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SERIES. - No. 4.

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THE
SUNDAY-BOOK.

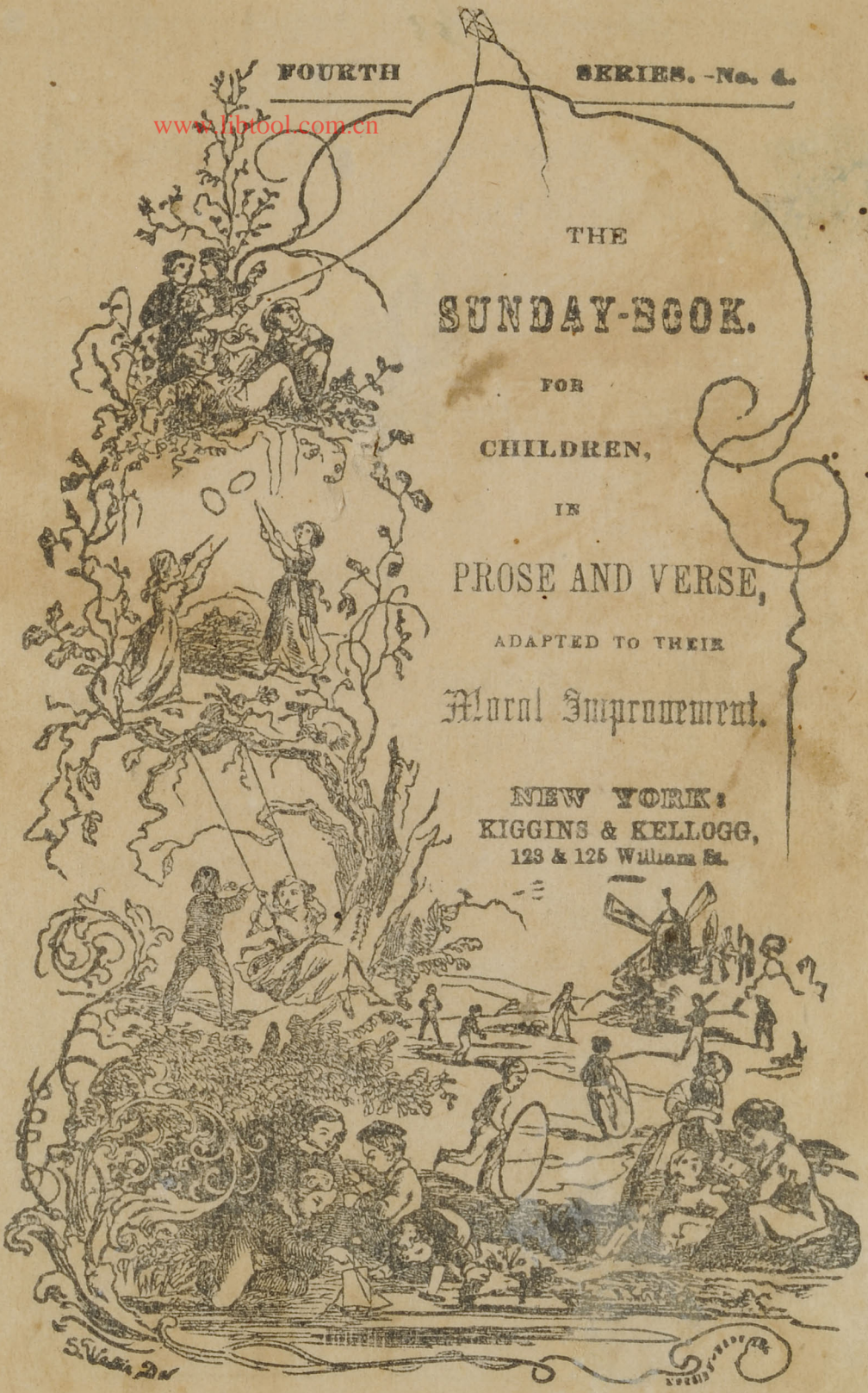
FOR
CHILDREN,

IN
PROSE AND VERSE,

ADAPTED TO THEIR

Moral Improvement.

