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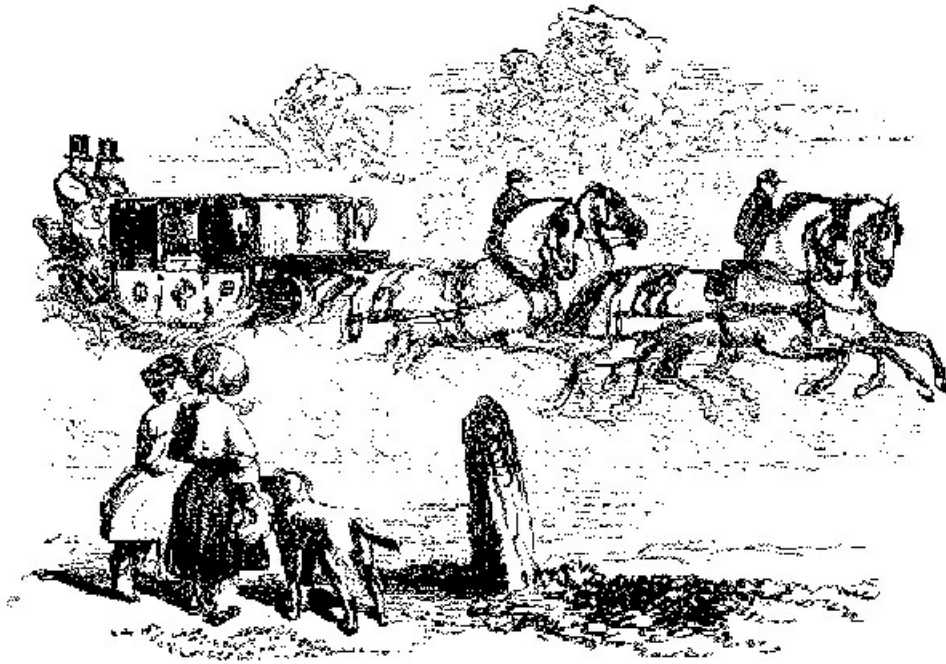
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PETER AND PATTY.

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PETER AND PATTY.



CHAPTER I.

VISIT TO THEIR UNCLE PHILIP—THE FIELD—UNCLE PHILIP AND PETER—PETER AND PATTY AND THE FLOWERS.

Little Peter and his sister Patty went to see their uncle Philip, and to stop at his house for some time. Peter was very glad, and Patty was very glad too; for uncle Philip was very kind.

Little Peter took with him a few books, and a kite, and a peg-top; and Patty took her rope to skip with, and her doll, and her hoop.

"How do you do, Peter?" said uncle Philip. "And how do you do, Patty? I hope you will be as happy with me as two little larks."

Uncle Philip's house had fields round it, and in the fields were trees, and horses, and cows, and sheep, and lambs; and uncle Philip had a garden, which had in it fruit and flowers. Peter said he knew he should be happy in the fields, and Patty said she should be happy in every place if Peter was with her.

Peter and Patty were in the fields, and just as uncle Philip came up to them, a bird flew out of a tree, a fish leaped up in the pond, a hare ran into the wood, and a spider was busy making his web.

"Can you fly like a bird?" said uncle Philip.

"No," said little Peter.

"Can you swim like a fish?"

"No, I cannot."

"Can you run like a hare?"

"No, not half so fast."

"Can you spin like a spider?"

"No."

"Can you hiss like a goose?"

"Yes I can,—hiss! hiss!"

"Well, if you cannot fly like a bird, nor swim like a fish, nor run like a hare, nor spin like a spider, and if you can only hiss like a goose, then you ought to be very humble, for it seems that the bird, the fish, the hare, and the spider are all of them, in some things, more clever than you are."

Little Peter looked as if he knew what his uncle said to be true; and it was true, even if he did not know it. Both the old and the young should be humble.

"What flower will you be, Patty?" said little Peter; "what flower will you be?"

"Tell me what you will be first," said Patty.

"Why, I will be a rose all in full bloom."

"I am sorry that you will be a rose, for your thorns will keep me from coming near to you."

"O, then, Patty, I will not be a rose. Let me see: I will be a pink, for that has no thorns."

