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New Battledore.



MY FATHER.

When first his little boy,
Of hope and future joy,
Did not those hopes destroy?
My Father.

When me when a poor man came,
Said something in God's name,
Did not all my heart the same?
My Father.

When I labour to excel,
And can read and write so well,
Do not my friends with pride may tell
My Father.

m z n x w p k l u j
t x v q r b f d e g c h o i.

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.



abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.

LESSON I.

cu cy da de di do du fa
fe fi fo fu ma me mi mo

LESSON II.

It is wrong for you to hurt either
bird or beast, or any dumb creature.

They can feel pain, and know who
is kind to them.

If we have done bad, let us do
some good.

Take care you do not play with
bad boys or girls.

If you do, you will be beat with
a rod.





MY FATHER.

Who call'd me first his little boy,
His source of hope and future joy,
And bade me not those hopes destroy?
My Father.

Who taught me when a poor man came,
To ask for something in God's name,
To give with all my heart the same?
My Father.

For him I'll labour to excel,
And strive to read and write so well,
That all my friends with pride may tell
My Father.



MY MOTHER.

When first my eyes beheld the light,
Who said my little eyes were bright
And that I was her soul's delight?

My Mother.

Who watch'd my cradle every hour,
And pray'd to the Almighty pow'r
Upon her babe his gifts to show'r?

My Mother.

Who taugt my bosom to rejoice,
In God alone who hears my voice,
And makes his way my pleasant choice?

My Mother.