BOOK
ABOUT
SHIPS AND CARS.

CONCORD, N. H.:
J. A. MERRIAM,
RUFUS MERRILL.
O, see our little boat,
How prettily it glides!
Like a bird it seems to float,
Pressed forward by the tides,
By the tides.

The sky is shining brightly,
The fishes dart below,
While our little boat so lightly,
Leaps onward as we go,
As we go.

But should a storm come near,
And fill me with alarms,
I would row to mother dear—
My boat should be her arms,
Mother’s arms.
I am a little sailor boy,
And would you know my story?
I've been across the ocean blue,
And seen it in its glory:
I've seen it in a summer day,
As gentle as a child;
I've seen it in a tempest,
Like a giant fierce and wild.

And now the ship was ready,
In the bright, shining bay,
And so the sails we hoisted,
And swiftly went away.
Away upon the waters
Like a proud bird she flew,
And soon the distant shore
All faded from our view.
My home among the hills
Seemed to sink behind the sea,
And I fancied it was lost,—
Forever lost to me.
And then I looked around
On the far-spreading deep,
And it seemed so very dreary
That I hid myself to weep;
Behind a cask of water
I hid myself for hours,
And cried to be at home again,
Among the birds and flowers.
THE RAILROAD.

How fast the cars move! The car in front is a steam engine on wheels. There is a fire in it, and a large iron boiler, with water. When it gets hot it turns into steam. Then the guide rings his bell. Ding, dong, bell! Ding, dong, bell! Ting! Then the long train moves off on the iron road. Puff! puff! puff! It is almost out of sight. It goes twice as fast as a horse can run, and does not get tired.
A canal boat is drawn by horses, and will carry one hundred men, or about fifty tons of goods and flour.
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