"And I will be a violet, Peter, for it is so sweet, and it hides itself under the hedge."

"Ah, but if you hide under the hedge, or anywhere, I should look about till I found you, so you need not think of being alone, Patty."

"Yes, Peter, I hope you will look for me, for I shall be sure to peep out to see if you are coming."

It was then agreed that Patty should go and hide herself under the hedge, and be a violet; and that Peter should look for her a long time, and then find her, and love her better than ever.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY TO BE SAFE FROM SIN—JESUS CHRIST THE FRIEND OF ALL WHO TRUST IN HIM—WHERE THE WIND COMES FROM—UNCLE PHILIP EXPLAINS—PETER AND PATTY'S THOUGHTS—UNCLE PHILIP TELLS PETER ABOUT THE BIBLE—THE LAMBS AT PLAY—PETER WISHES TO RUN WITH THEM—"THE LAMB OF GOD."

One day a bull gave a loud roar, and Peter and Patty heard him.

"Let us get out of his way," said uncle Philip; so Peter and Patty ran to their uncle, and he helped them over the stile into the field.

In a minute or two after, the bull ran down the lane, and Peter and Patty saw him from the other side of the hedge. How glad they were to be in the field while he was in the lane!

"Every kind of sin," said uncle Philip, "is as bad as a wild bull, and the only way to be safe from it is to get out of its way."

"But how can we, uncle?" said little Patty; "if you had not been with us the bull would have tossed us with his sharp horns."

"Jesus Christ is the friend of all who trust in him," said uncle Philip; "he is always near you. Trust in him, and he will keep you safe in every evil."

"Where does the wind come from, uncle Philip?" said little Peter.

"Yes, where does the wind come from?" said little Patty.

"God sends the wind," said uncle Philip. "The east wind comes from a land where there are men that bow down to idols, and where there are camels and fierce tigers.

"The west wind comes from a land where there are red men, and great rivers, and great woods, and great bears, and great snakes.

"The north wind comes from a sea where there are whales, and high hills of ice and snow.

"The south wind comes from a land where there are black men, and hot sand, and lions, and monkeys."

Both Peter and Patty thought that as there were so many fearful things where the wind came from, it was much better that the wind should come to them, than that they should go to the wind.

Little Peter went into a room one day, when uncle Philip had the Bible before him on the table.

"Peter," said uncle Philip, "the Bible is God's book. The Bible says God made the world. The Bible says that every one is a sinner. The Bible says that Jesus Christ died on the cross for sinners.

"If the Bible is God's book, it must be the best book. If God made the world, he must be very wise, and very strong, and very good. If every one is a sinner, then you must be a sinner; and if Jesus died for sinners, then you ought to love him, to fear him, to obey him, and to praise him."

Little Peter told his sister Patty almost every word that uncle Philip said about the Bible.

It was in the green field at the end of the shady lane that the lambs were racing in the sun. Their faces were mild and pretty, but their legs were thick and woolly. Up and down the fields they ran, as fast as their legs could carry them.

At one time they went into the hollow at the corner of the field, where the gravel had been taken away; and then they

leaped on the hillock by the hedge, and stood there, as much as to say, "See how clever we are!"

Peter, who sadly wanted to share their sport, set off to the hillock; but the lambs ran away. Peter ran too; but the longer he ran, the more he was behind.

For a moment Peter stood still as he looked after the lambs, having half a mind to try again; but when he saw that they would not play with him, he turned on his heel, saying, "You may run and play just as you like, for my sister Patty is worth all of you."

Uncle Philip soon after came into the field, and began to talk with them, in a very sweet manner, about the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

CHAPTER III.

THE KITE—THE KNIFE—HOW THE BOY LOOKED—WHAT HE DID—THE RABBIT— HOW PETER AND PATTY FELT—PRAYER FOR PETER AND PATTY—COACH AND LAME LADY.

Little Peter was out flying his kite, with his sister Patty, when a rude boy came up and broke off the tail, and ran away with it.

"I have a great mind," said little Peter, red with anger, "to get a thick stick out of the hedge, and go and beat him."

Just at that moment Patty picked up a knife which had fallen from the rude boy's pocket. "Peter," said she, "take it to him, take it to him!" But Peter would not; so Patty took it herself.

