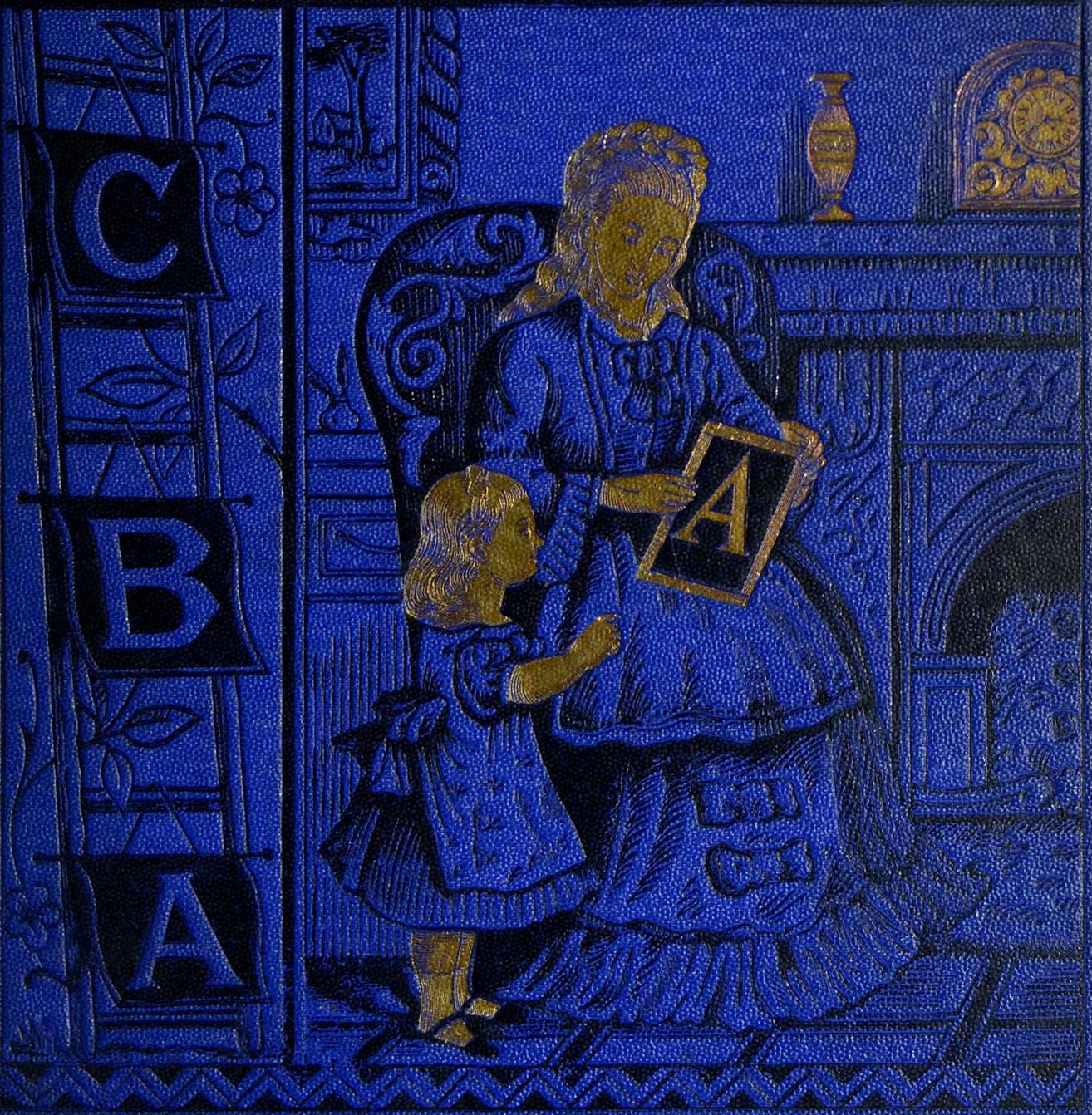
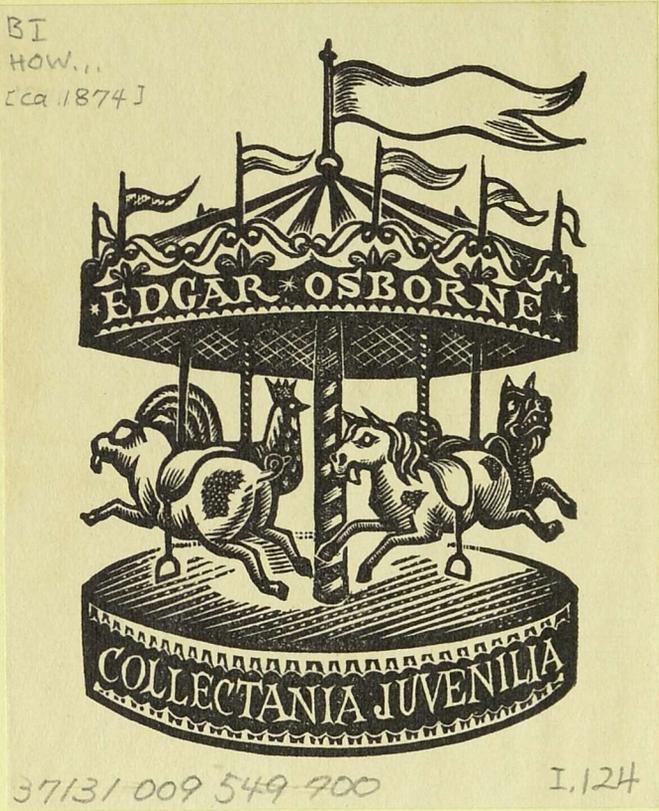


