

THE NATURAL METHOD READERS



A SECOND READER

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THE NATURAL METHOD
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A SECOND READER

BY

HANNAH T. McMANUS

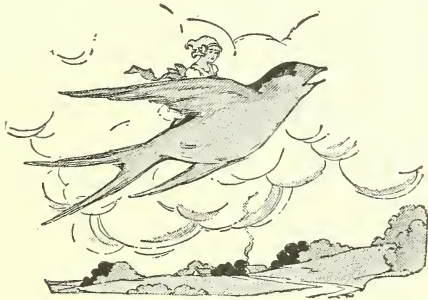
PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

JOHN H. HAAREN

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT



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PREFACE

By the beginning of the second school year the child has reached a stage of development in which his imagination makes a fairy-land of everything about him. It is the age in which poets have found their inspiration, and its enjoyment may be made to blossom into the higher emotions which have their expression in literature.

During this period the chief problem in the teaching of reading is to supply the pupil with material, generous in quantity, varied in interest, and possessing the literary flavor that will develop a taste for literature. We are not claiming too much when we state that the demands of the problem have been fairly met. The selections have not gone beyond the natural interests of the child in the second year of school. They cover the subjects that have ever been dearest to the child's heart: animals, inanimate nature, toys, folk-tales, and tales of home. Interspersed with these are selections in verse which supplement the prose pieces. An especial effort has been made to maintain

a distinctive literary flavor throughout the book, and, where stories have been adapted, the literary style of the original has been carefully preserved. We believe that the high literary quality of the selections, and the unusual beauty of the illustrations, unite to make a book that will have a strong influence in moulding the taste of the pupil while assisting him in learning to read.

The mechanics of reading are not in evidence. There is little or nothing to suggest that words have been strung together merely as school exercises. The progressive difficulties are well hidden from view, while being easily surmountable if the lessons are followed consecutively.

While the book presents the appearance of a series of interesting stories, it is intended that the usual drills and accessory devices will preserve the power of word recognition, dramatic expression, and phonetic combination and analysis that has been acquired.

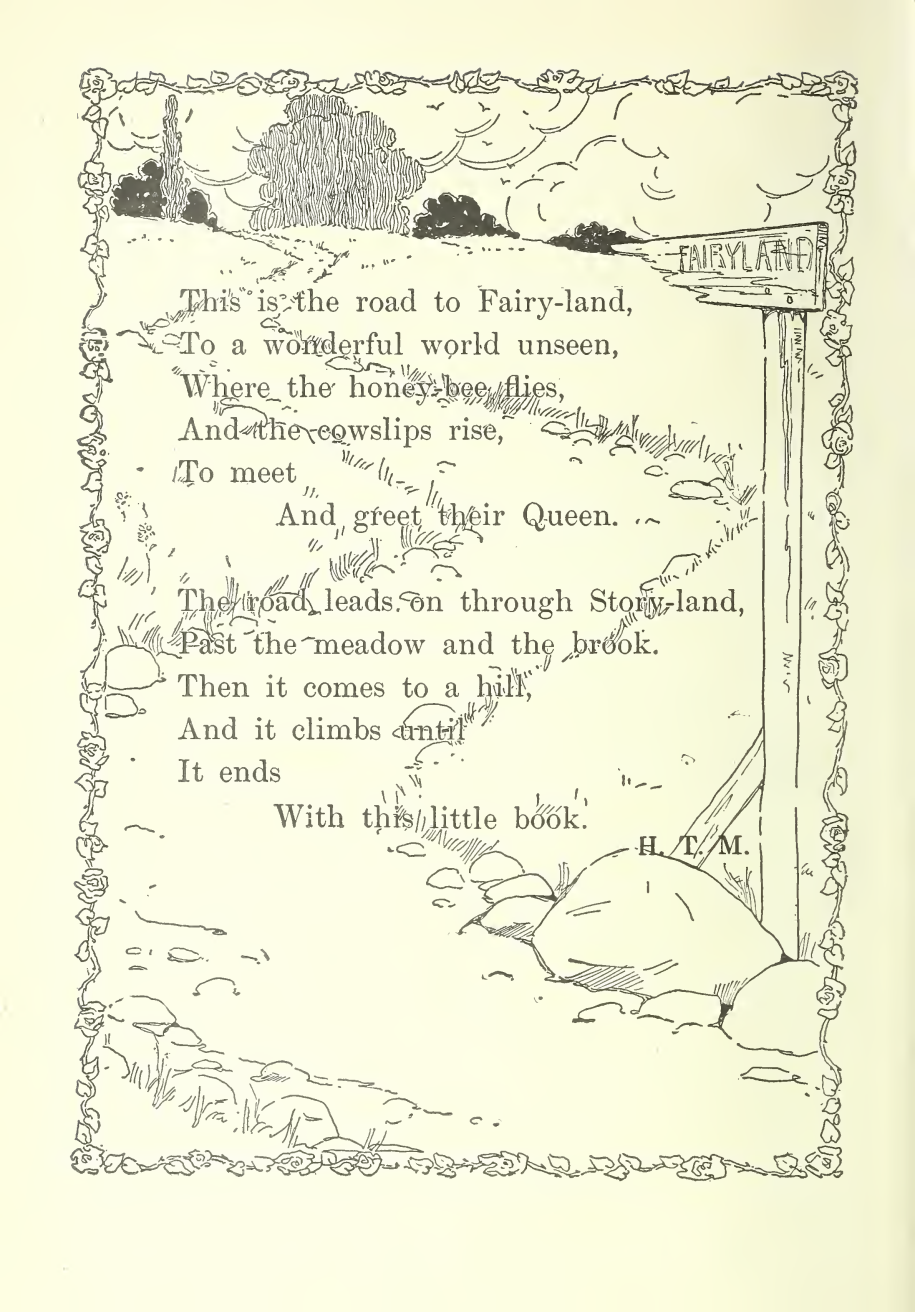
Thanks are due to Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer and Company for permission to use "The Little Nut," and to Desmond FitzGerald, Inc., for permission to use "The Golden Spear."

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A SECOND READER



This is the road to Fairy-land,
To a wonderful world unseen,
Where the honey-bee flies,
And the cowslips rise,
To meet
And greet their Queen.

The road leads on through Story-land,
Past the meadow and the brook.

Then it comes to a hill,
And it climbs until
It ends

With this little book.

H. T. M.



THE MONKEYS AND THE MOON .

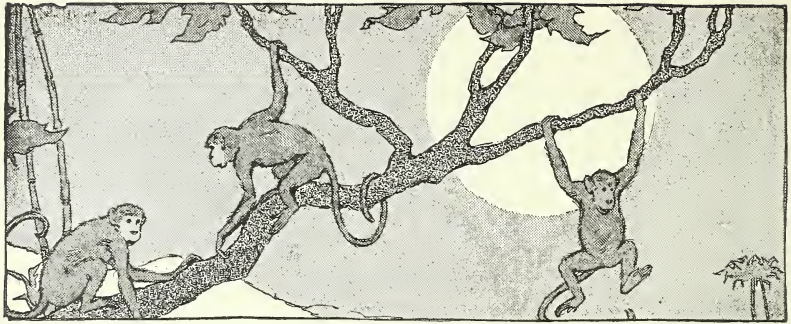
One moonlight night some monkeys were playing in the woods. After a merry time in the trees, one little monkey ran to get a drink at a well close by. All at once he called out, "Come, come. The moon has fallen into the well."

Soon the others came running to him. They looked down, and *there was the moon!*

"Oh, oh!" they cried. "The moon is in the well. What shall we do?"

"We must pull it out," said one.

"Yes, yes, we must pull it out. But how?" they all asked.



“My friends,” called out an old monkey, “we must make a monkey chain and pull out our beautiful moon. That is the way.”

“Good, good!” cried the little ones.

“See this tree growing over the well. We can make a chain from it to the water. I will go first. Come!”

He ran up the tree. In a little while he was swinging from it down over the well. The next monkey ran after him, and was soon holding on to the first monkey’s tail.

One after another ran up the tree. Soon they were all swinging over the water, each one holding on to the next one’s tail.

“When I say three, the monkey at the end of the chain must pull the moon out. Ready. One, two——” Snap! The tree broke, and the foolish monkeys went tumbling into the water. Not one of them knows what became of the moon in the well. But the moon in the sky was as bright as ever.





THE FOX AND THE GOOSE

One day a fox saw a fine, fat goose asleep near a lake. He caught her by one wing and made off with her. The poor, frightened goose cackled and hissed, but the fox only laughed.

Soon he came to a bush. He ran behind it and put the goose down; but he held her fast by his paw.

He was just about to eat her when she called out:

“Please, Mr. Fox, don’t eat me. I have done you no harm. Please let me go.”



“Well, if you had caught me as I have caught you, tell me what you would do.”

“I can answer that easily, Mr. Fox. First I would shut my eyes; then I would fold my hands and say grace; and then I would eat you.”

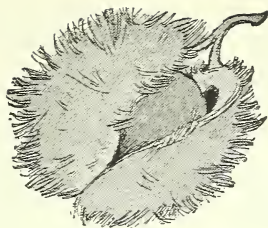
“That is just what I am going to do,” said the fox.

He shut his eyes and raised his paws to say grace. As he did so the wise old goose felt herself free. Away she flew to the lake.

When the fox opened his eyes the goose was far away on the water. His dinner was gone.

The fox shook his head. He was very angry. “After this,” he said, “I shall know better than to take the advice of a goose.”





THE LITTLE NUT

A little brown baby, round and wee,
With kind winds to rock him, slept under a
tree.

And he grew and he grew, till, I'm sorry to
say,

He fell right out of his cradle one day.

Down, down from the tree-tops, a very bad
fall,

But this queer little fellow was not hurt at
all.

For sound and sweet he lies down in the
grass,

And there you will find him whenever you
pass.



HOW DID HE DO IT?

There was once a little boy who had three goats. All day long the three goats ran and played upon the hill, and at night the little boy drove them home.

One night the goats jumped over a fence into a turnip-field, and the boy could not get them out. He tried and tried and tried, but he could not get them out.

At last he sat down on the side of the hill, and began to cry. He cried and cried and cried.

As he sat there crying, a big rabbit came hopping past. When he saw the little boy he stopped.



“What are you crying for?” asked the rabbit.

“I am crying because I can not get the goats out of the field,” said the boy.

“I will do that for you,” said the rabbit.

“Oh, thank you!” said the little boy.

So the rabbit tried to get the goats out of the field. He tried and tried and tried, but he could not get them out.

At last the rabbit, too, sat down on the side of the hill and began to cry. He cried and cried and cried.

As he sat there crying, a fox came running past. When he saw the rabbit he stopped.

“What are you crying for?” asked the fox.

“I am crying because the boy cries,” said the rabbit. “The boy is crying because he can not get the three goats out of the turnip-field.”

“I will do that for you,” said the fox.

“Oh, thank you!” said the rabbit.

So the fox tried to get the goats out of the field. He tried and tried and tried, but he could not get them out.

At last the fox, too, sat down on the side of the hill and began to cry. He cried and cried and cried.

As he sat there crying, a wolf came running past. When he saw the fox he stopped.

“What are you crying for?” asked the wolf.

“I am crying because the rabbit cries,” said the fox. “The rabbit cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he can not get the three goats out of the turnip-field.”

“I will do that for you,” said the wolf.

“Oh, thank you!” said the fox.

So the wolf tried to get the goats out of the field. He tried and tried and tried, but he could not get them out.

At last the wolf, too, sat down with the others and began to cry. He cried and cried and cried.

After a little while, a bee flew over the hill, and saw them all sitting there crying.

“What are you crying for?” said the bee to the wolf.

“I am crying because the fox cries. The fox is crying because the rabbit cries. The rabbit is crying because the boy cries. The boy is crying because he can not get the three goats out of the turnip-field.”





“I will do that for you,” said the bee.

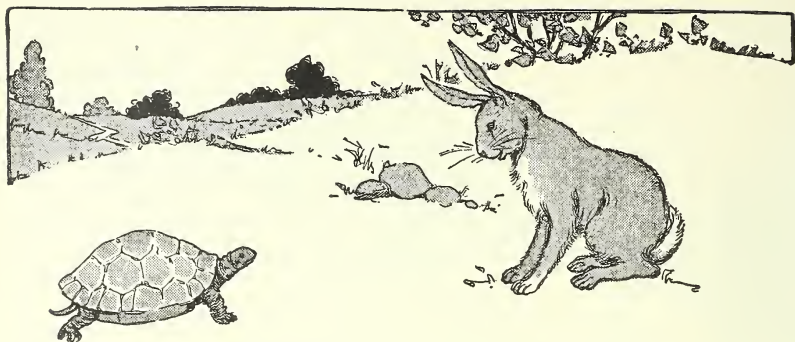
Then the big animals and the boy stopped crying, and laughed at the wee little bee.

But the bee flew away into the turnip-field, and lit upon one of the goats. Then he said, “Buz-z-z-z!”

And out ran the goats as fast as they could run.

How did the wee little bee do it?





MR. BUNNY AND MR. TURTLE

Scene I

Mr. Bunny: Good-morning, Mr. Turtle. Where are you going this fine day?

Mr. Turtle: Over to the big brook.

Mr. Bunny: Over to the big brook! Why, you should have started yesterday. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Turtle: You needn't laugh. I am not so slow as you think.

Mr. Bunny: You are not so slow; oh, no! Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you would like to run a race with me?

Mr. Turtle: Yes, indeed, I should. I'm not

afraid of you. I will race with you to the big rock on the top of the hill over there.

Mr. Bunny: Oh, you will, will you? Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Turtle: What are you laughing at?

Mr. Bunny: At the thought of running a race with you. I can't help laughing.

Mr. Turtle: Are you afraid to race with me?

Mr. Bunny: Afraid? Of course not.

Mr. Turtle: Well, then, come on.

Mr. Bunny: Do you really mean it?

Mr. Turtle: Of course I do!

Mr. Bunny: Very well. I will show you a thing or two.

Mr. Turtle: All right. Shall we start now?

Mr. Bunny: Yes. Go on. I will wait here a while. You will see me before you get to the rock. (*Mr. Turtle goes on.*) Well, I may as well lie down and wait for Mr. Turtle to get started. (*Lies down.*) Oh, how sleepy I am! (*Goes to sleep.*)

Scene II

Mr. Turtle: (*At the rock.*) Well, here I am; but where is Mr. Bunny? (*Looks around.*) Oh, there he comes, running as fast as he can! (*Mr. Bunny comes running in much out of breath.*) Ha, ha, Mr. Bunny! It's my turn to laugh now. Perhaps you can run fast, but I have beaten you this time. I may be slow, but I am sure.





BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light;
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping in the tree;
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





THE FIRE IN THE PLAYROOM

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

The jack-in-the-box pushed up his cover, and looked around the playroom.

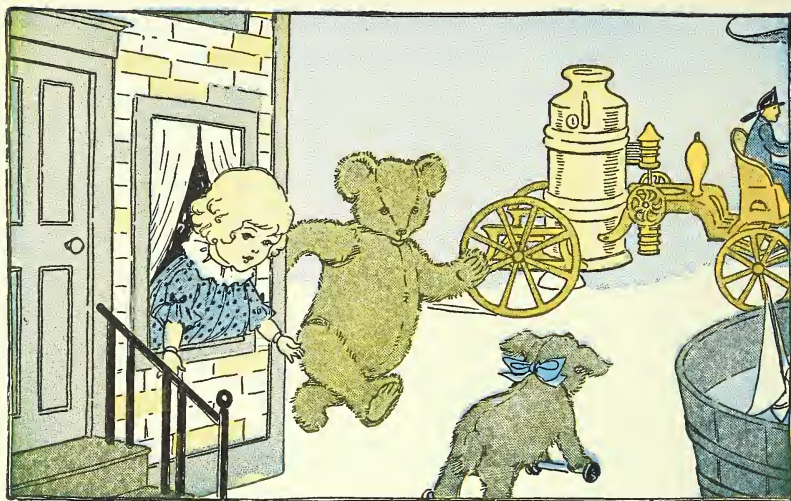
Teddy Bear was running by as fast as he could go.

“Hello, Teddy!” called the jack-in-the-box. “Was that the fire engines I heard?”

“Yes, yes!” cried Teddy. “Here they come now.”

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

The fire engines came dashing along. The bells were clanging, and the horses were at full gallop.



They almost ran over the little brown dog, and they almost bumped into the doll's house as they went by.

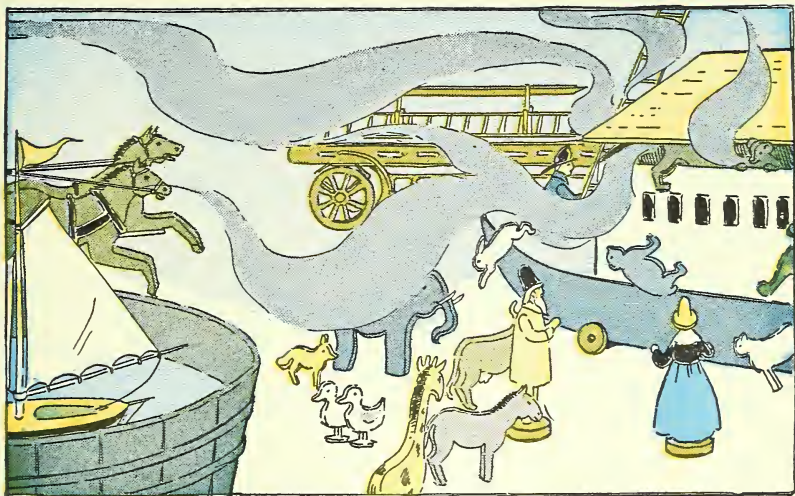
Flossie, the big doll, put her head out of the window.

"Where is the fire?" she called.

"In the Noah's ark," cried out a fireman, as the engine went by.

"In the Noah's ark! Oh! Oh!"

Flossie ran out of the doll's house without her hat on.



All the toys ran to the Noah's ark as fast as they could go.

When they got there, they found the roof of the ark all on fire.

The engines were hard at work, pumping water from the big tub in the middle of the room, where the children played with their boats. Some of the firemen had put up a ladder, so as to get out the animals.

Oh, what a noise they made!

“Baa, baa!” said the sheep. “Wee, wee!”

said the pig. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" said the rooster.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah were not at all frightened. They ran about, trying to help the animals out of the ark.

The hens and the ducks and the geese all flew out of the windows, so none of them were hurt. The cows and the sheep and the pigs got out all right, too.

But, would you believe it? The lion was very much frightened. He was afraid of getting his whiskers burned. He roared so loud that the woolly lamb got frightened, too, and ran and hid behind the doll's house.

Teddy Bear was very angry. "How silly the lion is!" he said. "Who would believe that he was king of the animals?"

But at last they got the lion out, and he was very sorry he had made such a noise. He lay down behind a chair in the corner, and stayed there all the next day.



The donkey was very foolish, too. After all the others were out he stood by the door and brayed. Nothing would make him move.

“Come out! Come out!” called Teddy Bear.

“Come out! Come out!” called the jack-in-the-box.

But the foolish donkey only stood by the door and brayed.

All at once his tail caught fire. Oh, how he jumped! He ran right out of the ark, and away around the playroom. He looked a little like a big firefly, as he ran about trying to get away from his tail.

Poor donkey! His tail would have burned off if Teddy Bear hadn't called out, “Jump into the tub! Jump into the tub!”

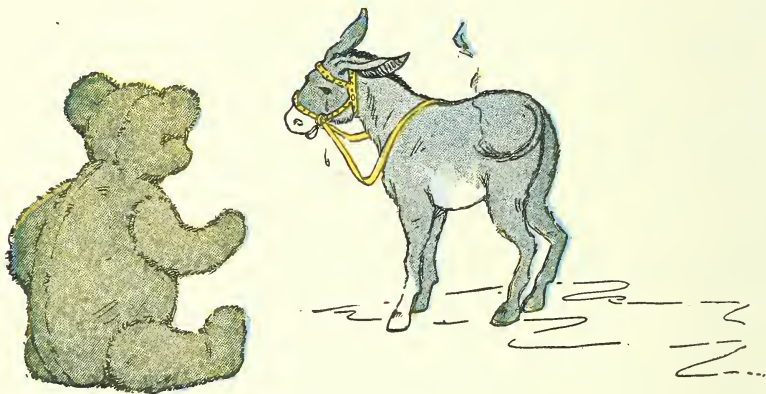
So the donkey jumped. Splash! Right into the tub he went, on top of the children's boats.

