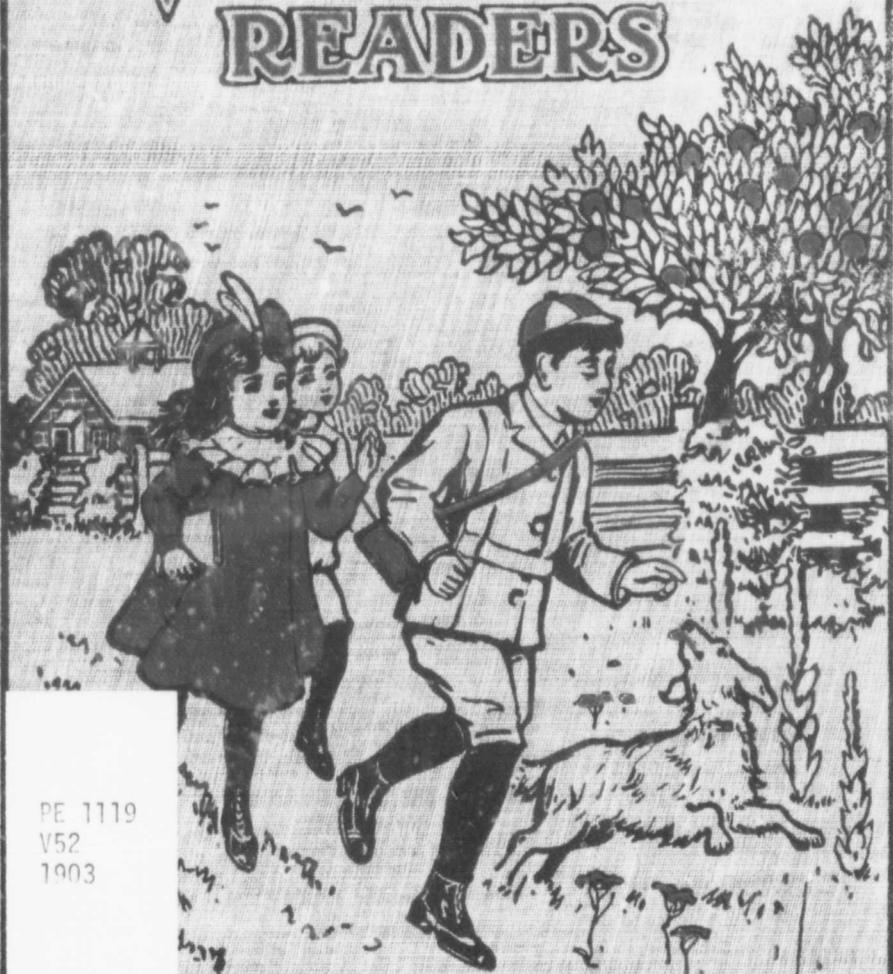


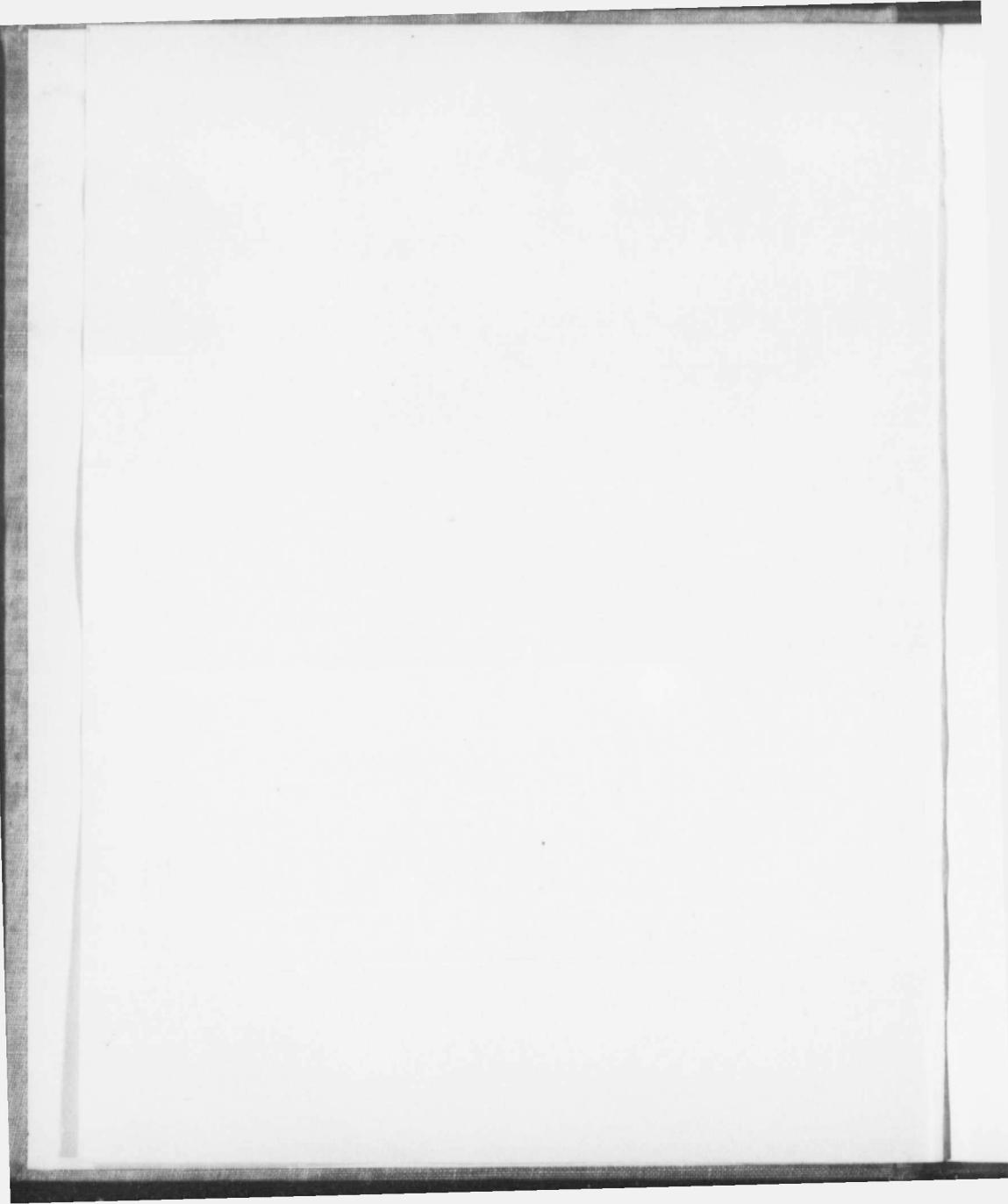
# VICTORIAN READERS



PE 1119  
V52  
1903

FIRST READER









THE TIRED GLEANERS.

*F. Morgan.*

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*THE VICTORIAN READERS*

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# FIRST READER

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TORONTO  
THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED  
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### DEW-DROPS

A million little diamonds  
Twinkled on the trees ;  
And all the little maidens said,  
“A jewel, if you please !”

But while they held their hands out-  
stretched  
To catch the diamonds gay,  
A million little sunbeams came,  
And stole them all away.

## THE LATEST NEWS

One day, Nell's paper doll ran away to see May's paper doll. "Have you heard the news?" she asked. "Why, no!" said May's doll. "What *is* the news?"

Just then Daisy's paper doll came hopping in. "Oh, my!" she said, "have you some news? Then I must listen, too."

"Just tell Maud's doll to come, too," said Nell's doll. "I want all the dolls to know. Be sure they are all here."

Then they called Maud's doll, and Annie's doll and Sarah's doll.

"Now, see if you can guess the news," said Nell's doll. "You must all try."

"Is it about the cat or the dog?" asked Daisy's doll.

"Is it about the rose or the lily?" asked May's doll.

"Is it about me?" asked Sarah's doll.

"Is it about the jumping-jack?" asked Annie's doll.

“Is it about the tea-party?” asked Maud’s doll.

“Why! no one has guessed right,” said Nell’s doll. “And now I am going to tell. So just listen. Be sure to hear every word. They say —”

But a wind came by just then and it said to itself, “Just see me make those paper dolls fly!”

So it blew them north and south, and east and west, and up and down, and round and round, and they never heard the news from Nell’s doll.



## THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady  
bed

A modest violet grew ;  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its  
head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colors, bright and fair ;  
It might have graced a rosy  
bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed ;  
And there it spread its sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.



## THE LAZY BOY

Once there was a lazy little boy who did not like to go to school, so he ran away to play. "How pretty the trees look!" he said. "The sun shines, and the birds sing. I will not go to school. I will play in the fields."

He saw a bee flying from flower to flower, and said, "Come and play with me, pretty bee." But the bee said, "No, I have honey to get, and I am too busy to play."

Then he met a dog, and asked the dog to play with him. But the dog hurried away to catch a fox.

Next he saw a bird flying by. "Little bird," he called out, "will you come and play with me?" But the bird answered, "I have my nest to make, and have no time for play."

Then he saw a little pony, and asked the pony to play with him. "No," said the pony, "I have to draw the baby in his little cart."

Then the little boy set out for school, saying to himself, "Perhaps I had better get to work, too, I cannot play alone."

## THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE



There's a queer little house  
and it stands in the sun,  
When the good mother  
calls, the children all  
run ;

While under her roof they  
are cozy and warm,  
Tho' the cold winds may  
whistle and bluster and  
storm.

In the day-time this queer  
little house moves away,  
And the children run after it happy and gay ;  
But it comes back at night, and the children  
are fed  
And tucked up to sleep in a soft feather bed.

This queer little house has no windows or  
doors ;  
The roof has no shingles, the rooms have no  
floors ;  
No fire place, chimneys nor stoves can you see,  
Yet the children are cozy and warm as can be.

The story of this funny house is all true,  
I have seen it myself, and I think you have,  
too ;

You can see it to-day, if you watch the old hen  
When her downy wings cover her chickies  
again.



