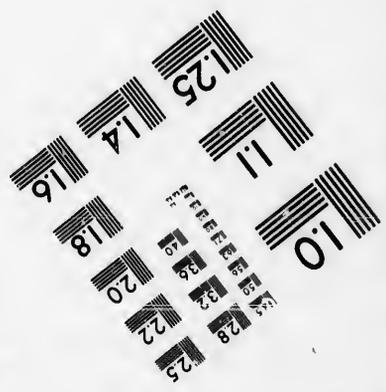
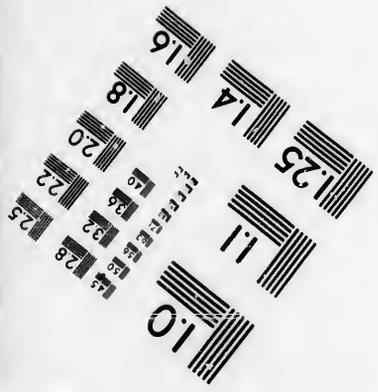
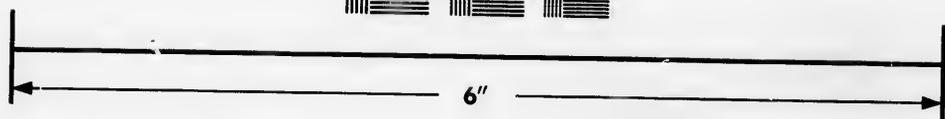
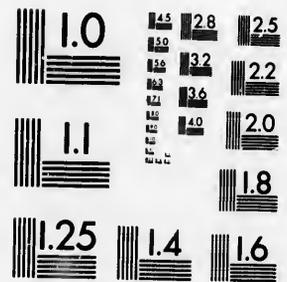


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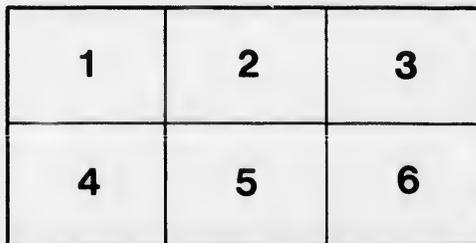
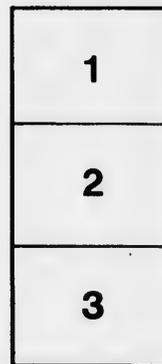
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New Brunswick Readers.

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THE  
SECOND  
READER

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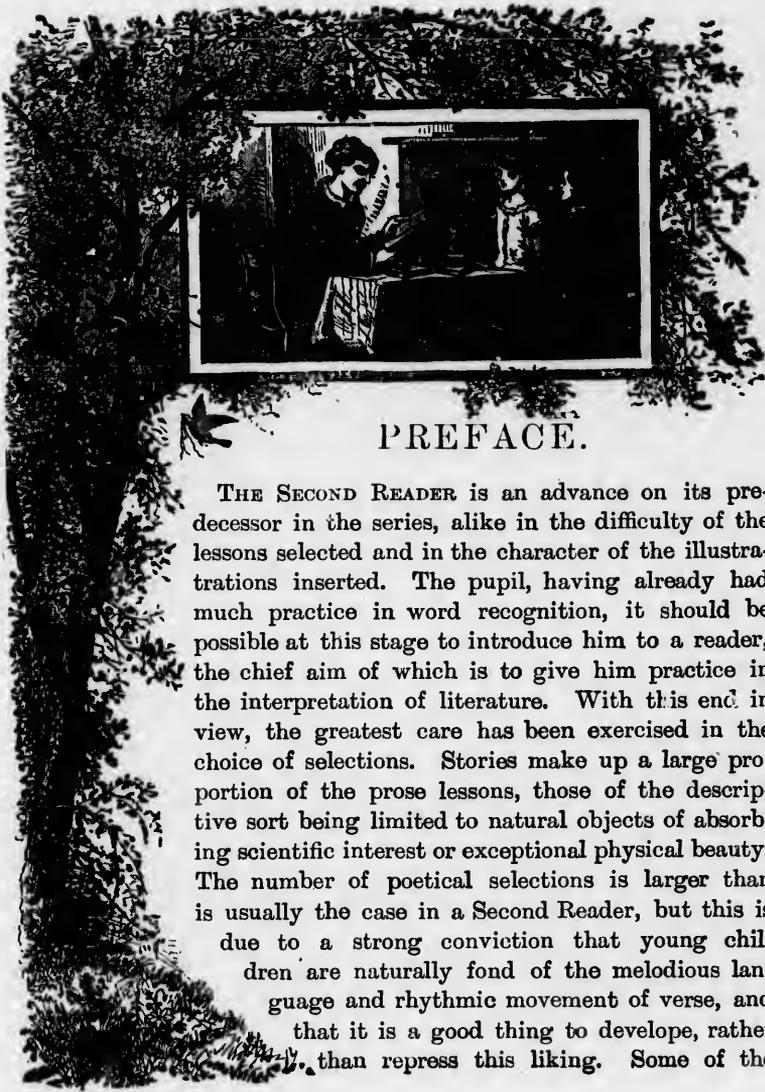
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### PREFACE.

THE SECOND READER is an advance on its predecessor in the series, alike in the difficulty of the lessons selected and in the character of the illustrations inserted. The pupil, having already had much practice in word recognition, it should be possible at this stage to introduce him to a reader, the chief aim of which is to give him practice in the interpretation of literature. With this end in view, the greatest care has been exercised in the choice of selections. Stories make up a large proportion of the prose lessons, those of the descriptive sort being limited to natural objects of absorbing scientific interest or exceptional physical beauty. The number of poetical selections is larger than is usually the case in a Second Reader, but this is due to a strong conviction that young children are naturally fond of the melodious language and rhythmic movement of verse, and that it is a good thing to develope, rather than repress this liking. Some of the

poems that find a place in this book are well-known classics, but while others may be less familiar, some of them are not less meritorious.

To many of the lessons exercises and questions of different sorts have been appended. These are intended to be suggestive, not exhaustive. The skilful or observant teacher, can easily vary them at will, or devise others entirely different. To leave room for the exercise of this kind of ingenuity, many of the lessons have been inserted without any questions or exercises at all.

That there is a great deal of bad oral reading in public schools is a long standing and wide-spread complaint. The most prevalent cause of this defect, is the habit many teachers have of asking pupils to read what they do not understand. This might be avoided if proper care were taken to have them not merely comprehend but feel what they read, and the best way to secure so indispensable a preliminary condition is to question them thoroughly on each lesson before they are permitted to read it aloud.

Every selection should be dealt with as a whole in using it as a reading lesson, and it should be prescribed, without previous explanations, for three different purposes: (1) The pupils should be asked to make out its general sense for themselves, so as to be able to answer general questions on it with their books closed; (2) they should be asked to prepare it more carefully, so as to be able to answer the most minute and searching questions in the precise words or phrases of the selection, with the books open; (3) they should be asked to prepare it for reading aloud, the best preparation being oral reading in private with a constant effort to realize what is read. Children trained in some such way will never fall into the monotonous and sing-song reading which is so general and so objectionable.

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9

A  
SECOND READER.



INDUSTRY.

*August 10, 1912*

1) How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

2) How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neat she spreads the wax;  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

3) In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.



## THE MOTHERS. ✓

A SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Nim'-ble, very quick and active.  
Dote on, be very fond of.

Ex-ceed'-ing-ly, very much.  
Lamb'-kin, a young lamb.

Sped, hurried.

① I was walking on the green hills one  
fine summer day; and the sheep were happy,  
feeding all around me. I heard a mother-  
sheep say:

*Sped Aug 11, 1912*

② "There is nothing so sweet in all the world as my little lamb. He has nimble feet, bright eyes, and such pretty white wool. The robin has four children, and I have only one; but I love my one better than she loves all her four."

③ And she lay down with her lamb on the hill-side; and the two went to sleep close together in the warm sun.

④ When I got home, I saw our old gray cat with her three kittens. And she too was saying something to herself.

⑤ It was this: "My three kittens are the prettiest little things in the whole world. Their fur is so soft, and their tails are so pretty, that I cannot love them enough. I cannot tell which is the prettiest."

⑥ And she lay down with them by the fireside; and the mother and her three kittens all went to sleep together.

⑦ Then I went out to the farm-yard, and there I saw an old hen with ten chickens. She was looking about for corn and seeds;

and when she found one, she cried "cluck, cluck, cluck," and the chickens came running up.

8) I heard her, too, talking; and this was what she said: "The sun, which sees everything, never saw anything so pretty as my chickens. The ewe loves her lamb; the cat loves her kittens; but I love my chickens better than they love their children.

9) "Come, my sweet little chickens, come and nestle snugly under my wings; and there you will be safe and warm." So all the chickens ran up to their mother, and went to bed under her wide, soft wings, and fell asleep.

*Aug 13, 1912*  
10) As I walked over the hills one day,  
I stopped, and heard a mother-sheep say:  
"In all the green world there is nothing  
so sweet

As my little lamb with his nimble feet,  
With his eyes so bright,  
And his wool so white:

Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight.



11. "The robin, she  
That sings in the tree,  
May dearly dote on her darlings four;  
But I love my one little lambkin more."  
And the mother-sheep and her little one  
Side by side lay down in the sun,  
And they went to sleep on the hill-side  
warm,  
As a child goes to sleep on its mother's  
arm.

12. I went to the kitchen, and what did I see?  
But the gray old cat with her kittens  
three.

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light.

I heard her softly whisper — said she:  
“ My kittens with tails all so nicely curled,  
Are the prettiest things in the wide, wide  
world.

13.

“ The bird on the tree,  
And the old ewe, she  
May love her baby exceedingly;  
But I love my kittens with all my might,  
I love them by morning, by noon, and by  
night.”

14.

I went to the yard and saw the old  
hen  
Go clucking about with chickens ten.  
She clucked, and she scratched, and she  
talked away;  
And what do you think I heard the hen  
say?  
I heard her say: “ The sun never did  
shine  
On anything like these chickens of mine.

15.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves  
her lamb;

But they do not know what a proud  
mother I am;  
Nor for lambs nor for kittens will I part  
with these,  
Though the sheep and the cat should go  
down on their knees:  
No, no! not though  
The kittens could crow,  
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could  
go.

16. "My own dear darlings! my sweet little  
things!  
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."  
So the hen said,  
And the chickens all sped  
As fast as they could to their nice feather  
bed;  
And there let them sleep, in their feathers  
so warm,  
While my little chick nestles here snug  
on my arm.

AUNT MARY. •

QUESTIONS. — 1. What did the mother-sheep say about her  
lamb? 2. What did she say he was better than? 3. Where

6

SECOND READER.

did they lie down to sleep? 4. How many kittens had the old gray cat? 5. What kind of tails had they? 6. Which of them did she love best? 7. How many chickens had the old hen? 8. What did she say about them? 9. What would she not exchange them for? 10. Where do the chickens nestle? 11. What line rhymes with: *As I walked over the hills one day?* (Other lines may be given.)

EXERCISES.—1. Write the line:

*They nestle under her wings.*

2. Pronounce and learn to spell:

Nim'-ble	Kitch'-en	Pret'-ti-est	Yel'-low
De-light'	Speak'-ing	Chick'-ens	Cos'-i-ly
Lamb'-kin	Ex-ceed'-ing-ly	Talked	Feath'-ers.

3. Write down all the words that rhyme in the first and second verses.

4. Write down all the words that have in them an *ay*; an *ow*; and an *ou*.

---

AN ICE HILL.

① The weather had been for some time very cold, and the snow lay on the ground more than a foot deep. Every night there had been frost, and this had made the surface of the snow hard and smooth. At a short distance from a little village there was a high and steep hill covered with snow; and a number of

little boys thought they would like to go and slide down.

② So they made little sleighs of wood, with wooden runners, cut round in front so as to let them glide smoothly and rapidly over



the snow. They trailed their sleighs to the top of the hill, set them on the edge, sat down upon them, gave themselves a little push, and then away they went down to the foot.

③ Then they walked up again, trailing their sleighs after them by a string: then sat down

and off once more to the foot of the hill. And all of them looked like rosy-cheeked ~~apples~~—their eyes, too, bright with fun and glee and high spirits.

④ Sometimes one tumbled off, and away his sleigh shot without him; sometimes the sleigh turned right round, and both tumbled into the deeper snow; sometimes one sleigh knocked against another, and both turned over and pitched off their riders. This has just happened in the picture! One boy has fallen on his face, and the other is trying to jump out of the way.

1. Pronounce and learn to spell:

Vil'-lage	Ro'-sy-cheeked (cheekt)	Knocked (knockt)
Sleigh	Bright	Pitched (pitcht)
Trail'-ing	Tum'-bled	Pic'-ture

2. Show the difference between: *High* and *steep*; *slide* and *glide*; *went* and *shot*; *knocked* and *pitched*; *fun* and *glee*.

3. Explain the following phrases: (1) A foot deep. (2) Cut round in front. (3) Off once more. (4) His sleigh shot without him. (5) Pitched off their riders. (6) This has just happened.

4. Tell the story in your own words.

4  
Ottawa, July 25, 1899.

Dear Annie,

Aug. 17, 1912

Here I am, in Ottawa.

I wish that you were with me. This is a beautiful city, and I am sure you would enjoy yourself very much here.

I visited the Parliament Buildings to-day. They are on a high bluff, and occupy three sides of a square. The view from the main tower is very fine.

Give my love to Lucy.

Your sincere friend,

Sena.



## BOSE AND SAM.

1 Bose lived at Squire Horton's on the hill. He was a large, gray dog. Sam was a small terrier, and his home was in the village.

2 One day Bose was near Sam's house, when he all at once grew sick.

3 Little Sam came up, and I think he asked Bose how he felt, for soon Bose rose up and tried to walk home.

4 Sam ran by his side, and now and then jumped and barked as if to help poor Bose

to bear his pain. Bose lay down to rest two or three times, and Sam lay down with him.

At last they reached Squire Horton's, and Sam barked till Jane came to the door and took care of Bose. Then Sam ran home.

The day after he came to see Bose and cheer him up. He came again the next day, and ran about the house and the barn, but could not find his friend.

Poor Bose was dead. After a time Sam found his grave, and there he lay down and howled. But soon he went back to his home, and he did not go to Squire Horton's any more.

EXERCISES. — 1. Pronounce and spell:

Jump'-ed	Vil'-lage	Grew	Reached
Ter'-ri-er	Squire	A'gain	Friend.

2. Say something about *home, barn, grave, hill, village, friend.*





THE LITTLE SNOW-SHOVELLER.

- Dec 21, 1912*
- ① Merrily whistling along the street,  
 With his little nose, his hands and feet  
 Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,  
 His curly hair by the rude wind *tost,*
- tost*

Donald Crawford

SECOND READER.

23

Armed with his shovel, goes Ned Magee;  
In search of some work, of course, is he.

2) Brave little chap! 't is little he cares  
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he  
dares

With a merry face and a merry song,  
As through the snow he paddles along —  
This blue-eyed lad — o'er the slippery  
street,

Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

3) Give him ten cents and see him work:  
Ned is not a bit of a shirk;  
In goes his shovel with might and main,  
Making the snow fly off like rain, —  
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,  
Till your walk is made all clean and nice.

