

**JOTTINGS FOR
JUVENILES: IN
SIMPLE VERSE**

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Jottings for Juveniles: In Simple Verse by Josephine

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JOSEPHINE

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JUVENILES: IN
SIMPLE VERSE**



SEE PAGE 96.

"And still sits little Mary,
On the mossy churchyard wall,
With the dying leaves around her
Dropping from the elm-tree tall."

JOTTINGS
FOR
JUVENILES

In Simple Verse.

BY JOSEPHINE.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with beasts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

Mrs. Waring.

LONDON
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT
66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXII.

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DEAR YOUNG READERS,

To write you a little volume in simple verse, has been to me a very pleasant task. Many of the stories it contains are true, and perhaps some of them may not be quite new to you, as they have been printed before, in a book called "The Sunday at Home;" still, I trust they are interesting enough to bear a second reading. My desire is, to impress upon your young minds *the blessedness of doing good*, not only to the helpless and needy among your fellow-creatures, but also to poor dumb animals, who have no eloquent voices with which to plead for your pity; and I hope that you will so get by heart the lessons of love these pages are intended to teach you, that you may ever remember—

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I remain, my dear Children,

Your affectionate Friend,

JOSEPHINE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE HEAP OF HAY	1
THE BLACK KITTEN	6
THE FROZEN ROBIN	12
SOPHY'S SORROW; OR, A LESSON FROM LITTLE BIRDS	16
THE LITTLE MAID	20
THE HUNGRY BOY	23
THE DROWNING FLY	25
KIND-HEARTED GEORGE	27
THE WASHERWOMAN'S CHILD	29
LOST BOBBY; OR, THE BROADSTAIRS TRAGEDY	32
THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN	42
THE SCHOOL TRAIT	45
THE DEAD BABY	47
THE BUNCH OF GRAPES	49
SULKY TOM	51
ROBIN REDBREAST	56
FREDDY HODGE; OR, THE LITTLE LAMB	58
CHRISTMAS DAY; OR, POOR PEGGY'S TUMBLE	62

	PAGE
CRUEL ANN	67
HAPPY HENRY HORN	68
OLD MARTHA GRAY	70
GENTLE DEEDS	72
THE CHURCH MOUSE	74
MINNIE'S FAVOURITES	78
PRAYING TOM	80
POOR OLD JOE	83
CHILDREN IN HEAVEN	85
THE GOD WHO MADE THE SHELLS	88
A SICK MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN	90
THE ORPHAN COMFORTED	94
THE EAGLE'S ROCK	98
THE AGED BEGGAR; OR, THE SNOW STORM	107
THE BOY WHO WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK	110
"REMEMBER THE GUY"	114
THE MUMMY WREATH	118
"I'M HERE"	121
CARELESS JEMIMA	124
MARY GONE HOME	126
THE WINDY NIGHT	129
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	131
THE RAINY DAY; OR, EMILY'S FAITH	134
LIZZIE	136



Josephine's Jottings for Jubilees.

THE HEAP OF HAY.

WAS little Jenny, and she sat
Upon a heap of hay,
Beneath the shadow of a tree,
And read the "Peep of Day."

The blackbird sang his merry song
Above her curly head,
And hopping boldly at her feet
Was little robin red.

But Jenny did not care to hear
The merry blackbird sing,
Nor watched she robin redbreast smooth
His pretty shining wing.

For, bending o'er her book, she read
Of Jesus in the sky;
And how the angels come to fetch
Good children when they die.

The aged gardener, working near,
Would often look that way,
And wonder why Miss Jenny loved
Her reading more than play.

At length he close and closer drew,
And, "Little Miss," said he,
"You have a pretty book—I wish
You'd read a bit to me."

And little Jenny's eyes of blue
They sparkled as she said,
"I'll read about the death of Christ,
And how He left the dead."