The water was cold, but it put out the fire. Soon he climbed out again. Then he looked at his tail. "Oh, dear! It is half burned off!" he said.

"Never mind," said Teddy Bear: "it will soon look as good as new."

By this time the fire in the ark was all out, and the toys went back to bed.

R. H. BOWLES.





HOW THE QUARREL WAS SETTLED

A little rabbit once lived in a nice little house in the ground. One day he went to market to buy a turnip.

While he was away a big mouse came by, and saw the little house. He thought it would be a good place to live in, too. So he went in, and made himself at home.

By and by the rabbit came back. "Don't you know that this is my house?" he asked.

"What makes it yours?" said the mouse. "You have done nothing to make it yours except to dig a hole in the ground."

“I tell you this is my house,” said the rabbit. “I made it to live in.”

“That does not make it yours,” said the mouse. “But we won’t fight about the matter. Let us leave it to the cat to say whose it is.”

“Very well,” said the rabbit. So they went to find the cat.

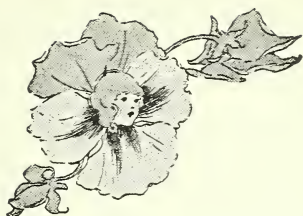
When they found the cat they both began to talk to him at the same time.

“Come nearer, my children,” said the cat. “I can’t hear very well, and I wish to hear everything you have to say.”

So they came close to the cat.

As soon as they came near enough, the cat caught the rabbit with one paw and the mouse with the other.

He ate the rabbit and then the mouse. “Now,” said he, “the quarrel is over, for the house belongs to me.”



THE PANSY

One day the queen of the flower fairies walked in a beautiful garden. All the plants and every vine and fruit loved her. The raindrops, too, loved her. But now they ran away and the rainbow stole across the sky.

“Oh, come and see the rainbow!” the queen called to the flower fairies. “How bright it has grown. It looks like a garden of flowers across the sky.”

“See the wonderful colors!” said a fairy, “the green and yellow and red.”

“Yes, yes,” said the queen, “but I like very best the dark violet.”

Then she watched the colors die away

and the shadow of the evening come. She was thinking how she could make a flower like the rainbow.

By and by, she went to the fairy bowl and began to mix colors. First she put in the violet, then the yellow, and then the blue. She wished, and she wished, and she wished.

Soon the moon rose. Again she called the fairies to her.

Sh! They saw her touch the bowl.

Splash! Those frolicsome colors went running away.

The raindrops fell, and the next morning the fairies found strange, beautiful flowers dancing in the sunshine.

“Why, they are violet and yellow and blue like the rainbow colors!” cried the fairies.

Sure enough! While the raindrops fell the fairy pansy had come.



WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long, in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at a gallop goes he;
By at a gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at a gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





KING MIDAS AND THE STRANGER

I

Long, long ago, there lived a king named Midas. He was very, very rich, but, though he had so much money, he always wanted more. Every day he would count his gold and wish that he had more.

One day, while he was counting his money, he looked up and saw that a stranger stood beside him.

“You are very rich,” said the stranger.

“Yes,” said Midas, “but not so rich as I should like to be.”

The stranger laughed. “You are hard to please,” said he. Then he asked, “What more do you want?”

“Why,” said Midas, “if I could only turn everything I touched into gold, I should be happy.”

“Are you sure of that?” asked the stranger.

“Quite sure,” said the king.

“You shall have your wish,” said the stranger, and before the king could thank him, he had gone.

II

Midas did not know what to think. What could the stranger mean?

He put out his hand and touched a chair. It turned to gold!

Midas jumped up and went about the



room, touching everything. Everything turned to gold. "Ha, ha!" cried Midas. "I shall be the richest man in the world!"

Just then his little daughter came into the room. She was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and yellow hair. She ran up to her father and kissed him. The next instant she turned to gold!

Poor Midas! He loved gold, but he loved his little daughter more.

"How wicked I have been!" he cried. "What is all the gold in the world compared with my dear little girl?"

III

All at once the stranger again stood beside Midas. "Are you not happy?" he asked.

"Happy!" cried the king. "How can I be happy? What is gold to me, now that I have lost my little daughter? I would give all I have if she were alive again."

The stranger smiled. "Are you tired of the golden touch so soon?"

"If I could get rid of it, I should never wish to see my gold again."

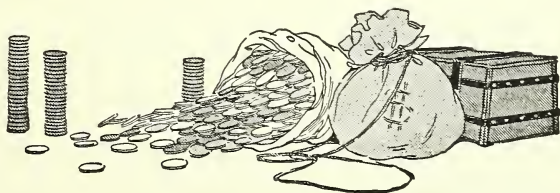
"Are you sure?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, yes!" cried Midas.

"Very well," said the stranger, "you shall have your wish." And all at once he was gone.

For an instant the king stood still. Then he put out his hand and touched his little daughter. The color came back into her face. She was alive again.

Midas took her in his arms and kissed her. "Now I am happy," said he. "You are more to me than all the gold in the world!"



TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Margery Daw

Dolly

Mary Contrary

Tommy Tucker

Dame Trot

Jack Sprat

Tom, the Piper's Son

Tommy Tucker: Oh, here comes Tom, the Piper's Son! Let's ask him to play for us.

Margery Daw: Yes, yes! Let's ask him. We can dance while he plays.

Mary Contrary: I don't like his playing very much. He always plays the same tune, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Jack Sprat: Well, we like it, anyway, Mary Contrary. My pig likes it, too. The other day he stood up on his hind legs and danced while Tom played.

Mary Contrary: (*Laughing.*) Tom's music does very well for pigs. His pipe sounds like a pig squealing, anyway.



Tommy Tucker: Hello, Tom! Come and play for us. We want to dance.

Tom, the Piper's Son: (Coming in.) Yes, indeed, I will play for you. What shall I play, "Over the Hills and Far Away"?

Mary Contrary: Why, of course, that is the only tune you know. I should think you might learn a new one.

Tom: (*Looking a little hurt.*) Well, if you don't like my music—

Margery Daw: Oh, yes, we do, Tom; you know we do.

Jack Sprat: Yes, Tom, of course we like your music. Don't mind what Mary Contrary says.

Tom: Oh, well, if you really want me to play— (*Begins to play. Children take hands and begin to dance. Dame Trot comes in with a basket of eggs.*)

Dame Trot: That's a fine tune, now. I used to hear Tom's father play it—

“Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind will blow my topknot off.”

(*Begins to dance.*) I always have to dance when I hear that tune.

Tommy Tucker: (*Stops dancing and points.*) Oh, Tom! Look! Look!

Tom: (Stops playing and looks.) Why, what's the matter?

Tommy Tucker: See, here comes old Brindle, Dolly's cow.

Margery Daw: Yes, yes! And I do believe she is trying to dance.

Jack Sprat: That's just the way my pig did the other day. He stood right up on his hind legs.

Mary Contrary: Here comes Dolly, too. (Cow comes running in, and Dolly after her.)

Dolly: Tom, Tom! Please don't play any more now.

Tom: Why, what's the matter, Dolly?

Dolly: Oh, dear! My milk is all spilled.

Tom: Your milk is all spilled? Why, how did that happen?

Dolly: I was milking old Brindle in the barnyard, and when she heard your music she kicked over the milk-pail and began to dance.



Tom: (Laughing.) Ha, ha! Well, well! I didn't know old Brindle was so fond of music.

Dolly: It's nothing to laugh at. All my good milk spilled on the ground

Tom: Well, well, Dolly, there's no use crying over spilled milk, you know.

Dame Trot: (Looks into her basket.) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Margery Daw: What's the matter, Dame Trot?

Dame Trot: Look in my basket. All my eggs are broken—nice, fresh eggs that I was taking to market.

Margery Daw: That is too bad, Dame Trot; but your hens will lay more eggs, you know.

Tommy Tucker: Yes, just think what a good time you had dancing, and forget about your eggs.

Tom: I am sorry my music made you break your eggs, Dame Trot. Well, good-bye everybody.

Boys and girls, some other day
I will come and for you play
"Over the Hills and Far Away."
I can now no longer stay.

R. H. BOWLES.





LITTLE DUCKS

“My dears, whatever are you at?

You ought to be at home.

I told you not to wet your feet;

I told you not to roam.

“Oh, dear! I’m sure you will be drowned;

I never saw such tricks.

Come home at once and go to bed,

You naughty, naughty chicks!”

Now most of them were five days old,

But one, whose age was six—

“Please, ma’am,” said he, “I think we’re
ducks.

I don’t believe we’re chicks.”

ROBERT MACK.

MRS. WHITE HEN AND HER CHILDREN

I

Mrs. White Hen was not happy. There was something the matter with all her children. They were such funny-looking little chickens. They had big, wide bills and very queer feet, and when they walked they waddled.

Now, Mrs. White Hen was a good mother. She wanted to bring up her children well. But she could not get them to scratch and peck. Their bills and their feet were not made right.

One day they all went down to the pond. There they found Mrs. Duck and her little ones.

“Well, well!” said Mrs. White Hen. “My chickens look just like Mrs. Duck’s children. They all have big bills and queer feet, and they all waddle when they walk. I will ask Mrs. Duck’s advice.”

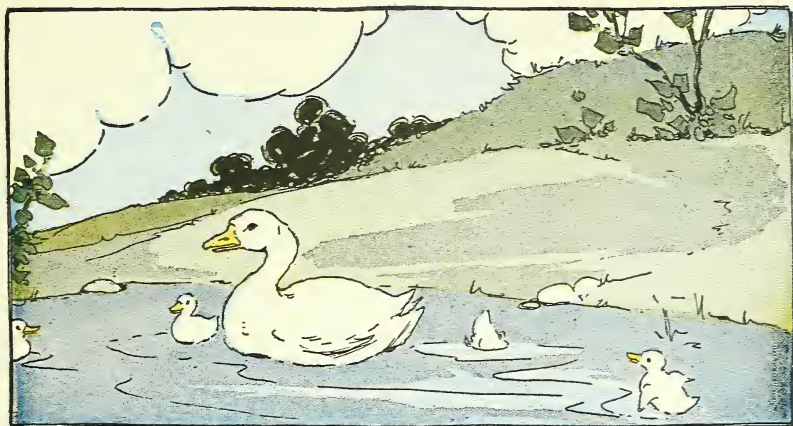


So Mrs. White Hen told Mrs. Duck what a hard time she was having to teach her children anything, and asked Mrs. Duck to help her.

“To be sure I will!” said Mrs. Duck. “I will teach them to swim.” And she jumped into the pond.

Her own little baby ducks jumped in after her, and so did Mrs. White Hen’s children, too. They all began to swim about.

Poor Mrs. White Hen was very much frightened. She ran up and down the shore, calling out, “Come back! Come back. or you will all be drowned!”



But the little ones were very naughty. They would not listen to her. They were so glad to be in the water that they did not want to come out again. They swam about as if they had always known how to swim.

Mrs. White Hen did not know what to think. She had never brought her children to the pond before. Besides, she could not swim herself.

“How in the world did they learn?” she said. Then she cried, “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” for one of her children had just put his head under water.

But he soon took it out again, and seemed to be all right. Then the others did the same, so by and by Mrs. White Hen thought nothing more about it.

Mrs. Duck swam all around the pond. Then she came to the shore. As she walked out of the pond she stopped. She took up some of the black mud in her bill. Then she raised her head, and let the mud run out at the sides of her bill. Mrs. White Hen's children all did the same thing.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mrs. White Hen. "You must not do that. You can't get anything to eat that way."

But her children all said, "Why, mother, that is the only right way to eat."

II

After a while Mrs. White Hen grew very proud of her children. Every day she took them to the pond herself, to watch them swim.

At last spring came. Mrs. White Hen's children had all grown up and gone away. One day she was sitting on some more eggs. This time they were her own eggs. There she sat on her nest, thinking of the things her new chickens would do.

At last the shells broke, and out they all came. "Cluck, cluck!" said old Mrs. White Hen. "Peep, peep!" said the little chickens. They followed her about, and tried to learn to scratch.

But they were better at eating. Mrs. White Hen would scratch in the soft ground. Sometimes she would turn up a nice fat bug. Sometimes it would be a grain of corn or a worm. Whatever it was, the chickens would all run, and the first one who got there would eat it up.

Now, these chickens were not like Mrs. White Hen's other children. Their bills were sharp, and their feet were all right, too.

One day she led them all down to the pond. There was Mrs. Duck with some new little ducks.

“I shall have to ask you to teach my children to swim,” said Mrs. White Hen. “I could teach them myself, I think, but I don’t like to get my feathers wet.”

“To be sure! To be sure!” cried good-natured Mrs. Duck. Then she called her little ones, and jumped into the water.

All the little ducks jumped in, too, and began to swim about in the water. But this time Mrs. White Hen’s children stayed on the land.

“Come! Come!” said Mrs. White Hen. “You must take your swimming lesson. Swim off with the little ducks.”

But the chickens wanted to stay on the land. They wanted to scratch and peck. They would not go into the water. Mrs. White Hen was very much disappointed. But she would not give up.

“Mrs. Duck does not know how to teach,” she said. “Only her own children will mind her. I will teach them myself.”

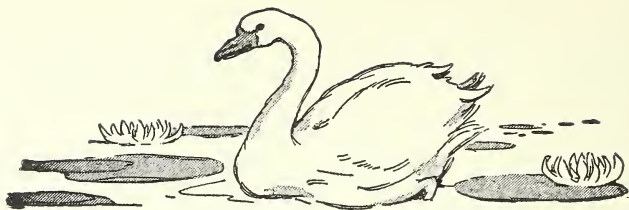
So she flew out to a rock in the middle of the pond. Then she cried, “Cluck, cluck!” as loud as she could.

Her chickens tried their best to get to her. They ran to the water, crying, “Peep, peep!” But when they found their feet getting wet, they would not go any farther. Not one chick would try to swim.

The next day she tried again. It was no use. The chickens would not go into the water. At last she gave up trying.

“After all,” she said, “you can never make a chicken into a duck.”





THREE WAYS

“How sweet,” said the swan,
“To glide and splash!
And not, like a frog,
To dive and dash.”

“How fine,” said the frog,
“To dive and dash!
And not, like a swan,
To glide and splash.”

“But better than either,
To float with grace,”
A pond-lily whispered,
“Yet keep your place.”

MARY MAPES DODGE.

HOW DAVID KILLED THE GIANT

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a king named Saul. He was a great and wise king, and for many years all went well with him. But at last he became old and sick, and another king came into the country with an army. They wanted to kill Saul and all his men.

In this army there was a great giant named Goliath. Every day he would go out in front of Saul's army and call out, "Who will come and fight me?"

The giant looked so big that Saul's men were afraid, and no one would go out to fight him.

Now, one day a little shepherd boy named David came to Saul's camp. He came with corn and bread for his brothers in the army. While David was there, Goliath came out in

front of Saul's army, and called for some one to come and fight him.

David heard what the giant said. "Why will no one fight him?" asked David. He could not see why all Saul's men should be afraid, even if the giant was big.

So David went to the king, and said that he would go and fight the giant. At first the king laughed. "You are only a little boy," said he. "You can not fight a great giant like Goliath."

But David said, "Once when I was watching my sheep, a bear came and took one of them. I killed the bear with a stone from my sling. I am not afraid of the giant. I will kill him, too."

Wasn't this a brave thing for a boy to say?

King Saul was greatly pleased with David. "Go out and fight Goliath," said he, "but take a shield and a sword with you."

But David said that he would take only



his sling. From a brook he picked up five smooth stones, and put them into the bag that hung from his belt. Then he went out to fight Goliath.

When the giant saw that only a boy had come to fight him, he was angry.

“Am I a dog,” he cried, “that you come to me with a stick?”

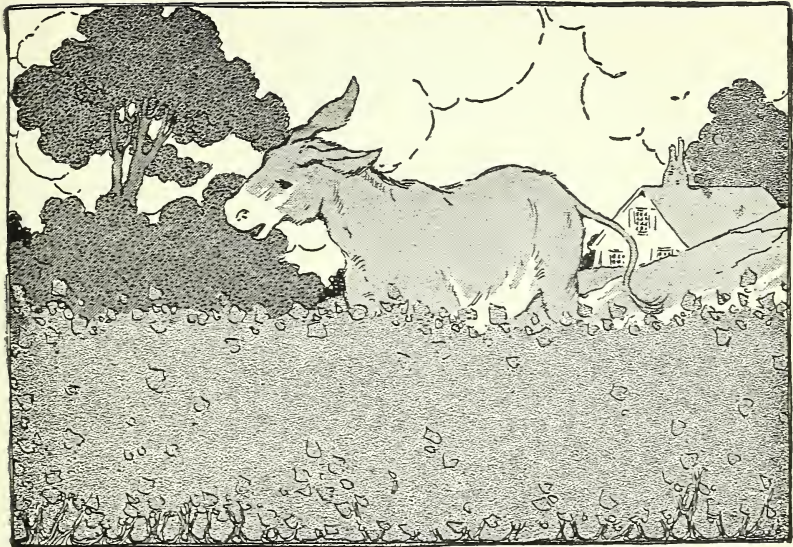
But David was not frightened. He stood waiting for the giant.

When Goliath was near enough, David took a stone from his bag, and put it into his sling. Round and round he whirled it. Then straight it flew, and struck the giant on the head. Down he fell to the ground.

Then David ran up and took the giant's sword, and cut off his head.

When the army of the giant saw this, they were frightened and ran away.

King Saul and his army were saved!



THE DONKEY AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A donkey once stopped to listen to a grasshopper that was singing under a hedge.

“Ah,” said he, “I wish I could sing like that!” He tried to sing, but he could only bray.

Then he said to the grasshopper, “My friend, please tell me what you feed on to make your voice so sweet.”

“Very gladly,” said the grasshopper. “I feed on dew in the early morning, and then again in the evening.”

“Oh, thank you, kind friend,” said the donkey. “I will try that kind of food myself. Perhaps it will make my voice sweet, too.”

Then the donkey went on, and did not wait to hear what the grasshopper had to eat in the middle of the day.

Every morning and evening after that, the donkey would feed on dew, and he kept trying his voice to see if it was growing sweeter.

As it grew weaker and weaker, he thought it was growing more like that of the grasshopper.

So the poor donkey kept feeding on dew, till he died of hunger.

Don't you think he was a foolish donkey?





GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap;

He lives on the best of fare.

Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,

These are his summer wear.

Out in the meadow he loves to go,

Playing away in the sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;

It's under the hedge so gay.

Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,

Watches him over the way.

Gladly he's calling the children, I know,

Out in the beautiful sun;

It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,

Summer's the time for fun.



THANKSGIVING DAY AT GRANDFATHER'S

I

Ralph sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. All at once he remembered. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" he cried.

Then he jumped out of bed, and ran into Jack's room. "Hurrah! Hurrah! It's Thanksgiving Day!" he called at the top of his voice.

"Don't make so much noise. Can't you let a fellow sleep!" said Jack, who was away down in the bedclothes.

“Get up, sleepy head, get up!” cried Ralph, and tried to pull the clothes off Jack’s bed. But Jack threw a pillow at him. Of course Ralph threw it back. Then there was a great pillow fight, till they were both out of breath.

“Oh, boys!” called Mother. “You must dress quickly this morning. We are going to start for Grandfather’s house right after breakfast.”

“Yes, yes, Mother!” cried both boys at once, and Ralph ran back to his room.

Soon after breakfast Father drove up to the gate with Dick, the old gray horse, and the big sleigh. Ralph and Jack and Mary and baby Nell had been watching for them a long time.

Soon they had all climbed in, and were covered up nice and warm.

“Are you all right?” asked Father.

“All right!” said Mother.

“All right!” cried the children.

“Get up, Dick!” called Father, and off they went. “Ting-a-ling-ding!” went the sleigh-bells.

II

It was a cold day, but the sun was bright and warm. And what a lot of snow there was! It covered the ground, it covered the trees, and it covered the roofs of the houses. In some places it was as high as the tops of the fences.

