

BABCOCK'S

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

TOY BOOKS.

THE  
ROSE-BUD;  
OR  
POETIC GARLAND  
OF  
UNFADING FLOWERS.



NEW HAVEN.  
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.



David  
Beers

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EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

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PRETTY PUSSY.



THE GOOD BOY.

THE  
ROSE-BUD;  
OR  
POETIC GARLAND.



*Pretty Puss.*

COME, pretty Cat,  
Come here to me;  
I want to pat  
You on my knee.

Go, naughty Tray,  
By barking thus,  
You'll drive away  
My pretty Puss.

*The Good Boy.*

WHEN Philip's good Mamma was ill,  
The servant begg'd 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 kiss'd Mamma, and whispering said,  
"My dear Mamma, I never will  
Make any noise when you are ill."





*Learning to Read.*

MAMMA, said Julia, as she took  
From off her mother's knee a book,  
Say, shall I like a woman look,  
By Reading!

Jane learns long lessons every day,  
And grows quite tall, the people say,  
But still 'tis hard to give up play  
For Reading.

I know my letters very well,  
And many words, too, I can spell;  
Think you, Mamma, I could excel  
In Reading?

Yes, if you try, my love, no doubt,  
But nothing can be done without,  
So let us quickly set about  
This Reading







*The Birth-Day.*

MARY is eight years old to-day,  
Her little heart is light and gay  
O! may she feel as gay and light,  
When she retires to bed at night.

Her doll and baby-house are new,  
Pleasure alone appears to view;  
Kind and attentive are her friends,  
What can she do to make amends?

She ought to do whate'er she's bid ;  
Whenever wrong, or gently chid,  
I trust she will not sulky be,  
Like children that I sometimes see.

No, rather let her yield with ease,  
Be pleas'd herself, and strive to please  
Let her but try, she must succeed,  
Then this will be a day indeed.





*The Sulky Child.*

O, how much it grieves me, Maria, to see  
You look sulky, and hang down your  
head!

I hop'd that my girl much wiser would be,  
And guess'd not she was so ill-bred.

When I bade you attend to your lesson  
just now,

It was surely your place to obey;

To see you sit idle I can not allow,  
And have told you so many a day.

You ought to be grateful, and take double  
pains,  
Not look sulky, because you are chid ;  
All the labor is mine, you alone have the  
gains,  
If you do but perform what I bid.

My wish is to see you both active and  
kind,  
As you are when endeav'ring to please.  
And I will not but think my Maria in  
inclin'd,  
The heart of her mother to ease.



*Early Rising.*

AWAKE, little girl, it is time to arise,  
Come, shake drowsy sleep from your  
eye ;  
The lark is loud warbling his notes in the  
air,  
And the sun is fast mounting on high.  
O come, for the bee has flown out of his  
bed,  
To begin his day's labor anew ;

The spider is weaving her delicate thread,  
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

O come, for the ant has crept out of her  
cell,  
Her daily employment to seek ;  
She knows the true value of moments too  
well,  
To waste them in indolent sleep.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise  
Of insects instruction to ask ;  
From thy pillow with good resolutions  
arise,  
And cheerfully go to thy task.





*The Goodness of God.*

TELL me, Mary, tell me where  
You get these pretty clothes to wear ;  
Shoes to keep you from the ground,  
And shawl so warm to wrap you round ?

They came from kind Papa, you say,  
To shield you from cold Winter's day,  
And who gave him the power to buy  
Clothes to keep you warm and dry ?

God gave him strength to toil for me,  
And means to buy the gifts you see ;  
This shawl, once wool, on sheep did  
grow,  
And even this to God I owe.

His care protects all living things,  
From Him our every comfort springs ;  
Papa but gives me what he can,  
But God gives every thing to man.







*Going to School.*

SAY, why does Edward's glistening eye,  
Thus seek to shun his mother's view?  
Already as she heard him sigh,  
A deeper from her breast it drew.