HOW PATTY LEARNED THE ALPHABET



9.



This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE



PATTY'S FIRST LETTER.

HOW PATTY LEARNED THE ALPHABET.

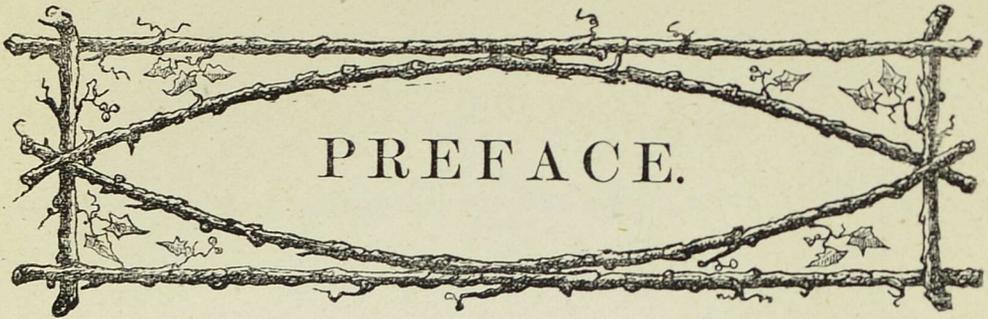


LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

BRIGHTON: 31, WESTERN ROAD. MANCHESTER: 100, CORPORATION STREET.

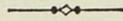


PREFACE.

THIS little story, it is hoped, will prove useful in teaching very young children their alphabet. Only one chapter should be read to the child each day; and he or she should be allowed to look at the book and learn the letters that were taught to Patty.



HOW PATTY LEARNED THE ALPHABET.



CHAPTER I.

“COME here, Patty, and sit on my knee. I wish to tell you a little story of how Patty Pinch was taught to read.”

Patty was a merry little girl, just four years old; her father and mother were both dead, but she had a sister, who was fifteen years older than Patty, and they both lived with their

grandmother, a dear kind old lady, who loved them very much. Patty's sister was called Jane — the little girl generally called her "sister," because she was so much older; but Patty was a funny little girl, and whenever she was angry with her sister she always called her Jane. Jane did not like this.

On Patty's fourth birthday, Jane said to her, "Patty, I will teach you the letters; when you know them all I will give you a treat. You must learn two to-day; and after that I shall teach you three at a time, till you know them all.

“This is the first which I have marked on the slate.

A

“Look at it well. Say it over six times.”

A A A

A A A

said little Patty. “Now, tell me the next.”

Then Jane showed her—

B

And after Patty had looked at it well, she said it over six times.

B B B

B B B

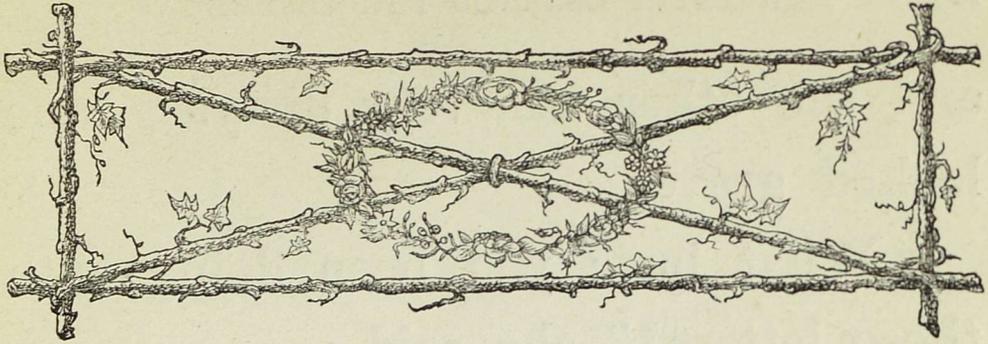
“Good girl,” said Jane; “now get me my slate again.” Jane cut out in white card a large

A

and a large

B

Patty put them on the slate, and Jane said she might run away and play with them, and to-morrow she would teach her three more.



