





SCHOOL READING BY GRADES



BALDWIN'S READERS
SECOND YEAR



AMERICAN ~ BOOK ~ COMPANY
NEW YORK ~ CINCINNATI ~ CHICAGO



SCHOOL READING BY GRADES



SECOND YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN



NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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SCHOOL READING BY GRADES. SECOND YEAR.

W. P. 67

PREFACE.

THE chief purpose of this volume, as of the others in the series, is to help the pupil learn to read; and to this object everything else is subservient. Bearing in mind the fact that only those children who like to read ever become good readers, the author has endeavored so to construct and arrange the several lessons as to make each reading exercise a source of pleasure to all. The successive stories, poems, and other pieces have been chosen so as to present a varied succession of thoughts and images pleasing to the child—thus stimulating his interest from day to day, arousing his curiosity, directing his imagination, and adding to his store of knowledge. The gradation is as nearly perfect as possible, each lesson being but a little more difficult than that which precedes it. All new words that would be likely to offer the slightest difficulties to the learner are printed in the word lists at the beginning of the selection.

Since each recitation must necessarily be short, all the longer pieces have been divided into parts—each part being sufficient in most cases for one lesson. This method obviates the objection usually made to long selections in books of this grade, and makes it possible to present in complete form several adaptations of productions that are by common consent recognized as classical. The constant trend of the lessons in all the volumes in this series is towards leading the learner, as soon as he is prepared for it, to a knowledge and appreciation of the best things in the permanent literature of the world.

The illustrations are more numerous than in any other book of its class, and are the work of the best artists. They are not merely pictures inserted for the purpose of ornament; but are intended to be valuable aids towards making the reading exercise enjoyable and instructive. Some will assist the child's understanding; some will excite and direct his imagination; nearly all may be used as the basis of interesting conversations or object lessons.

An examination of the volume will reveal many other important features. Among these, special attention may be called to the following, viz.: the suggestions for language work, which ingenious teachers will extend and apply in connection with very many lessons; the letter writing; the numerous lessons in nature study; the many instructive stories that will appeal to the child's better nature and strengthen his love of right doing; lessons relating to the history of our country or to the lives of great men; short pieces to be memorized, occurring here and there throughout the volume. Many of these features, while of great importance in themselves, will appeal especially to teachers who desire to use the reading lesson as a center of correlation with other studies.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Talking Book	5	Bob White	75
The Pet Squirrel	10	How Rollo learned to Work	79
The Fox in the Well	13	Androclus and the Lion	84
George and the Hatchet	15	Be True	91
The Brook	19	Ned and the Farmer's Boy	92
Hark ! Hark !	20	Two Honest Men	97
Happy Days	21	Filling a Basket with Water	101
The Leaves	22	Singing	104
Two Friends and Two Letters	23	Fanny and the Chickens	105
A Day in Autumn	26	Only One Mother	109
The Acorn	30	Hilda and Miss Juliet	110
The Song of the Lark	33	The Rain and the Sun	117
Robin's First Walk	37	The Seasons	118
A Summer Shower	41	Good Night and Good Morn- ing	120
Little White Lily	42	A Story of George Washing- ton	122
Rabbits and Turtles	44	Bobby	127
The Race	46	Songs of Birds	132
The Way to be Happy	50	How a Butterfly Grows	136
The Waves and the Boat	53	A Day to be Remembered	140
A Good Boy	56	The Beaks of Birds	145
Henry and the Bee	57	Kind-hearted Peasie	147
The Honey Makers	61	Verses to be Memorized	160
Little Red Riding Hood	65		
Little Golden Hair	74		

SCHOOL READING.

SECOND YEAR.



Robert	amuse	want	floor
once	tired	bought	himself
whose	strange	dream	creatures

THE TALKING BOOK.

I.

1. Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert. He lived in the country with his father and mother, and he was the only child in the house.

2. As there were no children for him to play with, he had to amuse himself in any way that he could.

3. He made friends with the bees in the meadow, and with the birds in the woods. He knew where the grass grew tallest, and where the pretty wild flowers bloomed.



Robert.

II.

4. One day when it rained, Robert could not go out of doors. He sat by the window, and looked at the big drops falling on the grass and on the stones in the road.

5. He said, "How glad I should be if the rain could talk to me. I should like it to tell me where it has come from and where it is going."

6. But the rain only said, "Tap, tap, tap," as it fell on the roof and ran down to the ground. It could not tell him anything.

7. Robert had been in doors all day, and he was tired and sleepy. He had been looking at the pictures in a pretty book that his father had bought for him in the city. But now the book was on the floor, not far from the window.

8. When Robert grew tired of hearing the rain's "Tap, tap!" he turned to the book and said, "Pretty book, come and talk to me! Come and tell me all that you know!"

9. He did not think that the book would say anything. But all at once it flew



All at once it flew open.

open, and Robert saw a pleasant face on one of its leaves.

III.

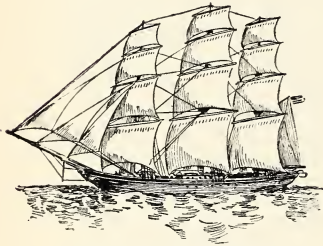
10. Then the book began to talk. It said, "If you want me to tell you what I know, you must learn to read me."

11. "What will you tell me about, if I learn to read you?" said Robert.

12. "Oh, I will tell you about many things,"

said the book. "I will tell you about the pretty creatures that live in the fields and the woods. I will tell you about the flowers in the garden and the meadow.

13. "I will tell you about the pleasant brook, and the flowing river, and the great wide sea where the white ships are sailing.



Where ships are sailing.

14. "I will tell you of lands far away; of the great cities, and their tall houses and busy streets; and of many other things that you have never seen.

15. "I will tell you about the blue sky above us, and the moon and stars, and the clouds that bring the rain."

IV.

16. The book was still for a minute, and then Robert said, "What else will you tell me, pretty book?"

17. "If you are a good child," said the book, "I will take you with me to the pleasant land where the fairies live."

18. "What will you show me when we are there?" said Robert.

"I will show you many strange things," said the book. "I will show you the fox that fell in the well, and the lark that sang in the meadow; and I will tell you about a dear little girl who stopped one day to talk with a fierce wolf.



The Fox.

19. "But you must learn to read me, or I can never take you with me to that pleasant land. You must learn to read me, or I can not tell you about the things that live there."

"Oh, I will learn!" said Robert.

v.

20. Just then the door opened, and Robert's mother came in. The book lay quite still on the floor and did not say another word.



Learning to read.

21. Robert opened his eyes, and said, "Oh, mother, I have had a dream! I thought that the book was talking to me. Now I am going to learn to read it."

tame	shot	squirrel	pussy
gone	shoot	hunter	chickens
forgot	gun	Bunny	branches

THE PET SQUIRREL.

I.

1. One day when Frank was in the woods he caught a little squirrel. He found it in a nest, high up in a tree.



The Squirrel.

2. The squirrel tried to bite him, but he held it fast and took it home with him. "Now I shall have a pretty pet," he said.

3. His sister Annie said, "What will its mother think, when she comes to her nest and finds her baby gone?"

"I did not think of that," Frank said. "But she will not care."

4. "What if you were the little squirrel—do you think your mother would not care?" Then Frank said, "In the morning I will take the little fellow back to his home in the woods."

II.

5. Early the next morning, Frank carried the squirrel back to the woods. There he met a hunter with a gun in his hands.

6. The hunter had seen the squirrel's nest high up in the tree. He said to Frank, "What are you going to do with that little squirrel?"

7. Frank said, "I am going to put it back in its nest. I am going to let it stay with its mother, here in the green woods."

8. The hunter said, "Its mother will never see it again. I have shot all the squirrels in the woods, and I will shoot that one, too, if you let it go."

9. Frank carried the squirrel back home. He would not leave it for the hunter to kill.



The Hunter

III.

10. The squirrel was soon very tame. It forgot all about its home in the tree top. Frank took good care of it and fed it every day. Annie named it Bunny. It would run about the house and play. Frank's baby



Frank had many other pets.

sister liked to play with it. She called it a little pussy.

11. It would run and play with Frank and Annie. It would climb the trees in the garden. It would swing from the branches, when the wind was blowing. It was a happy little squirrel.

12. Frank and Annie had many other pets. You can see some of them in the picture. How many chickens do you think Frank has?

bush	help	sight	quickly	poor
paw	reach	sorry	bottom	don't
die	smooth	ready	pity	afterwards

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

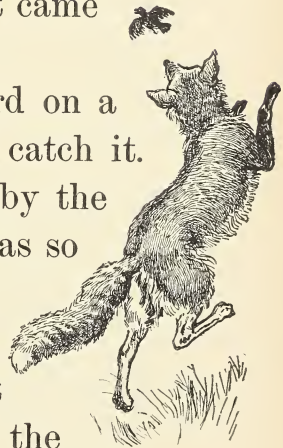
I.

1. A fox was walking in a field and looking for food. He was very hungry, and was ready to eat almost anything that came in his way.

2. When, at last, he saw a bird on a bush, he jumped very quickly to catch it. He did not see a well that was by the bush. The grass all around it was so high, that it was hid from sight.

3. The bird flew away, and the fox fell into the well. But he did not have to fall far, for the well was not deep, and there was only a little muddy water at the bottom.

4. The wall of the well was made of stone, and it was very smooth. All day the poor fox tried to climb out, but he could not. At last, he began to call for help.



II.

5. A wolf was going through the field, and heard his cry. He went to the top of the well, and peeped down.

6. The fox saw him, and was very glad. "Oh, my dear wolf!" he said. "You are good and kind. If you will reach down as far as you can, I think I can take hold of your paw. Then you can help me out."

7. But the wolf only sat by the well and looked down. "Poor little fox," he said, "what are you doing in that well? Is it not very cold and wet down there?"

8. "Yes," said the fox, "and I shall die if you don't help me out."

9. But the wolf only said, "Poor fox! You stand there in the water, and you must be very cold. I feel so sorry for you."

10. The fox said, "If you are so sorry for me, please help me out first, and then pity me afterwards."

11. I have heard of some people who are like the wolf. They are always sorry for others, but not always ready to help them.

chop	beast	fine	money
chips	cost	hatchet	mischief
cherry	arms	truth	woodsman
edge	marks	right	rosebush

GEORGE AND THE HATCHET.

I.

1. There was once a little boy whose name was George. He did not have many play-things, but one day his father gave him a bright, new hatchet. He was very much pleased, for he had been wanting a hatchet a long time.

2. He looked at its bright sides and its sharp edge, and said, "Thank you, father, for this pretty hatchet. I think I can make good use of it." Then he ran out of the house to try it.



The Hatchet.

3. There was a large stick of wood on the ground before the door, and he thought it would be fun to chop it in two. Every time he hit it with his hatchet the chips flew fast and far. But after a while he grew tired of the stick.

II.

4. He had often seen the men chopping down trees in the woods. He thought how fine it would be, if he could chop down a tree with his new hatchet.

5. So now, he ran away from the house, and out into the garden. What a fine place this was for a little woodsman! He played that the garden was the woods, and that all the plants were great trees with their tops reaching to the sky.

6. He found Pussy asleep under a rose-bush, and played that she was a fierce wild beast of the woods. But he was only a woodsman, and not a hunter; and so he went on, and did not waken her.

7. At last he found a tree that pleased him. It was a little tree; but it was green and pretty. How his hatchet made the chips fly! In five minutes the tree was chopped almost through. In another minute it fell to the ground.

8. The little woodsman had done enough work for one day. He left the pretty tree

where it had fallen, and went home through the garden. Then he put his hatchet away, and ran into the house to be his mother's little boy again.



He could see the marks of the hatchet.

III.

9. At noon George's father went out into the garden to look at the trees and flowers. "I should like to know how my new cherry

tree is growing this spring," he said ; and he went down the garden walk to see it.

10. What did he think when he saw that the pretty tree, which had cost him so much money, had been cut down? He could see the marks of the hatchet. He knew that it was George who had done the mischief.

11. He turned and walked back to the house very fast. He met George at the door. He said, "Who has chopped down my cherry tree — the pretty cherry tree that cost me so much money? Oh, if I can only find the one who did it!"

12. Little George looked at his father, and his eyes were full of tears. He had not thought that his father cared so much for the tree. "Oh, father!" he said, "I will tell you all about it. I cut your cherry tree down. I did it with my little hatchet."

13. His father took him in his arms. He said, "I am so glad, George, that you have told me the truth. The boy that always tells the truth is the boy for me. He will be the right kind of a man when he grows up."



THE BROOK.

1. "Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a bright, happy brook
That was running away.

2. "You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

3. "But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

4. So Mary ran on ;
 But I have heard say,
 That she never could find
 Where the brook ran away.
-

hark	gloom	sparkle	weather
lost	shadow	heaps	together

HARK! HARK!

1. Hark! hark! my children, hark!
 When the sky has lost its blue,
 What do the stars say in the dark?
 "We must sparkle, sparkle through."
2. What do the leaves say, when the storm
 Blows them all in heaps together?
 "We must keep the flowers warm,
 Till they wake in fairer weather."
3. What do little birdies say,
 Flying through the gloomy wood?
 "We must sing the gloom away;
 Sun or shadow, God is good."



gay	fill	gladness	delight
sweet	fair	pleasures	world

HAPPY DAYS.

1. We are little children, full of life and play,
Singing, ever singing, songs so bright and gay.
2. Should we not be happy in a world so fair?
Love and joy and gladness find we every-
where.
3. Birdies in the tree tops sing us songs so
sweet;
Blossoms in the meadows stay our busy feet.
4. Winter clouds and snowstorms, summer
sunshine bright,
Bring us many pleasures, fill us with delight.

loud	content	earthy	gold
laid	fluttering	blanket	danced

THE LEAVES.

1. "Come, little leaves," said the wind one day ;
 "Come over the meadows with me, and play.
 Put on your dresses of red and gold, —
 Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
 Down they fell fluttering, one and all ;
 Over the brown fields they danced and
 flew,
 Singing the soft little songs they knew.

3. Dancing and flying, the little leaves went ;
 Winter had called them, and they were
 content.
 Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
 The snow laid a white blanket over their
 heads.



