

Le Charles Patten

MY LITTLE
PRIMER.

With many Engravings.



WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY J. GROUT, Jr.





MY LITTLE
PRIMER.

WITH MANY PICTURES.



WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY J. GROUT, JR.

* A B C D E F *
* G H I J K L *
* M N O P Q R *
* S T U V W X *
* Y Z & £ \$ *
* a b c d e f g h i *
* j k l m n o p q *
* r s t u v w x y *
* z æ œ , ; : ! ? ' - *
* 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 *



MY MOTHER.

| | | |
|---------|---------|-------|
| head | face | eyes |
| nose | cap | mouth |
| arm | neck | hand |
| book | chair | chin |
| Charles | cricket | Jane |

My mother sits in the chair, showing Charles how to read. Jane sits on the cricket, and is reading her new book.



School-master and Boy.



Cow.



Sheep.



Ship.



Baby in the Cradle.

cra-dle

ba-by

rock-er



My Father's Watch.

watch

face

hands

fig-ures

chain

seal

**House.****Tree.****Leaf.****Hand.****Plow.****Hen.**



Sheep.



Dog.



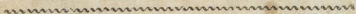
Cow.



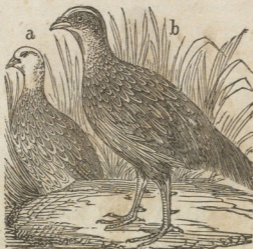
Cats.



Rail-Road Cars.



| | | | |
|---------|----------|---------|----------|
| ox | goat | rat | hog |
| bullock | kid | mouse | pig |
| heifer | ewe | cat | shoat |
| calf | lamb | kitten | lap dog |
| cow | beaver | puppy | spaniel |
| colt | rabbit | hound | monkey |
| mule | bunny | mastiff | lion |
| ass | squirrel | cosset | elephant |
| donkey | hare | swine | bear |



| | | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| turkey | pigeon | raven | redbreast |
| goose | dove | crow | swallow |
| gander | bird | swan | sparrow |
| goslin | robin | hawk | martin |
| hen | snowbird | eagle | linnet |
| chicken | parrot | cuckoo | bluejay |
| pullet | peacock | tomtit | pheasant |
| duck | ostrich | partridge | skylark |



DOGS CANNOT READ.

Suppose a little dog were to go to school, and the teacher should try to teach him.

That would be funny ; don't you think so ?

But the little dog cannot learn ; he cannot learn to read, and spell, and count as we do.

He can not learn any thing about the sun, and moon, and pretty stars.

No, the teacher would find it of no use to try to teach him these things.

What is the reason that little boys and girls can learn?

The reason is, that every boy and girl has a soul, but a dog has no soul.

God has given me a soul, so that I can learn, and know a great deal.

If I had no soul, I could only eat, and drink, and sleep like the dog.

I could not think, and talk, and read, and spell as I now do.



BUSY BEES.

How very busy are the bees
In filling up their store!

From them, dear mother, I may learn,
To love my work still more;

And always, when I see the bees,
I may some good obtain;
Remembering that idleness
Will give dear mother pain.



THE PRISONER SET FREE.

Thomas, a little country boy, caught a squirrel in the woods, and carried it home to his brothers and sisters. When they saw it they jumped for joy. It had a long bushy tail and a pair of bright eyes. It looked frightened.

Thomas gave it nuts, but it would not eat. It looked as if it wished itself back in the woods, and tried to run away. Thomas had tied a string around its neck so that it could not run away.

“Poor little thing,” said Mary, “it wants its liberty.”

Liberty! That was something Thomas had not thought of. The thought had not come into his head that the squirrel could never be happy in slavery. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that he ought to set it free. At last he summoned up all his resolution, caught up the squirrel, and ran back to the woods. He put it down under the tree where he first saw it. The squirrel darted up the tree, and was in a minute on one of the highest branches. He looked down and chirruped loudly, as if to thank Thomas for giving him his liberty, and the little boy certainly did not feel less happy for doing as his conscience told him was right.



MY KITE.

O look at my kite !
 Almost out of sight :
 How pretty it flies ;
 Right up to the skies !

Pretty kite ! pretty kite !
 Almost out of sight,
 Pray what do you spy
 In the bright blue sky ?

HYMN ON DEATH.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou ? why
 is thy countenance sad, and why thine eyes red
 with weeping ? I have seen the rose in its beau-



ty; it spread its leaves in the morning sun. I returned; it was dying upon its stalk, the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.



A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure: its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow: the trunk was like a strong pillar: the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind: the branches were lopped away by the axe: the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed – it mouldered and fell to the ground.



I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams: their wings glittering with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald: they were more numerous than I could count: they were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned, they were brushed into the pool: they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them: there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength: his cheeks glowing with beauty, his limbs were full of activity; he leaped, he walked, he ran, he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than



those. I returned: he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground: his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out: his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils: therefore do I weep, because death is in the world: the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made must be destroyed: all that is born must die—let me alone for I weep yet longer.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ;

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.

PRAYER.

O Lord, be kind to us and make us good children ; keep us this day from every thing that would do us harm : may we remember that thou art every where, and seest us at all times : if we love thee we shall be thy children and thou wilt be our father ; may we love to think of thee and know more of thee and love thee more because thou art good : take care of us all our days and when we die wilt thou receive us to heaven where Jesus is, and where all that are good will go and be happy with thee ; bless our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, bless our teachers and all our dear friends ; may all love God and be happy forever, through Jesus Christ.—Amen.



HYMN OF PRAYER.

Gracious Lord, we look to thee ;
Meek and humble may we be :
Pride and anger put away ;
Make us better every day.

Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey :
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are :
Love the Sabbath, and the place,
Where we learn to seek thy face.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Great God and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.



COASTING.

Come James, get your sled,
And away let us haste,
To the top of Round Hill ;
There is no time to waste.

It is capital coasting,
The snow is so deep,
It is frozen so hard,
And the hill is so steep.

The boys are all ready,
And waiting to go.
And we have determined
No snow-balls to throw.