NEW YORK:
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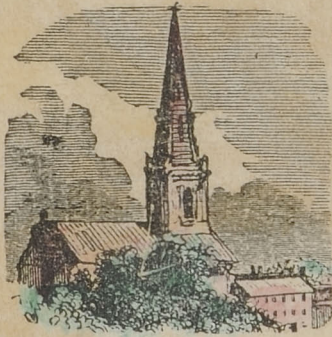
JUVENILE SUNDAY-BOOK ;

CONTAINING

SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE

ADAPTED TO THE

MORAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE YOUNG.



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG, PUBLISHERS,
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THE
JUVENILE SUNDAY-BOOK.

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

BEAUTIFUL is it to see the little child, put its tiny hands together, and lisp its accents of praise to a Being—ideal and invisible—but presented to the young mind as the embodiment of condescending affection and glory unsurpassed.

To our mind religion is one of the brightest charms of childhood. The adult man may be embroiled in the harsh conflicts of the world—he may be thrust out of the track of sedate contemplation, and may be unthoughtful of those higher duties which all Christians should observe—but the child! gentle in movement and pure in aspiration—with mind untainted by care or worldly ambition—in form like an angel, round it religion sheds a radiance which not only illumines its own earthly path, but penetrates with genial warmth into the breast of its elders—soothes the tempestuous waves of life, and wins them into a regard for the inestimable privilege of addressing the great “I AM” of the universe, in the language of supplication and devotional love.

We shall never forget the electrical effect produced on our mind by the reading of a letter written by a young girl in which she said—“ Good

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night, dear mother, I must say my prayers and go to bed."

She was a gay, light-hearted creature, and the expression was written in the gay, confidential simplicity of youthful love. To hear the clear, ringing notes of her joyous laugh, one would never suppose that a serious idea had ever crossed her thought, but she was far from the voice of maternal instruction, and in the calm quiet of her solitary chamber, while cheerfully conversing with revered ones at a distance, she did not forget to approach her great Father with love and adoration.

Religion requires not a gloomy face, nor melancholy eyebrows. It may exist in its purity within the most beauteous form, and cheerfulness is its most valuable accompaniment. Alas! that the gentle beings who intuitively feel its influence, as if the unerring hand of nature had imprinted a beautiful image of the Savior on their hearts—should be the first to bid adieu to terrestrial scenes, as if their spirits were too pure to be contaminated with the gross appetites and polluted atmosphere of earth.



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THE CHURCHYARD.

THE moon rises bright 'n the east,
 The stars with pure brilliancy shine ;
 The songs of the woodlands have ceased,
 And still is the low of the kine.
 The men from their work on the hill,
 Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail,
 The buz of the hamlet is still,
 And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

And see from those darkly green trees,
 Of cypress and holly and yew,
 That wave their black arms in the breeze,
 The old village church is in view.
 The owl from her ivied retreat,
 Screams hoarse to the winds of the night ;
 And the clock, with its solemn repeat,
 Has tolled the departure of light.

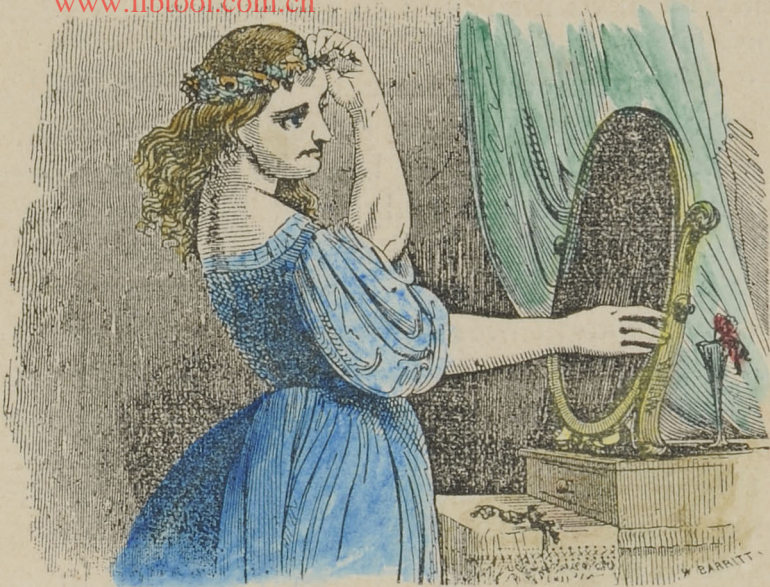
My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed,
And read over the mouldering stone,
That tells of the mouldering dead;
And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die,
For us too may toll the sad bell,
And in the cold earth we must lie.

