

LITTLE  
LESSONS  
FOR  
LITTLE LEARNERS.  
IN WORDS OF  
ONE SYLLABLE.



NEW HAVEN.  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY S. BABCOCK.

1840.

William Casler



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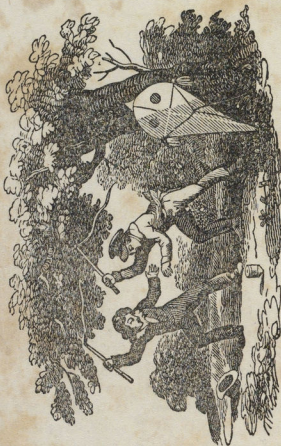


## LITTLE LESSONS.

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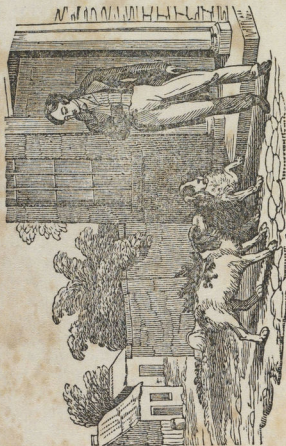
### THE PIG AND THE DOG.

See the fat old pig. He can not run this hot day; the sun is hot, and he is too fat. But the dog can run, and he can get the pig by the ear. See! he has bit the pig on the leg and now it is all red. Oh! dog, do not do so to the fat old pig. Tom, run and put the pig in his sty, and do not let the dog get at him: run, run, for now the dog has got him by the ear. Hit the dog, Tom, if he will not let the pig go. See how red his ear is! How did the pig get out of his sty? Why, sir, the bar was not up; I did not put it up when I fed him. Well, put it up now. You are to see to it. Now let us all go in, for it is a hot day: it is too hot for us to be out in the sun. Tom, did you put the pig in his sty? Yes, sir; and I put the bar up, so he can not now get out, and the dog can not get in.



## THE TOP AND THE KITE.

James Smith and George Jones went to the same school, and were great friends. One day, as James went out to fly his new kite, he met George with a fine large whip top in his hand. Come James, said he, let us go in the shade of that large tree and have some sport with my top. With all my heart, said George ; and in a short time the two lads were full of fun, with their whips and top. But they soon left these, and ran to set up the kite. As they had quite a large ball of twine, the kite was soon at a great height. But the wind was too strong for their twine, which soon broke, and down came the kite on the bare limb of an old elm tree, which tore a large hole in it and broke two of the sticks. This made the poor boys feel quite sad. But they said, It will do no good to cry ; let us go home and play with such toys as we have left.





## THE TWO LAME DOGS.

A man one day saw a dog who had hurt his leg and was quite lame. The man took the dog home with him in his arms, and tied up his leg, and kept him in his house for two days. He then sent the dog out of his house to find his old home; for it was not his own dog, and he had no right to keep him; but each day the dog came back for this kind man to dress his leg; and this he did till it was quite well. In a few weeks the dog came back once more, and with him a dog who was lame.

The dog who had been lame and was now well, first gave the man a look, and then he gave the lame dog a look, as much as to say, "You made my lame leg well, now pray do the same for this poor dog who has come with me." This tale is true, and it should teach us to think how we can best serve those who need our help.



## A RIDE AND A FALL.

Sam was not a good boy; he did not heed what he was told, and thus some times got hurt by his want of care. He should have thought that he was but a young boy, and did not know as well as his friends what was safe for him to do. But he did not care for what he was told, till the day that he took his ride, and a sad ride it was; but it did him good at last.

One day a man rode up to the house and got off his horse, which he tied to a post. As he saw Sam in the door, he told him not to go near the horse, or he might get hurt. When the man had gone, Sam got on the horse in great haste, so as to have a short ride. As soon as the horse felt Sam's light weight, he set off at full speed. Poor Sam clung to the mane of the horse as long as he could; but he was soon thrown to the ground, and had two of his ribs broke!



## THE SAIL BOAT.

How we go up and down on the waves; first we rise up, and then we sink down, and my face is wet with the spray of the sea. Now we do not rise up and sink down. Why is this? The waves rise up high near the shore at all times, and when the wind blows hard, all the waves in the sea are high; but it is calm to day, so that the boat does not rock now that we have come from the shore. When we go back it will rise and sink with the waves as it did just now. How small the town looks, and the hills, and the trees; I can but just see them! Now we will turn the bow of the boat and go home. We will take down the sail and row, for the wind blows us from the shore. I see aunt as she walks on the beach. She waves her hand to me and I will wave my cap to her. Here we are at last, and I can jump on shore.



## JANE MUST LEARN TO SEW.

Here, Jane, come and sit down on this stool and I will try to learn you to sew. Here is a bit of cloth which will make a nice frill for my new cap, and you may hem it for me. I should like to wear a frill that you have made. I will turn it down for you, and then you must hem it as neat as you can. But stop, let me see your hands. I think they do not look quite fit to sew with; they will soil your work. Go and wash them clean, and be sure to wipe them dry. Now sit here, with your face to the light. You can not see if you sit with your back to the light. Hold your work in this way, and sit up straight. There, that is right. Do not sew too fast, but take great pains to make each stitch as small and neat as you can. When you have done as far as this mark, hand it up to me, that I may see if you have done it well.





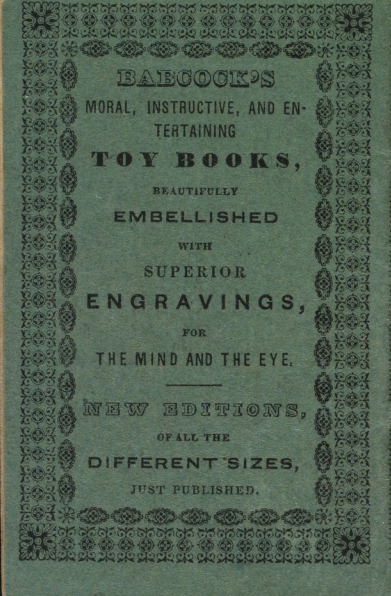
## LOST IN A SNOW STORM.

A long way from here, in a land where a great deal of snow falls, and where the hills are quite large and high, live some good men, whose joy it is to help folks who pass by these hills. These folks have been known to sink in the snow, and the cold makes them so weak and faint, that they sleep till the cold and frost kill them. Well, these good men live in a house on these high hills, and keep some large dogs, which they teach to go out and search for those who may be lost in the snow drifts. The dogs have so fine a scent, or smell, that they can find a man by means of it, when it is too dark to see, or when he is hid deep in the snow drift.

One dark cold night, when the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill, these good men heard one of their dogs bark at the gate; and when they went out with a light, they saw

the dog there, with a boy on his back. The poor child was stiff with cold, and could but just hold on the dog's back. The men took him in, and when he was warm and had eat some food, he told them that he had lain a long time in the snow, and was too ill and weak to walk; the snow fell fast on him and he was all but dead, when he heard a dog bark, and felt some thing pull him by the coat. This, he said, gave him some hope, and he put out his hands and got a good hold of the dog with both of them, and then the dog drew him out of the snow; but he was too weak to walk, and so he got on the dog's back, and put his arms round the dog's neck, and thus he held on, and the dog took him all the way to the good men's house with ease, for he was a small boy, and the dog was large and strong. The men took care of the boy till the snow was gone, and then sent him to his own home.





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