WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

by Mary Godolphin

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

PART I

PREFACE

As offering to the public another volume on pge plans of reducing popular tales into words of One Syllable exclusively, I wish it to be clearly understood that it is intended for Adult Beginners, no less than for Children. Of the many persons who do not begin to acquire the art of reading till somewhat late in life, and it is for such that I think a work of this kind will be found a great boon.

It may be objected that my system involves the use of words which, though short, are difficult to understand and might be more intelligible in polysyllabic language. But I have endeavored as far as possible to avoid this difficulty, by using words which are in common use, and which, from their frequent repetition, are easily understood by the ear, though not by the eye. This method has the additional advantage of affording a difficulty which pupils who have only attained to the knowledge of monosyllables cannot conquer by independent effort.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the great favor with which my previous books of the same character have been received, and I am glad to hear that they have been found useful as Prizes in Schools.

I hope that this attempt will be received in the same manner. Whether it succeeds or fails, I shall be well satisfied, if it induces children to read.

As I read through the will water of this world, I come to a place where there was a den, and I lay down in it to sleep. While I slept I had a dream, and I saw a man whose clothes were in rags and he stood with his face from his house, and a book in his hand, and a big pack on his back. I saw this man read from the book in a loud, sad tone, and as he read, he wept and shook with fear, and at length he cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?"

So in this plight he went home, and as long as he could he held his peace, but his wife and babes should not see his grief. But at length he told them his mind, and they, to give way to his grief, cry out, "Why, what ails our dear Sam? Is he ill? Has a bee flew fast on us, and more than this, I have been told that one who has been told that one who has been told that, who has been told, who has been told, who has been told