Thou art not so healthy and gay,
So young, so active and bright,
That death can not snatch thee away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confined in the coffin so small,
And the earth closes over them cold,
And the grave-worm devours them all.

In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once over their bodies were spread;
Now still, in the desolate tomb,
Each rests his inanimate head.
Their hands, once so active for play,
Their lips which so merrily sung,
Now senseless and motionless lay,
And stiff is the chattering tongue.

Then seek not, my child, as the best,
Those things which so shortly must fade
Let piety dwell in thy breast,
And all of thine actions pervade.
And then when beneath the green sod,
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God,
To live with the blest in the sky.

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THE VAIN BEAUTY.

ROSE was alone in her mamma's dressing-room. "What was she doing? Learning her lesson, I suppose, or reading some sweet story in the Bible, or some nice useful thing or other."—"No; she was not doing this."—"Oh, then, perhaps she was at work, helping to finish something for her dear mamma, or making a cap or frock for a poor child."—"No, no; it was none of these—you can not guess it; and I must tell you, I am ashamed to say, that little Rose was standing admiring herself in the looking-glass."—"Oh, dear, how vain little Rose must have been!"—"Yes; I am afraid she was so. She had heard some people remark, 'Miss Rose is quite a beauty.' One praised her eyes, another her mouth; one took notice of her nice hair, and another of her red cheeks; and Rose was much pleased: and as she walked about the house she said to herself, 'I am a beauty—every-

body admires me;’ and so she very much admired herself.

“Now, was not Rose very silly? She had seen wax dolls, a great deal prettier than herself, and she heard them called beauties too; and everything that had been said about her eyes, and her mouth, and her hair, and her cheeks, might be said of a doll. And Rose had had pretty toys, which she had thought much of at first; but after a little while, she had broken them, or thrown them away, or forgotten them. And the silly people, who talked of Rose’s beauty, cared not a bit more for her in their hearts, than she did for her old toys. They thought her a little fool, or they would not have talked so to her; and if they had peeped in at the door, and seen Miss Rose before the glass, how they would have laughed, should not you?”—“Why, no; I don’t think I should have laughed; I should have been very much grieved.”—“Ah, yes; you are right. There was One looking at Rose, whom she did not think about, the Almighty God, who always sees what we do, and hears what we say, and knows what we think. Rose was proud; and God hates pride. The Bible says, ‘the proud he beholdeth afar off,’ that is, he will not let them come near him. How dreadful! for if God does not keep us near him, we are left in the power of the devil, to deceive and destroy us. It is also said in the Bible, that when the prophet Samuel made Jesse’s sons to pass before him, he saw one of them very beautiful, and he thought perhaps the Lord had chosen him. But the Lord said unto Samuel, ‘Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature, because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth;

for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' So, when Rose was gazing at herself in the glass, and thinking of her beauty, the Lord was looking at her heart, and beholding her afar off; the poor Rose was more to be pitied than any humble beggar-child, whom the Lord loves.'

THE MOTHER'S WISH.

MAY cloudless beams of grace and truth
Adorn my daughters' opening youth ;
Long happy in their native home,
Among its fragrant groves to roam,
May choicest blessings them attend,
Blest in their parents, sisters, friend !
May no rude wish assail their breast,
To love this world, by all confest
As only given us to prepare
For one eternal, bright, and fair.
This world shall then no force retain
Its syren voice shall charm in vain ;
Religion's aid, true peace will bring,
Her voice with joy shall praises sing
To Him whose streams of mercy flow,
To cheer the heart o'ercharged with wo ,
And while retirement's sweets we prove,
For ever praise redeeming love.

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THE POWER OF FAITH—THE DEATH-BED.

It was a sultry evening in July. The trees that overshadowed the little cottage of the Murrays were still—not a breath of air stirred their dense foliage. The vines that clustered round the open window were parted widely asunder, to invite the fresh air within. The curtains were thrown back from the bed, on which lay a lovely child. She seemed not more than twelve years old, but sickness and suffering had stamped the impress of thought on her fair brow, and gave to her exceeding loveliness a depth and spirituality that at once charmed the eye and filled the heart with sad foreboding.

