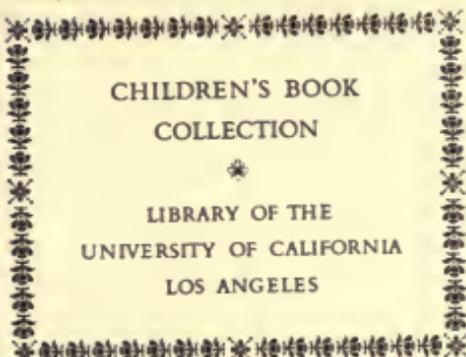


ETHEL'S KEEPSAKE



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & Co.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

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Christians 1891



ETHEL'S KEEPSAKE.



New York:

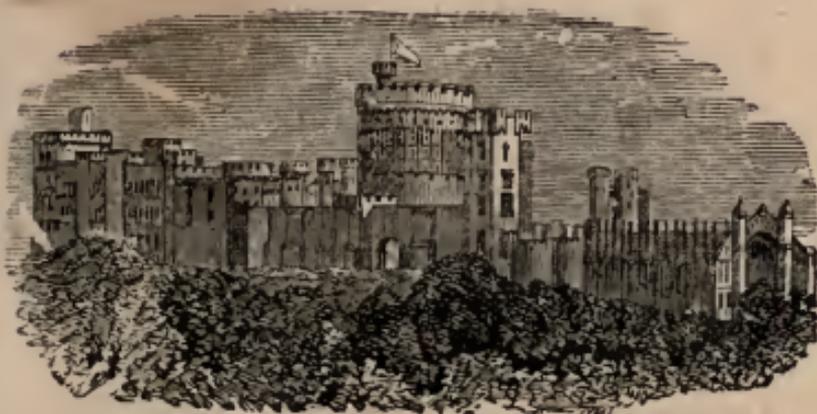
E. P. DUTTON & CO.,

31, WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.





God bless our Queen Victoria !
A long life may she see,
And may her people's blessing crown
Her Royal Jubilee.
For she is dear unto us all,
As she has ever been ;
Then let the cry ascend on high,
" God save our gracious Queen ! "





NELLY GRAY.

Who is this with curling hair,
Eyes so bright and face so fair,
Smiling like an April day?
Who is she but Nelly Gray!
She's as good as she is fair,
And I know not anywhere
Such a clever little lass
At her games and in her class.



THE PARTING.

My sister dearest, do not cry ;
I won't be long away.
I'm only bidding you "good-bye,"
To meet another day.
You need not, must not vex your heart,
Though for a time we miss
Each other ; but now let us part,
Dear sister, with a kiss.



THE NOISY CHILDREN.

COME, dear brother, let us sing,
You and I together ;
Sing about the month of spring,
And the rainy weather.
Sing about our darling dolls,
And our pretty toys—
Hark ! there's some one calling out,
“ What a horrid noise ! ”



From Photo by]

[H. Pointer, Brighton.

THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.

I KNOW well, Master Tom, what you are looking up at. Though you are seated comfortably on a hassock, you would like better to be on a branch of the apple-tree in the orchard where you see the little birds hopping about. You would like to catch one of them for your supper, but I will take care that you don't do it.



SATURDAY EVENING.

BABY has been enjoying herself very much, though she has had no one to play with her except her dear Dolly. She and Dolly have had a walk round the nursery, and a dance and a song. Then Dolly had a ride on horseback, and Baby played at a railway with her locomotive, and built castles with cards. It is nearly seven o'clock.



BED-TIME.

BABY is going upstairs to her cot, and nurse, with a candle in her hand, is coming after her. Before going upstairs Baby knelt by her mother's knee, and said her prayers, and then kissed her papa and mamma. She is very tired. I hope she will sleep soundly, and not waken till the sun peeps in at her bedroom window next morning.



SUNDAY MORNING.

MORNING has come. The sun is shining brightly. Nurse is dressing Baby. After her breakfast she will go with her papa and mamma to church, where she always behaves well; she is so attentive and so quiet. In the afternoon nurse will read to her some pretty stories, such as "Brown Jacket and her Little Heathen."



MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

WHEN morning has come,
And night gone away,
Baby remembers
To kneel down and pray ;
And when the night comes,
And fled is the day,
She never forgets
To kneel down and pray.



WAITING FOR THEIR MASTER.

Look at this gentle horse standing so still, and the clever dog that holds the reins and its master's riding-whip in its mouth. You can see that the horse and hound are listening for their master's footsteps. He will soon be here, for his pet lap-dog that is resting on the step has come down to say so.



KIND MISS WHACKET.

THE wind has been blowing,
The snow has been snowing,
The children been sucking their thumbs ;
And kindly Miss Whacket,
So brave and so bold,
With muff and with jacket,
Has come through the cold,
To fling to the birdies their crumbs.



AM I LIKE HER ?

Look at me now, do, dear papa,
Am I not like grandmamma ?
While in her old armchair I sit,
And at her stocking try to knit ;
Her spectacles across my nose
Make me look learned, I suppose ;
And in her cap I seem to be
As old as her, that's " seventy-three."



GOING TO MARKET.

I'M going to market.

Now, what shall I buy ?
Some apples for baking,
And some for a pie ;
Some carrots and turnips,
A quart of French beans,
A stick of horse-radish,
A bundle of greens ?



THE COMING SHOWER.

I don't think, Dolly, I shall take you for a ride at present. The sky looks very black, and ma tells me that when it does so, rain will be sure to come down soon. We will go indoors and play at hide-and-seek till the shower is over, and the clouds pass off. The sun will then dry up the wet from the lanes and fields.



LOVING CHILDREN.

THERE'S no nicer sight for me
Than those children who agree—
Be they strangers, sisters, brothers,
If they truly love the others ;
Trying to make others glad
When they're sick, and when they're sad ;
Helping all in every way
At their tasks or at their play.



THE CHIEF MOURNER.

THE shepherd now is dead,
The man to you so dear ;
And now you lay your head
In sorrow on his bier.
Of all the friends he knew,
You still are the most true,
And, for your master moan,
In solitude, alone.



THE SWEET-STUFF SHOP.

“Good morning, Mistress Diddletums. What can I serve you with?” “My Dolly has got a cold, Mistress Twiddle-tums; do you think a farthing’sworth of toffy might do her good?” “Well, Mistress Diddletums, I recommend barley-sugar. When my Dolly had a cold, she got better after sucking three sticks.”



MISS GOING-TO.

THIS is Miss Going-to. I need not tell you that she would rather be idle than work. If her mother calls out, "Lizzie, have you fed the poultry?" she answers, "No, mother, but I am going to." "Lizzie, have you dusted the piano?" "No, mother, but I am going to." Then, she sits on a chair and forgets what her mother said.



A CALM NIGHT AT SEA.

SCARCELY a breath is blowing ;
The ship is slowly going ;
The waves have sunk to sleep,
And, on the ocean deep,
The moon and stars, so bright,
Are shedding down their light,
Till comes the dawn of day,
When they shall fade away.



THE BROKEN CARRIAGE.

“ Boo-hoo ! boo-hoo ! ” What shall Baby do ? She promised to give Dolly a ride down to the village to join a tea-party to which she had been invited by her aunt, a tall waxen lady who lives in a red-painted villa. But alas ! one of the wheels has come off her carriage. Dolly was not hurt at all, she only got a little fright.



THE CARRIAGE REPAIRED.

ON the day after the sad accident to Baby's carriage, nurse took it to the carpenter, who put on the wheel. Dolly is afraid to go into the carriage again, so Baby is coaxing Frisky to take Dolly's place. Frisky does not wish to do so. He thinks he ought not to sit in the carriage, but to run alongside of it.



THE NEWSPAPER.

“ You’ve read the paper, Mary ;
Pray is there any news
About the farmer’s gander
That snapped at Baby’s shoes ? ”
“ No, not one single word, Tom,
About the sad affair ;
Nor does it say that yesterday
The barber cut Bill’s hair ! ”



A LOVING PAIR.

THESE parrots are free and happy. They are not like the one which Uncle John keeps shut up in a fine gilded cage, in which it sits on its perch moping all the day long. Oh no! they can fly wherever they please, and gather the food they like best. They are at home among the great forests far away in the warm, sunny south.



