindness only when we know we will be benefitted thereby. True Charity, is the spontaneous growth from

the heart. True Charity, "is not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth." It is not true charity to make a boast to the world of all that we do for the needy and unfortunate. In the picture, you see a poor old blind man led by a dog. Dogs are faithful companions of the blind. Take a lesson from the dumb brute and do not act rudely or roughly towards any one, blind or poor. He has walked a great way and is going to visit some of his old comrades. He is an old soldier,—he cannot work, and is therefore compelled to exist on the charity of the world.

John, George, and Robert met him on the road, and he asked for some pennies. John threw some in the grass by him, and said, pick them up old man. George picked them up for him—he could not see them himself. Robert had no pennies, but soon brought him some bread and cheerfully bid him eat. The old man pleased them all. John's charity was false—he threw the pennies in order that his companions might think him a fine fellow. George and Robert's was true Charity, for what they did, they did in a spirit of sympathy and kindness.

Whatever you give—give cheerfully and kindly,
"God loves the cheerful giver."



THE WIDOW.

IF any of you have lost your father you are well able to appreciate one of the greatest losses to the young. Many a poor boy has early to lament the loss of either father or mother. When a lady loses her husband, she is called a widow. When a gentleman loses his wife, he is called a widower. It is a sad misfortune for a woman to lose her husband, for then she is deprived of her supporter, her protector, and her adviser. It is equally a misfortune to lose one's wife, for then the gentleman's house is neglected, his children uncared for, all maternal influences are lost to them. He himself is deprived

of her happy society ; he now has none to share his joys or his sorrows. He now has no kind hand to alleviate the pain of his mental frame, and no loving words to encourage him on in his arduous way through life. The lady represented in the picture, is one who has just received the sad tidings of the loss of her husband at sea. They were just about to commence the evening meal, when the postman announced the sad tidings.

Poor woman, she is now alone in the world with three children. She is telling them of their great loss. See how sad and mournful the group appears. The mother is seated. The daughter's head rests mournfully on her mother's shoulder. The little son is sinking on his knees. The eldest boy is clinging to his mother's arm. He has determined to assist his mother. He will go to sea and in a few years, will be like his father a Captain. He will then get rich and place his mother in ease and comfort. The little fellow will then go to college and become a learned man, and will assist the family. Thus will this fine lady be provided for by her dutiful loving children



OUR FAMILY.

THERE is not a more beautiful sight on earth, than that of a happy family. A happy family can only exist, where there is pure, strong and reciprocal love between the parents. The children must be loving, kind, studious, and obedient. They must love each other with brotherly and sisterly love. They must fear God and be obedient. They must attend school regularly. Must not associate with bad and lazy girls and boys. They must go to Sun-

lay school. They must love God above all things, and pray to Him night and morning. They must be kind to their playmates, respectful and obedient to their Teachers, and rude to none. If they do so, they will be a cause of infinite pleasure to their parents, and will cause them to love them the more. Their parents will be proud of them, and friends will hold them up as an example for other children. Our family is a happy family.

We all love, honor and obey our parents. We assist morning and night at prayers. We attend school daily. We all go to church together. We never quarrel, and are really happy. We have frequent parties, and when Christmas comes, Santa Claus always leaves us something nice. You see us all assembled in the parlor on Christmas day, and we are showing our parents all our toys, John has a fine fishing-rod : Will a big humming top : Jane a pretty doll : Kate has a nice work box :—in fact, we have all sorts of nice toys and books. At night we intend to have a party, and all our little friends are invited—we will indeed have a merry Christmas. We will spend our holidays visiting our friends, and then will come New year's day. We will then have another party, and next year we will all live happy and lovingly together.



THE SLEIGH RIDE.