4) They, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,  
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes;  
Merrily whistling on his way,  
His boyish heart so happy and gay,  
That neither for wind nor frost cares he, —  
This little snow-shoveller, Ned Magee.

## THE TWO SENSIBLE GOATS. ✓

1) Two kind goats lived together. They always lived in peace and tried to help each other. When one goat was ill, the other brought him green herbs from a field far off; and the sick goat ate the herbs, and they cured him.



2) The other goat had a pretty little kid, which she loved dearly. One day, when the goat had gone out, a rude boy came to take the kid: but the goat which had been ill, and had got better, poked the boy with his

horns, drove him away, and took care of the kid till its mother came home.

3) Once, when the two goats were traveling, they met on the middle of a very narrow bridge, but they did not push one another into the water. No! They stood still a moment, to try whether they could go back safely.

4) When they found they could not, one of them went down on his knees on the bridge, and let the other walk over his back.

The goat which had to walk over the other, took care to walk softly, and not to hurt so kind a friend.

And so they both got safely over; and all who knew them loved the two kind goats.

QUESTIONS. — 1. When one of the two kind goats was ill, what did the other do? 2. What happened to the kid of one of the goats? 3. What did the other goat do? 4. Where did these two goats meet? 5. What did they do first? 6. When they found they could not go back, what did they do? 7. What did the goat who had to walk over the other take care to do?

EXERCISE. — Pronounce and learn to spell:

Al'ways	Trav'el-ling	An-oth'er	Safe'ly
Dear'-ly	Ill'-nat-ured	Mo'-ment	Soft'-ly

MAY.



1. Welcome, welcome,  
lovely May!

Breath so sweet,  
and smiles so gay;

Sun, and dew,  
and gentle showers,

Welcome, welcome,  
month of flowers!

2. Welcome, violets,  
sweet and blue,

Drinking - cups  
of morning dew!

Welcome, lambs  
so full of glee!

Welcome, too, my busy bee!

3. Birdies sing on every spray,  
"Welcome, sunshine! welcome, May!"  
Many a pretty flower uncloses,  
And the garden smells of roses.

T. D. MILLER.



## HAROLD'S SQUIRREL.

Harold caught a young gray squirrel in the woods. He brought him home, and named him Bobby. He put him into a

cage. Bobby ran to the farther corner and seemed to be frightened.

② Harold tried to coax him to eat some sweet apple, but Bobby would not eat a mouthful. Harold put some peanuts into the cage, but Bobby would not eat one.

③ His mother told him to leave Bobby alone for a while, and he would feel better; so Harold did not go near the cage again that night.

④ The next morning Bobby was hungry. Harold gave him a good breakfast. In a few days he was quite tame. He soon began to turn the wheel, and he made it go very fast.

⑤ He had a little room in the top of his cage to sleep in, and he had a piece of flannel for his bed. When he was frightened, or the boys teased him, he would run up into his chamber and hide.

⑥ After a little while Harold let him out of the cage every day. He would follow Harold all about the house. He would sit

on his shoulder and eat nuts. When Bobby had eaten all the nuts he wanted, he would hide the rest under the door-mat, and pat them down with his feet.

⑦ Harold could hug him and pet him, and Bobby was never cross. Harold never forgot to feed him. He cleaned out his cage every morning, and gave him fresh water.

⑧ Harold had a number of other pets. He had a dog and a cat and a large flock of hens and chickens. But Bobby always had his breakfast first. Bobby is still alive, and I think he must be the happiest squirrel that was ever shut up in a cage.

EXERCISES. — 1. Pronounce and learn to spell:

Fright'-ened	Squir'-rel	Break'-fast	Mon'-ey
Pea'-nuts	Car'-ried	Hap'-pi-est	Shoul'-der.

2. Draw Harold and his squirrel.

3. Say something about the things you see in the picture in this lesson.



*Septem. 16, 1912.*  
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

- ① Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.
- ② I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

3 From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

4 A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

5 A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

6 They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

7 They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

*Sept 18, 1912*

8 Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

9 I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

10 And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

LONGFELLOW.

*(1807-1859)*

*U. S. A.*





LOW.  
1802  
THE DONKEY AND THE BOY.

*Sept. 23, 1913*  
**Mis-take'**, to take something else.

**Grate'ful**, thankful for a kindness.

**Lunch'-eon**, a small meal in the middle of the day.

**Des'-o-late**, forsaken by his friends.

Tom Willis set out for school one day, with his books under his arm, and a big slice of bread and butter in his pocket. On the road he met a donkey with a heavy load of sand upon his back; and the poor donkey looked very tired and very much out of heart.

2 "Cheer up, old gentleman," said Tom; "here is a piece of bread for you;" and the donkey took the slice of bread and butter from his hand and ate it with great pleasure. Then he opened his big mouth as wide as he could open it, and sang out "Hee-ha! hee-ha!" This was his way of thanking Tom Willis.

3 Tom said to himself: "I should like my mother to know this donkey; he has such a nice way of saying 'Thank you very much': nobody could mistake it. I sometimes forget to say 'Thank you' myself. How grateful poor Ned is!"

4 Tom Willis trudged along to school one day

With luncheon in his pocket. On the way

He met, within a space of open ground,  
A poor old ass with heavy burden bound,  
And such a desolate, dreary look, the boy  
Offered the hungry ass his bread with joy.

The donkey ate; and lifting up his head,  
 "Hee-ha! hee-ha! hee-ha!" in thanks he  
 said.

Willis was pleased. "Mother, I think,"  
 said he,  
 "Would like you well, you thank so  
 prettily."

A. F. DAY.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where was Tom Willis going? 2. What  
 had he got under his arm and what in his pocket? 3. Whom  
 did he meet on the road? 4. What line rhymes with: *Tom  
 Willis trudged along to school one day?*

<sup>12</sup>  
 4 boys. September 24, 1912  
 THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.  
 D. M. A. C. G. P. P.

1. Four little sunbeams came earthward one  
 day

Shining and dancing along on their way,  
 Resolved that their course should be  
 blest.

"Let us try," they all whispered, "some  
 kindness to do,

Not seek our own pleasuring all the day  
 through,

Then meet in the eve at the west."



② One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,  
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child  
on the floor,  
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,

And chased with delight his strange play-  
 mate so bright,  
 The little hands grasping in vain for the  
 light

That ever before them ~~would~~ flee.

③ One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,  
 And brought him a dream of a bright  
 summer day,

Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;  
 Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,  
 And in fancy he roamed through the  
 scenes he loved best,

Far away from the dim, darkened  
 room.

④ One stole to the heart of a flower that was  
 sad,

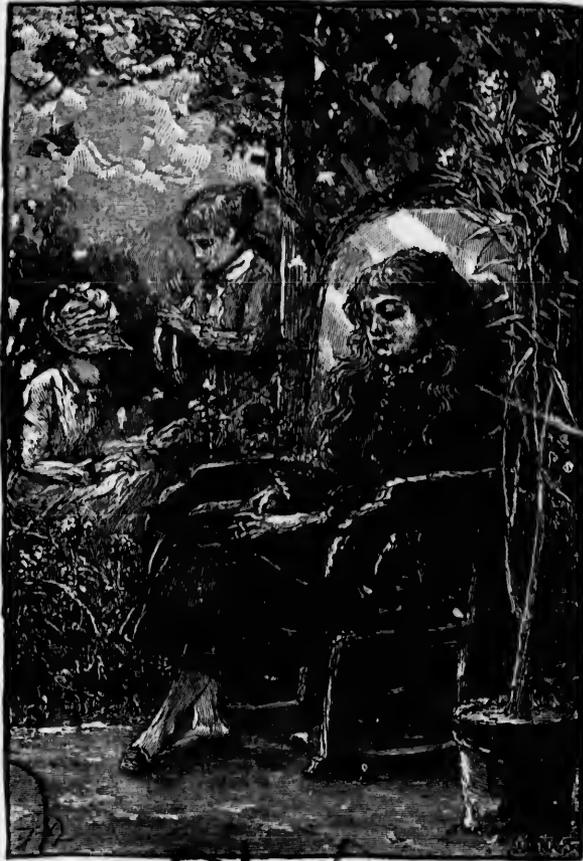
And loved and caressed her until she was  
 glad,

And lifted her white face again.

For love brings content to the lowliest lot,  
 And finds something sweet in the dreariest  
 spot,

And lightens all labour and pain. ✓

door,  
 child



(c) And one, where a little blind girl sat alone  
Not sharing the mirth of her play-fellows,  
shone  
On hands that were folded and pale,

And kissed the poor eyes that had never  
 known sight,  
 That never would gaze on the beautiful  
 light  
 Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening  
 were falling,  
 And the sun, their great father, his chil-  
 dren was calling,  
 Four sunbeams sped into the west.  
 All said: "We have found that in seeking  
 the pleasure  
 Of others, we fill to the full our own  
 measure," —  
 Then softly they sank to their rest.

EXERCISES. — 1. Write the names of all the things you see  
 in the picture.

2. Pronounce and learn to spell:

Shin'-ing	Through	In'va-lid	Drear'-i-est
De-light'	Scenes	Ca-ressed'	Beau'-ti-ful.

3. Commit to memory the lesson the Sunbeams learned.

4. Name the nouns in verse 2.

October <sup>check</sup> 7, 7, 14/1912.

40

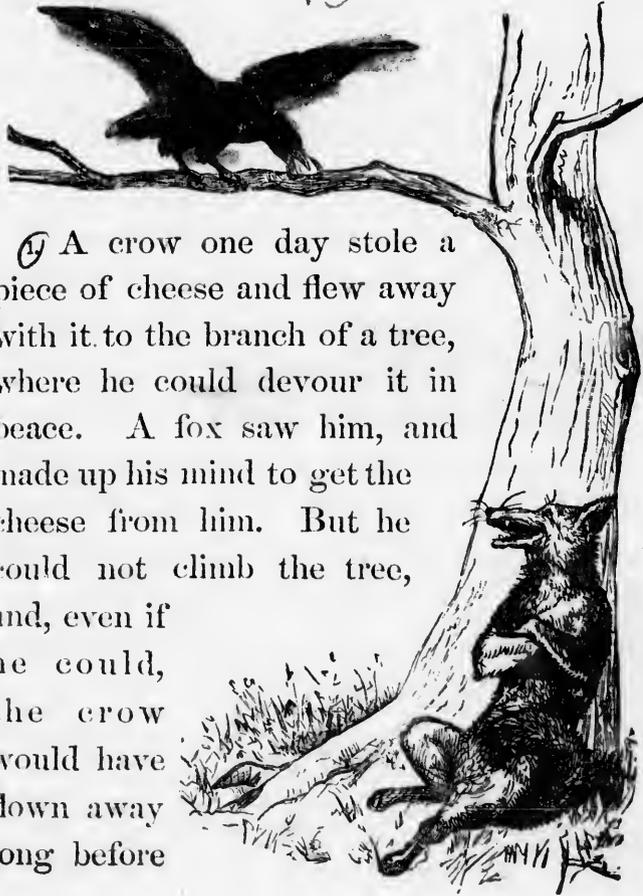
SECOND READER.

### THE CROW AND THE FOX.

De-vour', eat greedily.  
Flat'-ter-ies, false praises.  
Si'-dled, moved side foremost.

Match'-less, without any equal.  
Ut'-tered, sent out.  
Dis-ap-peared', went out of sight.

13



19 A crow one day stole a piece of cheese and flew away with it to the branch of a tree, where he could devour it in peace. A fox saw him, and made up his mind to get the cheese from him. But he could not climb the tree, and, even if he could, the crow would have flown away long before

the fox could have got near him. Being unable, then, to get the cheese by open force, he thought he would try a trick.

2. So he stole up quietly to the foot of the tree, sat down there, crossed his arms, gave his tail an elegant twist, opened his deceitful mouth, and began to talk with the crow. "What a lovely bird you are?" he said. "I never saw such a glossy jet black; and then your back and neck have such bright blue tints. Your wings are beautifully shaped, and your whole figure is grace itself. No bird in the sky, no bird on tree or rock or bush can be compared with you — you are the finest of birds."

3. The crow was delighted with these flatteries, sidled about with pleasure, and thought what a nice, good, clever gentleman the fox was. The fox went on: "You are all I have said and more; but, do you know, I never heard you sing? If your voice is equal to your lovely color and elegant shape, you are matchless — you are the won-

der of the world. Will you not favor me with a little song?"

④ The crow at once opened his bill and uttered a loud caw. Down fell the cheese to the ground; up jumped the fox, sprang upon it, and ate it up. And, as he disappeared into the wood, the stupid crow heard the echoes of a chuckling laugh that told him what a goose he had been.

⑤ MORAL. — Do not flatter yourself, and never permit other people to flatter you. Men seldom flatter without having some selfish end to gain.

EXERCISES. — 1. Point out all the nouns in paragraph 1.

2. Write down the names of six birds that live in the woods.

3. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking away something from them : *Forceible ; tricky ; lovely ; flattering ; sidle ; clever ; sing.*

4. Explain the following phrases : (1) He was unable to get the cheese by open force. (2) Your whole figure is grace itself. (3) The crow sidled about with pleasure.

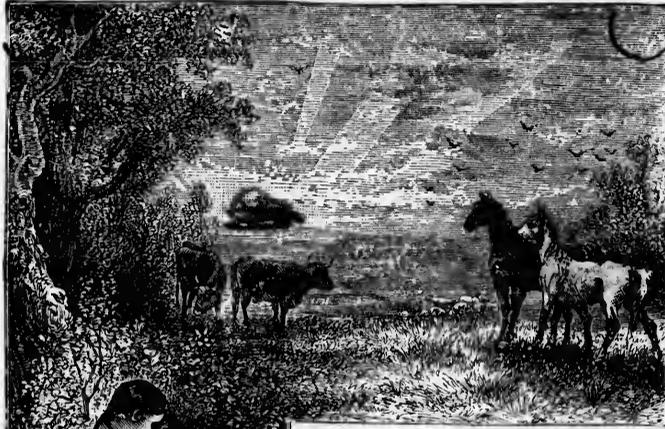
5. Tell the difference between : *Piece and peace ; tail and tale ; blew and blue ; hole and whole ; ate and eight ; wood and would.*

6. The following words have several meanings ; give two of them : *Goose ; crow ; bill ; wood.*

October <sup>th</sup> 9, 10, 11, 1912.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

Cu'-ri-ous, odd. De'-light, pleasure.  
Courte'-sied, made a deep bow, as a mark of respect to the sun.



1. A fair little girl sat  
under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her  
eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her  
work, and folded it  
right,

And said: "Dear work, good-night, good-night."

- ② Such a number of rooks came over her  
head,  
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed:  
She said as she watched their curious  
flight:  
"Little black things, good-night, good-  
night."
- ③ The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;  
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the  
road;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight:  
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night."
- ④ She did not say to the sun, "Good-night,"  
Though she saw him there, like a ball of  
light;  
For she knew he had God's time to keep  
All over the world, and never could sleep.
- ⑤ The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head;  
The violets courtesied and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her evening  
prayer.