She was dying. Her mother leaned over her tenderly, bathing her pale brow, and moistening her parched lips. Her sister knelt beside her, clasping her thin pale hand in both of hers, and in deep, low sobs, gave utterance to the grief she could not repress. Her father, with mingled emotions of the tenderest love, and pure confiding faith, stood near and breathed words of consolation to the little sufferer.

“My daughter,” said he, and his voice trembled, while tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, “tell me, is your faith yet strong in God? Have you, in this dark hour, confidence in your Savior? Can you trust all to him?”

The child raised her meek eyes expressively to heaven, and replied, “Yes, my father, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil—gentle angels are all around me. They beckon me to follow them, and I hear the voice

of the good Shepherd calling me home. Father, mother, sister, farewell!" With that last, softly breathed "farewell," the pure spirit departed.

The mother pressed her pale lips with passionate fondness. The father laid his hand gently on her cold, damp brow, and groaned in bitterness of spirit. The sister wept, and with wild anguish called upon the departed.

For a moment nature triumphed. The fearful reality of death was before them. The form they had so loved and cherished, lay cold and insensible as the grave, for which she was now to be robed. The sweet voice, whose tones of gentle mirth cheered their humble home, now hushed for ever. The graceful form, on which the eye of affection loved to rest, must be consigned to darkness and decay. Oh! the bitter anguish of that dark hour! Faith, for a moment, forgets her holy trust. Hope lies withered and dead, and the bereaved heart clings with fondest love to its earthly treasure. But now a soft light beams from the world of brightness and bliss upon the overburdened spirit, and a voice, gentle as the breath of Eden, whispers, "She is not here, she hath arisen!" Holy triumph now fills the soul, as it turns its eager gaze from the shadows of death to the city of the New Jerusalem, the paradise of God. From the darkness and silence of death arose a holier, purer faith, soaring above the changes of earth to the unfading beauty and glory of heaven.

My young friends do you ask what 's that voice that thus brings peace to the troubled spirit? Would you know whence comes the light that can thus, in a moment, dispel the gloom of the grave, and shed its soft radiance over the valley of the shadow

of death? It is religion—not the religion of the lips, but the religion of the heart—faith in God—holy trust in the Redeemer, who loved us, and gave himself a ransom for us, that we might be saved. The dying child looked to the strong for strength, and she was sustained. The sorrowing parents looked to the merciful for comfort, and they were comforted. No earthly consolation could have brought peace to their spirits in that sad hour. The balm of earthly love could not heal their bruised and broken hearts. The spirit of consolation and grace could alone wipe away all tears from their faces, and point with a sure and steadfast faith to the inheritance of the saints in heaven.

THE LARK.

FROM his humble grassy bed,
 See the warbling lark arise!
 By his grateful wishes led,
 Through those regions of the skies.
 Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
 Harmonizing airy space,
 Sings, and mounts, and higher soars,
 Toward the throne of heavenly grace.
 Small his gifts compared to mine,
 Poor my thanks with his compared;
 I've a soul almost divine;
 Angels' blessings with me shared.
 Wake my soul! to praise aspire,
 Reason, every sense accord,
 Join in pure seraphic fire,
 Love and thank, and praise the Lord.



BE KIND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

SPEAK kindly to this poor man—speak kindly—for his spirits are sad and his heart is heavy. No friend has he in the wide world; he is a stranger among strangers. Once he was wealthy, possessed friends in abundance, and was happy. Parents smiled upon him, and sisters were affectionate. But he was unfortunate; his property is gone, friends, like summer-birds, have flown at the first chill of misfortune's blast; his relations are dead. One after another he has followed them to the narrow house; and now he is alone. Alone! What feelings does not the word awake in the heart? Alone in the world—who would be alone? With none to smile upon him, none to speak kindly to him, none to love him. Sad, indeed, must be his lot. Take him by the hand, brush away his tears, and cheer his heart, if but for a moment. You will feel happier for the deed, and on your pillow at night, you can look back on a bright spot—a beautiful oasis in the dreary march of life.

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TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MARY M. GLOVER.

I SEE thee mid the shining throng
 Of angels, robed in light !
 Where prayer is changed to praise profound
 And day excludes the night ;
 Yet gentle seraph-spirit, come—
 Commune with me once more,
 And to my lonely bosom's sigh,
 A solemn peace restore.

