

ENGLISH SELECTIONS

for

MIDDLE SCHOOLS

THIRD EDITION

SELECTED AND EDITED

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PEIPING

ENGLISH SELECTIONS

for

MIDDLE SCHOOLS

Cultural Association

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翻印必究

PREFACE

Teachers of English in Chinese Middle Schools usually feel it difficult to choose suitable readers. There are, indeed, numerous series of English readers published in America and England, but they are prepared with the English and American students in view. Consequently the subject-matter in those readers for younger students usually tends to be childish and does not, therefore, appeal to Chinese students whose minds are comparatively mature at the time when they have begun learning English; while those readers for older students contain materials and selections which presuppose a fuller grounding in English than is generally possessed by the Chinese students. We do not deny that many English readers have been published solely for the Chinese students by the Chinese publishers. Undoubtedly they have supplied a want and rendered a great service, yet our experience as teachers of English has revealed their defects either in subject matter or arrangement. Their unsuitability shows itself in another respect. Since the adoption of the New Middle School System, textbooks written for the old type of schools cannot fit in with the new scheme. This demand for up-to-date English readers has not been adequately supplied.

The present book, "English Selections for Middle Schools," is meant to meet this demand. We, the compilers of this book, have been teaching English in The Experiment Middle School of the Peking Normal University for about ten years. During the last few years, a time of enforcing the new educational system, and a time of the lack of new textbooks, we have been making selections as reading matter for the third year students of the Junior Middle School. In the course of years' teaching, a process of sifting in the selections has been going on, eliminating the uninteresting and unsuitable matter and retaining only the attractive and palatable. The standard of our judgment in this process is wholly objective, as we always keep the students' requirements and tastes in view. An examination and an adoption of this volume as a text book may perhaps confirm the truth of this rather bold remark.

Special attention is called to the following features:

The chief purpose of a course of reading is to help the students to make good readers, and to grasp the English Language. Unless you make the reading lessons a source of pleasure, you cannot achieve this object. Dullness and monotony would be fatal to a book of this kind. Humorous and pleasing stories constitute the chief part of this book. Variety is not forgotten. Among stories, are interspersed poems, expositions, and

accounts of discoveries, inventions, and great historical persons. Some lessons will assist the students' intellect, while others, containing moral teachings, will appeal to their ethical nature and strengthen their love of right doing and integrity. Many pieces are either adaptations of masterpieces or extracts from authors of established reputation. These will arouse the students' interest in and stimulate their appreciation of English literature.

The arrangement of the lessons in this book is carefully made. A perfect gradation is secured, the lessons ascending in difficulties.

The irregular verbs often prove a stumbling block to the Chinese students towards the mastery of English. The students should be required to commit these annoying words and their main parts to memory. In this book they are picked out and arranged under each lesson where they occur, to draw the students' attention to them.

Mere reading without practice cannot drive the lessons home to the students. Ample exercises are provided under Translation and Questions. These exercises should be done at home or in the class room by the students who are also expected to prepare every lesson and find out from a dictionary the meanings of the vocabulary under Words To Be Remembered, the

teachers being only guides or helpers to assist them to a fuller understanding of the lessons and to correct their pronunciation and exercises. This will offer plenty of opportunities for self-activity to the students and will accustom them to tackle pieces of English on their own account.

For these phases of the book, we cannot claim any invention or ingenuity, but experience has shown us that they will prove serviceable to students as well as to teachers. Criticisms and suggestions for the improvement of this book are heartily welcome. We tender our thanks to publishers and authors from whom we have drawn our selections.

The Compilers

Peking, August 1928

Note To The Second Edition

Since the publication of this book much evidence has reached the editors that many schools have adopted it as a suitable text-book and the demand for it has been increasing. A second edition has, therefore, been hurried through. Many misprints have been corrected. Some slight changes have been made in the notes as well as in the Questions and Translation exercises in so far as we see, through one year's teaching with it, any necessity thereof. We hope that the value of the book may be increased by these modifications.

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My dear friend

June. 30. 1436.

you are not only industrious but
also very intelligent

If you know the aim of the young man
and you should do with your might good bye

J. S. K. Moulson

SHUN DELAY

One day an old farmer went into the nearest market town with some of the produce of his farm. When he had attended to all his business, he stabled his horse at the inn and went to see the great lawyer who lived in one of the grandest houses in the town.

He rang the bell and sent in word that he wished to see the lawyer on important business. On being shown into the room, he said: "Now, sir, I have come to get your advice." "Yes," answered the lawyer; "what is the matter?" "That is for you to find out," said the old man, "I have come to you to get advice, not to give it."

The lawyer had never before met so queer a client. No one was in the habit of speaking so bluntly to him. He was rather amused than angry, and made up his mind to find out what the old man really wanted with him. So he asked: "Have you a complaint to make against any one?" "No," said the farmer; "I live at peace with all my neighbours."

"Perhaps you wish to recover a debt?" "No!" shouted the man; "I owe no man; and, if any one owes me anything, he gets time to pay it. There are honest people in the part I come from."

The lawyer asked several other questions, but without being able to discover why his strange client had called upon him. At length he said that he was unable to give him any advice, as he did not seem to be in any difficulty or trouble.

"Difficulty or trouble!" said the man; "that's exactly what I am in. I come to ask you for advice—you, the greatest lawyer in the country--and you can do nothing to help me. That's difficulty and trouble enough, I think.

"Many of my friends and neighbors have been to see lawyers from time to time, and take their advice about the conduct of their affairs. They say they have done well ever since. So when I came to market to-day, I made up my mind to come to you and get advice ; but, as you have none to give me, I must go to some other man who understands my case."

"You need not do that," said the lawyer. "Now that you have explained, I understand your case thoroughly. Your neighbors have been receiving legal advice, and you do not wish to be considered less important than they."

"That's it," shouted the man, delighted that he was understood at last. The lawyer gravely took a sheet of paper and a pen. Then he asked the man his name.

"John Brown," was the answer. "Occupation?" "What's that?" he asked, in amazement. "What do you

do for a living?" "Oh! is that what occupation means?" he said. "I'm a farmer."

The great lawyer wrote it all down and added something which the farmer could not make out. Then, folding the paper, he gave it to the old man, who paid his fee, and went out delighted that he was now every bit as clever as his neighbors.

When he arrived home, he found a number of his work people at his door, talking to his wife. "Ah, here comes John," she cried; "he will tell us what to do."

Then she explained to her husband that the hay was all cut and ready for carrying in, and the men wanted to know whether they should stop for the night or work till the fields were clear. The weather had been fine for many days, and the sky had a settled appearance, so that there seemed no need of haste for fear of rain.

The farmer thought a moment without coming to any decision. Suddenly he remembered the lawyer's advice which he had in his pocket. "This will decide it in a minute," he cried, as he unfolded the paper. "I have here an opinion from one of our famous lawyers, and we will follow whatever advice he gives. Read it," he said to his wife. "You are a better scholar than I."

His wife took the paper and read aloud: "John Brown, farmer. Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "A famous opinion," cried the farmer

with delight. "Away to the fields, lads, and get the hay in."

The men went back and worked with a will. In the moonlight they kept busy loading the carts, till, at length, all the fields were cleared. As the last load was driven in, a few drops of rain began to fall, but there was no sign of a storm.

During the night, however, a tempest of wind and rain burst over the valley, and when the farmer got up in the morning several of his fields were flooded. We can well imagine how thankful he was that he had not put off his work till to-morrow. Had he done so, he would have found, as so many have found, that to-morrow is too late.

"A famous piece of advice that was," he remarked, as he walked back to the house. "Do not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. If everybody acted on that plan, what a world of misery and disappointment would be saved. I will always do so for the future."

The farmer kept his word, and he found as you will also find if you try it, that his work was lighter and that the world went more smoothly than it had ever done before.

1. *Words to be remembered*

delay

produce

advice

queer

client

bluntly

SHUN DELAY

complaint	discover	conduct
affairs	explain	legal
occupation	amazement	decision
opinion	disappointment	thoroughly

2. *Idioms and phrases*

- to attend to 辦理, 照料
to send in word 傳話
on business 因事
rather amused than angry 頗覺可笑而不發怒
to make up one's mind 打定主意
to live at peace with neighbors 與鄰人相處和善
to call upon 拜訪
at length 最後
from time to time 時常
ever since 以後
now that 既已
to make out 懂
every bit 完全
a number of 很多
for fear of 怕
to come to any decision 下任何決定
in a minute 立刻
to put off 延遲
with a will 熱心, 專心
to act on 實行

a world of 極多

to keep one's word 踐言

3. Questions

1. Where did the farmer go?
2. Whom did he call upon?
3. Why did he visit the lawyer?
4. Did he seem to be in any difficulty?
5. What was the advice given by the lawyer?
6. Did he act on the advice?

4. Translation

1. 農人打完主意見律師。
2. 我因要事來見你。
3. 先生告訴我們“今日應為之事不延緩至明日。”
4. 律師說：“我不能給你任何勸告。”
5. 委託人不懂律師之意見。

5. Irregular verbs

go	went	gone
say	said	said
give	gave	given
have	had	had
speak	spoke	spoken

Oh heaven ! I am very love you !!
because you can give me the power !

THE COW

Cows are of widely different colours. Some are brown, others black, whilst many are a mixture of these or other colours. Its head is provided with horns, which are for purposes of defence. Its hoofs are cloven, and it is thus enabled to walk on soft or marshy ground. Its tail is long, and it has a brush at the end to drive the flies away.

It is very nice to see a number of cows grazing on a hot summer's day. When the heat becomes oppressive, they often make their way to a pool or a running stream. They will sometimes stand for a long time in the water. The cow eats very fast, and seldom stops until it has secured a good store. It then lies down to ruminate, or chew the cud. This act consists in bringing back to its mouth the food it has swallowed, that it may be re-chewed. The sleep of the cow is short, and it is awakened by the slightest noise.

It would be difficult to name an animal of greater use to man than the cow. The milk it supplies is a valuable food, and butter and cheese are made from it. When killed, its flesh is eaten. Its bones, hide, hair, horns, and,

in fact, almost every part of it, are put to some useful purpose.

1. *Words to be remembered*

mixture	defence	cloven
marshy	oppressive	supplies
ruminates	cud	swallow

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to be provided with 被供給, 有

for the purpose of 爲的是

to drive away 驅逐

to make one's way to 走向

in fact 進一步言之, 實在

to be put to useful purpose 使之有用

3. *Questions*

1. Of what colors are the cows?
2. Why is the cow provided with horns?
3. Why its hoofs are cloven?
4. Where does the cow go during hot summer?
5. What do you mean by "ruminating"?
6. How does the cow chew the cud?
7. Is the cow of great use to man?
8. What food does the cow give us?

4. *Translation*

1. 牛有一尾用以驅蠅.
2. 牛於食後反芻.
3. 牛給人類以各種食物.
4. 牛走向田地, 爲的是吃草.

5. *Irregular verbs*

drive	drove	driven
become	became	become
make	made	made
stand	stood	stood
eat	ate	eaten

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the pleasant land.

grass
man kind field

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY

An old man and his son were once driving an ass before them to the next market-town, where it was to be sold. "Have you no more sense," said a passer-by, "than for you and your son to trudge on foot, and let your ass go on without a burden?"

So the man put his son on the ass, and they went on again. "You lazy young rascal!" said the next person they met; "are you not ashamed to ride and let your poor old father go on foot?"

The man lifted off the boy and got up himself. Two women passed soon after, and one said to the other:—"Look at that selfish old fellow riding on in front, while his son is almost crippled with walking!"

The old man thereupon took up the boy behind him. The next traveller they met asked the old man whether he was the owner of the ass. Being told that he was—"No one would think so," said the traveller, "from the way in which you use it. Why, you are better able to carry the poor animal yourselves, than the animal is to carry both of you at once."

"Anything to please," said the owner: and so he and

his son coming off, they tied the legs of the ass together, and with the help of a pole tried to carry him upon their shoulders along the bridge that led to the town.

The sight of this was so odd, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass feeling a dislike at the too great kindness of his master, began to struggle for his freedom, burst the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, tumbled into the river, and was drowned.

The poor old man made the best of his way home, filled with shame and sorrow that, by his attempts to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, given himself much trouble, and lost his ass into the bargain.

1. *Words to be remembered*

trudge	rascal	struggle
crippled	attempts	bargain

2. *Idioms and phrases*

on foot	步行
to laugh at	嘲笑
to make the best of his way	速行
into the bargain	並且

3. *Questions*

1. What were the old man and his son driving before them?
2. Was the old man the owner of the ass?
3. What did the first passer-by say?

4. What did the next person say?
5. Who was crippled with walking?
6. Did they carry the ass upon their shoulders?
7. Was everybody pleased by him?
8. What is the teaching of this lesson?

4. *Translation*

1. 老人驅驢進城。
2. 老人步行並不使驢有負載。
3. 老人之子不知羞恥騎驢前行。
4. 這個景象是奇怪麼？
5. 他們急速回家。
6. 老人失了一個驢並且很覺自羞。

5. *Irregular verbs*

is	was	been
let	let	let
ride	rode	ridden
take	took	taken
come	came	come

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

“I should like to know,” said a friend, “on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him.”

“You are mistaken,” said the gentleman; “he had a great many:—

“He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him: showing that he was orderly and tidy.

“He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

“He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my question promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

“He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

“And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of

pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

“When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow’s in the blue jacket.

“Don’t you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me.”

1. *Words to be remembered*

recommendation	advertised
assist	mistaken
purposely	tidy
modest	respectfully

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to apply for the place	求謀位置
on what ground	因何理由
being tipped with.....	尖端附有.....
to give up one’s seat to a person	讓座與人

3. *Questions*

1. Who advertised for a boy?
2. How many applied for the place?

3. Had all the boys letters of recommendation?
4. Was there any boy orderly and tidy?
5. Why do you know he was polite?
6. Was he kind and thoughtful? why?
7. What was his appearance?
8. Were his finger-nails clean?
9. Which is worth more, the letters of recommendation or the personal appearance?

4. Translation

1. 他謀一位置。
2. 汝應將汝之坐位讓與那老者。
3. 汝因何理由，選此青年助汝工作。

5. Irregular verbs

send	sent	sent
choose	chose	chosen
lay	laid	laid
write	wrote	written

TIT FOR TAT.

A boy was one day sitting on the steps of a door. He had a broom in one hand, and in the other a large piece of bread and butter, which somebody had kindly given him. While he was eating it, and merrily humming a tune, he saw a poor little dog quietly sleeping not far from him. He called out to him, "Come here, poor fellow!"

The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, rose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail. Seeing the boy eating, he came near him. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy hastily drew back his hand, and hit him a hard rap on the nose. The poor dog ran away, howling most dreadfully, while the cruel boy sat laughing at the mischief he had done.

A gentleman, who was looking from a window on the other side of the street, saw what the wicked boy had done. Opening the street door, he called him to cross over; at the same time holding up a sixpence between his finger and thumb.

"Would you like this?" said the gentleman.

‘Yes, if you please, sir,’ said the boy, smiling; and he hastily ran over to seize the money.

Just at the moment that he stretched out his hand, he got so severe a rap on the knuckles, from a cane which the gentleman had behind him, that he roared out like a bull!

‘What did you do that for?’ said he, making a very long face, and rubbing his hand. ‘I didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for the sixpence.’

‘What did you hurt that poor dog for just now?’ said the gentleman. ‘He didn’t hurt you, nor ask you for your bread and butter. As you served him I have served you. Now, remember dogs can feel as well as boys, and learn to behave kindly towards dumb animals in future.’

1. *Words to be remembered*

broom	cane	roared
behave	wagged	stretched
howling	dreadfully	mischief
wicked	severe	knuckles

2. *Idioms and phrases*

tit for tat 相等報復, 出爾反爾

to prick up his ears 豎耳而聽

to hold out 持出

to hold up 握

to make a very long face 顯出不悅之容

as well as 同亦

3. Questions

1. Where was the boy sitting?
2. What had he in one hand?
3. What did he see, while he was eating a large piece of bread?
4. What did the dog do, when hearing himself spoken to?
5. What mischief did the boy do to the dog?
6. Who saw the boy do the mischief?
7. What did the gentleman hold up between his finger and thumb?
8. How did the gentleman treat the boy?
9. Can dogs feel as well as boys?

4. Translation

1. 己所不欲，勿施於人。
2. 兒童被打之時，顯出不悅之容。
3. 在街對面，一人見一小兒作惡。
4. 你如何待狗，我如何待你。
5. 你爲何打我的指節？

5. *Irregular verbs*

see	saw	seen
sleep	slept	slept
hear	heard	heard

One thing at a time,
And that done well
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

THE RIGHT USE OF KNOWLEDGE

“What an excellent thing is knowledge !” said a sharp-looking, quick little man, to one who was much older than himself. “Knowledge is an excellent thing,” repeated he ; “my boys know more at six and seven years of age than I did at twelve. They have heard about all sorts of things, and can talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?”

“Why, sir,” replied the old man, looking grave, “that depends on the use to which it is put. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge only gives more power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing.”

“That is what I cannot understand,” said the little man. “How can power be a bad thing?”

“I will tell you,” meekly replied the old man, and thus went on:—“When the power of a horse can be checked, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when it cannot be checked, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes the carriage to pieces, or throws his rider.”

“I see!” said the little man.

“When the water of a large pond is led along channels, it makes the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it, and destroys the fields.”

“I see! I see!” said the little man; “I see!”

“When a ship is steered all right, the sail enables her to get into port sooner; but if steered wrongly, the more sails she carries, the farther will she go out of her course.”

“I see! I see!” said the little man; “I see clearly!”

“Well, then,” said the old man, “if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly used. The good use of it will make knowledge a blessing; but, without this, it may be to us no better than a curse.”

“I see! I see!” said the little man; “I see!”

1. *Words to be remembered*

excellent	bridle	sharp-looking
fertile	blessing	steered
curse	sort	checked

2. *Idioms and phrases*

something of everything 普通知識
to depend on 依賴

I see! 我明白了

out of her course 出航線之外

3. Questions

1. Is knowledge an excellent thing?
2. Is the world much wiser than it used to be?
3. Is knowledge a blessing or a curse?
4. When is a horse useful?
5. What a horse will do when it cannot be checked?
6. When will the ship go out of her course?

4. Translation

1. 當我十五歲時我有普通知識。
2. 知識是幸福麼?
3. 權力或許是一件壞東西。
4. 船如正常駕駛是很有用的。
5. 不善用知識乃為災害。

5. Irregular verbs

can	could	
will	would	
draw	drew	drawn
throw	threw	thrown
burst	burst	burst

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

In a far-away land there was once a king whose name was Midas¹. There was nothing that he liked so much as gold. He liked to look at the bright shining metal. He liked to hold yellow pieces of money in his hand, and let them slip through his fingers. He liked to hear them ring, sharp and clear, as he let them fall upon the table.

"If I only had all the gold that is in the world!" he said. But he did not think of robbing other men to get it; and so he was not so bad as many a king that has lived since. And there were other things that he liked. He was fond of fine music. He took delight in pictures and flowers. He loved his family and his friends.

One day the servants of Midas found a strange man wandering in the rose garden that belonged to the king. He did not seem to be in his right mind. When they asked him his name, he could not tell them. He acted so queerly that even the boys made sport of him. They put a crown of leaves on his head, and covered him with flowers, and led him to the king.

Midas was very kind to the man. He kept him in

1. A king of Phrygia.

his house until he had come to his senses again. "Now tell me who you are," he said, "and I will send you home."

The man told him his name, and said that he was the friend and teacher of great Dionysus¹. "Send me home to Dionysus," he said, "and he will give you that which you want most."

Now Midas knew Dionysus very well. Dionysus was a much greater king than Midas. People said that he was always young and beautiful, and that there was nothing too hard for him to do. It was said, too, that he had been all over the world, and had seen many things.

When Midas heard that the strange man was the teacher of Dionysus, he was glad that he had been so kind to him. He took him by the hand and let him home.

Dionysus thanked Midas, and said, "You have shown yourself to be a gentle and kindhearted man. What shall I give you to reward you?" Midas thought of gold. But he was almost afraid to say what was in his mind.

"Ask for what you want most, and you shall have it," said Dionysus.

"Well, then," said Midas, "if it is not asking too much,

1. An Olympian god.

let it be that everything I touch shall be turned into gold."

"Go home," said Dionysus. "As soon as you pass through your own gates it shall be as you wish."

Midas was very happy. Now he would have all the gold that he wanted. He hurried home. He could hardly wait until he had passed through the gates into his own grounds.

"Now, let us see what I can do!" he said. He broke a tiny twig from a tree. The twig became gold in his hands. He picked up a stone. The stone became a lump of gold.

As he passed through his garden he plucked a rose. He tried to smell of it, but it was gold. A ripe apple was hanging upon a tree close by. He pulled it from its branch and saw that it, too, turned to gold.

"I shall be the richest man in the world!" he cried.

Then he called to his servants, and told them to make a great dinner for him and all his friends. "I have never had so great joy," he said. "My friends shall come and be glad with me."

As he drew near to the house, his dog ran out to meet him. He stopped, as he always did, to pat him kindly on the head. But his touch turned the dog to gold.

"Ah!" said Midas, "I did not think of that. I must be careful."

Then who should come next to meet him but little Rosbud, his own dear child!

“O papa, how glad I am that you have come home!” She ran with outstretched arms. She put up her face to be kissed.

Midas held his hands behind him. Then he stopped and touched the child’s lips with his own. You can guess what happened.

When Midas set his foot inside his door, the very doorstep turned to gold. Then the floor, the walls, the ceiling of the room, all became bright yellow metal. “I have enough gold, and too much!” he cried.

Soon his friends came in, and sat down to the table. They thought what a merry feast they would have! But when they saw the sad face of King Midas they wondered what could have happened to him.

King Midas took his place at the head of the table. His friends sat before him. But he seemed so sad that no one spoke or dared to smile.

The cloth, the cups, the plates were turned to gold by the touch of Midas. He tried to eat; the food became gold before he could carry it to his lips. He tried to drink; the water became golden ice in the cup.

What was to be done? Must everything be turned to yellow-metal? Must he starve with plenty all around him? Of what good was all his gold? He hated the sight of it now.

There was only one thing to be done. He would go to Dionysus and ask him to take back the gift.

He rose from the table and went in great haste. He threw himself down at the feet of Dionysus. "O great Dionysus," he cried, "I pray you, take back your gift! Let all things be as they were before. I have too much gold."

Then Dionysus said, "I cannot take the gift back, but if you will do as I say, you may get rid of it, and all things will be as they were before."

"I will do anything," said Midas.

