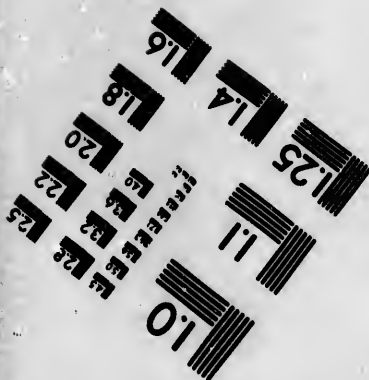
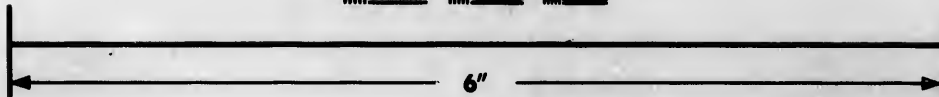
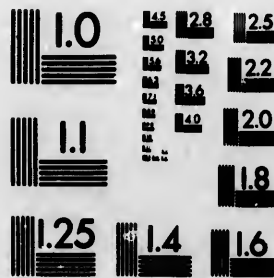


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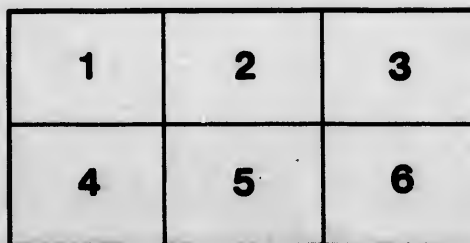
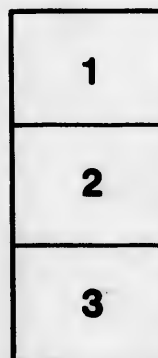
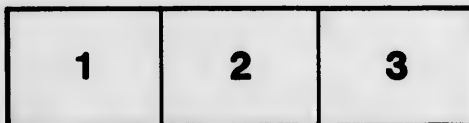
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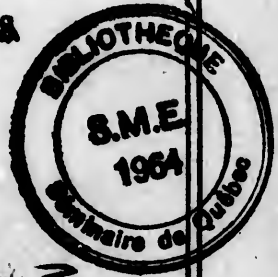
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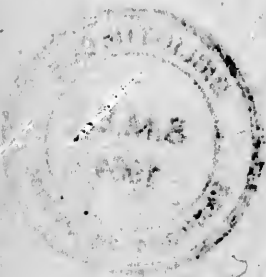
**THE
METROPOLITAN
FIRST READER:**

**CAREFULLY ARRANGED
IN PROSE AND VERSE,
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS**



**BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY
FERMINUS SUPERIORUM.**

**MONTREAL:
JAMES A. SADLER, CATHOLIC PUBLISHER.
1600 NOTRE DAME STREET.**



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PREFACE.

MANY people do not appreciate the vast importance of having a series of carefully-prepared Readers for the use of schools. They think that, provided the child learns to read at all, it matters little how it learns, or what it reads. Others there are who ask, what need is there for a new series, when so many of acknowledged merit are already in existence? Both classes are mistaken. As first impressions are known to be the strongest and most lasting, and as these impressions are in part derived from books, what can be more necessary

than a collection of simple lessons, so selected as to interest as well as to instruct the young learner? Let us give the child stepping-stones to knowledge; but let us be very careful that those stones are safe footing, securely laid on the great basis of Christian truth, so that they be not swept away from beneath his feet by the rushing floods of infidelity, and that worldly wisdom which is akin to irreligion. Give him lessons suited to his infantile capacity,—lessons which may accustom him to *think* of what he sees and hears, but so interwoven with the truths of faith, that the seen and the unseen may have equal hold on his understanding. Let him learn, from his first reading-lessons, to *believe*, to *think*, and to *feel*.

This is what the compiler of these Readers has endeavored to accomplish, and it is hoped that they will be found to answer that desirable object. The second objection to which

we have alluded, scarcely seems to need a special reply after what has been already said, as the whole of the ground which it covers is embraced in the statement of our views.

The publishers have taken great pains, and gone to considerable expense, to illustrate these first two Readers, so as to make them as attractive as possible to little people. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared to make them both pleasing and instructive; and they are confidently presented to the Catholic public, for the use of primary schools.



THE ALPHABET IN CAPITALS

A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L
M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X
	Y	Z	

D
H
L
P
T
X

THE ALPHABET IN SMALL LETTERS.

a	b	c	d
e	f	g	h
i	j	k	l
m	n	o	p
q	r	s	t
u	v	w	x
	y	z	

FIRST READER.

PART FIRST.

LESSON I.

THE VOWELS.

a e i o u

ba	be	bi	bo	bu
ca	ce	ci	co	cu
da	de	di	do	du

LESSON II.

ah	am	an	as	at	ax
he	me	be	we	ye	if
in	it	is	oh	on	or
	ox	of	up	us	



LESSON III.

✕ Is it he? No, it is not he.
 Is it an ox? Yes, it is an ox.
 My ox is in. Oh, go to my pa.
 Is it he or is it I? It is he.

Ah, it is my ma! Let us go
 up. See, he is up! Oh, let us
 go, too! May we go? Yes, you
 may go. Oh, ho!

He is up to me. Is he so? Yes,
 he is. Do so to us. Be it so. ✕

bu
 cu
 du

ax
 if
 or



LESSON IV.

Do you see the fly? Is it a fly? Yes, it is a big one.

Let us kill the fly. Oh, no; we must not kill the fly.

Put a pin in the fly. No, no; put no pin in the fly.

I am on a nag. Have you no nag? Ride on my nag. Ho! be near me! He is on his nag.

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LESSON V.

This girl's name is Kate. Her bird flew out of its cage. The cat caught the bird. It is now dead. Kate is sad. Poor Kate! her bird will sing no more.



LESSON VI.

Jane has got a nice doll. She is so very fond of it. She likes to see her doll neat. She has got a new dress for her doll, and new shoes, and a belt. Look at them.



it a

no;

no;

no

be

LESSON VII.



Is this a kite?

It is a kite.

Do you see the kite?

I see the boy.

The boy has the kite.

He goes to fly his kite.

The kite has a long
tail.

Did you feel the car jar?

I can ride far in a car.

LESSON VIII.



Is this a ball?

It is a ball.

I see the ball.

It is a foot-ball.

The boy has lost his
hat.

He does not mind.

He runs fast to catch
the ball. I think his name is Frank.

at
by
se



LESSON IX.

at	the	and	here	girl	name
by	are	two	book	Ann	stands
see	has	boy	looks	John	George

Here are two boys, John and George.

The girl's name is Ann.

John has a book.

The boys look at the book.

Ann sits by John.

kite?

e kite.
his kite.
a long

ll.
lost his
mind.
o catch
nk.



LESSON X.

still	will	rest	him	take
gone	poor	more.	play	rock
there	sleep	touch	wakes	leave

Poor Will has gone to sleep. See how still he lies. Don't touch him. If you do, you will wake him up. There! he is a-wake. × Rock him. There, be still now, for he has gone to sleep again. Now, let us go to our play, and leave the poor boy to take his rest. Ma-ry and George love the ba-by ver-y much.



LESSON XI.

hat	read	back	day
chair	high	good	boy
name	head	school	soon

This boy's name is George. He sits on a chair. His hat is on his head. The chair has a high back. George reads the news. George is a good boy. He goes to school ev-er-y day. He will soon learn to write.

take
rock
leave

ee how
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LESSON XII.

see	try	her	say
face	play	snow	cold
sign	ball	long	boot
rain	love	hand	feet
tail	look	warm	sign
ring	wash	head	rain
catch	they	has	the
thread	black	white	think



See puss. See her wash her face. They say it is a sign of rain for puss to wash her face. Puss looks at her long tail.

She thinks it is very fine. It has black and white rings on it. Kit plays with a ball of thread. She loves to play. She will play all the day. See her try to catch the ball



LESSON XIII.

the they come lit-tle un-cle
she kind stands ta-ble can-dy

This is Un-cle Hen-ry, come to see lit-tle Tom-my, and Ag-nes, and El-la. They love Un-cle Hen-ry, for he is ver-y kind to them. El-la stands on the ta-ble. She asks Un-cle Hen-ry for some can-dy.

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her face.
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LESSON XIV.



John is play-ing
ball. See him strike
with his bat. He
has been at school.
John likes to read.
His fa-ther gave him
a book. Af-ter sup-
per he will read his

book. John is a good boy.

school
strike
spring

look
ball
John

read
gave
play

fa-ther
pitch-er
wa-ter



This lit-tle girl has
a pitch-er. She has
been to the spring for
some wa-ter. She is
a good girl. She has
got one lit-tle sis-ter
at home, and two lit-
tle broth-ers.