⑥ And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
 She knew nothing more till again it was  
 day;  
 And all things said to the beautiful sun:  
 "Good-morning, good-morning; our work  
 is begun."

LORD HOUGHTON.

QUESTIONS. — 1. Where was the little girl sitting? 2. What did she say when the day was beginning to close? 3. What did she see over her head? 4. What did she say to them? 5. What did the horses, oxen, and sheep do? 6. What did they seem to say? 7. Why did she not say "Good-night" to the sun? 8. What did the sun-flower and the violets do? 9. When Lucy woke up again, what did everything say to the beautiful sun? 10. What line rhymes with *A fair little girl sat under a tree!* (Other lines may be given.)

DICTATION. — Learn to spell and write out:

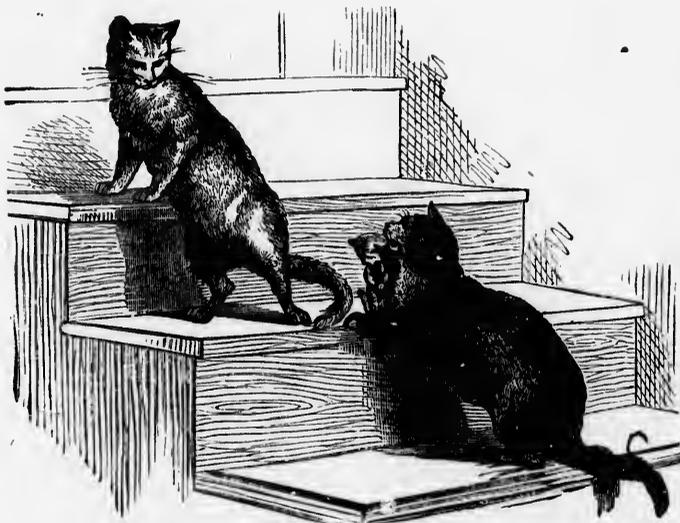
The violets courtesied and  
 went to bed.

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to spell the following words:

Sew'-ing      Cu'-ri-ous      De-light'      Courte'-sied  
 Smoothed      Neighed      Vi'-o-lets      Pil'-low.

2. Point out the nouns in the first two verses.
3. Tell the names of six different beasts in the fields.
4. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them: *Smooth; crying; good; delightful; sunny; tall; pray.*
5. Explain the following phrases: (1) The sun has God's time to keep. (2) The violets courtesied. (3) She knew nothing more till it was day again.

- 6. Make sentences about : *A little girl ; rooks ; horses ; oxen ; sheep ; Lucy ; the flowers.*
- 7. Tell the difference between : *Sewing and sowing ; dear and deer ; load and loved ; ball and bawl ; hair and hare.*
- 8. The following words have several meanings : give two of them : *Fair ; fold ; ball ; saw.*
- 9. Write the names of six different parts of a bat .



October, 14, 15, 16, 1912.  
 THE CAT AND HER KITTENS.

<sup>15</sup>  
 De-ter'-mined, fixed in her purpose.      Rush      ran very fast.  
 Strug'-gle, strife and quarrel.

1. There was once a cat called Kitty. She had three little kittens ; and she kept them in

a nice warm corner in the cellar. But one morning it struck her that the cellar was a little damp; and this was not good for the health of her darlings. So she made up her mind to carry them to the very top of the house to a little garret bedroom where one of the servants slept.

② And first she carried one kitten by the back of the neck, up stair after stair; and then another, and then the third. "Hollo! Mrs. Puss, what do you want here with your small family? I can't have cats in my room," says the servant. "Back to the cellar you must go — you and your three children." So she carried them back to the cellar.

③ But Kitty was not of the same mind with the servant — was determined to have a better sleeping-place for them, and carried them up again. Once more the servant turned them out and took them back to the cellar. Once more Puss carried them up to the garret. They were again turned out; but Puss carried them up again.

④ Every time Puss took them up, the servant took them down again. This went on three, four, five, six — and even to ten times. At last poor Puss was quite wearied out. She could carry them no longer.

⑤ Suddenly she left the house; and no one could tell where she had gone to. Had she run away and left her poor little kittens? No! She came back in a short time, and with her she brought a big black cat. Then she showed this black gentleman her kittens, and told him the whole story.

⑥ At once the strange cat flew at one of the kittens, got it tight in his mouth, and rushed upstairs with it. Then he carried up the other; and then the third — while the determined mamma led the way with a low “mew.”

⑦ The servant, seeing that Kitty had made up her mind that it was for the good of her family that they should all sleep in her room, gave up the struggle, and allowed the cat and kittens to take up their abode with her.

Kitty mewed her best thanks to the black cat; and the kind stranger, making a low bow and a gentle purr, went away and was never seen again.

J. C. CARLISLE.

DICTATION. — Learn to spell and write out :

The servant gave up the struggle, and allowed the kittens to stop where they were.

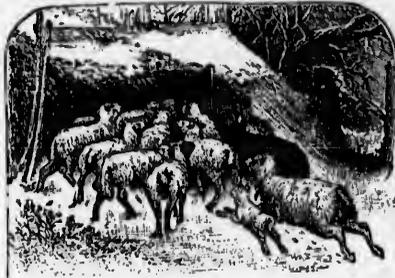
EXERCISES — 1. Learn to spell the following words :

Cel'lar    De-ter'mined    Wear'ied    Al-lowed'  
Car'ried    Gar'-ret    Strug'-gle'    Stran'-ger.

2. Point out all the nouns in paragraph 7.
3. Write down the name of six animals that people keep as pets.
4. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them : *Strange* ; *topmost* ; *childish* ; *sleeping* ; *roomy* ; *black*.
5. Explain the following phrases : (1) It struck her that the cellar was damp. (2) Kitty was not of the same mind with the servant. (3) The mamma led the way. (4) The servant gave up the struggle.
6. Make sentences about : *Kitty* ; *the three kittens* ; *the servant* ; *a strange cat* ; *a damp cellar* ; *a light garret*.
7. Tell the difference between : *One* and *won* ; *maid* and *made* ; *where* and *were* ; *your* and *ewer* ; *time* and *thyme* ; *hole* and *whole*.
8. The following words have several meanings ; give two of them : *Top* ; *back* ; *left* ; *want* ; *dog* ; *lead*.
9. Write down the names of six things we wear.

## THE WINDS.

Scam'-per, run as hard as they can. Red'-den, grow red.



1. Which is the wind that brings the cold?  
The north wind, Freddy; and all the  
snow;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,  
When the North begins to blow.



2. Which is the wind that brings the heat?  
The south wind, Katy; and corn will  
grow,  
And cherries redden for you to eat,  
When the South begins to blow.



3. Which is the wind that brings the rain?  
The east wind, Tommy; and farmers  
know  
That cows come shivering up the lane,  
When the East begins to blow.



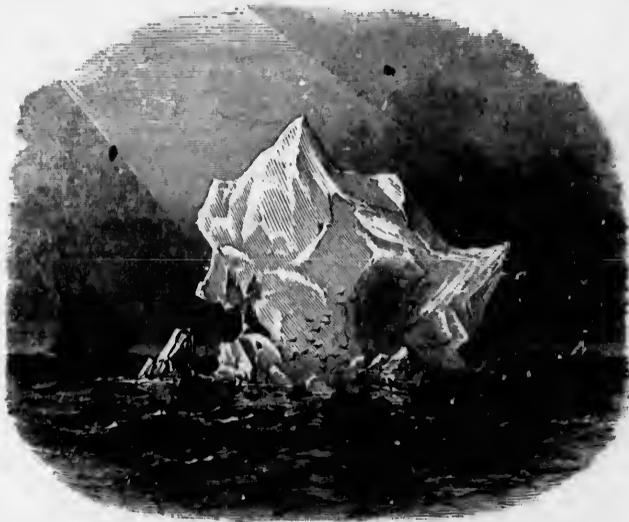
4. Which is the wind that brings the flowers?  
The west wind, Bessy; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours,  
When the West begins to blow.

E. C. STEDMAN.



## WHAT I LOVE.

- ① I love the Spring, the gentle Spring,  
I love its balmy air;  
I love its showers that ever bring  
To us the flowers fair.
- ② I love the Summer's sky so bright;  
I love the fragrant flowers.  
I love the long, long days of light;  
But more the shady bowers.
- ③ I love the Autumn's clustering fruit, .  
That in the orchard lies;  
I love its ever-changing suit,  
Its trees of brilliant dyes.
- ④ I love stern Winter's ice and snow;  
I love its blazing fire;  
I love its winds that fiercely blow.  
Yes, Winter I desire.



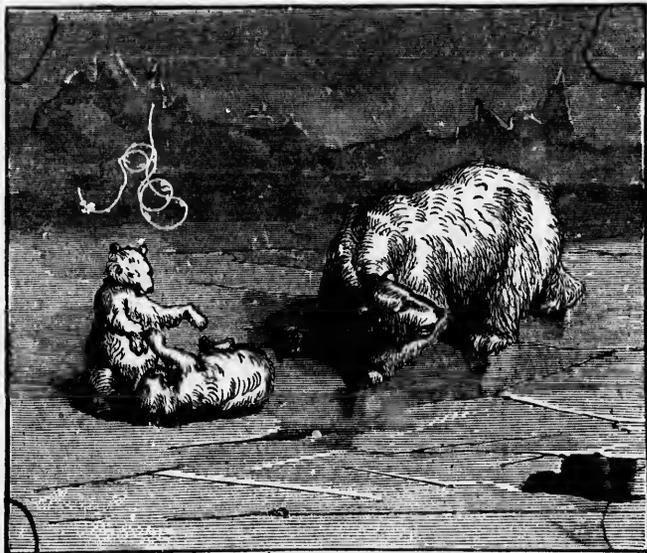
THE MOTHER-BEAR, AND HER TWO CUBS. ✓

Hold, inside of a ship.

18 Pleas'-ure, fun.

① In a far-off northern land, where there is nothing but ice and snow, lived a white she-bear very happily with her two young ones. The ice covered the sea most of the year, and floated about in great masses, which are called *icebergs* or ice mountains, of all kinds of odd shapes; some like steeples, some like large churches, and some like floating towns.

② But, though the sea was covered with ice, this white bear often found holes in it, or pieces of open sea; and then she managed to catch some fish to feed her young



ones and herself. And the young cubs were the prettiest little playful things you ever saw.

③ Into these cold and icy seas, sailed, one day in spring, a ship from Scotland. The ship had come to catch whales and seals.

It sailed bravely among the ice, for it was manned by bold and hardy sailors, who had often and often faced the dangers of the deep.

4 They caught several whales, and stored away the fat or blubber in the hold; and they killed a great many seals, and took their skins to be made into jackets, and muffs, and caps, and waistcoats. They were just on the point of going back to Scotland, when one evening, in the quiet light, they saw this she-bear and her two young ones.

5 The two little cubs were playing with each other in the prettiest way, — patting each other in fun on the side of the head, knocking each other down, and rolling over and over, — while their mother sat beside them, enjoying their pleasure. Presently she caught sight of the ship, and turned her head.

6 Then she growled to the cubs to come along with her, and to get away from the

ship. But one of the sailors had been too quick for her, and had got a rifle, and stolen upon the young bears in their play. When he thought he had got near enough, he fired, and killed first the one, and then the other.



7. The mother-bear raised such a cry of pain and grief to the skies, that it might have touched the heart of the dullest person in the whole ship. But the sailor loaded again, and with a third ball he laid the poor mother-bear dead upon the ice.

QUESTIONS. — 1. Where did the mother-bear live? 2. How many young ones had she? 3. What did she feed them with? 4. How did she get the fish? 5. Where did the ship come from? 6. What had it come to get? 7. What is done with the seal-skins? 8. What were the cubs doing one evening? 9. What did the mother try to do when she saw the ship? 10. What did the sailor do? 11. What did the mother do when she saw her young ones shot? 12. What did the sailor do next?

EXERCISES. — 1. Pronounce and learn to spell :

North'-ern	Ice'-berg	Sail'-ors	Dull'-est
Hap'-pi-ly	Stee'-ples	Pleas'-ure	Moth'-er.

2. Say something about each of the following : *The white bear ; her cubs ; a Scotch ship ; icebergs ; the cubs at play ; the sailor ; the mother's grief ; the mother's death.*



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## ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

1. A child went wandering through a wood  
Upon a summer day;  
She hoped to meet some pretty thing  
To join her in her play.

2. A honey bee went humming by:  
"Stay, little bee," she cried.  
"Oh, do come back to play with me!"  
And thus the bee replied:

3. "I cannot stay; I must away,  
And gather in my store;  
For winter, dear, will soon be here,  
When I can work no more."

4. She heard a pigeon cooing soft  
High in the boughs above:  
"Come down and play awhile with me,  
My gentle, pretty dove."

5. "I cannot come and play with thee,  
For I must guard my nest,  
And keep my sleeping children warm  
Beneath my downy breast."

6. She saw a squirrel gathering nuts  
Upon a tall beech tree:  
"I love to see you bound and leap;  
Come down and play with me."

7. "I dare not play, I must away,  
And quickly homeward lie;  
Were I to stay, my little ones  
For want of food must die."

8. She came unto a stream that leaped  
Between its rocky banks:  
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me  
And you shall have my thanks."

9. The stream replied, while in the pool  
A moment it stood still,  
"I cannot play, I must away  
And drive the village mill."

19

## THE CAT AND THE FOX.

**Vis'-its**, calls at a place.  
**Made off**, ran away.  
**Ad-ven'-tures**, things that had  
 happened to them.

**Snarl'-ing**, showing their teeth.  
**Bay'-ing**, deep barking.  
**Cop'-pice**, a little wood of shrubs  
 and underwood.



1. One fine summer morning, a cat and a fox who were old friends started off on a journey together. On the road they paid little visits to cottages and to farm-houses that they had to

pass, and picked up whatever they could find. They made off with hens and chickens, with ducks and ducklings, bits of cheese and scraps of bacon—and, indeed, everything they could lay their paws on.

● On the way they amused themselves with stories of their adventures; and each told the other of the funny tricks he had played. At last they began to quarrel. "You think yourself very sharp," said the fox; "but I am a great deal more cunning than you—I know more than a hundred tricks."

③ "Well, that is a great many," replied the cat; "I for my part know only one; but I would rather have that one trick than a thousand." The fox was angry, and would not agree with his companion. They kept on arguing and snarling; until they had almost got to fighting.

④ Suddenly an odd noise broke upon their ears. "What is it?" "The barking and baying of fox-hounds." "Surely not."

"Let us listen." "It is, it is! let us be off." "Where are your hundred tricks now?" said the cat; "as for me, this is mine;" and he climbed into a tree in a moment.

5. There he was safe; and he could see his friend the fox galloping along the road as fast as his legs could carry him. Away, over field and ditch, through hedge and coppice, turning here, twisting there; but it was all in vain, the hounds were always after him. At last they were upon him, and he was caught and worried to death.

J. C. CARLISLE.

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to spell the following words :

Vis'-its	Sto'-ries	Quar'-rel	Field
Cot'-tag-es	Ad-ven'-tures	Com-pan'-ion	Cop'-pice
Jour'-ney	Played'	Gal'-lop-ing	Wor'-ried.