Grandfather's house was a good way off, and before they were there, their hands and feet began to get cold. After a long time they could see the house.

Ralph saw it first. “Hurrah!” he cried. “I see Grandfather's house.”

“So do I! So do I!” called the others.

Soon they were at the gate. The house looked very pretty. The snow had drifted all about it, and long icicles hung down from the



roof. "It looks just like a Christmas card," said Mother.

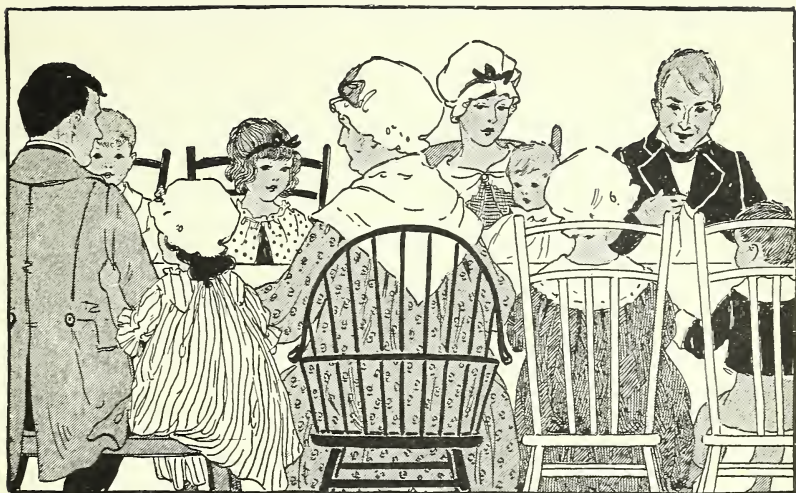
As they got out of the sleigh, the door of the house opened. There stood Grandfather and Grandmother. You may be sure that, they were glad to see the children.



III

Such a lot of people there were at Grandfather's! Uncle John and Aunt Mary had already come. Soon Uncle David and Aunt Margery came, too. And of course all the cousins were there. There were Johnny and Tommy and Teddy and Billy and Dolly and Nan. Oh, what fun they had!

When they all sat down to dinner, the room was so full it was hard to get through the door. And such a dinner!



There was a big, big turkey. And of course there was everything to go with it, too. There were three kinds of pie. Just think of that—apple, mince, and pumpkin pie! I am sure it must make you hungry to think of it.

Of course, all the children wanted a drumstick, but as there was only one turkey there were not enough drumsticks to go around. Ralph and Cousin Dolly got the drumsticks, because they were the oldest. Cousin Nan got the wish-bone; and she hung it up be-

side the fire, so that it would get nice and dry.

After dinner all the cousins played games. There was blind-man's-buff, and the mulberry bush, and I don't know how many more. There was a lot of fun, and a lot of noise.

But nobody seemed to mind. Grandfather played blind-man's-buff with the children. And Grandmother laughed, and said that Grandfather must be growing backward, because he was getting young again. Wasn't that a funny thing to say?

Everybody had a grand, good time.

IV

When it was time to go home, Father brought Dick and the big sleigh around to the gate. Then they all said good-bye, and climbed in again.

Baby Nell was fast asleep. All the others were so tired and sleepy that not a word was

said on the way home. At last they stopped at the gate.

“Here we are!” said Father.

“Mother, dear,” said Mary, as they were going into the house, “do you think that there are any little boys and girls that don’t have any grandmothers?”

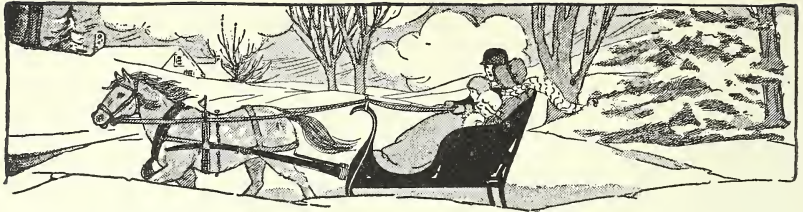
“Yes, dear,” she said, “I’m afraid there are.”

“Where do they get their Thanksgiving dinners?”

“I’m afraid some of them don’t get any at all.”

Mary looked very sad. “But how can there be a real Thanksgiving without a big dinner?”

Mother smiled. “The best kind of Thanksgiving is when people are glad and happy and thankful for all the good things they have. They don’t need to eat a big dinner to show that.”



THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go ;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow !
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play—

Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate!
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood;
Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE RASPBERRY KING

I

“Oh,” cried Margery, “here is a worm on a raspberry!”

She put the worm on a raspberry leaf, and carried it out of the house. Then she saw a robin sitting on the fence, and was afraid he would eat the poor little worm. So she took up the leaf, carried it out into the woods, and hid it under a raspberry bush. There the robin could not find it.

Now, it was just dinner-time, and they all had raspberries and cream. Soon after dinner Ella said, “We have eaten up all the raspberries, and have none left to make jam for the winter. It would be fine if we could get some more raspberries.”

“Let us go to the woods and pick some!” said Margery. “You take the yellow basket and I will take the green one.”



“Very well,” said Ella, and off they went.

“Remember me to the raspberry worm,” said Dick, laughing. “Next time I find him I shall eat him up.”

II

Ella and Margery went off to the woods. How beautiful it was there! Sometimes it was hard climbing over fallen trees; but what did that matter? Soon the girls were deep in the woods.

At first they found no raspberries at all.

But they walked on and on, and at last they came to a great raspberry wood. There were bushes as far as the eye could see, and every bush was covered with big, red raspberries. Such berries they had never found before!

Margery picked and Ella picked. Margery ate and Ella ate. In a little while their baskets were full.

“Now we will go home,” said Ella.

“No; let us gather a few more!” said Margery.

So they put their baskets down on the ground, and began to fill their aprons. It was not long before these were full, too.

“Now let us go home,” said Margery.

“Very well,” said Ella.

III

Both girls took their baskets and turned to go home. But that was not easy to do. They had never been so far in the great wood

before. They could not find any path, and soon they knew that they had lost their way.

The shadows of the trees were growing long in the evening light. The birds were flying home. At last the sun went down behind the pine-tops, and it was cool and dark in the great wood.

The girls began to get a little afraid, but they went on. They felt sure that soon the wood would end, and that they would see the chimneys of their home.

After a long time they came to a great plain covered with bushes. When they looked around them, they saw they were among the same beautiful raspberry bushes from which they had picked their baskets and their aprons full. Then they were so tired that they sat down on a stone and began to cry.

“I am so hungry!” said Margery.

“Yes,” said Ella. “If we only had two good meat sandwiches now!”



As she said that, she felt something in her hand. When she looked down, she saw a large sandwich of bread and chicken.

At the same time Margery said, "How very queer! I have a sandwich in my hand!"

"So have I," said Ella. "Now, if we only had a glass of good milk!"

Just as she said that, she felt a large glass

of milk in her hand. At the same time Margery cried out, "Oh, Ella! I have a glass of milk in my hand, too! Isn't it queer?"

The girls were very hungry, so they ate and drank with a good will. When they were through eating, Ella stretched out her arms and said, "Oh, if we only had a nice, soft bed to sleep on now!"

At that very moment she felt a nice, soft bed by her side. There was one beside Margery, too.

This seemed to the girls more and more wonderful. They were so tired and sleepy that they got into the little beds, pulled the covers over their heads, and were soon asleep.

IV

When they awoke the sun was high in the sky. The wood was beautiful in the summer morning, and the birds were flying about in the tree-tops.

At first the girls were full of wonder, when they saw that they had slept in the wood. They looked at each other, and they looked at their beds.

At last Margery said, "Are you awake, Ella?"

"Yes," said Ella.

"But I am still dreaming," said Margery.

"No," said Ella; "but there must be some good fairy about here. Now if we only had some nice, hot coffee, and some white bread!"

Just then she saw beside her a little table. On it were a coffee-pot, two cups, a sugar-bowl, and some fresh white bread.

The girls poured out the coffee, put in the cream and sugar, and tasted it. Never had they tasted such good coffee.

"Now, I should very much like to know who has given us all this," said Margery.

"I have, my little girls," said a voice from the bushes.

The children looked around. They saw a little, kind-looking old man, in a white coat and red cap, coming out of the bushes.

“Don’t be afraid, little girls,” he said, smiling. “Have you slept and eaten well?”

“Yes, indeed we have,” said both the girls. “But tell us—” And they wanted to ask who the old man was, but were afraid.

“I will tell you who I am,” said the old man. “I am the raspberry king, and I have lived in this wood for more than a thousand years.

“But the great spirit of the woods, and the sea, and the sky did not want me to become too proud. So one day in every hundred years I must turn into a little raspberry worm. On that day a bird can eat me, a child can pick me with the berries or trample me under foot.

“Now, yesterday was the day I had to turn into a worm. I was taken with the raspberry,



and should have been killed, if you had not saved my life.

“All day I lay in the grass, and when I was taken away from your table I hurt one of my feet. When evening came and I could take my own shape again, I looked for you to thank you. Then I found that you were both here in my wood.

“Now I will send a bird to show you the way home. Good-bye, little children. Thank you for your kind hearts. The raspberry king can show that he does not forget his friends.”

The children shook hands with the old



man and said good-bye. They were very glad that they had saved the little raspberry worm.

V

Margery and Ella took their berries, and ran off through the wood after the bird. Soon it began to get lighter in the wood. They did not see how they could have lost their way the day before, it seemed so easy and plain now.

There was great joy when the two girls got home. Every one had been looking for them.

Dick met them. He had a basket in his hand and said, "Look! here is something that an old man has just left for you."

When the girls looked into the basket they saw a pair of beautiful bracelets. They were of gold set with dark-red stones, and made in the shape of a raspberry. On them was written, "To Margery and Ella." Beside them there was a pin in the shape of a raspberry worm. On it was written, "Dick, never hurt the helpless."

Dick felt rather ashamed. He knew what that meant.

The raspberry king had also brought ten big baskets of beautiful raspberries. So there was such a jam-making as had never been seen before. If you would like to go and help in it you might, perhaps, get a little, for they must surely be making jam to this very day.



HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

Long ago, in the far north, where it is very cold, there was only one fire.

An old man and his son looked after this fire, and kept it going day and night. They knew that if the fire went out all the people would freeze, and the white bear would have the northland all to himself.

One day the old man was sick, so his son had everything to do. For a long time the boy took care of his father, and kept the fire from going out.

But at last he grew very tired and sleepy. Now, the white bear was always watching

the fire. He wished for the time to come when he should have the northland all to himself.

When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he stayed close to the fire and laughed.

One night the little boy was so tired that he fell sound asleep. Then the white bear ran as fast as he could, and jumped upon the fire with his wet feet, and rolled upon it.

“Now,” he thought, “it is all out.” and he went away to his den.

But a robin had been flying near, and had seen what the white bear was doing. She waited until the bear had gone away. Then she flew down and looked and looked with her sharp eyes until she found one little bit of fire. For a long time she fanned it with her wings.

Her breast was burned a bright red, but she did not give up.

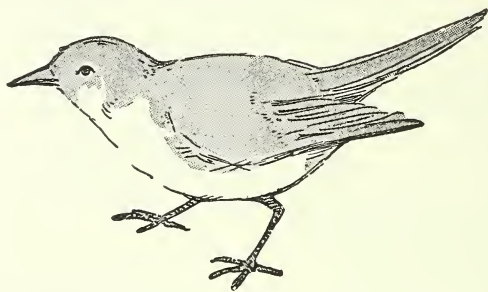


After a while a fire started up. Then she flew away to every home in the northland.

Everywhere that she touched the ground a fire began to burn. So that soon, instead of one little fire, all of the great northland was lighted up.

All that the white bear could do was to go back into his den and growl. For now, indeed, he knew that the northland would never be all for him.

This is why the people in the north love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.





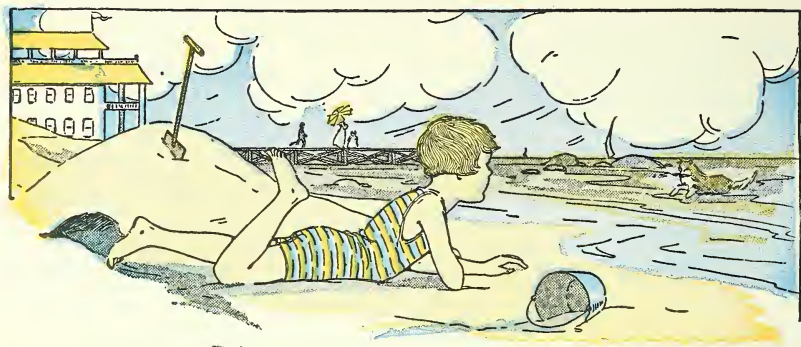
CHRISTMAS

Oh, tell me, children who have seen
The Christmas-tree in bloom,
What is the very brightest thing
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.
The skates and shining toys?
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas Day itself, my dears!
It's Christmas Day alone—
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift
The world has ever known.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



A BRAVE DOG

I

Prince was not a common dog. He really deserved his name. He was really a prince of dogs. He loved his little master, Ralph, very much; and at night he slept on the floor, at the foot of Ralph's bed.

One summer Ralph was at the seashore with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Of course, Prince was there, too. They had great fun playing together. Every day they had a swim. Prince liked the water as much as Ralph did.

One day, after their swim, they went out



to a big rock a long way from shore. The tide was low, so that they could walk away out over the bare sand.

When they got to the rock, Ralph found a nice place to sit down. The water came

right up on the farther side, and it was very deep there. For a while Ralph threw stones into the water. Then he got sleepy. So he lay down with his head on Prince's soft coat, and was soon fast asleep.

He slept a long time. When he awoke it was late. He knew it must be time to go home, so he jumped up and said, "Come, Prince, we must go now."

But when they started to get down from the rock, they saw that there was water between them and the shore. The tide had come in!

Ralph was frightened. The tide was coming in very fast. Besides, the wind was blowing hard. The water tossed and roared around the rock.

Ralph knew that it was too deep for him to wade ashore. What could he do? He looked down at Prince.

"Prince, old boy," said he. The dog looked up into Ralph's face and wagged his tail.

“Go home, boy, go home!” said Ralph, pointing to the shore.

Prince looked at the water, then up at Ralph. Then he barked. He was not sure what his master meant.

Ralph took the dog by the collar, and pushed him toward the water. “Go home, Prince, go home!” he said again.

Prince knew what his master meant now. He gave one look at him, then he sprang into the sea.

Ralph stood watching him anxiously. Would he get to shore?

The waves tossed him up and down, and whirled him about. Once his head went under water. The tide carried him a long way up the shore. But at last Ralph saw him climb out of the water and shake himself. Then he turned, and looked back toward his master, and barked.

The tears came into Ralph's eyes. He

waved his hand and called, "Go home, boy!" Then he saw the dog run off, as fast as he could go.

II

Ralph's mother and father were sitting on the cottage piazza. It was growing late. "Where can Ralph be?" said Mrs. Thomas. "He ought to be home by this time."

Just then Prince came running up on the piazza. He was dripping wet. He came right up to Mr. Thomas, looked up into his face, and barked.

"Well, Prince, old boy, what is it?" said Mr. Thomas.

Prince wagged his tail; then he ran back down the steps and stopped. Then he looked back and barked again.

"The dog wants something," said Mr. Thomas. Mrs. Thomas started up from her chair. "Oh, do you think anything has happened to Ralph?" she said.



Mr. Thomas rose and walked toward the dog. "What is it, Prince?" he asked again.

Prince wagged his tail and barked. Then he again turned, and ran from the house a little way.

"Something must be the matter," said Mr.

Thomas, and he walked quickly after the dog. Mrs. Thomas went, too.

When Prince saw that at last they understood him, he barked and ran on.

Every now and then he stopped, and looked back, to make sure that they were coming.

Soon they were at the shore. There Prince stopped and barked. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas came up and looked around. On the big rock, away out in the water, stood Ralph. The tide was dashing almost up to his feet. The rock would soon be covered.

Mrs. Thomas clasped her hands. "Oh, run, run, and get a boat!" she cried to Mr. Thomas. Then she called to Ralph, "Don't be frightened. Father will soon come with a boat."

Ralph's rowboat lay on the shore not far away. Mr. Thomas soon pushed this into the water, and rowed out to the rock. In a little while he came back, with Ralph all safe and sound.

Mrs. Thomas put one arm around Ralph and the other around Prince. She kissed Ralph, and she hugged the dog. Then she cried a little. Ralph felt a little like crying, too.

Mr. Thomas patted Prince on the head. "What shall we give Prince for being so wise and brave?" said he.

"Oh, father," said Ralph, "give him a silver collar."

So Mr. Thomas got a silver collar for Prince. On it he had written:

"To a brave dog, for saving his master's life."

Prince is old now, but Ralph will never get another dog while Prince is alive.



KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

A long time ago, there was a king in England named Alfred. He was so good and wise that people called him Alfred the Great.

Now, some people called Danes, who lived over the sea, wanted to live in England, too. So they came in ships, and began to fight with Alfred and his people. They wanted to drive them away.

Alfred had to fight with the Danes, but as he did not have many men, he was beaten every time. At last he hid in a swamp to get away from the Danes.

After a day or two he came out of his hiding-place to see if he could find some of his friends.

By and by he came to a little cottage, where an old woman was making cakes. So he went in, and asked her to give him one.



Now the old woman was just going out to get some sticks for her fire. So she said, "If you will watch my cakes while I am gone, I will give you some to eat. But you must be sure not to let them burn."

"Very well," said the king. But Alfred began to think how he could drive away the Danes, and soon forgot all about the cakes. When the old woman came back, Alfred was sitting before the fire, but the cakes were all burned.

"You lazy fellow!" cried the old woman. "You have let my cakes burn. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Alfred was very sorry that he had let the cakes burn, and tried to tell the old woman so. But she was very angry, and would not listen to him.

Just then they heard some one coming. At first Alfred was afraid the Danes had found out where he was. But soon the door opened, and in came some friends of the king. They had good news for him. They had got together a large army, and were all ready to fight the Danes again.

When the old woman found that it was King Alfred whom she had called a lazy fellow, she was very much frightened. But the king only laughed.

“You were right,” said he. “I was a lazy fellow to let the cakes burn. Next time I will do better.”

With his new army King Alfred drove the Danes away, and for a long time the people of England lived in peace.

ECHO

Long, long ago, there lived a young girl named Echo. She was very bright and pretty, but she was very naughty, too. She dearly loved to tease. She teased her mother, she teased her father, and she teased her brothers and her sisters. She played tricks on all the people she knew.

“You like to tease too much,” her friends would say to her. “Some day you will be sorry.”

But Echo would only laugh, and go on with her tricks.

One day she was foolish enough to play a trick on the great Queen Juno. Queen Juno was very angry.

“After this you shall never speak to any one first,” said she. “You shall only say again what others say to you.”

Poor Echo! All her fun was gone.

She could not speak to any one, but could only answer when she was called. She grew thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker. At last she faded away until she was only a voice.

Sometimes you can hear her now in the woods. She will not speak to you, but she will answer you back if you call.



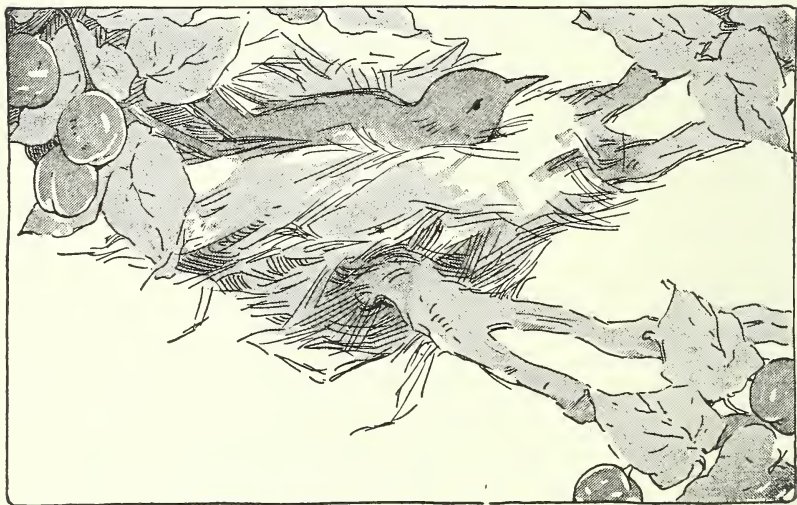


ROBIN'S SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry-
tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told
me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But, of course, the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings—in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly
about,
Then the whole secret will be out.