LESSON XV.

house	pull	plough	stick
horse	hold	shoes	left
like	feet	their	but
bare	hurt	stones	they

Lit-tle George, and Fred, and Em-ma, are play-ing horse and plough. Fred holds the stick, for a plough; and George and Em-ma pull it, like the horses. Em-ma has her shoes on her feet; but George and Fred left their shoes in the house.

LESSON XVI.



I am a-fraid this lit-tle boy is not ver-y good. He has been in the woods, and sto-len a bird's nest. See the pa-rent birds fly-ing in the air. Lit-tle boys should nev-er rob birds' nests.



This lit-tle girl sees a but-ter-fly. She tries to catch it. She runs ver-y fast. What will she do with the pret-ty but-ter-fly, if she gets it? I hope she will not kill it.



LESSON XVII.

Oh, what a sweet ba-by! See his dear lit-tle arms and feet! May I kiss the pic-ture?

Yes, my child, but do not soil the book.

Oh, what a lit-tle ba-by to hold such a big stick of wood!

My child, that is not a stick of wood. It is a cross, and it is the Infant Jesus who gives it to the lit-tle girl, to make her a good child.

LESSON XVIII.



This boy and girl have been walk-ing all day. They have plac-ed their sticks be-side the Cross, while they rest. The girl has a straw hat. Why has the boy none?

plac-ed	cross	lore	boy
be-side	stick	book	day
walk-ing	while	girl	bid

Lit-tle girl, lit-tle boy,
May the Cross be your joy.



I love to see a girl read her book. This is a good girl. All will love her, for she does as she is bid. Her name is Ann. She seems to like her book very much. All good girls do.

LESSON XIX.

do
too
dig
big
cap
feet
cold
hard
head
hand
snow
glow
warm



is
his
has
him
does
with
what
work
boots
think
spade
James
gloves

James plays in the snow. He has a spade in his hand. See him at work. What does he do with his spade? He digs up the snow. He has a warm cap on his head, and big boots on his feet. He has gloves on his hands. He works hard, too. I do not think he is cold.

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boy
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LESSON XX.

ears	legs	is	mice
eyes	see	two	drink
fore	she	pass	likes
this	her	milk	look
some	think	name	catch



I see a cat. She is a gray cat. She is sit-ting on a ta-ble. I see her ears. I see one of her eyes. I see her whis-kers. I see her fore-legs and her fore-paws. She has two fore-legs and two fore-paws. She is look-ing. I think she sees some-bod-y com-ing. This cat is nam-ed Tab-by. She likes to drink milk. She can catch mice, too. Cats are use-ful an-i-mals. They can see in the dark. They are ver-y pa-tient. They will watch for hours at a hole.

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LESSON XXI.

ink	leans	let-ter	sis-ter
write	learns	kind-ly	broth-er

Fan-ny is a ver-y good lit-tle girl. See her teach-ing her sis-ter Ma-ry to write.

She holds her hand, and leans near her ver-y kind-ly. Ma-ry loves Fan-ny. See the ink-stand on the ta-ble. When Ma-ry learns to write, she will write a let-ter to her broth-er, and tell him all the news.

LESSON XXII.

off	does	child	sis-ter	try-ing
will	look	learn	broth-er	pic-ture
wish	book	teach	moth-er	look-ing



Here is a pic-ture of a child that does not wish to learn her let-ters, and so she will not look at them. She will not e-ven look at the book. Her moth-er, and broth-er, and sis-ter are try-ing to teach her, but she does not wish to learn, and she will not look. Don't you see that she is look-ing off?

LESSON XXIII.

Lit-tle Sa-rah sees
a bird in the snow.
She tries to catch it.
It is a lit-tle snow-
bird. I fear it is ver-y
cold. Do you love
lit-tle birds? Yes, but
I like song-birds best.



bird	fear	cold	tries	lit-tle
snow	love	both	catch	ver-y
down	hold	come	brave	Sa-rah

LESSON XXIV.

Look at me. I
am up in the air.
See, I let go both
hands, and yet I
do not fall. Am I
not a brave boy?
Now, John, do
you try. You



shall go up, and I will go down; and hold fast while you are up in the air.

If you should fall, you would come right down on the log. Is it not great fun to ride on the see-saw?

bird	shirt	stool	two	boot
birth	roof	sloop	food	good
birch	roost	scoop	mood	hood
chirp	rood	swoop	book	nook
first	spoon	swoon	could	rood

LESSON XXV.



Here lies Rose in her crib. She has gone to sleep. The light burns by the side of the crib. So, if she wakes up,

she can see that she is not in the dark. Then she will not cry. But she should not be left in this way. Call the nurse, and tell her to sit by the crib.



LESSON XXVI.

God	bless	a-way	fa-ther
just	three	pa-per	Sa-vi-our
begs	clock	be-fore	cru-ci-fix
desk	room	be-side	com-men-ces

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This is lit-tle Mag-gie. She is a ver-y good lit-tle girl. She has just come in-to the room to write a let-ter to her fa-ther, who is a-way from home. Be-fore she com-men-ces it, she looks at the cru-ci-fix, and begs God to bless her dear fa-ther and moth-er, and make her a good girl. Do you see the sheet of pa-per on the desk, and the pen be-side it? There is a clock un-der the cru-ci-fix. It is just three o'clock; and lit-tle Mag-gie re-mem-bers that this was the hour at which our Sa-vi-our died on the cross. Do you ev-er think of this when the clock strikes three?

LESSON XXVII.

fly	fall	girl	spell	on-ly
hen	nest	five	name	sis-ter
hay	read	hope	found	Cla-ra
now	eggs	there	learns	lad-der
boy	this	school	they	Charles



The boy has found a hen's nest on the hay-mow. His sis-ter is on the lad-der. I hope they will not fall. See the hen fly. The lit-tle boy's name is Charles and his sis-ter's name is Cla-ra. There are five eggs in the nest. This lit-tle boy and girl go to school. Charles learns to read, and Cla-ra can on-ly spell. I hope Charles takes good care of his lit-tle sis-ter.

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on-ly
sis-ter
Cla-ra
lad-der
Charles

LESSON XXVIII.



This lit-tle boy's name is Thom-as, and the name of the dog is Fi-do. The dog is ver-y good. He seems hap-py to give lit-tle Thom-as a ride. The lit-tle boy's cap is on the ground. He holds a whip in his hand. I hope he will not strike the poor dog.

cap	old	bird	four	fly-ing
boy	hat	hold	seem	a-bout
dog	egg	hand	whip	hap-py

LESSON XXIX.



Here is a bird's nest with four eggs in it. The old bird is fly-ing a-bout in the woods. I think she is a spar-row.



LESSON XXX.

ride	whack	sta-ble	be-cause
whip	should	a-fraid	snap-per

Do you see the sta-ble boy? He is giv-ing lit-tle George a ride. How fast the horse goes! That is be-cause the sta-ble boy has giv-en him a whack a-cross the back. Should you think that George would be a-fraid? Does he look a-fraid? He is hold-ing on as fast as he can. I think he looks a lit-tle a-fraid. Do you see the snap-per of the whip? It is a dou-ble snap-per.

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LESSON XXXI.

fly
his
yes
hat
got
boy
you



this
sure
here
read
what
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know

What has this boy got un-der his hat?

Un-der his hat?

Yes, un-der his hat.

I'm sure I don't know. Do you?

Yes, I know. It is a but-ter-fly.

A but-ter-fly?

Yes, a but-ter-fly.

Why do boys and girls catch but-ter-flies?

I don't know. I think it is ver-y cru-el.

Do you not think so?

Yes, I do.



LESSON XXXII.

learn	look	let-ters	pic-ture
them	book	will-ing	show-ing

Here is a pic-ture of Rose and her dog Tray. Rose is show-ing Tray her book. Tray looks at the let-ters, but he can-not learn them. He is will-ing to try, but it is of no use.

Did you ev-er see a dog that knew his let-ters?

No, I think it would be ver-y fun-ny.

this
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but-ter-

r cru-el.



LESSON XXXIII.

roll	yard	farm	catch	ap-ples
purr	crow	creep	mouse	ra-ther

Here is a girl look-ing at a mouse ; or do you think it is a rat ? I rath-er think it is a mouse. Run, mou-sy, run, or else the cat will catch you. Mice can creep, ap-ples can roll, and roost-ers can crow. Cats can purr. I see a roost-er.

LESSON XXXIV.

all	say	tear	time	thing
tall	way	near	clime	bring
call	may	hear	chime	spring

John-ny! John-ny!
your moth-er is call-
ing you.

John-ny, don't you
hear?

See, he does not
hear. He is walk-
ing and look-ing this
way all the time. He does not hear his
moth-er.

"John," she says, "John, come back;
you have for-got-ten some-thing."