TWO FRIENDS AND TWO LETTERS.

1. Early in the summer, Flora went into the country to see her little friend Annie. She had never been away from the city before, and she did not know much about the country.

2. Annie was glad when Flora came. The two little girls had a pleasant time together, and they were very happy. Every day, when the weather was warm, they went out into the fields and woods.



Flora.

3. Many things in the country were new and strange to Flora. At first she did not know a sheep from a cow, or a duck from a robin. But she soon learned all about them.



Annie.

4. She staid with Annie till the summer was over. After she had gone back to her home in the city, she wrote a letter to her little friend, and then Annie wrote a letter to Flora. Would you like to read these two letters? Here they are :

New York, October 10.

My dear friend Annie:-

It is now three weeks since I came home. I think very often of the pleasant days that I spent with you in the country. I have a new book that papa bought for me. It is a pretty book and I am going to read it.

Write to me, Annie, and tell me all about the things on the farm. Do the flowers still bloom in the meadows? Do the lambs still play in the grassy field? Are the apples ripe on the apple tree?

Your friend,

Flora.

Spring Farm, October 12.

Dear Flora:-

Your letter came to me this morning. I was very glad to hear from you, and so was mother. We have missed you much since you went away.

Jack Frost has killed all the flowers in the meadow. The lambs that you saw when you first came here, look almost like sheep now. The apples are ripe, and we have carried them into the barn.

Our school will begin next week. I shall be glad, for then I shall have a new book.

Your loving friend,
Annie,

poor	crows	knock	rabbit	rustled
shone	burs	frozen	acorns	touched
oak	noise	dead	fences	chestnuts

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

I.

1. One night in autumn, Jack Frost came. We did not hear him, for he never makes a noise; but in the morning we saw what he had done.

2. The grass in the meadows was white with frost. The flowers in the garden were frozen and dead.

3. It was all the work of Jack Frost. He had painted the sidewalks and the fences; but he had not touched the windows.

4. In a little while, the sun was up. It shone warm and bright on the fields and woods. Soon the frost was all gone. The grass was green again, but not so bright as before. The bees came buzzing by, to have a last look at the poor flowers.

5. The leaves rustled in the wind, and looked up at the sun. But they would never

be as pretty and green as they were before Jack Frost had touched them.

6. Some of them began at once to turn brown. Some were bright red, and some as yellow as gold. Others were blown from the tree by the wind, and went floating down to the ground.



To the woods they went.

7. "Did you ever see so fair a day?" said Grace. Robert said, "The nuts will fall to-day!" "Will they?" said all the children. "Then let us go to the woods!"

II.

8. And so to the woods they went. Grace and Annie and little May carried baskets. Robert had a hatchet, and Frank carried a long stick.

9. There were many oak trees in the woods, and the acorns were falling fast. But the children did not care for them. Acorns are not very good to eat.

10. Under one tree a squirrel was busy finding the best acorns and taking them to his nest. "He is putting them away, to eat when cold winter comes," said Grace. "He may have all the acorns," said Frank, "if he will only leave the chestnuts for us."

III.

11. The children walked a long way through the woods. They saw so many pretty things, that they almost forgot about the nuts. They saw a rabbit sitting on the ground among some tall grass. They saw some robins getting ready to fly away to the warm south. They saw two black crows

flying from tree to tree, and crying, "Caw, caw, caw!"

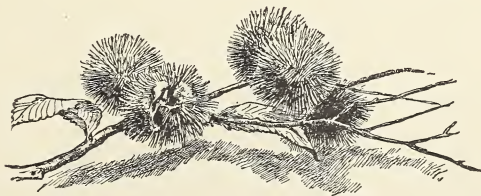
12. By and by they came to a chestnut tree, not far from the edge of the woods. But they could not find any chestnuts under it. Soon Frank was up among the branches. "Now give me my long stick," he said, "and I will knock the nuts down to you!"



The Crows.

13. Soon the chestnuts were falling fast to the ground, and the girls were busy enough putting them in the baskets. Some of the chestnuts were still in the burs; but Robert opened the burs with his little hatchet, and took them out.

14. Long before evening the children went home. Their baskets were full of ripe, brown chestnuts.



Chestnut Burs.

pigs	slowly	gather	harm
year	shade	covered	nothing
tiny	pieces	finger	thousands

THE ACORN.

I.



White Oak.

1. Have you ever seen an acorn in its cup? There are as many kinds of acorns as there are kinds of oak trees.

Rock Chestnut
Oak.

2. Acorns are very good food for squirrels and bears and pigs; but children do not like them well enough to eat many of them.

3. In the autumn, all the acorns are ripe; and, when the frost comes, they fall from the tree to the ground. What becomes of them then?

Swamp White
Oak.

4. Some of them are carried away by the squirrels to their nests. Some are eaten by other animals. Some roll down the hillside into the brooks, and float far away. Some lie on the ground till they rot and fall to pieces.

II.

5. Now and then an acorn is covered with leaves, and is kept warm by them until spring comes.



Post Oak.

6. Then tiny roots grow from it, and run down into the soft ground. Tiny green leaves peep out above, and look up to the sun and the sky.



Bur Oak.

7. Soon no acorn can be seen there at all, but in its place there is a little oak tree no longer than your finger. If no harm comes to the little tree, it will grow larger and larger every year. But it will grow very slowly.



Black Scrub Oak.

8. After a long time it will be a tall oak, with hundreds of branches and thousands of leaves. The birds will build their nests in this great tree. The squirrels will gather its acorns, and play among its branches.



Live Oak.

9. Children and grown-up people will sit in its shade, when the sun is hot; and everybody will say, "What a beautiful oak!"



10. Do you know how many kinds of oaks there are? Find as many kinds of acorns as you can. Find as many kinds of oak leaves as you can.

Scarlet Oak. Which kind of oak tree grows the tallest? Which kind bears the largest acorns? Which kind has the smoothest bark?

Acorns grow on oak trees.

Great oaks from acorns.

Chestnuts grow on trees.

. grow on apple trees.

An apple is larger than a chestnut.

An acorn is smaller than

An acorn grows in an acorn cup.

A chestnut in a chestnut

What trees do we find in orchards?

We find trees in orchards.

What trees do we find in the woods?

hawk	queen	hurry	party
mouse	catch	worry	gray
king	merry	greedy	clover

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

I.

1. There was once a gray pussy, who went down into the meadow and sat among the tall grass. She saw a merry lark flying above her, and she said, "Where are you going, pretty lark?"



2. The lark said, "I am going to the king to sing him a song this pleasant May morning."

3. The gray pussy said, "Oh, do not go there! Come to me, and I will let you see the pretty bell that hangs upon my neck."

4. But the lark said, "Oh, no, no, gray pussy! I saw you worry a little mouse one day, and you shall not worry me."

II.

5. Then the lark flew away till he came to the dark woods; and there he saw a gray, greedy hawk sitting in an old oak tree.

6. The gray, greedy hawk said, "Where are you going, my pretty little friend?" The



lark said, "I am going to see the king. I want to sing him a song this pleasant May morning."

7. The gray, greedy hawk said, "Do not be in a hurry. Come to me, and I will show you my nest and the three little baby hawks in it."

8. But the lark said, "Oh, no, no, gray, greedy hawk! I saw you catch a young robin one morning, and you shall not catch me."

III.

9. Then the lark flew away till he came to a high hill; and there he saw a sly fox sitting among some bushes.



10. The sly fox said, "Where are you going, my pretty lark?" The lark said, "I am going to the king to sing him a song this pleasant May morning."

11. The sly fox said, "Come here, little lark, and I will let you learn a new song that you have never heard."

12. The lark said, "Oh, no, no, sly fox! You killed the little chickens that had lost their mother, but you shall not kill me."

IV.

13. Then he flew, away and away, till he came to the garden of the king; and there he sat among the red clover blossoms, and sang his sweetest song.



So a robin redbreast sang with the lark.

14. The song pleased the king so much that he called to the queen, and said, "What shall we do for the merry lark that sings to us so sweetly this morning?"

15. The queen said, "I think we might have a little party for the lark and ask the robin to come and sing with him." So a robin red-breast came and sang with the lark. And the king and queen danced on the grass while the merry birds sang.

16. Then some ripe, red cherries were given to the birds, and they flew away together. "Come with me," said the robin. So the lark went with him till they came to a green tree in the thick woods.

17. "There," said the robin, "there is my mate, and there is our nest." Then the two robins showed him a snug, warm nest, and in it were four pretty, blue eggs.

18. "Now, come with me," said the lark. "I have something to show you, too." So the two birds flew away till they came to the middle of a field. "Here we are," said the lark. "Now do as I do."

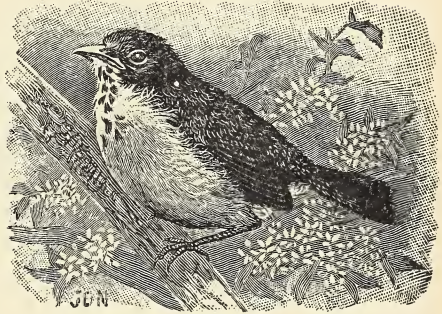
19. He flew down to the ground, and the robin flew down beside him. And there, under red clover blossoms, was the lark's pretty nest, with five little baby larks in it.

might	trouble	shady	fluttered
straight	worm	easy	breakfast
behind	rough	mouth	scolding

ROBIN'S FIRST WALK.

I.

1. It was a beautiful morning in summer. There was not a cloud in the blue sky. A soft south wind was stirring the leaves on the trees. The air was full of the songs of birds.



Sir Speckled Breast.

2. My friend Robert and I were walking along a shady road in the country. Now and then we stopped to gather some flowers, or to look at the blossoms on the vines and bushes by the roadside. Now and then we saw a squirrel running up a tree, or a beautiful bird flying among the branches.

3. "Look there! what is that?" cried Robert all at once. Some little creature

was hopping along in the road before us. We both ran to see what it was. But Robert came up with it first.

4. "Oh! it is a young robin just out of its nest!" And so it was. He was not old enough to fly. His wings were not long enough nor strong enough to be of much use to him. Hop! hop! hop! On he went. He did not seem to be much afraid of us.

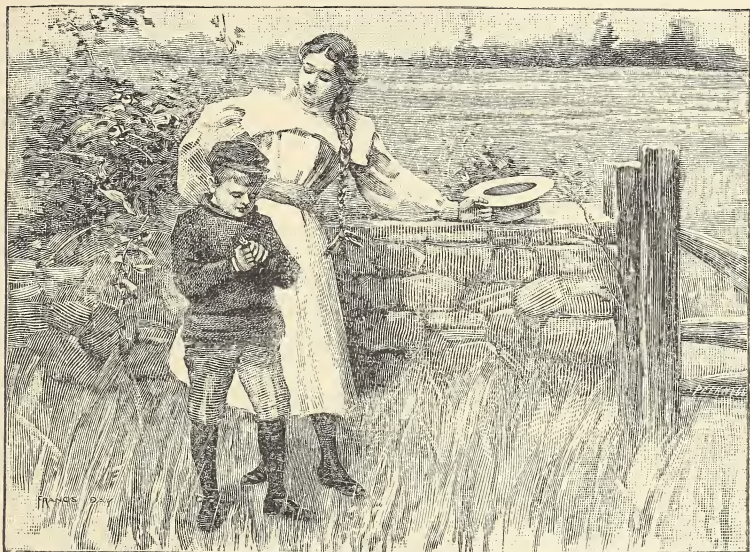
II.

5. Robert said, "We must not leave him here in the road. Some dog or rough boy will catch him, and kill him. Let us put him in the field, on the other side of the fence!"

6. But before we could put him in the field we must catch him. It was not so easy a thing to do as you would think. We ran after him. The bird was afraid now. He hopped, and jumped, and tried hard to fly. But at last Robert had him safe in his hands.

7. How the little creature fluttered and cried! "We are not going to harm you, Sir Speckled Breast! We are only going to

put you over the fence, where you will be safe among the bushes and the tall grass!" But still he cried and fluttered. He tried hard to jump from Robert's hands.



Still he cried and fluttered.

8. All at once we heard a sharp cry behind us. We looked back. There, on the other side of the road, was the mother robin. She was hopping first this way and then that, and she seemed to be in great trouble. In her mouth she had a long worm that she had found for the little fellow's breakfast.

9. Robert hurried to put Sir Speckled Breast through the fence. "There! be off with you! Don't come back into the road again!" The bird hopped away as fast as he could. Soon he would find a safe place among the leafy bushes or in the tall grass.

III.

10. Another sharp cry! We turned to see what it was. There was the father robin in a tree behind us. He was jumping from branch to branch, and scolding us with all his might. Then we saw the mother bird

fly over the fence into the field. We saw her fly straight to the spot where Sir Speckled Breast was hiding.



11. I am sure that the little fellow was glad to see his mother again. He was glad, too, to get the worm which she brought for his breakfast.

12. Do you think that she scolded him for leaving the nest too soon? I think she was so glad to have him safe again that she could not say a word about it.



close
beside

cricket
thicket

rushes
flurry

A SUMMER SHOWER.

1. "Hurry!" said the leaves;
"Hurry, birds, hurry!
See how the tall trees
Are all in a flurry!"
2. "Come under, quick,
Grasshopper, cricket!"
Said the leafy vines
Down in the thicket.
3. "Come here," said the rose
To bee and spider;
"Ant, here's a place!
Fly, sit beside her!"

4. " Rest, butterfly,
Here in the bushes,
Close by the robin,
While the rain rushes ! "
5. " Why, there is the sun !
And the birds are singing.
Good-by, dear leaves,
We'll all be winging. "
6. " Bee, " said the rose,
" Thank you for calling !
Come in again
When the rain is falling. "

bride	heat	whiteness	drooping
cool	smells	crownèd	lifting
veins	burn	thirsty	clothing

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

1. Little White Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
Little White Lily sunshine has fed ;
Little White Lily is lifting her head.

2. Little White Lily said : “ It is good —
Little White Lily’s clothing and food.”
Little White Lily, dressed like a bride !
Shining with whiteness, and crownèd
beside !
3. Little White Lily, drooping with pain,
Is waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
Little White Lily is holding her cup ;
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.
4. Little White Lily said : “ Good again,
When I am thirsty, to have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger, now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full.”
5. Little White Lily smells very sweet ;
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily is happy again.