THE THREE BUTTERFLIES\*

Once on a time three little butterflies danced  
in the sunshine. One was red like the sunset,  
another yellow like gold, and the third as white  
as the snow.

All at once the sky grew dark. The wind  
began to blow, and the rain began to fall. The  
poor butterflies were too tired to get home, and  
their wings were all wet with the rain.

So they flew to the tulip and said, "Please, tulip, open your door and let us in." But the tulip said, "I will let in the red and the yellow, but not the white." "Then," said the red one, "we must find another shelter, for you must take us all or none."



They flew to the big lily and spoke kindly to it. "Please, lily, open your door and take us in." "No!" said the lily. "I will let in the white one, but not the red and the yellow." "Then," said the white one, "I shall not go in, for you must take us all or none."

The sun heard the butterflies, and was pleased to see how they loved each other. So he drove away the clouds, and dried the wet little wings. Then the butterflies danced away to their own home.

## LITTLE GOLD-FINGER

Little gold-finger was very proud of its pretty new ring. It became very vain and said, "I am better than all the other fingers, and will not go with them any more."

This made the other fingers very angry. The thumb said, "If you will not go with us, we won't go with you." And the little finger said, "If you are better than we are, you can do without our help."

So the quarrel went on for three days. Then gold-finger wanted a flower. But the thumb said, "I'll not help to pluck it." Afterwards it wished some cherries, but the other fingers said, "No! we don't want any." Then it wished to knit a stocking, but the little finger refused to move.

Then little gold-finger was sorry, and told the other fingers it had done wrong. At this they all began to work together again, and the stocking was soon finished, the cherries gathered, and the flower plucked from its bush.



### SLEEPY MAN

When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust  
on his eyes,

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)

He shuts up the earth and he opens the skies.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my, Dearie.)

He smiles through his fingers and shuts up  
the sun ;

(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)

The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.

(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy town;  
    (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)  
At the touch of his hands the tired eyelids fall  
    down.  
    (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings,  
    (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)  
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.  
    (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,  
    (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)  
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way  
    Lane,  
    (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

When one would be wending in Lullaby  
    Wherry,  
    (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary,)  
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.  
    (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie.)

## THE LARK AND THE ROBIN

### PART I

The old gray cat was sitting in the grass. A merry lark came by, singing as he flew.

“Where are you going, little lark?” asked the cat. “Oh! I am going to sing to the queen,” said the lark.



“Oh, no! don't do that,” said the cat. “Come with me, and see where the mice live.”

“Thank you! Miss Puss. Thank you very much! but I saw you eat a little mouse, and you shall not eat me.” So he flew away.

By and by he came to a tree where a hawk was sitting. “Where are you going, little bird?” asked the hawk. “To sing to the queen,” said the lark.



BUTTERFLIES.

*Perugini.*

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“Oh! don't do that,” urged the hawk.  
“Come with me, and see my nest with the young ones in it.”

“No! no! Mr. Hawk, I must not go with you. You killed a robin to-day, but you shall not kill me.” So away he flew.

Soon he came to the woods, where he saw a sly old fox.



“Good morning! pretty little lark,” said the fox. “Where are you going to-day?” “To sing a song to the queen,” said the lark.

“That is very kind of you,” said the fox. “But first come and see my pretty little family.”

“Thank you, very much indeed, Mr. Fox,” said the lark. “But when birds go to see your family they never come away.” So off he flew.

Soon he came to the queen's garden. There he sang so merrily that the sad queen

smiled, and all the lords and ladies laughed with joy.

So they made a party for the lark, and asked all the little singing birds to come. First came Bob-o-link, with his "Spink! spank! spink!" and then came the Merry Brown Thrush, and Little Robin Redbreast. When they had finished their songs, the queen



spread out a feast of ripe red cherries for them. They flew down joyfully and helped themselves, and then they sang again, even more sweetly than before. After that, they all flew away together.

---

PART II

When the lark and the robin came to the fox's den, the lark said, "You must never go there, dear robin, for the fox would eat you."

And when they passed the hawk, the lark said, "You must keep away from the hawk, dear robin, for he is very cruel." And when they reached the old gray cat, the lark said, "Dear Robin, you must never go near him, for he eats little birds."

Then the two birds agreed that they would always tell one another if they saw the fox, or the hawk, or the cat.



Soon they came near the robin's home. "Come, pretty lark," said he, "and I will show you something very pretty." Then they flew on till they came to an old apple-tree in an orchard. There they saw Mrs. Robin sitting on her nest. "Good morning! merry lark," said she. "How do you do?" And then she showed him her four pretty blue eggs.

“Now, come with me,” said the lark to the robin, “and I will show you something.” So the birds flew away towards the middle of a field. There they found in the grass a pretty little nest, with five hungry young birds in it. “What queer little birds!” said the robin. “They seem to be all mouth.” “Yes!” said the lark, “and I must find them something to eat.” So the two birds looked around until they found some fat worms. These they dropped piece by piece into the open mouths.

Ever since that time the lark and the robin have been good friends. The robin sits on a branch and sings “Cheer up! cheer up!” and the lark flies away up and up until he is out of sight. But the robin can hear his sweet notes, and knows he is not far away.





### THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS

The birds and the beasts once fought each other for a long time. The bat was a coward. He would not take sides with either.

By and by he thought the birds were going to win. Then he came down and joined them. "Go away!" said the birds, "we do not want any beasts on our side." "I am not a beast," said the bat. "See my wings. I am a bird."

After a time the battle changed, and it seemed the beasts would win. Then the bat left the birds and flew over to the beasts. "Go away from here," said the beasts. "You are a bird, and we do not wish birds on our side." "No, no!" said the bat, "I am not a bird. See

my head and my fur. They are just like yours.  
I am a beast."

Then all the beasts and birds cried, "You  
are a coward! You are a coward! You wish  
to be on two sides at once. Go away! Go  
away!"

The bat was so ashamed that he flew away  
and hid himself. And he has never been seen  
in the day-time since then.

---

#### THE ICICLE

An icicle hung on a red brick  
wall,  
And it said to the sun, "I don't  
like you at all."

Drip, drip, drip.  
But the sun said, "Dear, you've  
a saucy tongue ;  
Remember, I'm old and you are  
young."

Drip, drip, drip.



But the icicle only cried the more,  
Tho' the good sun shined on it just as before,  
Until at the end of the warm spring day,  
It had cried its poor little self away.

Drip, drip, drip.



#### THE REEDS AND THE OAK

A strong wind tore up an oak by the roots, and it fell into a stream. As it floated on the water, it saw the reeds on the shore.

“You reeds are weak and slender,” it said. “How is it that the wind did not tear you up by the roots, too?”

“That is simple,” said the reeds. “You fought against the wind, and you were blown over. We bent before it, and so we were not hurt.”



It was Nellie's birthday. Her mother told her she might have a party. So she invited a dozen of her playmates, for the afternoon and evening.

They played Hide-and-Seek, Puss-in-the-Corner, London Bridge, and Old Dusty Miller. Then they had their tea. It was such a fine tea, too. They had bread and butter, and cake, and peaches, and nuts and candy.

Then came the great treat. The chairs were all moved to the back of the room, and the children sat on them as still as mice. The lights were turned down, but on one of the walls was a white sheet, on which a bright light shone.

All at once there stepped into the light a most beautiful little lady. She wore a dress made from a spider's web, and had wings like those of a butterfly. She carried in her hand a little wand as light as a feather.

Then she waved her wand three times, and said:—

One, two, three,  
What do you see?

And all the children cried, "The Fairy Queen! the Fairy Queen!"

Then she waved her wand again, and there stood Little Bo-Peep, crying as if her heart would break.

So the children sang together:—

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

Just as they finished the song the fairy waved her wand again and said:—

One, two, three,  
What do you see ?

And Little Bo-Peep was gone, but in her place  
was an old, old, old woman with a very tall hat.  
By her side trotted a hungry wee dog, whining  
for something to eat. When Freddie saw this  
he clapped his hands and said :—

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,  
To get her wee doggie a bone,  
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor doggie got none.

Then, in a moment, the picture was gone,  
and in its place, the children saw a big fat  
sheep, with wool reaching to the ground, and  
Mary said, “ I know what it is ! I know what  
it is !

Baa ! baa ! black sheep, have you any wool ?  
Yes, I have, sir, three bags full.  
One for the master, one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy that lives down the  
lane.”

The fairy waved her wand again, and there stood the old hall clock. On the top of it was a little gray mouse, with small sharp eyes, and all the children knew that they should sing:—



Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
Down the mouse ran,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Next they heard a noise like a pig squealing, and they saw a dirty-faced boy with a pig in his arms, and a man running after him. They all knew who it was, and cried out:—

Tom Thumb, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away did run;  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street.

The fairy waved her wand again, and said:—

One, two, three,  
What do we see?

There, on a high wall, sat a queer old fellow with a round body and with no neck at all, and no legs. The children all laughed as Harry shouted out:—

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Then the fairy waved her wand once more, and they saw a little boy lying behind a hay-stack, fast asleep. Little Jack blew his toy-trumpet three times, and all the children said:—

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the  
corn.  
But where is the boy that looks after the sheep?  
Behind the hay-stack, fast asleep.

The fairy laughed and said, "Well done, Jack! Now you shall have some pie." And sure enough, there sat a little fellow with a great big pie, and when Nellie saw him she laughed out:—

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

"Now!" said the fairy, "I must be going, but I have one more picture." Then she waved her wand three times and said:—



One, two, three,  
What do we see?

They heard the singing  
of birds, and they saw  
a king and a queen, and  
a maiden hanging out the  
clothes, and they sang all  
together—

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie ;  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing—  
Wasn't that a dainty dish  
To set before the king?  
The king was in the counting-  
house,  
Counting out his money ;



The queen was in the parlor,  
Eating bread and honey ;  
The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out her clothes,  
Out hopped a little bird  
And pecked off her nose.