LUCKY HANS

Scene I

HIS MASTER'S HOUSE

Hans : Please, sir, my time is up. I have been with you for seven years, and now I want to go home.

Master : Well, Hans, you have been a good boy, and I am sorry to have you go. Here is a big piece of gold for you. Do not lose it before you get home.

Hans : Thank you, sir. I will take good care of it.

Master : Good-bye, Hans.

Hans : Good-bye, sir. Ah, how fine it is to be my own master! And what a big piece of gold this is! I am quite a rich man

now. How many things I can buy with all this gold! Well, I must first go home and see my mother.

Scene II

ON THE ROAD

Hans: Oh, dear! How tired I am! The sun is so hot, and the road is so dusty! This piece of gold is very heavy, too. Hello! Here comes a man on a horse. How fine it must be to ride! Nothing to do but sit still and make your horse go! Ah, I wish I had a horse!

Horseman: What's that you say? You would like to have a horse?

Hans: Yes, yes! If I only had a horse I should not have to walk in this dusty road this hot day. Besides, this piece of gold is so heavy that I am very tired.

Horseman: Piece of gold! Is that a piece of gold you have there?



Hans: Yes, isn't it a big piece? It is very heavy to carry.

Horseman: Well, if I were in your place I wouldn't walk. I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you my horse for your piece of gold.

Hans: Do you really mean it? Oh, that will be fine!

Horseman: Of course I mean it. (*Getting down from his horse.*) There! Let me help you

up. (*Helps Hans on horse.*) You will find it much better fun to ride than to walk. When you want to go faster you have only to say, "Get-up! Get-up!"

Hans: (*Gives gold to man.*) There, sir, I'm glad to get rid of that big piece of gold. Now for an easy and quick ride home! Ah, this is fine! The horse does all the work. I will make him go faster. Get-up! Get-up! (*The horse runs, and Hans falls off.*) Oh! Oh! Riding isn't so much fun, after all. (*Sits up and rubs his head.*)
A man comes in with a cow.

Man: Hello! What is the matter?

Hans: My horse has thrown me off.

Man: Ah! That's the trouble with riding. You never know when your horse is going to throw you off or run away. It's much better to walk.

Hans: Yes, I think you are right. I shall have to get rid of him.

Man : Perhaps I might take him off your hands. How would you like my cow? She will give you fine milk.

Hans : Will you give her to me for my horse?

Man : Why, yes, to help you, I will. (*Gives Hans the rope to which the cow is tied.*) There, you will find her a fine cow.

Hans : Oh, thank you, sir!

Man : Now I will see if I can catch your horse. Good-bye!

Hans : Good-bye, sir! How fine it is to have a cow! When I want a drink I can milk her. I think I will have some milk now. I will tie her to this tree. Now, what shall I do for a pail? Ah, I know! I will use my hat. (*Starts to milk the cow, and she kicks him over.*) Oh! Oh! (*A butcher comes in with a pig.*)

Butcher : Well, well! What is the matter?

Hans : (*Gets up slowly, and rubs himself.*) I tried to milk my cow, and she kicked me over.

Butcher: Ha, ha! That is pretty good. (*Looks at cow.*) Your cow is too old to give milk, anyway.

Hans: Is that so?

Butcher: Yes, indeed. If I had her I would kill her.

Hans: Well, if she is too old to give milk, I must get rid of her.

Butcher: I will give you my pig for her.

Hans: Oh, will you? That is very kind of you.

Butcher: Not at all! Well, good-bye. (*Goes off with cow.*)

Hans: Good-bye! Come, piggy, it is time to go, if we are to get home before dark. (*The pig holds back, and Hans tries to pull him along. A boy with a goose under his arm comes along.*)

Boy: Hello! What are you trying to do?

Hans: I'm trying to get this pig home. He doesn't want to go.

Boy: The trouble is, he wants to go the other



way. Ah! It's very queer, but that pig looks like one that was stolen to-day at the fair.

Hans: What is that? Stolen at the fair?

Boy: Yes. If they find you with that pig, it will go hard with you.

Hans: Oh, dear! What shall I do?

Boy: Well, I'll tell you. To help you out I will take your pig. You may have my goose instead.

Hans: Oh, thank you! (*Gives boy the rope to which the pig is tied, and takes the goose.*)

Boy: Good-bye! (*Goes out.*)

Hans: Now I shall have roast goose for dinner, fat for my bread, and feathers for my pillow. (*A knife-grinder comes in, whistling.*) You seem happy, sir.

Knife-Grinder: Why not? My pocket is full of money. But where did you get that fine goose?

Hans: I gave a pig for it.



Knife-Grinder : And where did you get the pig ?

Hans : I gave a cow for it.

Knife-Grinder : And where did you get the
cow ?

Hans : I gave a horse for it.

Knife-Grinder : And where did you get the
horse ?

Hans : I gave a piece of gold for it.



Knife-Grinder: And where did you get the gold?

Hans: I worked seven years for it.

Knife-Grinder: You are lucky. Now, put money into your pocket, and your fortune is made.

Hans: How can I do that?

Knife-Grinder: Be a knife-grinder like me. I will give you my grindstone for your goose. Then you can always have money in your pocket.

Hans: Ah, that would be fine! Here, take

my goose and give me your grindstone.
Now I am off for home. Good-bye!

Knife-Grinder: Good-bye! (*He looks after Hans and laughs.*)

Hans: Dear me! This grindstone is heavy; and I am very thirsty, too. Here is a spring. I must have a drink. (*He gets down to drink and the stone falls into the water. Hans jumps up quickly.*) Hurrah! I'm a lucky fellow to be rid of that heavy stone. Now I can run home quickly.

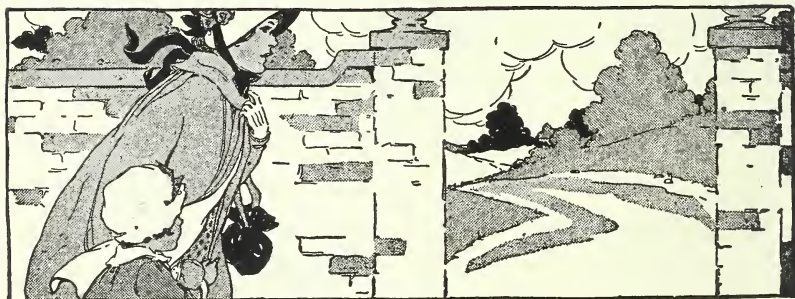


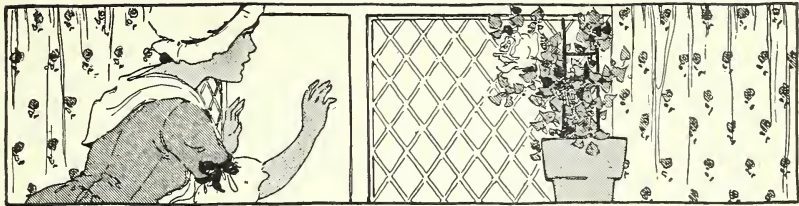
THE DIFFERENCE

When it is a holiday
My father takes me out to play.
 He carries me in case I fall;
 He is so very big and tall.
I am as little as can be
When my father is with me.

My mother walks when it is fine;
I hold her hand so close in mine.
 I am not frightened in the street
 At all the strangers that we meet.
I am as brave as brave can be
When my mother is with me.

GITHA SOWERBY.





LITTLE MAY BLOSSOM

I

Once upon a time, there was a woman who lived in a pretty cottage, in the middle of a great wood. In the summer-time she was very happy. She walked in her garden, and looked after her flowers, and she listened to the birds sing. But in the winter, when it was cold and the ground was covered with snow, she was very lonely.

“How I wish I had a little child!” she often said to herself.

One day, when she was very lonely, she put on her cloak, and set out for the village. She thought that perhaps she could find some one who would give or sell her a child.

She had not gone far, when she met a queer, old woman.

“Where are you going?” asked the old woman.

“To the village, to see if I can not get a child to live with me. I am so lonely that I can not stay at home by myself another day.”

“You needn’t go any farther,” said the old woman, who was really a witch.

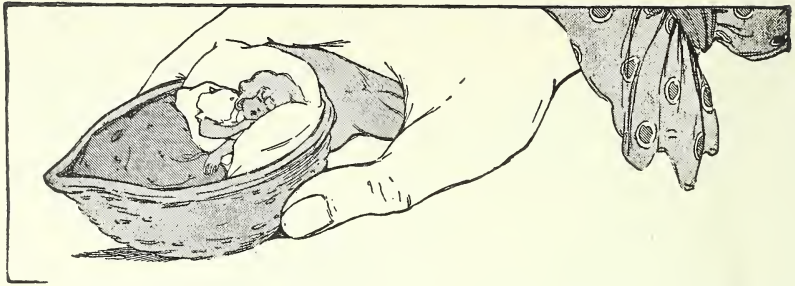
“Take this seed and plant it in a flower-pot. In two or three days you will see something wonderful.”

The woman took the seed home, and put it into a flower-pot, as the witch had told her to do.

She waited for three days. Then one morning she found that a beautiful red rose had grown up in the flower-pot.

“Oh, what a beautiful blossom!” cried the woman, and she kissed the rose. As she did





so the blossom opened, and a lovely little girl came out. She was a wee, little thing only an inch tall.

“Oh, you dear little girl! I shall never be lonely any more,” said the woman.

Then she ran and got a big walnut-shell for the little girl to sleep in.

She looked so fresh and sweet that the woman called her May Blossom.

II

For some time the woman was very happy. Then a dreadful thing happened.

One night a big frog hopped in through the open window. He saw May Blossom asleep in her walnut-shell.

“What a pretty little girl!” said the frog to herself. “She would make a nice wife for my son.” So she picked up the shell in her mouth, and hopped away to her home.

“Come and see what I have brought you,” said the old frog.

“Croak! Croak!” said the young frog.

“Hush! Don’t make such a noise, or you will wake her,” said the mother. “I have brought her to be your wife. We will put her on that lily-leaf in the middle of the brook. Then she can not run away.”

When May Blossom awoke and found herself on the lily-leaf, she was frightened. There was water on all sides. She could see no way to get ashore. So she began to cry.

After a while the old frog heard her.

“Poor child!” said she. “I will go and get my son to talk to her. She will be glad to know that she is to marry such a fine-looking young frog.”

But when May Blossom saw the big, ugly green frog, and learned that she was to marry him, she cried all the more. The little fishes who lived in the brook heard her, and came swimming around to see what was the matter.

“She must not marry that ugly frog,” said they. “She is too beautiful.” And they bit off the lily-leaf, so that it floated away down the brook.

III

May Blossom had a fine sail down the brook. A big butterfly saw her, and flew down and lit on the leaf. She tied her sash to him, and he waved his wings, and pulled the little boat along very fast.

By and by, a big bee came and flew off with her. He gathered some honey for her to eat, and wanted her to be his wife.

But after a while, the bee's brothers and sisters came and looked at little May Blossom. They were not at all pleasant.



“Why, she has only two legs,” said one.

“She has no feelers,” said another.

The foolish bee, too, began to think that May Blossom was queer. So he set her down on a big flower near the ground and flew away.

May Blossom stayed here all summer. She made a little bed for herself under some clover-leaves. She drank the cool dew from the grass in the morning, and she gathered honey from the flowers.

But by and by the flowers and the grass faded, and the winter came. May Blossom



was cold and hungry. So she left the pleasant field, to look for some warm place to live.

As she was going across a corn-field, she came to a door. She walked in, and found that she had come to the house of a field-mouse. The house was warm and full of nice corn. The mouse was very kind.

“Sit down,” she said, “and have something to eat. You look very hungry.”

So May Blossom sat down, and ate a fine breakfast.

After breakfast May Blossom told her story. Then the kind mouse asked her to stay and help with the housework.

So May Blossom stayed with the mouse

all winter. She swept the house, and kept everything nice and clean. When the old mouse was tired, May Blossom would tell her stories.

IV

One day a rich old mole came to see the mouse. May Blossom told him stories, and sang to him. Then the mole asked them to come to see him. He had made a passage from his house to the mouse's house.

“But,” said he, “when you come do not



be frightened at a great dead bird that is lying in the passageway.”

On the way to the mole's house, they came to the poor bird.

“I am glad I am not a bird,” said the mole. “They are silly things.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the mouse.

In the night May Blossom kept thinking of the poor dead bird. Could it be one of the swallows that used to sing to her while she lived in the wood? At last she got up, and brought some cotton and put it over the bird. As she did so, she thought that the bird moved.

What if it were alive, after all?

So she brought it some corn and some water. Yes, the bird was alive, and in a few days he grew strong enough to talk. He told May Blossom how he had hurt his wing and fallen to the ground. Then he must have rolled down the hole into the passageway.



When spring came, the swallow was strong enough to fly away. He wanted May Blossom to go, too. But she would not leave the mouse that had been so good to her. So they said good-bye sadly, and the swallow flew away.

V

One day the mouse told May Blossom that she must marry the old mole. May Blossom did not like him, but she did not know how to get away.

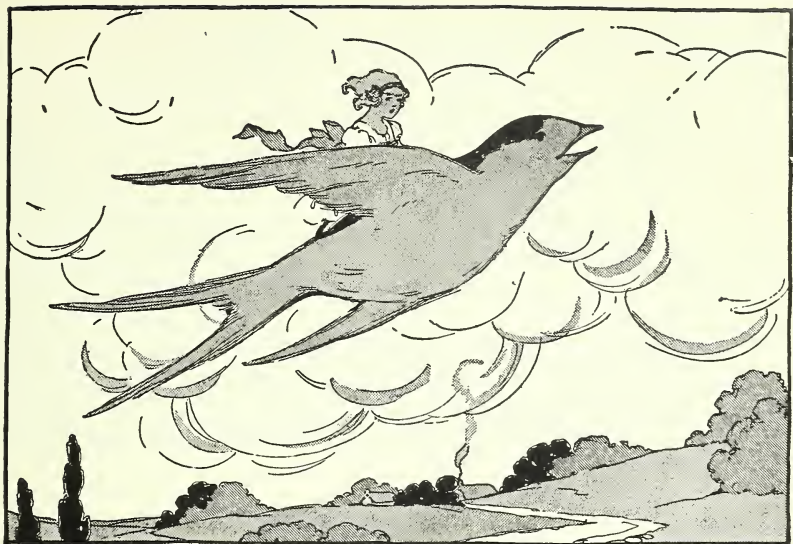
“Oh, if the swallow would only come and take me away!” she said.

Every day four big spiders came to spin beautiful new clothes for May Blossom.

At last they were all done. The wedding was to take place soon. The mole had made a fine new house far underground for his new wife.

One evening May Blossom went up into the corn-field, to watch the sun set and to say good-bye to it. All at once she heard “Twit, twit!” and the swallow flew down to the ground beside her.

“Get on my back,” said he. “I will take you to a land where the sun always shines,



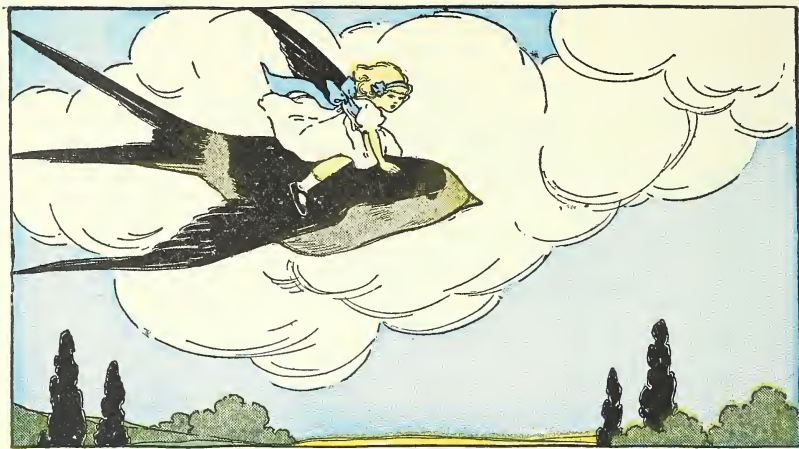
and you will soon forget that the old mole ever lived.”

“Yes, I will come,” said May Blossom.

So May Blossom climbed on the swallow’s back, and they flew far, far away.

At last they came to a beautiful meadow, where all kinds of flowers were growing.

May Blossom pointed to a big, white flower that looked like a star. “Take me to that one,” said she. “That is the prettiest of all.”



So the swallow flew down to it. When they got near, they saw a wee, little man standing on one of the leaves. He had a crown on his head and beautiful wings.

“That is the king of the flower fairies,” whispered the swallow.

The king held out his hands to May Blossom, to help her from the swallow’s back.

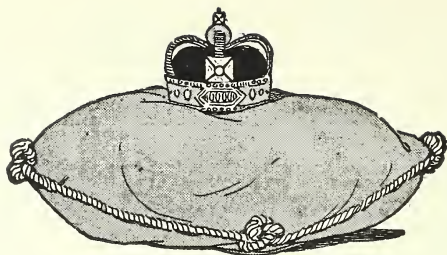
“I have waited for you a long time,” said he. “Now I want you for my queen.”

May Blossom smiled and stood beside him.

All the flower fairies ran to bring gifts for her. Best of all were some lovely blue wings, to help her to fly about like one of the fairies.

So May Blossom did not marry the mole, after all, but was made a queen instead. The fairies danced round her with joy, and the swallow sang the wedding-song.





THE DEWDROP

One morning, long, long ago, a dewdrop fell into the sea. Then a shell rose up to peep at the sunbeams, and saw the lonely dewdrop.

The shell was so very good and kind that it closed around the dewdrop and held it safe. There it lay, and grew, and grew, until it became a beautiful pearl.

By and by, the waves tossed the shell up on the shore. One day the shell opened, and the king's man, passing by, saw the pearl.

"A pearl—what a gift for the king!" he cried. He took it to a friend and the



proud old man cried out, "At last, a rare jewel for our king's crown!"

So the little dewdrop that was lost in the sea found itself a beautiful pearl in the very front of a great king's crown.

Just how it really happened, no one knows. But the wise men told this story long ago.

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their
heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
"Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the clouds' tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.



THE FOOLISH FROG

Father Frog: Croak! Croak! (*He climbs out of the brook on to a log, and sits in the sun.*) Ah, this is fine! How pleasant and warm it is in the sun! I'm sure no animals are quite so happy as we frogs are. In summer-time, when it is hot, we can swim about in the cool water. In winter-time, when it is cold, we can dig down deep in the mud, and stay there till spring.

Mr. Crow: (He is sitting on a tree over the brook.)

Caw! Caw! Hear that foolish frog!

Father Frog: Hello, Mr. Crow! What did you say?

Mr. Crow: I wasn't speaking to you.

Father Frog: That crow has very bad manners. He likes to say rude things. (*Little Frog comes swimming up to the log.*)

Little Frog: Oh, father, father! I'm so frightened!

Father Frog: Frightened, my son? Why, what frightened you?

Little Frog: Oh, dear! The most dreadful great animal just came down to the brook.

Father Frog: Well, well! What did he look like?

Little Frog: Oh, he was very, very big. He had great horns on his head and a long tail. And he had such queer feet! They were split in the middle.

Father Frog: Ha, ha! Why, you must have seen Farmer Brown's big ox. He often comes down to the brook to drink. He wouldn't hurt you for anything.

Little Frog: But he looked very dreadful.

Father Frog: Yes, yes, my son, that may be. But he wouldn't hurt you. He is very good-natured.

Little Frog: But, father, he was as big as a house.

Father Frog: Oh, no, indeed! He may be a little bigger than I am, but not much.

Mr. Crow: Caw! Caw! Hear that foolish frog!

Father Frog: (*Looks up at Mr. Crow.*) Oh, well, it's no use to mind what he says. (*Puff's himself up.*) Was he as big as this?

Little Frog: Oh, yes, father, much bigger!