CHAPTER II.

WHEN to-morrow came, Jane said, "Patty, can you tell me the letters you were taught yesterday?"

"A B," said Patty.

"Dear child, where are the white letters I made for you?"

Patty put her little hand into the pocket of her frock and pulled out two letters; but they were no longer white—one had a green stain on it,

and the other was very dirty. Jane looked grave.

“What have you been doing with those letters?” she said.

“Only taking them out for a walk, sister; one fell down on the grass, and then I held the other so tight, and when I got home it was like that.”

Jane was not angry with little Patty, but she said she would give her a little box to put her letters in; and then she showed her three more letters—

C D E

“Let me say them all at once, not

C C C, and D D D, and E E E,
but—

C D E

“Very well,” her sister said; “if
you like you shall.”

C D E — C D E

“Now, Patty must say all the letters
she knows.”

A B C D E

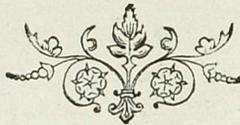
“Now, she must say them again.”

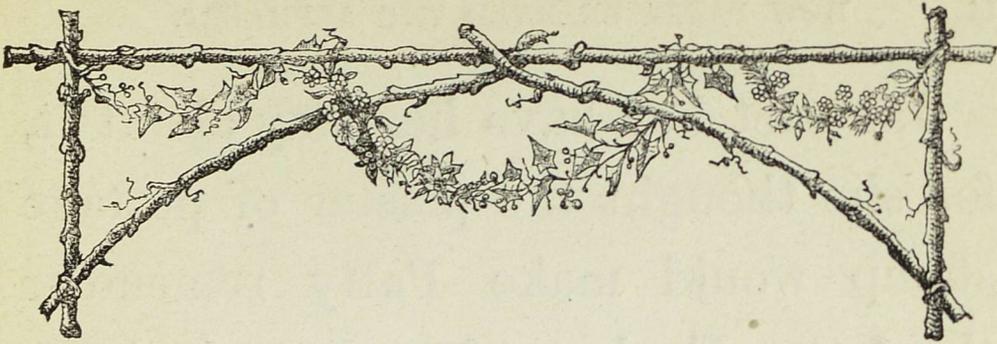
A B C D E

“Now, I will cut them out in card,

and Patty shall put them any way she likes on the slate; but I shall put a little black dot on the top of the letters, that she may always put them the right way up."

So Patty's sister cut out the letters in card, and put them into a little box, and the box went into Patty's pocket; and her sister told her she would give her three days to learn the letters, that she might know them quite well before she was told any more.





CHAPTER III.

ON the fourth day after the last lesson, Jane called little Patty to come and learn three more letters,

F G H

F, Patty said, was like E, with a piece broken off; and when Jane cut it out in card for her, she stuck a little bit of postage stamp on it, and called it the poor broken letter.

Jane let her have her way about it, for she thought the plaster of postage stamp would make Patty remember the letter F; but when Jane had cut out the G, she wrapped it up in a three-cornered piece of brown paper.

“Why do you wrap up G in brown paper, sister?”

“Because G is Grannie’s letter, and Grannie is a very old lady, and must have a shawl to keep her warm.”

Patty was delighted at this, and said she should take great care of Grannie’s letter, and put it in the bottom of her box, where it would not feel a draught.

“Now, sister, I know two more letters. Which is the last I am to learn to-day?”

“H,” said Jane.

“H,” said Patty. “What will you tell me about H?”

“Nothing.”

“What a dull letter—got no story!”

“You must not want a story about every letter; say it over six times.”

H H H

H H H

“Now, run off and play. To-morrow

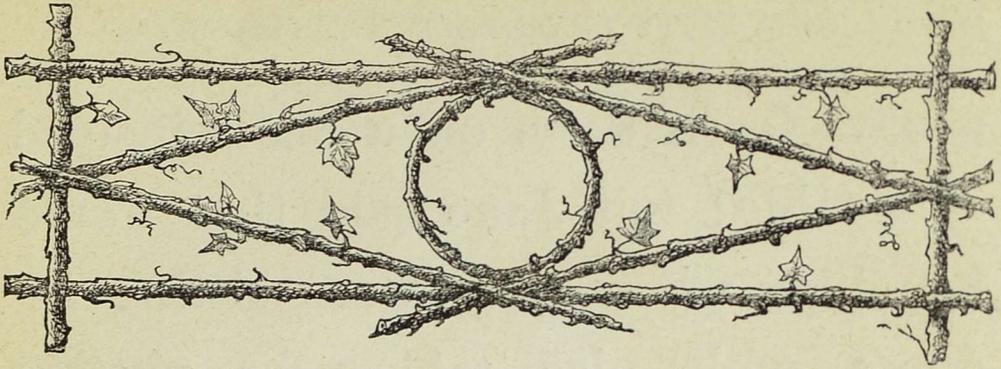
I shall hear you say all the letters
you have learnt—

A B C D
E F G H





PATTY'S GARDEN LESSON.



