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A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the central text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Frank Sackett

Colebrook

Witchfield County

Conn

Feb 16th 1869









THE
Little Folks' Tiny Library.

Good Boy.

Good Girl.

Little Pet.

Mamma's Darling.

Papa's Darling.

Little Favorite.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' TINY LIBRARY.



MAMMA'S DARLING.

BOSTON :
HENRY A. YOUNG, & CO.
NO. 24 CORNHILL.



Mamma's Darling.

MAMMA'S DARLING.



THE snail, see, has a house ;
A fur coat has the mouse ;
The sparrow has its feathers brown ;
The butterfly its wings of down.

Now tell me, darling, what have you ?
“ I have clothes, and on each foot a shoe ;
Father and mother, life and glee ;
So good has God been unto me.”



The Gray Rabbit.

THE GRAY RABBIT.



“Look at papa,” said Frank to little George, one day, as he stood at the window of their play-room up stairs. “I cannot think what he is going to do with that wooden box. I saw John lift it out of the stable just now, and put it into that corner. What have

they got in the box? See, papa stoops down to look inside. What can it be, I wonder?"

George came when he was called, and looked out of the window as well as he could; but, being rather short, he had to go back for a stool to mount upon before he could see into the yard. When this was done, he saw all three quite plain,—his papa, and old John, and the large wooden box, with a black handle on the lid.

"I know, Frank," said George, with

a wise look. "They are going to put away some flower-seeds in the box. I heard John tell papa that he had saved a great many seeds this year; and papa said they must be put away in a dry place till spring."

"O, you silly child!" said Frank, who was six years old, and of course knew a great deal more than little George, who was only four. "Do you think they would want such a large box, just to hold a few flower-seeds? No, no; it is something that papa

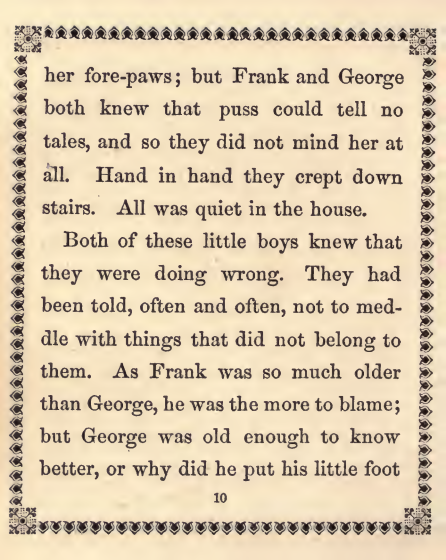
wants to hide. I saw him look round, as much as to say, I do not wish to be seen. Should not you like to know what it is?"

"Yes, I should like to know," said little George; "but I cannot see, the box is so far off."

"Wait a little while, and we will have a peep, when papa and John are gone away." So said Frank, who always liked to pry into every thing. "We will creep softly down stairs, and into the yard, and then lift up the lid

of the box. Papa will be in the house, and John will be in the stable; so nobody will know."

The little boys staid to watch at the window; and very soon, as Frank had said, their papa came into the house, and John went to his work in the stable, and so the box was left alone. Puss, indeed, walked slowly across the yard, and gave a sniff at the key-hole, as if she too wanted to see what there was inside; and then she lay down in the sunshine close by, with her head on



her fore-paws; but Frank and George both knew that puss could tell no tales, and so they did not mind her at all. Hand in hand they crept down stairs. All was quiet in the house.

Both of these little boys knew that they were doing wrong. They had been told, often and often, not to meddle with things that did not belong to them. As Frank was so much older than George, he was the more to blame; but George was old enough to know better, or why did he put his little foot

so gently on the stairs, and go out on tiptoe into the yard?

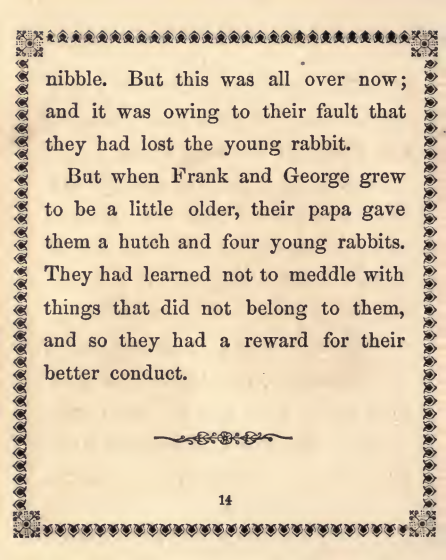
The two boys went up close to the box, and then looked round to make sure that there was no one to see them. Not a step was to be heard, and only puss lay there, with her eyes fixed upon the box. It was long and low, and the lid was held down by a hasp. Frank and George had both to stoop down, and then Frank took hold of the hasp and lifted up the lid. O, sad to tell! out popped a little gray rab-

bit. Puss darted upon it in a moment; she caught it in her mouth, and, not caring in the least for the cries of Frank and George, away she went over the wall, and the rabbit was seen no more.