"Then go and wash yourself in the little river that rises in the mountains," said Dionysus.

Midas hurried away. When he came to the little river he leaped into the water. The sand that was touched by his feet was turned to grains of gold. He washed himself as Dionysus had told him; and when he came out of the water he was almost afraid to touch anything lest it should be turned to gold.

How glad he was when he reached home, to find that all things were as they had been before! He plucked a rose, and found that it smelled as sweet as ever. He ate the mellow apple that he picked from the tree, and thought it the best fruit he had ever tasted.

His dog played before him as he walked toward the house. And when little Rosebud ran to greet him, he

lifted her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

“There are many things that are better than gold,”
he said.

1. *Words to be remembered*

wondered	starve	kind-hearted
reward	mellow	lump
greet	plucked	outstretched

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to take delight in 喜歡

golden touch 點金術

to be in one's mind 頭腦清醒

to make sport of 戲弄

to take one by the hand 握住某人的手

close by 接近

to get rid of 免除

in great haste 急忙

as ever 如前

3. *Questions*

1. What did Midas like best?

2. What other things did he like?

3. Who was the stranger?

4. Was the stranger in his right mind?

5. What did Dionysus give Midas to reward
him?

6. Who was Rosebud?
7. Was she glad to see her father coming?
8. What happened when Midas touched Rosebud's lips?
9. Did the king's friends come to dinner?
10. Where did the king sit with his friends?
11. Must he starve with plenty all around him?
12. Was he pleased with so much gold?
13. How could Midas get rid of the Golden Touch?
14. Where did he wash himself?
15. Why was he almost afraid to touch anything when he came out of the water?
16. What did he do with Rosebud when she came to greet him?
17. Are there many things that are better than gold?

4. Translation

1. 他喜歡讀書同寫字
2. 他是頭腦清醒麼?
3. Midas 想要點金術
4. 我並沒有想到那件事情.
5. 我們將有一個快樂的宴會.
6. 水能變成金水麼?
7. 他跪于國王之前.

5. *Irregular verbs*

rise	rose	risen
tell	told	told
think	thought	thought
do	did	done
run	ran	run

Kind hearts are the gardens ;

Kind thoughts are the roots ;

Kind words are the flowers ;

Kind deeds are the fruits.

is commenced by the centre forward, who kicks the ball from its position in the middle of the field. He generally tries to pass it to one of the other 'forwards,' who then passes it to another of his team. Before the ball has been long in play, it is stopped by the opposing team, whose aim is to keep it from their goal and pass it through the other. At the end of the game, the team with most goals wins. There are several rules to be observed in playing, and umpires are appointed to see that fair-play is carried out.

Football is a very healthy form of recreation if played in moderation. Unfortunately many persons injure themselves by indulging in it to excess.

1. *Words to be remembered*

popular	increase	opposing
goal	perpendicular	horizontal
opponent	commenced	umpire
fair-play	recreation	injure
team	moderation	unfortunately

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to consist of 包含

to carry out 實行, 履行

in moderation 適中, 不過當

to indulge in 沈溺於

to excess 過度

3. Questions

1. Is foot-ball a popular game in China?
2. How many players does each team consist of?
3. Who is the most important player in the team?
4. What is the goal made of?
5. How is the game commenced?
6. Which team wins?
7. What does the umpire do in the game?
8. Can you name the eleven players in a team?
9. Why do some students injure themselves by playing foot-ball?
10. Is foot-ball a healthy form of recreation after all?

4. Translation

1. 足球爲學生最歡迎之遊戲。
2. 在比賽兩組中一組含有幾人?
3. 許多學生沈溺於足球。
4. 有人踢足球過度而傷身體。

5. Irregular verbs

keep	kept	kept
win	won	won

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE

From "The Arabian Nights"

There was once an old Fisherman who was very poor. He could hardly keep himself, his wife and his three children from starving. Every morning he went out early to fish, but he had made it a rule never to cast his net more than four times a day.

One day he went to the seashore before it was light. He cast his net, and then, when he thought it time, he drew it in to the shore. It was very heavy, and he was sure he had a good draught of fishes. But no! he pulled hard, and when he had his net on the beach he found he had dragged in a dead ass.

He cast it a second time, and again he waited. Then he slowly drew it in, for it was very heavy. This time his hopes rose, but when the net came ashore he found it held only an old basket filled with sand and mud.

Once more he threw his net. The third time never fails, he thought. Again the net came slowly ashore. But when he opened it, there was nothing in it but stones, shells, and seaweed. The poor man was sore distressed.

It looked as if he should have nothing to take home to his wife and children.

It was now dawn, and he stopped to say his prayers, for in the East pious men say their prayers five times a day, and after he had said his prayers he cast his net the fourth and last time. When he had waited long enough, he drew the net in, and saw that it was very heavy.

There was not a fish in the net. Instead, the Fisherman drew out a copper jar; he set it up, and the mouth of the jar was covered with a lid which was sealed with lead. He shook the jar, but could hear nothing.

"At any rate," he said to himself, "I can sell this to a coppersmith and get some money for it." But first, though it seemed empty, he thought he would open it. So he took his knife and cut away the lead. Then he took the lid off. But he could see nothing inside. He turned the jar upside down, and tapped it on the bottom, but nothing came out. He set the jar upright again, and sat and looked at it.

Soon he saw a light smoke come slowly forth. The smoke grew heavier, and thicker, so that he had to step back a few paces. It rose and spread till it shut everything out, like a great fog. At last it had wholly left the jar and had risen into the sky. Then it gathered itself together into a solid mass; and there, before the Fisherman, stood a great giant of a Genie.

“Get down on your knees,” said the Genie to the Fisherman, “for I am going to kill you.”

“And why do you kill me? Did I not set you free from the jar?”

“That is the very reason I mean to kill you; but I will grant you one favor.”

“And what is that?” asked the Fisherman.

“I will let you choose the manner of your death. Listen, and I will tell you my story. I was one of the spirits of heaven. The great and wise Solomon bade me obey his laws. I was angry and would not. So, to punish me, he shut me up in a copper jar and sealed it with lead. Then he gave the jar to a Genie who obeyed him, and bade him cast it into the sea.

“During the first hundred years that I lay on the floor of the sea, I made a promise that if any one set me free I would make him very rich. But no one came to set me free. During the second hundred years, I made a promise that if any one set me free I would show him all the treasures of the earth. But no one came to set me free. During the third hundred years, I made a promise that if any one came to set me free I would make him king over all the earth, and grant him every day three things he might ask.

“Still no one came. Then I became very angry, and as hundreds of years went by, and I still lay in the jar at

the bottom of the sea. I swore a great oath that now if any one should set me free I would at once kill him, and that the only favor I would grant him would be to let him choose his manner of death. So now you have come and have set me free. You must die, but I will let you say how you shall die."

The Fisherman was in great grief. He did not care so much for himself, for he was old and poor, but he thought of his wife and children, who would be left to starve.

"Alas!" he cried. "Have pity on me. If it had not been for me you would not be free?"

"Make haste!" said the Genie. "Tell me how you wish to die."

When one is in such great peril his wits fly fast, and sometimes they fly into safety. The Fisherman said:—

"Since I must die, I must. But before I die answer me one question."

"Ask what you will, but make haste."

"Dare you, then, swear that you really were in the jar? It is so small, and you are so vast, that the great toe of one of your feet could not be held in it."

"Verily I was in the jar. I swear it. Do you not believe it?"

"No, not until I see you in the jar."

At that the Genie, to prove it, changed again into

smoke. The great cloud hung over the earth, and one end of it entered the jar. Slowly the cloud descended until the sky was clear, and the last tip of the cloud was in the jar. As soon as this was done, the Fisherman clapped the lid on again, and the Genie was shut up inside.

I. *Words to be remembered*

genie	fisherman	beach
draught	shell	seaweed
pious	prayer (prâr)	jar
coppersmith	fog	giant
favor	promise	treasure
oath	peril	descended
toe		

2. *Idioms and phrase*

filled with.....	被.....充滿
to set up	豎起來
at any rate	無論如何
upside down	顛倒
to shut out	遮蔽
to set free	釋放
to make haste	趕快
to get down on one's knees	跪下

to keep from 避免

to be in great peril 在大危險中

3 Questions

1. Where did the Fisherman go?
2. When did the Fisherman go?
3. What was his rule?
4. What did he find, when the net came ashore the first time?
5. When he drew his net in for the last time, what was in it?
6. What came out of the jar?
7. Was the Genie going to kill the Fisherman?
8. Why was the Genie shut up in a copper jar?
9. What promise did he make, during the first hundred years that he lay on the floor of the sea?
10. What promise did he make during the second hundred years?
11. What promise did he make during the third hundred years?
12. What oath did he swear?
13. What was the favor the Fisherman asked of the Genie?
14. How did the Genie prove that he had been in the jar?

4. *Translation*

1. 無論如何請你把那可憐的老人釋放罷！
2. 那個銅瓶子充滿涼水。
3. 請你把那瓶子顛倒放着。
4. 彼幾不免於饑寒。
5. 海岸已被霧遮蔽。

5. *Irregular verbs*

find	found	found
set	set	set
get	got	gotten
grow	grew	grown
shut	shut	shut

THE WONDERFUL PIPER

A very long time ago a strange thing happened in the little town of Hamelin.¹

So many rats came into the town that the people did not know what to do. The rats were everywhere. They swarmed in the houses; they ran about in the streets, even in broad daylight; they ate up everything that came in their way.

The people tried every plan to get rid of them. They tried cats and dogs and traps and poisons; but none of them seemed to do any good. The rats became worse and worse every day. It was plain that if things kept on in this way, the people would soon have to move out of town.

One Friday, when matters were about as bad as they could be, a stranger came into the town. He was a queer-looking fellow, with a crooked nose, a long moustache, and two great gray eyes that twinkled and shone under the broad brim of his hat.

He was dressed in a green jacket with a leather belt and short red trousers that were buckled at the knee.

1. A town in Germany.

Stuck in the top of his hat was a long red feather ; and on his feet were sandals fastend by thongs round his legs, just as the gypsies used to wear them.

If you ever go to Hamelin you will see his picture painted on a window of the great church there; and in that picture he is dressed just as I have told you.

Nobody knew where this strange man came from; nobody saw by what road he entered the town. When first seen he was walking down the main street, playing the bag-pipes, and singing this queer song:—

“Oh, don't you see
That this is he
Who has come to free
Your town from rats?”

He walked on down the street till he came to the market place and the old town hall that stands by the market gate. There he stopped, while a crowd of boys and idle men gathered around him to listen to his strange music.

He leaned up against the wall of the town hall, and kept on playing and singing:—

“Ere another day,
If you will but say,
I'll drive away
Your troublesome rats.”

Now it so happened that the Wise Men of the town were at that very moment sitting in the town hall and

trying to agree on some plan to save the town.

When the shrill tones of the bag-pipes grew louder and louder in the street below, they listened and one of them said, "Do you hear that?"

"Oh, it's only some poor fellow who has lost his senses," said another. "But," said a third, "he says that he has come to free the town from the rats. Wouldn't it be well for us to find out what he can do?"

So one of the men was sent down to talk with the stranger, and learn what he meant by singing his queer song right before the doors of the town hall.

The stranger did not have much to say; but he sent word back to the Wise Men that, if they would make it worth his while he would drive every rat out of Hamelin before the dawning of another day.

"How will he do it?" cried some of the Wise Men, "Let him say how it can be done."

Others said, "If he can do such a thing as that, he is a wizard; and we must not have anything to do with wizards."

The Mayor, who was thought to be wiser than all the rest, and as cunning as he was wise, now spoke up. "It is very plain to me," he said, "that this is the wizard who sent us the rats; and now he wants to drive them away for money. Well, we must learn to catch a

wizard in his own snares. If you will leave it to me, I think I can give him as good as he takes."

"Leave it to the Mayor! Leave it to the Mayor!" cried all the Wise Men.

So the strange piper was brought into the hall. He stood up before the Wise Men and said: "I will agree to rid the town of rats before another day has dawned, if you will promise to pay me a groschen a head."

Now a groschen was not much. It was a piece of silver worth about five cents. But there were thousands and thousands of rats; and a groschen apiece would be a great deal of money.

"You ask too much," said the Wise Men. "It will take all the silver we have." But the Mayor said: "All right, my good man! We will pay you a groschen a head."

The stranger said that he would do his work in the evening as soon as the sun had gone down; and he asked the Mayor to give orders to all the people to stay in their houses.

"I must have the streets free for the rats," he said; "and if the people will only stand at their windows and look out, I am sure they will see a pleasant sight."

As soon as the sun had set, the piper was again in the market place, singing:—

"Oh, don't you see

That this is he
Who has come to free
Your town from rats?"

Then he began to play another tune, so sweet and low that it charmed every one who heard it. Little by little the tones became more and more lively and at last they grew so loud and shrill that they were heard in every part of the town.

Then from all the cellars and hidden nooks about the houses, the rats began to leap. They ran into the streets, they covered the road way like waves of rushing water, they ran as fast as they could toward the market place. They seemed to care for nothing but the piper and his strange music.

When the streets were quite full, the piper turned about and walked down to the river that flows close by the walls of the town. He kept playing sweetly on his pipes, and the great army of rats followed him.

He stopped on the bank of the river. He pointed to the middle of the stream where the water was whirling round as though it were running through a funnel.

"Hop! hop!" he cried. And one after another the rats hopped into the stream. They swam straight to the whirlpool, and then were seen no more.

From early evening until midnight the rats came crowding down to the river bank, only to jump into the

water and be lost. Last of all came a huge old fellow, white with age. It was Blanchet, the king of the rats.

"Friend Blanchet, have they all jumped in?" asked the piper.

Friend Blanchet, looked up into his face and said "Yes, master, all have jumped in."

"How many are there?"

"Nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine."

"And how many will there be when you join them, friend Blanchet?"

"There will be one more," said friend Blanchet, with something like a smile on his funny little face.

"Then go and join them," said the piper, waving his hand. The old king rat said not a word, but leaped into the river, swam to the whirlpool, and was gone.

Then the piper turned about and went to the inn at the head of the street. Before the town clock struck one he was quietly asleep in his bed.

The next morning at nine o'clock the Wise Men of Hamelin were sitting in the town hall. "There is no doubt about it," they said. "The rats are all gone, and the town is saved. But the worst of it is still to come, for we must pay the piper."

"You have already left that matter with me," said the Mayor; "and you will see that I know how to deal

with wizards."

Just then the piper came into the hall. "All your rats," he said, "have jumped into the river; and I promise you that not one of them shall ever come back. Now there were, by fair and true count, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine of the animals, to say nothing of their leader. You can easily reckon how much you are to pay me."

"Let me see," said the Mayor. "What was the agreement?"

"The agreement, you well know, was that I should receive one groschen a head," said the piper.

"That is right," said the Mayor; "and so, let us count the heads. Where are they?"

The piper saw now that a trick was being played upon him, and he cried out. "The heads! If you want the heads, go to the river and find them."

"Well, well!" said the Mayor. "It is for you to show us the heads. We shall pay you nothing until we see them."

"Is that your final answer?" asked the piper.

"It is our final answer," said all the Wise Men. "You must show us the heads."

"Then," said the piper, "since you will not pay me, I will be paid by your heirs." He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and left the hall.

“That is the way to deal with wizards,” said the Mayor, “Catch them in their own snares.”

“But what did he mean by saying that he would be paid by our heirs?” said some of the Wise Men.

When the people of the town heard how the Mayor had out-witted the strange piper, they rubbed their hands together and laughed. “That is the way to deal with wizards!” they said.

The next day was Sunday, and all the men and women of Hamelin went to church. They felt happy, for they were thinking of the good dinners they would eat that day without any fear of the rats.

When they started home they were all very gay, and they passed many a joke about the poor piper who had been caught so cleverly in his own trap. It was very pleasant to walk along the streets without tripping over rats. But where were all the children that were commonly seen on the doorsteps and at the corners?

Soon the cry was heard at every house, “Where are the children? where are our boys and girls?”

Then the mothers began to run up and down the streets, calling, “O Gretchen!¹ O Heinrich!² Dear neighbors, have you seen anything of the poor children?”

About two o'clock in the afternoon one child was

1. German name of a child.

2. German form of Henry.

found. It was little Jacob, the tailor's crippled son. He came hobbling on his crutches through the east gate of the town, and crying with all his might. And every-body said: "Oh, where have you been? And where are the other children?"

Then, between his sobs, the little fellow told this story: While the older people were in the church the children heard the sound of wonderful music. It seemed to come from the market place; and soon every boy and every girl was running up the street to see who was making it.

Just in front of the market gate the magic piper was playing the sweetest music that was ever heard. When the market place was full of children, the stranger began to walk slowly away, and the children followed him, for they could not help it.

They went, singing and dancing, through the east gate of the town and out into the open fields. The stranger led them to the foot of the great hill, which you may still see if you ever visit Hamelin.

A door opened in the side of the hill, and through it the piper went, still, playing the most beautiful music in the world. The children followed him, and when they had gone in, the door closed, and there was only a huge rock where it had been.

But little Jacob had not been able to hobble as fast

as the other children ran. He reached the foot of the hill just as the big rock swang round upon the narrow door. All that he could do was to sit down on the ground, and weep because he had been left behind.

When the people of Hamelin heard little Jacob's story they did not know what to do. Some mounted swift horses and rode across the country, looking for the piper; some sat in their houses and wept; but greater number ran with spades and hoes to the hill, to see if they could find the door through which the children had passed. But when night came, all went back to their homes. They had found no trace of the lost children.

Of all the unhappy parents in Hamelin, the most unhappy was the Mayor. He had lost three brave boys and two pretty little girls; and to make the matter worse, the people blamed him for all the trouble.

"This is the way in which he catches wizards in their own traps!" they said, as they pointed their fingers at him. "If he had been a man, honest and true, this thing would not have happened."

The people of Hamelin will tell you that this sad thing happened on a midsummer day in the year 1284. The street through which the piper led the children is still pointed out to strangers: and on that street no one is permitted to play on any sort of musical instrument to this day.

1. *Words to be remembered*

swarmed	poisons	trap
crooked	moustache	brim
buckled	sandal	gypsies
bag-pipe	snare	nook
funnel	trace	ere
whirlpool	heir	crutches

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to do any good 有益處, 有効力.

to become worse and worse every day 每况愈下; 一天比一天的壞.

to keep on 接連下去.

to free.... from 使.... 無; 使.... 免除.

to lose one's senses 發狂.

worth while 值得.

to have anything to do with, 與.....有關係.

to catch a wizard in his own snares 即以其人之道還治其人之身 (令其自投陷阱).

to leave it to me 任我隨意爲之.

little by little 漸漸.

one after another 相繼.

to deal with....., 對付.

to say nothing of 不計算; 更無論.

to play a trick upon one 騙人;愚弄人.

to pass a joke about one 嘲笑之.

with all one's might 竭力.

to make the matter worse 尤難堪者,有更壞者.

in one's way 妨碍.

3. Questions

1. What happened in Hamelin?
2. Where were the rats?
3. Did the people try to get rid of them?
4. Who came into the town?
5. What did the stranger sing?
6. When the stranger sang, who were sitting in the town hall?
7. Did they believe what the stranger said?
8. What was the opinion of the Mayor?
9. What did the stranger ask for a rat?
10. When did the stranger do his work?
11. What did he play with his pipe?
12. What did the rats do, when they heard the music?
13. Where did he go, then?
14. Did the rats jump into the stream?
15. How many rats jumped into the stream?
16. Who was Blanchet?
17. Did the Mayor pay the stranger?
18. What did the Mayor say?

19. At last, what did the piper say to the Mayor?
20. What happened afterwards?
21. What was the story told by little Jacob?
22. Could they find the lost children?
23. When did this sad thing happen?

4 *Translation*

1. 老鼠相繼跳入河中.
2. 不算女生,學校有男生五百人.
3. 我與彼巫向無關係.
4. 市長愚弄巫人.
5. 市長竭力使他免除煩惱.

5 *Irregular verbs*

sit	sat	sat
shine	shone	shone
mean	meant	meant
catch	caught	caught
swim	swam	swum

“AS RICH AS CROESUS”

Some thousands of years ago there lived in Asia a king whose name was Croesus.¹ The country over which he ruled was not very large, but its people were prosperous and famed for their wealth. Croesus himself was said to be the richest man in the world; and so well known is his name that, to this day, it is not uncommon to say of a very wealthy person that he is “as rich as Croesus.”

King Croesus had everything that could make him happy—lands and houses and slaves, fine clothing to wear, and beautiful things to look at. He could not think of anything that he needed to make him more comfortable or contented. “I am the happiest man in the world,” he said.

It happened one summer that a great man from across the sea was traveling in Asia. The name of this man was Solon, and he was the law-maker of Athens in Greece. He was noted for his wisdom; and, centuries after his death, the highest praise that could be given to a learned

1. The last king of Lydia, 古代 Lydia 國（在小亞細亞東地中海岸）之最後皇帝。

man was to say, "He is as wise as Solon."

Solon had heard of Croesus, and so one day he visited him in his beautiful palace. Croesus was now happier and prouder than ever before, for the wisest man in the world was his guest. He led Solon through his palace and showed him the grand rooms, the fine carpets, the soft couches, the rich furniture, the pictures, the books. Then he invited him out to see his gardens and his orchards and his stables; and he showed him thousands of rare and beautiful things that he had collected from all parts of the world.

In the evening as the wisest of men and the richest of men were dining together, the king said to his guest. "Tell me now, O Solon, who do you think is the happiest of all men." He expected that Solon would say, "Croesus."

The wise man was silent for a minute, and then he said, "I have in mind a poor man who once lived in Athens and whose name was Tellus. He, I doubt not, is the happiest of all men."

This was not the answer that Croesus wanted; but he hid his disappointment and asked, "Why do you think so?"

"Because," answered his guest, "Tellus was an honest man who labored hard for many years to bring up his children and to give them a good education, and when they were grown and able to do for themselves, he joined

he Athenian army and gave his life bravely in the defense of his country. Can you think of any one who is more deserving of happiness?"

"Perhaps not," answered Croesus, half choking with disappointment. "But who do you think ranks next to Tellus in happiness?" He was quite sure now that Solon would say "Croesus."

"I have in mind," said Solon, "two young men whom I knew in Greece. Their father died when they were mere children, and they were very poor. But they worked manfully to keep the house together and to support their mother, who was in feeble health. Year after year they toiled, nor thought of anything but their mother's comfort. When at length she died, they gave all their love to Athens, their native city, and nobly served her as long as they lived."

Then Croesus was angry. "Why is it," he asked, "that you make me of no account and think that my wealth and power are nothing? Why is it that you place these poor working people above the richest king in the world?"