WINTER is the cold season of the year. It is then that we wear thick clothes and big boots. It is then that the ground is all covered with snow, and the rivers and ponds bridged over with that smooth glossy substance called ice. All nature seems dead in winter. The trees are leafless, and the winds whistle through their bare branches. There are no fine singing birds to gladden us with

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

songs. Our favorite dog does not wish to go out, but keeps close to the fire. Nature is not dead—but sleeps. We have no songs of birds, but we have the merry gingle of the sleigh bells, and the echoes of the woods are awakened by the hearty laugh and shout of the sleighing parties. The sun too, rises more beautiful in winter than in summer. As soon as the sun raises his disc above the horizon, sheds his beautiful rays on the snowy scene, and is reflected back in all the hues of the rainbow—forming countless and glittering icy crystals; then indeed, is nature beautiful.

It is great amusement for us to go skating and sleighing in winter. The sleighs are light and fine, beautifully painted, and of all shapes. We can ride very fast, for many miles in a day. It is much more pleasant to travel in winter in America, than it is in Russia. In Russia, it is colder and the sleighs are very rude. They are made out of trees and one box. They have no springs and ride very heavy and hard. The snow is deeper and much more difficult for the horse to travel in. You see in the picture, a Russian who is taking his children a sleigh-riding. They appear very cold. The horse does not seem to draw easy, and the sleigh is very ugly.



HARVEST.

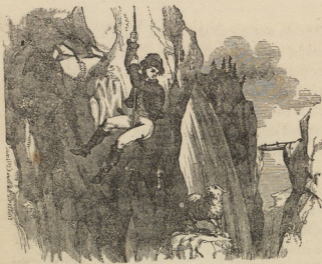
HARVEST time is that season of the year when the different crops are cut and gathered into barns. At this time all the persons on the farm can work, even the smallest of the children. It is a merry time, and if the crop is a good and heavy one, it is a laborious time. The farmers and all their families go out at early morn and work until dinner-time.

HARVEST

They do not go to the house, but eat dinner in the woods, or under some big tree. They make a novel fire-place by fixing three sticks together upon which they can hang a pot. When the dinner is ready, the bell is rung—the men all stop work—the horses are watered and turned loose to eat. The farmers then get together and have a fine dinner. They have their wives and families with them, and so enjoy a good time. During the heat the little children sleep, or amuse themselves at different games. Harvesting appears to the city boy as easy work, but it is quite the contrary.

I remember being on a visit to a farm house just when harvest time commenced. The farmer invited me to go out and help. I was glad to go, and as he went along I pointed out all I would do, how fast I would work, and how long I would continue to work. He smiled and said, "Well, well, we will see." I did work for some time, but I soon got tired and was compelled to rest. The old farmer whispered to me—"It is better to be slow and sure, than it is to be impetuous and uncertain." I saw what he meant, and I found that I was the only one tired.

The next time I went, I was slow and sure, and worked all day without being much fatigued.



THE RESCUED LAMB

SWITZERLAND is the most mountainous country in Europe, abounding more than any other, in wild, grand, and picturesque scenery. There are to be found stupendous mountains, deep valley's, magnificent glaciers, grand and majestic cataracts. Lakes are also found, and one is often amused at the most fantastic forms assumed by the glaciers. The Swiss people are hardy, industrious, and temperate. They are strangers, generally, to luxury and affluence. They are of simple manners, and are ardently attached to liberty. William Tell, the patriot of the Swiss, was born at Altorf. He freed his native land

from the tyranny of Gesler. You have often heard of his great feat of shooting an apple from the head of his own son. There is another story told of him. When a boy, he is said to have been most brave and hardy, and to have given early promise of his future greatness.

When was about twelve years old, he was attending a flock of sheep, and as he was driving them to be watered, a young lamb slipped and fell into the stream hundreds of feet below. He at first thought it was dashed to pieces, but when he saw it struggle up on a piece of rock, he determined on its rescue. He got a strong rope and stick, and fastened them well together. He then passed the end of the rope around a tree, and told his companions to lower him easily. He let himself off the brink of the precipice and was lowered some seven hundred feet. As he descended he was repeatedly attacked by eagles, as he disturbed them from their nests, but he beat them off, and finally reached the lamb. He took it in his arms and giving the signal, was soon hoisted up to the top.