A GREAT SECRET.

“SISTER! What do you think? Last night I heard your Doll and mine talking together in bed, when they should have been sound asleep. Our cousin’s new Doll has been telling them what a fine place London is, and they are going to run away and see it!” “You’ve been dreaming, Mary!” “Perhaps, Janie, I have.”



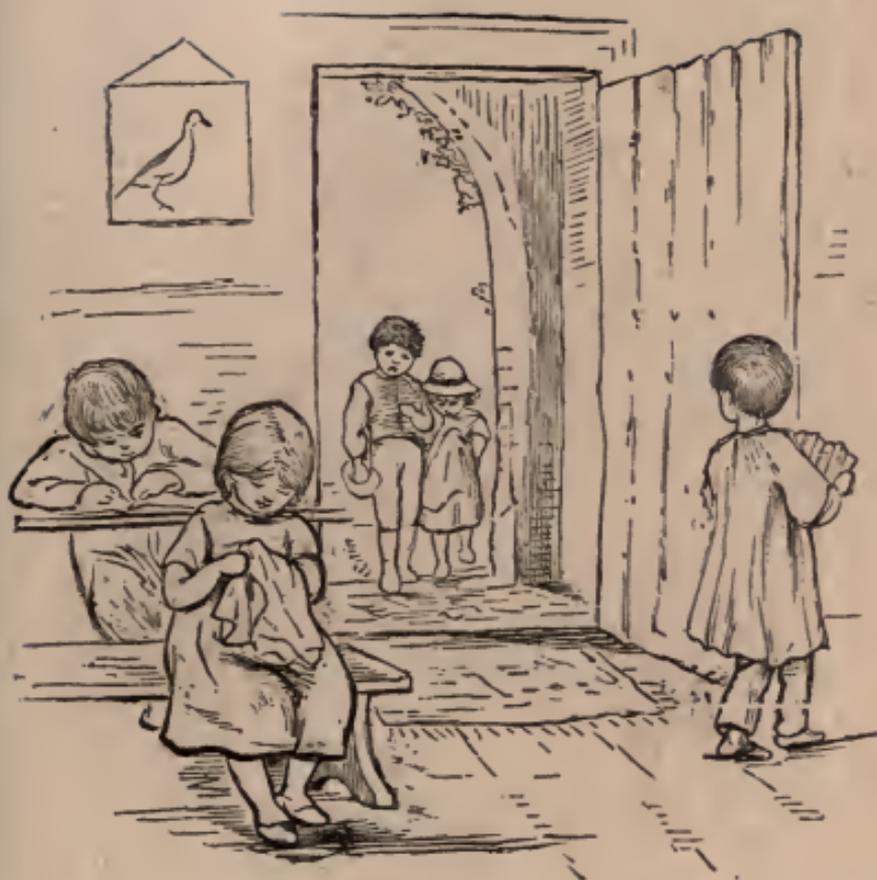
IN THE WRONG PLACE.

WELL, Cæsar or Pompey,
Whatever your name,
To sit where you're sitting
I think is a shame.
In stable or kennel
Is where you should be.
You're quite out of place, sir,
Upon a settee.



IN TIME FOR SCHOOL.

IF you look at the little belfry on the roof of the school-house, you will know by the way in which the bell is swinging that it is being rung. The children are hurrying across the snow to the school. The day is very cold, but you can tell by the smoke which is rolling out of the chimney that there is a good fire in the schoolroom.



TOO LATE.

HERE come two loiterers. Of course they are not in time to begin their lessons along with the others, like Tommy White, who is writing in his copy-book, and his sister, who is busy at her seam. The loiterers look very much ashamed of themselves, as they ought to be. Let us hope they will not be late again.



