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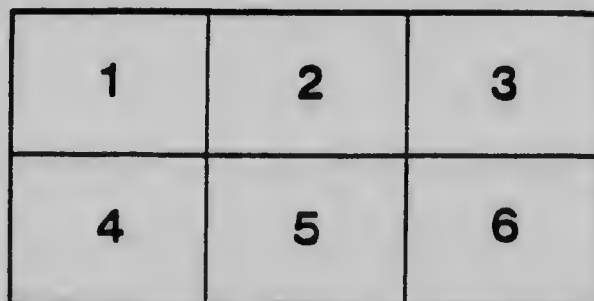
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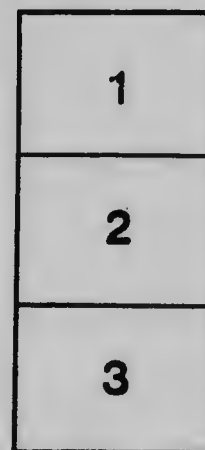
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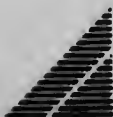
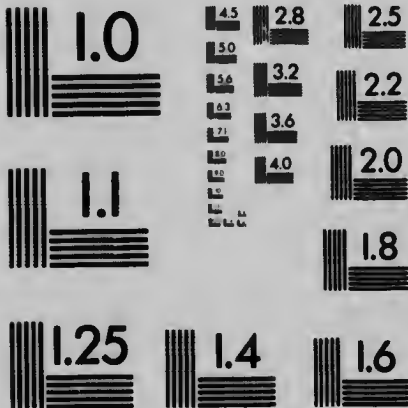
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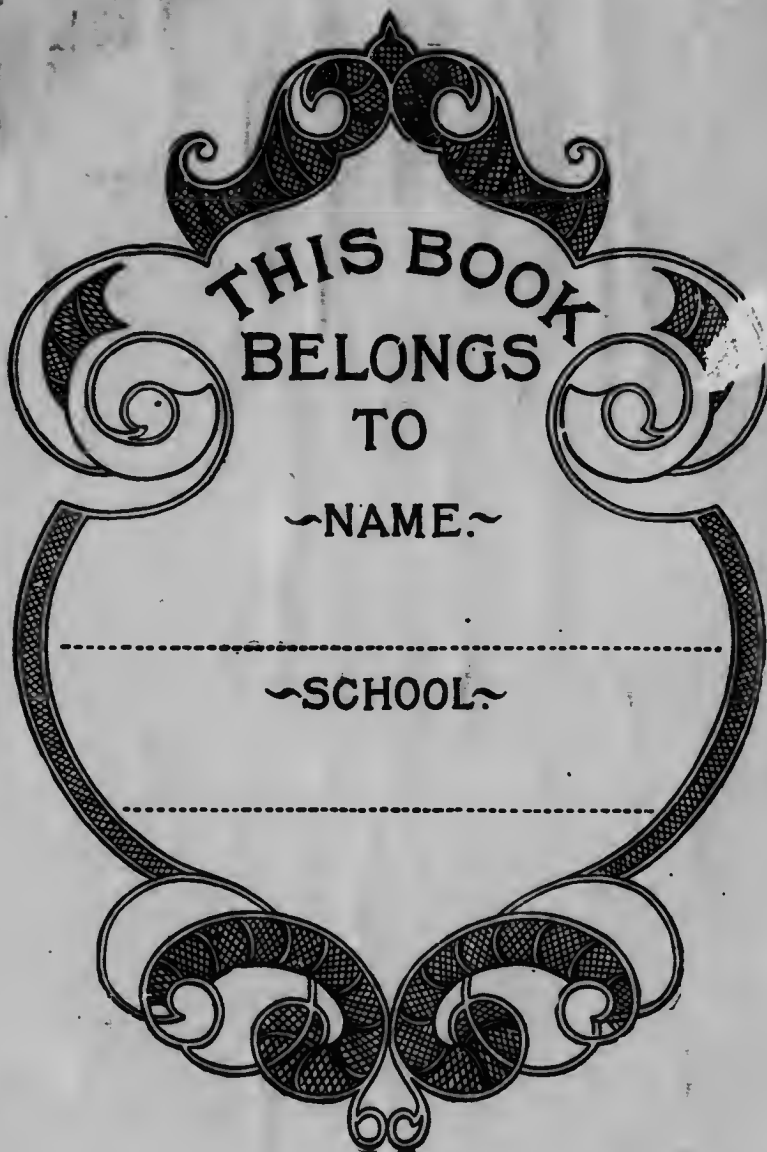
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THE PUBLIC SCHOOL READERS