Thus in early youth did he display that courage, and kind tenderness, for which he afterwards became so famous.



INDIANS.

IT is more than two centuries since the first settlement of North America by colonists from England. When they came here, they found the soil in the possession of the red men or Indians. There were many different tribes in all parts of the country. The Indians treated the whites favorably at first, but were soon compelled to turn on them. The whites abused and cheated them, and they are doing

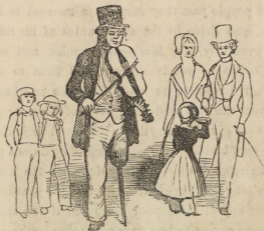
so still. No one has any pity for the poor Indian. There have been many wars between the Indians and the white men, and if the first cause was well traced out, it would be found to have existed with the whites. In all these wars there is much of thrilling adventure ; many examples of courage, fortitude, and heroic suffering are to be found, alike in the white and the red man. The white men generally remained masters of the field, more on account of the superiority of their weapons, than of an excess of courage. The Indians in revenge, often attacked the new and more defenceless settlements. They would set fire to the houses, and thus compel the poor people to choose between being burned to death or rush out and be scalped. The women were often seized when drawing or carrying water. The cut represents such a scene.

The Indian is in the act of scalping the woman, and the husband is seen levelling his gun to kill him. The Indian squaw is telling the Indian to hasten, and points out the white man. The Indians are now nearly all conquered, and soon there will be few left to wield the fatal tomahawk, or smoke the peaceful Calumet.



THE PEDLAR.

THE Pedlar is too well known to require much description. A pedlar is one who carries articles around the city and country for sale. There are more in the country than in the city. He is a sort of travelling store. He has dolls, tops, drums and all sorts of toys. He also has an assortment of Books. He is very shrewd, and not easily repulsed, taking all the negative answers he gets, in the greatest good humor, having a pleasant story always ready, and invariably succeeds in selling his wares at good prices.



THE BLIND MAN.

HERE is a poor blind man. He is led about the city by a little girl. This little girl is his only companion, and she daily leads him about and collects the money given in charity to him. He is an old soldier. He was injured by the bursting of a large cannon just as he was loading it. He lost his sight from being burned with the powder, and his leg was so mangled that the doctors took it off. He cannot work, and does not want to beg. He therefore plays on his violin, and if people see fit to give him some money, he blesses them and thanks God. He is enabled to walk, by having a wooden leg.

THE BLIND MAN.

As the people pass they stop for a moment to look at him, and listen to the sweet notes of his fiddle. They generally give him some pennies, and when night comes he receives bread and meat to take home. He receives as much from the poor as he does from the rich, and when some of the poor people cannot give him anything, they send their children to lead him about thus, though they do not give him the money, they furnish him with the means of obtaining it. Such is true charity. If you should ever see any of these poor men, and if you should have some money to buy toys and story books, give him some and God will reward you. You will soon have more money, and will then feel happy on being able to relieve the wants of unfortunate humanity, by such a small sacrifice. Always treat them kindly and do not speak roughly to any. They are unfortunate, and therefore deserve your sympathy.



THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

MANY of you have cousins either in the city or country. When a city boy goes into the country, the farmer's son is surprised to find how little he knows about the crops, the seasons, the rivers, and all things familiar to a country boy. He thinks too that he wears very nice clothes, and is very careful of them. Thus too, when the country lad visits his city cousin, is the city boy astonished to find him

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

look and act so curious. He seems to stare at every thing, and persons around him. He steps into the parlor as if he had sore feet; he seems afraid to put his feet on the carpet. He is struck with wonder at the large looking glasses, for as he walks around the room, he sees five or six images of himself. The city is a mystery to him; where do all the people go, and where do they live. How do they get enough to do in order to support themselves? These are questions which he cannot answer.

Sometimes when a rich gentleman invites his country relatives to come to the city, they meet with but a poor reception.