I won-der what it is that he has for-
got-ten.

I hope it is not one of his books, or his
slate, or copy-book. It is bad for boys
or girls to for-get such things, when they
go to school.



ap-ples
a-ther

se; or
think
or else
creep,
crow.

LESSON XXXV.

time	pull	ring	night
tide	pill	sing	tight
tell	bell	sling	flight
toll	ball	wing	sight
till	bill	thing	light

Toll the bell. Toll the bell.
Pull the rope, and toll it well.



Do you see the men toll-ing the bell? No, they are not toll-ing it, af-ter all. They are ring-ing it. Peo-ple toll a bell for a fu-ner-al. But this is for an a-larm. So they are ring-ing it as loud as they can.

It is in the night, and it is dark, and we can-not see the men very well who are ring-ing the bell.

LESSON XXXVI.

form child midst pil-ed gar-den
grow heart shines plant sweet-ly

Tom-my was
play-ing in the
gar-den with his
ba-by sis-ter.

He pil-ed the
dirt a-round her
feet; for, said
he, I will plant
Ella that she
may grow like
a flow-er.



Lit-tle ones should grow like flow-ers.
Like the child in the pic-ture, they
should live in the heart of pu-ri-ty.

Lil-ies mean pu-ri-ty, and these lil-ies
grow in the form of a heart. The child
is in the midst of them, you see.

The burn-ing heart of our Sa-vi-our
al-ways shines sweet-ly on pu-ri-ty.

LESSON XXXVII.

see	lost	find	hands	fold-ed
get	feet	knee	where	sit-ting
cap	tree	piece	school	hid-ing
boy	hair	down	ground	bro-ken



This boy is hid-
ing a-way un-der
some trees. Do you
see the trees? The
boy is sit-ting down
up-on the ground,
with his hands fold-

ed a-round his knee.

See his feet. See his hair. See his
jack-et. Where is his cap? I am a-
fraid he has lost it.

Get up, my boy, and find your cap,
and go to school.

I fear you will be late for school, and
then you may lose your place in class,
which would be a ver-y sad thing, you
know.



LESSON XXXVIII.

she	feet	wall	dead	sup-per
sad	face	cold	poor	beg-gar
out	bare	shoes	home	hun-gry

Poor beg-gar girl! poor beg-gar girl!
 sit-ting un-der a wall! Her feet are
 bare. Her face ap-pears sad. She is
 hold-ing out her hand. She is hold-ing
 it out to beg.

The poor girl is sad and sor-row-ful.

Her bare feet are on the cold ground.
She has no shoes.

Her name is An-nie. She is very cold and very hungry. She has no fa-ther to buy her shoes, and no moth-er to give her any sup-per. They are both dead, and now she has no home. Poor lit-tle girl!

LESSON XXXIX.

all	one	this	ver-y	bro-ken
fall	girl	poor	a-bout	pitch-er
shall	have	what	pie-ces	bor-row-ed



This poor girl has let her pitch-er fall, and it is all bro-ken to pie-ces. She is ver-y un-hap-py a-bout it. She says,

“Ah, me! what shall I do? I have bro-ken the pitch-er all to pie-ces. And it was a bor-row-ed one! What shall I do?”

LESSON XL.

Here is a pic-ture of a poor man that has got caught in a show-er. He has an um-brel-la, but it does not seem to do him much good. He is walk-ing along as fast as he can, but I am a-fraid he will get ver-y wet. Per-haps the um-brel-la may keep his hat dry.



LESSON XLI.

Here is a pic-ture of a man walk-ing a-long in the snow. You can see his tracks in the snow be-hind him. He is muf-fled up in a good warm cloak, and his hat is put down so as to cov-er his ears, for it is cold. Do you see the i-ci-cles hang-ing from the trees? He is go-ing to the vil-lage. We can see the vil-lage un-der the hill.





LESSON XLII.

log hope holds o-ver wa-ter
 lost hand woods a-fraid flow-ers

Hen-ry and his sis-ter Bet-sy have been out in the woods to find some flow-ers. They are walk-ing o-ver the wa-ter on a log. I think they have lost their hat and bon-net. Bet-sy is a-fraid. Hen-ry holds her hand. I hope they will get o-ver safe.

LESSON XLIII.

Jane pulls a lil-y.
Jane is a good girl.
She al-ways o-beys
her fa-ther and moth-
er. She has her a-
pron full of flow-ers.
She will give them to
her moth-er.



lost	full	find	give	good	girl
love	pull	hold	some	wood	will
look	play	hand	name	stood	walk

LESSON XLIV.

This is a pret-ty dog.
His name is Tray. I
think he is look-ing
for lit-tle John. Who
loves to play with
Tray? John loves to
play with Tray; and
so does lit-tle Will.





LESSON XLV.

fast	feet	hills	milk	moon
free	ears	trees	meat	house
give	eyes	dales	fruits	greens
glad	hands	grass	bread	clothes

My child, give God thanks for the eyes, with which you can see. Thank Him for the ears, with which you can hear. Thank Him for the hands, with which you can do so much; and for the

feet,
free.
meat
bed,
God
and
man
God

die
bed

lit-
he
sh
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he
M
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t

feet, with which you can go so fast and free. Give God thanks for your bread, meat, milk, fruits, and greens, clothes, bed, and house. Think ver-y of-ten that God made the sun and moon, the hills and dales, trees and grass, for the use of man. But, a-bove all, be glad you know God, and can re-joice in Him.

LESSON XLVI.

die	save	love	cross	say-ing
bed	time	looks	hangs	pray-ers

It is bed-time. See! lit-tle Ma-ry is say-ing her pray-ers be-fore she goes to bed. The cru-ci-fix hangs a-bove her bed. When lit-tle Ma-ry looks at it, she thinks of God's love that made Him die on the Cross, to save all lit-tle chil-dren.



moon
house
greens
clothes
for the
Thank
ou can
s, with
for the

LESSON XLVII.

fish	time	clear	light	ev-er
well	place	think	night	riv-er
child	heart	knows	bright	wa-ter



My child, there is noth-ing which God does not know. He who made your heart can see it. God sees all that ev-er you do. There is no place where God could not see you. God knows e-ven what you think. He can see in-to your heart, as you can see the fish in the wa-ter, when the riv-er is clear. God can see as well by night as in the day-time. That is the rea-son why we can nev-er com-mit sin with-out of-fend-ing God. He is pres-ent ev-er-y-where, and when you sin, it is be-fore His face.

FIRST READER.

PART SECOND.



LESSON I.

Here is a lit-tle or-phan girl going to rest. Should I call her an or-phan? See! she is kneel-ing be-fore a stat-ue of Our Bless-ed Moth-er. She is ask-ing her to be her moth-er, now and for ev-er.

ev-er
riv-er
wa-ter

here is
ch God
w. He
ur heart
od sees
you do.
o place
ould not
d knows
see in-to
sh in the
ar. God
the day-
we can
f-fend-ing
here, and
ace.

Ma-ry! Moth-er! pure and bright,
 Guard me kind-ly through the night.
 Oh! for ev-er let me be,
 Dai-ly, more and more like thee,
 So that, when I come to die,
 I shall see my Moth-er nigh.

pot	nigh	al-tar	go-ing
rest	bush	ro-ses	ask-ing
good	guard	stat-ue	mam-ma
pours	bloom	or-phan	kneel-ing

LESSON II.



Lit-tle Wil-liam
 has a wa-ter-ing-pot.
 He pours the wa-
 ter on his rose-bush,
 to make the ro-ses
 bloom. When the
 bush is full of ro-ses,
 he will give some of
 them to his good mam-ma, and some he
 will put on the al-tar.

sky
 his
 pe
 ke



LESSON III.

sky	you	are	ti-ny	cur-tain
high	blue	star	lit-tle	blaz-ing
peep	dark	shut	nev-er	twin-kle
keep	spark	shine	a-bove	di-a-mond

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star ;
 How I won-der what you are !
 Up a-bove the world so high,
 Like a di-a-mond in the sky.

When the blaz-ing sun is gone,
 When he noth-ing shines up-on,
 Then you show your lit-tle light,
 Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.

Then the trav-el-ler in the dark
 Thanks you for your ti-ny spark ;
 He could not see which way to go,
 If you did not twin-kle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And of-ten through my cur-tains peep,
 For you nev-er shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and ti-ny spark
 Lights the trav-el-ler in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are
 Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star¹

LESSON IV.

bird	nest	hole	rob	a-pron
eggs	flew	high	rock	un-der
right	stand	three	reach	play-ing



These are Mr. Gray's three children. They were play-ing un-der the rocks. John-ny saw a hole in the rock, and a bird flew out of it. James said the bird had a nest in the hole. It was too high to reach. See how John-ny stands on James's back to get the eggs. Jane holds out her a-pron for the eggs. The poor bird is ver-y sad. It is not right for these lit-tle chil-dren to rob the poor bird's nest.