CHAPTER IV.

It was such a fine sunny day when Patty came to her sister to learn three more letters, that her sister said Patty might get her hat and have her lesson in the garden. So Patty sat down on the grass bank by Jane's side, and they made a table of a chair; and Patty said it was much nicer to learn her letters on a chair. She wished she might

always learn them on a chair instead of a table; but Jane said that would be silly, when they were sitting indoors with nice tables for putting the books on. Patty said she did not think it was silly at all.

Jane looked very grave then, and told Patty it was rude to speak in that way. Then she showed Patty the first of her new letters—

I

“That’s no letter at all,” said Patty, “that’s only a stroke.”

“Patty, what’s the matter with you?”

You must not be a troublesome little girl."

"Well, you *know* that isn't a letter, only a stroke."

"But I tell you it *is* a letter—the letter I."

"Is I a letter? I don't think I is."

"Very well," said Jane; "I don't care what you think about it; think it a stroke, if you like. If you only remember when you see that stroke that it means I, that will do. Now, look at the next letter.

J J

is my letter, J begins Jane."

The little girl stooped down and kissed the letter, for she loved her sister.

“Patty likes J—good letter, good J. Patty won’t forget J; sister must wrap up J with Grannie’s letter in the shawl.”

So Jane wrapped up her own letter with Grannie’s in the brown paper, and was glad to see Patty looking pleased and ready to learn the last of her three new letters—

K

Patty said

K

K

K

“Three times will do for that, sister; it is so ugly to keep on saying

K K K

K K K

“Very well,” said her sister; “say over all the letters you know now.”

A B C D E

F G H I J K

“Good girl. I have cut out the last three in card. You have eleven letters to take care of. Put them all out on your slate; and now you can

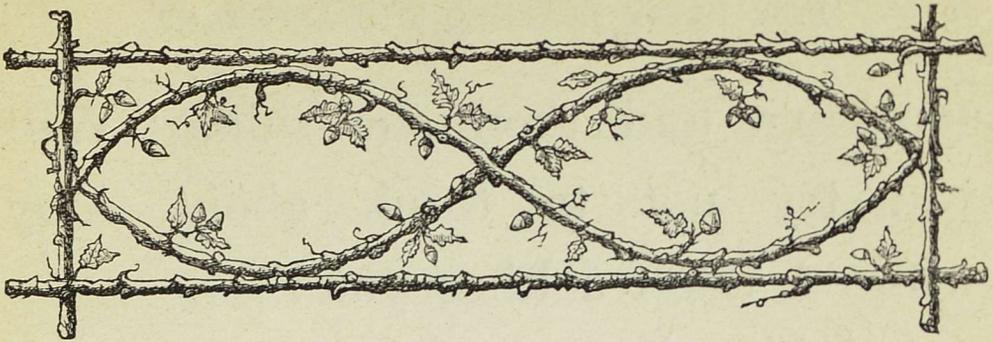
run into the field and gather a flower for each of them. See how many different flowers you can find.”

“What shall I do if I can't find so many?”

“Bring leaves for the rest.”

Away went Patty as fast as she could scamper into the field; and in half an hour she came back with a lap full of treasures.





CHAPTER V.

THE next day was rainy, and when Patty was called to go to Jane she came down stairs with her doll in her arms.

“Sister, Amy not well; may she lie on my lap while I learn my letters?”

Jane was just going to say *No*, when poor little Patty's beseeching face made her wait a little before

speaking, and then she said, "Will you try not to think about Amy while I am teaching you?"

"Only a little bit; mayn't I think a *little* bit of Amy, and keep her warm? I can look at my letters just the same."

Jane shook her head, and said, "I don't think that will do; but you shall give Amy to me. I will hold her on my lap till you have learned your letters, and then you shall take her again."

So Amy was laid on Jane's lap, and she put her apron over the doll's face. Patty had seen Grandmamma throw

her apron over her face when she went to sleep after dinner in her arm-chair, so she thought it was quite the best thing Jane could do. Then Jane took three more letters, and showed them to Patty—

L M N

“Pretty soft letters, L M N.”

“L M N,” said Patty. “I like soft letters to-day; they won’t wake Amy.”

“Not if you say them softly. Say them again four times.”

“L M N,” said Patty.

“Hush! Patty, that is not saying them softly!”

“Oh! I forgot. L M N,” said the little girl in such a small voice her sister could hardly hear her.

“A little bit louder, Patty.”

“L M N, L M N, L M N,” said Patty. The last L M N being a whisper.

“Now, sister, Amy is sound asleep. I think I’d better not say my letters any more.”