2. Point out the nouns in the first paragraph.
3. Write down the names of six more beasts of prey.
4. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them: *Funny ; great ; galloping ; turning ; fishing ; hunting.*
5. Tell the difference between: *Paws and pause ; told and tolled ; their and there.*

20  
DISCONTENT. ✓

① 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.

② A robin who had flown too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near this buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy.

③ For daisies grow so trig and tall!  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills around her neck,  
In just the daisies' fashion.

④ And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color;  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

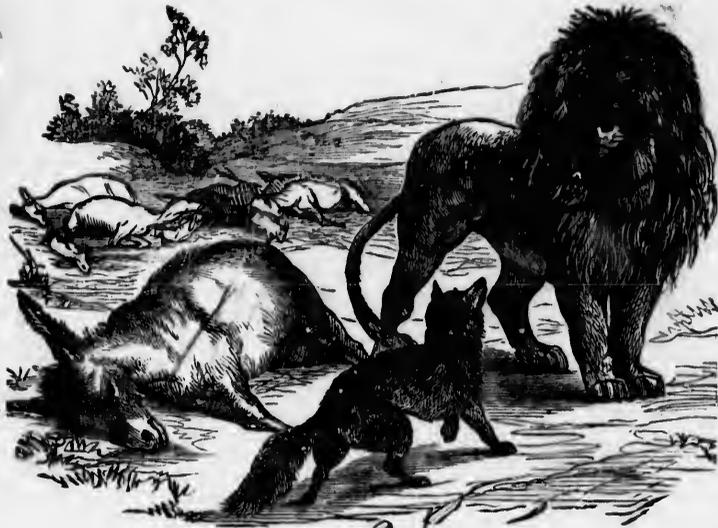
5. "Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice, white frill for me,  
Some day when you are flying?"

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

7. "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.

8. "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.

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



2  
THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE ASS.

Hor'-ri-ble, dreadful.  
Pow'-er-ful, very strong.

De-light'-ed, very much pleased.  
Just, fair.

Whisk'-ing, moving quickly.

① One fine summer morning, a lion, a fox, and a donkey set out to hunt together in the forest. The donkey ran about in the brushwood, making a horrible noise with his loud bray, and frightening the deer, the hares, and the rabbits. The fox flew at their hind legs, bit at them, and drove them to where the lion was standing.

② The lion stood at a gap in the hedge; and, as each deer or hare rushed through, he laid him dead with a single stroke of his powerful paw. At last the ground was covered thick with game of all kinds; and the lion ordered his two companions to stop. So they stopped the chase, and came up with the lion.

③ "Now," said the lion, turning to the donkey, "divide the game." The donkey was quite simple and just; he divided the game into three equal parts, and begged the king of beasts to choose for himself.

④ The lion, with a deep roar of rage, lifted his mighty paw and laid the donkey dead at his feet. "Now, you divide," he said, turning to the fox. The cunning Reynard, making a low bow, at once set to work, made a heap of all the game, placed the body of the donkey on the top, and pointing to the heap, said to the lion: "O mighty king, your share now lies before you!" The lion was delighted, and wagged his royal tail to show how pleased he was.

6. "Where did you learn your good sense, and where did you get your knowledge how to make a just division?" he asked the fox. Bowing three times and whisking his tail respectfully, the fox replied: "I learned it, O mighty king, from the poor gentleman on the top of the heap."

MORAL. — Never keep company with the unjust or the cruel. /

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to spell the following words :

Don'-key    Fright'-en-ing    Rey'-nard    Whisk'-ing  
To-geth'-er    Com-pan'-ions    Knowl'-edge    Re-spect'-ful-ly.

2. Point out all the nouns in paragraph 1.
3. Write out the names of ten animals that live in the woods.
4. Make sentences about : *A lion ; a fox ; a donkey ; the woods ; the deer ; the hares ; the rabbits.*
5. Tell the difference between : *Dear and deer ; hair and hare ; roe and row ; made and maid ; tale and tail ; great and grate.*
6. The following words have several meanings ; give two of them : *Fine ; drove ; row ; game.*
7. Write the names of ten things we wear.



Nov. 13, 1913. 27  
LULLABY.

P*i* Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea;  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!

P*p* Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me,

M*p* While my little one, while my pretty one  
sleeps.

P*2* Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;

M*i* Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon;

P Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,  
sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is meant by a "lullaby?" 2. Who  
sings this lullaby, and to whom is it sung?

(England)

X TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

23  
Nov 18 1892  
1. "What's the matter?" said Growler to the tabby cat, as she sat moping on the step of the kitchen door.

2. "Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

3. "Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

4. "Hasn't she beaten me and called me a thief and threatened to be the death of me?"

5. "Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray what has brought it about?"

6. "Oh, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

7. "Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

8. "Not a drop of milk have I had this

low,  
y one  
e nest,  
y one,  
SON.  
-1892  
2. Who

g (card)

day," said the tabby cat, "and such a pain in my side!"

9. "But what," said Growler, "what is the cause?"

10. "Haven't I told you?" said the cat, pettishly. "It's her temper—oh, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me—everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really, it is unbearable!"

11. Growler was quite indignant; but being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

12. "She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

13. "How? may I ask," gently inquired Growler.

14. "Oh, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

15. Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression that she was com-

pelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

Nov 20, 1912  
16. "Oh!" said Growler, much enlightened.

17. "Why, the fact was," said the tabby cat, "I was springing at a mouse and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and—"

18. "You finished it," hinted Growler.

19. "Well, I believe I should have done so if that meddlesome cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

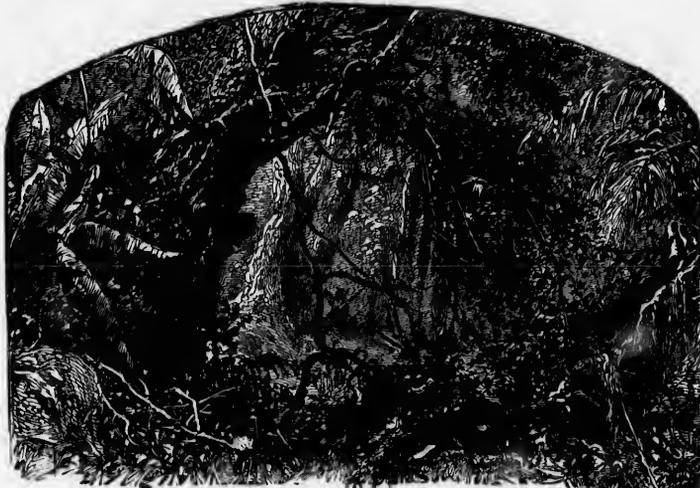
20. "The head of what?" said Growler.

21. "How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

22. "Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

23. "Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner."

24. "Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, now that I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she did not hang you." X



THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

1. I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.
2. I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who hath sight so keen and  
strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?
3. Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW.

1807-  
1882  
(W.D.A.)

25  
THE WOLF.

1 A boy was once taking care of some sheep not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

2 One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!" The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again and left John laughing in his sleeve.

3 As he had had so much fun this time John cried out again the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!" The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads and went back.

4 On the third day the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him. The wolf

broke into the flock and killed a great  
many sheep.

The truth itself is not believed,  
From one who often has deceived.

---

TOO SMART.

1. Fred came from school the first half-year  
As learned as could be,  
And wished to show to all around  
How smart a boy was he.
2. And so at dinner he began,—  
“Papa, you think you see  
Two roasted chickens on that dish:  
Now I will prove them three!
3. “First, this is one, and that is two,  
As plain as plain can be:  
I add the one unto the two,  
And two and one make three.”
4. “Just so,” then answered his papa;  
“If what you say is true,  
I will take one, mamma takes one:  
The third we leave for you!”



27 ✓

### THE STARVING FOXES.

**Sign, mark.**

**For'-tune, good luck.**

**A-void'-ing, keeping away from.**

**Snuffs, smells.**

**Muz'-zle, the nose and mouth  
of an animal.**

**Din, great noise.**

**Heads, gets in front of.**

1. It was bitterly cold weather and everybody was shivering. Reynard's children were shivering with cold—and with hunger, too, for they had had nothing to eat for some time. The snow lay deep upon the ground; and the cold north wind almost blew through the very bones of man and of beast. The rabbits had gone to their holes; not a bird

was to be seen; and Father Reynard could not catch even a rat or a mouse to feed his starving family.

② The wind whistled through the forest, and now and then a rotten branch fell crackling to the ground; but no sound else broke the stillness of the wood, and no bird or beast stirred in the cold, cold air. Even the crows had left the spot; and far and wide there was no sign of a dinner.

③ No sign or sound of a dinner: except one! The clear crowing of a cock broke the frosty stillness of the morning; and the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Reynard and family went pit-a-pat with new hope. They pictured to themselves a big fat cock, a nice plump hen, and a lot of tender chickens; and this made their hunger still more bitter to them.

④ The unhappy mother drew her children close to her side to warm and to comfort them; but they could not forget their hunger—and the poor little things kept

crying and screaming for a little food. The wretched father could bear it no longer. Up he jumped. "Anything rather than this!" he cried. "I will face death itself rather than bear it a moment longer."

⑤ The cock crew again, and louder and more cheerily than ever. Where was the cock? Not a quarter of a mile off, in the farm-yard at the edge of the forest. "Good-by, my dear; good-by, my children. I am off to the farm. Death or a dinner! Keep up your courage!" "Go!" said Mrs. Reynard, "and may fortune be kind to you and bring you back safe to us with a nice fat chicken. But, alas! there are dogs and men, there are snares and traps, there are guns and hunters. Be very careful, dear; and oh! Renny, Renny, come back soon."

⑥ So, with kisses all round, Reynard leaves his home. He steals his way quietly through the woods, avoiding the high-road; and now he is but a stone's throw from the farm. The farm-yard gate is shut; but

Reynard looks and snuffs between the bars. There is the cock — the glory of the farm-yard, the trumpeter of the morning, bright and many-colored in the midst of his five-and-twenty hens.

7. But, alas! on the other side of the yard are two strong fierce dogs lying in front of their kennels; and at the barn-door stands the farmer's boy with a pitch-fork in his hand. The danger is great; his enemies are under his very nose. But Reynard thinks of his wife and his little ones, and their hunger and their cries. A hen leaves the yard, and — looking for grains and seeds — passes and repasses under the very muzzle of Reynard.

8. A rush, a snatch, a click of the jaws, and the fox is off with the hen. Shrieks, cries, flutterings, running to and fro, barking, shouting — and the whole farm-yard is full of din. The farmer lets loose the dogs; off go the dogs, followed by the farmer and his boy, after the daring robber.

Run, Reynard, run! the dogs are at your heels; and they will not spare you! Reynard, with the hen in his mouth, jumps across ditches and fallen trees, and makes his way straight to the forest. But the dogs are swifter than he; one heads and turns him; the other makes a rush and seizes him; and poor Reynard lies shaken and bleeding and worried and dead, at the very edge of the forest which he hoped would have been his shelter.

J. C. CARLISLE.

QUESTIONS. — 1. Why were Reynard's children shivering and wretched? 2. What kind of birds and beasts were about? 3. What was the only sound that broke the stillness of the wood? 4. What was the only sign of a dinner that the foxes heard? 5. When the children cried, what did Father Reynard do? 6. Where is the cock that is crowing? 7. What did the fox say when he bade them good-by? 8. What did Mrs. Reynard say? 9. Where does Mr. Reynard go? 10. What does he see when he gets to the farm-yard? 11. Who are guarding the farm-yard fowl? 12. What keeps passing and repassing under Reynard's nose? 13. What does he all at once do? 14. Who run after him? 15. Where does Reynard make for? 16. What happens in the end?

DICTIONARY. — Learn to spell and write out :

Now and then a rotten  
branch fell to the ground.

## SECOND READER.

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to spell the following words :

Shiv'-er-ing	Pic'-tured	Cour'-age	Muz'-zle
Rey'-nard	Wretch'-ed	A-void'-ing	Shout'-ing
Still'-ness	Cheer'-i-ly	Trump'-et-er	Wor'-ried.

2. Point out the nouns in section 1.

3. Write down the names of six barn-door fowls.

4. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them : *Frosty ; hungry ; dine ; still ; pictured ; motherly ; screaming ; walking ; wooded.*

5. Explain the following phrases : (1) No sound broke the stillness of the wood. (2) They pictured to themselves a nice plump hen. (3) May fortune be kind to you! (4) He avoids the high-road. (5) He stands resplendent in the midst of the farm-yard. (6) The farm-yard is full of din.

6. Tell the difference between : *Heart and hart ; steal and steel ; wood and would ; too and two.*

7. The following words have several meanings ; give two of them : *Pitch ; crew ; trap ; bear.*

8. Draw the following picture :—





28  
THE FOOLISH MOUSE.

Dain'ties, nice things.  
 Pro-vid'ed, supplied.  
 Re-sid'ed, lived.  
 Se-cure'ly, safely.  
 Snug, comfortable.  
 Lot, fortune.  
 Roam, wander about.  
 Ex-cur'sion, trip.

Se-date', grave.  
 Ex-pressed', showed.  
 Con-vinced', quite sure.  
 Con-struct', build.  
 Re-quires', needs.  
 Cran'-nies, small cracks.  
 Ex'-qui-site, perfect.  
 En-treat', beg earnestly.

En'tered, went in.

① In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,

A certain young mouse with her mother  
resided;  
So securely they lived, in that snug, quiet  
spot,  
Any mouse in the land might have wished  
for their lot.

2) But one day the young mouse, which was  
given to roam,  
Having made an excursion some way from  
her home,  
On a sudden returned, with such joy in  
her eyes,  
That her gray, sedate parent expressed  
some surprise.

3) "O mother," said she, "the good folks of  
this house,  
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a  
mouse;  
And those tales can't be true you always  
are telling,  
For they've been at such pains to con-  
struct us a dwelling.

④ The floor is of wood, and the walls are  
of wires —

Exactly the size that one's comfort re-  
quires;

And I'm sure that we there shall have  
nothing to fear

If ten cats, with kittens, at once should  
appear.

⑤ "And then they have made such nice  
holes in the wall,

One could slip in and out, with no trouble  
at all;

But forcing one through such rough  
crannies as these,

Always gives one's poor ribs a most  
terrible squeeze.

⑥ "But the best of all is, they've provided,  
as well,

A large piece of cheese of most exquisite  
smell;

'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go  
through,

When I thought it my duty to come and  
fetch you."

7. "Ah, child," said the mother, "believe, I entreat,  
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;  
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good —  
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could.

8. "Thus they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn  
That a mouse who once entered did ever return."  
*Let young people mind what the old people say ;*  
*And when danger is near them, keep out of the way.*

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to spell the following words:

Cup'-board	Ex-pressed'	Re-quires'	Ex'-qui-site
Dain'-ties	Con-vinced'	Troub'-le	Be-lieve
Ex-cur'-sion	Con-struct'	Cran'-nies	Cheat
Se-date'	Ex-act'-ly	Squeeze	Caught.