LESSON V.

way	side	give	ly-ing	her-self
wag	read	loud	lis-ten	prac-tice
next	gone	knee	sit-ting	kneel-ing



LEARNING TO READ.

The man is read-ing a sto-ry, and all the chil-dren are lis-ten-ing. Do you see the book? The man is hold-ing it up-on his knee. Lit-tle Lu-cy is kneel-ing on the foot-stool by his side, lis-ten-ing. She can-not read her-self. She has nev-er learn-ed.

James is the next old-est. He is sit-

ting on a chair. His lit-tle dog, Wag, is ly-ing down by his side. James is lis-ten-ing to the sto-ry, but Wag has gone to sleep. Wag can-not un-der-stand the sto-ry at all, but James is lis-ten-ing ver-y at-ten-tive-ly. Don't you see how earn-est and at-ten-tive he looks?

James has learn-ed to read, but he can-not read ver-y well, and so he pre-fers to have his fa-ther read his sto-ry-books to him.

The rea-son why James can-not read ver-y well him-self, is be-cause he has not had e-nough of prac-tice. The way to have prac-tice, is to take a book, and read in it a-loud by your-self a lit-tle ev-er-y day. If you take this book, and read two les-sons a-loud ev-er-y day, one in the fore-noon, and one in the af-ter-noon or e-ven-ing, and read them as dis-tinct-ly and care-ful-ly as you can, that will give you prac-tice, and in a short time you will be a-ble to read ver-y well.

r-self
ac-tice
eel-ing

and all
you see
t up-on
ing on
en-ing.
e has
is sit-

LESSON VI.

foot	sack	as-sist	la-cy
food	home	re-fuse	eld-est
floor	bread	wid-ow	hun-ger
stood	things	dis-tress	pray-ing
school	church	sur-prise	chil-dren

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A poor wid-ow said, one morn-ing, to her five young chil-dren :

“My dear chil-dren, I have noth-ing to give you for break-fast this morn-ing ; I have no bread, nor flour, nor po-ta-toes ; for I have not been a-ble to get any work late-ly ; so you must pray our good God to help us ; for He is rich and all-pow-er-ful, and tells us to in-voke Him in our dis-tress, and He will as-sist us.”

Her eld-est boy, James, scarce-ly six years old, went off, sad and fast-ing, to his school He stop-ped at the church, and go-ing in, fell on his knees at the foot of an al-tar.

Think-ing he was a-lone in the church, he pray-ed a-loud, say-ing: "O my good Fa-ther in heav-en, look up-on us five lit-tle chil-dren, who have no food to eat. Our moth-er has no bread nor po-ta-toes to give us, do you give us some-thing that we may not all die of hun-ger. O my good God, as-sist us! you who are pow-er-ful and so rich, can ea-si-ly help us. You prom-is-ed to do so, and I know you will not re-fuse us, good Lord."



Thus pray-ed lit-tle James in the sim-pli-ci-ty of his heart, and then he left the church, and went cheer-ful-ly to school. When he re-turn-ed home, what was his sur-prise to find on the ta-ble sev-er-al loaves of bread, and a sack of po-ta-toes on the floor.

"Oh! thank God," cried he, transported with joy, "he has heard my prayer. Tell me, mother, was it not an angel who brought these good things through the window?"

"No, my child," replied his mother, "God certainly sent them, but not by his angels. When you were praying in the church, a good lady, whom you did not see, heard your prayer, and immediately sent her servant with these provisions. And now, my dear children, let us all thank our dear good God, and never forget that—

"God, our Father, will ever heed
Our fervent prayer in time of need."

LESSON VII.

when	a-way	pock-et	seiz-ed
could	a-muse	mo-ment	train-ed
would	de-light	neigh-bor	steal-ing
where	star-ling	hunts-man	Maur-ice



THE STARLING.

Maur-ice, the old hunts-man, had a star-ling in his room, which had been train-ed to speak a few words. If the hunts-man cried, "Star-ling, where are you?" the star-ling would al-ways an-swer, "Here I am!"

Lit-tle Charles, a neigh-bor's boy, took par-tic-u-lar de-light in the bird, and of-ten paid it a vis-it. One time, when Charles came, the hunts-man was not in his room. Charles im-me-di-ate-ly seiz-ed the bird, stuff-ed it in-to his pock-et, and was steal-ing a-way with it.

But just at that moment the huntsman came to the door. In-tend-ing to a-muse the boy, he cried out, as u-su-al, "Where are you?" and the bird in the boy's pock-et, cried out, as loud as it could, "Here I am!"

LESSON VIII.

nice	a-lone	sis-ter	dai-ry
pitch	hon-ey	ter-ror	pic-ture
reach	mor-tal	kitch-en	spin-ning
struck	wi-n-dow	cleav-ing	dark-ness

THE EYE OF GOD.

James and Anne were once a-lone in the house.

"Come," said James to Anne, "let us look for some-thing nice to eat; and let us en-joy our-selves."

"Ver-y well," re-plied Anne, "if you can take me to a place where no one can see us, I will go with you."

"Well, then," said James, "come with

me
dish
"
who

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said
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dip
"
nei
dov
"
in
pit
bly

me in-to the dai-ry, and let us have a dish of the de-li-cious cream."

"No, no," said Anne; "our neigh-bor, who is cleav-ing wood, can see us there."



"Well, then, come in-to the kitch-en," said James. "There is a pot-ful of hon-ey in the kitch-en press, and we will dip our bread in-to it."

"You for-get," Anne re-plied, "our neigh-bor, who sits spin-ning at her win-dow, can see in there."

"Well, let us eat some ap-ples down in the cel-lar," said James; "it is so pitch dark there, that no one can pos-si-bly see us."

Anne re-plied: "Oh! my dear James! do you then real-ly think that no one sees us there? Do you know noth-ing of the Eye a-bove, which pier-ces through the walls, and looks in-to dark-ness it-self?"

James was struck with ter-ror.

"You are right, dear sis-ter," said he. "God sees us, e-ven where no mor-tal eye can reach. We will not, then, do e-vil any-where."

Anne was de-light-ed that James took her word to heart, and gave him a pret-ty pic-ture. The Eye of God was rep-re-sent-ed sur-round-ed with rays; and be-low was writ-ten:

"Whith-er, thou fool! ah! whith-er canst thou fly,
Se-cure from God's all-pen-e-trat-ing eye!"

LESSON IX.

aid	path	stole	vir-tue
pain	guide	friend	stray-ed
steps	cheek	taught	watch-ed



MY ANGEL.

Since first my eyes be-held the light,
 Who was it watch-ed both day and night
 To guide my tot-ter-ing steps a-right?

My an-gel! my an-gel!
 My guar-dian an-gel dear!

Who was it taught me how to pray,
 My par-ents al-ways to o-bey,
 And led me in-to vir-tue's way?

My an-gel! my an-gel!
 My guar-dian an-gel dear!

Oft when in dan-ger's path I stray-ed,
 Or by deep pre-ci-pi-ces play-ed,
 Who sav-ed me by his time-ly aid?

My an-gel! my an-gel!
 My guar-dian an-gel dear!

When press-ed with pain, and the big tear
 Stole down my cheek, what friend was
 near

To say, "The will of God re-vere?"
 My an-gel! my an-gel!
 My guar-dian an-gel dear!

LESSON X.

sick	pain	fear	pe-tals
time	fresh	long	pil-low
close	weep	kind	gen-tle
band	heart	voice	clos-ing
leave	death	wings	pain-ful
beads	smiles	weeks	cheer-ful
please	twelve	ground	bright-ness



THE DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE.

We are ver-y sad when our friends die; and it is pain-ful to see those we love laid in the cold ground. But it is ver-y sweet to think a-bout the death of those who die as Al-ice did.

She could not re-mem-ber the time she had not pray-ed to Our Bless-ed Moth-er, and she was so de-vo-ted to her, that when tak-en ver-y sick, she had no fear of death.

She was ill for twelve long weeks, but was ver-y pa-tient and lov-ing, all the while, though she suf-fer-ed much pain.

She had a dear lit-tle al-tar at her bed-side, with a cru-ci-fix, giv-en her by her kind con-fes-sor, Fa-ther Kee-nan, and a pret-ty white sta-tue of the Bless-ed Vir-gin up-on it.

Her play-mates brought fresh flow-ers for it ev-er-y day; and they al-ways went from the room with tear-ful eyes.

Al-ice said gen-tle and cheer-ful words, but it al-ways seem-ed that there were an-gels all a-round her, and the chil-dren would weep, though they could not tell why.

One e-ven-ing, at sun-set, dear lit-tle Al-ice had just fin-ish-ed say-ing her beads, when she ask-ed her moth-er to change her pil-low, and smooth her hair a lit-tle.