"Here," said she, "you have lost your knife. Take it, for we have no right to keep what does not belong to us."

The boy looked very silly, and held down his head, while he took the knife that Patty held out to him, and gave her the tail of the kite.

The very next day, when Peter went out again with Patty, the rude boy came to them to give them a handful of nuts, and to help Peter to fly his kite. Little Patty did more by her gentle, kind manner, than Peter would have done with his thick stick. Let all who read remember to return good for evil.

At the back of uncle Philip's house was a large yard; at one end of the yard was a stable, at one corner of the stable was a pen for rabbits, and in the pen were a black and white doe, and some young ones.

Little Peter and Patty used to feed them with bran, and clover, and greens; and Patty, now and then, took her doll to see them.

One day the pen was left open, when a young rabbit got out and crept under the door of the stable, into the yard. This was a sad pity, for the house-dog killed it in a minute.

When Peter and Patty came to know of it, they were very sorry. Peter said it was all his fault, and Patty said she was to blame for not seeing that the pen was shut; but they both made up their mind never again to leave the pen till the door was shut, and made as fast as it could be.

Uncle Philip made a little prayer for Peter and Patty, in these words:—

"O Lord, I am very weak; help me. I know but very little; make me wise. Teach me to love thee, to fear thee, to obey thee, and to praise thee. Guide me into good. Guard me from evil. Bless all my friends. Grant me thy Holy Spirit, and pardon my sins for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

In a short time both Peter and Patty could say this prayer. "And now," said uncle Philip, "you have only to pray that you may be able to say it as much with your hearts as with your lips."

It is a good thing to call on the name of the Lord.

It was about the middle of a very fine day, that a coach and four horses went along the road almost in a gallop. A lady was in the coach. Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, and a cloud of dust rose in the air. Peter and Patty were

in the road.

"How should you like to be a fine lady," said Peter, "and ride in a coach?"

"I cannot tell," said Patty, "but I think I should like it."

Some time after this the coach came back again, when little Patty saw the head of a crutch close to the coach window.

"See," said Patty, "the poor lady must be lame, she has a crutch in the coach."

"O, then," said Peter, "I would rather have you run about as you do now, than be a lame fine lady, with a coach and four horses."

How ought we to thank God for the use of our limbs!

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY GRAY—WHAT PATTY SAID—HOW TO READ THE SKY—THE HERMIT—PETER AND PATTY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD.

Little Patty had a friend; her name was Lucy Gray, and poor Lucy fell sick and died.

When Patty heard that Lucy Gray was dead, she was very sorry: soon after she was heard to talk to herself in this way:—

"Poor Lucy is dead. She was not so old by half a year as I am, and yet she is gone first. When she fell sick I said to her, 'Never mind, Lucy; you will soon be well again, and we will play with our dolls as we used to do.' She looked at me then very hard and said: 'No, Patty, I shall go to Jesus, who died for me on the cross.' Poor Lucy! I did love her very dearly, but I shall never see her face again."

Here Patty was silent, but all in a moment she began to talk again, thus:—

"What do I mean by saying, 'I shall never see her face again?' Indeed, but I shall though, for mamma tells me that the dead will rise again, and that all who love Jesus Christ will go to heaven and have a crown of life. Yes, yes! I shall see Lucy again, and Lucy will see me, and then we shall no more leave each other."

"Come here, Patty," said uncle Philip, "and come here, Peter. You have read your books, and now I will teach you how to read the sky.

"When the sky is clear it says, 'Love God.' When it is stormy it says, 'Fear God.' When it is lit up with the sun it says, 'Praise God;' and when one part is clear and shining, and another part cloudy, then it says, 'Love God, fear God, and praise God,' all at the same time."

Little Patty said she would read the sky every day; but Peter said if she did, she would be sure, now and then, to read it wrong. She would fear God when she ought to love him.

"Never mind that," said uncle Philip; "never mind that, Patty; for you cannot be much wrong, while you love, or fear, or praise the Lord."

Uncle Philip told Peter and Patty about a man with a long beard, who lived by himself in a cave. This man was called a hermit. He ate roots and fruit, and drank water, and gave good advice to the poor people.