Jane saw Patty was thinking more of the doll than her letters, so she said very gravely to Patty, “I am going to put Amy in her cradle now in the next room. When you have done your lesson you shall go to

her, but if you cry and give me trouble I shall not let you have her again to-day."

So Jane took Amy into the next room, and when she came back she saw Patty lying across a chair with her face buried in her arms.

Jane did not say anything, but went away again for five minutes; she knew Patty was vexed, and she thought it best to leave her alone a little while. At the end of that time Jane opened the door again, and found Patty standing up and rubbing her little chest with all her might; this she had been taught

by her nurse, who, when she saw Patty put up her lip to cry, used to say, "Come, Miss Patty, rub down the naughty temper."

Patty never forgot this. Often, when she was going to cry because she could not have her own way, she thought about the naughty temper, and set to work to rub it down.

"Patty good now, sister."

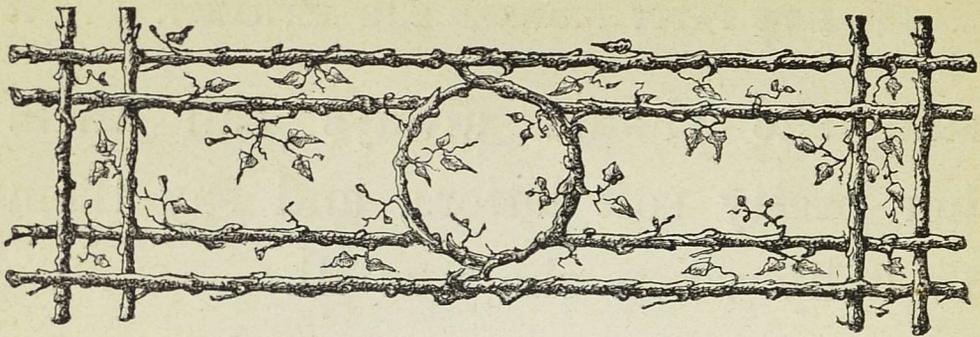
Jane kissed the little girl, and gave her the last three letters in card: she had cut them out while she was out of the room. Patty took the letters L M N, and she

said she should always call them her pretty soft letters, and say them to dolly when she was ill.

Now, Patty knew fourteen letters—

A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L
	M	N	





CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Patty next came to her sister the rain had gone. Amy was quite well, and the child came running to learn her lessons with a bright, happy face.

Directly Jane pointed to the new letters, Patty said, "I know that; it is round

O

Grannie taught me round O long

ago. I love to say O O O, to Grannie."

"Well, after round O comes

P

P is Patty's letter; Patty shall try to draw P herself." So Jane put a piece of thin paper over P, and she put a pencil in Patty's little hand and helped her to draw P on the thin paper which was over the letter in the book. Then Jane told her P not only began Patty, but it also began Pinch; and if Patty took great pains to draw the P nicely

she would soon be able to write her own name.

Patty liked drawing the P very much ; and when Jane showed her the next letter—

Q

she wanted to draw that too, but Jane said, “No!” she could only let her draw her own letter. But she was to say Q six times, and after that she would see the three letters cut out in card ; and she must look very hard at the card Q, for something particular was going to happen to it.

Patty was very attentive, and said at once—

Q Q Q
Q Q Q

Then Patty saw Jane cut out the three letters in card, O P Q.

Jane asked Patty for her slate, and told her to put the letters on it.

“Shut your eyes, Patty, for two minutes.”

Patty shut her eyes.

“Now you may open them, and tell me what you see.”

Patty opened her eyes, and then she saw on the Q there was a beautiful little gold crown! Jane had stuck it on while Patty's eyes were shut.

“Oh! how pretty! Why have you made Q so fine?”

“Because it is the Queen's letter, and the Queen is the first lady in the land.”

“The Queen's letter must have a box all to itself, sister.”

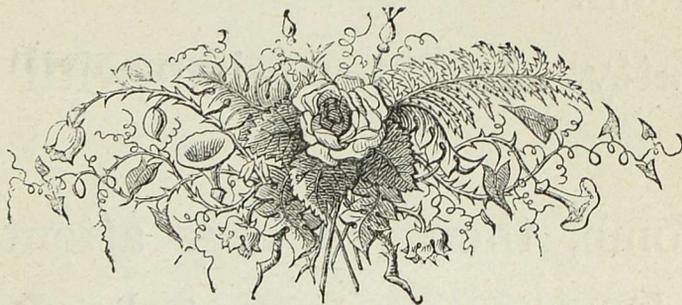
“No, that is not necessary.”