The cut represents the arrival of a young lady's country cousin. She receives him in all state in the parlor. He is not dashingly but plainly dressed. His wife looks all around and admires the beauties of the room. The city lady does not rise to receive and welcome them, because she thinks them so ignorant and uncouth. It more frequently happens that the country relatives are better educated, more polite and hospitable, than the city people. The lady in the cut has showed her ignorance of genuine politeness by not rising to receive her friends.



LITTLE NELL.

THERE are many pleasures and advantages to be derived from learning to read and spell when young. It is no great praise for any one to know how to spell correctly, but it is a great shame for them to spell badly. When you read and come to any difficult word you must pause to spell it—connect the syllables. A syllable is a combination of letters uttered at one impulse or effort of the voice, thus : syllable, is a word composed of three syllables. When you have done this for a short time you will be enabled to read correctly. You must not try to read too fast. A good reader does not

read fast. He reads slow, loud, and distinctly, and gives each word its due emphasis.

Most persons wish to read too rapidly, and thus instead of pronouncing the words they mouth them. It is no pleasure to listen to such a person read, but to have the well toned cadence of voice of a good reader, fall upon the ear, is indeed a great pleasure. Many persons are by some misfortune unable to read. Then it is that a good reader may be a source of pleasure, comfort, and profit to those unable to see or read. Little Nell's father is a distinguished man, and is well known for his literary labors. Some years ago he met with a sad accident by which he was crippled for life, and lost his sight.

Since then he has written several books, and they are equal to any he produced before the accident. Nelly reads a great deal for him, and as she is a good and careful reader, he derives much information and profit from her readings. He then dictates, and she writes, and thus his books are published.

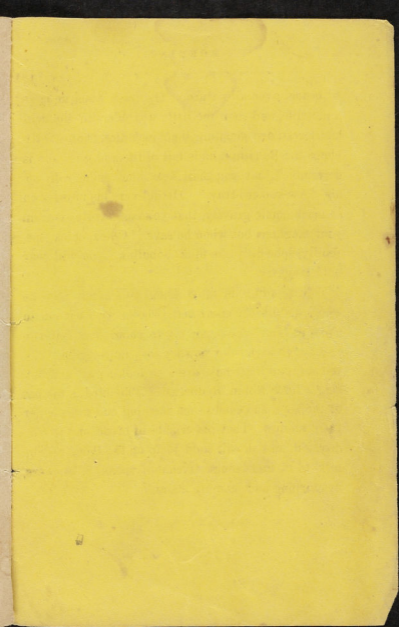


MORNING.

THE day is divided into three parts—morning, noon, and night. Morning is the youth of day. In order to enjoy the lovely morn, one must rise with the early lark. We must go abroad, and gaze at the rising sun. At first no noise is heard save the voice of the lark, or the crow of the proud rooster : all else of nature seems asleep, until we behold the sober gray of dawn developing itself in the east. Then every thing is tinged with a golden hue, which gradually deepens into crimson, and then we see the sun itself like a ball of fire, lifting itself slowly above the horizon, and pouring its level and unsulli-

ed beams over all nature. The trees seem to have a new life, and soon the little warblers of the field and forest, are sounding their melodious notes. Up jumps the Bobolink, he is full of life and glee, and is determined that you shall hear him, as he rolls off his "Aw-koo-cro-cray." He delivers his notes with so much comic gravity, that you can hardly restrain your laughter, but when he says, "Chick, chick, spe, spilly, sphe-dilly che flink, bobolink," you will roar with laughter.

The Bobolink is so cunning and quick, that he easily dodges the sportsman who is cruel enough to shoot at him. You can try to shoot him, but you had better save your powder for choicer game. In the cut, two little boys are seen looking at, and petting a little Robin Redbreast. This bird is the pet of the boys, and comes each morning and sings under their window. They put crumbs of bread on the window sill, and it will soon jump up for them. They talk to it, and though it cannot speak, it answers, by chirping and jumping about.



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