As the song died away,  
the fairy said :—

Three, two, one,  
The pictures are done.

So the lights were turned on, and the children got down from their chairs, and the party was ended.



LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never  
Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever  
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;  
You are too bold.

I must obey my dear Father above me,  
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
All that love me.

## ONE MOTHER

How many words do  
children say?

How many thoughts  
come in a day?

How many stars shine  
in the sky?

How many clouds and  
winds go by?

How many grapes upon  
the vines?

How many squirrels in  
the pines?

How many dew-drops on  
the grass?

How many song-birds o'er us pass?

How many leaves are on a tree?

How many shells are in the sea?

How many sands are on the shore?

Count all you may, there still are more.

Hundreds of clouds and stars and words,

Hundreds of leaves and shells and birds,

Hundreds of flowers and creatures wild,

But *only one mother* to love her child.





### WAKE-ROBIN

At the foot of a large oak tree which grew beside a mountain brook, down under the sod lay a little pointed root. For many months it had lain there fast asleep.

But now the spring had come. The warm rain-drops came softly creeping down to it. The April sun smiled above it, and sent his beams to warm the moist earth.

The little root began to move. A small bud crept up to find more rain and sunshine, and at last came peeping through the ground.

It saw the bright sun, the blue sky and the green grass. Far away on the mountain

side it saw the little streams of water like threads of silver hurrying down to meet the brook. It could hear the song of the brook as it ran on to its home in the sea. Up among the branches the birds sang their glad songs. The whole world seemed very beautiful.

Then the bud grew taller and sent forth three green leaves. They were spotted, and grew in a circle. In this circle grew a little bud, and the plant felt happy, for it knew that this bud would become a pretty white flower.

---

#### THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—  
World, you are wonderfully drest.

The wonderful air is over me ;  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.



"GOOD-BYE, ROVER."



You friendly earth ! -how far do you go  
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers  
that flow,

With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small ;  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say :

“You are more than the Earth, though you  
are such a dot ;

You can love and think, and the earth can  
not !”



### THE GLASS SLIPPER

Once upon a time, long, long before you were born, three sisters lived in a large old house.

The two elder sisters were very gay. They went to balls once a week, and spent all their money on fine dress.

As they could not keep a servant, they made their younger sister do all the work in the house.

So they called her Cinderella. But, for all that, she was a little lady, though she was dressed like a servant.

One night, the king gave a ball, as the prince, his son, was just of age, and the two sisters went to it.

Cinderella brushed their hair, and helped them to dress in their fine new clothes; yet they never said good-bye to Cinderella as they went out.

Then they got into the coach and drove away.

Poor Cinderella sat down on a low stool by the fire, and felt so sad that she was quite ready to cry.

“What is the matter, Cinderella?” said a voice near her; and turning round she saw a pretty fairy.

“I want to go to the ball with my sisters,” said Cinderella.

“Is that all?” said the kind fairy; “you will soon have your wish; for you are a good girl.”

She just touched Cinderella with her wand; and all her old clothes were changed into a fine, new ball dress. Such a beautiful dress was never seen before.



She had flowers, too, in her hair, and a pair of glass slippers on her feet.

Cinderella clapped her hands, and jumped for joy. But soon she looked sad again.

“How can I go?” she said, “I cannot walk there, in such a dress as this.”

“Go and bring me a pumpkin,” said the fairy.

As soon as Cinderella brought it, a touch of the fairy’s wand turned it into a fine coach.

There was the coach; but where were the horses to come from? “Are there no mice in the trap?” asked the kindly fairy. Cinderella ran to look, and brought back six mice.

The fairy touched the mice, and they became six large horses, with harness of gold and silver.

“Now for a coachman and footman,” said the fairy. “Where is the rat-trap?”

Cinderella brought it quickly; and inside were two fine rats, with long tails and whiskers.

They made a grand coachman and footman at a touch of the fairy's wand.

"There, my dear," said the fairy, "now you may go to the ball; but you must mind one thing I have to tell you:

"You must be home here by twelve o'clock; for if you are not, your fine dress will turn to rags. Your coach and horses and servants will become a pumpkin and mice and rats; and you will have to come home on foot."

"I will take great care," said Cinderella; and she gave the kind fairy a kiss, and rode away in her new coach.



When Cinderella entered the ball, the young prince thought her, by far, the best dressed lady in the room. He danced with her very often that night.

Her sisters did not know her, but said: "How pretty and well dressed that lady is!"

Long before the clock struck twelve, Cinderella went away and rode home in her grand coach.

When her sisters came home, they found her sitting by the fire in her old clothes.

She heard them talking, as they went to bed, about the grand lady who had been at the ball.

The next week, another grand ball was given by the king. The kind fairy came again, and sent off Cinderella, as before, in a fine new dress.

But on this night, Cinderella was dancing with the prince, and forgot to look at the clock.

It began to strike twelve, and when she heard it, she jumped up and ran to the door.

As she ran, she dropped one of her glass slippers, and the prince picked it up.

But when poor Cinderella reached the door, she found herself in all her old clothes.

No coach was there, but only some rats and mice and an old pumpkin were to be seen in the road.

It was a long way home through the wind, with only one glass slipper on her foot.

But there was no help for it; and when her sisters came home, there she sat on her stool by the fire, as before.

The prince now wished to have the pretty lady who had worn the glass slippers, for his wife.

So the king sent a man all over the country, to seek for her. The lady who could wear the glass slipper, was to marry the young prince.

All the ladies tried very hard to get their foot into it; but it would fit no one but the right owner.



At last, the man came to the large, old house where Cinderella and her sisters lived.

The sisters tried, and tried—first the right foot, then the left, but the slipper would not go on.

“Please let me try,” said Cinderella.

“Silly girl,” said her sisters; “you try, indeed, with your great clumsy feet—go and wash your dishes!”

But the man said: “Let her try, if she likes.” Cinderella took the slipper, and her foot slipped into it, just as if it had been made for her.

Then Cinderella put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out the other slipper!

At the same time the fairy touched her with her wand; and there she stood, as pretty as when they had seen her at the ball.

The news soon reached the prince. He came with his father the king, and took her away to his castle where she became his wife.

But the best of the story is, that she quite forgave her sisters for treating her so badly.

She and the prince were both very good to them ; and they all lived happy ever after.

---

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven ;  
I've said my "seven times" over and over—  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old ! so old I can write a letter ;  
My birthday lessons are done :  
The lambs play always, they know no better ;  
They are only one times one.

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low ;  
You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is  
failing,  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon ! have you done something wrong in  
heaven,

That God has hidden your face ?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee ! you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold ;  
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow !  
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine ! open your folded wrapper  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell,  
O cuckoo-pint ! toll me the purple clapper,  
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones  
in it,

I will not steal them away,  
I am old ; you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet,—  
I am seven times one to-day.





### THE NEST BUILDERS

A very long time ago, the magpie was the only bird that knew much about nest building. One day the other birds came to her and asked her to teach them how to make nests like her own. She told them to stand around her while she would show them how it was done.

The first thing she did was to get some mud and make a little round cake of it. "How very easy!" said the thrush. "Now I know all that is to be learned about nest building." She flew away to her home in the meadows; and thrushes make their nests mostly of a cake of mud to this very day.

The magpie then took some slender twigs and laid them across and around the cake of mud.

“That is all I need to learn,” said the blackbird, flying away in great haste. And blackbirds have never yet learned anything more.

Then the magpie put another layer of mud on top of the twigs.

“Oh, oh!” cried the owl. “Who, ah, who would need a better nest than that?” And no owl has ever tried to have a better nest.

But the magpie went on working. After beating down the mud into the right shape, she took some more twigs and wound them loosely around the outside.

“That suits me,” said the sparrow; “and I’ll make a nest just like it.” And sparrows are still satisfied with untidy nests made of a daub of mud and a few sticks thrown around them.

Then the magpie brought straw and soft feathers and lined the nest with great care, so that it would be a pleasant place to sit in.

The starling was delighted, and cried out, "Good! good! Feathers and straw make the best nests!" And away she flew without taking much notice of the foundation of mud and the framework of twigs.

And so it happened that all the birds learned something from the magpie, but not one of them had the patience to stay until she had finished her lesson.

The last bird that came was the turtle dove; and she was so listless that she took no notice of what the magpie had been doing. While the magpie was putting the last touches to her beautiful nest, Mrs. Dove could do nothing but sit on a leafy twig above her and call out:—

"Take two, two, Toosy, take two!"



This made the magpie angry, and she stopped while placing a straw around the topmost edge of the nest, and said:—

“Only one, I tell you ; only one !”

But the turtle dove kept on: “Take two, two, Toosy, take two !”