2. Point out the nouns in verse 3.

3. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them: *Provided ; resided ; securely ; lived ; quiet ; given ; expressed.*

4. Some of the following words have several meanings; give two of them: *Spot ; might ; lot ; wood ; size ; slip ; well.*

29

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE FOREST.

① Once upon a time a poor little boy, the son of a widow, went out into the meadows to gather wild strawberries. He knew all the places where the berries grew thickest and sweetest, and as he gathered the ripe fruit he sang many a merry song.

② Soon his earthen dish was full, and the boy started for home. As he was walking along a narrow path near the forest he heard a voice saying, "Pray, give me thy berries."

③ The lad turned in fright and saw an old man with a long gray beard and worn faded clothing. The man looked kindly upon him as he said again, "Pray, give me thy berries."

④ "But," said the lad, "I must take the berries to my mother. She is very poor, and she sells the berries for bread for me and my little sister."

5. "And yet," said the old man, "I have a sick child at home who would like your berries very much. She would get well and strong if she only had some of them to eat."

6. The lad felt very sorry for the poor old man and the sick child. He thought to himself, "I will give him the berries, and if I keep very busy I can fill my dish again before night." Then he said to the old man, "Yes, you may have them. Shall I put them in the empty dish which you carry?"

7. "I will take your dish, with the berries in it as they are, and will give you mine in place of it," was the answer. "Your dish is old, and mine is new—but no matter."

8. And so the lad gave the old man his berries and took the new but empty dish; the gray-bearded man thanked him with a smile and walked quickly away.

9. The boy took the dish and turned

back into the meadows. Soon he came again to the place where the berries grew quite thick. They were riper and larger than any he had seen before. He worked very busily, and it did not take him long to pick more than he had at first.

10. When he reached home at last he told his mother all about the poor man to whom he had given his first berries, and he showed her his new dish.

11. "Ah, happy are we, my child!" she cried. "The dish is pure gold. See how it sparkles! It was the little old man of the forest whom you met. He gave you this dish because of your kindness of heart. Now, thanks to him, we shall not want for bread; and we will never forget to help the poor and the sick and those who are sorrowful."

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the difference between an "earthen" dish and a dish of "pure gold?" 2. Why was a man with a golden dish dressed so poorly? 3. How did the boy's mother know who the man was? 4. Had the man really a "sick child" anywhere? 5. Why does the boy's mother say "we shall not want," and "we will never forget?"

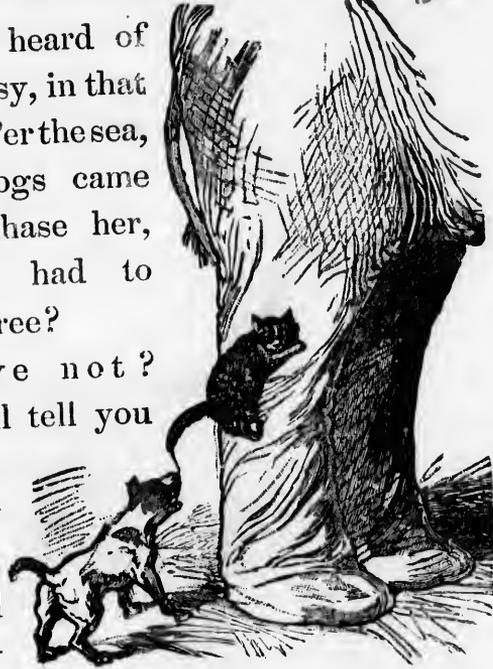
30

✓

## PUSSY AND HER ELEPHANT.

1. Have you heard of  
 little Pussy, in that  
 country o'er the sea,  
 How the dogs came  
 out to chase her,  
 and she had to  
 climb a tree?

You have not?  
 Then I'll tell you  
 how timid Pussy  
 Gray  
 Climbed  
 quickly  
 up, hand over hand, and safely got away.



2. But then the strangest trouble came! The  
 tree began to shake!

A tremendous giant something took Pussy  
 by the neck

And tossed her off! And there again  
 among the dogs was she,

And what could frightened Pussy do, but  
climb the same old tree?

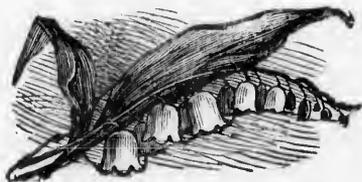


3. But then the strange thing came again,  
and, swinging high in air,  
Pounced right on little Pussy, as she sat  
trembling there;  
But when it touched her fur it stopped;  
as though its owner thought:  
" 'Tis nothing but a pussy-cat that trouble  
here has brought.

4 I'll let her make herself at home." And  
Pussy, safe once more,  
Folded her paws contentedly and viewed  
the country o'er,  
And purred a meek apology: "Excuse  
me, friend, I see  
I've climbed a broad-backed elephant; I  
meant to climb a tree!"

5 Whatever else she said or sung that you  
would like to hear,  
She must have whispered coaxingly into  
the giant ear;  
For often afterward it is said, Miss Pussy  
Gray was seen  
To ride the broad-backed elephant as  
proud as any queen!

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.



## THE COURAGEOUS BOY.

**Sov'er-eign**, a gold coin worth twenty shillings, sterling = to nearly \$4.87.

**Brib'ed**, persuaded by a gift.  
**War'rior** who fights.

① In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields saw a party of huntsmen riding over his farm. He had a field in which the wheat was just coming up, and he was anxious that the gentlemen should not go into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs would spoil the crop.

② So he sent one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to shut the gate of that field and to keep guard over it. He told him that he must on no account permit the gate to be opened.

③ Scarcely had the boy reached the field and closed the gate when the huntsmen came galloping up and ordered him to open it. This the boy declined to do.

④ "Master," said he, "has ordered me to permit no one to pass through this gate, and I can neither open it myself nor allow any one else to do so."

5. First one gentleman threatened to thrash him if he did not open it; then another offered him a sovereign; but all to no effect. The brave boy was neither to be frightened nor bribed.

6. Then a grand and stately gentleman came forward and said: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington — one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass."

7. The boy took off his hat to the great man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered:

8. "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, and permit no one to pass without my master's express permission."

9. The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and lifting his own hat he said:

10. "I honor the man or the boy who can

ne~~x~~er be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer, not only the French, but the whole world."

(11.) As the party galloped away, the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his ~~voice~~, "Hurrah! hurrah for the Duke of Wellington!"

QUESTIONS. — 1. Why is the boy called *courageous*? 2. What other good qualities had he? 3. What is a *farm hand*? 4. What is meant by *keeping guard*? 5. What means were taken to induce him to leave his post? 6. Who was the last to try him? 7. What was the result? 8. What did each of them say as they separated?

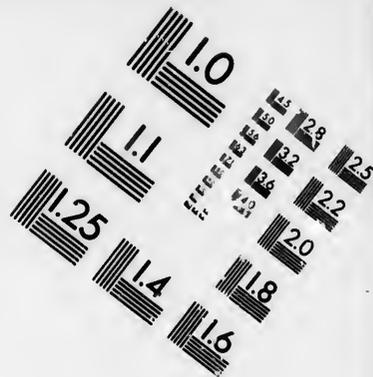
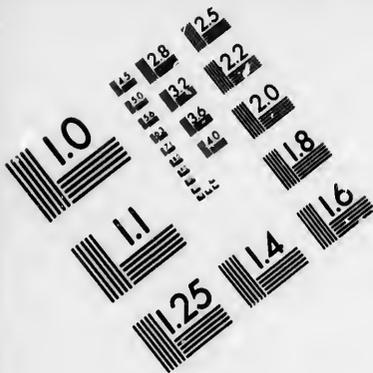
EXERCISES. — 1. Point out all the nouns in the first paragraph.

2. Tell the meanings of words spelled differently from the following, but pronounced like them: *sent*; *gate*; *one*; *know*; *not*; *whole*; *would*.

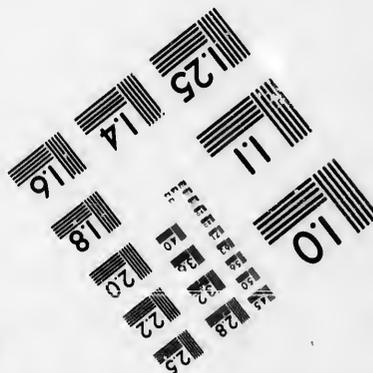
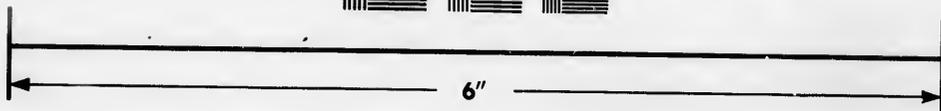
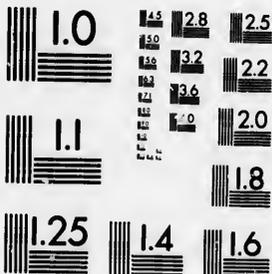
3. Give the different meanings of the word *saw*.







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52  
To my Mother.

Mother kind and true  
All I owe to you,  
Who has loved me well,  
Words can never tell.

Through my infant years  
Tireless love appears;  
Mother's care has still  
Kept from many an ill.

May I every day  
All thy words obey:  
And by deeds reveal  
The great love I feel.



THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

- ① The brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold!
- ② Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.
- ③ And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and  
sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart!

LONGFELLOW.

## THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow, and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns: and the thorns sprung up and choked them. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

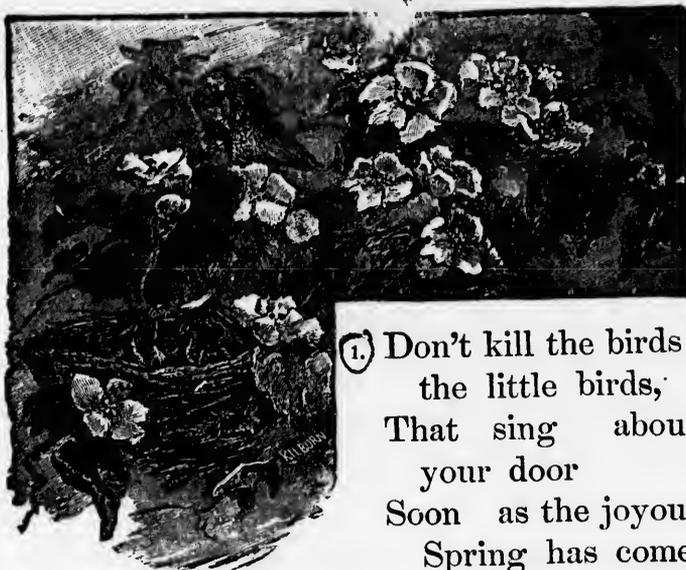
—Matt. xiii. 1-9.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.  
birds! 35  
stir

Another parable he put forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the household came and said unto him, "Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?" He said unto them, "An enemy hath done this." The servants said unto him, "Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?" But he said, "Nay; lest, while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, 'Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.'"—*Mat. xiii. 24-39.*

36  
DON'T KILL

Jest BIRDS. ✓



① Don't kill the birds!  
the little birds,  
That sing about  
your door  
Soon as the joyous  
Spring has come,

And chilling storms are o'er.

② The little birds! how sweet they sing!  
Oh, let them joyous live;  
And do not seek to take the life  
Which you can never give.

③ Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds,  
That play among the trees;  
For earth would be a cheerless place,  
If it were not for these.

4. The little birds! how fond they play!  
Do not disturb their sport;  
But let them warble forth their songs,  
Till winter cuts them short.

5. Don't kill the birds! the happy birds,  
That bless the field and grove;  
So innocent to look upon,  
They claim our warmest love.

6. The happy birds, the tuneful birds,  
How pleasant 'tis to see!  
No spot can be a cheerless place  
Where'er their presence be.



37

## THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

① Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves do when a gentle wind is about.

② "What is the matter, little leaf?" said the twig.

③ "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.

④ 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 till you want to."

⑤ 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.

⑥ 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.

⑦ And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and, when it was very gay in color, saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them; and so the leaf said: "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color, and we golden?"

⑧ We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for 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.

H. W. BEECHER.

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38

THE BROOK.

1) From a fountain,  
In a mountain,  
Drops of water ran.  
Trickling through the grasses;  
So the brook began.

2) Slow it started;  
Soon it darted,  
Cool and clear and free,  
Rippling over pebbles,  
Hurrying to the sea.

③ Children straying  
Came a-playing  
On its pretty banks;  
Glad, our little brooklet  
Sparkled up its thanks.

④ Blossoms floating  
Mimic boating,  
Fishes darting past,  
Swift and strong and happy,  
Widening very fast.

⑤ Bubbling, singing,  
Rushing, ringing,  
Flecked with shade and sun,  
Soon our little brooklet  
To the sea has run.

---

“Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.”



NO CROWN FOR ME. ✓

① "Will you come with us, Susan?" cried several little girls to a school-mate. "We are going to the woods; do come, too."

② "I should like to go with you very much," replied Susan, with a sigh; "but I cannot finish the task grandmother set me to do."

③ "How tiresome it must be to stay at home to work on a holiday!" said one of

the girls, with a toss of her head. "Susan's grandmother is too strict."

④ Susan heard this remark, and, as she bent her head over her task, she wiped away a tear, and thought of the pleasant afternoon the girls would spend gathering wild flowers in the woods.

⑤ Soon she said to herself, "What harm can there be in moving the mark grandmother put in the stocking? The woods must be very beautiful to-day, and how I should like to be in them!"

⑥ "Grandmother," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "I am ready, now." "What, so soon, Susan?" Her grandmother took the work, and looked at it very closely.

⑦ "True, Susan," said she, laying great stress on each word; "true, I count twenty turns from the mark; and, as you have never deceived me, you may go and amuse yourself as you like the rest of the day."

⑧ Susan's cheeks were scarlet, and she did not say, "Thank you." And as she

left the cottage, she walked slowly away, not singing as usual.

9. "Why, here is Susan!" the girls cried, when she joined their company; "but what is the matter? Why have you left your dear old grandmother?" they tauntingly added.

10. "There is nothing the matter." As Susan repeated these words, she felt that she was trying to deceive herself. She had acted a lie. At the same time she remembered her grandmother's words, "You have never deceived me."

11. "Yes, I have deceived her," said she to herself. "If she knew all, she would never trust me again."

12. When the little party had reached an open space in the woods, her companions ran about enjoying themselves; but Susan sat on the grass, wishing she were at home confessing her fault.

13. After awhile Rose cried out, "Let us make a crown of violets, and put it on the head of the best girl here."

14 "It will be easy enough to make the crown, but not so easy to decide who is to wear it," said Julia.

15 "Why, Susan is to wear it, of course," said Rose: "is she not said to be the best girl in school, and the most obedient at home?"

16 "Yes, yes; the crown shall be for Susan," cried the other girls, and they began to make the crown. It was soon finished.

17 "Now, Susan," said Rose, "put it on in a very dignified way, for you are to be our queen."

18 As these words were spoken the crown was placed on her head. In a moment she snatched it off, and threw it on the ground, saying, "No crown for me; I do not deserve it."

19 The girls looked at her with surprise. "I have deceived my grandmother," said she, while tears flowed down her cheeks. "I altered the mark she put in the stocking, that I might join you in the woods."

