

TOMMY TRUE;
THE
INDUSTRIOUS SCHOLAR.
AND
LITTLE AGNES.



NEW HAVEN:
S. Babcock, — Church Street.

1837.

Hard
350



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TOMMY TRUE.

Harry, come here, my darling child,
Come sit by me, and hear me tell,
Of little *Tommy True*, the boy
Whom every body loves so well.

Before the morning sun appears,
Young Tommy is in haste to rise,
And never fails to lift his thoughts,
To Him who reigns above the
skies.

Then full of gratitude and love,
With prostrate heart he humbly
bends,
To seek and bless, to thank and
praise
His greatest, dearest, best of
friends.



And to this one Almighty friend,
Joyful he gives himself away,
And begs him to protect his child
Through all the dangers of the day.

And when he comes among his
friends,
With love and meekness meets
them all ;
And not one cross or snappish word
Is suffered from his lips to fall.

And when his breakfast is prepared,
Whatever it may chance to be,
He never thinks of finding fault,
But smiles, and eats it thankfully.

Then straight he takes his little hat,
And off to school he jogs away,
And let him meet with whom he will,
He seldom stops to chat or play.

“ This is my time to learn,” says he,
“ I never shall be young but once,



And if I throw this time away,
I must grow up a silly dunce."

School orders he obeys with care;
He keeps his books and copies
neat:

And be his lessons e'er so hard,
He minds to get them all complete.

And when the hours of school are
o'er,
And he has leave to go and play,
He lays his satchel up at home,
And cheerily he springs away.

But if he hears a wicked word,
He will not stay a minute there,
"I'll keep at home alone," says he,
"Before I'll play with boys who
swear."

If either of his parents speak,
He hastes that moment to obey;



And never gives them cause to chide
His inattention or delay.

And let him speak of what he will,
All that he says you may believe,
For he is never known to lie,
Or cheat, or flatter, or deceive.

But such a mild and gentle boy,
So meek, so pitiful, and kind,
So good and generous to all,
And humble too, you seldom find.

And now if you could see my heart,
You'd read this tender wish for
you,
Oh, may my dearest Harry be,
Just such a boy as Tommy True.



LITTLE AGNES.

A DIALOGUE.

Agnes.

Mamma, I often have been told,
That when at night I pray,
I should with grateful heart recount,
The blessings of the day.

And so this evening I have tried,
To look my blessings o'er;
Yet I can think of nothing, Ma,
But what I had before.

I have a home, and friends, and
health,
And food, and clothing, too,
But these are things I always had,
And so have others too.

Mamma.

The God who gives you friends and
 home,
 And health, and clothes, and food,
 Guards you from every ill because
 He loves to do you good.

He looks on all your various wants,
 With a kind parent's eye :
 And should his care one moment
 cease,
 Your comforts all would die.

This morning while you sweetly
 slept,
 I was called out in haste,
 To neighbor Smith's, whose little
 girl,
 That hour had breathed her last.

Yesterday morning, when she arose,
 She was as well as you ;
 But e'er another sun appeared,
 She bade the world adieu.



Another child, almost your age,
Lay groaning with distress ;
A burning fever rack'd her frame,
And scorched her tender face.

Nothing that we could do or say,
Had the least power to please,
She turned with loathing from her
food,
And only prayed for ease.

When I came home a little boy,
Stood waiting at the door,
And begged I would bestow a mite,
Upon the wretched poor.

Half covered were his shivering
limbs,
His meagre face was blue,
And he had traveled thro' the snow,
Without a sock or shoe.

I furnished him with descent clothes,
Brought him some bread and meat,

And bade him sit beside the fire,
And warm himself and eat.

Poor hungry child; the simple meal
He ate without delay,
Then begged me for a crust on
which
To feed another day.

“Madam” said he, “I have no friends
To give me bread or meat;
And when I’m fainting, for a crumb,
This bread will taste so sweet.

I have no home—I seek for work,
And do it cheerfully,
And when I cannot be employed,
I ask for charity.”

Agnes, what think you now; are
health,
And friends, and home, and food,

Blessings enough to warm your
 heart,
 With love and gratitude.

Blessings not given once or twice,
 And taken then away,
 But granted when your life began,
 Continued—every day.

Agnes.

I blush with shame to think my
 heart
 Has been so cold and dead,
 When heaven has showered such
 mercies down
 Upon my worthless head.

Oh may I never, never lose,
 The memory all my days;
 May every act be duteous love,
 And every feeling, praise.





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