"O king," said Solon, "no man can say whether you are happy or not until you die. For no man knows what misfortunes may overtake you, or what misery may be yours in place of all this splendor."

Many years after this there arose in Asia a powerful

king whose name was Cyrus.¹ At the head of a great army he marched from one country to another, overthrowing many a kingdom and attaching it to his great empire of Babylon. King Croesus with all his wealth was not able to stand against this mighty warrior. He resisted as long as he could. Then his city was taken, his beautiful palace was burned, his orchards and gardens were destroyed, his treasures were carried away, and he himself was made prisoner.

“The stubbornness of this man Croesus,” said King Cyrus, “has caused us much trouble and the loss of many good soldiers. Take him and make an example of him for other petty kings who may dare to stand in our way.”

Thereupon the soldiers seized Croesus and dragged him to the market place, handling him pretty roughly all the time. Then they built up a great pile of dry sticks and timber from the ruins of his beautiful palace. When this was finished they tied the unhappy king in the midst of it, and one ran for a torch to set it on fire.

“Now we shall have a merry blaze,” said the savage fellows. “What good can all his wealth do him now?”

As poor Croesus, bruised and bleeding, lay upon the pyre without a friend to soothe his misery, he thought of the words which Solon had spoken to him

1. The founder of the Persian Empire.

years before: "No man can say whether you are happy or not until you die," and he moaned, "O Solon! O Solon! Solon!"

It so happened that Cyrus was riding by at that very moment and heard his moans. "What does he say?" he asked of the soldiers.

"He says, 'Solon, Solon, Solon!'" answered one.

Then the king rode nearer and asked Croesus, "Why do you call on the name of Solon?"

Croesus was silent at first; but after Cyrus had repeated his question kindly, he told all about Solon's visit at his palace and what he had said.

The story affected Cyrus deeply. He thought of the words, "No man knows what misfortunes may overtake you, or what misery may be yours in place of all this splendor." And he wondered if some time, he, too, would lose all his power and be helpless in the hands of his enemies.

"After all," said he, "ought not men to be merciful and kind to those who are in distress? I will do to Croesus as I would have others do to me." And he caused Croesus to be given his freedom; and ever afterwards treated him as one of his most honored friends.

1. *Words to be remembered*

orchards	contented	merciful
deserving	choking	distress
misfortunes	splendour	or splendor
overthrowing	bruised	resisted
misery	moans	stubbornness

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to be noted for 以...著名.

to make an example of one 拿某人做個榜樣(懲一儆百).

for a minute 片刻.

to bring up 養育.

to stand in one's way 防碍他.

to give one's life 犧牲他的生命.

in the defense of 防護.

in feeble health 不健康.

to make one of no account 輕視他.

in place of 代替.

at the head of 領率.

to stand against 抵抗.

to set it on fire 燒着, 焚燒.

at first 最初.

after all 究竟.

3. *Questions*

1. How long ago did Croesus live?
2. Was Croesus the richest man in the world?
3. What things had Croesus to make himself

happy ?

4. Could he think of anything else to make himself more comfortable ?
5. What was the name of the great man ?
6. Who was Solon ?
7. Did Solon visit Croesus in his palace ?
8. Why was Croesus happier and prouder than before ?
9. Was Tellus the happiest of all men ?
10. Why was Tellus the happiest man ?
11. Do you know anything about the two young men ?
12. Who was Cyrus ?
13. How long did Croesus resist Cyrus ?
14. Was Croesus made prisoner ?
15. What became of his palace ? of his gardens and orchards ? of his treasures ?
16. Who came near Croesus when he was moaning ?
17. Was Croesus silent at first ? What did Croesus tell Cyrus then ?
18. How did the story affect Cyrus ?

4. *Translation*

1. 他所治的民是很誠實。
2. 無人如 Croesus 一樣富足。
3. Croesus 以富足著名。

4. 他捨他的命去救護他的國麼？
5. 他的母親是不健康。
6. 此人之愚蠢使我們很困難。
7. 我們應當幫助不幸之人。
8. Croesus 最後得了他的自由。

5. *Irregular verbs*

hide	hid	hidden
bring	brought	brought

THOMAS A. EDISON

The greatest inventor of the age is Thomas A. Edison, and his whole life is an interesting story for young people. His mother had been a teacher, and her greatest wish for her son was that he should love knowledge and grow up to be a good and useful man.

At a very early age he began to see what he could do for himself, and tried all sorts of experiments. A very funny story is told of him when he was still wearing dresses. One day he was missed by his parents, and they found him in the hayloft, sitting on a nest of goose eggs, with his little dress spread out to keep them warm. He did not see why he could not hatch goose eggs as well as the mother goose.

As his parents were poor, he was in school only two months. Then his mother became his teacher, and it is due to her training that he afterward became a great inventor. She understood the bent of his mind and encouraged him in trying to find out how things are made.

When he was only twelve years of age, he secured a position as train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad in

1. American inventor (1847 -)

one of the western states. He went through the train and sold apples, peanuts, papers, and books. He had such a pleasant face that everybody liked to buy his wares. He traded some of his papers for things with which to try experiments. He then fitted out an old baggage car as a little room in which he began his first efforts in the way of inventions.

One of the things he did while working as a train boy was to print a paper on the train. The London Times spoke of it as the only paper published on a train in the world. It was named the Grand Trunk Herald.

Young Edison worked as a train boy for four years, and he had in that time saved two thousand dollars, which he gave to his parents.

Once he thought he would like to read all the books in the city library. He read for a long time, but he found that he could not finish all the books. He then made up his mind that one would have to live a thousand years in order to read all the books in that library, so he gave up the idea.

One day he bought a book on electricity. Soon the basement of his home was filled with many odd things. He used a stovepipe to connect his home with that of another boy, and through this the boys could talk when they wished.

A kind friend taught young Edison how to telegraph,

and in five months he could operate well and was given a position. He worked very hard, night and day, so that he could learn all he could about electricity. He lost place after place because he was always trying some new idea. One of the things that he thought could be done was that two messages could be sent over a wire at the same time. Everybody said he was crazy, but it was not long before he showed the people that he could send four messages on a wire at the same time. Then the people said, "This young man is not crazy; he is the greatest inventor of the age."

He invented the phonograph. It is a talking machine. Mr. Edison said, "I have invented a great many machines, but this is my baby, and I expect it to grow up to support me in my old age." Another machine which he has invented is the carbon telephone, which tells the heat, even of the far-away stars. His greatest invention is the electric light, which is used for lighting houses, steamships, railway trains, street cars, and other places.

Mr. Edison loves his work, and will never give up an idea until he has mastered the task set before him. For ten years he worked about eighteen hours a day. It is said that one of his inventions, a printing press, failed. Then he took five men to the upper part of his factory and said he would not come down until the machine

worked. He stayed there for two days and nights and for twelve hours more without any sleep until the press worked. Then he went to bed and slept for thirty hours.

1. *Words to be remembered*

inventor	peanuts	experiments
inventions	encouraged	stovepipe
telegraph	operate	phonograph
machine	carbon	street car
mastered		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

due to 因為

to fit out 裝置

bent of one's mind 志向

in the way of 關於

to wear dresses 孩提之年

3. *Questions*

1. Did Edison's mother understand the bent of his mind?
2. What position did he get at the age of twelve?
3. Where did he begin his first efforts in the way of inventions?
4. Was he taught to telegraph?
5. What invention is regarded by him as his baby?
6. What is his greatest invention?

4. *Translation*

1. 他裝置一室，作為圖書館。
3. 他是當代的最著名的發明家。
3. 我們不要放棄我們的工作。
4. 他在孩提之年喜讀電學之書籍。

5. *Irregular verbs*

wear	wore	worn
teach	taught	taught
show	showed	shown

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

I

Daffydowndilly was so called because he was like a flower and loved to do only what was agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind.

But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from home and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good man and had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else.

Yet Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly face, especially for such little boys or big men as were idle. His voice, too, was harsh. All his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly.

The whole day long the old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the children, or stalked about the schoolroom with a birch rod in his hand. Unless a lad chose to attend to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment.

“This will never do for me,” said Daffydowndilly

to himself when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother. At any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man who was trudging along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger, and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but at last confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together. I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and shall be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with some one of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside or have chased butterflies, or have done other things to make the journey pleasant. But he agreed to go with the

stranger, and they walked on together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the hay. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to be shut up in a schoolroom with old Mr. Toil; but while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an old man, who seemed to be the employer of the men at work there. He was busily at work in his shirtsleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, this old farmer looked just like old Mr. Toil.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a

laborer on the farm.”

Yet little Daffydowndilly was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil.

II

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

So they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare look him in the face.

“Forward, march!” shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay. This voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded just like that which he had heard everyday in Mr. Toil’s schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil’s own mouth.

Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of Mr. Toil himself in a fine uniform, with a long sword, instead

of a birch rod, in his hand. In spite of all this, he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a trembling voice. "Let us run away."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a very severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on.

By and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosycheeked girls were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion, "for Mr. Toil will never dare show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue. Happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he see again but the likeness of

Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join the dance.

“Oh, dear me!” whispered he, turning pale. “It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?”

“This is not your old schoolmaster,” said the stranger, “but another brother of his, who is a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure. But his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brother.”

“Let us go a little farther,” said Daffydowndilly. “I don’t like the looks of this fiddler at all.”

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the high way, and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages.

Wherever they went, there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor. If they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, in one shape or another, into the finest houses. Everywhere there was sure to be one of the old schoolmaster’s many hard working brothers.

III

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he saw some people lying in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child begged his companion that they might sit down there and take some rest.

“Old Mr. Toil will never come here,” said he, “for he hates to see people taking their ease.”

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly’s eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest of all those lazy people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

“There is a large family of these Toils,” said the stranger. “This is another brother of the old school-master’s who has very idle habits and goes by the name of Mr. Do Nothing. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family.”

“Oh, take me back! take me back!” cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. “If there is nothing but Toil all over the world, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse.”

“There it is—there is the schoolhouse,” said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. “Come, we will go back to school together.”

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. The poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

Some people, who have heard little Daffydowndilly's story, believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician and that he could change himself into any shape.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward he worked at his task, because he knew that work is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

And when he knew Mr. Toil better, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that his smile of approval made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

1. *Words to be remembered*

agreeable	strict	stalked
hesitated	confessed	employer
shirtsleeves	sweat	fife
dismay	image	uniform
fiddle	fancied	nodded
winked	whispered	scarecrow
pretend	magician	approval

2 *Idioms and phrases*

- to take delight in 喜歡
- to put one under the care of 置彼於...庇護之下
- to go by the name of 以...名見稱於世
- to attend to 注意
- on account of 因為
- to be at work 從事工作
- to catch hold of 捉住
- to make hay while the sun shone 晴天晒草
(趁好時機;及時行事意)
- strange to say 言之可怪
- to be out of sight of 不見
- to the end of the world 天涯地角
- to look one in the face 直視正視
- in spite of 無論不顧
- to make merry 作樂
- to die away 消失
- to cast his eyes on 注目於
- to be ashamed of one's family 自耻彼之家族
- to make...at home 不拘禮,隨便
- tired to death 極倦
- to take...ease 安樂
- to lead an easy life 過安逸之生活
- to burst into tears 忽然流淚
- all over the world 全世界
- in company with 結伴

to do one's best 盡力

be this as it may 無論真假,縱使如此

3. Questions

1. Why the boy was called Daffy downdilly?
2. Under whose care was he put in his boyhood?
3. What kind of man was Mr. Toil?
4. What did Mr. Toil do in the schoolroom?
5. With whom did little Daffydowndilly run away from school?
6. Was Daffydowndilly delighted with the sweet smell of the hay?
7. Did the boy see Mr. Toil among the haymakers?
8. Did the captain really look like Mr. Toil?
9. Did they stay long to see the company of soldiers?
10. Who were dancing to the sound of a fiddle?
11. What was in the hand of the fiddler?
12. What did the fiddler call himself?
13. When Daffydowndilly was tired to death, what did he see by the side of the road?
14. Did Mr. Do Nothing really lead a happy life?

4. Translation

1. 有些學生不喜遊戲。
2. 吾將昆弟託付於吾之良友。
3. 隊長着美麗之制服。

4. 晴天晒草.
5. 彼沿途折花捕蝶.
6. 田中之農夫從事工作.
7. 拉琴者注視路中行人.

5. *Irregular verbs*

put	put	put
know	knew	known
die	died	died
steal	stole	stolen
lie	lay	lain

LORD NELSON¹

There have always been brave sailors ready to fight for England, and of these the greatest of all was Lord Nelson. He was a weakly child, and was never very strong when he was grown up. But even when quite young he showed that he had a brave and fearless spirit.

Once he went out with another boy to look for birds' nests. Dinner-time came, but he did not return, and his friends went to look for him. They found him sitting alone by the side of a brook that he could not cross. When he was brought home, his grandmother said to him: "Fonder, child, that hunger and fear did not drive you home!"

"Fear! grandmamma," said the boy; "I never saw fear. What is it?"

He and his brother had to ride a long way every day to school. One day in winter it was snowing so hard, that after going part of the way they came back and said that the snow was too deep for them to go on.

"If that be the case," said their father, "you need not go. But I should like you to try once more. If the

1. Horatio Nelson was an English Admiral (1758-1805).

snow is really too deep you may come back; but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour."

The snow was very deep, and the older brother wanted to go back. "No," said our young hero, "we must go on. Remember, it was left to our honour."

He was quite a boy when he was sent to sea, and for many years he worked hard to learn everything that might be of use to him.

When fifteen years of age, he joined a ship that was to sail away to the frozen seas of the far north.

One night he and a friend left the ship, and set off across the ice hoping to shoot a bear. The bears that live on the ice are very large and fierce, but this made Nelson want to kill one all the more.

At last they saw a huge bear just in front of them, and both fired at it. They only wounded it, and as they had no more powder and shot, it was very lucky for them that there was a big crack in the ice between them and the bear.

But their shots had roused the sailors, who now came running to help them. The bear was killed and all went back to the ship. The captain was angry, and asked Nelson why he had risked his life for the sake of killing a bear. "Sir," said he, "I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father,"

After being many years at sea, Nelson rose from

post to post until he became admiral, or chief of all the English fleets. Though he had been in many hard fights, and had lost an eye and an arm, he was as ready as ever to fight for his country.

At that time there was in France a great soldier named Napoleon Bonaparte, who had beaten every country in Europe except England.

In order to bring his men to England he must have ships, and be able to beat back the English fleet. This Nelson said should never be done while he was alive.

At last with a large fleet he sailed in search of the French. When he met them he was very glad, for he knew that he should beat them. He had not quite so many ships as the French, but he did not mind that. He divided his ships into two long lines, and then told his captains to sail straight at the French.

As they came near to the foe, Nelson sent up a message to the top of his ship's mast, so that every man might read it. And this was the message: "England expects every man to do his duty!"

When the sailors saw the noble message, a mighty shout went up, and every man made up his mind that he would do his duty. And now began the great battle of Trafalgar. The French had never fought better, but it was of no use, for ship after ship was taken.

While Nelson was standing upon the deck of his

ship, the Victory, he was struck down by a shot and badly wounded. Feeling that death was near, he called one of his captains, Hardy, to him and said: "Don't throw me overboard, Hardy, when I am gone. I should like to be buried with my parents, unless the king wills otherwise. Kiss me, Hardy,"

Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. Then he said: "God bless you, Hardy! Thank God, I have done my duty," And these were the last words he said.

By this time nearly all the French fleet was taken or sunk. It was many years before the French could build another fleet, and so Nelson had saved his country from her enemies. When news of his death and great victory reached England, the whole nation was plunged into grief, for Nelson was the darling of the people.

1. *Words to be remembered*

lucky	crack	admiral
fleet	foe	message
darling	will	mast
overboard	victory	plunge

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to look for 找

to leave it to one's honor 以名譽心爲質

to set off 動身, 出發

all the more 愈甚,更
 to fire at it 向其放鎗
 to do one's duty 盡責
 to risk one's life 置生命於險地
 for the sake of 爲
 in search of 搜求

3. Questions

1. What kind of spirit did Nelson have?
2. How old was he, when he sailed to the north?
3. Did Nelson kill the bear himself?
4. To what position did he rise at last?
5. In the battle of Trafalgar, with whom did he fight?
6. Did he have as many ships as the French?
7. How did he sail his ships at the French?
8. What message was sent up to the top of his ship's mast?
9. What did he tell Hardy, when he was struck down by a shot?
10. Which country won the battle, England or France?

4. Translation

1. 那爾遜出外尋找白熊。

2. 那爾遜之友向白熊敬鎗
3. 彼愛英國愈甚。
4. 彼置生命於險地,因欲戰勝法國。
5. 中國希望人人盡其職務。

5. *Irregular verbs*

fight	fought	fought
drive	drove	driven
beat	beat	beaten
strike	struck	stricken, struck
feel	felt	felt

DR. JOHNSON¹ AND HIS FATHER

By James Baldwin²

I

It is in a little bookshop in the city of Lichfield,³ England. The floor has just been swept and the shutter taken down from the one small window. The hour is early, and customers have not yet begun to drop in. Out of doors the rain is falling.

At a small table near the door, a feeble, white haired old man is making up some packages of book. As he arranges them in a large basket, he stops now and then as though disturbed by pain. He puts his hand to his side: he coughs in a most distressing way; then he sits down and rests himself, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"Samuell!" he calls.

In the farther corner of the room there is a young man busily reading from a large book that is spread open before him. He is a very odd-looking fellow,

-
1. A famous English writer (1709-1784)
 2. An American author (1861-).
 3. A manufacturing city of England.

perhaps eighteen years of age, but you would take him to be older. He is large and awkward, with a great round face, scarred and marked by a strange disease. His eyesight must be poor for as he reads he bends down until his face is quite near the printed page.

“Samuel !” again the old man calls.

But Samuel makes no reply. He is so deeply interested in this book that he does not hear. The old man rests himself a little longer and then finishes tying his packages. He lifts the heavy basket and rests it on the table. The exertion brings on another fit of coughing; and when it is over he calls for the third time, “Samuel !”

“What is it, father?” This time the call is heard.

“You know, Samuel,” he says, “that to-morrow is market day at Uttoxeter¹ and our stall must be attended to. Some of our friends will be there to look at the new books which they expect me to bring. One of us must go down on the stage this morning and get everything in readiness. But I hardly feel able for the journey. My cough troubles me quite a little, and you see that it is raining very hard.”

“Yes, father, I am sorry,” answers Samuel; and the face is again bent over the book.

1. A town in Staffordshire, England.

“I thought perhaps you would go down to the market, and that I might stay here at the shop,” says his father. But Samuel does not hear. He is deep in the study of some Latin classic.

The old man goes to the door and looks out. The rain is still falling. He shivers and buttons his coat.

It is twenty-mile ride to Uttoxeter. In five minutes the stage will pass the door.

“Samuel, will you not go down to the market for me this time?”

The old man is putting on his great coat.

He is reaching for his hat.

The basket is on his arm.

He casts a beseeching glance at his son, hoping that he will relent at the last moment.

“Here comes the coach, Samuel;” and the old man is choked by another fit of coughing.

Whether Samuel hears or not, I do not know. He is still reading, and he makes no sign nor motion.

The stage comes rattling down the street.

The old man with his basket of books staggers out of the door. The stage halts for a moment while he climbs inside. Then the driver swings his whip, and all are away.

Samuel, in the shop, still bends over his book.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

II

Just fifty years have passed, and again it is market day at Uttoxeter.

The rain is falling in the streets. The people who have wares to sell huddle under the eaves and in the stalls and booths that have roofs above them.

A chaise from Lichfield pulls up at the entrance to the market square.

An old man alights. One would guess him to be seventy years of age. He is large and not well shaped. His face is seamed and scarred, and he makes strange grimaces as he clammers out of the chaise. He wheezes and puffs as though afflicted with asthma. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick.

With slow but ponderous strides he enters the market place and looks around. He seems not to know that the rain is falling.

He looks at the little stalls ranged along the walls of the market place. Some have roofs over them and are the centers of noisy trade. Others have fallen into disuse and are empty.

The stranger halts before one of the latter. "Yes, this is it," he says. "I remember it well. It was here that my father, on certain market days sold books to the clergy of the county. The good men came from

every parish to see his wares and to hear him describe their contents."

He turns abruptly around. "Yes, this is the place," he repeats.

He stands quite still and upright, directly in front of the little old stall. He takes off his hat and holds it beneath his arm. His great walking stick has fallen into the gutter. He bows his head and clasps his hands. He does not seem to know that the rain is falling.

The clock in the tower above the market strikes eleven. The passers-by stop and gaze at the stranger. The market people peer at him from their booths and stalls. Some laugh as the rain runs in streams down his scarred old cheeks. Rain, is it? Or, can it be tears?

Boys hoot at him. Some of the ruder ones even hint at throwing mud; but a sense of shame withholds them from the act.

"He is a poor lunatic. Let him alone," says the more compassionate.

The rain falls upon his bare head and his broad shoulders. He is drenched and silent, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Who is that old fool?" asks a thoughtless young man who chances to be passing.

"Do you ask who he is?" answers a gentleman from London. "Why, he is Dr. Samuel Johnson, the most famous man in England. It was he who wrote *Rasselas*¹ and the *Lives of the Poets* and *Irene*² and many other works which all men are praising. It was he who made the great English Dictionary, the most wonderful book of our times. In London the noblest lords and ladies take pleasure in doing him honor. He is the literary lion of England."

"Then why does he come to Uttoxeter and stand thus in the pouring rain?"

"I cannot tell you; but doubtless he has reasons for doing so," and the gentleman passes on.

At length there is a lull in the storm. The birds are chirping among the housetops. The people wonder if the rain is over and venture out into the slippery street.

The clock in the tower above the market strikes twelve. The renowned stranger has stood a whole hour motionless in the market place. And again the rain is falling.

Slowly now he returns his hat to his head. He finds his walking stick where it has fallen. He lifts his eyes reverently for a moment, and then, with a

1. A novel.

2. A tragedy.

lordly, lumbering motion, walks down the street to meet the chaise which is ready to return to Lichfield.

We follow him through the pattering rain to his native town.

“Why, Dr. Johnson!” exclaims his hostess, “we have missed you all day. And you are so wet and chilled! Where have you been?”

“Madam,” says the great man, “fifty years ago, this very day, I tacitly refused to oblige or obey my father. The thought of the pain which I must have caused him has haunted me ever since. To do away the sin of that hour, I this morning went in a chaise to Uttoxeter and did do penance publicly before the stall which my father had formerly used.”