Soon after this little Peter made up his mind to be a hermit. Patty helped to dress him up in an old coat to make him like an old man, and he set off with a staff in his hand to be all alone in the hovel at the end of the field for two hours. He was to be sure not to come away, and Patty was to be sure not to go to him.

How very odd it was that at the end of half an hour, Peter the hermit should meet little Patty in the middle of the field. Peter was going to ask Patty to come and tell him when the two hours were at an end, and Patty was going to ask Peter if she might be one of the poor people and come to him for advice.

"Help me to pull off this coat," said Peter; "for what is the use of my moping by myself in the dark hovel, when I can play out in the open field with my sister Patty?"



CHAPTER V.

A SHORT SERMON—THE MOLES—A LITTLE LESSON—WHAT PETER AND PATTY SAID—LEAVE UNCLE PHILIP—THE "GOOD-BY."

Uncle Philip once gave little Peter and his sister Patty a short sermon. You shall hear it.

"My text," said uncle Philip, "is, 'I am the way.' These words were spoken by Jesus Christ.

"Now if he is the way to heaven, you should keep in that way, and never wander from it. You should love Jesus Christ, and fear him, and obey him in all things.

"Never mind the road to heaven being stony; for he can make what is rough very smooth. Never mind the water you pass through being deep; he will take care that it does not flow over you. Only trust him, and you will be safe. He carries the little lambs in his bosom, and he will keep you from all evil. These are his own kind words: 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.'"

When uncle Philip was gone, Peter and Patty had a little talk about the sermon. Peter said the text was, "I am the way," and Patty said, "Jesus Christ carries the lambs in his bosom."

"How green the grass is!" said little Patty. "But who has been making these round heaps of dirt? See, Peter!—one, two, three, four, five!"

"O! I know who made them, Patty, for uncle Philip told me. The moles made them."

"Do tell me what a mole is."

"A mole is a little thing rather larger than a mouse, with a very soft furry skin, as black as a crow. It has hands like yours, only they are so little; and it has very, very little eyes."

"How many legs has the mole?"

"It has four legs, and a sharp nose, and with its little hands and sharp nose it makes a long hole for itself, and lives under ground."

"But why does it throw up heaps of dirt on the nice clean grass?"

"Why, Patty, how could it make room for itself to live under ground, if it did not throw out the dirt?"

"Very true. I see now that the sly mole knows what he is about."

"Uncle Philip says some people think the mole does harm, when he casts up the dirt; and others say he does good, and if they would spread the dirt over the grass it would make it grow."

"I am glad," said Patty, "if the mole does good to the grass."

"And so am I," said Peter; "but if he does no good in this way, I am sure that he does in some other way, for uncle Philip says, God has not made a single thing in vain."

"Now for a little lesson," said uncle Philip to Peter and Patty.

"Adam was the first man, and Eve was the first woman. God made them both.

"Noah built the ark, and was saved alive in it when the world was drowned. He did not know how to build the ark till God told him.

"Moses was the man who led God's people in the desert, and across the Red Sea. He could not have done this if God had

not been with him.

"David, the man after God's own heart, killed a great giant with a sling and stone. God gave him power, or the giant would have killed him.

"Paul and Peter were good men, who loved the Saviour. God gave them his Holy Spirit to guide them. But Peter did one thing that I hope you will never do—he denied his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Peter and Patty said they would pray to God that they might love Jesus Christ, and never, never deny him.

When the day was come for little Peter and Patty to go home, they were both sorry to leave their uncle Philip.

"Let us bid good-by to the garden," said Peter. So they went to the garden. Peter brought away a pink, and Patty a violet.

From the garden they went to the fields. "Good-by, little lambs," said Patty; "and good-by, little lambs," said Peter. "I wish you good-by, though you would not play with me."

They next went to the lane where they had seen the bull, and then to the hovel where Peter had played the hermit. After that they took a peep at the rabbits in the pen, and then ran to kiss their uncle.

"I hope you will not forget me, but come again to see me," said uncle Philip.

"Yes! O yes!" cried Peter, as he was lifted into the coach, "we will come again."

"We may forget the garden," said Patty, "and the hovel, and the rabbits; but we shall never forget dear uncle Philip."

THE END.

[The end of *Peter and Patty* by Anonymous]