— *George MacDonald.*

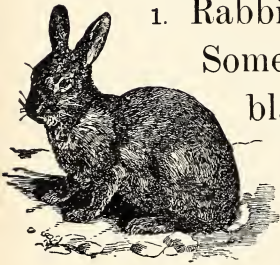


flat	broad	timid	danger
bark	shell	quiet	gnaws
table	holes	turtle	hares
draw	hollow	orchards	bushes

RABBITS AND TURTLES.

I.

1. Rabbits are timid little creatures. Some rabbits are white, some are black, and some are gray.



A Gray Rabbit.

2. The wild gray rabbit lives in the leafy woods or in old fields where there are many bushes. It is larger than a squirrel. It can jump and run very fast, but it cannot climb a tree as the squirrel can.

3. In the day time it hides itself in holes under logs or stones; or it sits very still in the hollow of some tree or in a quiet place among the tall grass. It comes out at night and hops around, playing with other rabbits and looking for something to eat.

4. It likes to eat clover and the young shoots of grass. Sometimes it goes into

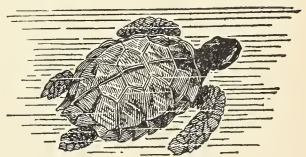
gardens, and eats the plants that are growing there. Sometimes it goes into orchards, and gnaws the bark off of the young fruit trees.

5. It is not easy to tame a gray rabbit. But white rabbits are fine pets. Some kinds of rabbits are called hares.

II.

6. A turtle does not look at all like a rabbit. Its back is broad and flat; its head is small; its neck is long; its legs are short and strong. It cannot run fast. When it is in danger it can draw its head and legs under its shell to keep them from harm.

7. Most turtles can live in the water as well as on land. Some of them live in the water almost all the time. They can swim much better than they can walk.



A Sea Turtle.

8. Some kinds of turtles grow to be very large — so large that their backs are as broad as a table. Some other kinds are always small, and do not grow to be broader than a man's hand.

won	rate	dinner	farther
wins	goal	moving	funny
race	judge	started	afternoon

THE RACE.

I.

1. One day a rabbit was hopping along a road. He overtook a turtle that was going the same way. "Good morning, friend Turtle," he said. "Where are you going this morning?" The turtle said, "I am going to the river where the water lilies grow."

2. "Well," said the rabbit, "I am afraid you will never get there. The river is two miles away, and at your rate of walking, you will grow old and die before you go so far."

3. The turtle did not stop to talk. She said, "I know that the river is a long way off. But I will keep moving all the time."

II.

4. The next morning, the rabbit saw the turtle again. She was only a little farther, but she kept moving all the time. "You

slow-moving creature!" said the rabbit. "I can go as far in a minute as you go in a day."

5. "I will run a race with you," said the turtle. The rabbit laughed. "That



"One, two, three!"

would be a funny race!" he said. "Why, I could be at the goal before you were well started."

6. "But I am not afraid to run with you," said the turtle. "To what place?" said the rabbit. The turtle said, "To the river where the water lilies grow. And our friend the fox shall be the judge."

7. "Very well!" said the rabbit. And they called the fox to be the judge of the race.

III.

8. "One, two, three!" said the fox. "Now go!" Both started at the word. The rabbit ran quite fast for a little while. Then he looked back and saw that he had left the turtle out of sight.

9. "What is the use of running?" he said. "I think I shall rest here in the shade, for the sun is very hot." So he lay down by the side of the road and was soon fast asleep. But the turtle kept moving all the time.

10. By and by the rabbit awoke. He did not know that the turtle had passed him while he slept. "I must have my dinner," he said. So he went into a field of sweet clover, and staid there all the afternoon. But the turtle kept moving all the time.

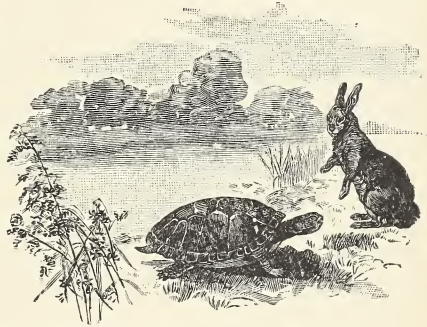
11. The rabbit said, "I will wait here in the clover till the sun goes down, and then I can run to the river in a few minutes. Friend Turtle will not get there before morning."

IV.

12. After the sun had gone down, the rabbit came out of the field, and went hopping along the road to the river. He said, "There is no hurry." And so he stopped many times to look at the pretty things by the roadside.

13. At last he saw the river with the water lilies growing by the shore. He said, "Now I will run fast and bring this funny race to an end!"

14. In another minute he had reached the goal. Who was it that was sitting there and waiting for him? It was the turtle. She had kept moving all the time, and she had won the race.



15. "How is this, friend Fox?" said the rabbit. The fox said, "It is not always the fast runner that wins the race."

16. The turtle could not run as fast as the rabbit; but she kept moving all the time. What may some people learn from this story?

miller	owe	grinds	smiled
need	wife	envy	servants
wrong	content	rather	sadly

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I.

1. A very long time ago, there was a king whose name was Henry.

2. He lived in a fine house, and had a great many servants to wait upon him. He had fine clothes, and beautiful horses, and strong boxes full of gold, and many ships that sailed upon the sea.

3. He had everything that any one could wish for. And yet he was not happy.

II.

4. In the same country there was a poor miller who had a little mill close by the river Dee.

5. This miller was busy every hour of the day; and he was as happy as he was busy. People who lived near the mill heard him singing all the time from morning till night.



The King.

6. When any one asked why he was so happy, he said, "I have all that I need, and I do not wish for more."

III.

7. One day the king was in great trouble. "Tell me," he said, "if there is one happy man in all this land."

8. His friends said, "We have heard that there is one such man. He is a miller, and he lives by the river Dee."

9. "I must see this miller of the Dee," said the king. "I will learn from him how to be happy."



The Miller.

IV.

10. The very next day King Henry rode down to the river Dee. He stopped his horse at the door of the little mill. He could hear the miller singing at his work:—

"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

11. The king went into the mill. He said to the miller, "You are wrong, my friend;

for I envy you. I would give all that I have if I could only be as happy as you."

12. The miller said, "I will help you to be happy if I can."



"I will help you if I can."

little mill: I work, and earn my food; I love my wife and children, and I love my friends; I owe no man; and the good river Dee turns the mill that grinds the corn to feed my babies and me."

15. The king turned sadly away. "Good-

13. "Then tell me," said the king, "why it is that you can sing this song in your little mill on the Dee, while I, who am king of all the land, am sad every day of my life?"

14. The miller smiled and said, "This is why I am happy in my

bye, my friend," he said. "Be happy while you may. I would rather be the miller of the Dee than king of all this land." "So would I," said the happy miller.

16. Why was the miller happy? It was because he had good friends, he owed no man, and he did not wish for things which he could not have.

17. Why was the king not happy? He knew that men did not love him, and he was never content with what he had. Do you think he would have been happy if the miller had given him his mill?

mast	ankle	foam	bold
o'er	break	wondrous	breeze

THE WAVES AND THE BOAT.

1. Little waves, I've brought the boat
 Father made for me,
 For I want to see it float
 On your silver sea.
 Take it in your little hands,
 Bear it o'er the golden sands.

2. What a pretty boat it is,
 Sail and mast and all!
 Father made it just like his,
 Only very small.
 And I'm going to call it *Sun* —
 That's the name of father's one.



Where the water's ankle-deep.

3. Little waves, come up and creep
 Round my little boat.
 Where the water's ankle-deep,
 I shall see it float;
 And you'll sing your sweetest song,
 As it sails and sails along.

4. Tell me what you sing about,
 Tell me what you say,
 Coming in and going out
 All the summer day.
Whisper to my boat and me
Of the ships far out at sea.

5. While my boatie mounts and dips
 Where you break in foam,
Tell me how the big, big ships
 Sail so far from home ;
What they bring, and where they go,
And the wondrous things you know ;

6. How they sail so brave and bold
 With the gentle breeze,
Seeing islands laid with gold
 Set in silver seas.

7. Now, my little boat you'll bring
 Safely back to land.
I have heard the songs you sing
 Creeping o'er the sand.
When I'm older I'll find out
The lovely lands you sing about.

fresh	cool	linen	tightly
dawn	ugly	lilacs	prayer
lawn	forget	slumber	to-morrow

A GOOD BOY.

1. I woke before the morning,
I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
But smiled and kept at play.
2. And now at last the sun
Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.
3. My bed is waiting cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to slumber land,
And not forget my prayer.
4. Then sleep will hold me tightly
Till I waken at the dawn,
And hear the robins singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

path	cakes	weeks	brought
line	hives	follow	odd-looking
thick	barn	already	wondering

HENRY AND THE BEE.

I.

1. Henry went out into the woods one day to look for birds' nests. He did not want to harm the nests, but only to know where they were.

2. He already knew of one nest. It was a very pretty one, and there were four blue eggs in it when he first found it. He had not touched it, but he had peeped into it almost every day for three weeks; and now, in place of the eggs, there were four tiny birds.



3. These birds were odd-looking little creatures. They had big mouths, and kept them open for the worms which the old birds brought to them. They seemed to be always hungry. Henry thought it would be pleasant to watch them till their wings were strong enough for them to fly away.

II.

4. On the day of which I am telling you, Henry went farther into the woods than he had ever been before. He saw a great many birds, but he could not find any nests.

5. At last he stopped. He was very tired, and thought he would go back home. He looked around to find a path that would take him out of the woods. But there was no path of any kind. He did not know which way to go.

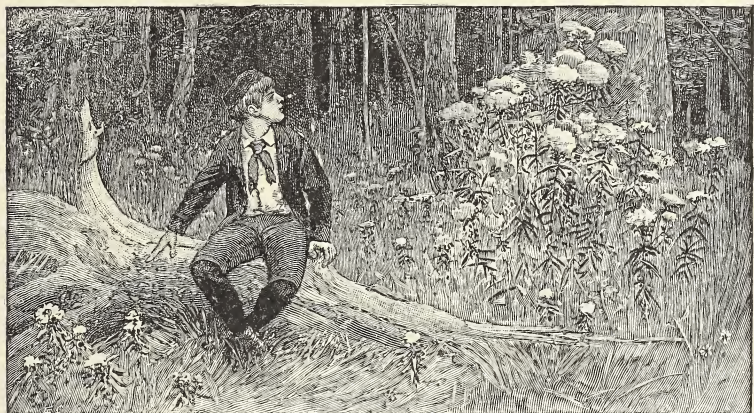
6. He sat down on a log and thought about it. How could he find his way home? Must he stay all night in the woods, without any light but that of the stars? Must he sleep on a bed of leaves?

7. He called as loud as he could. But no one heard him. He saw a bird fly down to the brook to drink. The birds could find their way through the thick woods. But what was a little boy to do?

8. Would he have to stay there without any dinner? He was hungry now. If he had only brought some cakes with him!

III.

9. While Henry was looking around and wondering what he should do, he heard a sound that he knew quite well. It was a low, buzzing song that he had often heard at home.



He heard a sound that he knew quite well.

10. It came from among some wild flowers that grew by the side of the log where he was sitting. Did any one ever hear of flowers singing? Henry knew that the buzzing sound was made by a bee. But where did the bee come from?

11. Nobody but Henry's father kept bees. This bee had come from the hives in the

garden at home. It knew the way back. Henry watched the busy little worker until at last it rose and flew away.

12. But it flew very close to Henry's face when it started. Henry thought that it said, "It is time to go home. Follow me!" He had heard his father say, "Bees always fly in a straight line." So he followed after this bee as fast as he could run.

IV.

13. Soon he was out of the woods. His father's farm was before him. He could see the house and the barn. He could see the row of beehives in the garden.

14. Just as he passed the garden he saw a bee fly into one of the hives. It may have been the same bee that he saw in the woods; but he could not tell.

15. His mother was at the door. She said, "Where have you been, Henry? I was afraid that you were lost in the woods." Henry said, "I was lost in the woods. But I met one of our bees, and he showed me the way home."

stung	cell	lazy	pollen
hurt	straw	grubs	hatched
dust	gains	drones	starve
glass	comb	gardener	wound

THE HONEY MAKERS.

I.

1. One day when I was in the garden a bee stung my hand.

2. I ran to the gardener. My hand hurt me so much that I could not help but cry.

3. The gardener pulled the sting out of my hand, and washed the wound in cold water. Then he told me some



I could not help but cry.

pretty stories about bees and their ways, and I soon forgot that I had been stung.

4. The next day my father and I walked out into the country, to the home of a farmer who kept many hives of bees.

5. The farmer was very glad to see us, and took us out to show us his little pets. He first led us to a hive that was made of glass, so that we could look into it and see what the bees were doing.

II.

6. He told us that, in every hive, there were three kinds of bees. They were the queen bee, the worker bees, and the drones.

7. There was only one queen bee. She was longer than the worker bees. The farmer told me that she had a sting, but that he had never heard of a queen bee stinging anything.

8. There were hundreds of worker bees in the hive. They were smaller than the queen, and each one had a sting like that which had hurt me so much the day before.

9. There were not many drones. They were short and thick. They were larger than the worker bees, and had no stings at all.

10. "What does the queen do?" I asked. "Does she show the workers how to make honey? Does she tell them what to do?"

11. "She is the mother bee," said the farmer. "She does nothing but lay eggs. Some queen bees lay as many as a thousand eggs in a day. Each egg is put in a little room, or cell, by itself. The cells are made of wax.



A Queen.



A Worker.

12. "The worker bees do all the work of the hive. The young workers, as a rule, feed the baby grubs and build the comb or cells. The older ones go out into the fields to gather honey and pollen from the flowers. Either old or young may watch the hive to keep out other bees that might come to steal their honey.

13. "The drones are lazy fellows and never do any work. We call them the papa bees. When honey stops coming in from the fields, the worker bees push them out of doors and let them starve to death."



A Drone.

III.

14. The farmer next showed us a very odd-looking hive. He said, "What do you think this hive is like?" I said, "It looks like a part of a tree, or log."