The great man bows his head upon his hands and sobs.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

1. *Words to be remembered*

packages	arrange	cough
odd-looking	scarred	exertion
stage	shiver	beseeching
rattling	stagger	halt
huddle	eaves	stall
chaise	alight	seamed

grimace	clamber	wheeze
afflicted	asthma	ponderous
stride	abruptly	gutter
lunatic	compassionate	drench
literary	lull	venture
slippery	renowned	reverently
tacitly	pattering	penance
sob		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to drop in 進來;入門

to make up 整理

now and then 時時

as though = as if 如;好像

to make no reply 不答

to be interested in 有興趣於

to bring on 引起

to get everything in readiness 準備各事

to cast a glance at 注視

to pull up 停

to let one alone 任他去

to take pleasure in 樂於

to do honor 尊敬

to do away 免除

to do penance 悔罪,懺悔

3. *Questions*

1. Where is the little bookshop?
2. What is the old man doing at the table?
3. How does the old man cough?
4. Does Samuel answer the old man?
5. What does the old man sell at **Uttoxeter**?
6. Is he willing to go there himself?
7. Can you describe the appearance of Samuel Johnson?
8. Where do the people sell their wares while the rain is falling?
9. How do the boys treat him?
10. What are the books written by Samuel Johnson?
11. Why does Samuel Johnson go to the market in the rain?

4. *Translation*

1. 粗暴少年悔罪於父母之前。
2. 彼於拉丁文學有興趣焉。
3. 一馬車停於學校門前。
4. 因時間過早,主顧尚未到來。
5. 許多貨攤擺列於街之兩旁。

6. 汝應即去準備各事.
7. 老人氣喘,故扶杖而行.

CROSSING THE ALPS

When Napoleon Bonaparte¹ invaded Italy the second time (A. D. 1800), he led his army across the cold and stormy Alps, where the snow lies deep all the year round, and the roads are often blocked up by masses of ice.

He himself crossed by the St. Bernard Pass² in May; and a few months later he ordered one of his generals, Marshal Macdonald,³ to cross by the Splugen,⁴ with 15,000 soldiers, and join him on the plains below. It was then the end of November, and the winter storms were raging among the mountain passes.

It was a perilous undertaking, yet he must obey; and the men began their terrible march, through narrow defiles, past overhanging precipices, six thousand feet up, up, up, among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps.

1. Emperor of the France (1805-1815).

2. A pass in the Alps, between Italy and Switzerland, 8108 ft. high.

3. Marshal of France.

4. A pass in the Alps, between Italy and Switzerland, 6944 ft. high.

The cannon were placed on rough sleds, each drawn by a long team of soldiers, or, when the roads permitted, by oxen; and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides, driving their long black poles into the snow in order to find the path; then came workmen to clear away the drifts; then the dragoons, mounted on their most powerful horses, to beat down the track; after whom followed the main body of the army.

They encountered severe storms and piercing cold. When half way up the mountains, a rumbling noise was heard among the cliffs. The guides looked at each other in alarm, for they knew well what it meant. It grew louder and louder. "An avalanche! an avalanche!" they shrieked; and the next moment a field of ice and snow came leaping down the mountains, striking the line of march and sweeping away thirty dragoons in its wild plunge. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared for ever.

The sight struck the soldiers with horror; they crouched and shivered in the blast. Their enemy was not now flesh and blood, but wild winter storms; swords and bayonets could not defend them from the desolating avalanche. Flight or retreat was hopeless for all around lay the drifted snow, like a vast winding

sheet. On they must go, or death was certain; and the brave man struggled forward.

“Soldiers !” exclaimed their commander, “you are called to Italy; your general needs you. Advance and conquer—first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the enemy.”

Blinded by the winds, benumbed with the cold, and far beyond the reach of aid, Macdonald pressed on. Sometimes a whole company of soldiers was suddenly swept away. On one occasion, a poor drummer, crawling out from the mass of snow which had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from his gloomy resting-place, and was heard by his brother soldiers, but none could go to his rescue. For an hour he beat rapidly; then the strokes grew fainter and fainter, until they were heard no more, and the poor drummer laid himself down to die!

Two weeks were occupied in this perilous march, and two hundred men perished in the undertaking.

This passage of the Splügen is one of the bravest exploits in the history of Napoleon's generals, and illustrates the truth of the well-known saying, “Where there is a will, there is a way.” No one can read of heroic deeds like this, of brave men grappling with danger and death, without a feeling of respect and

admiration. But heroic deeds are always the fruit of toil and self-sacrifice. No one can accomplish great things, unless he aims at great things, and pursues, that aim with determined courage and perseverance.

1. *Words to be remembered*

invaded	blocked up	undertaking
march	defile	solitude
cannon	sled	ammunition
guide	dragoon	encounter
cliff	avalanche	shriek
crouch	shiver	bayonet
flight	retreat	winding-sheet
benumbed	drummer	comrade
muffled	exploit	illustrate
disappeared	admiration	perseverance
self sacrifice		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

all the year round 整年的,全年

in order to 爲,因要

to look at each other in alarm 相顧驚愕

for an instant 頃刻間

for ever 永遠

to go to one's rescue 去而救之

to aim at 志在

3 Questions

1. When did Napoleon Bonaparte invade Italy the second time?
2. What mountains did he cross?
3. Who was Marshal Maedonald?
4. When did Maedonald pass the Alps?
5. With how many soldiers did he begin the march?
6. On what were the cannon placed?
7. In the march of Maedonald's men, who came first? Who next? Who last?
8. What do you mean by "avalanche"?
9. Could the soldiers retreat before the avalanche?
10. What did Maedonald exclaim to his soldiers?
11. Who crawled out from the mass of snow?
12. How many weeks were occupied in this march?
13. How many men perished?
14. What saying is illustrated by the story?

4. *Translation*

1. Alps 山整年的被雪遮蓋。
2. 兵士見冰田來時，彼等相顧驚愕。
3. 拿破崙率兵伐意大利。
4. 那鼓手永遠不見了。
5. 速來救我。

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

Longfellow.

THE FATHER (1865)

By Björnstjerne Björnson¹ (1832-1910)

The man whose story is here to be told was the wealthiest and most influential person in his parish; his name was Thord Overaas. He appeared in the priest's study one day, tall and earnest.

"I have gotten a son," said he, "and I wish to present him for baptism."

"What shall his name be?"

"Finn,—after my father."

"And the sponsors?"

They were mentioned, and proved to be the best men and women of Thord's relations in the parish.

"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest, and looked up. The peasant hesitated a little.

"I should like very much to have him baptized by himself," said he, finally.

"That is to say on a week-day?"

"Next Saturday, at twelve o'clock noon."

"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest.

1. A Norwegian poet, novelist and dramatist, (1832-)

"There is nothing else;" and the peasant twirled his cap, as though he were about to go.

Then the priest rose. "There is yet this however," said he, and walking toward Thord, he took him by the hand and looked gravely into his eyes: "God grant that the child may become a blessing to you!"

One day sixteen years later, Thord stood once more in the priest's study.

"Really, you carry your age astonishingly well, Thord," said the priest; for he saw no change whatever in the man.

"That is because I have no troubles," replied Thord.

To this the priest said nothing, but after a while he asked: "What is your pleasure this evening?"

"I have come this evening about that son of mine who is to be confirmed to-morrow."

"He is a bright boy."

"I did not wish to pay the priest until I heard what number the boy would have when he takes his place in the church to-morrow."

"He will stand number one."

"So I have heard; and here are ten dollars for the priest."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" inquired the priest, fixing his eyes on Thord.

"There is nothing else."

Thord went out.

Eight years more rolled by, and then one day a noise was heard outside of the priest's study, for many men were approaching, and at their head was Thord, who entered first.

The priest looked up and recognized him.

"You come well attended this evening, Thord," said he.

"I am here to request that the banns may be published for my son; he is about to marry Karen Storlieden, daughter of Gudmund, who stands here beside me."

"Why, that is the richest girl in the parish."

"So they say," replied the peasant, stroking back his hair with one hand.

The priest sat a while as if in deep thought, then entered the names in his book, without making any comments, and the men wrote their signatures underneath. Thord laid three dollars on the table.

"One is all I am to have," said the priest.

"I know that very well; but he is my only child, I want to do it handsomely."

The priest took the money.

"This is now the third time, Thord, that you have come here on your son's account."

"But now I am through with him," said Thord, and folding up his pocket-book he said farewell and walked

away.

The men slowly followed him.

A fortnight later, the father and son were rowing across the lake, one calm, still day, to Storliden to make arrangements for the wedding.

"This thwart is not secure," said the son, and stood up to straighten the seat on which he was sitting.

At the same moment the board he was standing on slipped from under him; he threw out his arms, uttered a shriek, and fell overboard.

"Take hold of the oar!" shouted the father springing to his feet and holding out the oar.

But when the son had made a couple of efforts he grew stiff.

"Wait a moment!" cried the father, and began to row toward his son.

Then the son rolled over on his back, gave his father one loog look, and sank.

Thord could scarcely believe it; he held the boat still, and stared at the spot where his son had gone down, as though he must surely come to the surface again. There rose some bubbles, then some more, and finally one large one that burst; and the lake lay there as smooth and bright as a mirror again.

For three days and three nights people saw the father rowing round and round the spot, without taking

either food or sleep; he was dragging the lake for the body of his son. And toward morning of the third day he found it, and carried it in his arms up over the hills to his gard.

It might have been about a year from that day, when the priest, late one autumn evening, heard some one in the passage outside of the door, carefully trying to find the latch. The priest opened the door, and in walked a tall, thin man, with bowed form and white hair. The priest looked long at him before he recognized him. It was Thord.

“Are you out walking so late?” said the priest, and stood still in front of him.

“Ah, yes! it is late,” said Thord, and took a seat.

The priest sat down also, as though waiting. A long, long silence followed. At last Thord said,—

“I have something with me that I should like to give to the poor: I want it to be invested as a legacy in my son’s name.”

He rose, laid some money on the table, and sat down again. The priest counted it.

“It is a great deal of money,” said he.

“It is half the price of my gard. I sold it to-day.

The priest sat long in silence. At last he asked, but gently,—

“What do you propose to do now, Thord?”

“Something better.”

They sat there for a while, Thord with downcast eyes, the priest with his eyes fixed on Thord. Presently the priest said, slowly and softly,—

“I think your son has at last brought you a true blessing.”

“Yes, I think so myself,” said Thord, looking up, while two big tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

1. *Words to be remembered*

influential	baptism	sponsor
baptize	astonishingly	confirmed
banns	comment	wedding
arrangement	bubble	latch
invest	legacy	

2. *Idioms and phrases*

week-day 工作日(一星期除星期日本外之六日)

to carry one's age 過活

to make comment 批評

to say farewell 告辭

to make arrangement 籌備

to take hold of 搥住

to spring from one's feet 一跳而起

to take a seat 就坐

in my son's name 用我子之名義

3. Questions

1. What kind of man was Thord Overaas?
2. Why did he carry his age astonishingly well?
3. How many times did Thord Overaas come to the priest's study?
4. For what did he go there each time?
5. Why did his son fall overboard?
6. How did Thord Overaas look after his son's death?
7. What did he do with his gerd?
8. Did his son bring him a true blessing?

4. Translation

1. 富人子女於週日受洗。
2. 我不欲批評洗禮。
3. 我輩須籌備彼等之婚禮。
4. 此錢用我子之名義施諸貧人。
5. 一老人至牧師之書齋告辭。

5. *Irregular verbs*

begin

began

begun

sink

sank

sunk

THE LITTLE MATCHGIRL

By Hans Andersen¹

It was dreadfully cold, it snowed, and was getting quite dark, for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year.

Amid the cold and the darkness a little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets.

It is true she had on a pair of slippers, when she left home, but that was not of much use, for they were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street to avoid two carriages that were driving at a fearful rate.

One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own.

So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet that were red and blue with cold. So she carried a

1. Danish novelist and writer of fairy tales (1805-1875).

number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand.

Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day, and nobody had even given her a penny.

She crept along, shivering with cold and hunger, a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing!

The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not.

Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savoury smell of roast goose; for it was St. Sylvester's evening. And this she did heed.

She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not bring back a penny.

Her father would certainly beat her; it was cold enough at home, besides; for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold.

Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against

the wall, and warm her fingers.

So at last she drew one out. Whist! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it — truly, it was a wonderful little light!

It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass-feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so blessedly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light and where it shone upon the wall, the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room.

A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner service, while a roast goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savoury fumes. And what was more delightful still, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground with a knife and fork in its breast, up to the poor girl.

The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit another match.

She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree that was larger, and more superbly decked than even the one she has seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on target, seemed to be looking down upon her. The match then went out.

The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down and left a long streak of fire.

"Somebody is now dying" thought the little girl—for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her, that when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all round; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit yet looking so mild and loving.

"Grandmother," cried the little one; "oh! take me with you. I know you will go away when the match goes out—you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine large Christmas tree."

And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches gave a light that was brighter than

noonday. Her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far above mortal ken—where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; for it was to the land of the blessed that they had flown.

But, in the cold dawn, the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth: she had been frozen on the last night of the old year.

The new year's sun shone upon the little corpse.

The child sat in the stiffness of death,—still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned.

People said: "She tried to warm herself!"

Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendour she had entered upon the joys of the new year together with her grandmother.

1. *Words to be remembered*

dreadfully	roaming	slippers
hitherto	pounced	cradle
livelong	flaxen	savoury
cowering	projected	expired
vanished	transparent	magnificent

stuffed	waddled	taper
corpse	mortal	radiant

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to be pounced upon by 被攫取

a number of 許多

to be frozen with cold 被冷所凍

the stiffness of death 死之僵硬

to go out 滅熄

3. *Questions*

1. Who was running through the streets?
2. What did the little girl have on her feet?
3. What did the boy say when he ran away with the slipper?
4. What did she carry in her apron?
5. Why was she a perfect picture of misery?
6. Why dared she not return home?
7. What did she see the first time she lit her match?
8. Where did the little girl and her grandmother go?
9. What did people see the next morning?

4. *Translation*

1. 許多兒童正徬徨於街衢之中。

2. 她的髮被雪花所蓋.
3. 她的拖鞋被一兒童所攫取.
4. 即一舊裙對她亦有多少補救.
5. 她趕快磨擦火柴.

5. *Irregular verbs*

leave	left	left
lose	lost	lost
buy	bought	bought
creep	crept	crept
hang	hung	hung
beat	beat	beaten
light	lighted (lit)	lighted (lit)
rise	rose	risen
fly	flew	flown

HOME, SWEET HOME

By J. H. Payne¹

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

There's no place like home !

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
door,

Thro, the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again ;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,

1. John Howard Payne (1795-1852)

Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than
all.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

There's no place like home !

TRADE CARRIED ON BY ANIMALS

Let us consider how some of the animals that we know spend their time. They do not require money, but they have to obtain food, to build their own dwellings, and provide for their own amusements. For this purpose they are busy all day long; and trades are carried on by them which show great industry, good work-manship, and excellent results.

Wasps are paper makers. They make their paper out of materials that no other paper-maker would use. Our paper is generally made from rags and other materials, but the wasp makes his out of damp and rotten wood. We use machinery, but the wasp has nothing but his powerful jaws. The paper he makes is coarse and tough, and about as thick as thin letter paper. He uses it for building his nest.

Bees are professors of geometry. They are able to construct their cells so that the least possible amount of material is formed into largest spaces with the least waste of room. The shape of the cells is that of a hexagon or six-sided figure. Placed side by side above or below no space is lost between the cells—they fit into one another

exactly. Space would be lost between round cells; and square cells would not be so strong, or so convenient for a round animal, and would take more material.

Caterpillars called silk-worms are spinners. They make all the silk used in the world. We have to thank them for the rich dresses and curtains and trimmings that we make of this beautiful article. Each little spinner makes a thread of silk nearly two thousand feet in length, yet the material used in a lady's dress requires all the produce of eight thousand insects.

Spiders are weavers. Long before man discovered the uses of wool, flax, or cotton, these industrious insects, without the aid of machinery, were able to weave a fairy net-work of gossamer threads, such as we may see on leafy hedges and flowering bushes.

Ants are miners, masons, and farmers. Some of them bore long underground passages; others build houses with partition walls, well-shaped arches, and pillars; others care for their insect-cows, from which they obtain a clear, sweet fluid.

Swallows are fly-catchers. The sky is their home. They fly through the air with their mouths wide open, and you may see them skimming along the surface of a brook or a pond. The number of insects they catch in a day is quite astonishing.

The fire-fly and glow-worm are lamp-lighters.

Fire-flies light up the air, just as the glow-worms do the grassy and flowery banks in country places.

Singing-birds are musicians, and no other musicians can equal them in harmony. Who has not listened with delight to a concert of feathered songsters as they poured forth their hymn of praise in some wood or glen? Hardly can we decide which has the advantage—the lark, the blackbird, the thrush, or the nightingale.

The otter and the heron are fishermen though they neither use a line nor a net. It is not very often that we see the otter, for he carries on his trade for the most part under water; but the heron is frequently seen, standing with his long thin legs in the shallow part of the river, or on the seashore. If you watch him, you will see him suddenly plunging his lengthy bill below the surface and bringing up a fish.

The beaver is a wood-cutter and a builder, and he is a good workman in both of these trades. He cuts down small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skilfully with his tail.

The mole is an engineer and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by any engineer. The jackal is a hunter; the hawk is an expert bird catcher; the leech is an excellent surgeon; and the monkey is the best rope-dancer in the world.

1. *Words to be remembered*

insects	gossamer	obtain
bore	partition	workmanship
skimming	rotten	harmony
machinery	concert	tough
throstle	construct	heron
plaster	caterpillar	silk-worm
expert	surgeon	trimmings

2. *Idioms and phrases*

provide for 準備

for this purpose 欲達此目的

to carry on 經營

for the most part 大部分,大半

to have the advantage 佔優勢,好些

3. *Questions*

1. For what purpose are the animals busy all day long?
2. Out of what materials do wasps make their paper?
3. What is the shape of the cells of bees?
4. What can be made out of silk?
5. Where can we see cob webs?
6. Why do you call ants miners, masons, and farmers?

7. Why is it that swallows fly with their mouths wide open.
8. Why do you call fire-fly and glow-worm lamp-lighters ?

4. *Translation*

1. 蜜蜂準備他們自己的食物。
2. 燕子飄過河面，張嘴以捉昆蟲。
3. 百靈鳥大半在早晨歌唱。
4. 海狸能建築房子，好像被工程師教過。
5. 蜘蛛在籬上作網。

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

By Hans Andersen

Many years ago, there lived an emperor, who was so fond of having new clothes that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. He did not trouble himself about his army, nor had he any taste for theatrical amusements, nor did he care even to drive out, except it was to show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour in the day; and just as in other countries they say of a king: "His majesty is in his council-chamber," they said of him, "The emperor is in his dressing room."

The large city which he inhabited was very gay, and was daily visited by numerous foreigners. One day there came, amongst the rest, a couple of imposters, who gave themselves out as weavers, and pretended that they could weave the most beautiful stuff imaginable. Not only were the colours and the pattern of remarkable beauty, but the clothes made of this material possessed the wonderful quality of being invisible to the eyes of such persons as were either not fit for the office they held or were irremediably stupid.

“Those would, indeed, be valuable clothes,” thought the emperor; “for when I put them on I should be able to find out which men in my empire are unfit for their offices, and I should be able to distinguish the wise from the stupid ones. I must have some of this stuff woven for me directly.” And he gave the two impostors a handsome sum as earnest-money to begin their work with.

They then put up two looms, and did as if they were at work, though there was nothing whatever upon the looms. They next asked for the finest silk that could be had, and the most splendid gold thread; all of which they put into their pockets, and continued working at the empty looms till late at night.

“I should like to know how they are getting on with the stuff,” thought the emperor. Yet he felt some misgivings when he recollected that stupid persons, or such as were unfit for their office, could not see the material; and though he trusted that he had nothing to fear personally, still he preferred sending someone else to see how the matter stood.

All the inhabitants of the town had heard of the singular properties of the stuff, and everybody was curious to see how unfit or how stupid his neighbour might be.

“I will send my worthy old minister to the weavers,”

thought the emperor. "He is best capable of judging of this stuff, for he has a great deal of good sense, and nobody is more fit for his office than he."

The good old minister, accordingly, went into the room where the two impostors sat working at the empty looms. "Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, staring with all his might. "I can see nothing at all." But he took care not to say so.

The two impostors requested him to step nearer, and asked if he did not think the pattern very pretty, and the colours extremely beautiful. They then pointed to the empty loom, while the poor old minister kept staring as hard as he could, but without being able to see what, in fact, was not there to be seen.

"Have mercy on us!" thought he, "can I be so stupid, after all? I never thought myself so, and I must not let anyone know it. Can I be unfit for my office? No, it will never do for me to own that I could not see the stuff."

"You have not told us what you think of our stuff," said one of the weavers.

"Oh! it is most elegant—most lovely!" answered the minister, looking through his spectacles—"both the pattern and the colours. I shall be sure to tell the emperor how pleased I am with the stuff."

"We are delighted to hear you say so," observed the

weavers, and hereupon they mentioned the names of the colours, and explained the peculiarities of the pattern. The old minister listened very attentively, in order to be able to repeat what they said to the emperor, which he accordingly did.

The two impostors now asked for more money, more silk, and more gold, to go on with their work. They put it all into their pockets, as before, and not a thread was fastened to either shuttle, though they continued pretending to work at the empty looms.

The emperor soon sent another honourable statesman to see how the weaving was getting on, and whether the stuff would soon be ready. The same thing happened to him as had befallen the minister. He looked and looked, and as there was nothing but an empty loom, he could not contrive to see any-thing.

"Is not this a beautiful stuff?" asked the two impostors, pretending to show and expatiate on the beautiful pattern which was not there.

"I am not stupid," thought the statesman; "it would, therefore, seem I were unfit for my office. That would be comical indeed; only I must not let anybody perceive it." So he praised the tissue which he did not see, and assured them he admired its beautiful colours and remarkable pattern. "It is really exquisite," reported he to the emperor.

Everybody in the town spoke of the splendid stuff that was being woven.

The emperor had now a mind to see it himself, while it was still on the loom. So he went into the room where the two cunning impostors were working away at a great rate, without either woof or warp, followed by a retinue of picked men, amongst whom were the two worthy statesmen who had been there already.

“Is it not magnificent?” said the two latter, “Will your majesty be pleased just to examine the pattern and the colours!” And they pointed to the empty loom, concluding that those present would be able to see the tissue.