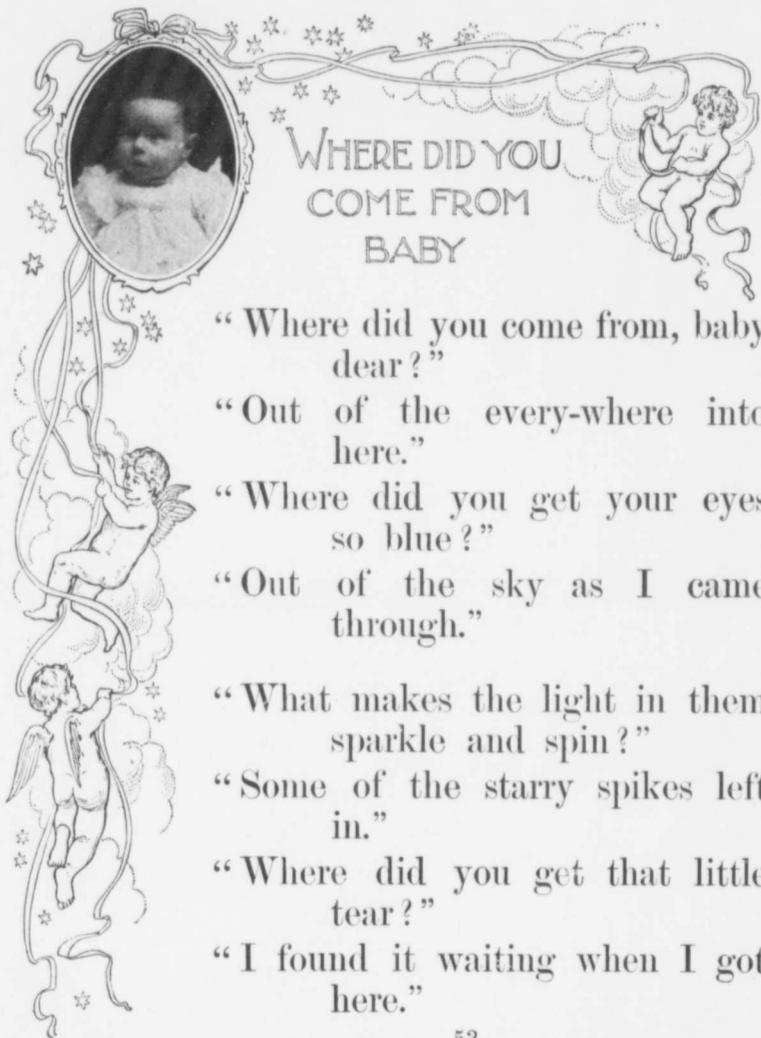
The Magpie could stand it no longer: “One’s enough for such as you !” she cried.

“Take two, two, Toosy, take two !” said the turtle dove, looking away off across the meadow, and hearing not a word.

This made the magpie so angry that she dropped the straw and flew away before she had ended her lesson.

“What’s the use of trying to teach people who think they know everything ?” she said.

And that is how it happens that the different kinds of birds build their nests in so many different ways. The magpie never tried to teach them again ; and, indeed, they were very well content ; for each one believed that there was nothing more to be learned.



WHERE DID YOU  
COME FROM  
BABY

“Where did you come from, baby dear?”

“Out of the every-where into here.”

“Where did you get your eyes so blue?”

“Out of the sky as I came through.”

“What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?”

“Some of the starry spikes left in.”

“Where did you get that little tear?”

“I found it waiting when I got here.”

“What makes your forehead so smooth and  
high?”

“A soft hand stroked it as I went by.”

“What makes your cheek like a warm white  
rose?”

“Something better than any one knows.”

“Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?”

“Three angels gave me at once a kiss.”

“Where did you get that pearly ear?”

“God spoke, and it came out to hear.”

“Where did you get those arms and hands?”

“Love made itself into hooks and bands.”

“Feet, whence did you come, you darling  
things?”

“From the same box as the cherubs’ wings.”

“How did they all just come to be you?”

“God thought about me, and so I grew.”

“But how did you come to us, you dear?”

“God thought of you, and so I am here.”



"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, BABY DEAR?" *Kaulbach.*



### THE DIAMOND AND THE STAR

There is a story of the diamond, which, though it is not true, contains a beautiful thought for you and for me.

Once a little rough pebble lived in a land far away over the sea. It lay in a tiny crevice between the stones and sands of a great desert plain, where all was still and lonely.

The pebble could see nothing but a little piece of sky overhead; but every night a small bright star came out, and looked down upon the earth. Its rays shone into the little crevice and right through the little pebble. How beautiful and pure it felt when filled with the strange light!

“Oh, if I could be beautiful all the time!” thought the pebble. “If I could only be pure and clear and white like the star, and have my body full of gold and crimson lights! But I am only a little pebble.”

For hundreds of years the two looked at and loved each other. Then a great storm came and covered the pebble deep in the earth. For years it lay in its dark cold dungeon, but it carried a beautiful memory in its heart.

At last men found it. “Ha, ha,” they said, “perhaps this is a diamond!” So they ground away its dirty coat, and there before them lay a precious jewel, clear and bright, with changing lights of gold and crimson.

The pebble had grown to be like the star it loved so well. And now it shines in a king’s crown.

Do you know what the beautiful thought is, that the diamond has for you and me?



### THREE LITTLE ROBINS

O, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,  
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,  
When he took from the nest  
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,  
A very small boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,  
And his feet were both bare.  
Ah me! he was cruel and mean I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray;  
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,  
And was small of his size.

Ah! he must be wicked, and not very wise.

O bees; with your bags of sweet nectarine,  
stay;

Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
And carrying three little birdies away?

Did he go through the town,  
Or go sneaking around

Through hedges and by-ways with head hanging  
down?

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me,—  
How happy we were on the old apple tree  
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

O, how can I sing,  
Unless he will bring

My three robins back to sleep under my wing?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!  
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,  
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;  
    I'll sing all day long  
    My merriest song,  
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.



#### THE ROBIN

The North wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow;  
And what will the robin do then,  
    Poor thing?  
He will fly to the barn  
To keep himself warm,  
And hide his head under his wing,  
    Poor thing!



### THE RACE OF THE TREES

One day all the plants and trees ran a race.

The goal was placed on a mountain whose top was white with snow.

Each plant did its best. It pulled its roots from the ground, tried to walk, stumbled, fell, got up again, and at last stood firmly. Then all were off. Such a wild race!

More than one stopped, out of breath, at the foot of the mountain. More than one gave out on the lowest slope, but many still ran on. It was a fine sight!

The oak, who was king of the woods, went so fast that all thought he would be king of the mountain, too; but soon it grew

so cold that the oak could go no farther. The beech passed him, and the oak groaned to think that he was king no longer. But the beech could not bear the cold as he went higher up the mountain, and he stopped with a shiver. Then the birch, which lived in a cold country, pushed on up the slope. But even the birch could not go much farther. Then there was a great shout, and the pines and firs ran on up the mountain.

“We have won the race!” they cried. “We are far beyond the rest.” But even while they spoke, they grew stiff with the cold.

“Never mind! We have won the race!” they cried again.

Just then, a tiny plant, which they had not seen at all, went quietly on up the steep slope and planted its roots at the top of the mountain.

There, in the ice and snow, it raised its head. It had won the great race.

DO YOUR BEST

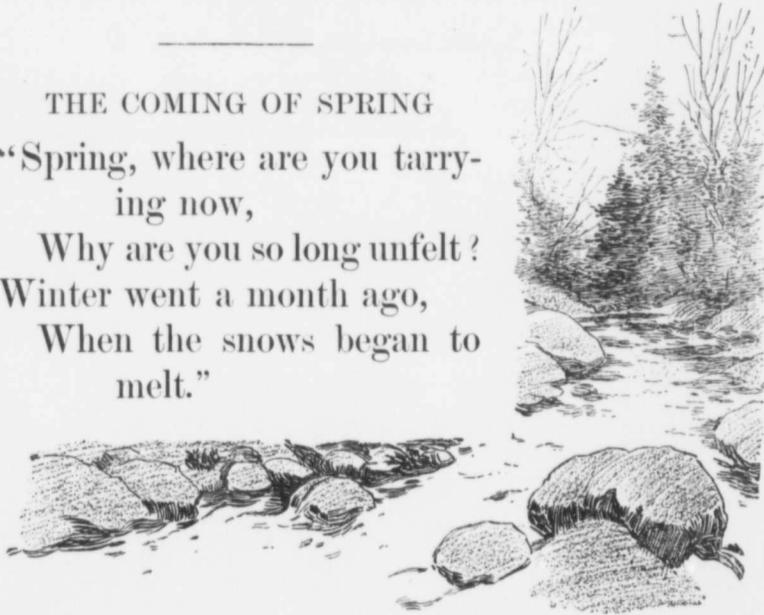
Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day ;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.

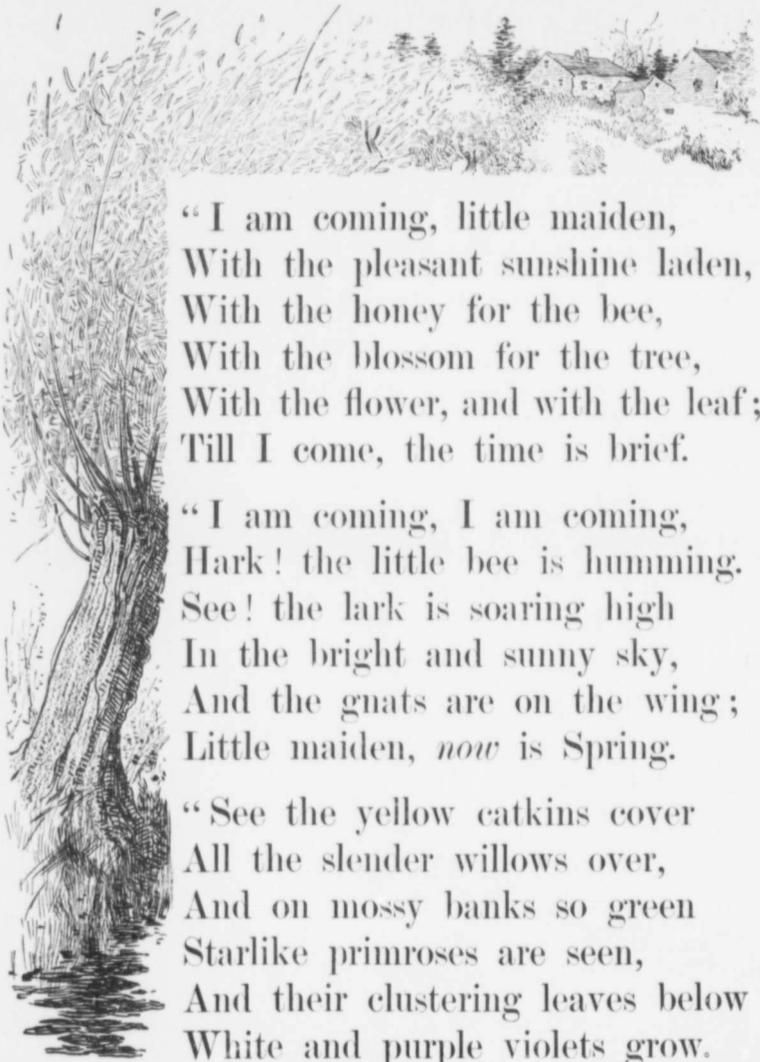
Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home, or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will :  
It is a golden rule.