This done, the moth-er was a-bout to leave the room, when Al-ice call-ed her

back and said, "Do you see them, mother? Oh, they have come for me at last, and I must go!"

The poor lady's voice trembled, and her eyes filled, but she said, "I see nothing, dearest. Close your eyes, love, and go to sleep, for you are weary."

"No, no, dear mother! Please send for Father Keenan. And don't you see them all about the room? Oh! they are so beautiful, I could never, never be parted from them;" and she clasped her little hands over the crucifix upon her bosom.

A smile like the brightness of morning sunlight over a white rose-bud was upon her face all the while.

Dear little Alice! she saw her guardian angel at the head of her bed, and a little band with wings white as snow hovering over her; and they held in their hands the crown she was to wear in heaven. But, best of all, she saw Our

Ho-ly Moth-er, with the Di-vine Child in her arms, wait-ing to take her home.

The priest came, and lit-tle Al-ice re-ceived Our Bless-ed Lord in-to her heart, and was a-noint-ed; then she fell a-sleep in death, like a lil-y clos-ing its pe-tals at night-fall.

LESSON XI.

wait	slide	pret-ty	en-joy
deep	pond	hard-ly	win-ter
thick	skate	anx-ious	e-nough
crack	freeze	mo-ment	pleas-ure

DANGER OF SKATING.

There were some boys once, who liv-ed near a pond; and when win-ter came, they were ver-y anx-ious to have it frozen o-ver, so that they could slide and skate up-on the ice.

At last, there came a ver-y cold night, and in the morn-ing the boys went to the pond, to see if the ice would bear them.

Their fa-ther came by at that mo-ment, and see-ing that it was hard-ly thick e-nough, told the boys that it was not safe yet, and ad-vis-ed them to wait an-oth-er day be-fore they ven-tur-ed up-on it.

But the boys were in a great hur-ry to en-joy the pleas-ure of slid-ing and skat-ing. So they walk-ed out up-on the ice; but pret-ty soon it went crack—crack



—crack! and down they were all plung-ed in-to the wa-ter!

It was not ver-y deep, so they got out, though they were ver-y wet, and came near drown-ing; and all be-cause they could not wait. Thus you see that noth-ing good will come to those who dis-o-bey their par-ents. Keep this in mind, and you will do well.

LESSON XII.

dge	kept	a-fraid	a-light
peck	dove	try-ing	far-ther
three	grown	bas-ket	per-haps
spread	thrown	pick-ing	chick-ens



THE DOVES AND THE CHICKENS.

Do you see the three lit-tle chick-ens? Be-sides the three chick-ens, there are hens, and al-so some doves. The dove-house is up a-bove. Do you see the

o-pen-ing where the doves go in? That is their door.

The doves can get in ver-y ea-si-ly. They can fly up from the ground, and a-light up-on the lit-tle roof that pass-es a-cross be-low their door.

Do you see the lit-tle roof that pass-es a-cross be-low their door? There are some doves up-on it now. There are three grown doves and one lit-tle one. The lit-tle one is ver-y near the door. He has just come out. He is sit-ting down on the edge of the roof. He is a-fraid to come any far-ther, so he is sit-ting down and look-ing a-bout.

There are two or three doves up-on the ground, and there is one in the air fly-ing down. He is fly-ing down to get some corn. Bob-by is scat-ter-ing some corn down up-on the ground for the hens, and chick-ens, and doves. He has just thrown some down. Don't you see his hands spread out?

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her
haps
k-ens



TS.

-ens?
e are
love-
the

The corn is kept in a bas-ket. Look all a-bout, and per-haps you can see the bas-ket. One of the hens is try-ing to peck in-to the bas-ket, and get some of the corn there, in-stead of go-ing with the rest, and pick-ing it up off the ground as Bob-by throws it down.

LESSON XIII.

dusk	beau-ty	dur-ing	re-turn-ed
lamp	heav-en	be-hold	sud-den-ly
town	de-light	wom-an	ap-pear-ed
fields	shin-ing	ab-sence	fol-low-ing
thing	mead-ow	chil-dren	yes-ter-day

THE SUN.

One e-ven-ing, at dusk, an in-dus-tri-ous poor wom-an was com-ing home, af-ter her day's work in the fields, with her chil-dren, when, be-hold, a light-ed lamp sud-den-ly ap-pear-ed up-on the ta-ble.

"How can this be?" cried George, in amazement; "there certainly was no one in the house. Who can have lighted the lamp?"



'Oh,' said Margaret, "who should it be but father? He must have returned from town during our absence."

The children ran to look for him, and, to their great joy, found him in the next room.

On the following day the parents and children were making hay in their

large mead-ow. The sun was shin-ing with more than u-su-al bril-lian-cy and beau-ty, and the chil-dren were in the great-est de-light.

“Now, chil-dren,” said the fa-ther, “you read-i-ly guess-ed yes-ter-day that it was I who light-ed the lamp in the room; but now that you look at that beau-ti-ful and ma-jes-tic light, the glo-ri-ous sun, up yon-der in the heav-ens, should it not oc-cur to you who it was that light-ed it?”

“Oh yes!” said Mar-ga-ret; “it was our dear God. The small-est oil-lamp can-not light of it-self; and there-fore there must be One who has light-ed the sun.”

“So there is,” cried George, joy-ful-ly. “God has made all things. The sun, the moon, the stars, the grass, the flow-ers and trees, and all things that we be-hold ev-er-y-where a-round us, are the work of His hands.”

LESSON XIV.



GOOD-BY TO THE STABLE OF BETHLEHEM.

Dear Crib of Beth-le-hem, good-by!

I'm go-ing now, but still
My In-fant Sa-viour will be nigh,
That I may do His will.

I take the Cross He gives to me;
My an-gel dear is nigh,
From wick-ed thoughts to keep me free;
To be a saint I'll try.

LESSON XV.

rode	dust	of-fer	pi-ous
desk	path	no-ble	pre-fer
orow	once	hab-its	de-pend
doubt	claim	in-duce	be-came
bright	world	dis-pose	mer-chant
taught	course	smil-ing	sweep-ings



THE HONEST BOY.

“That is right, my boy!” said the merchant, smil-ing up-on the bright face of his lit-tle boy. He had just brought him a dol-lar that lay a-mong the dust and

sweep-ings. "Al-ways be hon-est. It is the best pol-i-cy."

"So my moth-er taught me," re-plied the boy. "She said I should al-ways do right; and then God would love me."

The mer-chant turn-ed to-wards the desk, and the thought-ful-fa-ced lit-tle boy re-sum-ed his du-ties.

In the course of the morn-ing a rich man call-ed in-to the store. While con-vers-ing, he said :

"I have no chil-dren of my own, and I fear to a-dopt one. My ex-pe-ri-ence is, that a boy of twelve, which is the age I should pre-fer, is al-ways con-firm-ed in his hab-its, and if they are bad—"

"Stop!" said the mer-chant, "you see that lad there, with that no-ble brow? He is re-mark-a-ble for hon-es-ty!"

"Yes, yes—that is what ev-er-y-bod-y tells me who has boys to dis-pose of. No doubt he will do well e-nough be-fore your face. I've tried a good

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and

man-y, and have been de-ceiv-ed more than once."

"Sir, you may de-pend up-on his hon-es-ty. He is an or-phan, and poor; but noth-ing can in-duce him to de-vi-ate from the path of rec-ti-tude."

"Have you any claim up-on him?"

"Not the least in the world, ex-cept what com-mon be-nev-o-lence of-fers. In-deed the boy is too good for me!"

"Then I will a-dopt him."

The lit-tle fel-low rode home in a car-riage, and was ush-er-ed in-to a lux-u-ri-ous home; and he who once sat shiv-er-ing in the cold, list-en-ing to the words of a pi-ous moth-er, be-came a great and dis-tin-guish-ed man.

LESSON XVI.

path	beam	of-fer	a-new
leave	dwel	sin-ful	gen-tle
tread	shrine	en-fold	treas-ure
breast	yearns	sleep-ing	spark-ling



LITTLE MARY'S EVENING PRAYER.

O Ma-ry! my sweet Moth-er, now,
Ere on my lit-tle bed
I lay me down, I beg that thou
Wouldst thy dear in-flu-ence shed

The stars are look-ing down on me
With gen-tle, lov-ing eyes,
And from each spark-ling beam I see
Praise to my God a-rise.

And thou, sweet Moth-er! dost be-hold
Each heart that yearns for thee;
Oh, wilt thou to thy breast en-fold
A sin-ful child like me?

Oh, make me pure, thou Moth-er sweet
All gen-tle, kind, and true!
Take, take the love that at thy feet
I of-fer here a-new.