“Why, how is this?” thought the emperor, “I see nothing whatever. This is quite alarming. Can I be stupid? Am I not fit to be the emperor? That would be the most shocking thing that could happen to me. “Oh, it’s very pretty!” cried he. “It has our most gracious approval,” And he nodded condescendingly as he gazed at the empty loom, for he would not own that he saw nothing.

His whole retinue looked and looked in turn, but could not make anything more out of it than the others had done; but still they repeated after the emperor. “Oh, it’s very pretty!” And they advised him to handsel these beautiful new clothes on the occasion of a grand procession that was about to take place.

The words, "elegant!" "magnificent!" were bandied from mouth to mouth. Everybody seemed vastly delighted, and the emperor conferred on the two impostors the title of "weavers to the imperial court."

The two impostors sat up the whole of the night preceding the day on which the procession was to take place; and had lit up more than sixteen tapers. People could see them busy at work, finishing the emperor's new clothes. They imitated the action of taking the stuff off the loom, then they cut it out in the air with large scissors and proceeded to sew the garments without either needles or thread, till, at length, they said, "The clothes are now ready."

The emperor then came in, accompanied by the principal lords of his court; when the two impostors each raised an arm as if they were holding something up, saying, "Here are the trunk-hose; here is the vest: here is the mantle," and so forth. "The tissue is as light as a cobweb, and one might fancy one had nothing on; but that is just its greatest beauty."

"So it is," said the courtiers; though they could see nothing, as nothing was there to be seen.

"Will your imperial majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes?" said the impostors; "and we will dress you in the new ones before this large glass."

The emperor accordingly took off all his clothes, and

the impostors made belief to put on each of the new garments they had just finished; while his majesty turned and twisted himself round before the looking-glass.

“How capitally the clothes fit!” said all present. “What a beautiful pattern, and what vivid colours! What a costly attire!”

“They are waiting outside with the canopy that is to be carried over your majesty’s head in the procession,” said the master of the ceremonies, now coming in.

“I am quite ready, as you may perceive,” answered the emperor. “My dress fits nicely—does it not?” added he, turning once more to the glass, to make it appear as if he were examining its beauties most minutely.

The lords of the bedchamber, who were to bear the train, pretended to pick it up from the floor with hands, and then did as if they were holding something in the air for they did not venture to show that they saw nothing.

The emperor then went forth, in grand procession under the splendid canopy, while the people in the street, and the others at their windows, all exclaimed: “Dear me! how incomparably beautiful are the emperor’s new clothes! What a fine train he has and how well it is cut!”

No one, in short, would let his neighbour think that he saw nothing, for it would have been like declaring himself unfit for his office, whatever that might be,

or, at best, extremely stupid. None of the emperor's clothes has ever met with such universal approbation as these.

"But he has got nothing on," cried, at length, one little child.

"Only listen to that innocent creature," said the father; and the child's remark was whispered from one to the other as a piece of laughable simplicity.

"But he has got nothing on," cried, at length, the whole crowd.

This startled the emperor, for he had an inkling that they were in the right after all; but he thought, "I must, nevertheless, face it out till the end, and go on with the procession."

And the lords in waiting went on marching as stiffly as ever, and carrying the train that did not exist.

1. *Words to be remembered*

finery	remarkable	theatrical
His majesty	invisible	irremediably
inhabited	distinguish	earnest money
impostors	pretended	splendid
imaginable	pattern	recollected
contrive	preferred	perceive
inhabitants	exquisite	minister

extremely	elegant	approval
condescendingly	peculiarities	procession
magnificent	shuttle	statesman
imitated	scissors	cobweb
inkling	conferred	canopy
universal	approbation	whispered
simplicity		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

- a couple of 兩個
- to trouble one's self about 關心于
- to give one's self out as 自稱爲
- how the matter stood 此事情形如何
- capable of 能
- mercy on us! 驚訝之辭
- it will never do to own 不可承認
- to go on with 進行
- to expatiate on 詳細解釋
- at a great rate 甚速
- in turn 輪流
- confer on 賜與
- to take place 發生
- busy at work 忙于工作
- to take off 脫去
- to make belief 假裝
- master of the ceremonies 禮官

in short 總而言之

to be in the right 對,是

to face it out 堅持

8. Questions

1. Who was fond of new clothes?
2. Had the emperor any taste for theatrical amusements?
3. How many looms did the two impostors put up?
4. What kind of persons could not see the beautiful clothes?
5. Had the inhabitants of the town heard of the singular properties of the clothes?
6. Whom did the emperor send first to the weavers?
7. Did the minister see anything?
8. Did the impostors ask for anything more?
9. Did everybody in the town speak of the splendid stuff?
10. What title did the emperor confer on the impostors?
11. Did the two impostors imitate the action of taking the stuff off the loom?
12. How light was the tissue?
13. Did the emperor take off his own clothes?

before the large looking glass?

14. What was to be carried over the emperor's head?
15. Who were to bear the train?
16. What did the child say?
17. Was the emperor startled by the child's remark?
18. What is the lesson of the story?

4. *Translation*

1. 皇帝不關心人民。
2. 不稱職之人不能見此美麗之衣。
3. 學生須盡力讀書。
4. 二騙子詳解衣料之美麗。
5. 大游行將要發生了。
6. 皇帝的衣服得著普遍的贊揚麼?

5. *Irregular verbs*

spend	spent	spent
weave	wove	woven
befall	befell	befallen

WHAT WAS HER NAME?

“Wake up!” said an old gentleman, dressed in brown and white, as he gently shook the shoulder of a young lady in green, who was lying sound asleep under the trees. “Wake up, ma’am! it is your watch now, and time for me to take myself off.”

The young lady stirred a very little, and opened one of her eyes the least little bit. “Who are you?” she said, drowsily. “What is your name?”

“My name is Winter,” replied the old man. “What is yours?”

“I have not the faintest idea,” said the lady, closing her eyes again.

“Humph!” growled the old man, “a pretty person you are to take my place! Well, good day, Madam Sleepy-head, and good luck to you!”

And off he stumped over the dead leaves, which crackled and rustled beneath his feet.

As soon as he was gone, the young lady in green opened her eyes in good earnest and looked about her.

“Madam Sleepyhead, indeed!” she re-echoed, indignantly. “I am sure that is not my name, anyhow

The question is, what is it?"

She looked about her again, but nothing was to be seen save the bare branches of the trees, and the dead brown leaves and dry moss under foot.

"Trees, do you happen to know what my name is?" she asked.

The trees shook their heads. "No, ma'am," they said, "we do not know; but perhaps when the wind comes, he will be able to give you some information."

The girl shivered a little and drew her green mantle about her and waited.

By and by the wind came blustering along. He caught the trees by their branches, and shook them in rough, though friendly greeting.

"Well, boys!" he shouted. "Old Winter is gone, is he? I wish you joy of his departure! But where is the lady who was coming to take his place?"

"She is here," answered the trees, "sitting on the ground; but she does not know her own name, which seems to trouble her."

"Ho! ho!" roared the wind. "Not know her own name? That is news, indeed! And here she has been sleeping, while all the world has been looking for her, and calling her, and wondering where upon the earth she was. Come, young lady," he added.

So he led the way through the forest, and the girl

followed, rubbing her pretty, sleepy eyes, and dragging her mantle behind her.

Now it was a very singular thing, that whatever the green mantle touched, instantly turned green itself. The brown moss put out little tufts of emerald velvet, fresh shoots came pushing up from the dead, dry grass, and even the shrubs and twigs, against which the edges of the garment brushed, broke out with tiny swelling buds, all ready to open into leaves.

The young girl in the green mantle, looked wonderingly at all these things. "How strange!" she said. "They are all asleep, and waiting for some one to wake them. Perhaps if I do it, they will tell me in return what my name is."

She shook the buds lightly, and lo! every blossom opened its eyes, and raised its head, and said. "Welcome, gracious lady! Welcome!"

Presently the girl spied a beautiful carved casket, which had been hidden under a pile of spicy leaves, and from inside of it, came a rustling sound! The softest sound that was ever heard.

She lifted the lid, and out flew a cloud of butterflies.

Rainbow-tinted, softly, glitteringly, gayly fluttering, out they flew by thousands and thousands, and hovered about the maiden's head and the soft sound of their wings, which mortal ears are too dull to hear, seemed to

say, "Welcome! welcome!"

At the same moment a great flock of beautiful birds came, flying, and lighted on the branches all around, and they, too, sang, "Welcome! welcome!"

The maiden clasped her hands and cried, "Why are you all so glad to see me? I feel—I know—that you are all mine, and I am yours, but how is it? Who am I? What is my name?"

And birds and flowers and rainbow-hued butterflies and dark sombre pine-trees all answered in joyous chorus. "Spring! the beautiful, the long-expected! Hail to the maiden Spring!"

1. *Words to be remembered*

drowsily	stumped	rustled
save	tuft	spied
casket	spicy	rainbow-tinted
chorus		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to lie sound asleep 臥而酣睡

to take one's self off 去走開

to take one's place 代替某人, 繼續某人而作某種
事務

in good earnest 毅然決然

in return 作爲報答

by thousands and thousands 成千成萬

3. Questions

1. What did the old man say to the young lady?
2. What was the name of the old man?
3. Did the young lady know her own name?
4. Why the old man called her Madam Sleepy head?
5. Did the trees know her name?
6. Where did the wind lead the young lady?
7. What was in the casket which she saw under a pile of leaves?
8. What did the flock of beautiful birds say to her?
9. After all, what was her name?

4. Translation

1. 一嬰兒臥於床上而酣睡
2. 青年人至田塲以代替老年人，
3. 彼贈我一書作爲報答，
4. 一幼年婦人毅然遂行，
5. 小鳥成千成萬而至，

5. *Irregular verb*

shake

shook

shaker

SPRING

By T. Nash¹

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Gold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,

Cuckoo, jug-jug pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,

Cuckoo, jug-jug pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug pu-we, to-witta-woo!

Spring! the sweet Spring!

1. Thomas Nash: English dramatist (1567-1601)

SEVEN AT A BLOW

One fine summer morning, a little tailor sat at his work. A woman came down the street calling, "Good cheap jam for sale ! Good cheap jam !"

The little tailor stuck his head out of the window, and cried : "Come up here. I want your jam."

The woman climbed the stairs with her heavy basket, the little tailor looked first at one kind, then at another, and smelled them all. At last he said, "I will take a quarter of a pound of this kind."

The woman was disappointed, for she had hoped for a good customer. But she gave him the four ounces, and went away cross and grumbling. The little tailor brought a loaf of bread out of the closet, cut a thick slice, and spread the jam on it. "That will taste fine, I know. But I will finish this coat first."

So he put the bread and jam aside, and went on sewing. The sweet smell of the jam brought the flies. "Who invited you?" said the little tailor, and he drove them away. But more and more flies came. At last the little tailor got angry. He took up a large towel and slapped at the flies with it, so that seven lay dead with

their legs in the air. The tailor was pleased and proud at this, and he made himself a belt, with the words on it: "Seven at a blow!" and he said to himself, "The whole world shall know of this!"

So he put on his belt, and started out into the world. In his cupboard he saw nothing that was worth taking with him except a cheese, and he put this in his pocket. In front of his door, he saw a bird, caught in a bush, and he put this in his pocket, also. The road led up a mountain, and at the top, he found a giant. The tailor went up to him boldly, and said:

"Good morning, are you looking out upon the world? Do you want to come along with me to see it?"

The giant looked down scornfully, and said, "You tiny little wretch!"

"Oh," answered the tailor, "just look at my belt! Read there what sort of man I am!"

The giant saw the words, "Seven at a blow," and he thought, "Well, well, he has killed seven men at one blow!" And he felt more respect for him. But he said to himself, "I will test him first."

So the giant took up a stone, and he crushed it in his hand until the water ran out of it. "Do that if you can," he cried.

"Oh, that is easy," answered the tailor. He pu

his hand in his pocket, brought out the cheese, and squeezed it until the moisture ran out of it.

The giant did not know what to say, but he thought, "I will test him again." So he picked up a stone, and threw it so high that it almost went out of sight. "Do that if you can," said he.

"Yes, you threw well," answered the tailor, "but your stone came down again. I will show you one that will not come down."

Then the tailor took the bird out of his pocket, and threw it into the air. Of course the bird flew off, and did not come back. "What do you think of that?" asked the tailor.

"Yes, you can throw," said the giant; "but now show me whether you can carry a great weight."

He led the little tailor to a big oak tree which lay on the ground. Help me to carry this out of the forest, if you can."

"With pleasure," said the little man. "You go in front, and take the trunk on your shoulder; I will go in back, and carry the branches, which are the hardest part."

The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, and the tailor seated himself on a branch in back of the giant. So the giant had to carry the whole tree, and the little tailor besides. He was soon too tired to go farther. The

little tailor then jumped down, took hold of the branches as if he had carried them, and cried, "Well, can't a big fellow like you carry a tree?"

They walked on together, and they saw a cherry tree. The giant pulled down the top of it, and put it into the tailor's hands, saying, "Eat all the cherries you can." But the tailor was too light and weak to hold down the tree top so it sprang back, and carried the little tailor with it.

He fell to the ground un hurt, and the giant cried, "Well, hadn't you the strength to hold down that slender tree top?"

"Certainly I had," answered the tailor. "Why, I have killed seven at a blow! But I saw a hunter aiming his gun at me, so I jumped over the tree. Now jump over it yourself, if you can."

The giant tried to jump over the tree, but he was too heavy, and he stuck fast in the branches. Then the giant said, "Come to our cave and spend the night."

The little tailor agreed, and went with the giant. In the cave the giants were eating supper. Each giant held a sheep in his hands, and was eating it. Then the giant showed him a bed, and said, "Lie down and sleep." But the tailor crept into a corner of the room. At midnight, the giant came into the room. He ran a large **iron** nail into the bed, and thought. "Now I have killed

that little fellow.”

At daybreak, the giants went into the woods. They had forgotten the little tailor. But he followed, and when he came running toward them, the giants were afraid, and ran away as fast as they could.

The tailor walked on, and came to a royal palace. He was now tired, so he lay down in the grounds, and fell fast asleep. As he lay there, people saw his belt, with the words, ‘Seven at a blow.’ They ran to the king and said, “We must keep this hero here; he will be very useful in a war.”

So the king sent a messenger. When the little tailor awoke, the messenger said, “The king wants you to stay and become an officer in the army.

The little tailor stayed, and had a fine house and much honor. But soon the other officers were jealous of him. “If we quarrel with him, he will kill us,” they said. So they went to the king and said, “We are not good enough to serve with this great man; we resign from the army.”

The king did not want to lose all these men, so he thought of a plan. He called the little tailor, and said: “There are two terrible giants in a wood in my kingdom. Kill these two giants, and I will give you my daughter in marriage, and half my kingdom. I will give you a hundred soldiers to help kill the giants.”

The little tailor replied: "Certainly I will kill the giants. But I shall not need the hundred soldiers. I have killed seven at a blow; I can surely kill two alone."

So the little tailor started out. At the edge of the woods, he told the hundred soldiers to wait. Then he ran into the woods. Soon he saw the two giants. They were asleep under a tree. The little tailor filled his pockets with stones, and climbed the tree. He began to drop his stones on the head of one of the giants. At last this giant woke up, and said to the other giant: "Why are you hitting me?"

"I did not hit you," said the second giant. "You are dreaming."

Then they both lay down again. When they were asleep, the tailor threw some stones on the second giant.

"What's that?" he cried angrily to the first giant. "Why are you hitting me?"

"I did not hit you," answered the first giant.

They quarreled a little, but soon fell asleep. Then the tailor threw his biggest stone on the first giant. He sprang up and began to fight the second giant. At last they both lay dead on the ground.

The tailor was very happy. He climbed down, took his sword, and made a deep wound in the breast of each giant. Then he went back to his soldiers and said,

"I have killed both the terrible giants, and I have not a single wound."

The soldiers did not believe him, so they rode into the wood, and found the giants dead and with sword wounds in their breasts.

The tailor now rode to the king, and demanded his reward. But the king did not want to give him his daughter and half his kingdom. So he said. "You must first catch a unicorn that does a great deal of harm."

"That is very easy," said the tailor boldly. He took a rope and an ax, and went alone into the woods. When the unicorn saw the tailor, he ran straight toward him, to gore him with his one horn. The tailor waited until the unicorn was very near; then he jumped behind a tree. The unicorn could not stop, so his horn ran straight into the tree, and held him fast. The tailor put the rope around the unicorn's neck, cut the horn out of the tree with his ax, and led the animal home to the king.

But again the king did not want to give the tailor his daughter and half his kingdom. So he said. "You must first go into the wood, and catch a wild hog that is doing a great deal of harm. You may have hunters to go with you."

The tailor said, "That is a very easy matter;" and

he refused the hunters and started out for the wood.

When the wild hog saw the tailor, he rushed toward him, but the tailor jumped into a little hut, and out again by a window. The hog followed into the hut, and the tailor quickly shut the door. The hog was too heavy to jump out of the window, so he was a prisoner.

The tailor brought the hunters to see the hog. Then he went to the king and said, "Now you must give me my reward." So there was a grand wedding, and the tailor became king. One night, the young queen heard her husband say in his sleep, "Boy, finish this vest and stitch these trousers, or I'll hit you over the head with this stick."

Then the young queen went to her father, and said, "I have not married a hero but a tailor!" And she wept bitterly.

Her father comforted her and said: "To-morrow night leave your door open. My servant will wait outside, and in the night he will come in, bind the tailor, and put him on board a ship."

The page of the tailor-king heard this, and told his master. So the next night he only pretended to sleep. When the young queen got up to open the door, he cried out: "Boy, finish this vest, and stitch these trousers, or I'll hit you over the head with this stick! I have killed seven at a blow; I have killed two giants; I have caught

a unicorn and a wild hog. I am not afraid of any one in that room." The servant was frightened when he heard this, and ran away as fast as he could. And no one dared to try to harm the little tailor again. So he remained a king as long as he lived.

1. *Words to be remembered*

jam	grumbling	slice
towel	slapped	belt
cupboard	cheese	test
squeezed	moisture	page
aiming	jealous	quarrel
resign	wound	stitch

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to get angry	發怒
to start out	出發
in front of	在前
out of sight	不見
of course	自然
with pleasure	願意
to do harm	有害
a great deal of	很多
on board a ship	在船上

3. *Questions*

1. How much jam did the tailor buy ?
2. Where did he spread the jam ?
3. Did he eat the bread and jam at once ?
4. What came to the jam ?
5. With what did he drive the flies ?
6. How many flies were blown dead ?
7. What words were on his belt ?
8. When he started out, what did he bring with him ?
9. What was the first test given him by the giant ?
10. What was the second test ?
11. What was the third test ?
12. Where did the tailor spend the night ?
13. Did he lie down in that bed ?
14. Why were the giants afraid of the tailor ?
15. Why were the officers jealous of the tailor ?
16. What was the promise of the King ?
17. How did he kill the two giants in the woods ?
18. How did he catch the hog ?
19. How did the daughter know her husband was a tailor ?
20. Could the servant bind the tailor ?

4. *Translation*

Translate the last paragraph of the above story.

5. *Irregular verbs*

stick	stuck	stuck
spread	spread	spread
show	showed	shown, showed
awake	awaked, awoke	awaked
hit	hit	hit

RIP VAN WINKLE - I

By Washington Irving¹

About the Catskill Mountains strange tales have been told. The Indians said that the spirits of storms and sunshine lived among those great hills. The mother of these spirits, they said, dwelt on the highest peak of all, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies and cut up the old ones into stars.

In later times the Dutch settlers of the valley had their legends. It was said that Hendrik Hudson, the brave Hudson who first discovered the mountains and the river, came back to the place in twenty years, with all his crew. He and his men had been seen in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountains, and the sound of the balls had been heard like distant peals of thunder.

At the foot of these fairy mountains is a little village founded by some of the Dutch colonists. There were some of the houses of the original settlers

1. An American author (1783-1857).

built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village and in one of these very houses there lived many years since while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

Rip Van Winkle was one of those happy mortals who take the world easy; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing upon his family.

Rip's dog Wolf was as much henpecked as his master. The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail curled between his legs, he sneaked about casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or a ladle he would fly to the door, yelping.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle. His only way of escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shall never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail and look wistfully in his master's face.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine day, Rip scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll that crowned the brow of a precipice. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson far, far below him. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. The mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of Dame Van Winkle. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He looked round, but could see nothing except a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He turned again to descend when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening, "Rip Van Winkle! Rig Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip looked in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was a stout, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of

the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Rip complied, and they clambered up a narrow gully, the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine.

Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow; on a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion. One had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes. The face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

1. *Words to be remembered*

panting	scramble	legends
fatigued	colonists	good-natured
skulked	mortals	hen-pecked

grizzled	sneaked	strapped
liquor	flourish	complied
torrent	ravine	outlandish
wistfully	surmounted	

2. *Idiom and phrases*

to have charge of	管理
to take the world easy	優游卒歲, 得過且過
to cast a glance at	注視
times grew worse and worse	境遇日艱
to lead thee a dog's life of it	使你過困苦不堪的 生活
to stand by	幫助
at a distance	在遠處
to muse on	想
to heave a heavy sigh	長歎一聲
to make signs	作手勢
every now and then	時常
to set off	裝飾

3. *Questions*

1. Who had charge of the doors of day and night?
2. Who first discovered the Hudson River?
3. Who founded the little village?
4. Was Rip Van Winkle good-natured?

5. How much henpecked was the dog Wolf?
6. How could Rip escape from the clamor of his wife?
7. What did Rip see, while lying on the green knoll?
8. Did Rip hear a voice from a distance, when he was about to descend?
9. Did Rip perceive a strange figure?
10. Can you describe the strange figure?
11. What were the odd-looking personages doing?

4. *Translation*

1. Rip 管理他的田場。
2. 許多懶人優游卒歲。
3. Rip 見一怪貌人走下山來。
4. 霹靂之聲出於山洞。
5. 此杯滿了酒。

5. *Irregular verbs*

dwell

dwelt

dwelt

RIP VAN WINKLE II

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout, old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stocking and high-heeled shoes. What seemed odd to Rip was that though these folks were amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the ball which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached, the player stared at him with such fixed gaze that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in silence and then returned to their game.

Rip ventured, when no eye was upon him, to taste the beverage. He was a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. His eyes swam in his head, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes,—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft.

“Surely,” thought Rip. “I have not slept here all night!” He recalled the strange man with the keg of liquor—the flagon. “Oh, that flagon, that wicked flagon! What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. Wolf, too, had disappeared. Rip whistled after him and shouted his name, but in vain.

As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice.