Old John ran out of the stable, with his fork in his hand, and at sight of him both Frank and George were still. But both papa and mamma had heard their cries, and came out of the house. There was no need for any one to speak a word. The empty box, with

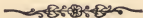
its open lid, and the red faces of Frank and George, with their look of shame, told what they had been about.

Their kind papa had bought the little rabbit for Frank and George; and John was going that very day to make a rabbit hutch, and fix it up in the yard, for he was very clever in making such things. Before night, if they had been wise enough to wait, they would have seen the little gray rabbit in its hutch, and might have given it green leaves and clover to



nibble. But this was all over now; and it was owing to their fault that they had lost the young rabbit.

But when Frank and George grew to be a little older, their papa gave them a hutch and four young rabbits. They had learned not to meddle with things that did not belong to them, and so they had a reward for their better conduct.





Mamma's Story.

MAMMA'S STORY.



As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
“In all the green world there is noth-
ing so sweet.

As my little lammie, with his nimble
feet,

With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white!

O, he is my darling, my heart's delight!

The robin, he,

That sings in the tree,

Dearly may dote on his darlings four;

But I love my one little lambkin more!"

And the mother-sheep and her little one,

Side by side lay down in the sun;

As they went to sleep on the hillside

warm,

While my little lammie lies here on my

arm,

I went to the kitchen, and what did I

see

But the old gray cat with her kittens
three !

I heard her whispering soft : said she
“ My kittens, with tails all so cunning-
ly curled,

Are the prettiest things that can be in
the world ;

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she

May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair ;

I love my kittens with all my might ;

I love them at morning, and noon, and
night.

Which is the prettiest I cannot tell, —
Which of the three,
For the life of me, —
I love them all so well.”



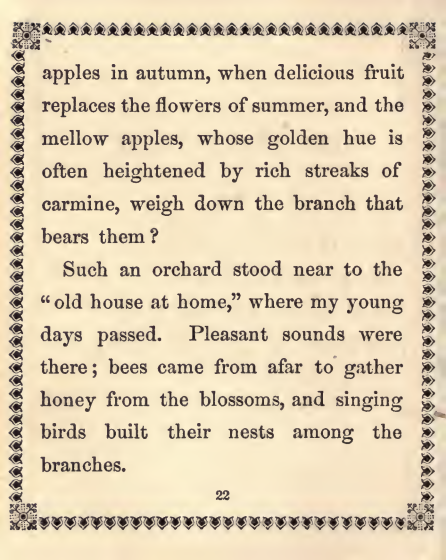


Picking Apples.

THE APPLE-TREE.

“Here’s to thee, old apple-tree;
Long mayst thou grow,
And long mayst thou blow,
And ripen the apples that hang on
thy bough!”

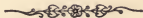
WHAT is there more pleasant in a
farmer’s life than the gathering of



apples in autumn, when delicious fruit replaces the flowers of summer, and the mellow apples, whose golden hue is often heightened by rich streaks of carmine, weigh down the branch that bears them?

Such an orchard stood near to the "old house at home," where my young days passed. Pleasant sounds were there; bees came from afar to gather honey from the blossoms, and singing birds built their nests among the branches.

In autumn the scene was animating. Ladders were put against the trees, and the choicest apples were carefully gathered, while such as were designed for making cider were shaken to the ground. Meanwhile, women and children, with baskets and spread aprons, ran to pick up such as fell, laughing when a shower of apples was shaken upon them by some roguish boy in the branches.





Coming Home from School.

COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.



I HAVE been to school, father, and tried to be
good ;
And when I came home, as I walked through
the wood,
I saw on the tree a most beautiful bird,
And his song was the sweetest that I ever
heard.

He looked in my face with his little round
eye;
I was sorry for that, for I thought he would
fly;
But he still kept singing the same sweet
song,
And it made me glad as I walked along.

And, father, the air was so fresh and so sweet,
The green grass and moss so soft to my feet,
And the ground was so bright with the beau-
tiful flowers,
That I wanted to stay there a great many
hours.

And I'll tell you why all looked so happy and
gay,
As you walked home from school through the
green wood to-day ;
And why the glad song of that beautiful bird
Seemed sweeter than any you ever heard.

The Lord keeps around us by day and by
night,
Kind angels to guard us, and lead us
aright ;
When you try to be useful, and pleasant, and
mild,
I know that the angels are leading my child.

For the good thoughts and feelings which
they will impart,
When you try to do right, will gladden your
heart ;
And this is why all looked so happy and gay,
As you walked home from school through the
green wood to-day.