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SEE WHAT MOTHER HAS BROUGHT HOME

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL READERS

PRIMER

PART II

With the
Publishers'
Compliments

TORONTO
CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited)

PE1119

P75

1906

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture,
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P R E F A C E

The child who has mastered the Public School Primer, Part I, is prepared to begin to form an acquaintance with literature. When he enters Part II he should be led to read something worth while. Fables, folk-stories, classic myths—bits of genuine literature—interest him, stimulate his imagination, and arouse in him the desire to read. In nursery rhymes and nonsense verses he enjoys the fun and, like his elders, reads for pleasure. The giant stories and sketches of children in other lands seize his interest and add to his knowledge. Good simple poetry appeals to his emotions through its rhythm and music, improves his diction, and stores his mind with beautiful and noble images. Through nature prose and poetry he enters into that sympathetic attitude towards Nature which increases the joy of living. Throughout this Part II interest is focussed on the subject matter; a constant and dominant interest in the story is the motive for mastering the vocabulary.

A graded series of suggestive exercises are given, for reviewing and extending the child's knowledge of phonic elements and of word building. These should be presented on the blackboard and, preferably, apart from the reading lesson. Regular and systematic drill on these exercises will be of much assistance in securing correct enunciation, pronunciation, and spelling.

The teacher is recommended to make a practice of reading aloud good literature suited to the taste and stage of advancement of the child. He can understand much that he cannot read for himself. He should memorize one or more stanzas of choice poetry each week.

The moral and æsthetic influence of great pictures is vital in education. Accordingly reproductions of famous paintings are inserted in this series of Readers, that the child may become familiar with representations of good Art.

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Harris

“What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can,—
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.”



THE LOVABLE CHILD

Frisky as a lambkin,
 Busy as a bee,—
That's the kind of little girl
 People like to see.

Happy as a robin,
 Gentle as a dove,—
That's the kind of little girl
 Every one will love.

—*Emilie Poulsson (by permission).*



Geoffroy

THE LITTLE FRENCH CHILDREN

We are little French girls. We live in France.

We do not go to school with the boys. There are no boys in our school.

Do you see our long desks? We sit at them and learn to read and write.

There are five in our class. We do not all have books as you have.

Our teacher hears us read in turn.

She is kind to us, and helps us with the hard words.

Do you see the two little girls on the low seat? This is their first day in school. It is all new to them and they are very still.

Do you like our big white caps and collars? Do you wear them in your school?

I am sure you do not wear wooden shoes like ours. We like our kind of shoes very much.

Review *a* short, (*at*); *a* long, (*fate*).

Combine *black smith*; *sun set*; *hen coop*; *re fresh ment*; *un kind ness*; *child hood*; *some time*.

BED IN SUMMER

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



Henriette Ronner

A FASCINATING TAIL

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

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

—Robert Louis Stevenson (*by permission*).

HOW DID HE DO IT?

There was once a boy who had three goats.

All day long the three goats ran and played upon the hill. At night the boy drove them home.



One night the frisky things jumped into a turnip field. He could not get them out.

Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I cannot get the goats out of the field," said the boy.

"I'll do it," said the hare.



So he tried, but the goats would not come.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.



Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries,"

said the hare. "The boy is crying because he cannot get three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the fox.

So the fox tried to get them out of the field. But the goats would not come.

Then the fox, too, began to cry.

Soon after a wolf came along.



"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I am crying because the hare cries," said the fox.

"The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the wolf.

He tried, but the goats would not leave the turnip field.

So he sat down with the others and began to cry too.

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

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries. The fox is crying because the hare cries. The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee.

But the bee flew away into the turnip field and alighted upon one of the goats, and said,

"Buz-z-z-z-z!"

And out ran the goats, every one!

Emilie Poulsson. (From "Through the Farmyard Gates," by permission of Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Company.)



Review *ai* as in *tail, fair, main, waist, praise, faith, claim, aid, etc.*

Review *ay* as in *clay, pray, sway, astray, gray.*

Add *ing* to *stand, walk, ask, hurt, pass, pull, add, speak, go, sing.*



Adam

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
 "O mother dear,
 We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

 "Lost your mittens!
 You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
 "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
 "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“ O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens.”

“ Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.”
“ Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie.
“ Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”

—*Mrs. Follen.*

THE BAT

Late one evening a Bird and a Mouse
were talking when something strange
drew near.