---

THE COMING OF SPRING

“Spring, where are you tarry-  
ing now,  
Why are you so long unfelt ?  
Winter went a month ago,  
When the snows began to  
melt.”





“ I am coming, little maiden,  
With the pleasant sunshine laden,  
With the honey for the bee,  
With the blossom for the tree,  
With the flower, and with the leaf;  
Till I come, the time is brief.

“ I am coming, I am coming,  
Hark! the little bee is humming.  
See! the lark is soaring high  
In the bright and sunny sky,  
And the gnats are on the wing;  
Little maiden, *now* is Spring.

“ See the yellow catkins cover  
All the slender willows over,  
And on mossy banks so green  
Starlike primroses are seen,  
And their clustering leaves below  
White and purple violets grow.

“Hark! the little lambs are bleating,  
And the cawing rooks are meeting  
In the elms, a noisy crowd,  
And all birds are singing loud;  
And the first white butterfly  
In the sun goes flitting by.



“Little maiden, look around thee,  
Green and flowery fields surround  
thee;



Every little stream is bright;  
All the orchard trees are white,  
And each small and waving shoot  
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.



“Turn thy eyes to earth or heaven,  
God for thee the Spring hath given;  
Taught the birds their melodies,  
Clothed the earth and cleared the  
skies;

For thy pleasure or thy food,  
Pour thy soul in gratitude,  
So may'st thou midst blessings dwell,  
Little maiden, fare thee well.”



### MARCH

In the snowing and the blowing,  
In the cruel sleet,  
Little flowers begin their growing  
Far beneath our feet.

Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—  
“Darlings, are you here?”  
Till they answer, “We are nearly,  
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?  
Tell us, Spring,” they say.  
Then she answers, “He is going,  
Going on his way.”

“Poor old Winter does not love you;  
But his time is past;  
Soon my birds shall sing above you;—  
Set you free at last.”

## THE PIED PIPER

Would you hear a story of the long, long ago? It may not be altogether true, but it has been told so often, that we seem to think it true.



The little village of Newtown was sadly troubled with rats. There wasn't a barn or a stable, a store-room or cupboard but they ate their way into it. The bread and the cheese, the fruit and the vegetables, all disappeared. And in addition to all this, the rats kept up such a scratching and squeaking, that the poor people couldn't get half their sleep.

They tried cats, but the rats chased them away. They tried poison, but it nearly brought

on a plague when so many rats died. They tried traps, but it was of no use. Every day seemed to bring a fresh army of the little pests.

The mayor and the council were at their wits' end. They had almost decided that the best thing to be done was for everybody to leave the village. Just then there came along the most peculiar looking fellow you ever saw. He was tall and thin, and had keen piercing eyes. But the funny thing about him was his coat. It was made of patches of cloth of all colors. His hat was no better. Even his trousers and his stockings were of the same kind.

"I am the Pied Piper," he said, addressing the mayor. "And what will you pay me, if I rid you of every rat in Newtown?"

Now the mayor and the council were only too eager to get rid of the rats, but they did not like to give out their money. So they higgled and haggled until the Piper grew impatient and said, "Give me fifty pounds,

or that is the end of it." So they promised the money as soon as not a rat was to be found in Newtown.

Then the Piper walked out into the street and placed a pipe to his lips. He played such a shrill keen tune that it was heard in every house in the village. It sounded as if thousands of rats were squeaking at once.

Then there was a strange sight. Out of every hole the rats came running and tumbling. Old rats and young rats, big lean ones and little fat ones, crowded after the Piper and followed him down the street. Every few yards he would stand and give an extra flourish on his pipe, so that the little rats would have time to catch up to the older ones.



Up Silver Street he went and down Gold Street, and then he took a boat and sailed

out into the deep sea. Still he kept playing his pipe and all the rats followed him, splashing and paddling and wagging their tails with delight.

On and on he sailed, and the rats followed him. One by one they sank in the waves, until every rat of them was drowned in the deep sea.

Then the Piper rowed back to shore, but not a rat followed him. Nor could a single rat be found in all the village.

Then the mayor and council began to shake their heads, and to "hum!" and "haw!" For where was the fifty pounds to come from? And wasn't fifty pounds too much for the work of a few minutes? Think of it! Fifty pounds for just sitting in a boat and playing a tune on the pipe! It was ridiculous. So they said to the Piper, "Fifty pounds is too much—far too much. Will you not take twenty? Surely that is good pay for your work."

But the Piper replied, "Fifty pounds is what you promised, and you had better pay it quickly, for I can play other tunes as well." Then the mayor grew angry, and ordered him out of the village.

"Very well," said the Piper, smiling. "Just as you wish." So he placed his pipe to his lips again, and began playing as before. But this time it was not shrill keen notes; it was the sound of play and laughter.

Then out of their homes, and the school rooms, and from the playgrounds, ran all the children, laughing and shouting, and they followed



the Pied Piper down the long street. On they went, dancing and skipping, and joining hands. Down Gold Street and down Silver Street they went, and on into the cool, green forest, with its great oak trees, and wide-spreading beeches.

On went the Piper with his many-colored coat, and the children followed, until their voices grew faint, and died away in the distance.

All the while the old folks watched and waited. But the Piper never came back, nor were the voices of the children ever heard again in the streets.

People say that both Piper and children went to another land, where there were no rats and no greedy mayor, and that they danced and sang all the day, and never grew tired, and never felt sad.



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#### SUMMER AND WINTER

What are the bright eyes  
watching  
Under the Southern sun?  
Oh, the roses fair in the  
balmy air,  
And the vines that climb  
and run.

What are the bright eyes watching  
Under the Northern sky?  
Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,  
And the clouds go drifting by.

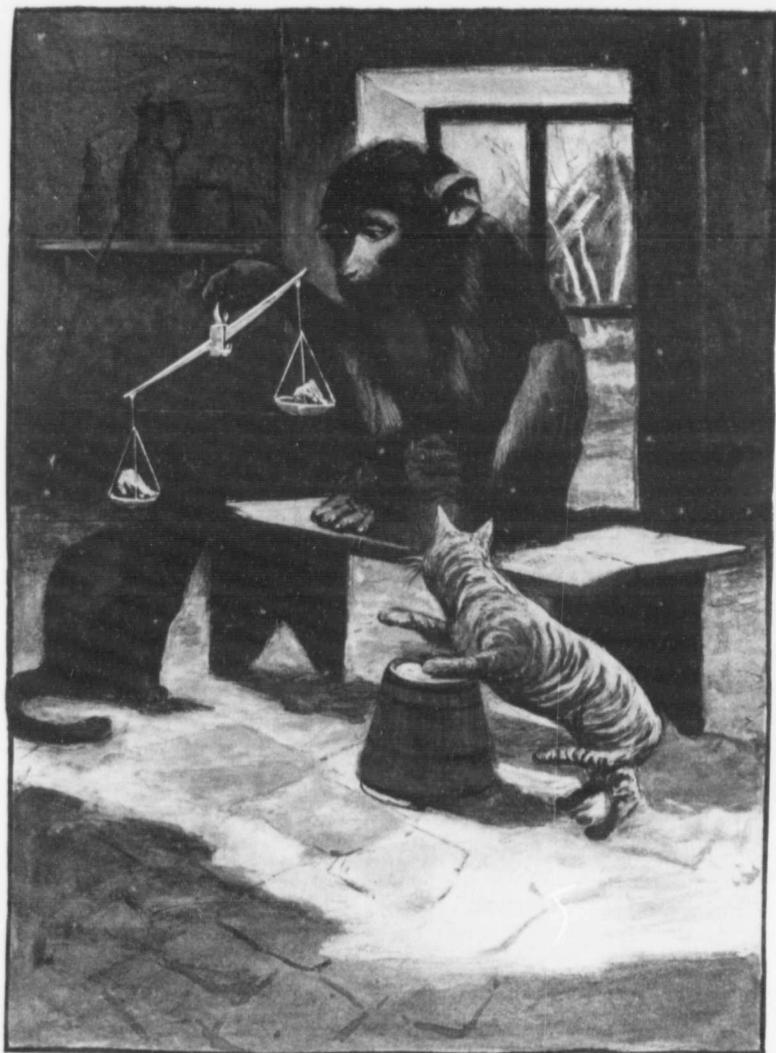
What are the children doing  
Alike in the cold and the heat?  
They are making life gay on the darkest  
day,  
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning  
Alike in the East and the West?  
That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land—  
That of all things, Love is best.

---

#### THE CATS THAT WENT TO LAW

Did you ever hear the fable of the cats that went to law? It seems they stole a piece of cheese and began to dispute as to how it should be divided. When they found they could not agree, they decided to bring the matter before the monkey, who should act as judge.



THE MONKEY'S COURT.

*Cramer.*

Now the monkey was wise and fair. He took a pair of scales, and placed a part of the cheese in each pan.

“Let me see!” he began. “This piece is too large.” So he bit off a good mouthful to make the shares equal.

“Ah!” he said, “now the other piece is too large.” Then he took another bite, and weighed once more. Still the shares were not equal.

“Stop! stop!” said the cats, who now saw how things were going. “Give each of us a piece and we shall be satisfied.”

“Oh, no!” said the monkey, “we must be just. The law is always just.” So he kept on nibbling, till the cheese was nearly all gone.

Then the cats begged him to take no further trouble. “Trouble!” said the monkey, “I am glad you mentioned it, for that reminds me, I must have some pay for my trouble.” And with that he crammed all that remained into his mouth, and broke up the court.



### BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful faces are they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there ;  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
Deeds that are noble, good, and true ;  
Busy with them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

## THE LARK AND THE FARMER

A FABLE

A lark once made her nest in a field of hay. It was an early summer, and she was afraid that the mowers would come to cut the hay before her young ones were able to fly to a place of safety. When she went away to look for food, she told her little ones to remember everything they heard the farmer say, and to tell her on her return.



When she was gone, the young larks heard the farmer say to his son, "I think this hay is ripe enough. Go to-morrow morning and ask our friends and neighbors to come and help us to cut it down."

Soon afterwards the mother-lark came back. Her little ones chirped round her, and told her

what the farmer had said, and asked her to remove them to a place of safety before the mowers came.

Their mother replied, "Fear not ; for if the farmer depends on his friends and neighbors, I am sure the hay will not be cut to-morrow."

Next day she went out again to seek for food, and left the same orders as before. The farmer came and waited, looking for his friends and neighbors ; but the sun rose high in the sky, and still nothing was done, for no one came to help him.

Then the farmer said to his son, "These friends and neighbors of ours have not come to help us. Go to your uncles and cousins, and ask them to come early to-morrow morning and help us to mow our hay."

The son went away and did so, and the young larks were in a great fright. They told this also to their mother.

"If that is all," said she, "do not be frightened, dears ; for uncles and cousins are

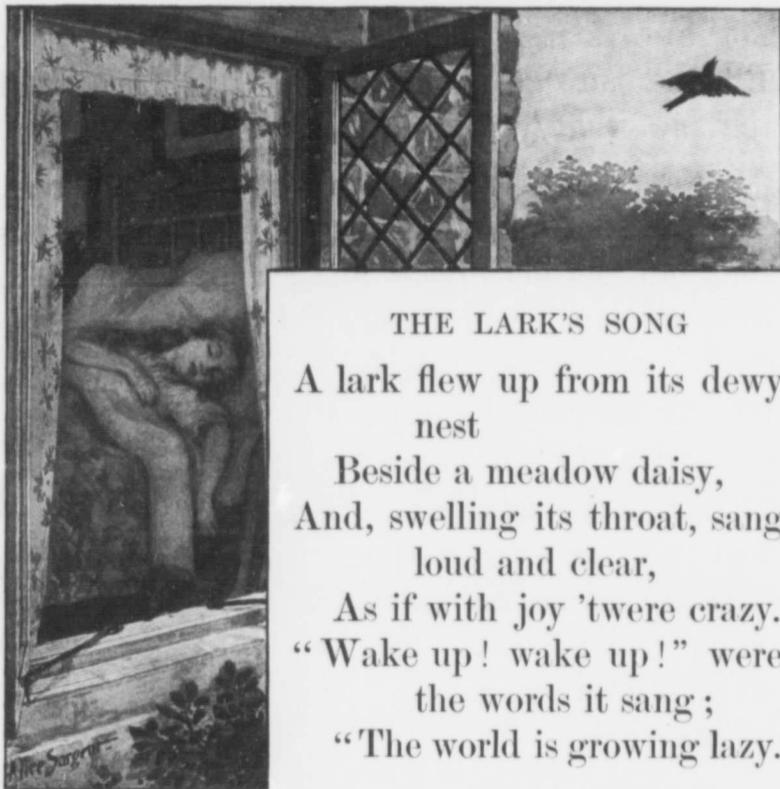
not always very ready to help one another. But be sure to listen again to-morrow, and tell me what you hear."

Next day she flew away as usual for food. The farmer came down to the field with his son, but neither uncles nor cousins were there to meet him. So he said, "Well, George, have two good scythes ready to-morrow morning, and we will cut down the hay ourselves!"

When the mother-lark was told this, she said, "Now it is time for us to be gone; for when a man does his own work himself, he is not likely to fail."



So saying, she and her young ones flew away to another field, and the hay was cut next day by the farmer and his son. They had learned what the lark knew already, that work is best and most quickly done when people help themselves.



### THE LARK'S SONG

A lark flew up from its dewy  
nest

Beside a meadow daisy,  
And, swelling its throat, sang  
loud and clear,

As if with joy 'twere crazy.  
“Wake up! wake up!” were  
the words it sang;

“The world is growing lazy.

“In through your window I peep and see  
A maiden soundly sleeping.  
Wake up, little girl! don't wait for the sun  
To begin his tardy creeping;  
Lest for unlearned lessons and tasks undone  
At eve you may be weeping.”

HARK! HARK! \*THE LARK

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty bin:  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise!

THE BROOK

From a fountain,  
In a mountain,  
Drops of water ran.  
Trickling through the  
grasses;  
So the brook began.  
Slow it started;  
Soon it darted,  
Cool and clear and free,  
Rippling over pebbles,  
Hurrying to the sea.





Children straying  
Came a-playing  
On its pretty banks ;  
Glad, our little brooklet  
Sparkled up its thanks.

Blossoms floating  
Mimic boating,  
Fishes darting past,  
Swift and strong and  
happy,  
Widening very fast.

Bubbling, singing,  
Rushing, ringing,  
Flecked with shade and  
sun,  
Soon our little brooklet  
To the sea has run.

---

#### THE WOODMAN'S AXE

Once upon a time an honest woodman lived with his wife and children in a small house in the woods. He was very poor,—so poor that he had to work from early morning

until late in the evening in order to keep his family from starving. They, too, worked with all their might, but still they were very poor.

One day as the woodman was working on the bank of a stream, his axe slipped from his hands and fell into the water. "Ah, me!" he cried; "it was very hard to get my living with my axe, but what shall I do now that it is



gone?" And he hid his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

Then he was aware of a bright light, and he heard a sweet voice that said, "Look up, my friend; why do you mourn so bitterly?"

"I have lost my axe," said the woodman; "my axe that I loved as a brother. Where shall I find another?"

Now you must know that it was the water-fairy who spoke to the woodman. No sooner had he finished his speech than the fairy was gone. Down she went to the bottom of the river, but immediately returned, bearing in her hand an axe of gold.

“Is this your axe?” she asked. But the woodman shook his head. “No, no! My axe was not so fine as that. That would buy mine a thousand times over; but it is not mine, it is not mine.”

Then the fairy sank beneath the water again. In a moment she re-appeared, bearing a silver axe. “Is this yours?” she asked again. “No, no!” said the woodman; “that is much finer than mine. Mine was made of iron.”

Then the fairy went down once more, and when she came back she carried in her arms the woodman's axe. “That is it!” he cried; “That is it!” “Yes,” said the fairy, “this is the honest axe with which you earn the bread

to feed your hungry children. Because you would not lie, the silver axe and the gold one shall both be yours." The woodman thanked the fairy, and hurried home to show his treasures to his family.

On the way he met a neighbor, a lazy man, who had spent all that he owned. "Good day!" said the neighbor; "where did you get those fine axes?" Then the woodman told him.

Away hurried the lazy man to try his luck at the river. Down went his axe into the water, and loudly he cried for help. The water-fairy came and asked him



the cause of his weeping. "I have lost my axe," he said; "I have lost my good axe."

The fairy sank beneath the water. Soon she brought up an axe of gold. "Is this your

axe?" she asked. "Yes," he cried, greedily, "that is mine ; I know it so well."

"You dishonest rogue!" said the fairy ; "this is my axe, not yours. I shall take it home with me, but you must dive for your own if you wish to get it."



#### DISCONTENT

Down in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near this buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig  
and tall,  
She always had a pas-  
sion  
For wearing frills around  
her neck,  
In just the daisies'  
fashion.



And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color;  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

“Dear Robin,” said the sad young flower,  
“Perhaps you’d not mind trying  
To find a nice, white frill for me,  
Some day when you are flying?”

“You silly thing,” the robin said,  
“I think you must be crazy:  
I’d rather be my honest self,  
Than any made-up daisy.

“ You’re nicer in your own bright gown,  
The little children love you ;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you.

“ Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
We’d better keep our places ;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies.

“ Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here, where you are growing.”





### THE STORY OF ECHO

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, the people who lived on this beautiful earth told strange stories to one another, and believed many curious things.

Among other things, they believed that a beautiful race of beings called nymphs lived everywhere in the woods and streams, and shared the life of the trees and brooks. The fairest of these was Echo, and her voice was the sweetest of all.

One day Echo displeased Queen Juno. Now, you must know, Juno had wonderful power. She could change a nymph to a stone, or a fountain, or a breeze. And she said to Echo,—

“You may keep your sweet voice, if you like, but you shall have nothing else. And you shall never speak first. You can only answer when others speak to you.”

Poor Echo! She became thin and pale, and thinner and paler, until at last Queen Juno's word became true. Only her voice was left.

She wandered from place to place in the woods, unseen, and heard only when others spoke.

On a quiet evening you may hear her, if you walk near some high rock where she loves to hide. Call to her, and she will answer.

“Where are you?” you may ask.

“Where are you?” she will reply.

“Are you Echo?”

“Echo!” she answers.

“Come to me!” you cry.

“Come to me!” she replies.

“I like you,” you say to her.

“I like you,” Echo repeats.

Now a very curious thing is true. Echo always answers in the same tone in which you



CHICKS.

*A. J. Eoley.*

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speak to her. If you sing, she sings back to you. If you shout, she shouts to you again. If you cry, she cries, too. If you are cross and ill-natured, she will be cross and ill-natured, too.



Two boys once went into the woods to find Echo. They could not hear her voice, although they called and called. At last one of them cried impatiently, "You are a mean old cheat!"

Quick as thought came back the cross reply, "You are a mean old cheat!" The other boy cried quickly, "He didn't mean that." The same tone came back in Echo's reply, "He didn't mean that."

When the boys told their mother what had happened, she smiled, and said, "That happens the world over. Gentle words will bring forth gentle words, and harsh tones will be echoed by harsh tones."