15. He told me that I was right, and said that wild bees live in hollow trees far out in the woods. He then showed me all his other hives. Some were only rough boxes, some were made of straw, and some looked like little houses with doors and windows.

16. My father asked, "What kind of young bees are hatched from the eggs which the queen bee lays?"

17. The farmer said, "At first they are all alike. We call them grubs. They look more like worms than bees. If the workers want one to be a queen, they feed it better food and take better care of it than of the others.

18. "The queen bee reaches her full size and hatches out when she is sixteen days old. A worker does not hatch out until twenty-one days, nor a drone until twenty-four days from the laying of the egg."

hood	lift	gentle	nodding
wear	latch	matter	Sunday
nice	growl	hoarse	toward
chair	slept	alone	nightcap
teeth	magic	because	grandmother

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

I.

1. In a country on the other side of the sea, there once lived a little girl that was very good and kind.

2. Because she was so good and kind her mother made her a pretty hood, to wear when she went out. The hood was as red as the sun when it sets behind the clouds on a summer day.

3. It was so pretty and looked so well on the little girl, that all her friends called her Little Red Riding Hood, as if that was her name. Some said that it was a magic hood and would keep her from all harm; but how they knew this to be so, I can not tell.

4. One day her mother said to her, "Do you think you could find the way to your

grandmother's? I should like to send her a cake for her Sunday dinner."

5. The little girl said, "Yes, mother, I think I know the way. I have been there with you very often; and don't you think that I am now old enough to go alone?"

6. "Well, then," said her mother, "put on your hood, and take this basket on your arm, and go. Ask your grandmother how she is, and tell her that you have brought a nice cake for her Sunday dinner."

7. "And may I stay a little while?"
 "You may stay long enough to rest, and then you must come home before it is night."

8. "Thank you, mother! Good-bye!"
 "Good-bye, dear child! Be sure and do not stop to talk with any one on the road."

II.

9. Little Red Riding Hood was as happy as a lark. She walked along the road, and thought what a great thing it was to go to her grandmother's all alone.



Little Red Riding Hood.

10. She heard the birds singing in the trees, and she saw the daisies nodding to her as she went along. She thought they were all saying, "What a big girl our Little Red Riding Hood is! She can go to her grandmother's all alone now."

11. By and by, she came to some thick, shady woods where the trees were very high. But she was not afraid; for she did not know there was anything in the world that would harm a gentle little girl. She knew the road quite well. She would not get lost among the great trees.

III.

12. Now, a Wolf who lived in the woods, saw Little Red Riding Hood. He saw that she was gentle and good, and he thought that he would carry her off to his den. So he ran and met her, and said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood!"

13. The little girl looked at him kindly, and said, "Good morning, sir! But I am sure I do not know your name."

14. "Oh, my name is Sir Wolf," said the beast, "and I am an old friend of your mother's. She knows me very well."

15. "I am glad to see you, Sir Wolf," said the child. "But I must not stop to talk."



"I am glad to see you, Sir Wolf."

16. The Wolf would have carried her off then, but he heard some woodcutters near by, and he was afraid they might see him. So he smiled, and said, "Where are you going with your basket, little lamb?"

17. "Oh, I am going to my grandmother's, to take her a nice cake for her Sunday dinner," said the gentle child.

18. "Where does your grandmother live?" said the Wolf.

19. "She lives in the little red house by the river," said Little Red Riding Hood. "You can see it as soon as you are through the woods."

20. "Oh, I know," said the Wolf. "Some time I will go there with you, and see your dear grandmother. But I can not go now. So good-bye!"

21. The woodcutters had seen him, and were coming down the road; and so he ran among the trees on the other side. "I will have her yet," he said to himself.



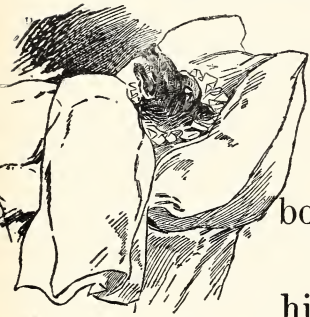
The Woodcutters.

IV.

22. As soon as the woodcutters had gone, the Wolf ran by a shorter way through the woods to the river. In a little while he came to the red house. "I wonder if the grandmother is at home," he said.

23. The door was shut. He knocked. All was still in the house. He knocked again and again. Still nobody came to the door.

24. Then he lifted the latch and peeped in. The grandmother was not at home. She had gone away early in the morning. The bed where she had slept was not made up. Her nightcap was on a chair.



He lay very still.

25. "Now I will have them both," said the Wolf. He went in, and shut the door behind him. Then he put the grandmother's nightcap on his head, and got into the bed. He pulled the blanket up over his face. He lay very still.

v.

26. Soon the Wolf heard some one walking. He knew who it was. Then there was a tap at the door. "Who is there?" he said; and he tried to talk like the grandmother.

"It is I, grandmother! It is Little Red Riding Hood."

27. "Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said the Wolf. "Lift the latch, little lamb, and the door will open."

28. Little Red Riding Hood opened the door and came in. She saw the Wolf in the bed, but she thought that it was her grandmother.

29. "Oh, grandmother, what is the matter?" she said. "See, I have brought you a nice cake for your Sunday dinner."

30. "You are very kind," said the Wolf. "Come to the bed, and let me look at your sweet face." Little Red Riding Hood went toward the bed. She was afraid now, but she did not know why.

VI.

31. The Wolf lay very still. "Give me your hand, little lamb," he said.

"Oh, grandmother, what makes you so hoarse?" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Only a cold, my dear; only a cold!"

32. "But, grandmother, what makes your eyes so bright?"

"The better to see you, my dear; the better to see you!"

“What makes your arms so long?”

“The better to love you, my lamb!”

33. By this time Little Red Riding Hood was very close to the bed. “Oh, grandmother, your ears look like Sir Wolf’s! What makes them so long?”

“The better to hear you, my lamb!”

34. “But what makes your teeth so big?”

“THE BETTER TO EAT YOU UP!” cried the Wolf, and he jumped from the bed, with his mouth wide open, and tried to bite her.

35. But the magic hood was on the child’s head, and he could not touch her. He could only show his great teeth, and growl. “Take off that hood!” he cried. “Take off that hood!” The child was in a great fright, and did not know what to do.



The Grandmother.

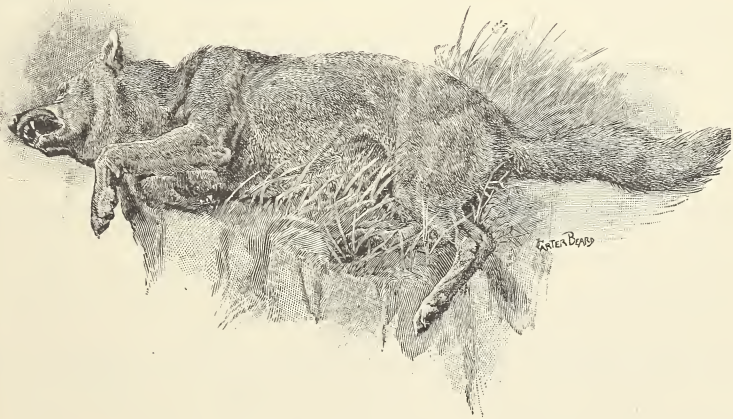
36. Just then the grandmother came home, and the woodcutters were with her. The Wolf tried to run out, but they were too quick for him. “Take that! and that! and that!” they said. And that was the last of Sir Wolf.

VII.

37. Little Red Riding Hood ran crying to her grandmother. “Oh, grandmother,” she said, “I am so glad you have come! See the nice cake that I have brought you for your Sunday dinner!”

38. “And I am glad, too!” said the grandmother. “But if you had not had on your red hood, I should have been too late.”

39. Then she gave the child a cup of milk to drink; and when she had rested a little while, she took her by the hand and led her home to her mother. What do you think her mother said to her?



tea	toyed	golden	pressed
knee	Alice	fitting	grandfather

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

1. Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee —

Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
For she'd been as busy as busy could be.

2. Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies
bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

3. Grandfather toyed with the curls on her
head ;
“ What has my baby been doing,” he said,
“ Since she arose with the sun from her
bed ? ”

4. “ Oh, ever so much ! ” said the sweet little
one.
“ I can not tell all the things I have done :
I played with my doll, and I worked in
the sun.

5. "I read a long time in my picture book ;
And then I took Alice, and went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the
brook.
6. "At last I came home just in time for tea,
And I climbed upon my grandpapa's knee,
And I am as tired as tired can be."
7. Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it lay upon grandfather's breast —
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest!



wheat	quails	dozen	feathers
brave	hidden	market	watchful

BOB WHITE.

I.

1. Bob White is a shy little bird that lives in the meadows and wheat fields. In the summer time, when the wheat is growing ripe, you can sometimes hear him calling "Bob White! Bob White!"

2. He likes to stay in the meadows where the grass is green and tall, and where he is safe from the guns of the hunters.



Bob White.

3. Some times in the morning you can see him on a fence, or on the low branch of a tree, calling to his mate, "Bob White! Bob White!" But he is very wild. If you stir, he is off and gone.

4. Then, in a little while you will hear him again, but far away, "Bob White! Bob White!" He is telling his mate that he is still safe, and that by and by he will come back.

5. And where is his mate? Where the grass grows tallest in the meadow, she has made a nest on the ground. You will have to look sharp if you find it. It is hidden well away.

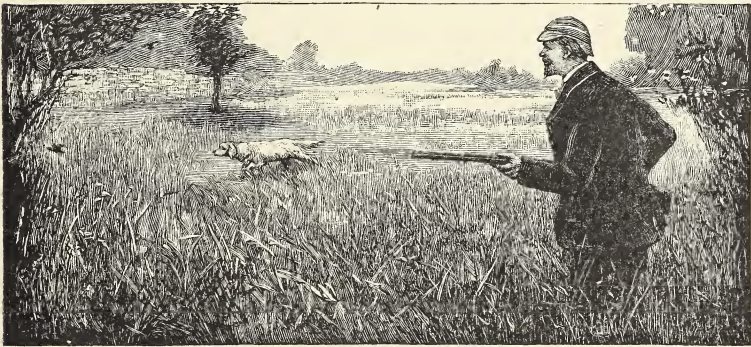
6. In the nest, she has laid more than a dozen little white eggs. Day after day, she sits on them, while Bob White goes out for food, and calls back to her and tells her not to be afraid.

II.

7. By and by, the eggs will hatch, and little birds will peep out. They will not have to lie in their nest, like young robins, and wait for their feathers to grow.

8. As soon as they are out of the eggs, they can run about. Before they are three days old, they can leave the nest and go out with their mother, to pick up food in the wheat field and among the grass.

9. And, all this time, the father bird is first here and then there, watching to see



The hunter hears him.

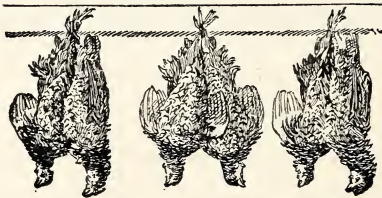
that no harm comes to them. Does a hunter come that way with dog and gun? The

watchful bird flies to the other side of the field, and calls, "Bob White! Bob White!"

10. The hunter hears him, and does not stop to look for the little ones and their mother. He leaves them, and follows brave Bob White. But now Bob is in another field still farther away, and still calling so that the hunter can hear him.

11. In a few days the little ones will be strong enough to fly. Then all will find a new home in some leafy thicket where hunters do not often come.

12. Children in the city never see Bob White as he is in the fields and meadows. Sometimes, if they go into the market, they may find quails to sell. These quails when alive were merry, happy Bob Whites; but the hunters have found them at last.



Quails in the Market.

Rollo	task	rusty	beans
James	pick	loose	poured
teach	sort	lesson	brushed
taught	nails	cousin	horseshoe

HOW ROLLO LEARNED TO WORK.

I.

1. "Horses have to be taught to work just as boys have to be taught," said Rollo's father, one morning.

"I know how to work," said Rollo.

His father smiled and said, "I will give you some work to do, and then we shall see."

2. He took a small basket in his hands and led Rollo to the barn. Rollo sat down on some straw. He wondered what kind of work he was going to do.

3. Soon his father brought a box full of old nails and put it on the barn floor. "What can I do with those old nails?" said Rollo.

4. His father said, "You must sort them. There are many kinds of nails in the box, and I want each kind put by itself."



Rollo.

II.

5. Rollo put his hand into the box. He began to pick up some of the nails and look at them. But his father told him to put them back into the box. He said, "Wait and I will show you how to sort them."

6. He then brushed away a clean place on the barn floor, and poured the nails upon it. "Oh, how many nails!" said Rollo.

7. His father showed him that there were many kinds. He put some of them on the floor, each kind by itself. Some were long, some were short, some were straight, and some were crooked.

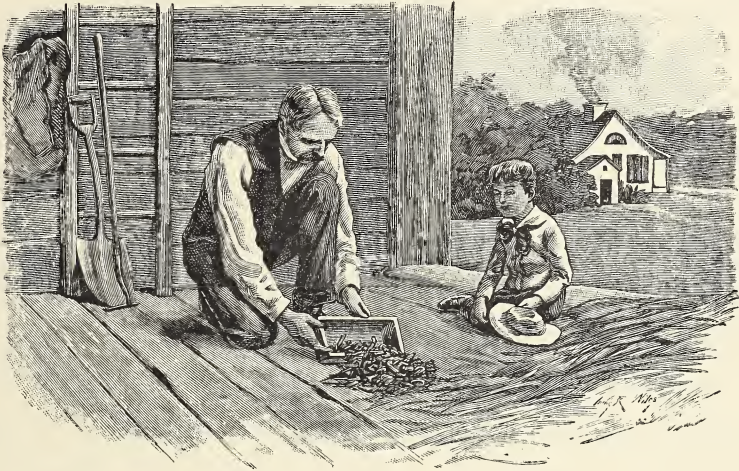
8. "Now, Rollo," he said, "I want you to keep on doing this until you have sorted them all. If you find anything that you don't know what to do with, lay it down, and keep at work sorting the nails."