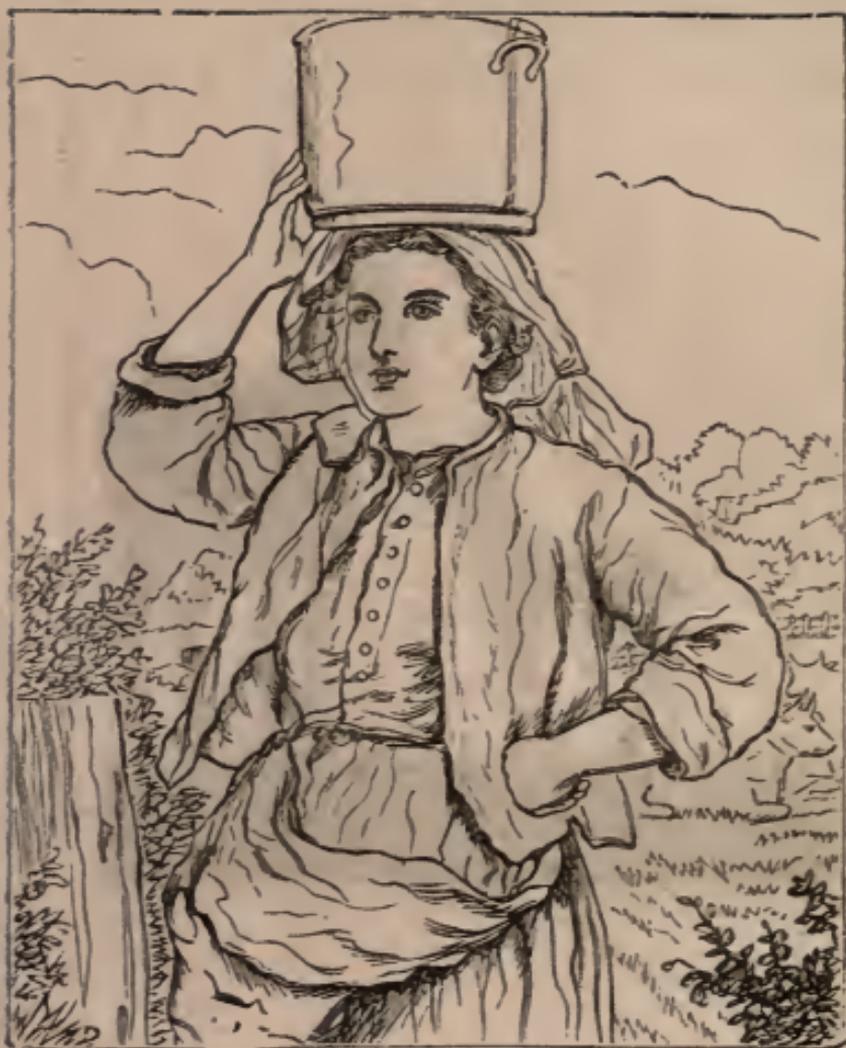
THE HUNTSMAN.

HUNTSMAN, huntsman, blow your horn,
Trample down the grass and corn,
While you gallop, here and there,
Chasing a poor timid hare
Through the fields, the moors and bogs,
With your pack of yelping dogs.
Blow your horn, yes, huntsman, blow ;
But with you I will not go.



MARE AND FOAL.

It is a very pretty sight to see a foal and its mother in a field together, for they always look so happy, and the mother is so careful of her child and so kind to it. Sometimes the foal trots at her side, and sometimes gallops away round the field, its mother after it, having a game at catch me who can.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

HERE'S the farmer's daughter,
Kind, good-natured Sally,
Coming home from milking
In the grassy valley.
Hark ! the larks are trilling
Shrill and clear above her,
And the calves are bleating,
Telling how they love her.



THE MORNING BATH.

LILIAN is about to give her Blenheim spaniel a bath. She is very fond of her dog, for she brought it from Blenheim herself. Blenheim is the name of a palace in England, which stands in a beautiful park, with many fine trees, and a large lake. The dogs bred there are very much prized. Their coats are soft and silky.



THE CARELESS DOLLS.

“It is high time, Polly, that we should give our dolls a good scolding, they do so mess their clothes when we let them go out by themselves. I really wonder where they get to.” “So do I, Molly. Just look at this petticoat! It is a shame to be seen, it is so splashed with mud!” “Polly, we’ll talk to them to-day.”



THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

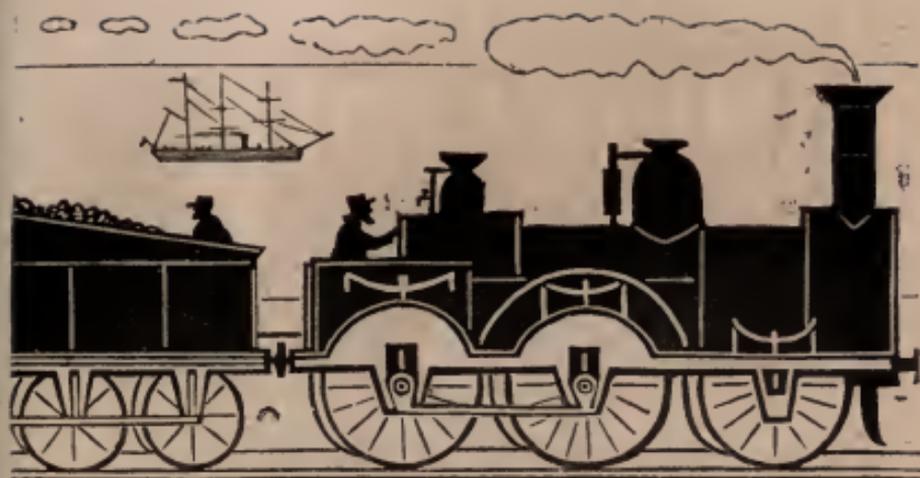
LOUISA is starting off for school. In her bag she carries her lesson-books, and the straight-edge for ruling lines in her copy-book. The bunch of flowers is for her schoolmistress, who is very fond of her, because she seldom makes mistakes in her spelling or sums, never blots her copy-book, and never is late for school.



OFF TO THE COUNTRY.

SUMMER has come, and everybody who can afford to go out of town is going. What a rushing and crushing there is at the railway stations, where men, women, and children are crowding into the trains! Some are off to spend a week or two among the hills and valleys of the North, or among the orchards and meadows of the South, and others to the East and West to see the waves of the ocean dashing on the





shore. Those who cannot afford to go so far away step into an omnibus or a tram-car that will take them two or three miles out of town to the woods and fields, where they can spend a few hours and return again in the cool of the evening. But there are many who cannot go to these pleasant places because they are poor: Let us try to help them to one day's outing.





THE DAY OF REST.

It is Sunday, and so you
Have not any work to do.
Yes, for one day you are free,
Roaming o'er the grassy lea.
You look sleek, so I can tell
That your owner treats you well,
Never starves nor thrashes you,
As some cruel masters do.



HORSE-SHOEING.

“JOHNNY SMITH, my fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?”

“Yes, indeed, and that I can,
Just as well as any man.

First I'll make and shape a shoe
That shall fit both close and true,
Then I'll firmly fix it on,
And neatly, or my name's not John.”



BUSY ANNIE.

ANNIE would not be idle,
I'm sure she would not,
Nor would waste half a minute
If work she had got.
On the sill of the window
Behold busy Annie,
She is darning some stockings
For her dear old grannie.



THE BOAT LAUNCH.

ON a summer holiday, these boys delight to spend an hour or two on the side of the farmer's pond sailing their boats. Dick has launched his boat, and is blowing on the sail to send it across the pond. Harry will launch his boat by-and-by. Mother, with Baby in her arms and Tiny at her side, is looking on.



RIDING HOME.

MAMMA, Billy, and Betty went for a ramble in the country. They crossed little wooden bridges, and climbed over stiles. One of the farmer's men with his cart overtook them. "Would you like a ride, my dears?" said the man to Billy and Betty. With their mamma's permission he put them where you see them now.



IDLENESS AND CRUELTY.

You must be shocked to see these cruel, idle boys! They are trying to catch the poor little birds. They have scattered some crumbs under a sieve, one side of which is held up by a stick to which a long cord is tied. When the birds come to peck, the boys will pull the cord, and the sieve will fall over them.

“WHO'LL RING THE BELL?”

“WHO'LL ring the bell?”

“I will,” said the jay,

“I will if I may;
I'll ring the bell,
And ring it as
well

As most folks
can do.