Father Frog: (*Puff's himself up still more.*) Was he as big as this?

Little Frog: Oh, yes, father, he was very much bigger than that.

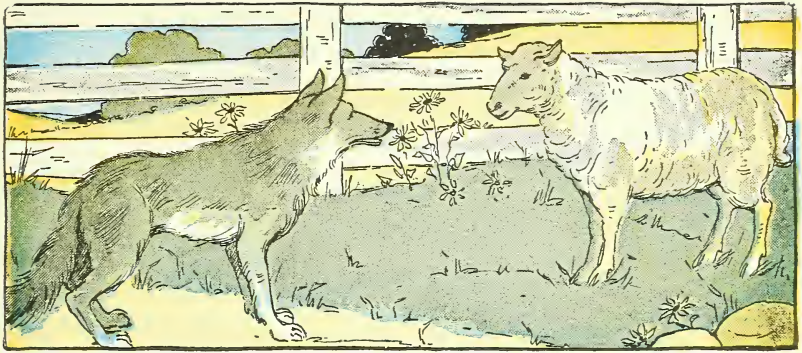
Father Frog: (Getting angry, puffs himself up still more.) There, how is that? I'm sure he wasn't any bigger than I am now.

Little Frog: Oh, yes he was, father, much bigger!

Father Frog: Well, I'll show you. Just look at this, now. (Puffs himself up again. All at once he bursts.)

Mr. Crow: Caw! Caw! What a foolish frog!





THE SELFISH JACKAL AND THE SHEEP

I

One day a jackal's father died and left him a fine farm.

"You are rich now," said all the jackal's friends.

But the jackal was a lazy fellow.

"How am I to do all the work myself?" said he. "I must find some one to help me."

That very day, while he was out for a

walk, he saw a sheep eating the grass by the side of the road.

“Ah!” said the jackal to himself. “She is the one to help me on my farm.”

So he stopped and spoke to the sheep.

The sheep was very much pleased, for the jackal had never spoken to her before.

“I am looking for some one to help me on my farm,” said the jackal. “I thought that perhaps you and I might get on well together.”

“Perhaps I might come for a while,” said the sheep. “If we do not get on, I can go home again.”

“Oh, thank you! Thank you!” cried the jackal. “Come with me at once.”

So the jackal and the sheep went off to the farm together.

II

When they got to the farm the jackal said to the sheep, “Now, you go to the well



and bring the water. I will put it into the ditches between the rows of corn.”

It was very hard work bringing the water, but the sheep did as she was told. The jackal poured the water into the ditches, and sang loudly as he did so.

Soon the green corn showed above the ground. It grew quickly, and was soon ripe. Then the corn was cut, ground at the mill, and ready to sell.

When everything was ready, the jackal

said to the sheep, "Now let us divide the corn."

"You do it," said the sheep.

So the jackal began to divide the corn.

As he did so, he said aloud, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven parts for the jackal, and one part for the sheep. If she likes it she can take it; if not, she can leave it."

The sheep looked at the two heaps, one so big, the other so small.

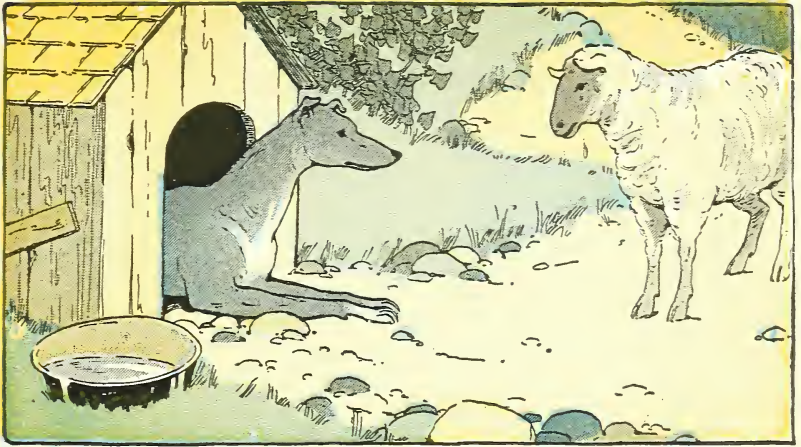
Then she said, "Wait a minute while I bring some bags to carry away my corn."

III

But it was not bags that the sheep wanted. As soon as she was out of sight of the jackal, she ran as fast as she could to the house of the greyhound.

"Oh, Mr. Greyhound, help me, please!" she cried.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the greyhound.



“Come and make the jackal give me what belongs to me,” said the sheep.

“For months we have lived together. Every day I brought water, while he only poured it into the ditches. We gathered our corn. Now he has taken seven parts for himself, and left only one for me.”

For a minute the greyhound looked at the sheep without saying anything. Then he said, “Bring me a bag.”

When the sheep had brought him one he said, “Open it wide so that I can get in.”

She did so. Then he rolled up inside,

and told her to take him to the place where she had left the jackal.

IV

The sheep found the jackal waiting for her. Throwing the bag on the ground she said, "Now measure."

So the jackal got up and went to the corn which lay close by. Then he divided it as before into eight parts, seven for himself and one for the sheep.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked. "You know very well that it was I who brought the water, and that you only poured it into the ditches."

"You are wrong," said the jackal. "It was I who brought the water, and you who poured it into the ditches. Anybody will tell you that. If you like, I will ask those men who are at work over there."

"Very well," said the sheep.

The jackal called out, "Hello! Tell me who was it you heard singing over the work?"

"Why, it was you, of course, jackal! You sang so loud that everybody could hear you."

"And who is it that sings? He who brings the water or he who empties it?"

"Why, he who brings the water."

"There!" said the jackal to the sheep. "You hear what they say. Come and take your share, or I will take it for myself."

"You have got the better of me," said the sheep. "But never mind. I don't care. Eat some of the dates I have brought in that bag."

Now, the jackal was very fond of dates, so he ran to the bag and quickly pulled it open. But instead of dates, he saw the two brown eyes of the greyhound looking at him.

Oh, how frightened the jackal was! He jumped back to where the sheep was standing.

“I was only in fun,” said he. “Take away your bag, and I will divide the corn over again.”

Then he divided it once more.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven parts for the sheep, and one part for the jackal,” said he.

The sheep laughed. “Take your share and go,” said she.

The jackal did not wait to be told again.

When the sheep looked up she saw him running as fast as he could go, and for all I know he may be running yet.



BABY SEED SONG

Little brown brother! Oh, little brown brother!

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other.

Hark to the song of the lark.

"Waken!" the lark says. "Waken and dress
you;

Put on your green coats and gay.

Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress
you—

Waken!—'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother! Oh, little brown brother!

What kind of flower will you be?

I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother—

Do be a poppy like me!

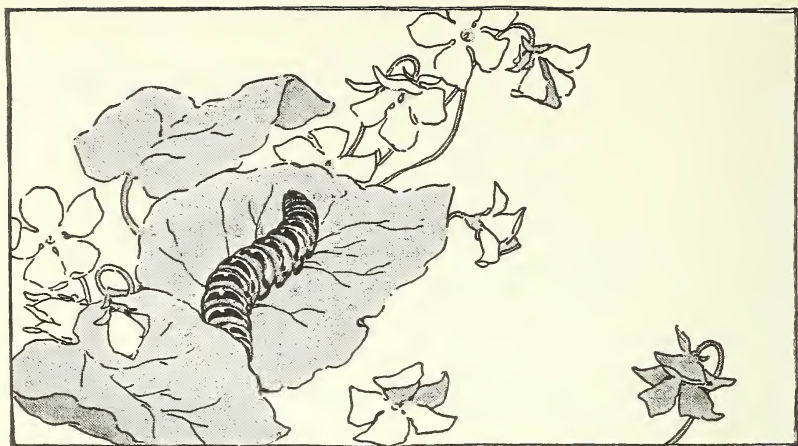
What! You're a sunflower? How I shall
miss you.

When you're grown golden and high!

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you,

Little brown brother, good-bye.

E. NESBIT.



BLACK SWALLOWTAIL

I

One morning Mary was in the garden with her mother. It was warm and sunny. Bees and butterflies were flying about the flowers. As they came to the lilac-bushes, a great big butterfly lit on some blossoms.

“Oh, mother!” said Mary. “See that big butterfly! It is the most beautiful one I have ever seen.”

“Yes,” said Mary’s mother, “I see him.”

That is a black swallowtail. What a fine fellow he is!"

The butterfly had a coat of black and yellow. As he rested on the lilac-blossoms, he opened and shut his wings slowly. He looked like a flower himself.

"What is he doing on the blossoms?" asked Mary. "Is he smelling them?"

Mother laughed. "I don't believe he is," said she. "He is sucking the nectar from them through his long tongue."

"How funny!" said Mary. "He must have a very queer tongue."

"Yes, it is a very long one. He can suck up the nectar from the flowers, much as boys and girls suck lemonade through straws."

"What fun it must be to be a butterfly, and go about sucking nectar out of flowers!" said Mary.

Mother laughed again. "I wonder how you would like to be a caterpillar," she said.

“A caterpillar!” Mary’s eyes opened wide. “I shouldn’t like to be a caterpillar at all.”

“But you would have to be a caterpillar before you could be a butterfly.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that!” said Mary.

II

Mary and her mother sat down on the grass. The air was sweet from the flowers about them.

“Yes,” said Mary’s mother, “that beautiful big, black swallowtail that you saw on the lilac-blossoms was once a caterpillar. He came out of a wee little egg that the mother butterfly had laid on the under side of a leaf. Then he grew and grew. Soon he got to be a beautiful big, green caterpillar, almost as long as your finger.”

“Oh, oh! How wonderful!” said Mary. “But how did he grow into a butterfly? How did he get his beautiful wings?”



“When cool weather came the caterpillar began to look for a place to pass the winter. He went up on a fence and hid. Then he made a covering for himself. This he fastened to the fence. There he lay close and warm

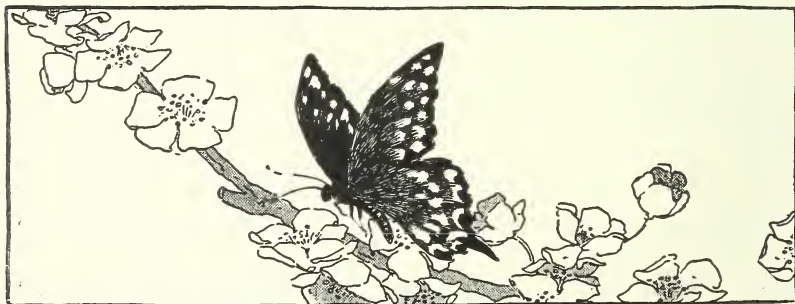
to wait for spring. He wasn't a caterpillar any more. He was what is called a chrysalis.

"There he stayed all winter, out of sight of any hungry bird that might come along.

"When spring came he awoke. His covering opened and he came out. At first he was very weak. But pretty soon he felt strong again. Then he tried to stretch himself. His wings began to open. He was a butterfly."

"It took him a long time to get his wings, didn't it?" said Mary. "Don't you think that sometimes he got very tired of waiting?"

Mother laughed. "Yes, perhaps he did; but such beautiful wings were worth waiting for, don't you think?"



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Scene I—Summer

A PLEASANT FIELD

Grasshopper: Ah, I am glad I have nothing to do! I can sit in the sun and be as lazy as I wish. I can watch the butterflies flit about on their pretty, bright wings, and I can listen to the humming of the bees. If I get hungry, there are juicy leaves to eat. If I get sleepy, I can hide in the grass and take a nap.
(*Sings.*)

“The summer-time’s the time for me;
For then I’m happy as can be.
I watch the butterflies and bees;
I smoke my pipe and take my ease.
I do no work the livelong day;
I pass the time in fun and play.
Oh, summer-time’s the time for me!
For then I’m happy as can be.”

(*An ant comes along.*) Hello, Mr. Ant!

Where are you going so fast?

Ant: About my work, of course. I'm a busy ant, I am.

Grasshopper: Oh, you are, are you? Well, you needn't be so cross about it.

Ant: Did I speak crossly? I didn't mean to. I'm sorry. But I am very busy and can't stop to talk. (*Starts to go.*)

Grasshopper: Wait, wait! You can take time to talk a minute, can't you?

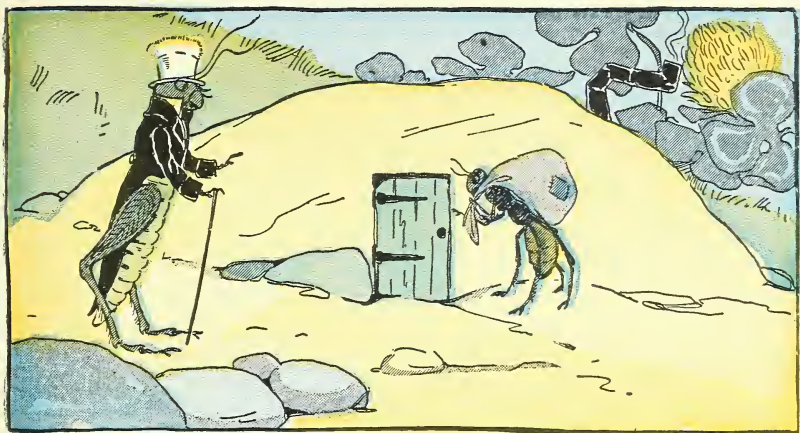
Ant: Why, yes, if you really have something to say.

Grasshopper: Ha, ha! You make me laugh. Can't you stop a while to talk with your friends, even if they haven't much to say?

Ant: I have no time to waste.

Grasshopper: Why, what are you doing to-day?

Ant: I am very busy getting ready for winter.



Grasshopper: Getting ready for winter! Why, winter is a long way off!

Ant: It will be here soon enough.

Grasshopper: Well, I don't see why you don't have a good time while you can.

Ant: But if I don't gather food for the winter now, while there is plenty of it, I shall not have anything to eat when cold weather comes.

Grasshopper: Oh, you are a dull fellow! You have no fun in you.

Ant: I don't work all the time. I am busy

all day, but when evening comes, I sit at home and talk with my friends.

Grasshopper: Well, I don't mean to work at all this fine weather. I'm going to have a good time.

Ant: Wait till winter comes, and we shall see who is wiser, you or I. Good-bye, I have work to do. (*Goes on.*)

Grasshopper: What a foolish fellow that ant is! He does nothing but work, work, work. He doesn't have any fun at all. Well, I don't care. I am going to have a good time. (*Sings.*)

“The summer-time's the time for me;
For then I'm happy as can be.
I hop about among the flowers;
I sing and dance for hours and hours.
I care not what the ant may say;
The summer-time's the time for play.
Oh, summer-time's the time for me!
For then I'm happy as can be.”

Scene II—Autumn

IN FRONT OF THE ANT'S HOUSE

Ant: (*Looking out of the window.*) Ah, it's a cold day! I'm glad I don't have to go out. I can stay cosily at home and talk with my friends. I have plenty of food, too, so I have nothing to do through the winter but have a good time. (*Grasshopper comes along. He looks thin and hungry. His clothes are old and ragged. He stops in front of the ant's house.*)

Grasshopper: Oh, Mr. Ant, won't you please give me something to eat?

Ant: Why, Mr. Grasshopper, is that you? I hardly knew you. You are not looking very well.

Grasshopper: No, no! I'm afraid not. I'm not feeling well, either.

Ant: Why, what is the matter?

Grasshopper: I am hungry. Won't you please give me something to eat?

Ant: Something to eat! Why, what did you do all summer?

Grasshopper: I sang and played all summer. I had plenty of food then. Now it is cold, and there is nothing to eat.

Ant: Oh, you lazy fellow! You sang and played all summer, while the rest of us were busy storing up food for the winter. Now that it is cold and there is no food, you ask us to feed you. Go along! You shall get nothing from me.

Grasshopper: Ah, me! I shall die of hunger and cold. Why did I not work as the ant did, and store up food while there was still food to get? I sang and played all summer long. The ant was busy getting ready for winter. After all, he was wiser than I. (*Goes out.*)

Ant: Poor, foolish grasshopper! He has learned his lesson too late.



THE LITTLE BOY FROM TOWN

I

Little Michael was eight years old when he went off with his father and mother for a whole month at the seaside. There were sands there, very hard and yellow, and good to make houses with. There were lonely caves with dripping walls; and there were heaps of green seaweed, and shells, and rocks to climb on.

Best of all, there were lots of fairies. Michael made friends with all of them, but his very best friend was a mermaid, who lived in a cave.

The roof of the cave was wet and green, and its floor was smooth, with here and there a rock. Every day Michael came and sat on one of the rocks, and listened to the mermaid's stories and to the soft sound of the little waves.

The mermaid told him such stories as he had never heard before, for she had not always been in that cave. She had been in deep seas, and had lived on many shores.

She told Michael of places where the sea was warm and green and the rocks were made of coral, and big trees shaded the mermaids when they played upon the sands.

She told him, too, of seas that were made of ice, so that no mermaid could swim in them; and of great ice-mountains shining in

the sun; and of little white fairies who turned the hair of mermaids into icicles.

Then she told him of sailors who had been her friends. Some of them were far away in ships and some of them were drowned.

While Michael listened to these stories his eyes were very round and wide open. Often his mouth was open, too. He had never liked anything so much before. He thought it would be dreadful when the day came for him to leave the sea-fairies and the mermaid's cave, and go back to the big town.

II

One day Michael said to the mermaid, "Mermaid, dear, I want something to take back to town with me; something to make me remember the sea-fairies and you, and to make me think of the sea for ever and ever."

"Tell me what you want," said the mer-

maid, smiling, "and if I can get it for you, I will."

"Well," said Michael, "it's a big thing I was thinking of. Perhaps it's too big to ask for. But you see the bay is full of white-horses to-day. Do you think you could catch one for me? If I could take home a white-horse from the bay, I should remember the sea for ever and ever."

The mermaid dived from her rock into the deep water. A few moments afterward Michael saw her far out in the bay. Her hair was flying in the wind, and her tail was shining under the waves.

There were a great many wind-fairies playing about that morning, and that was why the bay was full of white-horses. When the wind-fairies are playing on the sea they always ride white-horses.

Michael climbed a high rock, stood on the very top of it, and watched the mermaid.



It was fine to see her swimming through the water. She tried to catch first one white-horse and then another.

“Quick! Quick!” cried Michael. “You almost had him that time!”

But she was not quick enough. The white-

horse was far out of reach before she could catch his mane.

The chase took a long time, for, though mermaids can swim better than most people, a white-horse on the sea is very hard to catch.

But at last Michael clapped his hands and called, "She's got him! She's got him! Hurrah! Now I shall have a white-horse to take home with me, and to make me think of the sea for ever and ever!"

III

If it had been a fine sight to see the mermaid chasing the white-horse across the bay, it was far finer to see them come back again. The mermaid was not swimming this time, but riding on the back of the angry white-horse, who jumped about tossing his long mane.

The mermaid tossed her golden hair and

laughed, because she was having such a fine ride. Michael laughed aloud, too, because the white mane and the golden hair blowing out upon the wind were very beautiful to see.

And now a very queer thing happened. All at once the wind-fairies grew tired and went to sleep, every one of them. Now, when the wind-fairies go to sleep, the white-horses always dive down below the sea and go to sleep, too.

Before the mermaid had got to the shore she was swimming again, for her white-horse had gone away, and left her with nothing to ride. He had gone to sleep below the sea, until the next time the wind-fairies wanted to play.

“Oh, mermaid, dear,” cried Michael, “what have you done with my nice white-horse?”

“I am very sorry to tell you,” said the mermaid, lying down on the sand to rest herself, “that he has gone below the sea to

sleep. It is really too bad, but when a white-horse wants to sleep, you can't stop him."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Michael. "I did so much want to have a white-horse, to make me think of the sea for ever and ever."

"Wouldn't anything else do instead?" asked the mermaid, who was very kind.

Then Michael saw that every time a little wave came to the shore, it broke on the rocks in a shower of bright jewels. He pointed to them

"Bring me some of those, please, mermaid, dear," he said.

So the mermaid took a large shell, and waited on a rock till a little wave came in. She held out her shell to catch the jewels, but as soon as they touched the shell they turned into water.

"Look," she said to Michael, "the jewels have all gone."