9. Rollo sat down on the floor and began his work, and his father went away.

III.

10. "I think this is easy work," Rollo said. It was easy to see which nails were short and

which were long. But, by and by, he began to think it very hard to sit in the barn all alone, and keep on doing this dull work.



His father said, "You must sort them."

11. There was no one to talk to and no one to help him; and there was nothing to look at but rusty nails on the floor.

12. Rollo's father knew that he would soon get tired, and so he did. He thought he would go and ask if he might get his cousin James to help him.

"What is the matter now?" said his father.

13. Rollo said, "I think it will be nice to

have James come and help me. It will not take so long then."

But his father said, "No. What I want to teach you is to work, and not to play."

IV.

14. So Rollo went back to his task. He picked out a few more nails. He was very sorry that his father had set him to work. The pile of nails looked very large now. Rollo was sure that he could never sort them all.

15. By and by he found two horseshoe nails. "What shall I do with these?" he said to himself. He played with them a little while, and then went to ask his father. His father said, "You must not leave your work. I told you just what to do."

16. Rollo went back to his nails. But he did not work very fast. At last his father came up to see what he had done. "I see, Rollo," he said, "that you do not know how to work. It is time for you to begin to learn."

17. Rollo did not know what to say. His father told him that he might go and play,

and that he would give him a new lesson the next day.

v.

18. Rollo's next work was to pick beans in the garden. He did very well for an hour, and was glad when his father told him that he was learning to work. He felt now as if he was almost a man.

19. But the next day he did not do so well. He was to pick up the loose stones in the road, and put them in a heap. It was hard work, and the little boy did not like it at all.

20. "Rollo," said his father, "you have not learned to work well. A good workman would do better than this." But it was not long before he learned to do many things. And he found that his work helped him in his play.

21. When he had picked up all the stones, he rolled his hoop in the road, and thought how much better it looked than before. He liked it much better than if some one else had picked up the stones.



He rolled his hoop.

slave	cave	bound	holiday
beat	weak	roared	shouted
free	thorn	licked	brothers
tore	arena	prison	Rome
coat	master	chariot	Androclus

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

I.

1. Once there lived in the city of Rome a man whose name was Androclus. He was tall and fair and strong, but he was a slave. He had to work day and night for his master. He had nothing that he could call his own.



A Roman Slave grinding
Corn.

2. One day his master beat him. “Why should I live in this way?” said Androclus. “It would be better to die.” That night he ran away. He hid himself in the woods, and lived on berries and roots for many days.

3. But at last he could not find anything to eat. He went into a little cave and lay down on the ground. He had not had food for three days. He thought he should die.

II.

4. As Androclus was lying in the cave, he heard a noise at the door. He looked up and saw a lion coming in. "The beast will kill me," he thought; and he lay very still.

5. But the lion was in trouble. It held up one of its paws and roared. Then it looked at Androclus as if to say, "I want help." Androclus got up. He was so weak that it was hard for him to walk. He went to the lion and looked at its paw. The big beast did not try to hurt him.

6. Androclus saw that there was a long, sharp thorn in its paw; it must have stepped on the thorn when coming through the woods. The lion seemed to know that it had found a friend. It held up its paw, and sat quite still while the man looked at it.

7. Then with great care Androclus pulled the thorn out. He washed the wounded paw in cold water, and bound it up with a piece of cloth which he tore from his coat.

8. The lion licked his hand, and seemed to be very glad. It ran about him like a

playful dog. Then it went out of the cave, and soon came back with part of a deer which it had killed.



The lion sat close by.

9. Androclus gathered some leaves and sticks, and built a fire. Soon he had a better dinner than he had eaten for many a day. While he was eating, the lion sat close by, and looked at him as if it was much pleased.

10. When night came, the lion lay down in a corner of the cave to sleep, and Androclus lay down by its side.

11. And so the two lived together in the cave in the woods for a long time. Every day the lion brought food to Androclus ;

and every night they slept together, like two brothers, on a bed of leaves in the little cave.

III.

12. One day the lion did not come home from hunting, and that night Androclus slept alone in the cave. The next morning he went out to look for his friend.

13. He had not gone far when he heard a noise among the leaves behind him. He looked around and saw some soldiers close upon him. The soldiers knew him.

14. "Ah, Androclus!" they said. "We have been looking for you for a long time. Your master wants you, and you must go with us."

15. What could Androclus do? There were ten of the soldiers, and he had no one to help him. Where now was his good friend, the lion?

16. The soldiers made him go back to the city with them, and his master had him put in prison. "We shall see if you run away from us again," said his master. Androclus felt now that there was no more hope.

IV.

17. Some time after that, there was a great holiday in Rome. There were to be all kinds of games in the afternoon. There were to be foot races and chariot races; and, at the last, there was to be a fight between a man and a fierce and hungry lion.



A Chariot.

18. But who was to fight the lion? Some man would be taken from prison and placed where the lion would come upon him. He might fight or not—the lion would be sure to eat him up.

19. The people of Rome liked to see all this. They liked to see the poor man's fright. They liked to see the fierce beast jump upon him. But there were many men in the prison. Which one of them should be given to the lion?

20. "There is my slave," said the master of Androclus. "He is of no use to me. He runs away, and will not work. Let him fight the lion. He is strong and brave, and

it will be good sport to see the beast eat him up."

21. "So it will," said the others. "He is the very man." And so Androclus was taken out of prison to be eaten by the lion.

v.

22. Androclus was led out and left alone in the open space called the arena. There was no way for him to get out. He had only his hands to fight with. There was no one to help him.

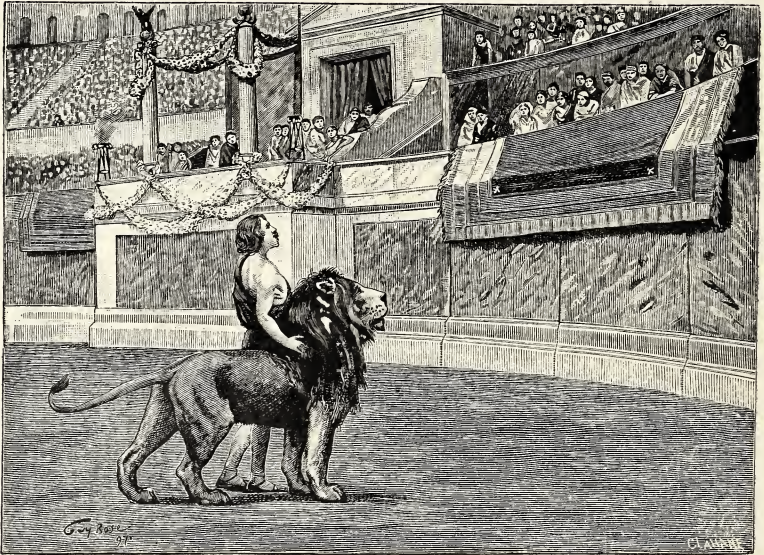
23. On high seats around the arena, were the fine people of Rome, who had come out to see the games of the day. At one side of the arena there were cages full of wild beasts.

24. And now the door of one of these cages was opened. A lion jumped out. It looked around. It saw Androclus and ran toward him. All the people thought that it would make quick work of the slave.

25. But when it came closer to him, it stopped. Then it ran to him as if it were

glad to see him. It lay down on the ground before him. It licked his hands and his face.

26. Androclus took the lion's paw in his hands; then he put his arms around its



Androclus told them all about it.

neck. He had found his old friend that had lived with him in the little cave.

27. The people who were looking on did not know what to think. They all stood up in wonder. They called out to Androclus and asked him why it was that he and the

lion were friends. Then Androclus told them all about it.

28. The people were very much pleased. "Let them both live!" they all cried. "Let them both go free!" And so, while everybody shouted and was glad, Androclus led the lion out of the arena. He had no master now. He was a free man.

29. For many years after that, he and his lion lived together in a house of his own in the city of Rome. And everybody said, "See, how like two brothers they are!"

BE TRUE!

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you;
 And this is the word: Be true! be true!
 At work or at play, in darkness or light,
 Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

And you, little girl, I've a word for you;
 'Tis the very same: Be true! be true!
 For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night.
 Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

sorry	driven	middle	pony
briers	hooked	polite	bicycle
ditch	easily	unkind	surprised
steep	family	blackberries	politeness

NED AND THE FARMER'S BOY.

I.

1. Ned had always lived in the city. His father was a rich man, and so he had many beautiful and costly things.



Ned.

2. He had a pony and a bicycle; he had books and fine clothes, and everything that a boy could wish to make him happy.

3. When he saw that he had so many things which other boys could not have, he began to feel proud. He began to think more of being rich than of being good.

4. And so, before he was a very big boy, he learned to be rude and unkind to those who were not so well off as himself. He grew to be so cross and hard to please that no one could love him.

5. One summer, when Ned was about eight years old, his father bought a fine, large house in the country. Then the city house was given up, and the family went out to live in their new home.

6. Ned found it very pleasant to play in the fields and woods. But he was as proud as ever. He would not make friends with the farmers' boys who lived close by.

7. One day when he was swinging on the gate, he saw one of the boys coming up the road. His clothes were poor, his hat was torn, his feet were bare; but he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a basket half full of blackberries.

8. He nodded to Ned, and said, "Good morning!" But Ned cried out, "I don't know you! Go away. I don't want to have anything to do with poor boys like you."

9. "But won't you let me look over the fence at your pretty flowers?" said the boy. "I won't harm them by looking at them."

10. "No, I don't want you around here," said Ned. "Now, be off with you!"

11. The boy laughed and walked away, swinging his basket as he went.

12. "I think I will go out and find some blackberries, too," said Ned to himself. He took a little basket and went out through the lane to an old field where there were many bushes and briars.

II.

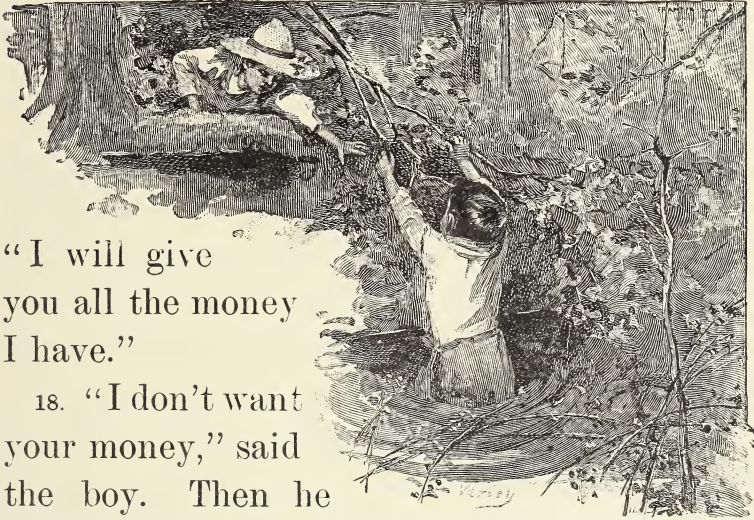
13. In a little while he found some fine, large berries. They were hanging upon some briars just on the other side of a deep ditch. He thought that he could jump over the ditch very easily. But it was wider than it seemed, and when he jumped he came down in the middle of it.

14. The mud in the ditch was soft and deep, and the banks were steep and high. Ned could not get out. The more he tried, the deeper he sank in the mud. He called for help; but he was so far from the house that no one could hear him.

15. He was very much frightened. He began to think that he would never get out. The minutes seemed to him like hours.

16. But after a while he heard some one coming through the bushes. He heard steps on the bank above him. He looked up. It was the boy that he had driven from the gate.

17. "Oh, please help me out!" said Ned.



"I will give you all the money I have."

18. "I don't want your money," said the boy. Then he lay down on the bank,

"Oh, please help me out!"

and reached over as far as he could. He took hold of Ned's hand and helped him climb out.

19. Ned was covered with mud, he had lost his hat, and his basket was still in the ditch. The boy spoke to him kindly. He found his hat; and then, with a long stick, he hooked the basket up out of the mud.

20. "Oh, I thank you for helping me," said Ned. "And I am very sorry that I was so rude to you this morning."

21. "Never mind," said the boy. "The next time I go to your gate perhaps you will not drive me away. I am not rich, but I am stronger than you."

"And you are more polite," said Ned.

22. The next day when Ned saw the boy going along the road, he called him into the yard. He showed him all his pets and play-things. Then he let the boy try his new bicycle, and was surprised to find that he could ride quite well.

23. "You are very kind to-day," said the boy. "You know how to be polite."

24. "I hope that I do," said Ned; "and I am going to try to be kind and polite to everybody."

25. "It is the best way," said the boy. "My mother says that

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest things in the kindest way.'"

owner	sold	honest	marry
plow	son	belongs	merchant
paid	brave	because	daughter
price	iron	neither	everybody

TWO HONEST MEN.

1. In a far-away country there once lived a poor man who had long wanted to have a home that he could call his own. He worked very hard, and at last saved enough money to buy a little farm.

2. One day as he was plowing in one of his fields he turned up an iron pot that was full of gold.

“Ah, how rich I would be if this gold were only my own!” he said.

3. Nobody saw him when he found the gold, and he might have kept it all for himself if he had wished. “But no,” he said. “It is not mine. I may never be rich, but I can always be honest.”

4. He had paid a good price for his farm, but he did not think that he had bought the gold that was in the ground.



The Farmer.

5. He took up the gold, and carried it to the merchant who had sold him the land. He said to him, "Here is some gold that was left in the ground I bought of you. I turned it up with my plow this morning."

6. "Why do you bring it to me?" said the merchant. "Because it belongs to you," said the farmer.

7. "No, it does not. It belongs to you, for I sold you the field and all that was in it. The gold is not mine, and I shall not take any of it."