Sweet Moth-er! make my heart like thine,
That oth-ers may be led
To lay their treas-ures at thy shrine,
And take the path I tread.

I leave my bird-ies to thy care,
And all my pret-ty flow-ers,
For they are thine, O Moth-er fair!
In sun-shine and in show-ers.

And ev-er-y thing I love is thine;
I will not sigh or weep,
But sweet-ly near thy bless-ed shrine
Will lay me down to sleep.

Then make me, Ma-ry, like thy Son,
 Who shed His blood for me,
 That I, when life's short day is done,
 May dwell with Him and thee.

LESSON XVII.

sour	vine	taste	glad	sil-ly
edge	fond	bunch	reach	a-long
hung	teeth	grapes	spring	jump-ed



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox cast his eyes up-on a fine bunch
 of grapes, which hung on the top of a
 vine, and made him long for them.

“How nice they look! I must have a taste of them.” He made a spring at them, but did not reach them; yet he would not leave them, and tried for them a long time.

He leap-ed and jump-ed, till, tired out, he was glad at last to rest. When he found all his pains were vain, he cried:

“Who cares! I am sure they are as sour as crab-ap-ples, not fit to eat, and would set my teeth on edge for a week; so I will leave them for the next fool that comes a-long, and is so sil-ly as to be fond of sour grapes.”

So it is with man-y per-sons; what they can-not ob-tain, they af-fect to de-spise. Like the fox and the grapes, it is sour grapes with them.

LESSON XVIII.

bark	no-bly	cher-ry	for-give
truth	cul-prit	gar-den	mis-chief
know	pres-ent	leav-ing	strip-ping



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When George Wash-ington was a-bout six years of age, some one made him a pres-ent of an axe. Lit-tle George went a-bout chop-ping ev-er-y thing that came in his way; and, go-ing in-to the gar-den, he tried its edge on an Eng-lish cher-ry-tree, strip-ping it of its bark, and leav-ing lit-tle hope of its liv-ing.

The next morn-ing, when his fa-ther saw the tree, which was a great fa-vor-ite, in this state, he ask-ed who had done the mis-chief; but no one could tell him.

At length George came, with the axe in his hand, where his father was, who instantly suspected him to be the culprit.

“George,” said he, “do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree?”

The child paused for a moment, and then nobly replied—

“I cannot tell a lie: it was I cut it with my axe.”

“Run to my arms, my boy!” exclaimed his father; “run to my arms! I forgive you for destroying my tree, since you have had the honesty and manliness thus to tell the truth about it.”

LESSON XIX.

lead	pure	scene	de-cay	in-fant
faint	shine	home	sis-ters	en-ters
types	share	smiles	sor-row	hap-py
grace	peace	dwells	shad-ow	earth-ly



HOME.

Oh! how I love you, fa-ther dear!

I love my moth-er too:

I've none in all this hap-py world

One-half so dear as you.

Sis-ters and broth-ers, each in turn,

Share all my joys and fears:

Oh! what a bright glad home is mine!

This home of smiles and tears.

But then, you tell me I have got

A dear-er Home a-bove;

A scene where sor-row en-ters not,

A home of peace and love.

For world-ly joys, though bright they
shine,

Come quick, and then de-cay ;
And par-ents' love, and earth-ly smiles
Of home soon pass a-way.

What though I have a fa-ther here ;
That fa-ther has been giv-en
To lead my in-fant heart to love
“ Our Fa-ther ” dear “ in heav-en.”
And moth-er's love, so fond, so pure,
Oh ! what is that to me,
As of-ten as I think up-on
The love that dwells in Thee.

Ma-ry ! dear Moth-er of my Lord,
“ So blest,” so “ full of grace ! ”
Dear Moth-er of Christ's lit-tle ones,
Oh ! how I love thy face !
Thus, all I see on this glad earth
Faint types and shad-ows are,
Of joys that fade not in the sky—
That home so bright and fair !

LESSON XX.

bird	vain-ly	use-less	dis-cov-er
treat	pry-ing	hurt-ful	pur-su-ing
catch	re-place	ca-na-ry	de-serv-ed
proof	scarce-ly	cu-ri-ous	per-fect-ly
breath	chirp-ing	mer-ri-ly	beau-ti-ful



THE CANARY BIRD.

Su-san beg-ged her moth-er to buy her a ca-na-ry bird.

“Yes,” said her moth-er, “you shall have one when you be-come per-fect-ly

o-be-di-ent and in-dus-tri-ous; but es-pe-cial-ly when you give up your hab-it of pry-ing in-to use-less and e-ven hurt-ful things”

Su-san prom-is-ed that she would give it up. One day she came home from school.

“Here,” said her moth-er, “is a new lit-tle box on the ta-ble. Now, mind you do not o-pen it; do not e-ven touch it. If you o-bey me, I shall soon have a great treat in store for you.”

Her moth-er then went out to vis-it her lit-tle sick god-son Wil-liam; but scarce-ly was she out of the door, be-fore the cu-ri-ous girl had the box in her hand. “How light it is!” she said; “and there are some lit-tle holes in the lid! What can there be in it?”

She o-pen-ed the lit-tle box, and, be-hold! a love-ly lit-tle ca-na-ry im-me-di-ate-ly hop-ped out, and flew, chirp-ing mer-ri-ly, a-bout the room. Su-san en-

deav-or-ed to catch the ca-na-ry, and re-place it in the box, in or-der that her moth-er might not dis-cov-er what she had done.

But as she was vain-ly pur-su-ing the live-ly lit-tle bird a-bout the room, quite out of breath, and with her cheeks all in a glow, in walk-ed her moth-er!

“You dis-o-be-di-ent, cu-ri-ous girl!” said she; “I meant to give you this beau-ti-ful bird, but I de-sir-ed first to put you to the proof wheth-er you de-serv-ed it. But now I shall give it to good lit-tle Wil-liam, who is more o-be-di-ent than you, and not so cu-ri-ous.”

LESSON XXI.

bees	li-lacs	gar-den	sev-er-al
hives	a-lone	moth-er	ten-der-ly
stung	hon-ey	scarce-ly	oc-ca-sion
bloom	in-stant	spright-ly	col-lect-ed
struck	swell-ed	scream-ed	dis-re-gard



LITTLE EMMA AND THE BEES.

Em-ma was a ver-y spright-ly lit-tle girl, a-bout four years of age. She lov-ed her moth-er ten-der-ly, but, like ma-ny oth-er lit-tle girls, she was ver-y apt to dis-re-gard what was said to her.

Of-ten in May, when the flow-ers were in full bloom, her moth-er would take her out in-to the gar-den to walk, and show her the beau-ti-ful ro-ses and li-lacs.

She took her, on one oc-ca-sion, to the bee-hive, and ex-plain-ed to her how

the bees col-lect-ed the hon-ey, and laid it up in their hives; but at the same time told her nev-er to go near the bee-hive, for fear the bees might sting her, and hurt her ver-y much.

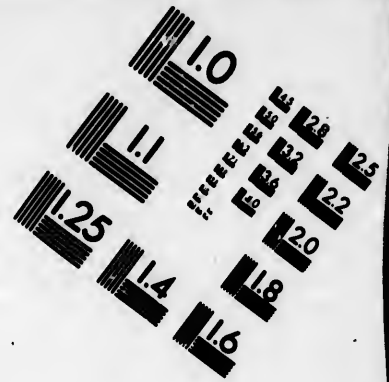
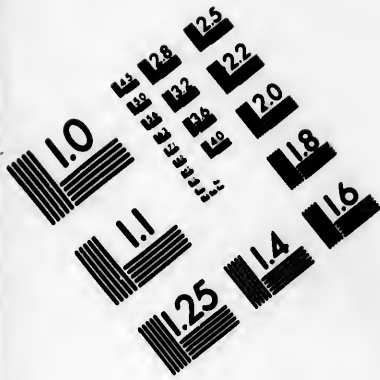
It hap-pen-ed, a few days af-ter-wards, that lit-tle Em-ma was in the gar-den a-lone, and, for-get-ting what her moth-er had told her, she went up to the bee-hive, and struck it with her hand.

In an in-stant, the bees rush-ed out, and flew at her, and stung her in the face, eyes, and hands.

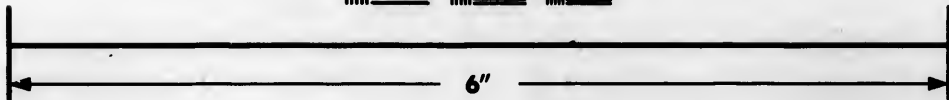
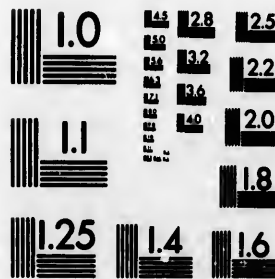
She scream-ed, and fell to the ground. Her moth-er heard her, and ran and pick-ed her up, and car-ri-ed her to the house. Poor Em-ma's hands and face were all red and swell-ed up. She could scarce-ly see for sev-er-al days, and suf-fer-ed ver-y much.