Is it the name of school alarms?  
Or does he shrink from study's pains?  
Believe me, learning hath such charms  
As ignorance alone disdains.

To see him gay, has been her joy,  
To make him happy, all her care ;  
And still, for this—her darling boy,  
How many hardships would she bear,

Yet now she sees each day unfold  
The growing powers of his mind ;  
An abler hand she seeks, to mould  
These gifts, for future use design'd.

He can not think, what God bestows,  
To make us virtuous, just, and wise,  
Should run to waste, like weed that grows  
Where useful herb and flower might  
rise.





*The Village School.*

COME, William, as the day is cool,  
We'll go and see the Village School.  
Do not walk up the hill too fast ;  
Slowly,—you'll reach the top at last.—  
And now the toil and labor o'er,  
We're standing at the school-house door.  
Look round, and view the pleasant scene,  
The sky so blue,—the woods so green,—  
The little garden on the right,—  
The pebble pavement, clean and white.

But see, the door is open wide,  
And we are asked to walk inside.  
The kind young "master," smiling sweet  
Politely offers us a seat ;  
How happy all the boys appear,  
For nobody is idle here,  
And happiness is ne'er enjoyed  
By those who are not well employed.  
They learn to read, and write, and spell,  
And say their lessons very well.  
The clock strikes twelve, and all depart,  
Merry and pleased, and light of heart,  
For all their teacher's praise have won,  
By hymns well said, and tasks well done.  
Now William the delight can see,  
Of pleasure earn'd by industry ;  
And homeward as he gaily walks,  
He of the busy children talks.  
Before mamma has time to ask,  
He takes his book and learns his task,  
Meaning to make it quite a rule,  
To work each day, as if at school



*The Letter.*

WHEN Mary's Papa was from home a  
great way,  
She attempted to write him a letter one  
day ;  
So ruling the paper, (an excellent plan,)  
In all proper order, Miss Mary began.

She wrote, she lamented sincerely to tell,  
That her dearest Mamma had been very  
unwell ;

That the story was long, but when he  
came back  
He would hear of the shocking behavior  
of Jack.

Though an error or two we by chance  
may detect,  
It was better than treating Papa with  
neglect ;  
For Mary, when older, we know will  
learn better,  
And write her Papa a most excellent  
letter.





*Speak the Truth.*

As Laura was heedlessly running one day,  
 She upset a table which stood in her way.  
 Her doll and her playthings were thrown  
 on the floor,

Which with the gay fragments was soon  
 cover'd o'er.

Regretting her folly,—the wreck she had  
 made,—

And much of her father's displeasure afraid,  
 Her eyes full of tears, on the sofa she sat,  
 Determin'd to say, it was done by the cat.

But conscience then whisper'd, this can  
not be right,  
For God sees you now, though no man is  
in sight.  
Your father, perhaps, this fine tale may  
believe,  
But ONE is above, whom you can not  
deceive.  
She paus'd, and she wept, with a feeling  
of dread,  
And thank'd God, who had put better  
thoughts in her head.  
When her father came in, she told him  
with tears,  
Of her breaking the table, her fright and  
her fears.  
Her papa said his anger would not endure  
long,  
If Laura was candid, and own'd she was  
wrong ;  
And he charg'd her to mind, from her  
earliest youth,  
To shun all deceit, and hold fast by the  
Truth





*The Lord's Prayer.*

FATHER of all! who dwell'st above ;  
Thy name be hallow'd here ;  
As in those realms of peace and love,  
Where saints that name revere.

Thy kingdom come ; Thy will alone,  
Be done by man below ;  
As spirits round Thy glorious throne  
Their pure obedience show.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
Not merely outward food,  
But that whereon the soul is fed,  
The source of heavenly good.

Forgive our trespasses, as we  
In pardoning love abide ;  
Since none forgiveness win from Thee,  
Who pardon have denied.

And lead us from temptation far,  
From evil, Lord! restore ;  
For thine the power, the kingdom are,  
The glory evermore.



David Beers

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