What I say is
true.

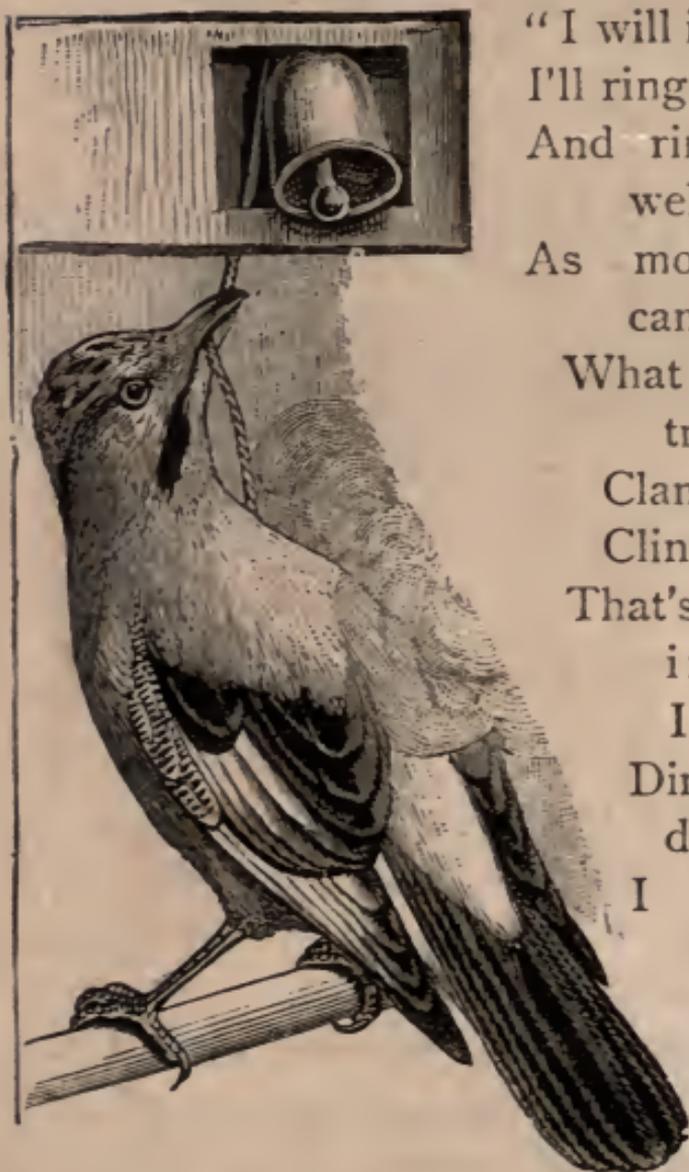
Clang! cling!

Cling! clang!

That's the style
in which
I ring.

Ding, dong,
dong, ding,

I know
well the
way to
ring!”



“WHO’LL KNOCK AT THE DOOR?”

“WHO’LL
knock at
the door?”

“I will,”
said the
jay ;

“I’ll do so
to-day,

That is, if
I may ;

I’ll knock
at the
door ;

I’ve done
so before,
Yes, many
times o’er.

Rat, tat,

Rat, tat—

Can you knock any louder than that ?

Master Dog or Mistress Cat

Can’t knock half so loud as that.”





THE FIRST STEP.

Now that I've dressed you, Dolly,
We'll go and take a walk,
And, when we both are weary,
We'll rest awhile and talk.
I know you'll be delighted
With everything you see.
Now, step out firm and steady,
And come along with me.



THE MESSENGER.

“WHY is Emily tramping through the snow?” I can tell you. Look away in the distance, and you will see a little village and the spire of its church. Emily has been down there to invite her uncle and aunt to come and spend Christmas Day with her father and mother and herself. She heeds not the cold wind, for it is helping her along.



From Photo. by]

[H. Pointer, Brighton.

THE LAZY KITTENS.

FOUR lazy little kittens
Thinking, " Oh, how nice
To be idle all the day
Instead of hunting mice ! "
Two in Baby's cradle,
Where she soon will be,
Two upon the shelf above—
A funny sight to see !