20 "Do you call that wicked?" asked one of the girls.

"I am quite sure it is; and I have been miserable all the time I have been here."

21 Susan now ran home, and as soon as she got there she said, with a beating heart, "O grandmother! I deserve to be punished, for I altered the mark you put in the stocking. Do forgive me; I am very sorry and unhappy."

22 "Susan," said her grandmother, "I knew it all the time; but I let you go out, hoping that your own conscience would tell you of your sin. I am so glad that you have confessed your fault and your sorrow."

23 "When shall I be your own little girl again?" "Now," was the quick reply, and Susan's grandmother kissed her forehead.

EXERCISE. — Pronounce and learn to spell:

Sev'-er-al	Scar'-let	Dig'-ni-fied	Vi'-o-lets
Tire'-some	Taunt'-ing-ly	Mis'-er-a-ble	O-be'-di-ent
Pleas'-ant	Re-peat'-ed	Con'-science	Con-fess'ed

LUCK.  
Feb. 17, 1913

40

- ① I don't know how it came about—  
I put my vest on wrong side out; <sup>7</sup>  
I could not change it back all day,  
For that would drive my luck away.
- ② And when I went to school, the boys  
Began to laugh and make a noise;  
But while they did so I sat still <sup>8</sup>  
And studied spelling with a will;  
So, when our class the lessons said,  
I did not miss but went up head!
- ③ While coming home I looked around,  
And soon a four-leaved clover found!  
I wished and put it in my shoe, <sup>6</sup>  
And, don't you think, my wish came true!  
It was that I might overtake  
The team and ride with Uncle Jake.
- ④ And so, you see, that all that day  
I had good-luck in every way; <sup>91</sup>

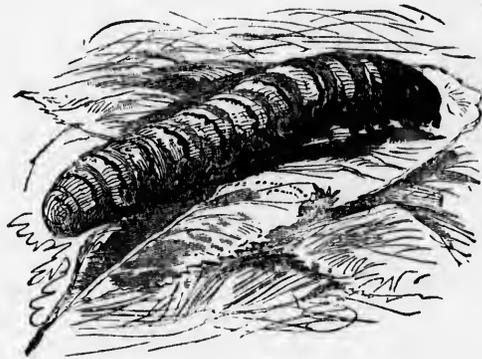
5  
96 words

And Grandma said, without a doubt 5  
 'Twas 'cause my vest was wrong side out.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

QUESTIONS.—1. What does "luck" mean? 2. May "luck" be bad as well as good? 3. Was it "luck" or "study" that put the boy "up head"? 4. Can we make our own "luck"? 5. What "luck" does a four-leaved clover bring?

Feb. 18 1913 H/1  
 HOW A BUTTERFLY CAME.



① Late in September a lady saw a worm upon a willow leaf. It was about two inches long and almost as large as her little finger. Stripes of black, green, and yellow, went around its little body.

② The lady carried leaf and sleeper home.

She took willow leaves for it to eat, put them all in a glass dish, and tied lace over it.

③ In just one week her guest was gone. All the leaves were gone; only a lovely green bag was left. It was just one inch long, was made very neatly, and looked much like a little bed or cradle. No stitches could be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord.



④ Gold and black dots like tiny buttons were on it. The caterpillar had sewed himself in. His old clothes were near by. He had pushed them off in a hurry. The new home was made fast to a bit of cloth.

⑤ Almost six weeks the little sleeper lay in his silken cradle. Early in November he burst the pretty green hammock, and then the old home turned white.

⑥ A lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings, with stripes of

black, like cords, on them, and a feathery fringe of white for each stripe.

⑦ On the edges of the wings were white and yellow dots. The head was black, and



also had white and yellow dots on it. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange-tinted velvet. All these changes were in less than two months.

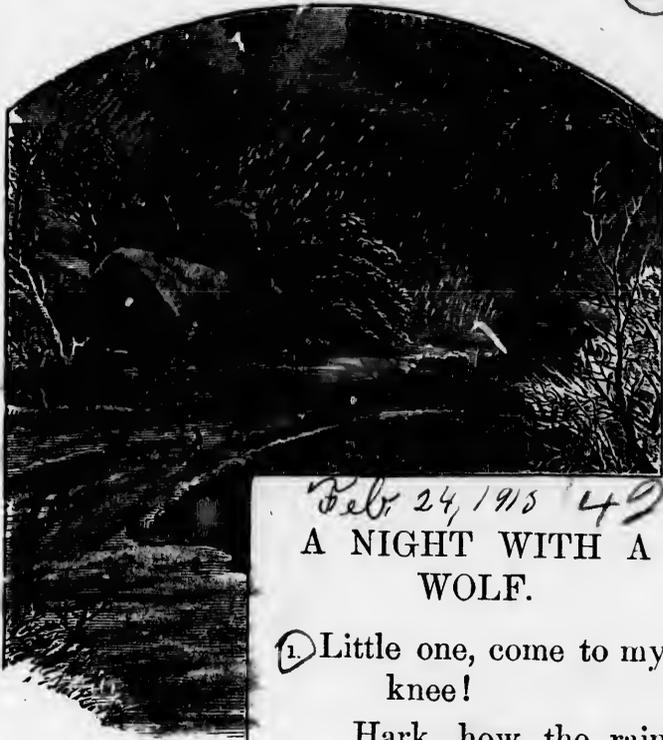
"OUR LITTLE ONES."

QUESTIONS. — 1. Where do all caterpillars come from?  
2. What do they change to? 3. How are butterflies produced?

EXERCISES. — 1. Learn to pronounce and spell :

Car'-ried	Guest	Cat'-er-pil-lar	But'-ter-fly
Stitch'-es	Sewed	Feath'-er-y	Ham'-mock.

2. Give the meanings of other words sounded like *two* ; *all* ; *one* ; *seen* ; *new* ; and *mud*.



Feb 24, 1915 49 ✓  
A NIGHT WITH A  
WOLF.

1. Little one, come to my  
knee!

Hark, how the rain  
is pouring

Over the roof in the pitch-black night,  
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

2. Hush, my darling, and listen,  
Then pay for the story with kisses:  
Father was lost in the pitch-black night  
In just such a storm as this is;

③ High up on the lonely mountains  
Where the wild men watched and  
waited;

Wolves in the forest, and bears in the  
bush,

And I on my path belated.

\* ④ The rain and the night together  
Came down, and the wind came after,  
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof  
And snapping many a rafter.

⑤ I crept along in the darkness,  
Stunned and bruised and blinded,—

Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,

And a sheltering rock behind it.

Feb. 25, 1913  
⑥ There, from the blowing and raining,  
Crouching I sought to hide me:

Something rustled, two green eyes shone,

And a wolf lay down beside me.

⑦ Little one, be not frightened:

I and the wolf together,

Side by side, through the long long night,

Hid from the awful weather,

8 His wet fur pressed against me;  
 Each of us warmed the other;  
 Each of us felt in the stormy dark  
 That beast with man was brother.

9 And when the falling forest  
 No longer crashed in warning,  
 Each of us went from our hiding place  
 Forth in the wild wet morning.

10 Darling, kiss me in payment!  
 Hark, how the wind is roaring!  
 Father's house is a better place  
 When the stormy rain is pouring!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*Feb. 20, 1913*

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

1 Do you know what it is to feel  
 thirsty?—so very thirsty that you think  
 of nothing else?

2 A crow was ready to die with thirst,  
 —at least he thought he was. Looking  
 all about to find water, he spied a pitcher.

"There may be water in it," he said;  
"I'll go and see."

④ He was right. There was water there, but so little that he could not reach it with his bill. "O, dear!" he said, "what shall I do?"

⑤ The sight of it made him want it all the more. "I could get it," he said, "if I broke the pitcher." But the pitcher was too strong for him to break.

⑥ "I might tip it over," he added, "and then get a little of the water as it runs out." But the pitcher was too heavy for him.

⑦ He looked at the water, and was more thirsty still. "I won't give up until I have to," he said. "There must be some way for me to get that water. I'll try to find it out."

⑧ At last he flew away. Do you think he gave it up? Not he. Wait a little and you shall see what he did.

⑨ He came flying back with a little pebble in his mouth and let it drop into

the pitcher. Then he flew away, but soon came back again with another pebble. "They will help to bring the water up to me," he said. Was he not a bright little bird to think of such a way as that?

9. He went again and again and again. Each pebble made the water rise in the pitcher a little; each time he came the crow tried to reach it.

10. "If I can drop pebbles enough it will save my life," he said. For now he was growing faint. The very next pebble that he dropped he could reach down and touch, and one or two more brought the water so high that he could dip his bill into it.

11. He drank every drop. And now he felt well and strong again. "This," he said, "is what people mean when they say, 'If I cannot find a way, I will make one.'"

QUESTIONS.—1. Is feeling thirsty the same as being thirsty? 2. What is meant by "spied a pitcher?" 3. Why could the crow not reach the water at first? 4. Why did putting pebbles in the pitcher make him able to reach it? 5. What is a pebble? 6. Is every stone a pebble?

Feb. 29, 1913.

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SECOND READER.



44

### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

- ① The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"  
Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year and a sphere,

And I think it no disgrace  
 To occupy my place.  
 If I'm not so large as you,  
 You are not so small as I,  
 And not half so spry.  
 I'll not deny you make  
 A very pretty squirrel track.  
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
 Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Mar. 3, 1913

THE WOODMAN'S AX.

① 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.

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

3 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?"

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

5 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 ax of gold.

6 "Is this your ax?" she asked. But the woodman shook his head. "No, no!

My ax was not so fine as that. That would buy mine a thousand times over; but it is not mine, it is not mine."

*Mary* ④ Then the fairy sank beneath the water again. In a moment she re-appeared, bearing a silver ax. "Is this yours?" she asked again. "No, no!" said the woodman; "that is much finer than mine. Mine was made of iron."

⑤ Then the fairy went down once more, and when she came back she carried in her arms the woodman's ax. "That is it!" he cried; "That is it!" "Yes," said the fairy, "this is the honest ax with which you earn the bread to feed your hungry children. Because you would not lie, the silver ax and the gold one shall both be yours." The woodman thanked the fairy, and hurried home to show his treasures to his family.

⑥ 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.

⑩ Away hurried the lazy man to try his luck at the river. Down went his ax 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 ax," he said; "I have lost my good ax."

⑪ The fairy sank beneath the water. Soon she brought up an ax of gold. "Is this your ax?" she asked. "Yes," he cried, greedily, "that is mine; I know it so well."

⑫ "You dishonest rogue!" said the fairy; "this is my ax, not yours. I shall take it home with me, but you must dive for your own if you wish to get it."

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the difference between an "honest" man, and a "lazy" man? 2. What is a "woodman?" 3. Why did the woodman "love" his ax? 4. What is a "water-fairy?" 5. Why did the fairy offer the woodman a gold ax and a silver one, before offering him his own ax? 6. Of what was his ax made? 7. Why did the fairy call the ax "honest?" 8. What is the difference between an "honest" woodman and an "honest" ax? 9. What is meant by "try his luck?" 10. What was the result of the trial? 11. What is meant by "dishonest rogue?" 12. May one say an "honest rogue?"

Mar. 8, 1917. GRANDPAPA. 46

- ① Grandpapa's hair is very white,  
 And grandpapa walks but slow;  
 He likes to sit still in his easy-chair  
 While the children come and go.  
 "Hush! play quietly," says mamma;  
 "Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."
  
- ② Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,  
 It has worked hard all his days,—  
 A strong right hand and an honest hand,  
 That has won all good men's praise.  
 "Kiss it tenderly," says mamma;  
 "Let every one honor grandpapa."
  
- ③ Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim;  
 They have looked on sorrow and death;  
 But the love-light never went out of them,  
 Nor the courage and the faith.  
 "You, children, all of you," says mamma,  
 "Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

4. Grandpapa's years are wearing few,  
 But he leaves a blessing behind:  
 A good life lived, and a good fight fought,  
 True heart, and equal mind.  
 "Remember, my children," says mamma,  
 "You bear the name of your grandpapa."

MRS. CRAIK.

Mar. 6 1913.

THE NEW MOON. 47

1. Oh, mother, how pretty the moon looks  
 to-night!  
 She was never so cunning before;  
 Her two little horns are so sharp and so  
 bright,  
 I hope they'll not grow any more!
2. If I were up there with you and my  
 friends,  
 We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;  
 We'd sit in the middle, and hold by both  
 ends—  
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!



- ③ We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And there we would stay till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.
- ④ And there we would rock in the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
We'd see the sun set and see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the difference between "pretty" and "cunning" as applied to the moon? 2. What are the

moon's "horns"? 3. Do they "grow"? 4. Does the moon itself grow? 5. What is the shape of the moon called when it is "new"? 6. What is its shape when it is "full"? 7. How long a time elapses from "new moon" to "new moon"? 8. What is meant by "sun set" and "sun rise"? 9. What is a "rainbow"? 10. Why is it called a "bow"? 11. Why is it called a "rain" bow? 12. How many colors are there to be seen in the rainbow?

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 GRANDMAMMA.
 48

*Mar 10, 1913*

① Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair;  
 Never was lady so sweet and fair;  
 Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,  
 And her placid brow its story tells  
 Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,  
 A trust in God and a hope in heaven.

② Little girl May sits rocking away  
 In her own low seat like some winsome  
 fay;  
 Two doll babies her kisses share,  
 Another one lies by the side of her chair;  
 May is as fair as the morning dew,  
 Checks of roses and ribbons of blue.

3. "Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,  
"Tell me a story about yourself.

When you were little, what did you play?  
Were you good or naughty the whole long  
day?

Was it hundreds and hundreds of years  
ago?

And what makes your soft hair as white  
as snow?

4. "Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss,  
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?  
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?  
Did you go to bed when the clock struck  
eight?

Did you have long curls, and beads like  
mine?

And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?

5. Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,  
And laying aside her knitting, she said:  
"Go to my desk,—a red box you'll see;  
Carefully lift it and bring it to me."  
So May put her dollies away, and ran,  
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."

March 1913

6 The grandmamma opened the box, and lo!  
A beautiful child with throat like snow,  
Lips just tinted with pink shells rare,  
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair,  
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,—  
Fairest and sweetest of little girls!

7 “O! who is it?” cried winsome May;  
“How I wish she were here to-day!  
Wouldn’t I love her like everything!  
Wouldn’t I with her frolic and sing!  
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?”  
“Darling,” said grandmamma, “I was she.”

8 May looked long at the dimpled grace,  
And then at the saint-like, fair, old face:  
“How funny!” she cried, with a smile  
and a kiss,  
“To have such a dear little grandma as  
this!  
Still,” she added, with smiling zest,  
“I think, dear grandma, I like you best.”

9. So May climbed up on the silken knee,  
 And grandmamma told her history:  
 What plays she played, what toys she had,  
 How at times she was naughty, or good,  
 or sad!
- "But the best thing you did," said May,  
 "don't you see?  
 Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me."

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 THE IDLE BOY. 49

*Mar. 17, 1913*

1. "When I was a boy at school," said an old man, "I was often very idle. Even while at my lessons, I used to play with other boys as idle as myself. Of course we tried to hide this from the teacher, but one day we were fairly caught.