8. But the farmer said, "I paid for nothing but the land. The gold is not mine, but yours."

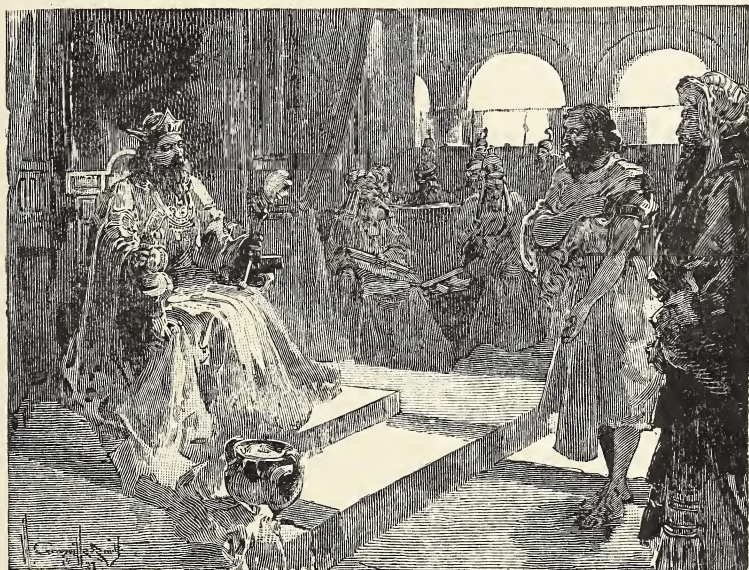
9. For a long time the two men talked, each trying to make the other take the gold. Both were alike honest, and neither would keep what he thought did not belong to him.

10. Their friends came around them and said, "Let the farmer keep half, and the merchant half." But they did not think it right to do even this.



The Mer-
chant.

11. At last the farmer said, "Let us go and tell the king about it. He will know what is best." "Yes," said the merchant. "Let us go and tell him."



The king heard first the farmer.

12. The king heard first the farmer and then the merchant. "It is hard to tell which of you is the owner of the gold," he said. "But it is easy to see that you are both very honest men."

13. Then he asked if they had any children.

“I have a son,” said the merchant. “And I have a daughter,” said the farmer.

14. “Then,” said the king, “I can tell you what to do with the gold. If the merchant’s son will marry the farmer’s daughter, it can be given to the young people, and they can buy themselves a home with it.”

15. Now nothing could have pleased the merchant’s son more than this; and the farmer’s daughter was well pleased, too, for the young man was good-looking and brave. And so the trouble was soon ended, and everybody was made glad.

16. That year there was more corn in the farmer’s fields than had ever grown there before; and the merchant sold so many goods that he had all the gold he could use.

Write the names of five things that the farmer raises.

Write the names of five things that the merchant sells.

Tell three things that the farmer does.

Tell two things that the merchant does.

Hassan	trust	pay	dipped
Persia	chose	paid	business
common	hired	empty	bucket
uncommon	ring	foolish	bucketful

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

I.

1. There was once a king of Persia who took delight in doing common things in very uncommon ways.

2. At one time he was in need of a man that would always do just what he was told to do; and he took a very strange way to find him.

3. He sent out word that he wanted a man to work for him in his garden. More than a hundred came, and from among them he chose the two who seemed to be the brightest and quickest.

4. He showed them a large basket in the garden, and told them to fill it with water from a well.

5. After they had begun their work he left them, saying, "When the sun is down I will



He showed them a large basket in the garden.

come and see your work; and if I find that you have done it well, I will pay you.”

6. For a little while the two men carried water and poured it into the basket, without thinking much about it.

7. But at last one of them said, “What’s

the use of doing this foolish work? We can never fill the basket, for the water runs out of it as fast as we pour it in."

8. "That is none of our business," said the other man, whose name was Hassan. "The king has hired us to carry the water, and he must know why he wants it done. And then he has told us that if we do our work well, we shall be paid for it. What more could we want?"

9. "You may do as you please," said the first man. "But I am not going to work at anything so foolish, even for pay." And with that, he threw down his bucket and went away.

II.

10. Hassan said not a word, but kept on carrying water all day long. At sunset the well was almost empty.

11. As he poured the last bucketful into the basket, he saw something in it that was very bright. He stooped and picked it up. It was a beautiful gold ring that his bucket had dipped up at the bottom of the well.

12. "Now I see the use of all this work," he said. "If the king had told me to empty the well, I should have poured the water on the ground, and the ring would not have been found."

13. Just then the king came. As soon as he saw the ring, he knew that he had found the kind of man he wanted. He told Hassan to keep the ring for himself. "You have done so well in this one little thing," he said, "that now I know I can trust you with many things. You shall be the first of all my servants."

SINGING.

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
 And nests among the trees ;
 The sailor sings of ropes and things,
 In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
 The children sing in Spain ;
 The organ, with the organ-man,
 Is singing in the rain.

Fanny	lonely	darted	kitchen
brood	puppies	barnyard	cuddled
crept	comfort	chirping	unhappy
proud	cushion	distress	weather

FANNY AND THE CHICKENS.

I.

1. An old hen had made a nest among the straw in a barn. Six eggs were in the nest, and the hen sat upon them every day for three weeks.

2. At the end of that time, the eggs were hatched, and six little chickens came into the world. The mother hen was very proud of her children, and when they were one day old she led them out for a walk in the sunny barnyard.

3. The farmer's wife saw them and said, "It is as fine a brood of chickens as ever came from a nest." But the next morning there was trouble in the barnyard. The little chickens were running about and chirping in great distress; for their mother was gone, and could not be found.

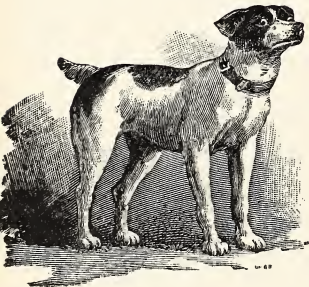


4. It may be that a sly fox had carried her off in the night. At any rate, she was never seen again.

5. As the morning was cold and wet, the farmer's wife put the little chickens in a basket and carried them to the house. She set the basket down in a warm corner of the kitchen, and then went about her work.

II.

6. Now, there was in the house a little dog whose name was Fanny. She was very lonely and sad that day, because her three puppies had been taken away from her, and she would never see them again.



Fanny.

7. When she saw the little chickens in the basket, and heard their chirping, she crept in among them, and tried to comfort them.

8. The chickens were glad because she was kind to them. They cuddled down close by the side of the dog, and were soon as happy as if they had found their own mother.

9. From that time, Fanny looked after the chickens with as much care as though they were her own little puppies. She was always very gentle with them; and they would follow her about the house, and run to her when they were frightened, or felt afraid.

10. She would lie down, and let them climb over her back or go to sleep between her paws. Sometimes she would jump up into the big chair that was by the kitchen fire, and try to get the chickens to follow her.

11. Then she would jump out and take them gently, one by one, in her mouth, and put them up on the soft cushion.

III.

12. Soon the chickens were too large to be kept in the house. One day, when Fanny was out with the farmer, they were carried to the barnyard, and left there with the other chickens.

13. The little dog was in great distress when she came back and found them gone. She went about the house, barking and cry-

ing, and looking into every corner. Then, as if she had just thought of something, she darted out, and ran toward the barn.

14. In a little while, she came proudly up



She came proudly up the walk.

the walk, with the six chickens following behind her. She led them into the kitchen, and the farmer's kind wife let them stay there as before.

15. After that, Fanny took them out every

morning, for a walk; and when the weather was fine, they staid out of doors most of the time. As they grew up, it was a funny sight to see the little dog going about with six fine, large hens around her.

16. At last the chickens gave the farmer's wife so much trouble that she could not have them about the house any longer. One day, while Fanny was away, they were caught, and sent to the market to be sold.

17. Fanny was very unhappy for a long time, and every morning she went to the barnyard to look for her lost children.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky ;

Hundreds of shells on the shore together ;

Hundreds of birds that go singing by ;

Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather ;

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn ;

Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover ;

Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn —

But only one mother the wide world over.

Hilda	bonnet	stroked	mischief
Juliet	screamed	answer	bouquet
lady	orchard	scratch	favorite
front	indeed	parasol	frightened

HILDA AND MISS JULIET.

I.

1. Hilda was a very little girl, and she had always lived in the country. Miss Juliet was a young lady from the city. She had come to Spring Farm to stay through the hot days of summer.



Hilda.

2. One morning Hilda was playing in the yard. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the bees were humming. “How nice

it would be to take a long walk this pleasant morning!” she said to herself.

3. She opened the gate and looked down the long, grassy road which led to the meadow. “Where are you going, Hilda?” she heard some one ask. She looked back and saw Miss Juliet standing in the door.

4. “I am only thinking how nice it would

be to take a walk," said Hilda. "But then there is no one to go with me." "I will go with you," said Miss Juliet.

5. "Will you, indeed, Miss Juliet?" said the child; "and shall I ask mother if I may go?" "Yes, indeed I will go," was the answer; "and while you are asking your mother, I will put on my hat."

II.

6. Very soon the little girl was at the door, with her sunbonnet on her head. But she had to wait some time before Miss Juliet came down with her hat and her parasol.

7. "Here I am!" said Hilda. "Mother says that I may go if you will take good care of me." "Oh yes, I will take good care of you," said Miss Juliet; "and now where shall we go?"

8. "Oh, down to the meadow to gather flowers, and then over to the old orchard on the hill. There are ripe apples in the orchard," said Hilda.

9. And so, through the gate and down the



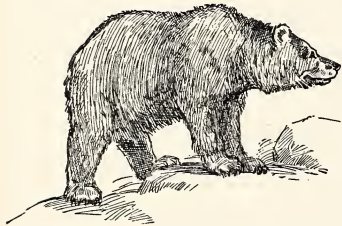
Miss Juliet.

road they went. The little girl led the way, talking very fast about everything that she saw. But Miss Juliet did not say much. She was thinking of herself and her pretty dress, quite as much as of the birds and flowers.

III.

10. In a little while, they came to a place where there were bushes and briars on each side of the road. The wind was stirring the leaves, and there was a low humming sound among the branches. Miss Juliet wondered if there were wild animals under the bushes.

11. She said to Hilda, "Are you sure there is nothing here that will hurt us?" "Nothing but the briars," said Hilda. "They'll scratch you if you get against them; and so you must be careful."



12. The humming sound in the trees grew louder. "What if one should meet us here?" "I have heard of bears and other fierce animals in the country," said Miss Juliet. "What if one should meet us here?"

13. Hilda laughed. "There are no bears at Spring Farm," she said. "My papa says there are no fierce animals in this country — and he knows."

14. "But what is that noise I hear? Don't you think we had better turn back?" "Oh, that is nothing but the bees talking to the blossoms. They won't hurt anybody."

15. Miss Juliet said no more. But she was glad when they came to the gate that opened into the meadow. Some haymakers were at work close by; and so there could be no danger now.

IV.

16. "Oh dear!" said Miss Juliet. "The sun is so warm that I think I will sit under this tree and rest a little while." But Hilda did not want to rest. She ran here and there about the meadow, looking for flowers. Soon she came back with her hands full.

17. "What have you found, dear?" asked Miss Juliet. "Oh, every kind of flower! Red ones, white ones, blue ones! Did you ever see so many?" cried the little girl; and

then she danced around the tree and laid them in Miss Juliet's lap.

18. "How very pretty!" said the young lady. "But there is no yellow flower among them. I wonder if there are any buttercups in this meadow." "I think not, Miss Juliet. But I know where there is a very large one. Would you like to see it?"

19. "Certainly, my dear. Where is it?" "Over there in the orchard. If we walk to the top of the hill, I think we can see it."

20. "Let us go, then. We will put it with these blossoms, and make a pretty bouquet for your mother." Hilda said nothing; but there was a funny look in her face as she held Miss Juliet's hand and walked with her across the meadow.

v.

21. There was a low fence around the orchard, but it was not hard to climb. Soon the young lady and the little girl were walking between the rows of apple trees near the top of the hill.

22. "I know you will like to see my big

buttercup!" said Hilda. "It is my favorite flower," said Miss Juliet. Hilda laughed, and her eyes were dancing with mischief.

23. At the top of the hill they came to the



Miss Juliet hurried her along.

last of the apple trees. On the other side there was a grassy field with no fence between it and the orchard. "There she is!" cried Hilda; and then she began to call, "Buttercup! Buttercup!"

24. Just in front of them, Miss Juliet saw

a yellow cow! The cow's head was raised; she was coming toward them. The young lady was much frightened.

25. "Oh, Hilda! Hilda!" she cried; and then, holding fast to the child's hand, she turned and began to walk back very fast. Hilda did not want to go. She tried to speak, but Miss Juliet hurried her along.

26. They could hear the cow coming behind them. They could hear her quick steps in the grass. Miss Juliet caught the child up in her arms and ran. It was not far to the fence, and soon they were safe over it.

27. "Oh, Miss Juliet, what are you running from?" said Hilda, as the young lady put her down. But Miss Juliet only said, "I can not carry you farther, dear. Sit very still, behind these bushes, and I will run and bring help." Then she hurried away toward the place where the haymakers were at work.

28. "Help! help!" she cried. The haymakers left their work and ran toward her. Miss Juliet could only say, "Hilda! the animal! the animal!"

29. They looked toward the orchard. The cow was on one side of the fence, and Hilda on the other; the child was stroking the gentle creature's face with her hands.

30. The haymakers said, "There is no need of any help here." Then they laughed and went back to their work.



31. "Oh, Miss Juliet," said Hilda, Buttercup.
as the young lady came toward her; "don't you think she is a nice Buttercup? How would you like to have a pet cow that you could call your own?"

THE RAIN AND THE SUN.

Down falls the pleasant rain,
To water thirsty flowers;
Then shines the sun again,
To cheer this earth of ours.

If it should always rain,
The flowers would be drowned;
If the sun should always shine,
No flowers would be found.

flit	signs	dumb	stormy	blades
chirp	steer	cattle	drifted	changing

THE SEASONS

1. What does it mean when the bluebird comes

And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?

When violets peep through the blades of grass?—

These are the signs that spring is here.

2. What does it mean when the berries are ripe?

When butterflies flit and honeybees hum?

When cattle stand under the shady trees?—

These are the signs that summer has come.

3. What does it mean when the crickets chirp,

And away to the south the robins steer?

When apples are falling and leaves grow
brown? —

These are the signs that autumn is here.

4. What does it mean when the days are
short?

When leaves are gone and brooks are
dumb?

When fields are white with drifted snow? —

These are the signs that winter has
come.

5. The old stars set and the new ones rise,
The skies that were stormy grow bright
and clear;
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round through the chang-
ing year.