Thus was she pun-ish-ed for go-ing near the bee-hive, af-ter her moth-er told her not to do so.





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LESSON XXII.

built	hab-it	or-der	im-i-tate
kneel	be-gin	be-fore	e-rect-ed
shade	joy-ful	bless-ed	of-fer-ing
spend	fer-vor	be-cause	beau-ti-ful
taught	ac-tion	prac-tice	ar-rang-ed

MARIA AND HER PLAY-HOUSE.

Ma-ri-a was a good lit-tle girl, and was al-ways kind and o-be-di-ent to her par-ents. She liv-ed in the coun-try, and had but few com-pan-ions to play with. But she was of a con-tent-ed mind, and seem-ed to be as hap-py and joy-ful when a-lone as when she had com-pa-ny.

Not far from her moth-er's house there was a large tree, un-der the shade of which she was ac-cus-tom-ed to play when-ev-er she was al-low-ed to do so.

A-round this tree she built a play-house, and ar-rang-ed it in the most beau-ti-ful order. Near it she e-rect-ed

a wood-en cross, which she made with her own hands.

Now, her moth-er had taught her that it was a beau-ti-ful prac-tice to be-gin and end ev-er-y thing with pray-er. So lit-tle Ma-ri-a, when-ev-er she went out to her play-house,



be-fore she be-gan to play, would kneel down be-fore the lit-tle wood-en cross, and say a short pray-er, of-fer-ing to God, with all the fer-vor of her in-no-cent heart, the time she was a-bout to spend in play.

God heard her pray-er, and bless-ed her. And she was not on-ly hap-py in child-hood, but hap-py through-out her life. Be-cause, from this prac-tice of of-fer-ing to heav-en her mo-ments of rec-re-a-tion, she ac-quir-ed the hab-it

of of-fer-ing to God ev-er-y ac-tion she per-form-ed; and, as she well knew that bad ac-tions were dis-pleas-ing to God, she took care nev-er to do any ac-tion that was not ac-cept-a-ble to Him.

Let chil-dren im-i-tate the good lit-tle Ma-ri-a, and, like her, of-fer ev-er-y ac-tion to God, and ask his bless-ing up-on it.

LESSON XXIII.

calf	le-gal	per-son	prop-er-ly
rank	po-lite	wor-thy	en-ter-tain
smart	per-mit	re-mark	at-ten-tion
worth	for-tune	noth-ing	cour-te-ous
shrewd	hold-ing	con-gress	pro-fes-sion

POLITENESS.

It is said that George Mc-Duf-fie, of South Car-o-li-na, was ver-y po-lite e-ven when a lit-tle boy.

One e-ven-ing he was hold-ing a lit-tle calf by the ears, while his moth-er milk-ed the cow, and a gen-tle-man pass-ing

by said, "Good e-ven-ing, my lit-tle son." George re-tur-n-ed, "Good e-ven-ing, sir," with such a po-lite bow, that the gen-tle-man no-tic-ed him, and said, "Why did-n't you pull off your hat, my lit-tle man?"



George an-swer-ed, "If you will come and hold my calf for me, I will pull off my hat to you."

George's po-lite-ness and shrewd re-mark were the mak-ing of him.

That gen-tle-man said to his moth-er, "Your son is a smart boy, and if prop-

er-ly train-ed, will make a great man some day. If you will per-mit me, I will give George a good ed-u-ca-tion, and give him a start in the world."

The moth-er thank-ed the gen-tle-man for his kind-ness, and let him take charge of her son.

George a-rose from the ears of his calf to the high-est rank in the le-gal pro-fes-sion; he was then sent to the State Leg-is-la-ture—then to Con-gress—then made Gov-er-nor of South Car-o-li-na.

Let chil-dren, then, be po-lite. A po-lite bow and a "Good e-ven-ing, sir," cost noth-ing, but are some-times worth a good deal. One cour-te-ous bow was worth a for-tune to lit-tle George Mc-Duf-fie.

Ev-er-y-bod-y likes po-lite chil-dren. Wor-thy per-sons will pay at-ten-tion to such, speak well of their good man-ners, and en-ter-tain a good o-pin-ion of their par-ents.

LESSON XXIV.

sting	bet-ter	use-ful	el-e-gant
boast	cous-in	peo-ple	del-i-cate
shape	yel-low	buzz-ing	in-no-cent
shines	be-hold	mis-chief	per-fect-ly



THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just buzz-ing
 by,
 And he said, "Lit-tle cous-in, can you
 tell me why
 You are lov-ed so much bet-ter by peo-
 ple than I?"

“My back shines as bright and as yellow
as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to
behold;
Yet no-body likes me for that, I am
told.”

“Ah! friend,” said the bee, “it is all
very true,
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better
than you.

“You can boast a fine shape, and a deli-
cate wing;
You are perfectly handsome, but yet
there’s one thing
That can’t be put up with,—and that is
your sting.

“My coat is quite homely and plain, as
you see,
Yet no-body ever is angry with me,—
Because I’m a useful and innocent
bee.”

From this lit-tle sto-ry let peo-ple be-
 ware,
 Be-cause, like the wasp, if ill-na-tur-ed
 they are,
 They will nev-er be lov-ed, though they're
 ev-er so fair.

LESSON XXV.

di-vide	tal-ent	di-vi-sion
yel-low	jest-ing	to-geth-er
gar-den	du-ti-ful	de-light-ed
frac-tion	in-sist-ed	re-gret-ted
con-true	al-low-ed	reck-on-ing
Char-lotte	beau-ti-ful	grat-i-fied

THE PLUMS.

Mrs. May once took her four chil-dren
 to pay a vis-it to their grand-fa-ther, in
 his beau-ti-ful gar-den.

Their grand-fa-ther brought them, on
 a vine-leaf, four plums, as yel-low as
 gold and as large as eggs. He re-gret-

ted that, as yet, there were not any more of them ripe.

“But you must on-ly con-trive,” said he, in a jest-ing tone, “how you can di-vide your four plums be-tween five per-sons, with-out bring-ing a frac-tion in-to the reck-on-ing.”



“Oh, I will do that,” said Char-lotte, the eld-est sis-ter; “I on-ly ask that I may be al-low-ed to reck-on odd and e-ven num-bers to-geth-er.”

She took the four plums: “We *two* sis-ters and *one* plum,” said she, “to-

geth-er make three. A-gain, my *two* broth-ers and *one* plum make three. These *two* plums and *one* moth-er also make three. And so the whole is set-tled with-out any frac-tion."

Char-lotte's broth-ers and sis-ters were quite de-light-ed with this di-vi-sion. Her moth-er, nev-er-the-less, who was high-ly grat i-fied, in-sist-ed that each of the chil-dren should re-ceive a plum; and their grand-fa-ther brought Char-lotte a beau-ti-ful nose-gay be-sides.

"For," said he, "Char-lotte's clev-er reck-on-ing does much hon-or to her tal-ent, but still more hon-or to her du-ti-ful heart."

LESSON XXVI.

an-gry	mim-ic	your-self
be-gan	beat-ing	treat-ment
fool-ish	con-duct	re-peat-ed
wick-ed	mead-ow	mis-tak-en
re-venge	com-plain	po-lite-ness



THE ECHO.

Lit-tle George had no i-de-a of an ech-o, when, one day, run-ning through the mead-ow, he be-gan to cry, "Ho! ho!" and from the woods close by he heard the same words.

George then call-ed out, "Who are you?" and the voice re-peat-ed "Who are you?" "You must be a fool-ish fel-low!" shout-ed George. "You must be a fool-ish fel-low!" said the voice from the woods.

Now, George got ver-y an-gry, and call-ed all sorts of names, and the ech-o

re-peat-ed ev-er-y one of them. He then rush-ed in-to the woods to re-venge him-self by beat-ing the mim-ic; but he found no one.

He then ran back to his moth-er to com-plain of the wick-ed boy who had been a-bus-ing him in the woods.

“You are mis-ta-ken this time, my son,” said his moth-er, “and you are on-ly tell-ing of your-self. It was your own words you heard re-peat-ed, and it was on-ly your own voice that you heard in the woods. If you had spoken kind words, you would have heard the same.”

Learn a les-son from this. In the world, the con-duct of oth-ers is reg-u-lat-ed by our con-duct to them. If we treat oth-ers with po-lite-ness and kind-ness, they will treat us well in re-turn; but if we are cross and rough, we must ex-pect rough treat-ment. *Do un-to oth-ers as you wish them to do un-to you.*

LESSON XXVII.