2. "Boys," said he, "you must not be idle. You must keep your eyes on your lessons. You do not know what you lose by being idle. Now, while you are young, is the time to learn. Let any one of you,

who sees another boy looking off his book, come and tell me.'

3 "Now," said I to myself, 'there is Fred Smith. I do not like him. I will watch him, and if I see him looking off his book I will tell. Not very long after, I saw Fred looking off his book, so I went up and told the teacher.'

4 "Aha!" said he, 'how do you know he was idle?'

"Please, sir," said I, 'I saw him.'

"O you did, did you? And where were your eyes when you saw him? Were they on your book?"

5 "I was fairly caught. I saw the other boys laugh, and I hung my head, while the teacher smiled. It was a good lesson for me. I did not watch for idle boys again."

QUESTIONS.—1. What is meant by an "idle" boy? 2. What is the difference between an "idle" boy and a "lazy" boy? 3. What is the difference between "lessons" in the ninth line and "lesson" in the line next to the last? 4. What is meant by "caught?" 5. What made the other boys laugh? 6. What was the "good lesson?"

Donald Crawford

SECOND READER.

131

Mar. 18, 1913. 50 ✓

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

1. Humming-birds are found in all countries where the summer is warm enough for them; but they are more beautiful in very



hot countries, like the West Indies and South America, than in colder climates. The bird gets its name from the soft, humming sound made by the very rapid motion of its wings in the air. It flies very fast from place to place, and when it stops to take honey from a flower it does not

alight on its feet, but balances itself in the air with its wings. It gathers honey by means of a long, sharp bill, which it thrusts into the middle of the flower, and it never remains more than a few moments in one spot.

2 It is very hard to describe the plumage of the humming-bird, because the colors of its head and breast change with every change of its position. In this respect it is like a larger bird of the same class found in Australia, and called, on account of its great beauty, the Bird of Paradise. The humming-bird is often killed and stuffed to be used as an ornament for ladies' head-dresses; but it loses, after death, a great deal of the brightness which makes its plumage so beautiful in life.

3 The humming-bird can be tamed by kind and careful treatment. When tame it sips melted sugar or honey from a vessel instead of gathering the latter for itself from flowers. Its nest is, like the bird,

very small, not larger than half the shell of a small hen's egg. The female humming-bird fights fiercely in defence of her nest, and with her long sharp bill tries to destroy the eyes of any one who may happen to come too close to her eggs or her young.

QUESTIONS.—Where are humming-birds found? 2. Where are those with the most beautiful plumage to be seen? 3. Why are they called humming-birds? 4. What do they use for food? 5. How do they gather it? 6. What other large bird is it like? 7. Where is this other bird found? 8. For what purpose are humming-birds used when dead? 9. When tamed what food does the little bird use? 10. Describe its nest? 11. How does the female bird defend her eggs or young ones?

EXERCISE.—1. Pronounce and learn to spell:

E-nough'	Pos-i'-tion	In-stead
Coun'-tries	Par'-a-dise	Gath'-ering
Rap'-id	Or'-na-ment	Fierce'-ly
Bal'-an-ces	Beau'-ti-ful	De-fence'

2. Find out on the map where the West Indies, South America, and Australia are?



March 26, 1913

51 ✓

## THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW.

- (1.) From the leafy maple ridges,  
From the thickets of the cedar,  
From the alders by the river,  
From the bending willow branches,  
From the hollows and the hillsides,  
Through the lone Canadian forest,  
Comes the melancholy music,  
Oft repeated,—never changing,—  
“All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity.”
- (2.) Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,  
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,  
In the orchard white with blossom,  
In the early field of clover,  
Comes the little brown-clad singer  
Flitting in and out of bushes,  
Hiding well behind the fences,  
Piping forth his song of sadness,—  
“Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity.”

SIR JAMES EDGAR.

March 31, 1818. 1758-1805

LORD NELSON'S BOYHOOD

1. 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.

2. His fearless nature was shown in many ways. Whenever there was any special danger or a chance for an adventure, midshipman Nelson was sure to be "on hand" to lead in work or in fun.

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

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

5. 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.

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

7. 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.

8. 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.

9. His uncle was at first very angry, and scolded Horatio for his folly. He could not help admiring his bravery, however.

10. "Why did you go alone to attack a bear?" he asked.

11. "I wanted to get the skin for my father," the boy answered.

12. Then the Captain's voice grew tender, and taking his nephew's hand, he said: "Were you not afraid, Horatio?"

13. "What is meant by being afraid, uncle?" the boy asked.

14. 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.

15. 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.

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*April 3, 1913.* LITTLE BY LITTLE. 53

1. "Little by little" an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;  
"I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away."

2. Little by little each day it grew,  
Little by little it sipped the dew;  
Downward it sent out a thread-like root,  
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.

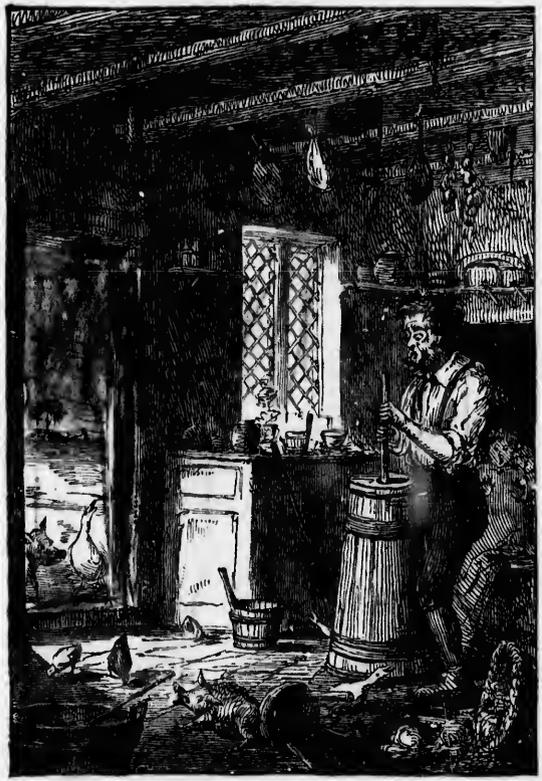
3 Day after day and year after year,  
Little by little the leaves appear,  
And the slender branches spread far and  
wide  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

4 "Little by little" said a thoughtful boy,  
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,  
Learning a little every day  
And not spending all my time in play;  
And still this rule in my mind shall  
dwell—  
'Whatever I do I'll do it well.'

5 "Little by little I'll learn to know  
The treasured wisdom of long ago,  
And one of these days perhaps we'll see  
That the world will be the better for me."  
And do you not think that this simple  
plan  
Made him a wise and useful man?

QUESTIONS:—1. What is an "acorn"? 2. What does  
"little by little" mean? 3. How does the oak grow from  
the acorn? 4. How does a boy become a learned man?

and  
ride.  
boy,  
oy,  
lay;  
shall



THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND  
THE HOUSE.

Scold'-ing, blaming angrily.      Up'-roar, great noise.  
Cap'-i-tal, very good.

1 apr. 7, 1913

(1) There was once a man who was so cross  
and surly that he thought his wife never did

ll see  
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simple  
  
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ed man?

anything right in the house. So one evening — it was in haymaking time — he came home scolding, and grumbling, and making a great uproar.

② "Dear \_\_\_\_\_ and, don't be so angry," said his wife. "I have been thinking, and I have thought of a capital plan. To-morrow let us change work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall stay at home and mind the house." The husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

③ So, early next morning, the wife took a scythe and went out into the hayfield with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and to do the work at home.

④ First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but, when he had churned a while he found it very dry work, and he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of cider. When he had just knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask,

he heard overhead the pig come trotting into the kitchen.

5. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but, when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there rooting and grunting amongst the cream, which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the cider-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could.

6. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick, that it lay for dead on the spot. All at once he remembered that he had the tap in his hand; but, when he got down to the cellar, every drop of cider had run out of the cask.

7. Then he went into the dairy, and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for they must have butter. When he had churned for some time, he remembered that their milk-

ing-cow was still shut up in the cow-house, and had not had anything to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high in the heavens.

Apr 7 1913  
8. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he would just get her up to feed on the house-top; for the house, you know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep hill, and he thought that if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

9. Yet he could not leave the churn, for there was the little baby crawling on the floor; "and if I leave," he thought, "the child is sure to upset the churn." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he had better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch. So he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran

out of the churn over his shoulders, and down into the well.

(10.) Now it was near dinner-time, and he had not yet got even the butter; so he thought he had best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water, and hung it by a chain over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck.

(11.) So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the wide chimney, and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

(12.) So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half-way down between the thatch and the ground — for she could neither get down nor up.

13. And now the wife had waited long for her husband to come and call them to dinner. At last she thought she had waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe.

14. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so, when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.

G. W. DASENT.

EXERCISES. — 1. Spell the following words:

Up'-roar  
Scythe

Dai'-ry  
Thatched

Shoul'-ders  
Chim'-ney.

2. Point out the nouns in paragraph 12.

3. Make nouns out of the following words, either by adding something to them or by taking something away from them: *Cross; angry; churning; knocked; forget; high; grind; stuck.*



Apr 10/1913  
 CHERRIES ARE RIPE. 55

1. Under the tree the farmer said,  
 Smiling and shaking his wise old head,  
 "Cherries are ripe; but then, you know,  
 There's the grass to cut and the corn to  
 hoe;

We can gather the cherries any day,  
 But when the sun shines we must make  
 our hay.

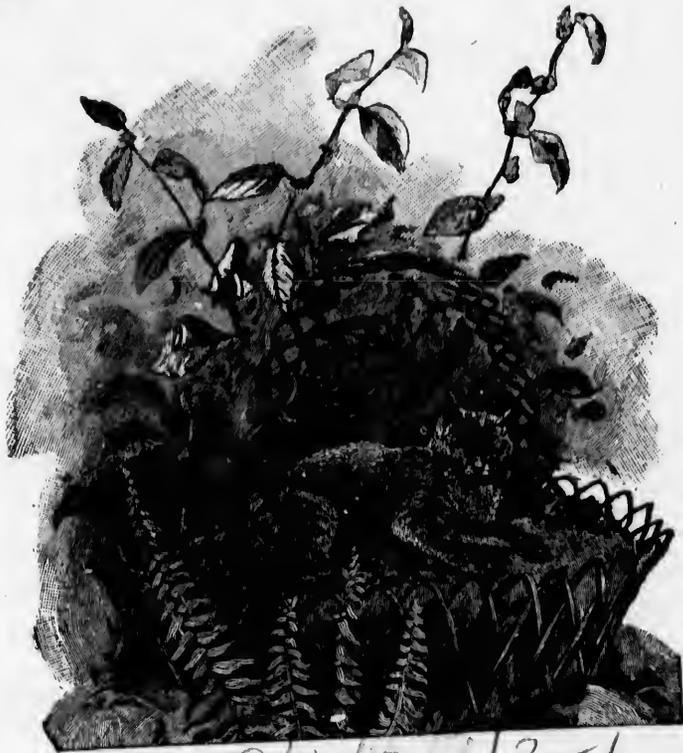
To-night, when the work has all been  
 done,

We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."

2. Up in a tree a robin said,  
 Shaking and nodding his saucy head,  
 "Cherries are ripe, and so to-day  
 We'll gather them while you make the  
 hay;

For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,  
 No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."

At night the farmer said, "Here's a trick!  
 These roguish robins have had their pick!"



OLD BRONZE.

1. "It's the strangest thing," said Jessie, with wide-open eyes.

"And my flowers will never grow," said Ruth, shaking her head ruefully.

2. It was strange. Out in a corner of the

garden was a rockery. On the rockery was an iron basket made to hold flowers. Ruth had planted in the middle of it a white lily bulb. All around the edges she had put morning-glory seeds. She wanted the vines to droop over the sides of the basket and run down upon the stones.

3. Every day the children visited it and found that something was doing mischief. It was very plain that the seeds and the bulb were trying to do their duty, for many and many a tiny shoot came peeping above ground. But the earth about them was scratched and the tender green stalks broken down and withered.

4. And it kept on day after day!

"It must be rats," said Jack.

But nothing else in the garden was ever touched.

"Couldn't be frost, could it?" asked little Nan.

They all laughed, for the geranium and pansies were smiling up in the sunshine.

(5.) One day the children came home early from school. Out into the garden they ran, and then there was a shout:—

“If it isn’t Old Bronze!”

*am. 15 1913*  
(6.) Old Bronze was the largest cat they had. Jack had named him long ago, not because he was bronze colored, but because Jack knew that bronze was some kind of a color, and thought it sounded well.

(7.) There lay Old Bronze on the basket. It was just the time when the afternoon sun shone on it. He probably found the warm earth a very comfortable bed.

(8.) They all laughed, and Jack said, “I’ll fix him!” He got the watering hose, and aimed at Old Bronze, while Harry ran to turn on the water.

(9.) “Oh, don’t!” cried Ruth. “Poor old fellow!—he didn’t know any better.”

“But he must be taught a lesson,” said Jack, very firmly. “Now, scoot!”

(10.) The cold water came with a dash, and Old Bronze “scooted.” With one long,

dreadful mi-aw-w-w-w-w! he sprang off the basket, flew over the flower-beds, and did not stop until he was in the top of the tallest tree.

(ii.) "Poor Old Bronze!" The little girls petted and coaxed and fondled him when he came down. He had learned his lesson well for he never so much as looked at the basket again. And the lily grew and was soon looking around her like a queen. The morning - glories crept down and wandered softly over the stones until, before summer was gone, the rockery looked like a bank of flowers.

SIDNEY DAYRE.

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(i.) One gentle word that we may speak,  
Or one kind loving deed,  
May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing?



*April 21, 1913*  
THE DEER-MICE.

57

1. A beautiful deer-mouse lived in the rye,  
Fawn-colored and velvet-furred his skin;  
And his tail was long enough to tie  
In a dandy bow-knot under his chin;  
He did not wear it so, it is true,  
But carried it just as other mice do!

2. He rented a rye-rick for his house,  
After the reapers had cut the grain,  
And there he lodged with his lady mouse  
And four pink babies, out of the rain;  
His rent was never paid up, it's true,—  
He just forgot it as other mice do.

3. Then came the farmer and raised that rick  
And tumbled it sheaf by sheaf in his cart;  
And Bose, the dog, was eager and quick  
When he saw the beautiful deer-mice start.  
They would make him a slender meal he  
knew,  
If they went the way some other mice do.

4. But Bose, good Bose, I am pleased to say  
You must dine to-day on the master's  
beef;  
The pretty deer-mice went not the way  
You opened for them; but snug in a sheaf  
They rode, well-stowed, and took lodgings  
new  
In the farmer's barn, as other mice do.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

## THE FAITHFUL DOG.

*April 22, 1913*

1. Fido's master had to go on a long journey, and he took her with him. He rode a beautiful horse, and Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels. Often the master would speak a cheering word to the dog, and she would wag her tail and bark a glad answer. And so they travelled on and on.

2. The sun shone hot and the road was dusty. The beautiful horse was covered with sweat, and poor Fido's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her legs were so tired they could hardly go any more.