What was to be done? He grieved to give up his dog, he dreaded to meet his wife, but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble

turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people; but none whom he knew. They all stared at him and stroked their chins. This gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the village. A troops of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him. The dogs too, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; there were rows of houses which he had never seen before. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces were at the windows—everything was strange. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly.”

1. *Words to be remembered*

weather-beaten	countenance	high-heeled
induced	echoed	smote
flagon	aloft	firelock
worm-eaten	incrusted	stiff
homeward	perplexed	addled

2. *Idioms and phrases*

his heart turned within him 彼心爲之震, 心悸

thirsty soul 嗜飲者

to wait upon 伺候

his eyes swam in his head 頭暈目眩

to fall into a deep sleep 熟睡

in vain 徒然

it would not do to 不可能;辦不到

to stare at 注視

3. Questions

1. What did the commander wear?
2. Why did Rip's heart turn within him?
3. Who emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons?
4. How did Rip serve them?
5. When did Rip taste the beverage?
6. What happened to Rip after he had drunk the liquor?
7. When did he wake up?
8. What did he find in place of his gun?
9. Did he find his dog Wolf?
10. What did he think when he found himself stiff in the joints?
11. Would it do for Rip to starve among the mountains?
12. What did the children do to Rip?
13. Did the dog bark at him? Why?
14. What strange things did Rip see?

4. *Translation*

1. 彼飲酒過多故頭暈目眩.
2. 讓我每日作八小時以上之工作是不可能的.
3. 當小兒聞雷轟之聲心悸而股慄.
4. 彼奇形之老人侍候一嗜飲者.
5. Rip 不見其狗, 但見其生鏽之槍.

5. *Irregular verbs*

wear	wore	worn
smite	smote	smitten
swim	swam	swum

RIP VAN WINKLE-III

He found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house; it was empty. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chamber rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence. He now hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place. Over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag of stars and stripes. All this was strange. He re-

cognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George,¹ but the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.²

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door. A lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, bustled up to him and inquired on which side he voted. A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd and demanded what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

“Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, “I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!” Here a shout burst from the bystanders: “A Tory! a Tory! A spy! Hustle him! Away with him!”

The self-important man in the cocked hat restored order and demanded again of the unknown what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. Rip be-

1. George III, King of Great Britain (1760-1820).

2. The first president of U. S. A. (1732-1799).

thought himself a moment and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!" "Where's Brom Datcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army at the beginning of the war. He never came back again." "Where's the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars too, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these changes and of matters which he could not understand: war Congress. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. At this moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "the old man won't hurt you."

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty

years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask. He put it with a faltering voice. "Where's your mother?" "Oh, she, too, died but a short time since." The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father," cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, —old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

1. *Words to be remembered*

shrill	hinges	snarled
naked	bilious-looking	handbills
self-important	mob	bustle
bystanders	restored	counterpart

apparently	chubby	throng
tottering	comely	

2. *Idioms and phrases*

with silent awe 驚恐不敢出聲。

gone to decay 毀壞。

to call for 招呼。

of yore 昔時。

flag of stars and stripes 美國國旗。

red coat 英國軍服。

blue and buff 美國革命時之軍服。

to breed a riot 搗亂。

to die away 心灰意冷。

in despair 失望。

leaning against 依靠。

to get a peep at 窺視。

3. *Questions*

1. How did Rip approach his house?
2. What did he expect to hear?
3. How did the dog receive him?
4. Whom did he call for?
5. What stood in the place of the village inn?
6. What was fluttering from the naked pole?
7. What was painted under the picture in large characters?

8. What were in the pockets of the bilious-looking fellow?
9. Did Rip really mean to breed a riot?
10. What did Rip say to the people?
11. Whom did Rip look for?
12. What did Rip behold?
13. Who came with a baby on her arm?
13. What question did Rip ask with a faltering voice?
14. Who at last recognized him?

4. *Translation*

1. 一瘋人荷槍而至,但無意在村中搗亂.
2. Rip 不見其妻子大爲失望.
3. 一美麗之少婦視此生客驚恐不敢出聲.
4. 甚至吾友亦竟忘我.

5. *Irregular verbs*

ring	rang	ring
bethink	bethought	bethought

SELF-CONTROL

By F. J. Gould

Sometimes your teacher gives you an exercise in drill. You march, wheel, halt; you raise the right hand, the left; you swing the arms; you lunge out with this or that foot; you bend, you bow, you stand upright again. Why is all this? Your teacher wishes you to be quick, to be ready-witted, to have control of every part of your body. Do you not know there are some poor children who have not proper command of their own bodies? Some cannot sit still; some cannot point steadily; some cannot look with calm, fixed gaze; some cannot keep the mouth shut when they are not speaking or singing. If you have something the matter with your throat, you may find it difficult to keep the lips closed. But, except for such a reason, you should have the mouth shut. If two boys came to you, and you had to choose one for running errands and doing tasks for you; and if one was continually staring about with his mouth open, and the other had the lips closed firmly, which do you think would be the more likely to do your work promptly and smartly?

When Florrie sat by the open window one sunny afternoon, and a wasp flew in and settled on her sleeve, she felt she must scream and brush the insect away. But she remembered this might only make the wasp angry, and then it might sting her. Florrie waited quietly until the brown and golden stranger, finding nothing that he wanted on her sleeve, passed out again into the garden. Florrie had controlled her feelings, and perhaps saved herself from a sharp pain. A man who lived in the West Indies went out one night, and happened to thrust his hand into a hedge where he felt the cold, smooth body of a snake gliding under his palm. He thought that, if he withdrew his hand suddenly, the startled reptile might dart at him and bite. He kept still until the snake had coiled itself away. You may be sure this was not the first time in his life that the man had thus mastered his feelings. He had taught himself the habit of self-control. And people who learn this habit will know what to do when they sit in a theatre, and hear the cry of "Fire!" They will not start up until they have looked round to see if the alarm is a true one: and, if there is really danger, they will leave the building as steadily and in as orderly a way as possible.

You have heard of Julius Cæsar. This famous Roman captain could lead armies across plains and

mountains, and in face of a hundred thousand fierce Gauls, he could keep his troops firm and fearless. But he could also control himself ; he was king of his own temper. When he was inclined to rush forward and do a hasty act, or strike a hasty blow, he would stay, like a man who reins back a horse ; and he would pause awhile, as if he were counting twenty. Then his eyes saw more clearly, and his thoughts were wiser. That made Cæsar strong.

Long before Cæsar's time there lived a noble Greek named Lycurgus. He was ruler and law-maker in Sparta. So strict was he in his government that he told the Spartan folk just what furniture they should have in their houses, and what food they should eat. Many of the people murmured and complained against him. One day the discontent grew to a riot.

"Wicked man," grumbled a Spartan ; "he makes us use iron money instead of gold or silver ; he will not let us lay purple coverlets on our beds ; he will not allow us to carve our doors and ceilings, and our tables are just cut with the saw and left rough and plain."

"Worse still," cried another, "we may not have the dinner that we like. Lycurgus bids us sit at the public table, fifteen in each group. And we get nothing better than black broth, barley-meal, poor wine, cheese, figs, and a little meat of fish."

“And when we go home from the public tables,” growled a third man, “he makes us walk without the help of lighted torches : he wants us, he says, to learn to pick our way boldly in the dark.”

“He is a bad ruler ; he is a tyrant !” shouted the crowd.

Just then Lycurgus passed by, and the mob flung stones at him, so that he was forced to fly, in order to take refuge in a temple. But, before he could reach the gate of the temple, he was overtaken by a young man named Alcander. The youth struck Lycurgus a stinging blow in the eye with a stick. The law-maker stopped, and turned round to the people, and showed them his bruised face, streaming with blood. Then they were smitten with sadness, and felt ashamed at their outbreak ; and, seizing Alcander, they dragged him to Lycurgus, saying:—

“Sir, this wretch is your prisoner ; do with him as you will.”

The Spartans followed their ruler to his house. On reaching his door, Lycurgus said :—

“I thank you, good people, and beg you all to go quietly to your homes, and leave the young man with me.”

He took Alcander into his house, but neither scolded him, nor ill-treated him. For some days the youth lived in the ruler's house, and waited upon him instead

of the usual servants. Alcander saw how good a man Lycurgus was—how hard he worked, how kindly he spoke, how orderly he lived; and when at length he left the law maker's dwelling he told his friends how sorry he was for having so ill used the best man in Sparta. And Alcander himself learned to rule his temper, and he became a modest and well-behaved citizen. Now, this shows how strong a man Lycurgus was; he could not only make laws for the people, but also for himself. Suppose that, when Lycurgus was struck in the eye, he had flown into a passion, and plunged about wildly among the people, bawling and yelling in his rage. Then he would have proved himself to be a weak man.

Charles and his teacher walked in the country. Several small curs came barking and snarling at their heels. When they saw a cudgel uplifted, they hurried away; then they followed again, yelling, and rushing first this side and then that. All this time a big mastiff lay at the roadside. Like a prince of dogs he looked, stately and powerful, and he made no sound.

Presently Charles and his teacher arrived at a common. Over the grass waddled a flock of geese, stretching out their necks, and staring, and hissing, and cackling. Meanwhile some great cows silently grazed, and took no notice of the passers-by.

“You see,” said the teacher, “the small and weak people are noisy ; they bark, they chatter, but they can do little. The strong people are calm.”

I told you of the great conqueror Alexander, and how he marched to Persia, to India, to Egypt. But he never conquered himself. In a fit of anger he threw a spear at a friend whom he loved dearly, and slew him ; and afterwards was deeply grieved at his own deed. He drank often from the wine cup ; much too often he drank ; and he fell into a fever and died.

Now in that same India that Alexander visited there once lived a wise teacher named Buddha. Buddha taught his disciples this saying :—

“If one man conquers in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and another man conquers himself, he who conquers himself is the greater conqueror.”

1. *Words to be remembered*

lunge	ready-witted	smartly
wasp	sting	reptile
coiled	complained	discontent
coverlets	broth	torches
tyrant	flung	outbreak
wretch	ill treated	mastiff
chatter		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to have something the matter with 有毛病.

to run errands 供差遣.

in face of 抵抗.

to take refuge 避難.

to take no notice of 未注意.

3. *Questions*

1. Why does your teacher give you different exercises in drill?
2. If you have something the matter with your throat, what difficulty may you find?
3. Where did Florrie sit and what settled on her sleeve?
4. Did the wasp sting her? Why not?
5. What did the man do when he saw the snake?
6. What would you do if you should hear the cry of "Fire" in a theatre?
7. Who was Julius Cæsar?
8. What would he do when he was inclined to do a hasty act?
9. Who was the ruler and law maker in Sparta?
10. Did the Spartans get good food?

11. What did the mob do when Lycurgus passed by?
12. By whom was Lycurgus overtaken?
13. Why the people seized Alexander and dragged him to the ruler?
14. What did Lycurgus say to the people?
15. How did Lycurgus treat the young man?
16. After all, what did Alexander become?
17. What had happened when Charles and his teacher walked in the country?
18. Did the cows take notice of the passers-by?
19. What did the teacher say to Charles?

4. *Translation*

某甲，散步郊外，天忽降雨，乃入一破刹暫避焉，遙見一猛虎，迎面而來，某甲端坐不動，虎過而未注意其人也。

5. *Irregular verbs*

sting	stung	stung
thrust	thrust	thrust
bid	bade	bidden
fling	flung	flung

GOING EAST BY SAILING WEST.

I.

About four hundred years ago there came to Spain an Italian sailor who believed that the earth is round. Such a belief may not seem at all strange to us, but to the people of that time it appeared to be very foolish and unreasonable. Almost everybody laughed at the Italian, and called him a silly fellow.

“Have you eyes?” they asked. “If so, you need only open them and look about you to see that the earth is as flat as the top of a table.”

“You may think it is flat,” he answered, “and indeed it does appear to be so. But I know it is round; and if I had only a good ship or two, and some trusty sailors, I would prove it to you. I would sail westward across the great ocean, and in the end would reach the Indies and China, which must be on the other side of the great round world.”

“Whoever heard of such nonsense!” cried the learned doctors in the university of Salamanca.¹ “Everybody knows that China and the Indies are in the far

1. A city in Spain.

East, and that they can be reached only by a dangerous voyage through the Mediterranean Sea, and long journeys with camels across the great desert. Yet, here is Mr. Crack-brain, an Italian sailor, who says he can go to the East by sailing west. One might as well try to reach the moon by going down into a deep well."

"But you don't understand me," answered the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain. "Here is an apple. Let us suppose that it is the earth. I stick a pin on this side, and call it Spain. On the other side I stick another pin, and call it the Indies. Now suppose a fly lights upon the apple at the point which I have called Spain. By turning to the right, or eastward, he can travel round to the Indies with but little trouble; or by turning to the left, or westward, he can reach the same place with just as much ease, and in really a shorter time. Do you see?"

"Do we see?" answered the doctors. "Certainly we see the apple, and we can imagine that we see the fly. It is very hard, however, to imagine that the earth is an apple, or anything like it. For, suppose that it were so: what would become of all the water in the seas and the great ocean? Why, it would run off at the blossom end of the apple, which you call the South Pole; and all the rocks and trees and men would follow it. Or, suppose that men could stick to the lower part of the earth as the

fly does to the lower part of the apple—how very silly it would be to think of them walking about with their heads hanging down!”

“And suppose,” said one of the doctors who thought himself very wise—“suppose that the earth is round, and suppose that the water should not spill off, and suppose you should sail to the other side, as you want to do, how are you to get back? Did anybody ever hear of a ship sailing up hill?”

And so the learned doctors and professors dismissed the whole subject. They said it was not worth while for wise men to spend their time in talking about such things. But the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain would not give up his theory. He was not the first man to believe that the earth is round—this he knew, but he hoped to be the first to prove it by sailing westward, and thus finally reaching the Indies, and the rich countries of the far East. And yet he had no ship, he was very poor, and the few friends whom he had were not able to give him any help.

“My only hope,” he said, “is to persuade the king and queen to furnish me with a ship.”

II.

But how should an unknown Italian sailor make himself heard by the king and queen of the most powerful country in Europe?

The great men at the king's court ridiculed him. "You had better buy a fisherman's boat," they said, "and try to make an honest living with your nets. Men of your kind have no business with kings. As to your crazy theory about the shape of the earth, only think of it! How dare you, the son of an Italian wool comber, imagine that you know more about it than the wisest men in the world?"

But he did not despair. For years he followed the king's court from place to place. Most people looked upon him as a kind of harmless lunatic who had gotten a single idea in his head and was unable to think of anything else. But there were a few good and wise men who listened to his theories, and after studying them carefully, began to believe that there was some truth in them.

One of these men was Father Perez, the prior of the convent of La Rabida; and, to please this good prior the queen at last sent for the sailor and asked him to tell her all about his strange theories and his plans for sailing west and reaching the East.

III.

"You say that if you had the vessels and the men you would sail westward and discover new lands on the farther side of the great ocean," said the queen

“What reasons have you for supposing that there are any such lands?”

“My first reason is that, since the earth is round like a ball, the countries of China and the Indies must lie in a westward direction and can, sooner or later, be reached by sailing across the sea,” was the answer. “You, yourself, have heard the story of St. Brandon, the Scottish priest, who, eight hundred years ago, was driven by a storm far across the ocean, and how at last he landed upon a strange and unknown shore. I doubt not but that this country was one of the outlying island of the Indies, or perhaps the eastern shore of China.

“Not very long ago, Martin Vincent, a sea captain of Lisbon, ventured to go a distance of four hundred miles from land. There he picked up a piece of wood, with strange marks and carvings upon it, which had been drifted from the west by strong winds. Other seafaring men have found, far out in the ocean, reeds and light wood, such as travelers say are found in some parts of the Indies, but nowhere in Europe. And if any one should want more proofs than these, it would not be hard to find them. There is a story among the people of the far north which relates that, about five hundred years ago, some bold sea rovers from Iceland discovered a wild, wooded country many days’ sail to the westward. Indeed, it is said that these men tried to form a settle-

ment there, and that they sent more than one shipload of grapes and timber back to Iceland. Now, it is very plain to me that this country of Vinland, as they called it, was no other than a part of the northern coast of China or Japan."

It is not to be supposed that the queen cared whether the earth was round or flat; nor is it likely that her mind was ever troubled with questions of that kind. But she thought that if this man's theories were true, and there were lands rich in gold and spices on the other side of the ocean, it would be a fine thing for the queen and king of Spain to possess them. The Italian sailor had studied his subject well, and he certainly knew what he was talking about. He had told his story so well that the queen was almost ready to believe that he was right. But she was very busy just then, in a war with the Moors, and she had little time to think about anything else. If the Italian would wait till everything else could be settled, she would see whether a ship or two might not be fitted out for his use.

IV.

For seven years this man with a new idea kept on trying to find some one who was able and willing to help him carry out the plans which he had so much at heart. At last, broken in health and almost penniless, he gave up hope, and was about to leave Spain forever. It was

then that one of his friends, Louis St. Angel, pleaded his case before the queen.

“It will cost but little to fit out two or three ships for him. If the undertaking should prove to be a failure, you would not lose much. But if it should succeed, only think what vast riches and how great honor will be won for Spain !”

“I will take the risk !” cried the queen, at last. “If the money cannot be had otherwise, I will sell my jewels to get it. Find him, and bring him before me ; and let us lose no more time about this business.”

St. Angel hastened to obey.

“Do you know whether Christopher Columbus has passed out through this gate to-day ?” he asked of the soldier who was standing guard at one of the gates of the old city of Granada.¹

“Christopher Columbus ? Who is he ?” asked the soldier.

“He is a gray-bearded man, rather tall, with a stoop in his shoulders. When last seen he was riding on a small, brown mule, and coming this way.”

“Oh ! Do you mean the fellow who has been trying to make people believe that the earth is round ?”

“Yes, that is the man.”

1. A city in the south of Spain.

"He passed through here not half an hour ago. His mule is a very slow traveler, and if you follow, you can easily overtake him before he has gone far."

St. Angel gave the rein to his swift horse, and galloped onward in pursuit of Columbus. It was not long until the slow-paced mule, with its sad rider, was seen plodding along the dusty highway. The man was too busy with his own thoughts to heed the sound of the ringing hoofs behind him.

"Christopher Columbus!" cried his friend, "turn about, and come back with me. I have good news for you. Queen Isabella bids me say that she will help you and that you shall have the ships and the men for which you ask in order to find a new way to the East, and perhaps discover unknown lands on the farther side of the great ocean. Turn about, and come back with me!"

V

One morning in August, 1462, there was a great stir in the little seaport town of Palos in Spain. At break of day the streets were full of people. Everybody had risen early and was hurrying down toward the harbor. Long before sunrise the shore was lined with anxious men, women, and children. All were talking about the same thing; some were weeping; some appeared to be angry; some were in despair.

“Only think of it,” said one. “Think of sailing into seas where the water is always boiling hot.”

“And if you escape being scalded,” said another, “then there are those terrible sea beasts that are large enough to swallow ships and sailors at a single mouthful. Oh, why should the queen send men on such a hopeless voyage as this?”

“It is all on account of that Italian sailor who says that the world is round,” said a third. “He has persuaded several persons, who ought to know better, that he can reach the East by sailing west.”

Moored near the shore were three small ships. They were but little larger than fishing boats, and in these frail vessels Columbus was going to venture into the vast unknown sea, in search of strange lands and of a new and better way to distant India.

Two of the ships, the “Nina” and the “Pinta,” had no decks and were covered only at the ends where the sailors slept. The third, called the “Santa Maria,” was larger and had a deck, and from its masthead floated the flag of Columbus. It was toward these three ships that the eyes of the people on shore were directed; it was about these ships and the men on board of them that all were talking.

On the deck of the largest ship stood Columbus, and by his side was good Father Perez, praying that the

voyagers might be blessed with fair winds and a smooth sea, and that the brave captain might be successful in his quest.

Then the last good-byes were spoken, the moorings were cast loose, the sails were spread; and, a little before sunrise, the vessels glided slowly out of the harbor and into the vast western ocean. The people stood on the shore and watched, while the sails grew smaller and smaller and at last were lost to sight below the line of sea and sky.

“Alas! We shall never see them again,” said some returning to their homes. But other remained all day by the shore talking about the strange idea that there were unknown lands in the distant west.

VI.

Two hundred miles southwest of Palos there is a group of islands called the Canary Islands. These were well known to the people of that time, and belonged to Spain. But sailors seldom ventured beyond them, and no one knew of any land farther to the west. It was to these islands that Columbus first directed his course. In six days the three little vessels reached the Canary Islands. The sailing had been very slow. The rudder of one of the ships had not been well made and had

soon been broken. And so, now, much time was wasted while having a new rudder made and put in place.

It was not until the 6th of September that Columbus again set sail, pushing westward into unknown waters. Soon the sailors began to give way to their fears. The thought that they were on seas where no man had before ventured filled them with alarm. They remembered all the strange stories that they had heard of dreadful monsters and of mysterious dangers, and their minds were filled with distress.

But Columbus showed them how unreasonable these stories were; and he aroused their curiosity by telling them wonderful things about India—that land of gold and precious stones, which they would surely reach if they would bravely persevere.

And so, day after day, they sailed onward, not knowing where they were nor toward what unknown region their course was directed. The sea was calm, and the wind blowing from the east drove the ships steadily forward. By the first of October they had sailed more than two thousand miles. Birds came from the west, and flew about the ships. The water was full of floating seaweed. But still no land could be seen.

Then the sailors began to fear that they would never be able to return against the east wind that was blowing. "Why should we obey this man, Columbus?" they said,

“He is surely mad. Let us throw him into the sea, and then turn the ships about while we can.”

But Columbus was so firm and brave that they dared not lay hands on him; they dared not disobey him. Soon they began to see signs of the nearness of land. Weeds, such as grow only in rivers, were seen floating near the ships. A branch of a tree, with berries on it, was picked up. Columbus offered a reward to the man who should first see land,

“We must be very near it now,” he said. “Before another day we shall discover it.”

That night no one could sleep. At about two o'clock the man who was on the lookout on one of the smaller vessels cried: “Land! land! land!” Columbus himself had seen a distant light moving, some hours before. There was now a great stir on board the ships.

“Where is the land?” cried every one.

“There—there! Straight before us.”

Yes, there was a low, dark mass far in front of them, which might be land. In the dim starlight, it was hard to make out what it was. But one thing was certain, it was not a mere expanse of water, such as lay in every other direction. And so the sailors brought out a little old-fashioned cannon and fired it off as a signal to the crews of the other vessels. Then the sails of the three ships were furled, and they waited for the light of day.

When morning dawned, Columbus and his companions saw that they were quite near to a green and sunny island. It was a beautiful spot. There were pleasant groves where the songs of birds were heard. Thousands of flowers were seen on every hand, and the trees were laden with fruit. The island was inhabited too; for strange men could be seen running toward the shore and looking with wonder at the ships.