There are four seasons in the year.

I write the names of the seasons.

When comes, the apples

When comes, the brooks

When comes, the violets

When comes, the butterflies



fold	noisy	knees	sewing
flock	softly	neighed	bleating
flight	pillow	lowed	folded

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

1. A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see.
2. Then she smoothed her work and folded
it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good
night!"
3. A flock of black crows flew over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed.

4. She said, as she watched their noisy flight,
“Little black things, good night, good
night!”
5. The horses neighed, and the cattle lowed,
And the lambs were bleating far down the
road.
6. All seemed to say with quiet delight,
“Good little girl, good night, good night!”
7. She did not say to the sun, “Good night,”
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light;
8. For she knew he had God’s time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.
9. That night little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her evening
prayer;
10. And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She heard nothing more till again it was
day.
11. Then all things said to the beautiful sun,
“Good morning, good morning! Our work
has begun!”

Washington	anchor	order	tears
England	sailor	midst	honors
English	tobacco	blessing	cheeks
Englishmen	raised	remember	ruled
Virginia	promised	plantation	fourteen

A STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I.

1. When George Washington was a boy, all this country was ruled by the king of England.

Most of the people had come from England or were the children of Englishmen.



George Washington.

2. The king thought that it was a wise thing to make the people send to his own country for the most of their clothes and tools. He would not let them have great shops or mills in which to make things for themselves.

3. He thought that in this way he would bring much trade into England, and the English merchants would grow very rich.

4. There were but few towns in all the land. Most of these were near the seashore

and quite small. Nearly all the people lived on farms or on great plantations,—sometimes near the bank of a river, and sometimes in the midst of the thick woods.

5. It was on one of these plantations, in that part of our country called Virginia, that George Washington lived when he was a boy.

6. On one side of this plantation there was a river that was broad and deep. Every summer a ship came sailing up the stream, and anchored a little way from the shore.

II.

7. This ship had come from far-away England, and it brought many beautiful things.

8. It brought fine dresses and bonnets for George's mother and sisters; it brought hats and coats for himself; and sometimes it brought horses and wagons and plows to be used on the plantation.

9. When everything for the plantation had been brought to the shore, the ship would sail away. It would sail up the river, to stop at other places where goods had been ordered.

10. In a few weeks, it would come back and anchor again in the same spot. This time it would have nothing to leave. It came to take on the tobacco that had been raised on the plantation. The tobacco was to be carried to England to pay for the goods that had been bought.

11. George Washington had seen this ship come and go every summer since he could remember. He thought what a fine thing it must be to sail across the wide sea to the strange lands and wonderful cities that lie on the other side!

12. When he was about fourteen years old, he began to think that a sailor's life would be much pleasanter than that of a farmer on a lonely Virginia plantation.

13. His brothers also thought it might be best for him to go to sea; for George would not be a common sailor very long. He would soon be the captain of a ship.

14. So everything was made ready, and the captain of one of the king's ships said that he would take George with him.

III.

15. The day came that was set for him to sail. All of George's friends were there to



"Good-bye, mother!" he said.

tell him good-bye and see him start. The ship was waiting in the river.

16. The boat had come to take him on

board. George felt very proud to think that he was going to be one of the king's sailors.

17. The little box that held his clothes had been carried down to the shore. The men were about to lift it into the boat.

18. George stood at the door. His heart was sad at the thought of leaving home. "Good-bye, mother!" he said. He saw the tears in her eyes; he saw them running down her cheeks; he knew she did not want him to go.

19. He could not bear to see her distress. What if she should never be happy again? What if this should break her heart?

20. He turned to the black boy that was waiting. "Run down to the landing, Bobby," he said, "and tell them not to put the box on board. Tell them that I am not going to sail in the ship."

21. Then he said, "Mother, I will stay with you and try to make you happy."

22. "George," said his mother, "there is a blessing promised to the child that honors his father and mother; I am sure this blessing will be yours."

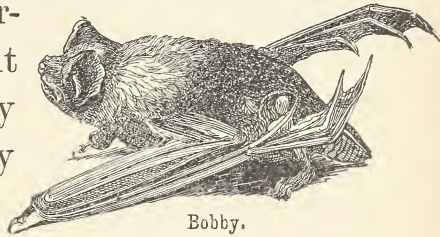
bat	late	gently	animal
bell	furry	tower	inkstand
dull	broken	outside	downward

BOBBY.

I.

1. Of all the queer pets that I have ever had, Bobby was the queerest. Shall I tell you how he came to me?

2. One sunny afternoon, school was out early. I had gone to my room, when one of my schoolfellows came running to call me.



Bobby.

3. He wanted me to go into the garden and see a strange little animal that was there. I went with him. There, on the ground, was a young bat. It had fallen from its nest in the high bell tower, and was much hurt.

4. I picked the little creature up gently. How tiny he was—only a baby bat. He was very much afraid; and I saw that one of his wings was torn and broken.

5. He looked at me with his bright black eyes, but he did not try to bite. He fluttered a little, and then lay down in my hand, and was very still.

6. "Let us put him back in his nest," I said to the boys. "His wise little mother knows, much better than we, how to take care of him."

7. We climbed into the old bell tower. There were a great many spiders' nests there, and sparrows' nests, too. But we could not find anything that looked like a bat's nest.

8. Then we thought we would wait till evening, when the bats would come out. And they did come out. As soon as it was dark, they were flying all around the old bell tower.

9. We saw bats come out of ten places under the roof. But in which of these places did our little bat belong? It would never do to put him in a nest of strange bats. Who could tell what they might do to him?

10. At last we made up our minds to keep him; and he was given to me to care for.



We saw bats come out.

II.

11. I named the little fellow Bobby. I made him a soft bed of moss in an old inkstand that had lost its top.

12. For a long time, I put the inkstand outside of my window at night. I thought that perhaps Bobby's mother would hear his cries, and bring him some food.

13. It may be that she did so. For Bobby always looked very bright in the morning. He soon began to grow strong. In a little while, his broken wing was quite well.

14. He was always dull and sleepy in the daytime. But at night he was very full of life.

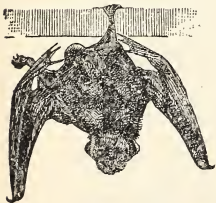
15. He learned to know when I spoke to him. When he was on the table, if I called "Bobby! Bobby!" he would come fluttering across to me. He could not walk very well, with his two short legs and his two long wings.

16. He was a funny fellow to look at, with his furry little body, his big ears, his wide mouth, and his bright black eyes.

III.

17. One evening, when I went to my room, no Bobby was there. The window was open, and the nest in the inkstand was empty.

18. But soon Bobby came flying into the room. He did not get into his bed, but hung himself up by his hands and wings under the edge of the table.



Bobby under the Table.

19. He had taken his first flight out to see the world, and to find food for himself. After that, he went out every evening;

and when he came back he always hung himself, head downward, under the table, until I came in.

20. He was a happy little fellow. He would often play on the table before me, and then come and lie down in my hand.

21. But he made friends with no one else. If any one tried to pick him up, he made good use of his sharp teeth.

22. When the holidays came, I found that I could not take Bobby home with me. So I put his nest outside of the window, and left him. I thought that while I was away he might fly about at night, as he wished, and sleep in the old inkstand through the day.

23. But when I came back to school, the nest was empty. The inkstand was full of rain water, and it was not a pleasant place for even a bat to live in.

24. I sat at my window until late at night, calling, "Bobby, Bobby!" But Bobby never came back. Perhaps he had grown wild, and had gone to live with the other bats in the old bell tower.

size	jacket	wicked	forgive
wisp	floss	rarely	pecked
spry	cheer	haste	eagle
wove	track	threads	tremble

SONGS OF BIRDS.

I. — THE BIRD AND THE SQUIRREL.



1. I built me a nest in the old oak tree,
 As pretty a nest as ever could be.
 I wove it with threads to the oak-tree
 bough,
 And three little birdies are sleeping there
 now.

- 2 One day, as I sang my "Cheer-up, chee,
chee,"

A spry little squirrel sprang up in the
tree.

I thought he was coming right up on the
bough ;

It makes my heart tremble to think of it
now.

3. I flew like an eagle right down through
the air ;

And soon he was running, he did not
know where.

I pecked him and pecked him, and flew
in his track ;

He will be in no haste, I think, to come
back.

II. — THE ROBIN'S NEST.

1. How do the robins build their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

First, a wisp of yellow hay

In a pretty round they lay ;

Then some threads of flax or floss,

Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
 This way, that way, and across :
 That's what Robin told me.

2. Where do the robins hide their nests?

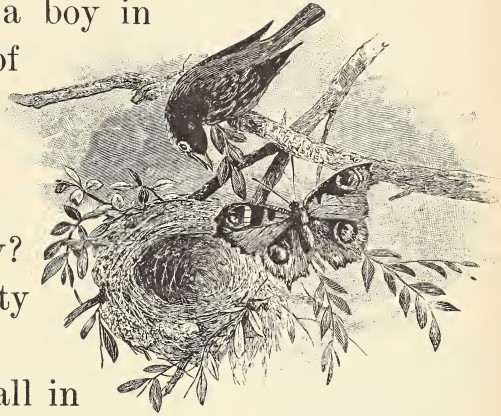
 Robin Redbreast told me.

Up among the leaves so deep,
 Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
 Long before the winds are cold,
 Long before the leaves are gold,
 Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
 Baby robins — one, two, three :
 That's what Robin told me.

III. — THE LOST BIRDLINGS.

1. Oh, where is the boy, in his jacket of
 gray,
 Who climbed up a tree in the garden,
 to-day,
 And carried my three little birdies away?
 They hardly were dressed
 When he took from the nest
 My three little robins, my dearest and
 best.

2. O butterfly! stop for a moment, I pray —
 Have *you* seen a boy in
 a jacket of
 gray,
 Who carried my
 three little
 birdies away?
 He had such pretty
 eyes,
 And was so small in
 size,
 That he can not be wicked — but he can
 not be wise.



3. O boy, little boy, in your jacket of gray!
 If you will bring back my three robins
 to-day,
 I'll try to forget that you took them away.
 I'll sing all day long
 My merriest song,
 And I will forgive you this very great
 wrong.

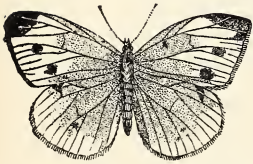
The world is so full of a number of things,
 I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

pads	jaws	shakes	crawls
sick	splits	bursts	breathe
silk	square	colors	thirteen

HOW A BUTTERFLY GROWS.

I.

1. If you live in the country, you can see butterflies every sunny day in summer. They fly about among the flowers. They play in the meadows and the fields.



A Butterfly.

2. Even in large towns butterflies are sometimes seen flying here and there, and trying to find their way back to the country. Now these butterflies were not always butterflies.

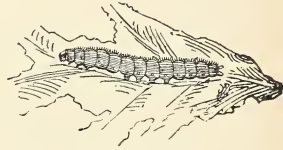
3. Once they were tiny eggs, perhaps round, perhaps square. Some of these eggs were of one color, some of another. The warm air and the pleasant rain after a while called them to life.

II.

4. Out of each of the tiny eggs there comes, not a butterfly, but a little grub. The grub begins at once to eat the leaves that he finds

nearest to him. Sometimes he eats the shell of the egg out of which he has just come.

5. Day after day the grub keeps on eating. He is all the time hungry, and he does nothing but eat, eat, eat. He grows larger as he eats; but by and by he is so full that he can eat no more.



A Grub.

6. What does he do then? He lies quite still for a time. If you were to see him, you would think him sick. His colors grow pale.

7. Then, in a few hours, his skin bursts along his back. He has no more use for this old skin, and he crawls out of it. He has now a new coat, and is brighter than ever. He begins to eat again, and he eats faster than before. Before he can be a full-grown grub he sometimes has four or five new coats.

III.

8. Now, let us see what kind of creature this grub is. He has twelve eyes, but you might look a long time before you would find

them. They are quite close to his mouth, six on each cheek.

9. Do you think that twelve eyes are enough for so little a creature? Only wait till he has become a butterfly, and then he will have more than thirty thousand eyes.

10. Now, look at his mouth. He has two strong jaws; and they need to be strong, for he is eating nearly all the time. They do not move up and down, but from side to side.

11. Now, look at his nose. Ah, no! He has no nose. How, then, does he breathe?

12. Along each of his sides there is a row of round holes. These open into little tubes that run to all parts of his body. He breathes through these tubes.

13. Where are his ears? We do not know. He can hear, but we cannot find that he has any ears.

14. Look at his body. It is made up of thirteen rings. Did you know that the body of every insect has just thirteen rings?

15. Insects have six legs. But how many legs has this grub? He seems to have a

great number. But they are not all alike. The first six are the true legs; all the others are only small pads with tiny hooks around their edges.

IV.

16. At last the grub finds that he can not grow any bigger, and he does not want to eat any more. What does he do then?

17. He hangs himself to a stem, or a leaf, or a wall. Sometimes he makes a thread of silk and winds it round and round his body. He becomes smaller, and of a dull brown color. You would think that there is no life in him.



He hangs himself to a stem

18. But after a while, his skin splits again, and a funny looking creature works its way out of it. This creature does not look at all like the grub. It can not move. It does not seem to have any eyes or mouth or legs. It does not eat. It does not do anything but stay in the same place.

19. It may stay there for only a few days. It may stay for months. Then the skin splits open again — and the butterfly creeps out.

20. He does not look much like a butterfly at first. You can hardly see his wings, they are so close to his body. Will he ever fly?

21. He crawls upon a leaf. He moves his wings a little. He shakes them out. They open. They grow stronger and stronger.

22. In a little while he can use them quite well. To-morrow he will be flying among the flowers, and playing in the fields and meadows.

July	crowd	tyrant	ringer
third	ruler	unjust	declaration
fourth	asked	taxes	independence
front	agree	listened	independent
deed	bonfires	speaking	Philadelphia

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

I.

1. It was the fourth day of July, in the city of Philadelphia. Many people were standing on the corners, and all were talking about the same thing.

2. There was a great crowd in front of the

State House. Some of the men stood on the steps and listened. Some were trying to look in at the door.