"Oh, dear!" said Michael. "What am I



to do? I am going back to town to-morrow, and I have nothing to make me think of the sea!”

“Do you really wish to think of the sea for ever and ever?” asked the mermaid.

“Of course I do,” said Michael.

“Then I will sing you the Sea Song,” said the mermaid, “and after that there will be nothing that can make you forget the sea.”

So while Michael sat on the rock and looked at the sea, the mermaid sang him the Sea Song, which mermaids have sung to sailors ever since the first ship was built. It is a song that no one ever forgets. It is like the voice of the sea calling, calling; and there are many people who hear it always, even in their dreams.

When the mermaid was through singing, she said, “Now I have given you something that will make you think of the sea for ever and ever.”

The next day Michael went back to town. He took with him the sound of the Sea Song; and for ever afterward he heard the voice of the sea calling, calling, even in his dreams.

MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL (ADAPTED).

THE RAIN-DROP'S RIDE

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A white cloud was their carriage;
Their horse, a playful breeze;
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
Those frightened little folk.

Among the grass and flowers
They then were forced to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

THE RAIN-CLOUD

All the world seemed to be drying up. The rivers were dry. The grass was brown, and the little plants were drooping and dying.

Birds were flying about with their bills open, but they could find no water.

The people stood looking at the sky and hoping for rain. All at once a great rain-cloud came sailing through the sky, away up over the dry land.

“Ah!” said the people, “the rain is coming at last.” But the great cloud passed over, without giving one drop to the thirsty land.

On and on it floated, until it came to the sea. Then it poured down great showers of water.

“How generous I am!” said the cloud. “I have given away almost all my rain.”



“What good have you done?” said a mountain which stood near. “If you had poured your showers over the land, you might have saved a whole country from famine.

“Why did you give your rain to the sea? Is it generous to help only those who have plenty?”

I. A. KRYLOFF.

THE GOLDEN SPEAR

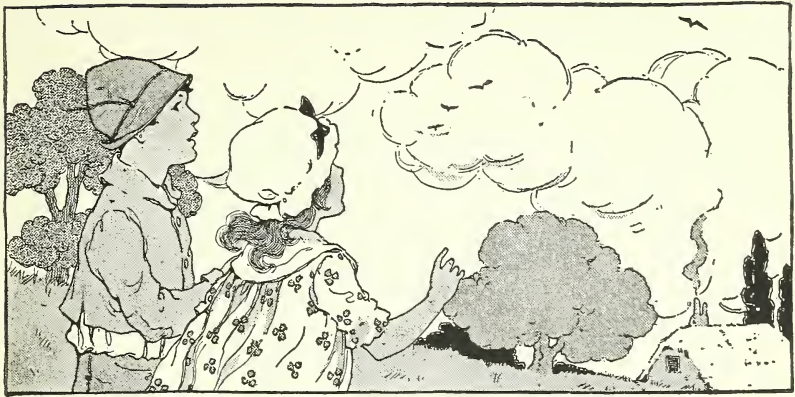
I

Once upon a time, there lived a little old woman in a little house under a hill. She had two children, named Connla and Nora. Right in front of the house was a pleasant meadow, and away beyond the meadow was a high mountain.

Now, the top of this mountain was pointed like a spear, and when the sun set, it shone on the top of the mountain, and made it look like gold. So the children always called it the Golden Spear.

Connla and Nora played in the meadow, and sometimes they climbed up the mountain-side.

One warm day, while they sat in the shade of a tree, they saw a little brown thrush on the ground near them.



“Oh, Connla!” cried Nora, “see the thrush—and look, look up in the sky! There is a hawk!”

Connla looked up, and, sure enough, there was a hawk all ready to pounce down on the poor thrush.

He jumped up, put a stone in his sling, whirled it round and round, and killed the hawk.

Then the thrush was so happy that he sang them a beautiful song.

They listened and listened to the song of the thrush, and at last Nora said:

“Oh, Connla! Did you ever hear a song as sweet as this?”

“No,” said Connla; “and I do not believe there was ever sweeter music.”

“Ah!” said the thrush, “I am glad you like my song. But if you think it is sweet, wait till you have heard the nine little pipers playing.”

“When shall we hear them?” asked the children.

“Well,” said the thrush, “sit outside your door to-morrow at sunset, and look at the top of the mountain. Then you shall see what you shall see.”

When he had said this, the thrush sang another song, sweeter than the first, and flew away.

II

Next day, at sunset, Connla and Nora went out into the meadow. Then they sat down and looked at the top of the moun-



tain. After a while, it began to shine like a golden spear.

Then all at once a little door opened in the side, and out came a wee little piper, all dressed in green and gold. After him came another, and another, until nine little pipers had come out. Then the door shut.

Down the mountain-side came the pipers,

and all the time they played sweet music. Even the birds who had gone to sleep came out of their nests to hear. Then the pipers crossed the meadow, and went on out of sight into the woods.

“Ah!” said Nora, “the thrush was right. That is the sweetest music ever heard in all the world.”

“Yes, yes!” said Connla. “There never was any music like that.”

That night the fairy music came to them in their dreams. But when morning came, they wondered if they had really seen the little pipers after all.

III

Next day Nora and Connla went out into the woods, and sat down by the brook. The sun shone down through the leaves on the water, and made it sparkle like diamonds.

“Oh, Connla!” said Nora, “did you ever see anything so bright and clear?”



“No,” said Connla; “I never did.”

“That is because you never saw the crystal hall of the fairy of the mountains,” said a voice over their heads.

When the children looked up they saw the thrush on a tree over them.

“Where is the crystal hall of the fairy?” asked Connla.

“Where it always was, and where it always will be,” said the thrush. “You can see it if you like.”

“We should like to see it very much,” said the children.

“Well, then,” said the thrush, “you have only to follow the nine little pipers when they come down from the mountain and cross the meadow to-morrow.”

Connla and Nora went home, and that night they fell asleep talking of the thrush and the fairy and the crystal hall.

IV

Next day, Nora and Connla could hardly wait till sunset. But at last it came, and they saw the little pipers coming down the mountain. They waited till the little pipers had crossed the meadow, and were about to go into the wood. Then they followed them.

On they went, the pipers marching ahead, and playing all the time. They went through the woods, and on to another mountain. This was much like their own mountain, but



it was smaller. Its top was bare and sharp, and shone like a golden spear.

Up the mountain climbed the pipers, and after them climbed the children. All at once a door on the side of the mountain opened, and in went the pipers. In went the children after them. Then the door closed.

Oh, how bright it was! At first Connla and Nora had to cover their eyes with their hands.

After a moment or two, they were able to look about them. Then they saw that they were in a beautiful hall. The roof and floor were of crystal. The walls were of crystal, too, and along the walls were chairs of crystal with coverings of blue and silver.

Over the crystal floor marched the nine little pipers. Over the crystal floor followed the children. When they came to the end of the hall a door opened, and out they all went. Then they found themselves walking

on the most beautiful clouds of purple and gold.

“Oh!” cried Nora, “we have walked into the sunset!”

All round and about them everywhere were soft clouds. Over their heads was the sky with the bright stars shining out of it. And the sky and the stars seemed almost near enough to touch.

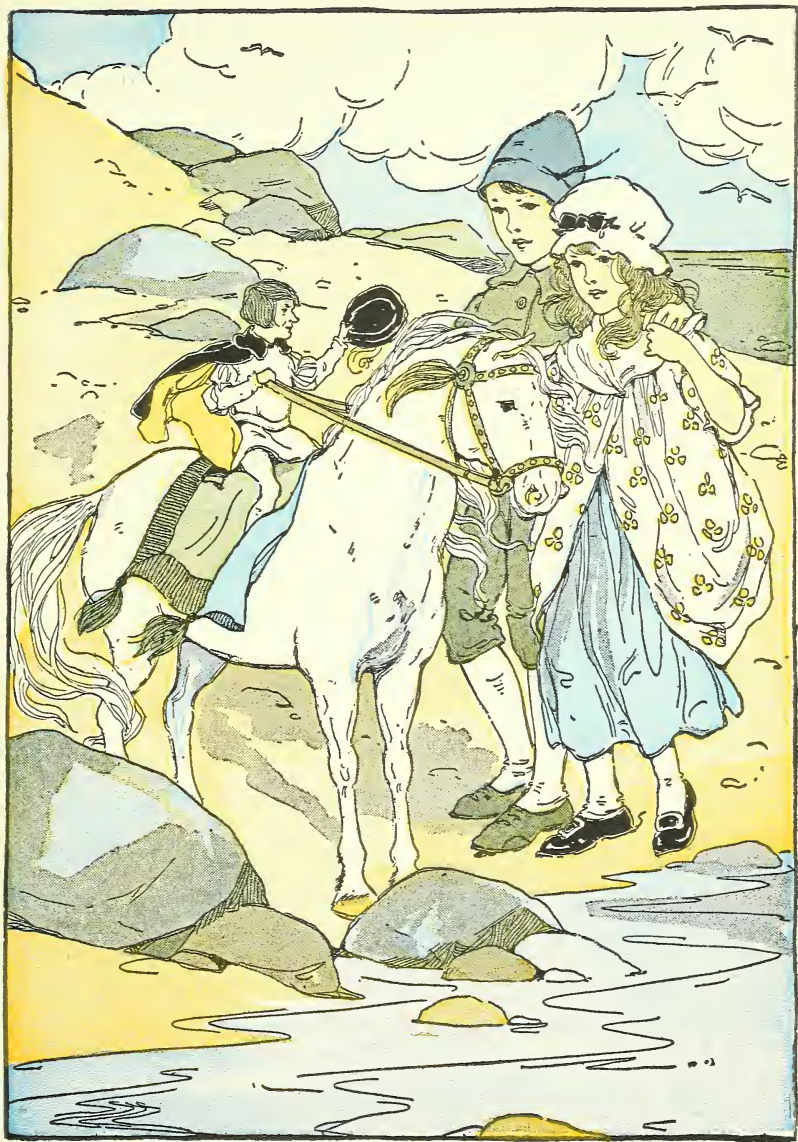
All at once the pipers were gone. Connla and Nora ran on to the place where they had last seen the pipers, and, behold! they found themselves at the head of the most beautiful stairs. The steps of the stairs were made of yellow and purple clouds, and away down at the foot of the stairs was a wide, shining plain of purple and gold.

They could not see the little pipers now, but they could still hear the sweet music. So down the stairs they went. Half-way down they heard the sound of the waves on the

seashore. Then they saw that what they thought was a wide plain, was the sea, shining with the purple and gold of the sunset sky.

When Connla and Nora reached the shore they saw the nine little pipers marching out toward the sea. And then, oh! wonder of wonders! they saw the little pipers walking out over the sea, just as if they were walking on the land. Away they went along the golden path thrown on the water by the setting sun.

Then, as the music grew fainter, they saw coming toward them a little white horse. His mane and tail were blowing in the wind, and his hoofs were of real gold. On his back was a tiny little man. When the horse had come up to where the children stood, the little man took off his hat and said, "Would you like to follow the nine little pipers?"



“Yes, yes!” said both children at once.

“Very well,” said the little man, “get up behind me.”

So Connla helped up Nora, and then climbed up himself. Then away went the little white horse over the sea. He went very fast, but the nine little pipers kept just a little ahead of him.

All at once the little white horse stopped.

“Now,” said the little man, “hold on tight and shut your eyes.”

Both the children did as he told them to do.

“Swish! Swish!” cried the little man.

Down, down, under the water went the little horse until his feet struck bottom.

“Now open your eyes,” said the little man.

Then they both opened their eyes. Oh! Oh! Under their feet was the golden sand, and over their heads the beautiful sea. And through the sea they looked away up into the sky.

“You must get off now,” said the little man.

So they got down off the little horse and the little man cried, “Swish!” and he and the horse went up through the waves out of sight.

Then Connla and Nora went on after the nine little pipers. Soon they came to some great, dark rocks. As they were looking at them a door opened, and the nine little pipers went through it.

They found themselves in a meadow full of beautiful flowers, with a little river running through the middle of it. They followed the river till it came to a garden of roses, and beyond the garden was a palace as white as snow.

In front of the palace a crowd of fairies were playing. When they saw Connla and Nora, they stopped playing and came toward the children.

“Our queen is waiting for you,” they said, and led the children to the palace door.

They went in and found themselves in a crystal hall. It was just like the one they had seen in the mountain of the Golden Spear. Fairies were sitting about in the hall, and at one end, on a crystal throne, sat the fairy queen.

The queen came down from her throne, and took both children by the hand. Then she led them up the shining steps, and made them sit down, one on each side of her.

After a while she called for the nine little pipers to come before her, and when they came, she said:

“You have done your work well. Now play me one more sweet tune and you shall go.”

So the little pipers played, and the fairies all rose, and danced over the crystal floor. They danced as lightly as leaves dance in the wind.



As they listened to the music, and watched the fairies dance, the children fell asleep.

V

Next morning, when they awoke, they were no longer children. Nora was a tall and beautiful young girl, and Connla was a handsome young man. For a moment they

looked at each other. Then Connla said, "Oh, Nora, how tall and beautiful you are!"

"Oh, not half so tall and handsome as you are, Connla!" said Nora. Then she threw her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him.

Just then the fairy queen came up to them.

"How did we grow so tall in one night?" asked Connla.

"In one night!" said the fairy queen. "Why, you have been fast asleep, both of you, for the last seven years!"

"Oh! Oh!" said both the children. "Where has our mother been all this time?"

"Oh, she is all right. She knew where you were. But she is looking for you to-day, so you must be off to see her. But before you go, here is a necklace for you, Nora. It is made of the drops of the sea-spray sparkling in the sunshine. They were caught by

my fairies as they flew over the waves like sea-birds. For you, Connla, I have a helmet of shining gold, and a spear that will go through any shield. Here is a shield that no spear will go through, if you fasten your cloak with this golden pin."

As she spoke she threw over Connla's shoulders a cloak of yellow silk, and fastened it at his neck with the golden pin.

"Now kiss me, children. Your mother is waiting for you at the foot of the Golden Spear."

So Connla and Nora kissed the fairy queen and went away. They passed through the palace, through the garden of roses, and through the beautiful meadow. Then they passed the dark gray rocks, and came to the golden sand.

They were just beginning to feel tired, when they saw coming toward them a little man in a red jacket, leading a black horse.

Coming up to them he said, "Now, Connla, put Nora up on the horse, and jump up before her."

Connla did as he was told, and when they were both on the horse, the little man said, "Now, Connla, take the reins in your hands, and you, Nora, hold your brother tight and close your eyes."

They did as they were told. "Swish! Swish!" said the little man, and up they went through the sea.

VI

When they came to the shore, Connla and Nora opened their eyes. The horse flew like the wind, through the woods and past the meadows. Soon they saw before them the mountain of the Golden Spear.

"Oh, Connla!" said Nora, "we are home at last."

"Yes," said Connla, "but where is the little house under the hill?"

Both the children looked. In the place where the little house had stood was a big, white mansion.

“What does this mean?” asked Nora.

But before Connla could answer, the horse had come to the door of the mansion. A minute later Connla and Nora were standing on the ground outside the door, and the horse had gone.

That minute their mother came running out to them. She threw her arms around their necks and kissed them both, again and again.

“Oh, children! Children! How good it is to have you with me again! My heart has been lonely without you.”

Connla and Nora caught up their mother in their arms, and carried her into the house.

That night they sat around the fire together, and you may be sure that in the whole world no people were half so happy.

EDMUND LEAMY (ADAPTED).

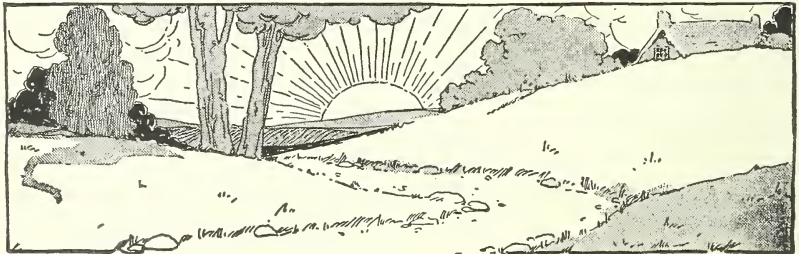
THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Hindoo sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea,
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





OLD WHITE HAT

Once upon a time, in a far-away land, there lived an old, old schoolmaster. He was a very queer old man, and he had a very queer name. I won't tell you what it was, because it was a very long, hard name. But the boys in the school called him Old White Hat.

Now, Old White Hat used to do some very funny things. But the funniest thing he used to do was this: When he sneezed, he made all the boys clap their hands and say, "God bless you, sir."

Now, there was a well near the school-house, and one day Old White Hat went out to get a drink of water.

And what do you think happened? Something very dreadful. Old White Hat fell in! Down, down, down he went into the water. And the water was cold, oh! very, very cold.

So poor Old White Hat called for some one to come and pull him out. Yes, yes, he called and called and called.

The boys soon heard him, and came running to pull him out. One of them let a rope down into the well. Then Old White Hat put it under his arms, and they all began to pull.

They pulled and they pulled and they pulled. Soon they had pulled the schoolmaster almost to the top of the well.

But, oh, dear! I don't like to tell you what happened then. I'm afraid you never will believe me.

They had pulled the schoolmaster almost out of the well when he sneezed. Yes, he sneezed, a big, big sneeze.



And the boys were very good boys! They remembered very well what Old White Hat had told them. They let go of the rope, clapped their hands, and called, "God bless you, sir!" And down went Old White Hat into the well again.

Wasn't that too bad?



THE TWO HUNCHBACKS

Once upon a time there were two little hunchbacks, who lived in a far-off city. One was named Hassan, the other was named Hussein.

These two little hunchbacks looked very much alike, but they were really very different. Hassan was a sweet and good-natured little fellow, but Hussein was cross and contrary.

Now, in this far-off city, there were big public baths, to which people went every day or two. Hassan often used to go to one of these baths. Sometimes he found work to do there.

One day, when Hassan was at the bath, he fell asleep in one of the rooms, and was fastened in. When he awoke it was late at night, and very dark. At first he did not know where he was. But soon he remembered, and then he felt a little afraid. Besides, it was very cold.

“I must get out,” thought Hassan, and he went about trying all the doors and windows.

They were all fastened, and he could not get them open.

“Surely I can make some one hear,” said Hassan to himself, and he began to call as loudly as he could. But nobody came, and at last he got so tired that he lay down in his corner again.

“Oh, how foolish I was to go to sleep!” said he. “Now I shall have to stay here all night!”

Hassan was nearly asleep, when all at once he saw a light away down the passage.

What could it be? Was the bath-keeper coming back for him?

Hassan sat up and looked at the light. Nearer and nearer it came. Then all at once the whole room where he sat was filled with light.

For a minute Hassan held his hands before his eyes, the light was so very bright. Then he looked up, and behold! a crowd of the most beautiful fairies filled the room. Such beautiful creatures Hassan had never before seen. Their hair was soft and fine like silk, their eyes were big and black, and they seemed almost to float in the air, their steps were so light.

All at once the fairies began to sing, and as they sang they danced. Round and round they went, keeping time to their own song. And as they danced they waved their wings in the air. Hassan thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful.



After a while, the queen of the fairies saw Hassan. "Come, come and dance with me," she said, in a very soft, sweet voice. Before Hassan could say a word they were dancing round and round the room.

