

**MY OWN TREASURY:
A GIFT BOOK FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649114863

My own treasury: a gift book for boys and girls by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**MY OWN TREASURY:
A GIFT BOOK FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS**



THE RITZIE' OLD FAIRY AND HER DAIRY GOD-DAUGHTER.

My Own Treasury

A GIFT BOOK
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

First Series.



ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.





CONTENTS.

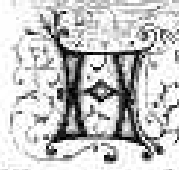


CHRISTMAS TIME	1
MAHOMMED ALI AND HIS SON IBSHIM PACHA	11
THE YOUNG REBEL	19
THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK	28
THE CITIES OF THE EAST—JERUSALEM	46
RABBITS, HARES, AND FERRETS	64
THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF TOM TRUMB—FIRST	72
THE BUSTARD	86
THE SCITFUL OLD FAIRY, AND HER LAZY GOD-DAUGHTER	90
FOUNTAINS ABBEY	114
THE CITIES OF THE EAST—DAMASCUS	117
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL	140
THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF TOM TRUMB—SECOND	144
HOW PEOPLE TRAVEL IN IRELAND	162

	PAGE
SOME ACCOUNT OF KNOLL HOUSE	169
THE FARM-YARD	174
HOW PEOPLE TRAVEL IN FRANCE	189
THE CITIES OF THE EAST—ALEXANDRIA	193
THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF TOM THUMB—THIRD	219
A VISIT TO OXFORD	222



CHRISTMAS TIME.



And come I, Old Father Christmas,
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope Old Father Christmas,
Will never be forgot.

WELCOME, always welcome, Old Father Christmas! for with you come "the merry laugh and jocund sound," the sparkling yule-log and the mirth-creating misletoe; with you do we have those smoking bowls of hot farmenty, and those ponderous platters of plum-pudding; with you it is that we join in the joyous gambols of the romping blindman's-buff, or in the sly merriment of the more humble hunt-the-slipper; again, with you do we—but stay, little use is it our here detailing the good things Old Father Christmas

brings, or the joyous customs of Christmas time. Well is it known that never is the laugh so merry, or the song so jovial, that never is the plum pudding so good, or are the charms of blindman's-buff, or hunt-the-slipper, so bewitching, as at the time of which we speak; and that never at any other time is merriment half as animating, as the mirth of a merry Christmas: and then there is the misletoe, that merry mischief maker; how many a time when we were young, would we tempt beneath its branch the fair form of some pleasing playmate, and then and there, with one of our blandest smiles, give her one of our sweetest kisses; for although we might disdain to do such an action at any other time, at Christmas it all was fair.

In those days of which we speak, when we were as young, ay, and as happy too as those for whom we now write, well do we remember how long before the time we thought of Christmas and its cheer; how many were the hours that we chatted with our school companion, about the places we should then visit, and the people we should then see; and how for days and weeks we were employed in preparing our tasks for the examination, determined when the holidays did come to take home a good character for perseverance and industry. But the first faint glimpse we had of Christmas, was in that wondrous letter, with its light up strokes and its firm down strokes, with its p's and q's placed in apple pie array, with its "dear papa," and its "dearest mamma," with its "I have the pleasure to inform you," and with its gratifying intelligence as to *when* the school would break up, and *when* the Christmas holidays would commence, with its telling of the progress made in Latin or in French, of the addition to the stores of arithmetic, or of the