The sailors, who had lately been ready to give up all hope, were now filled with joy. They crowded around Columbus, and kissed his hands, and begged him to forgive them for thinking of disobeying him. The ships cast anchor, the boats were lowered, and Columbus, with most of the men, went on shore. Columbus was dressed in a grand robe of scarlet, and the banner of Spain was borne above him.

VII.

As soon as the boats reached the shore, Columbus stepped out and knelt down upon the beach and gave thanks to God; then he took possession of the island in the name of the king and queen of Spain, and called it San Salvador. It was thus that the first land in America was discovered on the 12th of October, 1492.

The natives were filled with wonder at what they

saw. At first they were awed and frightened at sight of the ships and the strange men; but they soon overcame their fears and seemed delighted and very friendly. They brought to Columbus gifts of all they had,—bananas, yams, oranges, and beautiful birds.

“Surely,” they said, “these wonderful beings who have come to us from the sea are not mere men like ourselves. They must be messengers from heaven.”

Columbus believed that this island was near the coast of Asia, and that it was one of the islands of India; and so he called the people Indians. He did not remain here long, but sailed away to discover other lands. In a short time the ships came to a large island where there were rivers of fresh water flowing into the sea. On every hand there were bright flowers and climbing vines and groves of palms and banana trees. The air was sweet with the breath of blossoms; the sky was blue and clear; the sea was calm; the world seemed full of joy and peace. This island was Cuba.

“Let us live here always!” cried the sailors: for surely this is paradise.”

And so, for three months and more, Columbus and his companions sailed among scenes of delight, such as they had never before imagined. They visited island after island, and everywhere saw new beauties and new pleasures. The natives were simple-hearted and kind.

"They love their neighbors as themselves," said Columbus. They looked with wonder upon the bright swords of the white men and upon their brilliant armor; and when the little cannon was fired, they were so filled with alarm that they fell to the ground.

It was on the 15th of the next March that Columbus, after a stormy homeward voyage, sailed again into the little harbor of Palos, from which he had started. And now there was a greater stir in the little town than there had been before. "Christopher Columbus has come back from the unknown seas!" was the cry that went from house to house.

"Did he reach the East by sailing west? Has he really been to far off India?" asked the doubting ones.

"He has, indeed!" was the answer. "He has discovered a new world."

Then the bells were rung, guns were fired, and bonfires blazed on the hilltops. Everybody rejoiced. Everybody was willing now to say that the Italian was right when he declared the earth to be round.

"Make haste and carry the news to the queen!" said the governor of the town. "Tell her that Columbus has returned, and that he has really found a new way to India."

1. *Words to be remembered*

trusty	unreasonable	Mediterranean Sea
theory	South Pole	persuade
ridiculed	crazy	prior
convent	outlying	seafaring
rovers	spices	penniless
pleaded	undertaking	stoop
plodding	stir	scalded
moored	frail	mouthful
glided	rudder	region
berries	furled	groves
messenger	banana	paradise
armor	bonfire	rejoiced

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to hear of 聽到.

worth while 值得.

to furnish with 供給.

to have no business with 與.....無關係.

had better 莫如.....

for years 多年.

to look upon.....as 視.....爲.

sooner or later 終久,遲早.

to take the risk 冒險.

to give the rein to his horse 任彼馬隨意馳騁.

in pursuit of 追.
 on account of 因爲.
 in search of 尋找.
 to set sail 揚帆.
 to be cast loose 解放.
 to be lost to sight 不見.
 to give way to 不能過制.
 to lay hands on 捉而害之.
 on the look out 用心探望.
 to take possession of 佔有.
 in the name of 用.....之名義.
 at first 起初.

3. Questions

1. How long ago did Columbus come to Spain?
2. What did he believe?
3. How would he prove it?
4. In those days how could Europeans reach
China and the Indies?
5. What did they call Columbus?
6. To what did he compare the earth?
7. Did the professors believe Columbus's
theory?
8. When his friends were unable to give him
any help, what was his only hope?
9. What did the great men advice him to do?

10. Did Columbus always follow the king's court?
11. Why did the queen send for Columbus?
12. What questions did the queen put to him?
13. What was the story of St. Brandon?
14. What was the story of Martin Vincent? Did the queen care for his theory or the lands?
15. Who pleaded Columbus's case before the queen?
16. What was the decision of the queen?
17. What was his appearance?
18. What news did St. Angel bring to Columbus?
19. When did Columbus leave Palos?
20. What were the feelings of the people on the shore?
21. Can you tell the names of the three ships?
22. Which ship was the largest?
23. What was Father Perez's praying?
24. How far was the Canary Islands from Palos?
25. When did Columbus again set sail?
26. How did he arouse his sailors' curiosity?
27. How far had they sailed by the first of October?
28. What did they see by that time?

29. What were the signs of the nearness of land?
30. When was the first land in America discovered?
31. What were found in the green and sunny island?
32. What did Columbus call the natives of that island?
33. What island did he discover next?
34. When did Columbus come back to Palos?

4. *Translation*

1. 今日吾人皆信地爲圓形。
2. 我假定蘋果爲地球，著花之端乃南極也。
3. 白髮老人，騎棕色小驢，沿大道緩行。
4. 小船緩緩駛出港外；船行愈遠，船帆愈小。
5. 衆人均在甲板上，有哭者，有笑者。

5. *Irregular verbs*

spill	spilt, spilled	spilt, spilled
kneel	knelt, kneeled	knelt, kneeled

DAY-BREAK.

By Henry W. Longfellow.¹

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake, it is the day!"
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hear the chiming morn!"
It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

1. An American poet (1807-1882).

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

From the Arabian Nights

I grew weary soon again of living an idle life, and hardening myself against the thought of any danger, embarked with some merchants on another long voyage. After trading at several ports, we were overtaken one day by a dreadful tempest, which drove us from our course. Before it ceased we were brought to the port of an island, which the captain was very unwilling to enter, but we were obliged to cast anchor. The captain then told us that in this and some islands near it dwelt hair savages who would soon attack us; and, though they were but dwarfs, we must not resist them, for they were more in number than the locusts, and, if we happened to kill one, they would all fall upon us and destroy us.

We soon found the captain's words but too true. A great multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high, covered all over with red hair, came swimming toward us, and surrounded the ship. They chattered as they came near, but we understood not their language. They climbed up the sides of the ship with surprising quickness. They took down our sails, cut the cable, and

hauling the vessel to the shore, made us all get out, and carried the ship into another island, from which they had come. We saw at a distance a vast pile of building, and made towards it. We found it to be a palace, elegantly built, and very lofty, with a gate of ebony of two leaves, which we opened. Before us was a large room, with a porch, having on one side a heap of human bones, and on the other a vast number of roasting spite. We trembled at this sight, and were seized with deadly fear, when suddenly the gate of the room opened with a loud crash, and there came out the horrible figure of a black man, as tall as a lofty palm-tree. He had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, where it blazed bright as a burning coal. His foreteeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse. His upper lip hung down upon his breast. His ears were like an elephant's and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds. At the sight of so frightful a genie, we lost our senses, and lay like dead men.

At last we came to ourselves, and saw him sitting in the porch, looking closely at us. Then he advanced, and, laying his hand upon me, took me up by the nape of my neck, and turned me round, as a butcher would turn a sheep's head. When he saw that I had nothing

but skin and bone, he let me go. He took up all the rest one by one, and viewed them in the same manner. As the captain was the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would a sparrow, and thrust a spit through him; he then kindled a great fire, roasted and ate him for his supper. Then he fell asleep, snoring louder than thunder. He slept thus till morning. As to ourselves, it was not possible for us to enjoy and rest, and we passed the night in the most painful fear. When day appeared the giant awoke, went out and left us in the palace.

The next night we revenged ourselves on the brutish giant in the following manner. After he had finished his inhuman supper on another of our seamen, he lay down on his back and fell asleep. As soon as we heard him snore, nine of the boldest among us, and I, took each of us a spit, and, putting the points of them into the fire till they were burning hot, we thrust them into his eyes all at once, and blinded him. The pain made him break out in a frightful yell; he started up, and stretched out his hands to seize and kill us; but we ran to such places as he could not reach. After having sought for us in vain, he groped for the gate, and went out, howling in agony.

We left the palace at once, and came to the shore, where we made some rafts, each large enough to carry

three men. We waited till day before getting on them, for we hoped that by morning the howling which we still heard, would cease, and that the giant would be dead; and if that happened we meant to stay in the island, and not to risk our lives upon the rafts. But day had scarcely appeared when we saw our cruel enemy, with two other giants, almost of the same size, leading him; and a great number were coming before him at a quick pace.

We waited no longer to take to our rafts, and put to sea with all the speed we could. The giants, seeing this, took up great stones, and, running to the shore, entered the water up to the middle, and threw so exactly that they sank all the rafts but that I was upon; and all my comrades, except the two with me, were drowned. We rowed with all our might, and got out of the reach of the giants. The next morning, after a night of fear, we were thrown upon an island, where we landed with much joy, and found good fruit, which refreshed us greatly.

At night we went to sleep on the seashore, but were awakened by the noise of a serpent of surprising length and thickness, whose scales made a rustling noise as he moved himself along. It swallowed up one of my comrades, in spite of his loud cries and his efforts to save himself. "Dashing him several times against the ground,

it crushed him, and we could hear it gnaw and tear the poor fellow's bones, though we had fled far off. The next day, to our great terror, we saw the serpent again. "O Heaven, to what dangers are we exposed!" I cried, "We escape from a giant and the waves, only to meet with this!"

The next night, having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted a tall tree, hoping to pass the night in safety. But soon the serpent came hissing to its foot, raised itself up against the trunk, and, reaching my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once and went off.

In the morning, when I came down I was ready to throw myself into the sea in my despair. But I resisted this impulse, and collected a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and, making them up into fagots, made a wide circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Within this circle I shut myself up when night came, with such satisfaction as I could get from having neglected nothing that could save me. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, but was prevented from reaching me by the rampart I had made. He lay below me till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has reached a place of safety. When day appeared he retired, but I dared not to leave my post

until the sun arose.

God took pity on my hopeless state, for, just as I was about to cast myself into the sea, I saw a ship in the distance. I cried aloud and waved the linen of my turban. Then I was seen, and the captain sent his boat for me. When I came on board, the merchants and seamen flocked about me to hear how I came into that deserted island, in a region where cannibal giants and serpents were known by the oldest sailors to abound. When I stood before the captain in rags, he gave me one of his own suits. Looking steadfastly upon him, I knew him to be the person who in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep, and sailed without me or sending to seek for me.

"Captain," said I, "look at me, and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left in that desert island."

"God be praised!" he cried, after he had scanned me closely. "I rejoice that fortune has set right my fault. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve." I took them from him, and thanked him for his care of them.

We remained at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and landed at last at the island of Salabat, where sandal-wood is obtained. In another island I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. After a long voyage, in the course of

which I saw such creatures as a tortoise twenty cubits in length and breadth. I arrived at Bussorah, and thence returned to Bagdad, with so much wealth that I knew not its extent. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another large estate besides what I had already.

1. *Words to be remembered*

hardening	embarked	dwarf
savages	resist	ebony
viewed	snoring	revenged
brutish	groped	raft
scales	exposed	impulse
cannibal	abound	cubit

2. *Idioms and phrases*

- to grow weary of 對.....厭倦.
 to cast anchor 下錨.
 to fall upon 攻打.
 to revenge one's self on 對.....復仇.
 all at once 忽然.
 in safety 平安無恙.
 to set right 矯正.
 to take pity on 憐憫.
 in the course of 在進行之時.

3. Questions

1. With whom did Sindbad embark on another voyage?
2. To what place were they driven from their course?
3. Who surrounded their ship?
4. Where were they taken to by savage dwarfs?
5. What did they see at the palace?
6. Can you tell the form of the black giant?
7. Why did the giant eat the captain for his supper?
8. How did they revenge themselves on the giant?
9. What danger did they meet when they came to another island?
10. Was Sindbad swallowed by the serpent?
11. How was Sindbad saved from the desert island?

4. Translation

1. 青年人往往厭倦家庭生活。
2. 水手在港中下錨。
3. 彼雖體弱但仍勤學。
4. 野蠻人忽然攻打水手。
5. 彼等欲對敵人復仇。

6. 暑假之內我等須注意健康.

7. 食人的野人不知憐憫他人.

5. *Irregular verbs*

understand	understood	understood
arise	arose	arisen
flee	fled	fled
cut	cut	cut

WHANG, THE MILLER

By Oliver Goldsmith¹

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well he and I have been very long acquainted: he and I are intimate."

But if a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profit of the mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain; while it stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he everyday laid some money by, which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much satisfaction.

Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his

1. A versatile English writer (1728-1774).

desire; he only found himself above want; whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day, as he was indulging in these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground having dreamed of it three nights in succession.

These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," said he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings while neighbor Tong only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! How stily would I carry it home! Not even my wife should see me. And then, on the pleasure of thrusting one's hands into a heap of gold up to the elbows!"

Such reflection only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains; and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night he laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distress, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and

covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his luck from every person, as is usual in money-dreams, in order to have that vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met with was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile quite new and entire.

At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone; but then it was so large, that it was beyond his strength to remove it. "There," cried he in raptures to himself, "there it is under this stone, there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away therefore, he goes and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune.

Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined, she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But these transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning

together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found not indeed, the expected treasure but the mill, their only support undermined and fallen!

1. *Words to be remembered*

avaricious	intimate	contemplate
frugality	affluence	paltry
assiduity	monstrous	undermine
mattock	repaired	omen
house-tile	embraced	transports
allay		

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to talk of 說及.

in company 大庭廣衆間.

for aught one knows 雖知其不然.

to make acquaintances 交友.

to lay some money by 儲蓄些錢.

at intervals 間或,有時.

to be possessed of 擁有.

to indulge in 沉溺於.

in succession 繼續.

these tidings were daggers to the heart of poor

Whang 黃聞此消息如劍刺心.

to thrust.....into 插.....入.

to smile upon 憐憫.
 to conceal from one 匿不告人.
 past a doubt 無疑.
 an agony of joy 一陣狂喜.

3. Questions

1. What would he say when people were talking of a rich man?
2. What had Whang to support him?
3. What was he informed of, when he was indulging in his wishes?
4. Would Whang like to have the same dream as Tong had?
5. Why did his customers begin to forsake him?
6. What did he do at night?
7. Did Fortune really smile upon his distress?
8. What did Whang dream of?
9. Did he have the dream repeated the two succeeding nights?
10. What did he do in the third morning?
11. What was the first omen of success?
12. Did he really find the expected treasure?
13. What is the lesson of the story?

4. Translation

Translate the third and the last paragraphs into Chinese.

5. *Irregular verbs*

dig	dug	dug
forsake	forsook	forsaken

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS: A STORY WITHOUT AN END

There was a certain king who, like many other kings, was fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; and yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain; the more he heard the more he wanted to hear.

At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir and give him the princess, his daughter in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail (that is, if the story did come to an end), he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories, most of them, were told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure. But all in vain: sooner or later they all came to an end; and one after another, the unlucky storytellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said he had a story which would last for ever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was warned of his danger, and told how many others had tried, and lost their heads, but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:—

“O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the wheat and other grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

“But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So one locust went in, and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another

grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn—”

He had gone on thus from morning till night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts and interrupted his story with: “Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts. We will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted: tell us what happened afterwards.” To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately. “If it pleases your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first.”

And so he went on again: “And then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn.” The king listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him: “O friend, I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?”

To which the story-teller made answer: “O king!

who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another year, the story-teller going on as before: "And then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn;" till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take any thing—take every thing! only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts!"

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The caprice of the king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

1. *Words to be remembered*

amusement	proclamation	candidate
unlucky	stipulation	tyrant
deliberately	granary	interrupted
abominable	locust	caprice

2. *Idioms and phrases*

- to be fond of 喜歡.
 to give up 犧牲, 放棄.
 to come to an end 完畢.
 to spin out 延長.
 in vain 無效.
 sooner or later 早晚終有一日.
 to seize upon 沒收.
 on purpose 故意.
 by accident 無意中.
 to be tired of 厭倦.
 to go on 進行.

3. *Questions*

1. To what amusement did the king give up all his time?
2. What proclamation did the king make?
3. How long could the poor candidates spin out their stories?

4. How could the locust get at the corn?
5. Did the king like the locust story? why?
6. What did the king say to the candidate at last?
7. Did the candidate marry the king's daughter?

4. *Translation*

1. 一國王喜歡聽故事.
2. 說故事者故意延長其故事,但徒然無效.
3. 彼等之故事,或早或晚,終有完畢之一日.
4. 國王已厭倦蝗蟲之故事.
5. 一暴君沒收人民所有之糧食.

5. *Irregular verbs*

spin	spun	spun
drink	drank	drunk

THE SPARTANS AND LEONIDAS

I

The Greeks did not all belong to one nation. Their land was divided into a number of parts, very much as the United States is; only, these parts were not united under one government. These states, too, were often at war with one another. But when a common enemy appeared, they all fought together against it and made the state that was known as the bravest and strongest the leader for the war. One of these states was called Sparta. You can find it on your maps away in the southern part of Greece in a peninsula called the Peloponnesus.

The people of Sparta were especially brave and warlike; indeed, they cared for little else than war. A Spartan boy, when he was seven years old, was taken away from his mother and brought up among the men; for the men did not live with their families in Sparta, but all lived together in a hall, apart by themselves. All ate at the same table, and they could only visit their wives and children by stealing away at night.

Here the boys were given such training as their

fathers thought would make them brave soldiers. Most Spartan boys had very little clothing and very little food; if they wanted more to eat than was given them, they could get it only by hunting wild animals or by stealing; for they were not punished for stealing unless they were caught at it, and then they were punished, not for stealing but for being caught.

They were taught to read, and that was all the education from books which they had. But every boy was trained to run, to jump, to wrestle, to fight, and to hunt. He must not show any feeling. If a boy cried when he was hurt, he was despised by all the others, and made very much ashamed. The boys were often whipped terribly, but must not cry nor wince; if they did, they were not thought worthy to be Spartans.

The training of the girls, while not quite as hard, was very much like that of the boys, except that they lived at home with their mothers. When the boys grew up, they became soldiers. They lived to fight. Even the women, while they did not go to war themselves, thought it a disgrace if their boys did not; and if their boys came back defeated, they were more sorry than if they had been killed.

The parting word which the Spartan mother gave her boy as he was leaving her to go to war, was, "Come back with your shield, or on it," which meant, come

back victorious, or do not come alive. For the Spartans carried very large and strong shields in battle, and if one lost his shield he was forever disgraced. When a Spartan soldier was killed, his body was laid upon his long shield and so brought home, where it was looked upon as a great honor to have died fighting bravely.

There was once a king of Sparta named Leonidas, who was very brave and strong; for no one was thought worthy to be king who was not braver than his people. When Leonidas had been king but a few months, Xerxes, king of Persians, a people who lived away to the east of the Great Sea, came with a vast army to make war on the Greeks. He had more soldiers than could be counted more than all the people to be found in Greece, and he had besides his vast army a great fleet of ships. The Greeks at once made the brave Spartans their leaders and prepared to defend themselves against Xerxes.

II.

There was just one road by which the enemy could march into Greece, and this was a narrow pass over a mountain at a place named Thermopylae. If the Greeks could defend that, they could keep the Persians out; and so Leonidas hurried to Thermopylae with a small band of soldiers to hold the pass against Xerxes until the rest of the Grecian army should arrive.

The pass was a narrow road between high cliffs, where a few could defend themselves against a great host. It was easier to guard such a pass in those days than it would be now. Now, the enemy would simply place some cannon at a distance, and shoot cannon balls right into the midst of the defenders until the way was made clear.

But then they had no guns nor cannon; gunpowder was not known, and men in war shot arrows from bows, or fought hand to hand with swords and spears. So, in defending such a place as the pass at Thermopylæ, a few were as good as a great many, since only a few could fight at a time.

Here Leonidas with his little army placed themselves, and for many days Xerxes, with his countless soldiers, tried to drive them out, but could not do it. The Greeks, from behind their sheltering walls, would rush out and kill great numbers of the Persians, while but few of their own number were hurt. Xerxes was in despair and furiously angry. Here he was, with the largest army that had ever been gathered in the world, and yet he could not conquer nor pass Leonidas with his little troop.

Finally a Greek, not one of Leonidas's people, however, turned traitor, and went to Xerxes and told him of a secret path by which his army could go around

the mountain and come out in the rear of the Greeks. This man's name was Ephialtes. Do you wonder that the Greeks ever afterwards hated his name?

Xerxes was very glad to know of this path and, as quickly as he could, sent a large company of his soldiers, led by Ephialtes, across the mountain. When Leonidas saw the Persians coming down this secret path, he knew that he had been betrayed, and that there was no hope. In a short time the Persians would be both in his front and rear, so that he could not escape. He quickly sent away as many of his soldiers as would go, that their lives might be spared, but said that he and his Spartans would not leave; they would stay and die rather than return to Sparta in disgrace.

Some of the other soldiers said that they, too, would stay. So there they were, this little band of brave men, surrounded by countless hosts of enemies, determined to defend their country as long as a single one remained. Not a man flinched or failed. Seizing their weapons, they rushed into the midst of the Persian army, killing all they could; but they could not last long.

Soon Leonidas, their leader, fell covered with wounds. The Persians rushed in to seize his body, that they might bear it away to Xerxes in triumph; but the Greeks closed around it, determined that none should have the body of their beloved Leonidas so long as a

single defender lived. And thus they fought till every man was slain.

The name Leonidas means lion-like. The Greeks said surely he was well named; and they built, in his honor, a monument in the form of a lion.

1. *Words to be remembered*

peninsula	warlike	wrestle
wince	despised	disgrace
victorious	defenders	gunpowder
spear	sheltering	traitor
betrayed	flinched	monument

2. *Idioms and phrases*

at war with one another 彼此交戰.

to care for 重視.

to look upon as 視爲.

to make war on 對於.....宣戰.

to defend against 抵禦.

to fight hand to hand 打交手仗,短兵相接.

in^odespair 失望.

in_tthe rear of 出後方.

in disgrace 失體面.

in triumph 歡喜, 意氣揚揚.

in the form of 形似.

