

SWEETS
FOR
LEISURE HOURS;
OR
FLOWERS OF INSTRUCTION.



I'll watch thy dawn of joys, and mould
Thy little heart to duty;
I'll teach thee words as I behold
Thy faculties like flowers unfold
In intellectual beauty

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SWEETS

FOR LEISURE HOURS.

GOOD LITTLE FRED.

When little Fred
Was call'd to bed,
He always acted right;
He kiss'd Papa,
And then Mamma,
And wish'd them both good night.

He made no noise,
Like naughty boys;
But quietly up stairs,
Directly went,
As soon as sent,
And always said his prayers.



THE DUNCE.

Pray, what do all these pictures mean?

They must have some design,
For words in every page are seen,—
Each picture has a line?

And do you really wish to know
What these same lines explain?
Or do you ask me but to show
You feel no sense of shame?

How can a girl of Emma's years,
Ask, without blushing cheeks,
What ought to fill her eyes with tears,
So plain the dunce it speaks.

Ah! had she, like another girl,
But learned in time to read,
She now would know these subjects
well,
Nor my assistance need.



PENNY WISE

Grand-mamma gave Jane a penny,
Because she said her lesson well ;
And Jane saw pretty things, so many,
Which was best, she scarce could
tell.

At the toy-shop she stood gazing,
Still she could not make a choice ;
To a doll her eye was raising,
When she heard a feeble voice

Wish her every good and blessing,
If a farthing she would spare ;
The beggar said his wants were pres-
sing,
And pointed to his silver hair.

Jane heard, and freely gave her penny ;
A tear was in the old man's eye ;
Jane bought no doll, nor had she any
Wish, a single toy to buy.



THE SICK CHILD.

“Mamma, my head,”
Poor William said,
“So very badly aches,
Tell sister. there,
I cannot bear
The tiresome noise she makes.”

“I’m sure,” said Jane,
If I had known,
You were so very ill,
I would have read,
Or drawn instead,
And have remain’d quite still.”

Then mamma smil’d
Upon her child ;
(Well pleas’d was the kind mother,)
“I am, my dear,
Rejoic’d to hear
Your answer to your brother.
Children,” said she,
O! always be
Thus kind to one another.”

10 HAPPY LITTLE CHARLOTTE.



HAPPY LITTLE CHARLOTTE.

How happy little Charlotte looks,
Playing with her toys ;
Her doll how neat, how clean her
books ;
She keeps them—not destroys

To see a book with corners turned,
Denotes a child a dunce ;
Charlotte has this maxim learned,
Although she did so once

And then she said, "'tis wrong, I
know ;
I will not do it again ;"
And when she said she would not do
The promise was not vain.

I will—you never heard her say,
But when such words were right ;
For this they bought that doll so gay,
She holds with such delight.



THE 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.

Crumbs of bread, and dainty seeds,
She carried to him daily ;
Seeking for the early weeds,
She deck'd his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practice duly ;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

14 THE VISIT AND INVITATION.