### A SUMMER DAY

This is the way the morning dawns :  
    Rosy tints on flowers and trees,  
    Winds that wake the birds and bees,  
Dew-drops on the flowers and lawns—  
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :  
    Gold on brooks and grass and leaves,  
    Mists that melt above the sheaves,  
Vine and rose and buttercup—  
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the rain comes down :  
    Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,  
    Over roof and chimney-top ;  
Boughs that bend, and clouds that frown—  
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows :  
Here a whirl, and there a dance,  
Slowly now, then, like a lance,  
Swiftly to the sea it goes—  
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the daylight dies :  
Cows are lowing in the lane,  
Fire-flies wink o'er hill and plain,  
Yellow, red, and purple skies—  
This is the way the daylight dies.



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A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY

Have you heard the waters  
singing,  
Little May,  
Where the willows green are  
bending  
O'er their way?  
Do you know how low and  
sweet,  
O'er the pebbles at their feet,  
Are the words the waves  
repeat,  
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,  
    Little one,  
When the rosy dawn is breaking—  
    When 'tis done?  
Have you heard the wooing breeze  
In the blossomed orchard trees,  
And the drowsy hum of bees  
    In the sun?  
All the earth is full of music,  
    Little May—  
Bird, and bee, and water singing  
    On its way.  
Let their silver voices fall  
On thy heart with happy call,  
“Praise the Lord, who loveth all,  
    Night and day,”  
    Little May.



## THE ANXIOUS LEAF



Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves do when a gentle wind is about.

“What is the matter, little leaf?” said the twig.

“The wind has just told me that some day it will pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground,” sobbed the little leaf.

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: “Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you wish it.”

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig



shook itself; and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long, and till October. And, when the bright rays of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant.

And the tree said: "All the leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to wish to fly away too, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it.

When it was very gay in all its colors it saw that the branches had no color in them, and so it said: "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color and we so red and golden?" The branches answered softly: "We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your

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clothes are for a holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air; and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

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ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy who was half-past three;  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he,  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.



They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple tree ;  
And the game that they played, I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be,  
With an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding  
In guesses One, Two, Three.

“You are in the china closet!”

He would cry, and laugh with glee.  
It wasn't the china closet;  
But he still had Two and Three.

“You are up in Papa's big bedroom  
In the chest with the queer old key!”  
And she said “You are *warm* and *warmer*,  
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“It can't be the little cupboard  
Where Mamma's things used to be,  
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma,”  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding  
With a One, and a Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places  
Right under the maple tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady  
And the boy with the lame little knee,  
This dear, dear, dear old lady  
And the boy who was half-past three.



### THE THREE BEARS

A very long time ago, there was a bold, rude little girl, who lived in a far off country. The village people called her Silverlocks, because her curly hair was so light and shiny. She was a sad romp, and so full of her pranks, that her parents could never keep her quiet at home.

One day when she had been told not to go out, she trotted off into a wood, to string

necklaces of blossoms, to chase the bees, and to pull wild roses; and she ran about from place to place, until at last she came to a lonely spot, where she saw a pretty-looking small house. Finding the door a little way open, and the parlor window also, she peeped in, but could see no one; and slyly she laughed to think what fine fun she would have before the good folks came back. So she made up her mind to go boldly into the house and look about her.

Now it chanced that a family of three bears was living in this house. The first was the great papa, called Rough Bruin, from his thick, shaggy coat; the second was a smaller bear, called Mrs. Bruin, and sometimes Mammy Muff, from her soft fur; the third was a little funny brown bear, their own dear pet, called Tiny. The house was empty when little Silverlocks found it out, because the bears had all gone out for a morning walk. Before going from home, the great bear had told Mrs.



Bruin to rub down Tiny's face, and make him tidy, while he was busy in brushing his own hair, so that all three might have a pleasant walk in the woods, while the rich rabbit-soup, which they were to have for dinner, cooled upon the table in the parlor. When they were all ready they went out for their walk, and they left both the door and the window a little open.

In the bears' house there was only a parlor and a bedroom, and when that saucy puss, Silverlocks, threw open the door and went in, she found there was a pleasant smell, as if something nice had just been cooked, and on looking in the parlor she saw three jars of steaming soup standing on the table—dinner having been got ready for the three bears by Mrs. Bruin. There was a big black jar quite full of soup for Rough Bruin, a smaller white jar of soup for Mammy Muff, and a little blue jar for Tiny, and with every jar there was a deep wooden spoon. The little girl was now as hungry as she was full of mischief, and felt quite glad when she saw the soup-jars on the table. It did not take her long to make up her mind how to act—taste the nice-smelling soup she would, happen what might. It would, she thought, be such good fun; she would then run home again, and have a fine tale to tell old Mike the groom—one that would make him laugh till Christmas; for that silly fellow, too, liked mischief, and taught

Silverlocks all sorts of foolish tricks, and laughed at all her naughty ways, which was surely not the best plan to correct her faults, and make a good child of her.

After looking outside to see that no one was coming, she began first to taste the soup in Rough Bruin's great jar, but it was so very hot with pepper that it burned her mouth and throat. Then she tried Mammy Muff's jar, but the soup was too salt—there was no bread in it either, and she did not like it at all. Then she tried Tiny's soup, and she found it was just to her taste, and had nice bits of white bread in it. So she thought she would have it and run all risks. Now, before the little wilful child sat down to eat Master Tiny's soup, she looked for a seat, and saw there were three chairs in the room. One, a very large oak chair, was the great bear's seat; another of a smaller size, with a velvet cushion, was Mrs. Bruin's chair; and a little chair with a rush bottom belonged to the little bear Tiny. These chairs Silverlocks tried all in turn. She could not sit in

the very large chair, it was so hard ; she did not like the smaller chair, it was too soft ; but the little chair with the rush bottom, she found to be very nice, indeed. It was just the thing. So she sat down in it with the jar upon her knees, and began to enjoy herself. She dipped and dipped again, eating away till she had eaten up all the soup in the little blue jar. She did not leave one bit or drop of either bread, meat, or soup for the poor little bear, who at that very minute was begging the old folks to go home to their dinner—for indeed all three were hungry enough after their walk.

Just as Silverlocks had taken the last spoonful of soup and had got up on the chair, to put the jar back upon the table, the bottom of the chair fell out, and she tumbled on the floor. But she was not hurt, and the little mad-cap jumped up and danced around the broken chair, thinking it all fine fun. She then began to wonder where the stairs could lead to, so up she went into the bedroom,

where the bears used to sleep, and there she saw three beds side by side. Now one of these was a large bed for the big bear; there was also a smaller bed for Mrs. Bruin, and a nice little bed for Master Tiny. Being sleepy, she thought she would lie down and have a bit of a nap. So, after taking off her shoes, she first jumped on the largest bed, but it was made so high at the top that she could not lie on it; she then tried the next bed, but that was too high at the foot; but she found the little bear's bed to be just right, so she got snugly into it. She let her cheek rest gently on the soft pillow, and watched the vine nodding in at a broken window pane, and the blue-fly buzzing about in the fold of the curtain, till she fell fast asleep, and dreamed about the same thing over and over again, often laughing in her sleep too, because the dream was all about her breaking the little chair.

While she was dreaming away, the bears came home very tired and hungry, and went to

look after their soup. The big bear cried out in a loud, angry voice :

“WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?”

Mammy Muff next said in a loud voice too, but not so gruffly as Rough Bruin :

“WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?”

But when the little bear saw his jar lying empty on the table, he bit his paws for grief, and asked over and over again, with his shrill little voice :

*“Who has meddled with my soup?”*

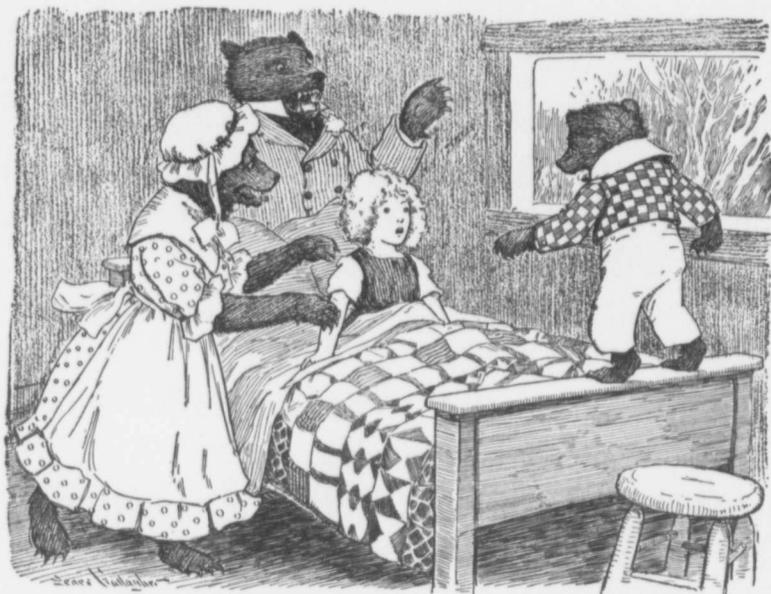
Soon after the big bear, with a voice of thunder, said :

“WHO HAS BEEN IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?”

And Mrs. Bruin grumbled out :

“WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?”

But poor Tiny was more angry than either of them, and sadly sobbed as he cried :



*“Who has been sitting in my little chair,  
and broken it?”*

They now looked about below-stairs, feeling sure there was some one in the house, and then up-stairs they all went, snuffing and grunting in a very bad humor.

Said the great bear in a fury :

**“SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY  
BED AND RUMPLED IT!”**

Then said Mammy Muff:

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED AND RUMPLED IT!”

Tiny next mounted a stool, and jumped on the foot of his own small bed. In a moment he squeaked out:

“*Some one has been on my bed—and here she is; oh, here she is!*” And he opened his mouth, and looked as fierce and as wicked as could be at Silverlocks.