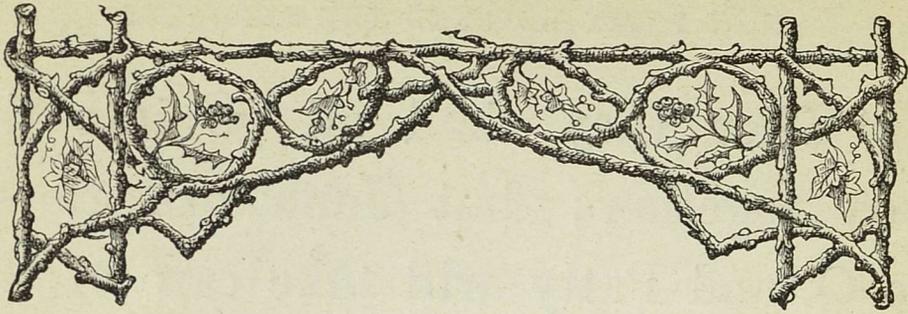
“Well, put Patty's letter with it.”

“No, that would be like making your letter better than the rest.”

“Then they shall all go into the box together; but Jane can tie P to Q, and Patty will take care of the Queen.”

“That’s right, Patty; always remember, though you are but a little girl, you are to love the Queen; and begin by taking care of her letter.”





CHAPTER VII.

“PATTY, if you are a good little girl, and learn your letters quickly to-day, Grandmamma says she will take you for a drive with her in the afternoon.”

“Patty likes to drive with Gran-
nie.”

“Come, then, be very attentive to your lessons; you must learn three more letters to-day—

R S T

“R S T,” said Patty.

“Now say them after me—R S T.”

“R S T.”

“S T R.”

“S T R.”

“Good girl; now say them this way—T R S.”

“T R S.”

“Now, I think you know them, and as I am very busy to-day, you shall say over the letters you know, and then you may go and play.”

“Patty go now, Patty don't want to say all her letters.”

“Oh! but Patty must say them all over.”

“Only once, then!”

“Only once, if you say them right.”

“A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q.”

“And now the three you learnt to-day—R S T.”

Patty looked at the letters a minute, then she began, “R S K.”

“No, Patty, that is not K; it is T.”

“T,” said Patty.

“Now say them again.”

“R S K.”

“Fie, Patty! you know it is not K. Look at it again. What is it?”

“K,” said Patty.

Jane looked at Patty. Patty was frowning and looking very naughty.

Jane said, “You must try and be good, Patty. Run once round the garden, and when you come back you must say that letter.”

Patty went round the garden; but when she came back her face was still very black, and she did not say the letter.

Then Jane was very sad; she said Patty would have to take a walk, instead of driving with Grandmamma in the carriage.

In the evening Grandmamma said

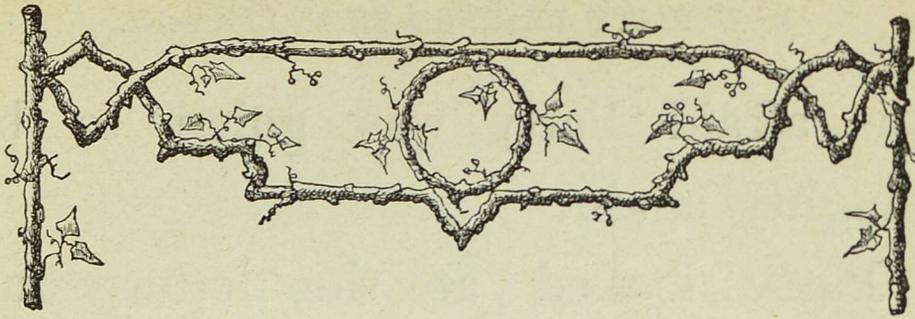
to Patty, "I thought my little girl was to have a drive with me to-day."

"Was I?" said Patty. She did not wish Grandmamma to know she had been naughty.

"Yes, you know Jane told you if you were a good little girl with your lessons you should drive with me."

"Patty good now!"

"Well, my child, when you say your prayer to-night, ask God to forgive you for being naughty; and ask Him to help you to be good to-morrow."



CHAPTER VIII.

“PATTY, before we learn the new letters, say over all the old ones,” said Jane.

Patty began—

“A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q R S.”

Then came the last letter she had learned; she stopped, and gave a deep sigh.

Jane’s heart beat very fast; she

was afraid Patty was going to be naughty again.

Patty looked at the letter, and then at Jane; but when she saw how grieved and anxious her sister looked, she could not bear it. She threw her little arms round Jane's neck, put her lips close to Jane's ear, and said in a low voice, as if it were very hard to do it,

T

Jane was so glad, she gave the little girl a long, long kiss; and Patty felt so happy that she began at

once, without being asked, to say
“T T T.”

“Patty knows ‘T,’ now, sister.”

“Come, then, and learn three more
letters—

U V W

“U V W, U V W, U V W,”
said Patty.

“Now, Patty shall write her own
letter.” First, Jane held Patty’s
hand while she wrote P with a
pencil on her slate. Then Patty
tried to make a P all by herself.
While she was writing the P, Jane

said she would cut out the three letters Patty had just learnt; but she had not a piece of card large enough in the room, so she told Patty to run up to her bed-room and she would find some cards on the table; she was to take three of these and bring them to Jane.

