

A

LITTLE BOOK

ABOUT

LITTLE BIRDS, &c.



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SINGING BIRDS.

When it is spring, the little birds build their nests.

Then they lay their eggs, and sit upon them.

Then you know in time the young birds come out of the eggs.

And while the hen bird sits on the eggs, the cock bird sings.

So they pass the time away and are very glad and happy.

Spring is a pleasant time, when the sun shines, and the birds sing.

I like to hear them when



they can hop and fly about
where they please.

But I do not like to see
poor birds shut up in little
cages.

They do not seem happy,
they are in prison.

I think that if I were a

little bird, I should not like to be shut up in a cage.

And yet little birds that have been hatched in a cage, do not know how pleasant it is to fly about.

They would not know how to get any thing to eat abroad, and they seem content in their prison.





MILKING THE COWS.

Can you milk the cows?

We try to do it sometimes,
but we cannot do it well.

Betty can do it very well.

And we can fetch the cow
out of the field, and put her
back when she is milked.

And we can feed the pigs
too.

Then you can help a little.
It is pleasant to be useful,
and to help father and mother.
Milk is very nice to drink.
Bread and milk are a good
supper.

And so is boiled rice.

Who gives us this nice
milk and nice bread ?

Who makes the corn to
grow ? who makes the rice
to grow ?

It is GOD our Heavenly
Father who gives us all these
good things.

Surely he is very good.

Let us try to thank Him.

THE BALL.

Where has the ball gone to?

It is hid somewhere.

That little girl has hid it,
I think.

Little John must look for it.

Where can it be !

It is not here behind me.

You may believe me, I
never cheat you.

It is wrong to cheat and
tell lies even in play.

Oh ! there it is, now you
have found it.

Shall we hide it again

Yes, as often as you please.

I like to see little folks at play, when they take care to do no harm.



SCHOOL TIME.

How do you like school ?

Oh, pretty well.

Do you not think it is a very pleasant thing to read in a book ?

Yes ; very well, then take pains to learn to read well.

You cannot learn any thing without taking pains.

Have you a little brother or sister at home ?

Yes, we have a little sister.

Can she run about as you do ?

No, she cannot, she sits on mother's lap.

Why cannot she run about ?

She has not learned to walk yet.

How will she learn ?

I suppose she will try, and try, and try, a great many times till she can go alone.

And if you wish to read well, or do any thing else well, you must try and try till you can do it.

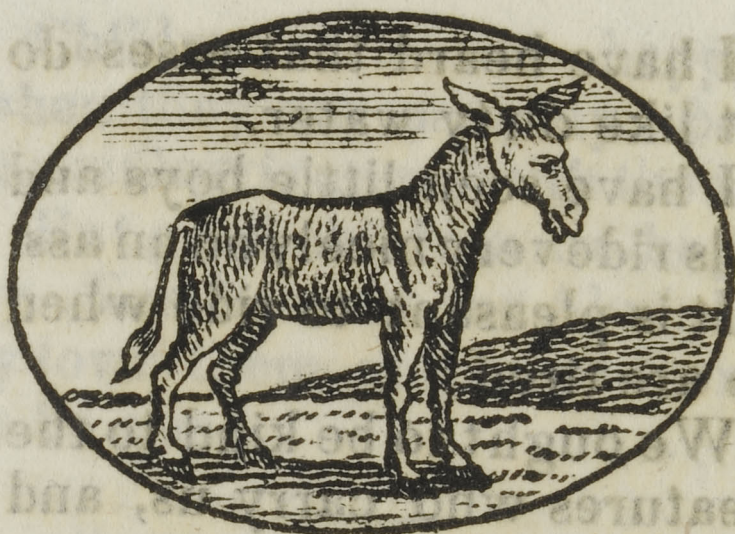
Then remember you must take pains to learn.

And behave well to those who teach you.

THE ASS.

I often look at that poor ass, and wish he had a kind master.

What useful creatures asses are.



We ought not to load them
beyond their strength.

Nor make them work too
long at a time.

But let them leave off when
they have done enough.

And feed them well, and
give them clean water to
drink.

I have heard that asses do not like dirty water.

I have seen little boys and girls ride very nicely on an ass.

It is pleasant to ride when we are tired.

We ought to be kind to the creatures who carry us, and work for us.

Good boys and girls do not like to give pain to any thing; they had rather give pleasure.

Good boys and girls are kind to each other

It is naughty boys and girls who fight, and curse, and swear, and tell lies, and steal, and are proud and cruel.

Children are not happy when they are naughty, because GOD is angry with them.

But good children are happy. Yes, because the Almighty loves them, and helps them to be good.

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BREAD.

Do you know what bread is made of?

It is made of corn, and corn grows in the fields.

Shall I tell you all about it?

Yes, I should like to know.

Corn of all sorts will grow when it is put in the ground.

So the farmer ploughs up the ground.

Then he sows the corn.

The corn grows up and ripens.

At first it looks like grass.

Then comes the stalk, at the top of this is the ear, with the grains in the husk.

You know you can rub them out in your hands.

When the corn is ripe, the reaper cuts it down.

Then the man in the barn thrashes it out, and winnows the chaff from it.—Then the

miller grinds it to flour.—
The flour is kneaded with
water, and salt, and yeast.—
Then it is baked in the oven,
and makes a loaf of bread.

So we can make bread and
eat it, but none of us could
make a grain of corn, or
cause it to grow.

God Almighty made the
corn at first, and has caused
it to grow ever since for our
use, thus are we fed by his
goodness.—Let us try to be
good—and do His will, that
we may please Him.—For He
is our Father in Heaven who
gives us our daily bread.

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