

DEAN'S LIVING PICTURE TOY BOOKS.



MOVABLE PICTURES  
IN FEATHERS & FUR

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For Eva M<sup>c</sup>Mahon

. 12<sup>th</sup> Nov

A Christmas Present







## THE GOAT.

A DEAR little boy,  
Who lives near the town,  
Has a goat and carriage  
He claims for his own.

Freddy drives here and there,—  
When tired of his ride,  
He gets out of his chaise  
And walks by its side.

He goes to the stable,  
And gives his goat hay;  
Then up in the meadow,  
They both gambol and play.

Two rabbits has Freddy,  
So pretty and shy;  
They pop up their ears, if  
They see him pass by.







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## THE GEESE.

By the side of the common,  
So wide and so green,  
Is a very large pond,  
Where some geese may be seen.

They stretch out their necks,  
And they hiss very loud;  
While the gander stands up,  
Looking happy and proud.

The children from school,  
Think it very great fun;  
The geese cackle and hiss,  
Till they make the girls run.











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## THE COUNTRY DRIVE.

LUCY BELL went to stay a week with her uncle; and one morning he took her for a long drive through some shady lanes, and up some steep hills.

On the way Mr. Bell pointed out many things that pleased Lucy very much; and she loved to see the bright flowers in some of the neat cottage windows and gardens.

About twelve o'clock they came to a quiet village, where Mr. Bell said the horse must have a rest; so he drove into the yard of an Inn, and when Lucy looked up at the sign, she saw it was called the Red Lion. "Oh!" she said, "What a funny colour for a lion!"

They were shown into a large sitting-room, Mr. Bell ordered some dinner, and Lucy amused herself while the chicken was being roasted by looking out of the window, watching the horse, who was eating his dinner of hay.

A large black dog walked round and round the yard, and sniffed at the horse; then he drove away the fowls, and lay down. But the flies would not let him sleep; they got on his nose, and into his ears; and, after dinner, when Mr. Bell went out to order his horse, Turk got up and barked at him.







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## BOY AND SHEEP.

ETHEL went to see the sheep; quite a large flock of gentle creatures, their fleeces so white and clean. She was just in time to see the boy move them from one meadow to another; he held up his cap and called aloud, and it seemed as though they knew his voice as he counted them through the gate-way. When his master asked the boy about a sheep that had been ill, Joe said, "She was all right again," and pointed her out at once.

Ethel was surprised that the boy should know which sheep had been ill, "For," said she, "they look all alike." Her uncle, who stood near, told her that shepherds all knew their sheep; and that he once knew a shepherd who had a very large flock of sheep and lambs, who knew all his sheep and lambs so well by the marks on their faces or legs, that if any lamb strayed from out the flock, he would go at once into another meadow and bring the lost one back to its mother.

In a square fold, formed of hurdles, Ethel saw the lambs who were old enough to leave their mothers, very busy eating turnips; it was great fun to see them jump and skip about, running races and butting each other with their heads. But when Ethel went up to try to pat one of them on its back, they all ran away as fast as they could to the other end of the fold, and then, turning round, they stared at her.







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## THE USEFUL DONKEY.

THERE was a little boy named Tom; when he was old enough to ride by himself, his uncle gave him a pretty donkey.

Tom was very glad, he took great care of his donkey and fed him every day himself, and the donkey would follow his little master.

But Tom wanted to be of some use; so he asked his father to let him ride down, each day, to the Post Office for the letters; as it was a long way off.

His sister gave him a horn; so when Tom came back with the letters, he used to stop at the door and blow his horn; and Jane would sometimes come out with apples, or bread, or other food, and give some to the donkey.

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Some poor donkeys, alas, have to work very hard,  
And daily to draw some great heavy load;  
No corn do they get, only thistles and hay,  
Or the grass they obtain from the side of the road.







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## THE OWL.

How do you do, Mr. Owl? What large round eyes you have! as you sit there, flapping your two wings up and down. I never see you fly about in the day time, with the other birds, and I never hear you sing.

Oh, no! the owls do not sing, they only cry "Te-whit, te-woo," neither can they see in the bright sunshine, their eyes were made to see in the dark.

Every night, when little boys and girls are gone to bed, the owls (who live up in a roof, or a barn, or sometimes in the hole of an old tree), come out in the dusk, and they fly up and down over the fields to catch mice for their young ones; who sit in, or near, the nest and *hiss* for their suppers; when daylight comes they all go to sleep in the dark nest.

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Some owls are brown owls,  
And some owls are white;  
They sleep in the day time,  
And hoot all the night.







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**ROW**

FROM  
**ROW**  
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**Fireside.**

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when, as in the case  
a world praises them,

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everything

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