For ever near, that earnest eye
 Which turned in death to me,
 Seems following watchful, silently,
 My wandering steps to see ;
 That I may bear its blessing on,
 Though future tears shall flow—
 A token of consoling love—
 E'en from that hour of wo !

How springs the veil of time aside
 At memory's mighty spell !
 Whose harp-strings' deep and breaking tones
 A last low murmur swell ;

And smiling back, they come! the dead,
 From the grave's bondage free,
 E'en in the heart's full tone to speak,
 And look in love on me.

The wild wind's track, the stars which light
 Their shining lamps on high,
 Point to thy rest, thy being bright,
 Thy home beyond the sky!
 And all with mournful memories blent,
 No hopes of earth restore—
 Oh, winds and stars may wander by,
Thy footsteps are no more!

Yet round the sad, forsaken hearth,
 At vesper hour, sweet prayer
 On trembling pinions soars to Heaven
 To mingle with thee there;
 And bless thee for this glorious hope,
 And meekly kiss the rod,
 As when *thy* spirit once did lift
 The trust of *mine* to God!

I bless thee, mother, precious guide
 For my most sacred share
 In all the secrets of thy heart,
 Thy sorrow and thy prayer;
 Supporting faith be mine below,
 Life's parting words to greet;
 Thy mantling virtues o'er me throw,
 Till child and mother meet!

And sometimes in soft vision blest,
 Visit my lone repose,
 And bear from thine own world of rest
 Some balm for human woes;
 Till, clothed in robes of righteousness,
 Errors of earth forgiven—
 With *thee* we meet, "no wanderer lost,
 A family in heaven."

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THE HAPPY GIRLS.

ALL may be happy. If they are poor and have only plain clothes and coarse food, they may be good and active and cheerful, and they will be happy. If they are rich they may not only have nice pleasant things for themselves, but enough to spare to the poor who have none to help them; nor are the poor deprived of this source of pleasure: they too can share their loaf with the hungry and give shelter to the weary and homeless wanderer.



There is Lucy who lives in that handsome house. She is rich, but she has not been spoiled by bad management, she has been taught to share her pleasures with her friends and to give of her own allowance to those who need. Everybody loves her, she does not look with contempt on other girls because they are poor, or give herself airs and treat them unkindly because they wear plain frocks and leather shoes. Her kind mother has taught her

that it is wrong to judge of people by their dress, and she knows that she is no better than the poorest, for all are the children of one Father, who loves alike the poor and the rich.



In an humble cottage, almost in the shadow of that splendid mansion, lives a poor girl, who is as gentle and lovely as her rich neighbor. She lies down at night on her pallet of straw, with a heart thankful for shelter and rest. She awakes in the morning and springs lightly from her humble bed, for she has no headache or dull, bad feelings, which are the result of too much rich food. Her sweet voice rivals the songs of the birds, and her merry laugh is pleasant music to the ear of the widowed mother. All day long, Jane is employed, for she loves her mother tenderly and strives to do all she can to lighten her cares and sooth her affliction—and how much does she find to do for her poor neighbors! The poor understand better than the

rich the wants of the poor, and how best to relieve them—and the cheerful voice and ready, skilful hand of the cottage-girl have brought comfort and hope to many a desponding one.

She does not look with envy on the rich and caressed Lucy. She knows that riches are not needful for happiness, for she has the warm love of many fond hearts, and who could not love her better, if she had all the wealth in the world; and although she sometimes thinks of the many blessings she could bestow upon others, if she possessed the means, yet she does not complain of her lot in life.

These two girls are happy because they are good; while those that are selfish, and envious, and proud, whether rich or poor, can not be happy. God has so formed us, that if we would be happy ourselves, we must contribute to the happiness of others. We were not made to live alone—to enjoy or suffer alone. If we would taste the highest pleasure that life can bestow—if we would lighten the burden of its bitterest sorrows, we must bind our hearts to the hearts of our fellow-creatures by the bonds of kindness and sympathy, and as children of one family, humbly trust in our Heavenly Father's love.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

LORD, this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care,
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me.
Listen to my evening prayer.
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.



WINTER.

BEHOLD the gray branches that stretch from the trees,
 Nor blossom, nor verdure they wear !
 They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
 And wave their long arms in the air.