Up went Patty as fast as her little legs would carry her to Jane's room, which was at the top of the house; there was a broad landing there, with a rail, over which, if Patty stood on tip-toe, she could look all down to the hall below. Patty was often sent by Jane to her bed-room, and she

sometimes stayed a very long time amusing herself with Jane's pretty things instead of coming quickly. This displeased Jane, who said, "When little girls were sent to fetch things they should be quick, and not dawdle about."

Patty thought of this as she was going up stairs. She went into her sister's room, saw the cards on the table, took three of them, and was just coming down stairs again, when she thought she must have *one* peep over the top of the rail; she put her hand out to hold herself up, when one of the cards slipped out

of her hand and flew all the way down stairs, but Patty only saw it go half way down.

“What a pity I could not see it fly to the bottom,” thought Patty; and quickly she ran into her sister’s room for a stool to stand on. Then letting the other cards out of her hand, she said,

“See which can fly down first; Patty coming.”

In her eagerness to see which got to the bottom first, Patty leaned over the rail so far that she lost her balance; and had it not been for a servant who happened to come by



PATTY AT HER TRICKS.

just in time to catch hold of Patty, she would have fallen all the way to the stone hall, and never have been able to learn any more letters; as it happened, she was very much frightened, and the servant was so angry with her for doing such a dangerous thing, that Patty began to cry.

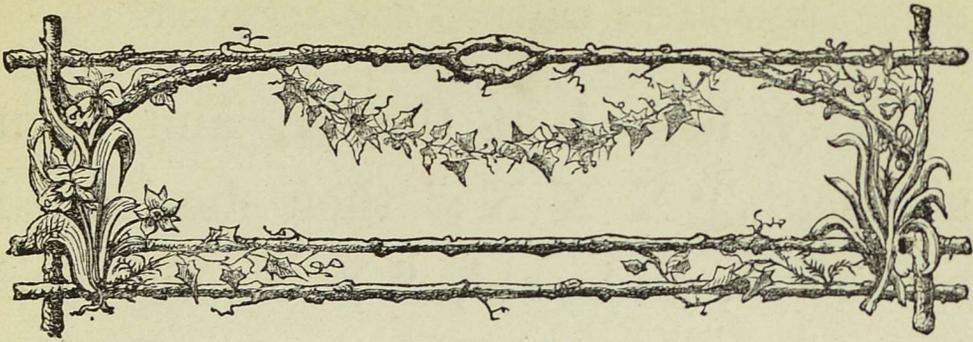
Jane came running up stairs to see what was the matter, and was also so shocked at the thought of how nearly poor little Patty had escaped a terrible fall, that she spoke quite seriously to Patty, who felt very much ashamed of herself, and

promised Jane she would never try to lean over the rail again.

Jane cut out the three letters from the cards Patty brought her—
U V W.

Patty called them her flying letters, because they had flown down stairs by themselves; and as she put them into the box she said, “One day they shall fly again in a safe place where I can see which flies best.”





CHAPTER IX.

“HERE are the last three letters,
Patty—

X Y Z

Come and learn them quickly.”

“The last three letters of all the
alphabet, sister?”

“Yes; look at them well, and try
to learn them.”

Patty looked at the X, and then she said, "X X X;" then she looked at the Y, and said, "Y Y Y;" and last of all she looked at the Z, and said, "Z Z Z."

Then Jane gave her a pencil, and she wrote all by herself her own letter P six times, while Jane cut out the three last letters in card—
X Y Z.

Then Jane made her look over all her letters to see if she had lost any; but they were all safe in the little box which Patty kept in her pocket.

"That will do, Patty. To-morrow

you shall say your letters to Grandmamma. I hope you will not make one mistake."

"Does Grannie know all the letters? Will Grannie know if I make a mistake?"

"Of course she will; why do you ask?"

"Because Grannie often forgets things. Perhaps she has forgotten her letters."

"No, no, Grannie remembers her letters; and I hope Patty will remember them too, and say them very nicely to Grandmamma."

When to-morrow came little Patty

tapped at the door of Grandmamma's room.

"Come in," said Grandmamma.

Patty walked in with the box in her hand, kissed Grandmamma, and said, "Patty come to tell Grannie her letters."

"Very well, my darling. I hope you know them all."

"Do *you*, Grannie?"

"We shall see; you shall say them to me first, and then I will say them to you; and if I say them wrongly you must correct me."

Patty thought it would be very nice to be able to teach Grannie

her letters; and she very much hoped Grannie would not quite remember all, that she might have the pleasure of telling her at least two or three.

“Now I shall only take out a few at a time and put on my slate—A B C D E F.”

Having said them, Patty took out the brown paper.