3. "What's the news?" asked a man who had just come into the town.



The State House, now called Independence Hall.

4. Those who were nearest the door looked at him, but said nothing.

5. "Who is speaking now?" asked another. "John Adams," was the answer.

6. "Adams knows what is right. But do you think they will agree to do it?"

7. "They must! They must!" cried the men around him, all speaking at once. "But will they dare?"

8. And so these people stood there in the hot sunshine, and waited and listened.

II.

9. In the hall of the State House, the wisest men in all the land were sitting. Why did they sit there, and what were they talking about, on that hot July day? Why did the people in the street care so much to know what they were doing?

10. They were talking about the king of England, and the unjust laws he had made for this country.

11. "He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world," said one.

12. "He has made us pay taxes, and has used all the money in his own country," said another.

13. "He has sent his soldiers among us, to burn our towns and kill our people," said a third.

14. "He is a tyrant!" said a fourth. "He is not fit to be the ruler of a free people!"

III.

15. In the high tower above the hall, the bell ringer stands. He reads the words that are on the bell. They are hard words, but he knows what they mean. "Tell the glad news of freedom to all the world!" That is what they mean.

16. Below him, by the door, is his little grandson. As soon as the great deed is done, the boy is to let him know. As soon as the men who sit there shall say that the country must be free, the bell shall tell it to the world.

17. At last the time comes for the men to say "Yes," or "No." The people are very still now; everybody is listening. Then they hear the words, "Shall be free and independent;" and some one says, "It is done!"

18. The boy calls to the old man in the tower: "Ring, Grandfather! Ring! Ring!"



The bell as it now appears.

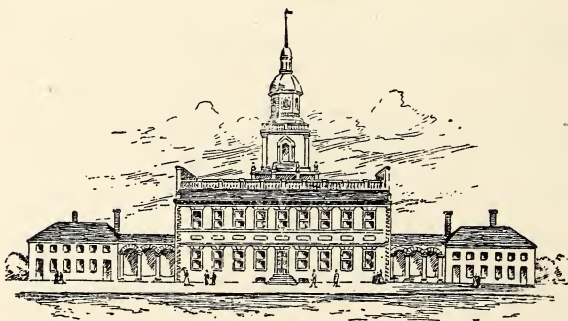
The bellman puts his hand to the bell, and sends the good news ringing through the air.

19. The people shout for joy. The men throw their hats into the air. The boys build bonfires. The women laugh and cry.

20. Then the news is sent into all parts of the land. "The declaration of independence has been made," says every one.

21. A hundred years and many more have passed since that time. But every summer, when the Fourth of July comes round, the deed that was done that day is remembered.

22. The bells are rung, the guns are fired, and both old and young are glad because this land of ours is free.

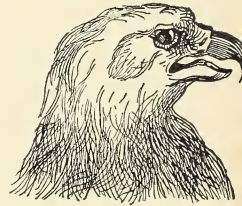


The State House as it then appeared.

beak	bent	prey	crane
claws	hook	parrot	strain
comb	push	snipe	different

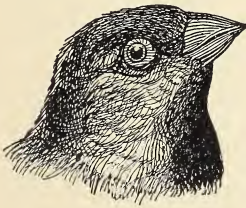
THE BEAKS OF BIRDS.

1. A bird has no teeth. Its mouth has not soft lips like ours; but it is hard, like horn, or the nails of our fingers. It is not called a mouth, but a beak or bill.



Head of an Eagle.

2. Some birds, such as eagles and hawks, eat smaller birds or animals. These have sharp claws, and beaks that are bent like a hook. With their claws they catch their prey; with their beaks they tear it to pieces.



Head of a Sparrow.

3. Sparrows and many other birds live on small and hard seeds. Their beaks are straight. When they are young, they are fed on small insects and worms, and then their beaks are soft. When they are full grown, their beaks become hard.

4. Some birds feed on nuts and different kinds of grain. Their beaks are very strong.

The upper beak bends down and comes to a point, so that the bird can pick out seeds or nuts from the shells.

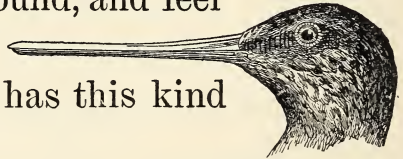


Head of a Parrot.

5. The lower beak is short, and sharp at each side. You will see this kind of beak in the parrot.

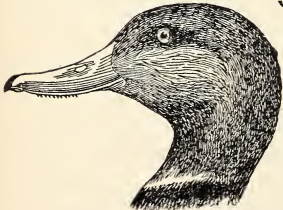
6. Some birds feed on worms or grubs that live in soft, wet ground. The beaks of such birds are very long and thin.

7. When they feed, they push their long beaks into the wet ground, and feel for the worms that live there. The snipe has this kind of beak.



Head of a Snipe.

8. Some birds suck their food out of the mud, and so their beaks are flat and not very hard. Ducks and cranes have beaks of this kind.



Head of a Duck.

9. There is a sort of comb on each side of their mouths through which they can strain the water from their food.

idle	strip	believe	swiftly
neat	veil	string	buffalo
India	flame	pearls	harvest
Peasie	elder	fanned	griddle
Beansie	blazing	choked	kind-hearted

KIND-HEARTED PEASIE.

I.

1. Here is a story which people who live in far-off India like to tell to their children.

2. A very long time ago there were two sisters who lived in the country with their mother. The elder was called Beansie, and she was idle and cross and unkind. The younger was called Peasie, and she was gentle and beautiful and always busy.

3. Now one day the mother of these two girls said to them, "I wish one of you would go and see how your poor grandfather is getting on. We have not heard from him for many months. It is now harvest time, and he has no one to help him in the house."

4. "I don't want to go," said Beansie. "Peasie may go; but I wouldn't walk twenty

miles in the hot sun to please anybody." So kind Peasie set off alone to walk to the town where her grandfather lived.

5. As she was going along the lonely road, a plum tree called to her and said, "Oh, Peasie! stop a minute and straighten my branches. The wind has blown them about so much that they are all growing crooked."

6. "So they are, as any one can see!" said Peasie. Then she set to work, and in a little while the tree looked as straight and as neat as a new pin.

7. A little farther on she saw a fire smoking by the side of the road; and the fire said, "Sweet Peasie, come and help me, for I am covered with ashes and can

hardly get enough air to live."

8. "I do believe it is so," said Peasie. Then she cleared away the ashes, and put some dry sticks on the coals, and fanned the little flame with her hood.



Peasie and the Fire.

9. "Oh, that is so much better!" said the fire, as it sprang up into a bright blaze, and laughed in the morning breeze.

10. Peasie walked on; but she had not gone far when she saw a fig tree standing alone at the foot of a hill. "Oh, kind Peasie!" said the tree, "come and tie up this broken branch for me, or it will die, and I shall lose it!"

11. "Poor thing! poor thing!" said kind-hearted Peasie; and she tore a strip from her veil, and bound up the broken branch.

II.

12. After a while she came to a little brook that ran in and out among the trees and through a grassy meadow. The brook cried out, "Oh, pretty Peasie! Won't you clear away some of the sand and dead leaves that are choking me? They are in my way so that I cannot run."

13. "Indeed, dear brook, I am sorry for you!" said Peasie. Then with her little brown hands she cleared out the leaves; and

with a stick she dug a place through the sand so that the water could flow swiftly along toward the great river.

14. It was late in the evening when she came to her grandfather's house; and he was very glad to see her, because he knew how kind and good she was.

15. All through the wheat harvest she staid with him and kept his house neat and clean, and helped him in every way she could. "No one could be unhappy with you in the house," he said. But at last Peasie said, "I must go home now, and help my mother."

III.

16. Her grandfather was very sorry to let her go. But when he saw that she was ready to start, he said that she must take his blessing with her. So he gave her a spinning wheel and a buffalo and a feather bed and some pots, and all sorts of things that she might need when she should have a house of her own.

17. Peasie put the bed and the spinning wheel and everything else on the buffalo's

back. "Good-bye, dear grandfather!" she said; and then she started, with the buffalo walking by her side.

18. Now, when she came to the little brook, she saw a web of fine cloth floating upon the water. "Take it, pretty Peasie; take it!"



She saw a web of fine cloth.

sang the brook. "I have brought it all the way from the busy city just for you."

19. So Peasie gathered up the cloth and laid it on the buffalo. "Thank you, little brook!" she said, as she went on her way.

20. By and by she came to the fig tree, and what did she see on the branch that she had

tied up? She saw a string of pearls, more beautiful than any queen had ever owned. And the fig tree said, "Take it, take it, kind Peasie! I have kept it long for you, because you were so kind to me when I was in trouble."

21. Peasie took the string of pearls and put it round her pretty neck. "Thank you, good tree!" she said, as she went on her way.

IV.

22. Farther on, she came to the fire. It was dancing and blazing, and singing, "Here comes the kind-hearted child! Here comes the gentle daughter!"

23. Then Peasie saw that on the coals there was a griddle, and on the griddle there was a nice, hot cake. "Take it, sweet Peasie; take it!" cried the fire. "I have baked it for you, because you were so good to me when I needed your help."

24. So pretty Peasie took the nice, hot cake. "Thank you, kind fire!" she said. Then she broke the cake in three pieces, and ate

one of them ; but the other two she put away for her mother and her sister at home.

25. Now, when she reached the plum tree, she saw that it was full of ripe, yellow fruit. "Take some, Peasie ; take some !" said the tree. "All these plums are for you, because you are always ready to do a kind deed."

26. So, happy Peasie gathered as many plums as her veil would hold. She ate a few of them, and put the rest in a basket for her mother and sister at home.

v.

27. When Peasie reached home, her mother welcomed her gladly, but her sister Beansie was very cross and unkind. "You had no right to leave me here to do all the work, while you were having a good time and getting all those nice things," said Beansie.

28. Then sweet Peasie told her of all that had happened to her, and said, "Now, you may go and see grandfather, if you like ; and I will do all the work while you are gone. I am sure that you will have a pleas-

ant time; and who knows but that you will bring home even more than I have brought?"

29. So, the very next morning, Beansie set off to see her grandfather. But she did not think of the help she might give him; she thought only of the fine things she would bring home.

30. When she came to the plum tree, it cried out, "Oh, Beansie! Won't you stop a minute, and straighten my branches a little?"

31. "Not I!" said Beansie. "I could walk three miles in the time that I would be putting your ugly branches to rights."



Beansie and the Fire.

32. When she came to the fire, it said, "Oh, sweet Beansie, come and help me, for I am choked with ashes, and can hardly get any air to breathe."

33. "Why should I care?" said Beansie. "It serves you right for having ashes."

34. Then she went on, and came, in a little

VI.

while, to the fig tree. And the fig tree said, "Oh, kind Beansie, won't you bind up this broken branch for me?"

35. But Beansie only laughed, and said, "Your broken branch doesn't do me any harm! Ask somebody else."

36. Farther on, she came to the brook, and it asked her to clear away the sand and the dead leaves that were choking it. "Who do you think I am?" she said. "Do you think I am going to stop walking, just to help you run? Oh, no!"

37. At last she came to her grandfather's house. As she opened the gate, she said to herself, "I shall not let him rest till he has given me two buffaloes, and as many things as they can both carry."

38. Just then, her uncle and his wife, who had come that very day, ran out to meet her. They began to beat her with sticks and stones.

39. "Go back with you!" they cried. "We know all about your little plan. First, your sister Peasie comes, and father gives her a

buffalo, and a great many other things. And now you come to see what you can get from him. But we are his nearest relatives, and we'll see that you don't rob us. So, out with you!"

40. Poor Beansie was hot, tired, and hungry; but they drove her away, and would not even let her sit down to rest. "Never mind!" she said, as she walked sadly toward home. "I shall get the web of cloth."

VII.

41. Surely enough, when Beansie came to the brook, there was the cloth floating on the water. She ran, and waded in to get it; but the water was so deep that she was almost drowned, and the cloth floated so far away that she could not reach it.

42. "Never mind!" she said, as she climbed out, and stood on dry land again. "I shall get the string of pearls."

43. She ran on till she came to the fig tree. Yes, there were the pearls hanging on the broken branch. They were so high above her head that she could not reach them. She

jumped up, and caught the branch to pull it down. The branch fell on her head. She was knocked to the ground, and lay there senseless for some time.

44. When she came to herself, she saw that some one else had taken the pearls, and run away with them. Her head ached; she was very tired; she had had nothing to eat since morning. She said, "If I can get a nice hot cake right off of the griddle, I shall not want anything more."

45. She hurried along. Yes, there was the fire, blazing by the roadside. There, too, was the griddle on the coals; and on the griddle was the nicest cake she had ever seen.

46. But when Beansie tried to snatch the cake, she burned her fingers very badly indeed; and the cake rolled away. While she was blowing her fingers and hopping about, a crow flew down from a tree near by and carried off the cake.

47. "Well, well!" she said. "Everything seems to go wrong. But I am sure that I shall get the plums."

VIII.

48. She ran as fast as she could. Yes, there was the plum tree, and its top branches



She burned her fingers very badly.

were bending with ripe, yellow fruit. She could hardly wait till she reached the tree. But how was she to get the fruit?

49. She must climb the tree. She held on, first to one branch and then to another, and tried to reach the golden plums. Her hands, her face, and her feet were scratched and torn by the thorns. Try as hard as she could, she could not get one of the plums.

50. At last she fell to the ground. Tired, hungry, and in distress, she rose and went sadly home.

51. Who met her at the door? Who but her sweet, kind-hearted sister, Peasie? She welcomed the wretched Beansie; she led her into the house; she put her to bed; she gave her some gruel and a cup of hot tea; and she bathed her bleeding hands and face.

52. "Dear sister," she said, "I am sorry that you have had so much trouble. But do not cry. You shall have my buffalo and the spinning wheel and the pearls and all the other things. And I will always love you."

53. But Beansie said, "I do not want any of your things, Peasie. I am going to try to be gentle and kind like you, and then I know that all things will be gentle and kind to me."

VERSES TO BE MEMORIZED.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cozy
Till they wake with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows them all, and knows them well.

Little children, you should seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good
As children ought to be.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.



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