Oh, how many wretches without house or home,
 Are wandering naked and pale ;
 Obligated on the snow-covered common to roam,
 And pierced by the pitiless gale.

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
 No beds for their limbs to repose ;
 Or a crust dry and mouldy the best of their meat,
 And their pillow, a pillow of snows.

Be thankful, my child, that it is not thy lot,
 To wander an orphan and poor ;
 A father, and mother, and home, thou hast got,
 And yet thou deserved them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget not to pay
 Thy thanks to that Father above,
 Who gives thee so many more blessings than they,
 And crowns thy whole life with his love

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THE UNTRUTH.

WITH a sad heart, Anna stood by her mother's knee, while her little sister Clara, with infantile fondness, was hanging round her neck. Anna was ready to go to bed, and her mother had bidden her to kneel down and say her evening prayers. What ailed little Anna? Never before was her mother obliged to require her to kneel to her usual devotions. She always came cheerfully, and with simple earnestness asked God for Christ's sake to bless her and make her a good girl. But to night she stood irresolute, her eyes were filled with tears, and when her mother bade her kneel, she drew back and said, "Not to night, mamma, I don't want to pray to night."

"Why not, my child?" said her mother tenderly.

"Because, mamma," said she sobbing, "because I have been so very naughty God won't hear me if I do pray."

"My daughter," said her mother, "what have you done? tell me all."

"Oh, mamma," said the little girl, "I was so wicked. I am afraid you'll never love me again as you used to, if I tell you, for God knows it all, and he don't love me as he did, I know, and I can't pray now, I'm so wicked."

"My daughter, just tell me what you have done," said her mother.

"Well, mamma, you remember to-day when I asked to play in the garden, you told me not to touch the green grapes. I said I would not, but while I was running along they looked so pretty, and one bunch was just beginning to turn a little purple on one side—indeed I thought it was nearly ripe; I looked all around to see if any one was near, and I thought you would never know if I did pull just that one bunch, so I gathered it, and ran down to the bottom of the garden beyond the willows, where no one could see me to eat them. But they were so sour I could not touch them, so I threw them over the wall, and ran back to play, but I felt so mean and naughty. When I came to the house, you said 'Anna, did you remember not to touch the grapes when you were in the garden?' I don't believe you thought I had done so, for you did not look at me, and I knew you thought you could trust me. I felt my cheeks burn, but I said very softly, 'No, mamma.' Oh, I wish I had never told that ugly lie. I do think I'll never do it again, I had rather be punished twenty times than to feel so mean. Do you think God can forgive me, mamma?"

"Yes, my daughter," said her mother, "if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive

us www.libtool.com.au I hope you have confessed your sin to your Heavenly Father, and asked his forgiveness."

"Yes, mamma, I have, and if he will only forgive me, and love me, I'll never do so wickedly again."

"May God strengthen you to keep your promise, my child," said her mother, "and never forget that he is everywhere, that he knows our most secret thoughts, and though we may put the remembrance of him far from us, and follow the desires of our corrupt hearts, yet for all these things he will bring us into judgment."

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
 Friend of children, hear our lays;
 Humbly would our souls adore thee,
 Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

We are debtors to thy kindness,
 God of grace and boundless love.
 Thousands wander on in blindness,
 Strangers to the light above.

But 'tis ours to read the pages
 Whence the rays of glory flow
 And, through everlasting ages,
 We aspire its bliss to know

Jesus, on thine arm relying,
 We would tread this earthly vale,
 Be our life when we are dying,
 Be our strength when life shall fail



THE CHILD'S WISH.

[These lines were suggested by the following interesting incident.]
 A beautiful boy, who had seen scarce six summers, after being out at play, came in to the room of his invalid-mother, who was mourning the loss of a dearly-loved daughter, and artlessly expressed to her the wish which has been so beautifully rendered into verse.]

Oh I long to lie, dear mother,
 On the cool and fragrant grass,
 With naught but the sky above my head,
 And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
 All round about my bed,
 I will close my eyes, and God will think
 Your little boy is dead !

Then Christ will send an angel
 To take me up to him ;
 He will bear me, slow and steadily,
 Far through the ether dim.

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He will gently, gently lay me,
Close to the Savior's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone !

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain !

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me, slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have been asleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.



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