3. Questions

1. Did all the Greeks belong to one nation?
2. Which state was known as the strongest leader for the war?
3. What did the Spartans care for?
4. When was a Spartan boy taken away from his mother?
5. Did the Spartan boys get enough food and clothing?
6. How could they get more to eat?
7. How was every boy trained?
8. What was the training of the girls?
9. What did the boys do when they grew up?
10. Did the mother feel sad when her boy was killed in a battle?
11. What was the parting word of the mother when her boy was going to war?
12. How was the dead body of a soldier brought back home?
13. What kind of king was Leonidas?
14. Who was Xerxes?
15. Through what pass could the soldiers of Xerxes march into Greece?

16. With what did the soldiers of that time fight?
17. Could Xerxes conquer Leonidas?
18. Who was the traitor?
19. What did the traitor tell Xerxes?
20. What did Leonidas and his soldiers determine to do when they were surrounded by countless enemies?
21. Did the Persians get the body of Leonidas?
22. What does the name Leonidas mean?
23. What did the Greeks build for the hero?

4. Translation

1. 斯巴達人視死爲榮。
2. 勇敢之兵士與敵人打交手仗。
3. 古時兵士用矛盾,今日兵士用槍砲。
4. 波斯兵由希臘人後方進攻。
5. 奸細將秘計告於敵人。
6. 希臘人爲勇敢之領袖建紀念碑。

5. Irregular verbs

read	read	read
shoot	shot	shot
bear	bore	borne
slay	slew	slain
build	built	built

THE HEROIC SERF

In the dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for eight months in the year, wolves roam about in countless troops; and it is a fearful thing for the traveler, especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer and nearer to him.

A Russian nobleman, with his wife and a young daughter, was traveling in a sleigh over a bleak plain. Nightfall found them at an inn, and the nobleman called for a relay of horses to go on. The inn keeper begged him not to proceed. "There is danger ahead," said he, "the wolves are out."

The traveler thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night, and saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the repeated warnings of the landlord, the party proceeded on their way.

The driver was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. The sleigh glided swiftly over the hard snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began

to shed her light, so that the road seemed like polished silver.

Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange, dull sound I heard just now?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

The child shut her eyes, and kept still for a while; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with fear, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that is not the wind: I hear it again; do you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though those who were with him did not.

Whispering to the serf, he said, "They are after us. Get ready your musket and pistols; I will do the same. We may get escape. Drive on! drive on!"

The man drove wildly on; but nearer, ever nearer, came the mournful howling which the child had first heard. It was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and was in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the wolves was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader, and fire. I will single

out the next ; and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him. That will be some delay, at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching, with their long measured tread. A large dog wolf was the leader. The nobleman and the serf singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the sleigh. Again the nobleman and his servant fired. Two other wolves fell, and were instantly devoured. But the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "Let one of the horses loose, that we may gain a little more time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud shrieks of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. The remaining horses were urged to their utmost speed, but again the pack was in full pursuit. Another horse was cut loose, and he soon shared the fate of his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life. It is clear to me that we can not all reach the post-house alive. I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

“No, no !” cried the master, “we shall live together or die together. You must not, must not !”

But the servant had made up his mind ; he was fully resolved. “I shall leave my wife and children to you ; you will be a father to them ; you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down, and do my best to delay their progress.”

The sleigh glides on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it. The wolves are close on their track, and almost up with them. But what sound now rings out sharp and loud ? It is the discharge of the servant’s pistol. At the same instant he leaps from his seat, and falls a prey to the wolves ! But meanwhile the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

On the spot where the wolves had pulled to pieces the devoted servant, there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman. It bears this inscription :

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

1. *Words to be remembered*

famished	sleigh	bleak
nightfall	relay	warnings
musket	pistols	pack

baying	devour	post-house
progress	inscription	devoted

2. *Idioms and phrases*

- to be put to 登車.
- to get ready 準備.
- to get scent 嗅着.
- in pursuit of 追趕.
- to single out 擇出.
- at least 至少.
- to turn on 轉向.
- to tear them to pieces 撕碎.
- let ... loose 放鬆.
- in full pursuit 緊追.
- to do best 竭力.
- at the same instant 同時.
- to fall a prey to 作犧牲者.

3. *Questions*

1. Where did the wolves roam about in countless troops?
2. Were the travelers afraid of them?
3. With whom was the nobleman traveling?
4. In what were they traveling?
5. What warnings did the inn keeper give to the nobleman?

6. Who was the driver ?
7. Did the driver love his master ?
8. What did the girl say to her father ?
9. What was the answer of her father ?
10. Did the girl believe that it was the wind blowing ?
11. Did the nobleman know the meaning of the sound ?
12. Why did the nobleman ask the serf to get ready the musket and the pistols ?
13. What did the nobleman tell the driver to do, when the baying of the wolves was heard ?
14. Was the leader of the pack a little wolf ?
15. How many wolves did they kill with their pistols ?
16. Why did the nobleman order the post-boy to cut one horse loose ?
17. Was it possible for all of them to reach the post-house safely ?
18. What did the servant determine to do ?
19. How many horses were left to drag the sleigh ?
20. What was erected in the place where the servant died ?
21. Can you recite the inscription ?

4. *Translation*

1. 義僕因救主而喪命。
2. 羣狼緊追旅行人。
3. 予盡力阻狼之前進。
4. 旅行雪地須用雪車。
5. 不顧店主人之忠告旅行人驅車前行。
6. 鎗發後狼即倒地而死。
7. 少女聞狼叫而懼。

5. *Irregular verbs*

overtake	overtook	overtaken
shed	shed	shed

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

By Hans Andersen¹

PART I.

It was fine summer weather in the country. The corn was golden, the oats were green, and the haystacks in the meadows were beautiful. Around the cornfields and the meadows were large forests, and in these forests, were deep pools of water. It was now pleasant to walk in the country.

In a sunny spot, stood a pleasant old farm house. It was near a deep river, and from the house down to the water grew great burdock leaves. These were so high that a little child might stand upright under the tall ones.

This spot was as wild as the marsh itself.

In this cozy place sat a duck on her nest, waiting for her young brood to hatch. She was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells, and she seldom had any visitors. The other ducks liked to swim in the water

1. Danish novelist and writer of fairy tales (1805-1875).

much better than to climb the slippery banks and sit under a burdock leaf to keep her company.

At last one shell cracked, and then another. From each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cries, "Peep! peep!"

"Quack? quack!" said the mother. Then they all tried to quack, and looked about them at the green leaves. The mother let them look, because green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is!" said all the young ducks. For they found they had much more room than when they lay in the shell.

"Indeed," said the mother, "do you think this is the whole world? It reaches far over on the other side of the garden, as far as the parson's field? but I have never gone so far."

"Are you all out?" she asked, rising to her feet.

"Oh, no! you have not all come yet. The largest egg lies there still. How much longer must this go on? I am quite tired!" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"It takes so long for that one egg," replied the duck from her nest; "it will not break. But just look at the

others! are they not the dearest ducklings you ever saw? They are the image of their father."

"Let me look at that egg which will not break!" said the old duck. "I believe it is a turkey's egg. I was led to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble with the young ones, they were afraid of the water. I could not bring them to it. I did my best, but it was of no use. Let me see that egg!"

"Yes; it is a turkey's egg. Let it lie there. You had better teach the other children to swim."

"I will sit here a little while longer," said the duck. "I have sat here so long already, I may as well try a few more days"

"Just as you please," said the old duck, turning away.

PART II.

At last the great egg broke. "Peep! peep!" said the young one as it stepped forth. He was larger than the others, and very ugly. The duck looked at him.

"He is certainly a very large duckling," she said. "He does not look like the others. Can it be that he is a young turkey? We shall soon see. Into the water he must go, even if I have to push him."

On the next day the weather was fine. The sun shone upon all the green burdock leaves. The mother duck went with her whole family down to the water.

Splash ! she sprang in. "Quack ! quack !" cried she, and all the little ducklings plunged in after her.

The water closed over their little heads, but they quickly came to the surface, and swam bravely. Every one was in the water ; even the ugly young duckling was swimming.

"No, he is not a turkey," said the mother. "See how finely he uses his legs, and how well he holds himself ! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly either, if you look at him rightly."

"Quack ! quack ! just come with me, and I will take you to the duck yard. But stay close by me, so that no one may tread upon you, and take care that the cat does not get you !"

And so they came into the farm-yard, and there they found a great quarrel, for two families of ducks were fighting over an eel's head, which, after all, the cat seized and ate.

"See, children ! that is the way of the world," said the mother duck, who would have liked the eel's head herself.

"Now, use your legs," she said, "and behave as well as you can ! you must bow your heads before the old

duck yonder. She is the most distinguished duck in the yard. She is of Spanish blood; that is why she is so fat: and see! she has a red rag tied to her leg. That is something to be proud of. It is a great honour for a duck. She is so much prized that they fear to lose her, and by this sign everybody knows her well."

"Now, quickly! do not turn your toes in, but out,—see? so! Now, bow your heads and say quack." And so they did, but the other ducks all laughed aloud.

"Just see! here comes another brood," said an old duck. "As if there were not enough already. And, oh! see that duckling! we will not have him here!" Then one duck flew at him and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone!" said the mother duck. "He does nobody any harm."

"Yes; but he is so big and so ugly," said the duck who had bitten him, "and therefore he must be bitten."

"The others are beautiful children," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg,—"all but that one. I wish he might be improved."

"That cannot be done, your Grace," said the mother duck. "He is not beautiful, but he has a good temper, and swims grandly with the others,—I think even better than they. I could wish he were not so large; but I think he stayed too long in the egg."

Then she stroked his feather with her bill. "I think

he will grow up strong and be able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings do very well," said the old duck. "Now, make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you may bring it to me."

And so they made themselves at home.

But that poor duckling who had come last from the egg was bitten, and pushed, and laughed at by the ducks as well as the hens.

"He is too big," said they. And the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and thought he was a king, puffed himself out like a ship with full sails, and flew at the duckling. The poor thing did not know where to stand or where to go; he was very unhappy because he was so abused by the whole duck yard.

PART III.

So went the first day, and afterwards it grew worse. The poor duckling was driven about by everybody. Even his sisters turned against him, and said, "Oh! you ugly thing. I wish the cat might catch you!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him with her foot.

At last he ran away.

"It is just because I am so ugly," thought the duck-

ling. And he flew until he came to a great field where some wild ducks lived. Here he lay all night, for he was tired and troubled.

In the morning the wild ducks awoke and saw their new comrade.

“What sort of thing are you?” they said. And the duckling bowed on all sides, as politely as he could.

“What an ugly creature you are!” said the wild ducks. “But that doesn’t matter, if you don’t marry into our family.”

Poor thing! He had no wish to marry a wild duck. He simply wanted to lie among the rushes, and to drink the water in the marsh. The geese flew down where he was hiding. They were young things, for they had not been out of the egg long. That explains why they were so saucy.

“Listen, comrade,” they said, “you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you go with us? Not far away there is another marsh as lovely as this, and perhaps you can find a wild goose there as ugly as you are.”

“Crack! crack!” they heard, and both geese fell dead on the marsh. The sound came again,—“piff! paff! crack! crack!” a flock of wild geese flew into the air.

The huntsmen had come. The smoke from their guns rolled over the marsh like clouds over the water. The poor duckling was afraid. He turned his head this way and that, but he did not know where to go.

Just then a great dog came near. His tongue hung from his mouth, his jaws were open, and his eyes glared fearfully.

He thrust his nose close to the duckling, and showed his sharp teeth ; but, "splash ! splash !" — away he went without touching him.

"Oh !" sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am that I am so ugly ! Even a dog will not bite me."

So he lay still, while the shot rattled around him.

It was late in the day before it became quiet. Even then the poor thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for many hours. At last he flew forth, away from the marsh, as fast as he could. He hurried over field and meadows; but a storm came up, and the wind blew so hard that he could not fly against it.

PART IV.

Towards evening he saw a tiny little cottage. It seemed ready to fall, it was so old. It remained standing because it did not know on which side to fall first. The wind blew, the rain fell, and the duckling could fly no further. He sat down by the cottage, and then he

saw its door was open, leaving room for him to enter. He slipped through the door and found shelter.

There lived in the cottage a woman with her cat and her hen. The cat was called Little Son by his mistress. He could raise his back and purr; he could even throw out sparks from his fur if he was stroked the wrong way.

The hen had very short legs. Her mistress named her Chicken Short Legs. She laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as if she were her own child.

In the morning they saw the strange duckling. The cat began to purr, and the hen began to cluck.

"What is this?" said the woman, as she looked about her. But she could not see very well, and so she thought that the duckling must be a fat duck which had lost its way.

"That's a prize!" she said. "Now I can have some ducks' eggs." So she let the duckling stay in the house for three weeks, but no eggs came.

Now the cat was the master of the house and the hen was the mistress. They always said, "We and the world," for they believed that they were half of the world, and the better half, too. The duckling thought differently, but the hen would not listen to him.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then be so good as to hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you raise your back and purr, and send out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you have no right to speak when sensible people are speaking."

So the duckling sat in the corner, feeling very low-spirited. After a while the sun shone, and the fresh air came in the room. Then he began to feel a great longing to swim in the water, and he could not help telling the hen.

"How absurd!" she said. "You have nothing to do, and so you think nonsense. If you could lay eggs, or purr, it would be all right."

"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling. "It is so grand to have it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom!"

"Yes, it must be delightful!" said the hen. "You must be out of your senses: ask the cat. He knows more than anyone else. Ask him how he would like to swim on the water, and dive down to the bottom, I will not tell you what I think. Ask our mistress, the old lady, for she knows more than all the rest of the world. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

“We do not understand you? Who can understand you, then? Do you think you know more than all the rest?—than the cat, and the old lady?—I do not speak of myself. Do not think such nonsense, child, but thank your stars that we let you in. Are you not in a warm room? Are you not in good company, who may teach you something? But you talk nonsense and your company is not very pleasant. I am speaking for your good. What I say may not be pleasant to hear, but that is the proof of my friendship. I advise you to lay eggs, and to learn to purr as quickly as possible.”

“I believe I must go out into the world again,” said the poor duckling.

And the duckling went. He came to the water where he could swim and dive, but all the other animals turned away from him because he was so ugly.

PART V.

And now came the autumn. The leaves of the forest were gold and brown. The wind caught them as they fell and whirled them into the cold air. The clouds hung full of hail and snowflakes, and the ravens sat on the ferns, crying “Croak! croak!” It made one shiver to see the world.

All this was hard for the poor duckling.

One evening at sunset, a flock of beautiful birds came out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen anything like them before. They were swans. They curved their graceful necks, and their soft feathers were white and shining. They flew high in the air, and the ugly duckling was left sad and sorrowful.

He whirled in the water, stretched his neck high in the air, and uttered a strange cry. He could never forget those beautiful birds; and when they were out of sight he was beside himself. He knew not their names, only that they had gone; and oh! how he wished that he might be as lovely as they were.

The winter was cold, so cold. The duckling was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the place where he swam grew smaller and smaller.

At last it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved. The duckling had to paddle with his legs to keep the water from freezing. At last he was worn out, and lay still and helpless, frozen in the ice.

Early in the morning a poor man came by. He saw what had happened. He broke the ice with his wooden shoe and carried the duckling home to his wife. Then he came to himself again.

But the children wanted to play with him, and the duckling was afraid that they would hurt him. He start-

ed up in terror, flew into the milk pan, and splashed the milk about the room. The woman clapped her hands, which frightened him the more. He flew into the meal tub, and out again. How he looked?

The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs. The children laughed and screamed, and tried to catch him. The door stood open. He was just able to slip out among the bushes, and to lie down in the sun.

It would be too sad if I were to tell you all that the poor duckling suffered in the hard winter; but when it had passed, he found himself lying one morning in the marsh amongst the rushes. The warm sun shone, the lark sang, the beautiful spring had come.

Then the duckling felt that his wings were strong. He flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. He flew on and on, until he came to the great garden where the apple trees blossomed. Elder trees bent their long branches down to the stream, which flowed through the grass.

Oh! here it was fresh and beautiful! and, soon, from the bushes close by, came three beautiful swans. They rustled their feathers, and swam lightly on the water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds. He felt strangely unhappy.

"I will fly to them," he said. "They will kill me because I am so ugly. That is just as well. It is better to be killed by the swans than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, pushed about by the girl who feeds the chickens, and starved with hunger in the winter."

So he flew into the water, and swam towards the splendid swans. The moment they saw him they rushed to meet him.

"Only kill me!" said the poor duckling. He bent his head to the water, and waited for death.

But what did he see in the clear water? He saw his own picture in the water, no longer an ugly duckling but a beautiful white swan.

To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard is no matter, if one is hatched from a swan's egg. He was glad now that he had suffered sorrow and trouble. He could enjoy so much better all the new happiness and pleasure. The great swans swam around him and stroked his neck with their beaks.

Some children came into the the garden, and threw bread and corn into the water.

"See!" said the youngest; "there is a new one."

The other children were delighted.

"Yes, a new one has come;" and they clapped their hands and ran to their father and mother, and brought cakes and bread to throw into the water.

They shouted together, "The new one is the most beautiful, he is so young and pretty."

And the old swans bowed their graceful heads before him

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing. He did not know what to do, he was so happy; but he was not at all proud. He had been despised while he was ugly, and now he heard them say that he was the most beautiful of all the birds.

Even the elder tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone clear and bright.

He shook his white feathers, curved his splendid neck, and cried from a full heart, "I never dreamed while I was an ugly duckling, that I could be so happy!"

1. *Words to be remembered*

haystack	burdock	cozy
hatch	brood	turkey
quarrel	distinguished	temper
spurs	puffed	abused
pecked	saucy	glared
purr	cluck	sensible
low-spirited	absurd	dive
ravens	swans	uttered

paddle screamed flapped
 resulted

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to wait for 等候.

to get tired at 倦於.

to keep one company 與人作伴.

how are you getting on? 近況何如?

to pay a visit 拜訪.

had better 莫妙於.

as well 亦.

just as you please 請隨尊便.

after all 畢竟.

that is the way of the world 此世人之常態也.

to be proud of 驕傲.

to do nobody any harm 與人無害.

to make yourselves at home 不客氣,隨便.

to turn against one 反對某人.

that doesn't matter 無關係.

that's a prize 此乃一貴重之物.

to hold one's tongue 不要說話.

to be out of one's senses 發狂.

to be out of sight 不見.

to be beside one's self 失知覺,狂.

to keep from 免.

to wear out 疲.

to come to one's self again 蘇醒.

3. Questions

1. What were around the cornfields and in the forests?
2. What stood in the sunny spot?
3. Why did the duck sit on her nest?
4. What came out of the eggs?
5. What came out of the egg at last?
6. Why the mother let the young ones look at the green leaves?
7. Did the large duckling look like the others?
8. Where were the two families of ducks fighting? Why?
9. Why did they tie a red rag to the leg of the fat duck?
10. How was the large duckling treated by the ducks and the hens?
11. Did the large duckling enjoy a happy time with his sisters?
12. Did he fly away when he was badly treated?
13. What did the wild ducks say to him?
14. Did the dog touch the poor duckling?
15. Could the duckling fly further when he reached the cottage?

16. Who lived in the old cottage?
17. What did the woman call her cat? And her hen?
18. Why did the cat and the hen look down upon the duckling?
19. What came out of the bushes?
20. Why was the poor duckling beside himself when the swans were out of sight?
21. With what did the poor man break the ice?
22. Why was the duckling afraid of the poor man's children?
23. Into what did he fly when the woman clapped her hands?
24. What did the duckling do when he felt his wings were strong?
25. Where did he meet the beautiful swans?
26. What kind of bird was really the poor duckling?

4. Translation

1. 老婦不喜醜鴨，因其不能產卵故也。
2. 美麗之天鵝鼓翼屈頸高飛於空中。
3. 卵已被孵多日，小鴨始破殼而出。
4. 野鴨及母雞均不願與醜鴨作伴。
5. 小鴨雖醜但與人無害。
6. 甚至彼之兄弟姊妹亦與彼反對。
7. 可憐之小鴨精疲力竭遂倒斃於冰上。

5. *Irregular verbs*

lead	led	led
break	broke	broken
spring	sprang	sprung
bite	bit	bitten
feed	fed	fed

POOR RICHARD ON INDUSTRY
AND FRUGALITY—I

By Benjamin Franklin¹

Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy. If those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, much more grievous to some of us.

We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or in doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or in amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth,

1. An American statesman and inventor.

by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life, "Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labour wears. while the key often used is always bright." "Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that, "The sleeping fox catches no poultry" and that "There will be sleeping enough in the grave." "If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality;" since we are told, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough." Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence, shall we do more, with less perplexity.

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry makes all easy;" and "He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;" while "Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business; let not that drive thee;" and "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for "At the working man's house, Hunger looks in but dares not enter;" nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for "Industry pays debts, but despair increases them," "Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "God

gives all things to industry; then plough deep while sluggards sleep and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows" and further, "Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? do it to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? "If, then, you are your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle."

When there is too much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! Let not the sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies." Handle your tools without mittens! remember that "The cat in gloves catches no mice."

"Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects;" for "Constant dropping wears away stones;" and "By diligence and patience the mouse ate into the cable," and "Little strokes fell great oaks."

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure;" and "Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent

man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things."

Do you imagine that sloth will offord you more comfort than labor? No! for "Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease." "Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock," whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect.

"Fly pleasures and they'll follow you;" "The diligent spinner has a large web;" and, "Now I have a sheep and a cow every-body bids me good morrow." But with our industry we must likewise be steady, and settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,

"Nor yet an oft-removed family,

"That throve so well as those that settled, be."

"Three removes are as bad as a fire." "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee," "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

"He that by the plough would thrive,

"Himself must either hold or drive."

"The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands." "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge." "Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

“If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.” “A little neglect may breed great mischief.” “For want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.”

1. *Words to be remembered*

discharge	commissioners	shortens
consumes	squander	prodigality
sluggards	oversee	grievous

2. *Idioms and phrases*

to lay on 征收 (指租稅).

* to bring on 招致.

to the purpose 恰當.

peep of day 破曉.

to wear away 消蝕.

3. *Questions*

1. Do you think the taxes are very heavy ?
2. Is it easy for the people to discharge the taxes laid on by the government ?
3. Whom will God help ?

4. Why does sloth shorten life?
5. Can lost time be found again?
6. What is the best way to become healthy, wealthy and wise?
7. What do you mean by "leisure"?
8. Is it wise for people to remove frequently?
Why?
9. What harm may a little neglect do us?

4. *Translation*

1. 天助自助者.
2. 懶惰縮短性命.
3. 虛擲光陰最爲奢侈.
4. 勤爲幸運之母.
5. 滴水可以穿石.
6. 小有不慎則招大害.

5. *Irregular verbs*

forget	forgot	forgotten
thrive	throve, thrived	thriven, thrived
slay	slew	slain