The little girl had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, but the shrill, piercing tones of Tiny's voice waked her right up, and she was startled enough to find herself nose to nose with the angry little bear, and she was still more afraid, when she also saw two great bears in the room. Now the great bear had, very well for her, opened the window. So she quickly slid off the bed, and flew across the room, took one jump—at the opened sash, and dropped upon the turf below. She rolled

over and over on coming to the ground, but up again she soon got, for, on looking at the open window, she saw the three bears staring wildly at her, and making a great noise. When the little busy-body safely reached home, she got a severe scolding for her pains. She never forgot the fright which the sight of the three bears had given her, and so she took good care, ever after, to keep away from places where she had no right to go, and also to avoid meddling with things that did not belong to her.





THE MISSION OF A ROSE

Only a rosebud kissed by the dew,  
Out in a garden fair it grew,  
Loved by the sunshine, wooed by the wind,  
Yet to be out in the world it pined.

Roses around it had gone away,  
Here all alone it was doomed to stay ;  
Ah! said the rosebud, could I go too,  
Some loving work in the world to do.

One summer morn came a maiden there  
Seeking a flower, a flower to wear ;  
Spied out the bud, amid green leaves curled,  
Gathered and bore it out in the world.  
There in her simple dress it lay,  
Hearing her heart beat all the day,  
“ Ah ! ” said the rosebud, “ Now let me break  
Into a rose, for her sweet sake.”

But still a bud it was given away,  
A sick child saw it from where she lay,  
It brought to the pale sad face a smile,  
Pain was forgotten just for a while.  
“ Now, ” said the rosebud, “ Let me bloom, ”  
And its fragrance floated across the room ;  
The bud was a rose at dawn of day,  
But the soul of the child had passed away.



### THE KING AND THE GOOSE BOY

It was a bright sunny afternoon when King Joseph of Bavaria left his palace and wandered into the park alone. When he reached a quiet spot he sat down, and taking a book from his pocket began to read.

He read until the sound of the wind in the trees made him feel drowsy. Then he placed the book on the seat beside him, and was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke, he continued his walk through the park, and passed into a meadow which bordered on a pretty little lake.

Suddenly he thought of his book. He did not wish to walk back for it himself, so he looked about for a messenger. No one was in sight but a boy of twelve years, who was keeping a flock of geese.

“My boy,” said the king, “on such a bench in the park you will find a little book that I was reading. Go and bring it to me and you shall have a dollar.”

The boy did not know the king, but he thought that no man in his senses would offer a dollar for such a small service. So he simply glanced upwards and said, “Do you think I’m a fool?”

“Do you think I am making fun of you?” asked the king. “Of course you are,” said the boy. “Nobody would give a dollar for so little work as that.”

“Here, then, is the dollar,” said the king. “Now, perhaps you will go.” The boy took the money, and his eyes sparkled, for he

never had so much silver in his hand before. Still he did not move.

“Why do you not go?” asked the king. “I am in a hurry.” The boy took off his hat and stammered out, “I should like to go, but I dare not. If my geese were to get away I should be dismissed.”



“Never mind!” said the king. “I will look after the geese while you are away.”

“You?” said the boy, looking at the stranger from head to foot; “you would make a fine goose-keeper. Why, they would run away down the hill into the water, and then I should have a pretty time of it. Look at that old fellow with the black head. He belongs to the king’s gardener, and he is a brute to manage. He would run away before you could turn around.”



"HE WON'T HURT YOU."

“But I can manage people,” said the king, “and surely I could manage a flock of geese.” “Ah!” said the lad, “then you are perhaps a schoolmaster. But boys and girls are easier to manage than these geese.”

The king could not keep from laughing, but he told the boy he would pay for any damage to the geese. So the little fellow started off, after putting his whip into the king's hand.



But he soon stopped and ran back. “What now?” enquired the king. “Why! crack the whip!” shouted the boy. “Crack the whip! or they will all be away.” So the king tried and tried, but couldn't make the least sound.

“Well, you are a fine one!” said the boy. “You want to keep geese and can't crack a whip!”

So he snatched the whip from the king, and swinging it round made it crack and crack again, until all the geese closed in together and began to eat the sweet grass. "That is the way now," said the little fellow. "Now try it!" So the king tried again, and after a time could make the whip sound a little. Then the boy went off at full speed.

No sooner was he gone than the geese appeared to know it. The big fellow with the black head gave two or three screeches, and then up the whole flock rose in a body, and half-running, half-flying, were soon settled in the middle of the lake.

The king shouted, but it was of no use. He tried to crack the whip, but he couldn't make it sound. He ran here and there, but only succeeded in driving the birds farther into the lake. Then overcome with heat, he threw himself on the grass and laughed loud and long.



THE EVENING MEAL.

*Knaus.*

By permission Berlin Photographic Co., New York.

When the boy returned with the book, he was both hot and angry. "I knew you couldn't mind them," he said. "Now I am in for trouble. But you must help me to get them together again." So he showed the king how to call, and how to wave his arms. Then after a long time they chased the geese out of the lake, into the meadow.

Then said the boy, "No one will ever get me to leave my geese again—not even the king." "Quite right, my boy," said the king, handing him another dollar. "The king will never ask to take care of them again, for you see I myself am the king."

It was now the boy's turn to look amazed. Taking off his hat, he thanked the king for his kindness, but remarked, "I am very sorry to have talked to you as I did, but even a king can't manage geese if he hasn't learned how."



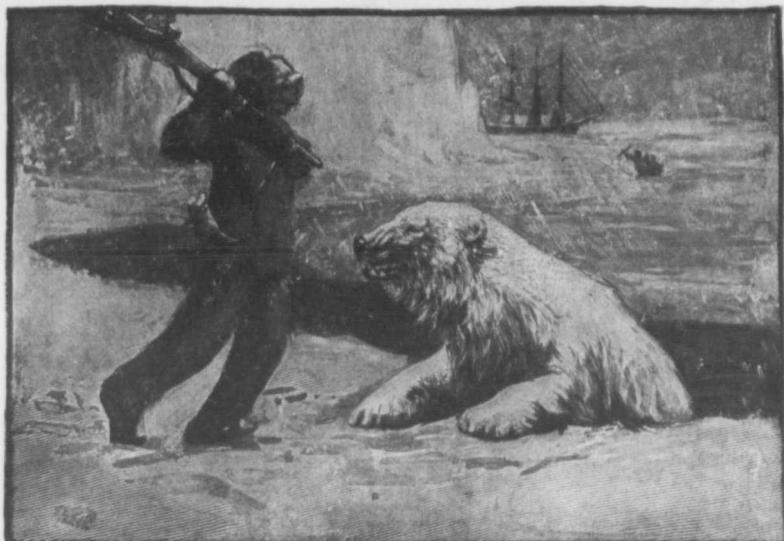
### SUMMER RAIN

O gentle, gentle summer rain,  
Let not the silver lily pine,  
The drooping lily pine in vain,  
To feel that dewy touch of thine,  
To drink thy freshness once again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;  
The cattle pant beneath the trees ;  
Through parching air and purple skies,  
The earth looks up in vain for thee ;  
For thee, for thee it looks in vain,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,  
And soften all the hills with mist ;  
O falling dew, from burning dreams,  
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,  
And earth shall bless thee yet again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain.





#### LORD NELSON'S BOYHOOD

When Lord Nelson was a boy he went as a midshipman on board a vessel commanded by his uncle, on a cruise of discovery in the Arctic ocean.

One day a party was sent out on a large field of ice to try to shoot seals or other animals for fresh meat. Young Nelson went with them.

They had been out some time when they noticed that Horatio was missing. They could not see him anywhere.

At length they heard the report of a gun, and running in the direction of the sound, they found that he had wounded a great white bear, but that he had only slightly disabled it.

Fortunately for him there was a large crack in the ice between him and the bear, and as often as the bear tried to jump across this crack, young Nelson struck him with his musket, and knocked him back.

The whole party ran towards him, and arrived just in time. The boy in making a hard blow at the bear slipped and fell, and his gun fell from his hands.

In a moment the angry beast had bounded across the chasm and was about to kill the defenceless lad, when one of the men fired and saved the too daring boy.

His uncle was at first very angry, and scolded Horatio for his folly; but he could not help admiring his bravery.



HORATIO NELSON.

“Why did you go alone to attack a bear?” he asked.

“I wanted to get the skin for my father,” the boy answered.

Then the captain’s voice grew tender, and taking his nephew’s hand, he said: “Were

you not afraid, Horatio?”

“What is meant by being afraid, uncle?” the boy asked.

His uncle tried to make him understand what fear is, but the brave boy could not understand him fully, because he had never felt fear.

The enemies of England found, when he became a man, that Lord Nelson was never afraid of them, and his sailors were always brave when they had their darling hero to lead them.

## HOW THE INDIAN KNEW

One day an Indian came back from a trip to his traps, and noticed, when he reached his wigwam, that a deer that had hung inside had been stolen. He at once set to work to find the thief.

Following the trail left by the evil-doer, the Indian soon met a party of white men. He asked if they had seen a little old man, lame and white, who had a short gun. The Indian added that the man he was seeking was followed by a small bobtailed dog, and carried a deer. Such a man, he said, had stolen the deer from his wigwam.

“Why did you not seize the thief when you saw him?” said they.

“I did not see him,” answered the Indian.

“How, then, do you know that he is little, and old, and lame, and white, and has a short gun, and is followed by a little bobtailed dog?” asked they.

“I know that he is short,” replied the Indian, “because he piled up stones to stand on when he took down the meat. He must be old, because his steps are short, as is shown by his tracks. His gun, I know, is short, for I found the place where he had leaned it against a sapling while he was taking down the deer, and the muzzle left a scratch on the bark near the ground. The dog, sitting down in the sand, left the print of a stumpy tail. I knew the master was white by the tracks of his boots, for Indians wear moccasins, and do not turn out their toes when walking; and I knew that he was lame, because the steps of the left foot were shorter than those of the right, as was shown by the footprints.”

And the Indian passed on in pursuit of the one who had robbed him.

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