3. At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master, stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. He took from the saddle his heavy saddle-bags; they were heavy because they were filled with gold.

4. The man laid the bags down very carefully in a shady place, and, pointing

to them, said to Fido, "Watch them." Then he drew his cloak about him, lay down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

5. Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master had told her to watch, and every few moments she would open her eyes and prick up her ears, to learn if anybody were coming.

6. Her master was tired, and slept soundly and long—very much longer than he had intended. At last he was awakened by Fido's licking his face.

7. *april 23, 1913*  
The dog saw that the sun was nearly setting, and knew that it was time for her master to go. The man patted Fido, and jumped up, much troubled to find he had slept so long.

8. He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his horse, untied his bridle, sprang

into the saddle, and, calling Fido, started off in great haste. But Fido did not seem ready to follow him.

9. She ran after his horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods, all the time barking furiously. This she did several times; but her master had no time to heed her foolish pranks, and galloped away, thinking she would follow him.

10. At last the little dog sat down by the roadside, and looked sorrowfully after her master, until he had turned a bend in the road.

11. When he was no longer in sight, she sprang up with a wild bark and ran after him. She overtook him just as he had stopped to water his horse in a brook that flowed across the road. She stood beside the brook and barked so savagely that her master rode back and called her to him; but instead of coming to him she darted off down the road still barking.



12. Her master did not know what to think, and began to fear that his dog was going mad. Mad dogs are afraid of water, and act strangely when they see it. While the man was thinking of this, Fido came running back again, and dashed at him furiously. She leaped up on the legs of the horse, and even jumped up and bit the toe of her master's boot; then she ran down the road again, barking with all her might.

13. Her master was now convinced that she was mad, and, taking out his pistol, he shot her.

April 24, 1913.

14. He rode away quickly, for he loved her dearly, and did not wish to see her die; but he had not ridden very far when he stopped as suddenly as if he had himself been shot. He felt quickly under his cloak for his saddle-bags. *They were not there!*

15. Had he dropped them, or had he left them behind in the wood? He felt sure he must have left them in the wood, for he could not recall picking them up or fastening them to his saddle. He turned quickly about and rode back again as fast as his horse could go.

16. When he came to the brook, he said, "Poor Fido!" and looked about, but he could see nothing of her. After he had crossed the stream he saw some drops of blood upon the ground; and all along the road, as he went, he still saw drops of blood. Poor Fido!

17. Tears came into the man's eyes, and his heart began to ache, for he understood



now why Fido had acted so strangely. She was not mad at all. She knew that her master had left his precious bags of gold, and she had tried to tell him in the only way she could.

(18.) Oh, how guilty the man felt, as he galloped along and saw the drops of blood by the roadside! At last he came to the wood, and there, all safe, lay the bags of gold; and there, beside them, with her nose lying over one end of them, lay faithful Fido, dead.

## SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

*April 27, 1913*

✓  
59

- ① The woman was poor' and old and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
- ② She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
- ③ Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
- ④ Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should knock her down in the open street.
- ⑤ At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of all the group;

*54*

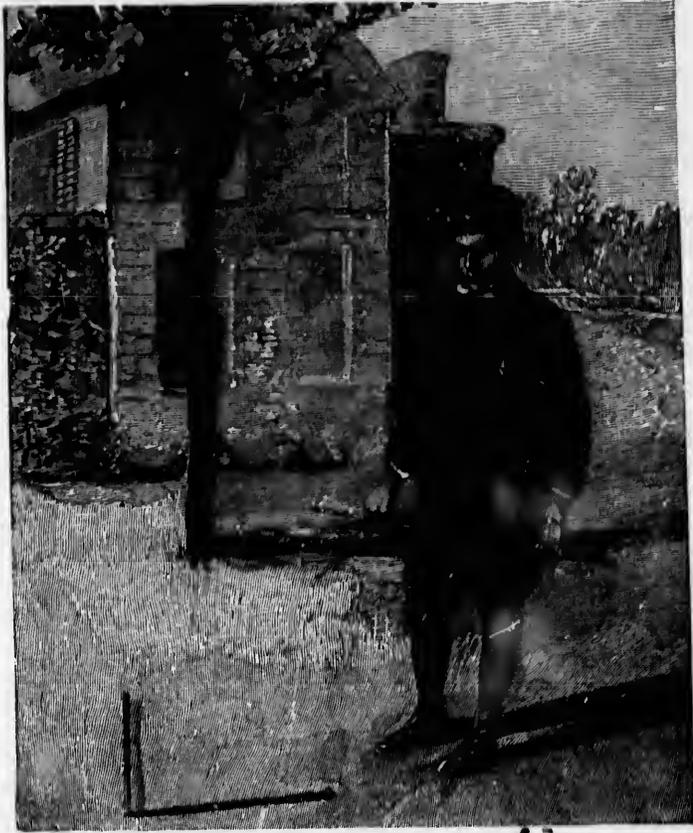
He paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

*April 29, 1813.*  
6. Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so without hurt or harm  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

7. Then back to his friends again he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.

8. "She's somebody's mother, boys, you  
know,  
For all she's aged and poor and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, if she should stand  
At a crossing, weary and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

9. And "somebody's mother" bowed low her  
head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she  
said  
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."



### ROB AND THE SHADOW.

*annie 30/9/13*

1. Rob is a boy who thinks a great deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself. And he solves some problems

which would seem too difficult for such a little fellow.

2. Rob is the owner of a foot-rule and a yardstick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place.

3. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came.

4. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short and at other times very long.

5. At length, however, he discovered that it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear.

6. He also learned that twice each day (once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon) his shadow was exactly of the same length as himself.

7. There is a beautiful maple near the house, which runs up tall and slim. Rob

great  
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blems

at may 6. 10. 17.

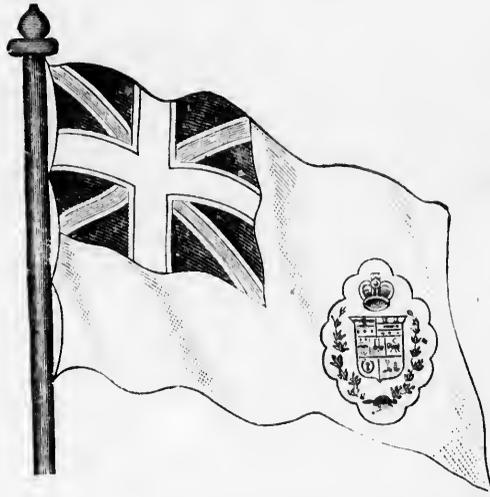
used to say that it almost touched the sky.

8 He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow?

9 He drove a stake into the ground and found that its shadow was now longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched.

10 In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple.

11 He was delighted with his discovery. He talked about it a great deal and said he should some time try to measure the distance to the moon.



THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.  
*May 5 18*

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore,  
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag,  
On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,  
And, joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
The Maple Leaf forever!

2. At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane,  
Our brave fathers side by side  
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,

Firmly stood and nobly died.  
And those dear rights which they main-  
tained,

We swear to yield them never!  
Our watchword evermore shall be,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

3. Our fair Dominion now extends  
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;  
May peace forever be our lot,  
And plenteous store abound;  
And may those ties of love be ours  
Which discord cannot sever,  
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,  
The Maple Leaf forever!

4. On merry England ~~x~~ far-famed land,  
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;  
God bless old Scotland evermore,  
And Ireland ~~x~~ Emerald Isle!  
Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
Till rocks and forests quiver,  
God save our ~~land~~ and heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf forever!

ALEX. MUIR.

S ✓  
 MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

May 12, 1913 61  
 1. Though other skies may be as bright,  
 And other lands as fair;  
 Though charms of other climes invite  
 My wandering footsteps there,  
 Yet there is one, the peer of all  
 Beneath bright heaven's dome;  
 Of thee I sing, O happy land,  
 My own Canadian home!

2. Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice  
 Of many waters," raise  
 To Him who planned their vast extent,  
 A symphony of praise.  
 Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—  
 They pierce the azure skies;  
 They bid thy sons be strong and true—  
 To great achievements rise.

May 14, 1913  
 3. A noble heritage is thine,  
 So grand, and fair, and free; |

A fertile land, where he who toils,  
 Shall well rewarded be.  
 And he who joys in nature's charms,  
 Exulting, here may roam  
 'Mid scenes of grandeur, which adorn  
 My own Canadian home.

4. Shall not the race that tread thy plains  
 Spurn all that would enslave?  
 Or they who battle with thy tides,  
 Shall not that race be brave?  
 Shall not Niagara's mighty voice  
 Inspire to actions high?  
 'Twere easy such a land to love,  
 Or for her glory die.

5. *Mary 15, 1613*  
 And doubt not should a foeman's hand  
 Be armed to strike at thee,  
 Thy trumpet call throughout the land  
 Need scarce repeated be!  
 As bravely as on Queenston's Heights,  
 Or as in Lundy's Lane.  
 Thy sons will battle for thy rights,  
 And freedom's cause maintain.

6. Did kindly heaven afford to me  
 The choice where I would dwell,  
 Fair Canada! that choice should be,  
 The land I love so well.  
 I love thy hills and valleys wide,  
 Thy waters' flash and foam;  
 May God in love o'er thee preside,  
 My own Canadian home!

E. G. NELSON.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why are the thistle, the shamrock, the rose, and the maple leaf all mentioned together? 2. Is there any difference in meaning between "Britain" and "Britannia?" 3. What is meant by "days of yore?" 4. When and where did Wolfe "plant the British flag" in Canada? 5. When were battles fought at "Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane," and with what result? 6. What is meant by "freedom," "rights," and "enslave," as used in the two poems? 7. What is meant by making "The Maple Leaf Forever" a "watchword?" 8. Why are the words "the voice of many waters" placed between quotation marks? 9. What is meant by "peer," "dome," "symphony," "azure," "achievements," "heritage," "dauntless," "sever," "emerald?" 10. Is there reason to believe that natural objects such as lakes, rivers, mountains, waterfalls, and tides have the effect of inspiring people to perform great achievements?

EXERCISES.—1. Show from the contents of the above two poems that they are written on the same subject, though they have different titles. 2. Point out on the map of Canada: Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, the Niagara River and Falls, Cape Race, Nootka Sound.

MAY 20, 1913  
BIRDS OF PARADISE.

① These birds are the most beautiful in all the world, with their splendid plumes that have every rich color in them, just like precious stones. In old times these plumes were worn on ladies' bonnets.

②. The natives of the East Indies, where they are mostly found, prepare the skins with the feathers all on and then sell them for a good deal of money.

③. Birds of Paradise were once called "God's birds." Do you wonder? There are a great many varieties, more than eight thousand; and they all have the same peculiar scream.

④. Every morning before you were up, if you could be in the forest where they live, you would hear their "Wauk, wauk, wok, wok," as if they were calling all the other feathered tribes to be up and doing.

⑤. The "King Paradise" is the largest of them all—seventeen feet from the bill to the tip of its tail. Think of that for a bird! Almost as long as three men put together. Its breast is covered with the richest shades of purple and violet, with soft-colored feathers all over its head and neck.

⑥. In the early spring, when these birds

are fully dressed, they get together before the sun is up and have their "dancing parties," as the natives call them. Choosing a tree with very wide branches and large leaves, they lift their wings, stretch out their necks, and raise those gorgeous plumes keeping them all the time in motion. As they move from branch to branch the whole tree seems alive with these changing colors. Wouldn't you like to see them in the land where they live? Perhaps you will, some day!

MRS. G. HALL.

*May 22, 1915* ✓  
 THE SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

- ①. What does it mean when the bluebird comes  
 And builds its nest, singing sweet and  
 clear?  
 When violets peep among blades of grass?—  
 These are the signs that Spring is here.
- ②. What does it mean when berries are ripe?  
 When butterflies flit and honey-bees  
 hum?

R. S. D. B.

SECOND READER.

When cattle stand under the shady trees? —  
These are the signs that Summer has  
come.

3. What does it mean when the crickets chirp,  
And away to the south the robins steer?  
When apples are falling, and leaves grow  
brown?—  
These are the signs that Autumn is here.

4. What does it mean when days are short?  
When leaves are gone and brooks are  
dumb?  
When fields are white with drifted snow?—  
These are the signs that Winter has  
come.

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

W. A. Crawford

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### THE LITTLE MILKMAID. 64

May 30 1891

(1) Bessie lived on a large farm in a beautiful country. The house was very old, and the trees around it were old too. But such cherries and pears and apples Bessie thought never grew anywhere else.

(2) There were a great many chickens and cows in the farm-yard. Bessie used to

play with them all; for they seemed to know that the dear little girl would not do them any harm. But her pets were the big dog, Hero, and the little cat, Jet. Every morning and every evening, when the maids were going out to milk the cows, you might have seen Bessie walking behind them. She had a big dog on one side, and a little black cat on the other. In one hand she carried a little pail and in the other a milking-stool. Old Boss, the gentlest cow, would know that a very little milkmaid was coming to her, and two little hands would soon be working to fill the tiny pail. The cow would stand very still, not even kicking the flies away, for fear of hurting the little dairy-maid.

③ The pail would soon be full of foaming creamy milk. Then it would be poured into a deep dish for Hero and Jet to drink.

④ Papa had changed the name of the dog to Hero. Once, when Bessie was a tiny little girl, she was playing in the grass

with the dog, then quite small and called Fido. A big, wicked-looking dog had come running right toward Bessie. But Fido would not let his little mistress be hurt if he could help it. He put himself right in front of her and barked 'as loud as he could. As the big dog tried to go past him he caught him by the tail and held on tight. The dog got many a bump and some pretty hard bites before Bessie's mamma could reach them and drive the intruder away.

5. Then they all petted Fido, and papa changed his name to Hero because he had been so brave. Ever since that time Bessie loved him more than ever. She never forgot that he liked his breakfast and supper of nice new milk served by her own hands.

6. One day Hero found the little black kitten away down the road somewhere, and he brought it home. He laid it in Bessie's lap, while he looked in her face as much as to say, "Please take care of him for my sake." From that time they were always together.

SWINGING.

*May 28, 1913*

*65*

① Here we go in the garden swing,

Under the chestnut tree.

Up in the branches birdies sing

Songs to Baby and me,

Baby and kitty and me.

Then up, high up, for the ropes are long,

And down, low down, for the branch is

strong,

And there's room on the seat for

three,

Just Baby and kitty and me;

Merrily swinging,

Merrily singing,

Under the chestnut tree.

② Up to the clustering leaves we go,

Down we sweep to the grass,

Touching the daisies there below,

Bowing to let us pass,

Smiling, too, as we pass.

Then up, high up, for the ropes are long,  
And down, low down, for the branch is  
strong,

And there's room on the seat for three,  
Just Baby and kitty and me,  
Merrily swinging,  
Merrily singing,  
Under the chestnut tree.

3. Slow and slower we'll let it swing,  
Under the chestnut tree;  
Low and lower the birdies sing  
Songs for Baby and me,  
Baby and kitty and me.  
Then slow and soft though the ropes be  
long,  
And soft and slow though the branch be  
strong,  
And room on the seat for three,  
Just Baby and kitty and me,  
Sleepily swinging,  
Sleepily singing,  
Under the chestnut tree.



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