Now, as I said before, as the fairies danced they sang a song. And the chorus of the

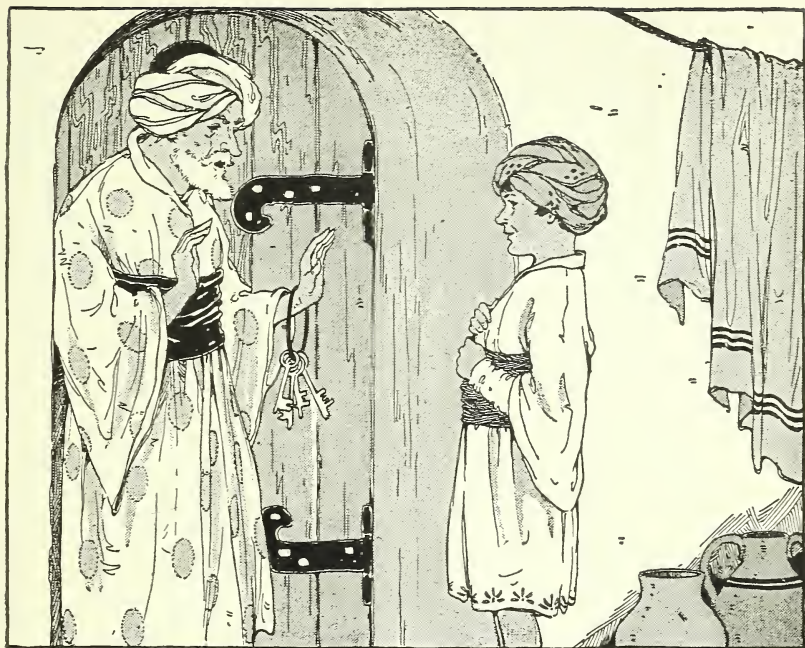
song was, "It's Wednesday, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday."

Hassan knew very well that it was Thursday night, and why the fairies should keep saying, "It's Wednesday, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday," he did not understand.

But he was a sweet, good-natured little fellow. So he said nothing, but just went on singing, "It's Wednesday, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday," with the others.

All night long Hassan danced with the fairies. Then, when morning came, the fairy queen struck him on the back, and, behold! all the light and the music were gone. Hassan was alone in the bath.

Now, Hassan felt much better than usual. So he looked at himself, and felt of himself, to see if there was anything strange about him. And, behold! his hump was gone, and his back was as straight and strong as anybody's.



Oh, how happy Hassan was! He jumped and shouted, and danced and sang, as he had never done before, and when the bath-keeper came he told what had happened.

As Hassan was going home, he thought of poor little Hussein. "I must run and tell him," he said to himself. "Perhaps he can get his back made well again, too." So he told Hussein all that had happened.

The next Thursday night, Hussein went to the bath and had himself fastened in. After a while the fairies came, just as they had come to Hassan.

Soon the queen of the fairies asked Hussein to dance, and they danced and sang as Hassan and the queen had done before.

But when the fairies all sang, "It's Wednesday, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday," the contrary little Hussein kept singing, "It's Thursday, it's Thursday, it's Thursday."

So they sang and danced all night, and not once did Hussein sing "It's Wednesday," as the fairies did.

At last morning came, and the fairies all stopped singing. Then the queen struck Hussein on the back. And, behold! not only was his own hump left, but the hump that the queen had taken from Hassan's back the week before was added to it.



MAY SONG

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming, too;
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

THE DANDELION

I found a little, old elfin man,
His hair was white as snow;
He only had one foot to stand,
However the wind might blow.

“Now tell me, little old man,” I said,
“What is the time of day?”
And then I took my breath and blew
Till I blew his hair away.

“It’s two, four, six, seven, eight, nine,
ten,
Eleven o’clock,” said he;
And then his little old head was bald,
As bald as it could be.

KATHARINE PYLE.





DAVID'S TRIP TO THE MOON

I

David looked up. There was the moon just at the edge of the world. It was almost round and almost full, like a great, bright bubble.

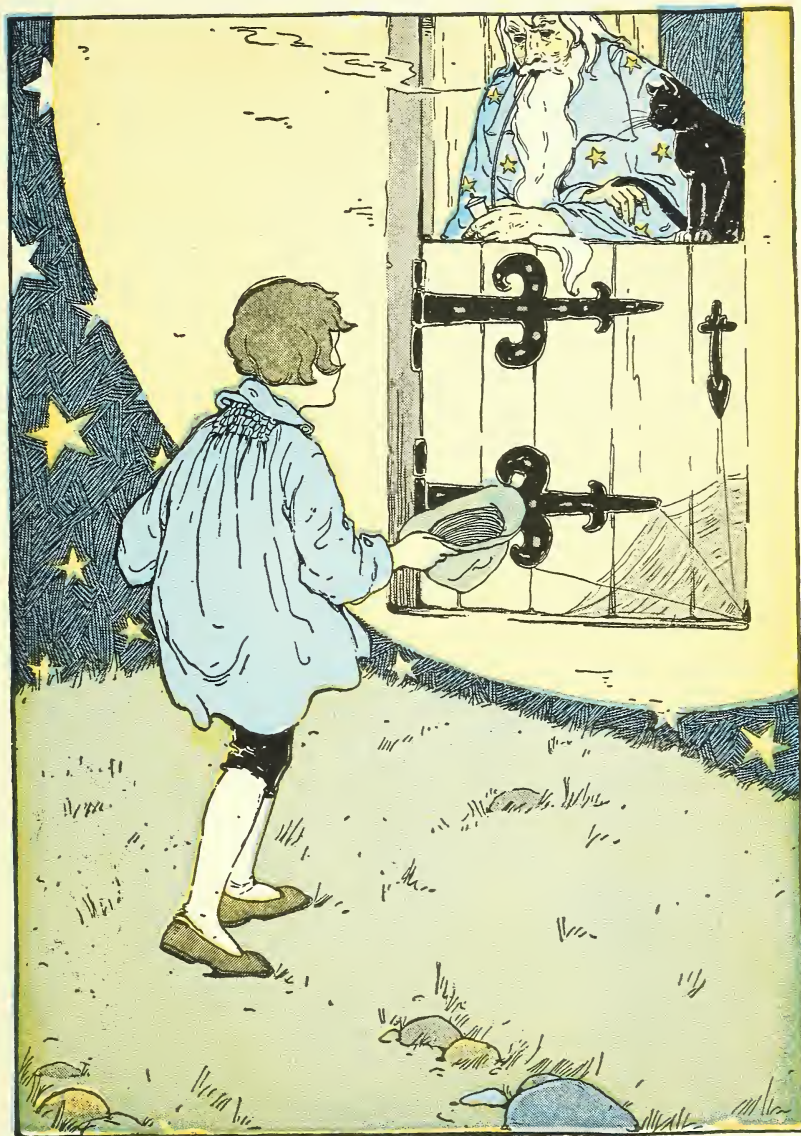
Away ran David across what seemed to be sparkling, silver grass. Everything shone around him, and he felt the light rise up before his eyes and face. The wind blew through his hair.

He felt so happy that he did not know what to do. He jumped and played, just as a lamb jumps and plays on the grass.

It seemed to David as if the moon was coming toward him. It seemed to grow bigger and bigger, but he was only getting nearer and nearer to it. It was no longer like a bubble. It was a great, round ball of light.

Then, almost before he knew it, David was at the edge of the world. And there was the great moon, just above him, as big as a church. He stood quite still, and looked up at it.

Click-clock! What was that? All at once a half-door opened, and there stood a little, old man. He was as gray as the evening. He had long, white hair and queer clothes. His face was covered all over with cobwebs of silver wrinkles. It was the Man-in-the-Moon, and he was smoking a long pipe.



“How do you do, David?” said he. “Will you come in?”

“Why, yes,” said David. “I should like to.”

“That is good,” said the Man-in-the-Moon. And he opened the other half of the door. “Now give me your hand.”

The Man-in-the-Moon reached down to David, and David reached up to the Man-in-the-Moon. “Now, then! A long step!” said the Man-in-the-Moon. And there was David in the doorway of the moon-house.

Then the moon rose slowly, slowly, up into the sky and floated away. And the Man-in-the-Moon shut the door, click-clock!

II

The Man-in-the-Moon led David up to the very top of the moon-house. There was nothing above him but the sky.

The first thing David saw was a great



basketful of stars of all kinds. Some shone white, some blue, and some red. The light shone from them, so that all about was a bright mist.

David looked with all his eyes, as well he might; for there are few indeed who get up to the top of the moon-house and see what David saw—that great basketful of bright stars.

By the side of the basket was some wool.



“There is your work,” said the Man-in-the-Moon. “It is to clean the stars with lamb’s wool. Then they will shine brightly when the moon goes away, and the sky is dark once more.”

David sat down on a bench and took up a big, blue star. He blew upon it and rubbed it with wool. As he rubbed it, it grew brighter and brighter, and shone with light, as though it were alive.

David did not know how beautiful a star could be, until he held it in his own hand and rubbed it with wool.

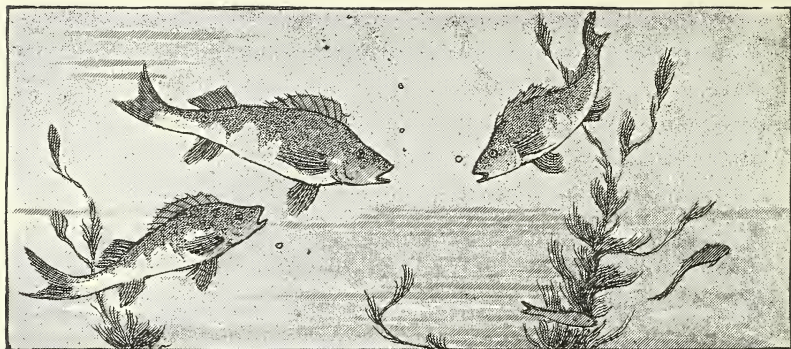
Now, there are some wise people who will tell you this is all nonsense. All that you have to do, then, is to look up into the sky when the moon is full.

There you will see for yourself that there are very few stars to be seen. Those few are so dim that they hardly twinkle at all.

That is because some one in the moon is polishing the others with lamb's wool, to make them bright for the time when the sky is dark again.

HOWARD PYLE (ADAPTED).





THE DISCONTENTED PERCH

I

Once upon a time, there was a little perch who lived in a pond. It was a very pleasant pond, and the little perch had many friends there. But still he was not contented.

“This is a dull place,” he said. “There is nothing going on here. I want to go out and see the world.”

The other perch thought the pond was a very nice place to live in. They did not want to go away.

“You had better stay here with us,” they

said. "There are no friends like the old friends."

"No!" said the little perch. "I can make friends anywhere."

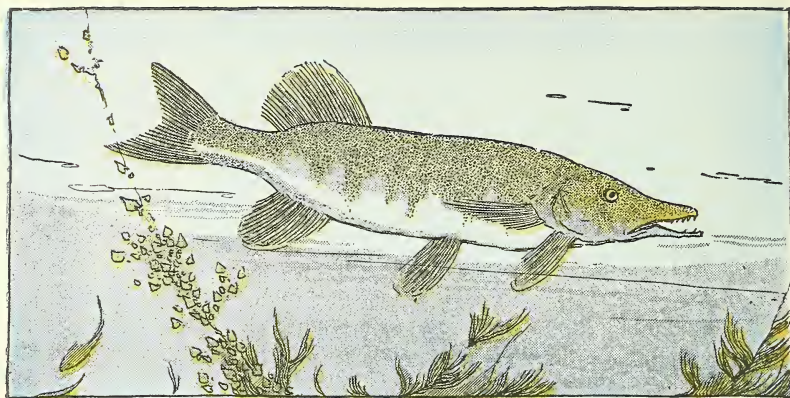
Every day the little perch grew more and more discontented. At last he thought he would leave the pond, and set out to see more of the world.

A pretty brook flowed out of the pond. Trees grew along the banks, and beautiful lilies lay on the top of the water. Down this brook swam the little perch.

"Ah!" said he. "At last I am going to get away from that dull pond. I can't understand why any one should want to stay there. The big world is the place for me."

The little perch swam and swam and swam. After a while, he came to a large, clear lake.

"Ah, if my old friends could only see me now!" he said, as he swam proudly through the deep water.



Just then he saw a great, big pike swimming toward him. The pike looked so hungry and fierce that the little perch was frightened, and swam away quickly.

“Dear me! Who would have thought there were such great fish in this lake?” said he.

The poor little perch found there were many of them. Some of the fish chased him, and tried to eat him up.

He was very busy trying to keep out of their way. He looked and looked for some quiet, safe place that he could make his home. But he did not find any. All the safe, quiet



places seemed already taken. After a while, the little perch began to get very tired and hungry.

“I can’t swim any farther,” he said to himself, and he stopped to rest near the shore.

Near the place where he stopped, some sunfishes had their home. They were much smaller than the perch, and the mother sunfish was frightened when she saw him stop so near. But she was a very brave little fish, and she was afraid her little ones might be eaten up. So she swam up to the perch and said, “You must go away from here.”

“I can’t go any farther,” said the perch. “I am so tired and hungry that I am almost dead.”

The sunfish saw that the perch spoke the truth, and was very sorry for him. So she told him that he might stay in her home that night.

II

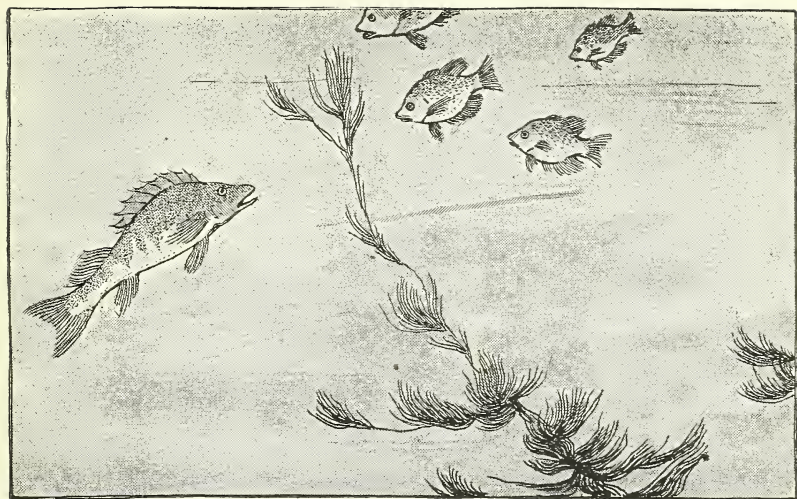
In the morning the little perch felt quite rested, but, oh, how hungry he was!

In the pond where he had lived there had always been plenty to eat. But since he came into the lake he had not eaten anything at all.

The sunfishes had food, but they would not give the perch any.

“If you are hungry you must find food yourself,” said the mother sunfish. “That is what we have to do.”

So the perch went out to look for his breakfast. But everywhere he went there



were other fishes looking for their breakfast, and they always drove him away.

Such a crowded place the big lake seemed to be! In the little pond where he used to live there was always room enough for everybody. It was a pretty good place to live in, after all. Why had he ever left it!

The little perch began to get lonely. He had seen enough of the world. He wanted to get back to the little pond again. But it was so far away, and he was so weak!

All at once the poor little perch felt that he couldn't swim any farther. Over he rolled on his back. As he did so, he rolled right into a family of shiners.

At first they tried to drive him away. Then they found he was too weak to swim.

"If he were not so large we could eat him," said the father shiner.

"But he is so big that he might eat us," said the mother shiner.

"Yes, yes," said the father shiner; "we must get rid of him somehow. I will go and tell the king of the lake about him."

Off swam the father shiner to find the big sturgeon, who was king of the lake.

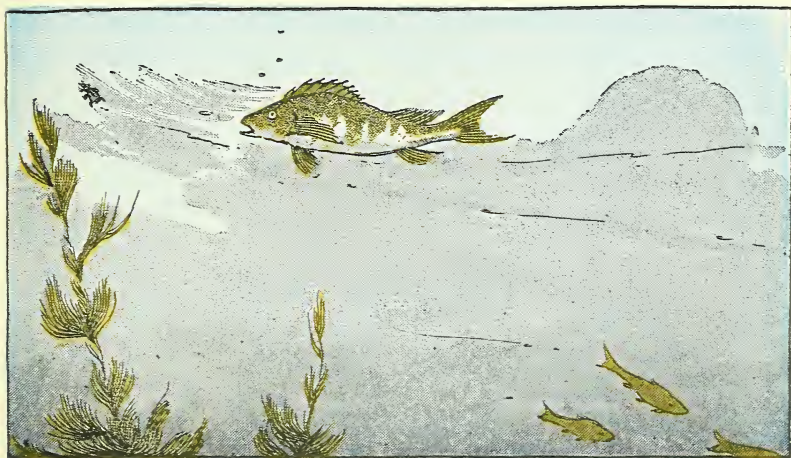
Just then a fat water-bug went right past the little perch's nose. Snap! The perch's mouth opened and shut again quickly, and the water-bug was gone.

"Ah!" said the perch. "That water-bug was good. I begin to feel better already, but

I have had enough of this big lake. I am going right back to my home pond.”

Before the father shiner could find the king of the lake, the perch was on the way home. He was very tired and hungry, so he could not swim very fast. But he caught some more water-bugs, and after a long time he got back to his old home.

“Ah!” said he, as he swam into the little pond once more, “home is best after all, and there are no friends like the old friends!”





THE BOY AND THE WIND

A boy one day
Went out to play—
'Twas in the mild spring weather.
The wind and he
Right merrily
Did often play together.

He made a kite
Both strong and light
By long and patient trying.
“The wind,” thought he,
“Will playful be,
And help me in its flying.”

The wind came past;
The boy ran fast;
The kite rose high and higher.
Hard pulled the kite,
O splendid sight!
It was a noble flyer.

He made a boat
To set afloat
Upon a brooklet flowing;
The March winds blew
The meadow through
And kept the sail-boat going.

So day by day
In merry play,
The boy and wind together
Did send afloat
The kite and boat,
Out in the wild March weather.

MARIE ZETTERBERG.



THE SUN'S SISTERS

I

Many, many years ago, there was a little boy named Lars, who used to play with a little prince that lived near by.

One day the two boys were playing with their bows and arrows. Lars's arrows always went straight to the mark, but often the prince's arrows did not hit it at all.

This made the prince angry, and he began

to say very silly things. At last he cried, "I can hit the sun."

Lars laughed. "Well, so can I," he said.

Both the boys then took their bows and arrows and shot straight up at the sun. The prince's arrow soon dropped to the ground again, but, wonder of wonders! Lars's arrow went up and up and up, out of sight.

After a long time, Lars's arrow came down again. When the boys ran to pick it up, they found a beautiful golden feather sticking to the end of it.

"This is my arrow," said the prince.

"No, indeed! It is mine," said Lars.

It really did belong to Lars, you know.

The boys quarreled so loudly about the arrow that the king heard them, and came out to see what was the matter.

Now, the king did not like to think that Lars could shoot better than his own son. So he spoke rather crossly to him, and told

him to go at once and find the hen that the golden feather had come from.

Poor Lars! Where should he go to find the golden hen? He did not know. But the king had told him to go at once, so he set out very sadly.

II

Lars walked on for many days, looking everywhere for the golden hen. He saw many hens. There were red hens, white hens, black hens, and speckled hens, but no golden hens.

At last he was too tired to walk any farther, and he sat down under a tree to rest. Soon he fell fast asleep.

After a while, Lars awoke, and saw standing beside him a very queer-looking old fox.

“How do you do, Mr. Fox,” said Lars.

“How do you do, little boy,” said the fox.

“Are you going far?”

“Oh, dear!” said Lars. “I don’t know. I



must find a golden hen that has lost this feather." And he showed the fox the feather that had come down with the arrow.

"Oh," said the fox, "that feather came from the poultry-yard of the sun's sisters. The golden hen belongs to them. I will show you the way there, if you like."

“Oh, thank you, kind Mr. Fox!” said Lars. So away they went together.

III

The little boy and the old fox walked a long way. At last, on the very top of a high mountain, they came to the palace. It was shining in the sun like gold.

Lars and the fox crept up to the palace gate very softly.

“Go straight in,” said the fox. “Do not look to the right or the left. But when you get to the poultry-yard pick up the golden hen. Then run out as fast as you can. I will wait for you here.”

Looking straight ahead, Lars crept softly in through the gate. He had almost reached the poultry-yard, when he happened to spy a small window that was open. Then he forgot what the fox had told him. He stopped and looked in at the window.



Lars found himself looking into a very pretty room. It was all pink and gold, like the sky in the early morning. On a golden bed, in one corner of the room, lay a little girl, sound asleep.

Lars climbed through the window, and went across the room very softly, to get a better look at her. She was a beautiful little girl. Her hair was long and golden, and her cheeks were like pink roses. She was the Princess Sunrise.

Lars kissed the princess gently, and climbed out of the window again. Then he went on to the poultry-yard.

IV

In the yard there were a great many ducks, geese, and turkeys, and one little golden hen. When they saw Lars, they began to make a great noise.