THE LITTLE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER.

O Ma-ry! my moth-er, most love-ly, most
mild,
Look down up-on me, your poor, weak,
low-ly child ;
From the land of my ex-ile I call up-on
thee,
Then, Ma-ry! my moth-er! look kind-ly
on me.

If thou shouldst for-sake me, ah! where
shall I go?

My com-fort and hope in this val-ley of
woe!

When the world and its dan-gers with
ter-ror I view,
Sweet hope comes to cheer me in point-
ing to you.

In sor-row, in dark-ness, be still at my
side,

My light and my ref-uge, my guard and
my guide;

Though snares should sur-round me, yet
why should I fear?

I know I am weak, but my moth-er is
near.

Then, Ma-ry! in pit-y look down up-on
me,

'Tis the voice of thy child that is call-ing
on thee.

LESSON XXVIII.

joy-ful	ce-les-tial	scat-ter-ed
lull-ing	sep-a-rates	coun-te-nance
in-vests	coax-ing-ly	sim-ple-ci-ty
pas-ture	in-no-cence	ter-res-trial



THE LAMBS.

It was a calm, clear, sum-mer e-ven-
ing; a moth-er was sit-ting in her bed-
room by the side of her sweet babe's
cra-dle, lull-ing him to sleep with a song.

Then the lit-tle Ad-e-laide came in from the gar-den with beam-ing eyes. "Oh, dear moth-er!" ex-claim-ed she, "come, there is some-thing ver-y beau-ti-ful to see."

"Well, what is it?" ask-ed her moth-er.

"Oh, some-thing ver-y beau-ti-ful in-deed," re-plied the lit-tle girl; "but you must come your-self and see."

"I should like ver-y much to do so," an-swer-ed her moth-er kind-ly, "but I can-not leave your lit-tle broth-er."

Then the lit-tle maid-en cried coax-ing-ly, say-ing, "Dear moth-er, take my lit-tle broth-er with you, that he may see it too, and re-joice at it."

And the moth-er thought of the sim-plici-ty of child-hood, which loves not to en-joy any thing a-lone, but would share all with oth-ers.

"Oh," said she to her-self, "thy soul is yet nigh to the king-dom of heav-en; how could I re-fuse any lon-ger?"

She rose and look-ed in-to the cra-dle ; the lit-tle boy slept calm-ly and sound-ly. Then she took the hand of her joy-ful daugh-ter, and said, "I won-der what beau-ti-ful things you are go-ing to show me."

When they were in the gar-den, the lit-tle girl point-ed to the sky, and ex-claim-ed, "Now look, dear moth-er, there are lit-tle lambs of heav-en—a whole flock ; are they not dear and love-ly?"

They were del-i-cate flee-cy clouds, scat-ter-ed on the blue sky like lambs on a green pas-ture ; and they glan-ced white and clear in the rays of the bright full moon.

The moth-er of the child lift-ed up her coun-te-nance and gaz-ed on the clouds with chast-en-ed de-light, for she re-mem-ber-ed how child-ish in-no-cence in-vests ter-res-tri-al things with ce-les-tial beau-ty, and knows not of the gulf

which sep-a-rates heav-en and earth.
Thus Ad-e-laide saw the lambs of earth
in the clouds of heav-en.

“Oh, bless-ed art thou!” thought the
moth-er, and she press-ed the lit-tle girl
to her bos-om.

LESSON XXIX.

flock	vil-lage	dis-trust	sev-er-al
trace	earn-est	num-bers	pit-e-ous
sleeve	com-ing	peas-ants	heart-i-ly
shame	tend-ing	stran-gled	prop-er-ty

THE WOLF.

Jack was em-ploy-ed in tend-ing sheep,
not far from a large wood. One day, in
or-der to make sport for him-self, he
cried out, with all his might, “The wolf
is com-ing! the wolf is com-ing!”

The peas-ants im-me-di-ate-ly came
run-ning in troops out of the next vil-
lage, with ax-es and clubs, to kill the
wolf. But as they saw no tra-ces of a

wolf, they went home a-gain, and Jack laugh-ed most heart-i-ly at them in his sleeve.

Next day Jack cried a-gain, "The wolf! the wolf!"



The peas-ants a-gain came out, al-though by no means in such num-bers as yes-ter-day; but as they saw no ap-pear-ance of a wolf, they shook their heads, and went home dis-ap-point-ed and full of vex-a-tion.

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fon
nur
blea
spo

On the third day the wolf came in earnest. Jack cried in a most pit-eous voice, "Help! help! The wolf! the wolf!"

But this time not a single peasant came to help him!

The wolf broke in among the flock, strangled several sheep, and among them a beautiful little lamb, which was Jack's own property, and which he had especially loved.

Persons who are addicted to the shameful habit of lying are not believed even when they tell the truth.

Shame and distrust shall ever be
Convicted falsehood's penalty.

LESSON XXX.

fond	a-dore	cho-sen	keep-ing
nurse	wea-ry	bur-den	treas-ure
bleak	drea-ry	pil-grim	guar-di-an
spouse	light-er	plead-er	for-got-ten



SAINT JOSEPH.

Hail! Spouse of our La-dy! dear Nurse
of her Child!

Life's ways are full wea-ry, the des-ert
is wild;

Bleak sands are all round us, no home
can we see;

Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! we lean
up-on thee.

For thou to the pil-grim art fa-ther and
guide,
And Je-sus and Ma-ry felt safe at thy
side ;
Ah ! ho-ly Saint Jo-seph ! how blest
should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our La-dy ! if thou wert
with me !

Oh, bless-ed Saint Jo-seph ! how great
was thy worth,
The one cho-sen shad-ow of God up-on
earth !
Of Christ the fond guar-di-an—ah ! then
wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our La-dy ! a fa-ther
to me ?

Thou hast not for-got-ten the long
drea-ry road,
When Ma-ry took turns with thee, bear-
ing thy God !

r Nurse

des-ert

o home

we lean

Yet light was that bur-den, none light-er
could be :

Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! oh! canst
thou bear me ?

Ah! give me thy bur-den to bear for a
while ;

To kiss his warm lips, and a-dore his
sweet smile ;

With her Babe in my arms, oh! Ma-ry
will be,

Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! my plead-er
with thee.

When the treas-ures of God were un-
shel-ter-ed on earth,

Safe keep-ing was found for them both
in thy worth :

Guar-di-an of Je-sus! be a fa-ther to
me,

Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! and I will
love thee.

LESSON XXXI.

teach	vis-it	liv-ing	sad-ness
string	fa-vor	ten-der	con-duct
games	po-lite	ex-cuse	fam-i-ly
grieve	pret-ty	pic-ture	af-fec-tion
friends	kind-ly	read-ers	gath-er-ed



GRANDMAMMA.

Which of my young read-ers is so luck-y as to have a grand-mam-ma still liv-ing? a kind, ten-der-heart-ed grand-mam-ma, who nev-er can bear to see the lit-tle peo-ple pun-ish-ed, or hear a hard

word said to them ; who has al-ways some ex-cuse to of-fer in their fa-vor, and is hard to con-vince that they can do wrong ?

If any of you have a grand-mam-ma like that, be sure you love her well, and do what she bids you, and nev-er grieve her by un-kind-ness or dis-o-be-di-ence. There will come a day when your good grand-mam-ma will be no more on earth. She must go to join the dear friends of her own young days, who have died years a-go, and the par-ents, and the grand-par-ents who car-ed for her when she was a lit-tle child like you.

Then you will look back with sad-ness on the days when she was with you. You will miss her kind-ly smile, and her look of fond af-fec-tion. You will miss her pleas-ant sto-ries and the games she us-ed to teach you, and the pret-ty toys which she gave you as re-wards for good con-duct.

The good old la-dy in the pic-ture has come on a vis-it to her daugh-ter, who has quite a large fam-i-ly, and you see they are all gath-er-ed a-round grand-mam-ma, be-cause they are so pleas-ed to see her.

She has just giv-en Ralph a lit-tle horse, which she brought all the way from her dis-tant home; and Ralph has tied a string to it, and he and his lit-tle broth-er Hugh are go-ing to draw it a-round the floor.

I am sure grand-mam-ma has pres-ents for the girls, too; but they are so po-lite, that they do not ask her for them.

Chil-dren should nev-er ask any one for pres-ents, not e-ven their par-ents. If they are good, they will re-ceive pres-ents with-out ask-ing for them. I think Grand-mam-ma More-ton there in the pic-ture would give no pres-ents to the girls if they ask-ed for them.



LESSON XXXII.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

God can see me ev-er-y day,
When I work and when I play;
When I read and when I talk;
When I run and when I walk;
When I eat and when I drink;
When I sit and on-ly think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ev-er watch-ing nigh.

THE END.