“What have you there?”

“*Your* letter, Grannie, and Jane’s,” said Patty, as she took out the G and J from the three-cornered brown paper, which looked rather the worse for wear.

Grandmamma laughed to see *her*

letter and Jane's wrapped up so carefully; but she kissed Patty, and said, "Dear little child."

Then Patty said, "This stroke is I."

Then she took out H K L M N O, laid them on her slate, and darted off to the corner of the room for a minute. When she came back she said,

"Now Grannie must shut her eyes. *Now* look!"

When Grannie opened her eyes she saw on the slate P tied with a bit of blue silk to Q.

"Do you know what these are, Grannie? This is Q, the Queen's



GRANNIE AND PATTY.

letter, with a beautiful crown which Jane put on, and this is my letter P taking care of the Queen. Now, R S U."

"But where is T?" said Grandmamma.

"Hush, Grannie! T is in the corner. T, naughty letter."

"What do you mean, Patty? Go and find T, and bring it to me with the rest."

Patty went rather unwillingly to the corner and took up T, and Grannie put it on the slate, and told Patty not to call the letter naughty again. If Patty had been

naughty in learning it, she was sure Patty would not be naughty again.

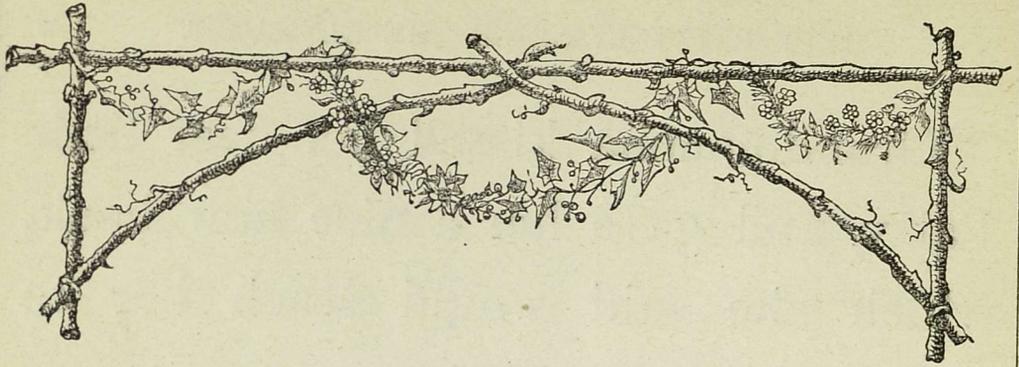
Patty said, "No, I am good now;" so T took its place with the other letters, and Patty said all the rest without a mistake—V W X Y Z.

"Now, Grannie, tell them all to Patty."

It took some time to hear Grand-mamma her letters. Some she said quite right at once, but some she said wrong; and Patty had to put her right. However, at last Grand-mamma and Patty knew the letters so well that they never forgot them again.

Grandmamma kissed her dear little Patty, and gave her a nice new book, which she said would teach her to read.





P
R
E
T
T
Y

V
E
R
S
E
S
 F
O
R
 P
A
T
T
Y
 T
O
 L
E
A
R
N.

A LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blessed Jesus! near Thy side.

Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.





A LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near
me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

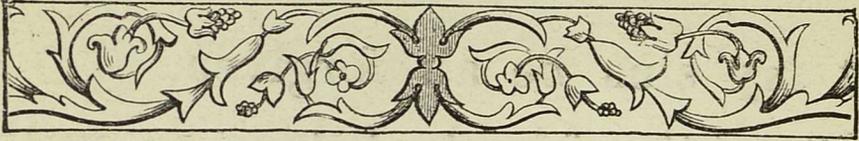
Through this day Thy hand has led
me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and
fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.



NOT AFRAID.

I WILL not fear,
For God is near
Through the dark night,
As in the light;
And, while I sleep,
Safe watch will keep.
Why should I fear,
When God is near?



A PRAYER FOR GRACE TO RESEMBLE
THE LORD JESUS.

LORD! hear a little infant pray
The little simple words I say;
O Saviour, listen from Thy throne,
And deign to call a child Thine own.

I would be Thine, and like to Thee,
And serve Thee in simplicity;
Renew my heart, my sins forgive,
And teach me, Saviour, how to live.

When other little ones I see,
Loving and gentle may I be ;
Affection to my teachers show,
And learn how much to them I owe.

Oh never, Saviour, never let
My heart Thy wondrous love forget ;
Thou who wast mocked and crucified !
Thou who for love of me hast died !





THE BEST PATTERN.

No mocking jest, nor angry word,
Was ever from the Saviour heard:
Holy He was, and meek, and mild;
A pattern for the youngest child.

Lord, help me by Thy grace to be
Lowly, and kind of heart, like Thee;
Gentle and peaceful, meek and mild,
Thy servant, though a little child.