“Quack! quack!” said the ducks.

“H-s-s! h-s-s!” said the geese.



“Gobble! gobble!” said the turkeys.

They made such a noise that the princess awoke and looked out of the window.

“Why, what are you doing, little boy?” she asked.

“I am trying to catch your golden hen,” said Lars.

“Oh! Oh! You naughty boy! You must not do that,” said the princess.

Then she saw how sad and tired Lars looked, and said, “Well, if you can find my

sister Sunset I will let you have my golden hen. The wicked trolls carried her off one day."

"Oh!" said Lars; "I will try." And he ran out and told the old fox what had happened.

At first the fox was angry with Lars. But at last he promised to help him find the Princess Sunset.

V

So the old fox and Lars started out again. After they had walked a long way, they came to a very high mountain. Up to the very top of this mountain they climbed, and there they found a big, gray castle. This was where the trolls lived.

"You stay here while I go inside," said the fox.

So the fox went up to the front door, and knocked as hard as he could.



“Who is there?” called some one from inside.

“It is I,” said the fox. “I have come to dance with you.”

Now, the trolls were eating supper, with

all the candles lighted. But they loved dancing better than anything else, so they asked the fox to come in.

When the fox went inside, there sat the Princess Sunset. She was just as pretty as her sister, only her hair and eyes were dark, and her cheeks were red instead of pink.

The fox asked to dance with her first, and the trolls told him to do so.

Round and round the room danced the fox and the Princess Sunset. Whenever they danced near a candle the fox blew it out. All at once the fox blew out the last candle, and it was pitch dark. Then the fox and the princess danced right out through the door to where Lars was waiting.

“Take the princess home quickly!” said the fox to Lars. Then he ran as fast as he could in another direction.

The trolls ran after him, and tried to catch him. But the fox led them into a soft

swamp, and then ran off home, leaving them all sticking there in the mud.

Lars carried the Princess Sunset home to the palace of the sun, and the Princess Sunrise was so glad to see her sister again that she gave Lars the golden hen.

Lars took the golden hen to the king, but he did not play with the cross little prince any more. He went back to live with the Princess Sunrise, and to help her make the new days.





TO A HONEY-BEE

“Busy-body, busy-body,
Always on the wing,
Wait a bit where you have lit,
And tell me why you sing.”

Up, and in the air again,
Flap, flap, flap!
And now she stops, and now she
drops,
Into the rose’s lap.

“Busy-body, busy-body,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see
Your work is only play.”

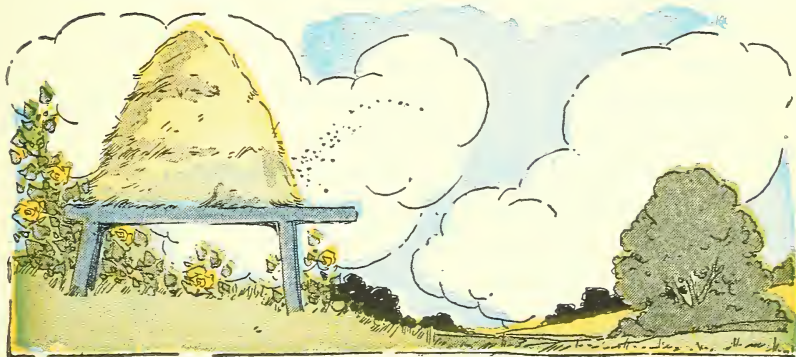
And now the day is sinking,
To the goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep, for quiet sleep,
Among the lily leaves.

“Come, just a moment, come
From your snowy bed.”

“Hum, hum, hum, hum—”
That was all she said.

But the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way:
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

ALICE CARY.





CINDERELLA

Scene I

Cinderella

Second Sister

Stepmother

Fairy Godmother

First Sister

Prince

Lords, Ladies, Soldiers, etc.

In Cinderella's home. Cinderella, in ragged clothes, is sweeping the floor before the fire.

Cinderella: Oh, dear! I get so tired of staying at home with nothing to do but work. Every morning I have to get up early and make the fires. Then I have

to help the cook get the breakfast. And after that I must sweep and dust. It is work, work, work, until I am so tired that sometimes I wish I were dead. (*Throws down her broom and bursts into tears. Stepmother comes in.*)

Stepmother : Cinderella! Where is that lazy girl? Oh, there you are! How now, what's the matter? Stop your crying, you lazy girl! The cook wants you to help her in the kitchen now. Run along! (*First and Second Sisters come running in.*)

First Sister : Oh, mother, what do you think?

Second Sister : (*Clapping her hands.*) We have such news.

Stepmother : Why, what in the world is it?

First Sister : You never could guess.

Second Sister : The prince is going to give a ball.

First Sister : Yes, and he has asked us to come.

Stepmother : (Clapping her hands.) He has! Ah, my dear girls, that is fine, indeed!

Both Sisters : We must have new dresses.

Stepmother : Yes, yes, of course! You must have some nice new clothes.

Cinderella : Oh, mother, may I go to the ball, too?

Stepmother : What! You go to the ball! A lazy, ragged, good-for-nothing little kitchen-girl like you! Of course not!

First Sister : Did you ever hear anything so silly?

Second Sister : She would look nice at the ball, wouldn't she? Ha, ha!

Cinderella : But you are to have new clothes made. Why can't I have some made, too? Why should I always have to stay at home?

Stepmother : Because you are only fit for housework. You are not a fine lady like my daughters. So don't think about



the ball any longer. Run out into the kitchen and help the cook. (*Cinderella goes out sadly.*)

First Sister : How foolish!

Second Sister : The idea of her going to the ball!

Stepmother : Come, daughters, we must see about some new clothes. (*All go out.*)

Scene II

Cinderella's home on the night of the ball. Cinderella is sitting beside the open fire. Stepmother and First and Second Sisters come in, dressed for the ball.

Stepmother: We are going now, Cinderella. Keep a good fire while we are gone, so that the house will be warm when we come back.

First Sister: Won't you come with us, Cinderella? Your old ragged dress would look so nice at the ball. Ha, ha!

Second Sister: Yes, yes! Do come with us! The prince would be so glad to dance with you. Ha, ha! (*Stepmother and sisters go out.*)

Cinderella: How can they be so cruel? They try to make me feel unhappy. My stepmother gives me nothing to wear but old, ragged clothes. Then they laugh at



me because I have nothing better to wear. Oh, if only my own dear mother were alive! Since she died I have never known what it was to be happy. Why did my father ever marry again? My stepmother is so unkind. (*Covers her head with her apron and cries. Fairy comes in. She has a wand in her hand.*)

Fairy: Cinderella!

Cinderella : (*Raises her head and looks at fairy.*
Then she jumps up.) Oh! Oh! Are you a
fairy?

Fairy : Yes, Cinderella, dear, I am your fairy
godmother.

Cinderella : Oh, how nice! And did you come
to see me?

Fairy : Yes, dear, I came to see if you
would like to go to the ball.

Cinderella : To the ball!

Fairy : Yes, to the ball.

Cinderella : Oh, I should love to go, but I
have no pretty clothes to wear. I could
not go in these old, ragged things. (*The
fairy godmother smiles, and touches her with
her wand. At once her old clothes are turned
into a beautiful ball-dress of silk and silver
thread. There are glass slippers on her feet.*)

Cinderella : (*Clasps her hands.*) Oh! Oh! How
wonderful!

Fairy : There, my dear. You are all ready



for the ball now. Go and have a good time. But remember this. You must leave the ball before the clock has struck twelve, for at that time all your beautiful clothes will be turned again into your old, ragged ones.

Cinderella: Oh, how funny! But never fear, I shall not forget.

Fairy: Well, you must go now. The coach is waiting for you at the door. Don't forget to leave the ball in time. Good-bye.

Cinderella: Good-bye, dear fairy.

Scene III

AT THE BALL

Stepmother: Who can that strange young lady be that the prince is dancing with?

First Sister: I have asked several people, but nobody knew.

Second Sister: There is something about her that makes me think of Cinderella.

First Sister: Of Cinderella! How foolish!
Why, she is much prettier than Cinderella.

Second Sister: Oh, yes, of course she is. She seems much taller, too. But somehow she makes me think of Cinderella.

Stepmother: Well, all I have to say is, the prince has very poor taste. The strange young lady isn't half as beautiful as you girls are. (*Stepmother and sisters pass on. The prince and Cinderella come in.*)

The Prince: But won't you tell me your name?

Cinderella: My name is Cinderella.

The Prince: Cinderella! It is a pretty name. And where do you live?

Cinderella: Ah, that is a secret. I can't tell you that.

The Prince: Oh, please do! I want to come to see you. (*Clock begins to strike.*)

Cinderella: Oh! Oh! Can it be twelve o'clock already?

The Prince: Yes, but that isn't late. We must have another dance.

Cinderella: Oh, no, no! I must go. (*Runs from the room. The prince runs after her. The clock stops striking.*)

The Prince: (*Coming back into the ballroom.*) Why, how strange! She disappeared in an instant. I can't imagine which way she went. When I looked out of the door, all I could see was a little, ragged girl running down the street. But I found this little glass slipper that she dropped as she left the room. I will find her by that. I will look everywhere for her. I must see her again.



Scene IV

AT CINDERELLA'S HOME

Cinderella is dusting the room. The First and Second Sisters are sitting by the fire.

First Sister: They say the prince is looking everywhere for the strange lady that was at the ball last night.

Second Sister : Well, I hope he won't find her.

First Sister : So do I. I didn't think she was
so very beautiful.

Second Sister : The prince is very much in
love with her.

First Sister : Indeed!

Second Sister : Yes, and he says he will marry
her if he finds her. (*Stepmother comes
running in.*)

Stepmother : Girls, the prince and his men are
at the door. The prince has brought a
glass slipper that the strange lady dropped
when she left the ball last night. He
says he will marry the lady who can get
on that slipper.

First Sister : And has no one been able to
get it on yet?

Stepmother : No, everybody finds it too small.

Second Sister : Well, my foot is not small,
but I will get it into that slipper if I
have to cut off my toes.

Stepmother: Hush! Here is the prince now.

(Prince comes in with gentlemen and soldiers.)

Prince: *(Bows and shows slipper.)* I am looking for the lady who lost this slipper.

If I find her she shall be my bride.

Will you be good enough to try it on?

(The two sisters try to get the slipper on, but it is too small. They pass it back to the prince.)

Prince: *(Shaking his head.)* I am sorry, ladies.

It does not seem to fit you. I must look farther. *(Bows and starts to go.)*

Cinderella: Please, sir, may I try on the slipper?

Prince: *(Turning and looking with surprise at Cinderella.)* Why, yes, indeed! *(Is about to give her the slipper, when stepmother stops him.)*

Stepmother: No, no! Cinderella! You ought to be ashamed to speak to the prince. Go back to the kitchen. You try on the slipper? What nonsense!



Prince: Pardon me, madam. I want every one to try. (*Gives Cinderella the slipper. She puts it on; then takes the other slipper from her pocket and puts that on, too. Everybody is very much surprised.*)

Stepmother: (*Holding up her hands.*) Did you ever!

First Sister: What does this mean?

Second Sister: Oh! oh! oh! (*All at once the fairy godmother appears and touches Cinderella with her wand.*)

The Prince: (*Taking Cinderella's hand.*) Ah, it is my own little Cinderella, after all I knew I should find you some day. Come with me to the palace.

Fairest maiden ever seen,
You shall be my little queen.
Lords and ladies at your call,
You shall be the first of all.
Come, my dear one, come with me,
You my little queen shall be.



THE SHELL

The shell that lives beside the clock
And holds its winding-key,
Once lay with all the other shells
And listened to the sea.

It knew each different kind of wind
That blows the weather by,
And what the busy sea-birds call
Across the sunny sky.

All round it bloomed the strange sea-
flowers,
Foam-cups and sailors'-down,
Till some one came and picked it up
And put it in a room.

And when I hold it to my ear,
And no one speaks to me,
A little voice wakes up inside
And roars about the sea.

GITHA SOWERBY.

HOW TOMMY WON HIS PONY

I

Tommy lived at an army post in the West. His father was a captain in the cavalry, and rode on a big, black horse. Tommy meant to be a captain some day, too, and ride a big, black horse like his father's.

But if he was to be a soldier he would have to be very brave. And if he was to be in the cavalry, he would have to know how to ride very well, too.

Tommy knew how to ride already. He had a little, gray donkey named Skip, that he used to ride all about the post. The soldiers used to call Tommy "Little Cap."

But Tommy wanted something bigger than a donkey.

"I'm too old for a donkey now, mother," he said. "I need a real horse—that is, a little one, you know, a pony."

Mother laughed. "Wait till your next birthday, Tommy, and then perhaps—who knows?" said she.

So Tommy was waiting for his next birthday. He had counted up the time so well that he could tell you right off just how long he had to wait.

One day an Indian boy came to the fort riding a red-and-white pony. Tommy thought it was the prettiest pony he had ever seen. Its coat was smooth, and shone like silk. Its mane and tail were long, and it had pretty blue eyes.

Tommy teased for a ride. So at last the Indian boy said that he might ride to the other end of the parade-ground and back.

Tommy climbed into the saddle and shook the reins. Away went the pony at full gallop. Tommy had never gone so fast before. It was easy enough to ride Skip. He had a slow trot, and he was always ready to stop.



But this red-and-white pony ran like the wind.

Tommy held on to the reins, and got to the end of the parade-ground all right. But just as they got there, the Indian boy gave a loud whistle. When the pony heard the whistle, he turned so quickly that he threw

Tommy off. Then he galloped back to his master.

Tommy got up and brushed himself. He wasn't hurt, but he felt very badly at falling off.

A big cavalryman who had seen Tommy's fall came running up.

"Are you hurt, young one?" he asked.

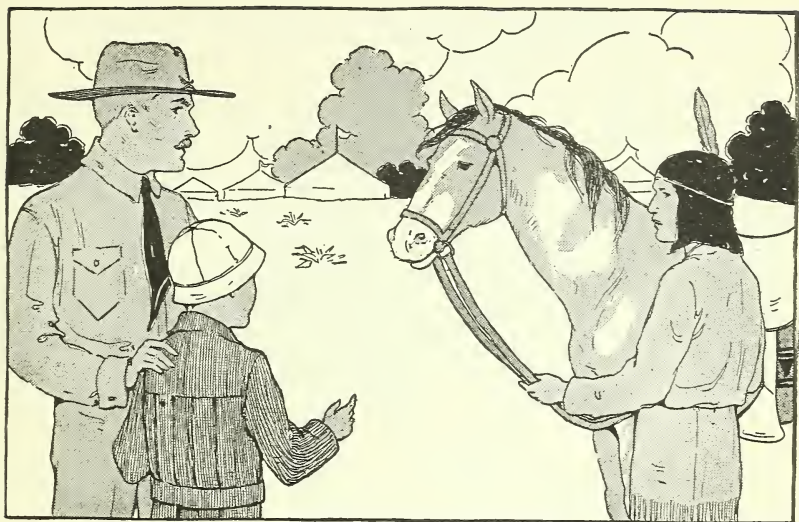
"Oh, no!" said Tommy. "I'm going right back to ride that pony again."

But the Indian boy was frightened now, and wouldn't let Tommy ride again. So "Little Cap" went home disappointed.

II

Somebody must have told Tommy's father, the captain, about this ride. For one day, a week or so after this, Tommy's father asked the little boy to go over to the parade-ground with him.

When they got there the Indian boy was there, too, with the red-and-white pony.



Tommy was very much surprised, but he said nothing. He hoped the Indian boy wouldn't say anything about the other ride. He didn't want his father to know that he had fallen off.

Tommy's father talked to the pony, and rubbed his nose. Then he gave him a piece of sugar. Soon he and the pony were very good friends.

"He is a pretty little fellow, don't you think so?" asked the captain.

“Oh, father! I think he is a beauty!”
said Tommy.

“Well,” said the captain, “you have wanted a pony for a long time. If you can ride this one down to the other end of the parade-ground and back, I will buy him for you.”

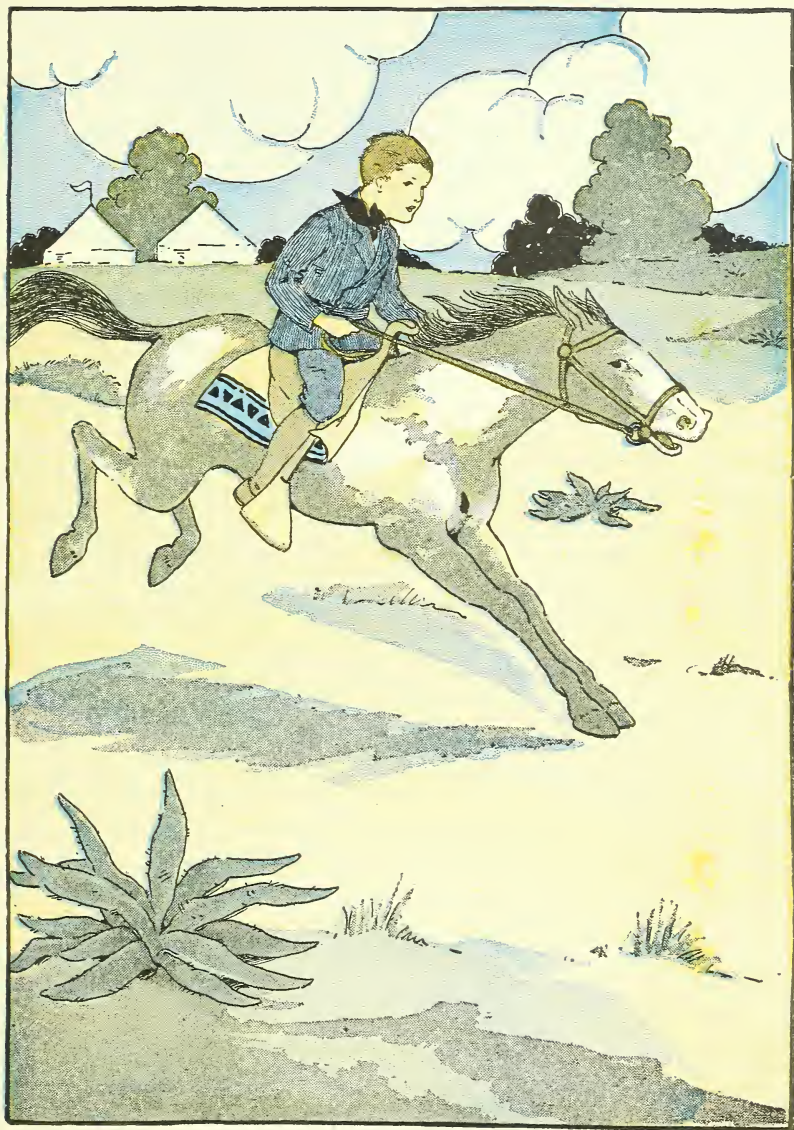
“Oh, father!” Tommy could say no more. He wanted the pony so much, but the other day he had fallen off. Could he keep from falling off to-day?

Tommy closed his fists very tightly. He would show his father that he could ride. He would show him that some day he could be a soldier, too, and ride a big horse.

Then he said, “I think I can do it, if the Indian boy won’t whistle to the pony.”

His father smiled. “All right, Tommy,” he said. “Nobody shall say a word to the pony. You shall manage him yourself.”

So Tommy got into the saddle. He was



very careful to get his stirrups just right. Then he took the reins, and started off down the parade-ground at full gallop. His hat flew off. His hair was flying in the wind. But he didn't care. He was riding well. When they reached the end of the parade-ground and the pony turned, Tommy was very careful. He did not fall off this time.

Away they dashed back to the place they had started from. Oh, wasn't it fine! Then they stopped in front of the captain. Tommy's father lifted him from the pony.

"Well done, my boy! The pony is yours."

"Oh, father!" said Tommy. "Do you think that I shall ride well enough to be in the cavalry some day?"

Tommy's father laughed.

"I am sure of it," said he.

R. H. BOWLES.



THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-NIGHT

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all "Good-night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good-night! my father, mother, dear:
Now kiss your little son;
Good-night! my friends, both far and
near;
Good-night to every one!

Good-night! ye merry, merry birds:
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said "Good-night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good-night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars that shine so bright
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



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