“Well,” said the Bird, “this is a new
kind of mouse. I saw it fly just now.”

“Indeed!” said the Mouse, “I think
it is a new kind of bird since it has fur
instead of feathers.”

“Has a bird ears like that?” said the
Bird.



“Can a mouse fly?” replied the Mouse.

“Look at its fur!” said the Bird.

“And at its wings!” said the Mouse.

“Well, whatever it is,” said the Bird,
“it is more like a mouse than a bird.”

“What are you talking about?” said
the stranger.

“About you,” said the Mouse: “Who
are you?”

“I am a Bat,” she replied. “I can
fly like a bird, but I have no nest and
lay no eggs. I have fur and ears like a
mouse, but I cannot walk at all. I do
not sleep on a perch like a bird, nor in a

nest like a mouse, but hang by my toes. My eyes are small and I hear better than I see."

"Where do you live?" said the Bird.

"I live in the dark corners of barns and in hollow trees."

"What work do you do?" said the Mouse.

"I come out to work when the birds are asleep," said the Bat. "I eat the moths that harm the apples. I destroy flies, and the insects that work at night. I help to keep the gardens free from pests. Men who know how useful I am never harm me."

"Good night!" said the Bat, as she flew off to get her supper.

"How very like a bird!" said the Mouse, as he ran away through the grass.

Review *ei* as in *veil, eight, heir, weigh, their, reindeer, vein, sleigh*

Observe the change when *ing* is added to *come (coming)*; to *give (giving)*. What letter is omitted?

Add *ing* to *have, make, save, dance, like, please, fade, bake, guide, dine*.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.
So work while you work,
And play while you play,
For that is the way
To be happy and gay.



L. aux

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie;
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

—*Tennyson.*

THE GIANTS

Have you ever heard of Jack, the
Giant Killer? Do you know that there
are real giants still?

Let me tell you stories about some
giants who are as old as the earth, and
very strong.

This one can carry great ships on his broad back as easily as you can carry an apple.

He carries big rafts of logs for many miles, and is never tired.

He turns the wheels of saw mills and flour mills, and thinks it easy work.

He helps us to keep our streets clean. He gives us food, and helps us to prepare it.

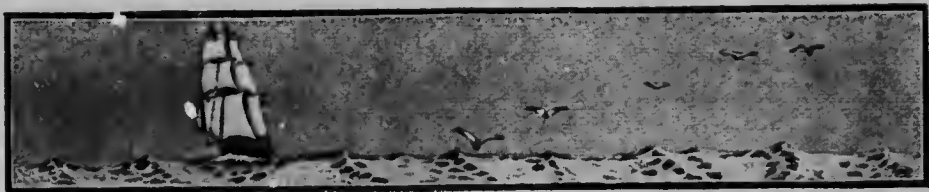
Sometimes he is so still that you cannot hear him. Sometimes, in his anger, he destroys men, and sweeps away bridges and houses.

He eats nothing, asks for no wages, needs no clothes, and never sleeps.

Now, can you tell me the name of this strong giant? Where shall I find him?

Teach *a* in syllables closed by *r* and more or less accented, as in *care, share, compare, parent, plowshare, air, Mary, sharing.*

Add *en* to *gold, silk, bright, wood, deep, quick, soft, beat, short, threat.*



MY SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And oh ! she was all laden
With pretty things for me.
There was candy in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.
The captain was a duck
With a pack upon his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, " Quack ! Quack ! "

—*Old Rhyme.*

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

Sang the brook, "I welcome every drop.
Come, come, dear raindrops, never stop
Till a great river you make of me,
Then I will carry you to the sea."

—*Bates.*

MOTHER'S RIDDLE

Mother has a kitten,
Mother has a mouse,
Mother has a bird that sings
All about the house,
Mother has a lammie,
Mother has a chick,
All together have but two feet.
Guess my riddle quick!

Richards.

Review a Italian or grave as in *far, marble, calf, carve, father, guard, palm, aunt, laugh, half.*

Add y to *rain, frost, health, might, pearl, hard, cloud, grass, bulm, air.*

THE JAPANESE GIRL



Have you ever heard of Japan, the land of flowers? That is where I live.

Our houses are made of bamboo and have windows and doors of paper. As you enter your houses you take off your hats, but we take off our shoes. We seldom wear hats.

We do not sit upon chairs in our houses. We sit upon soft, thick mats or carpets made of white straw.

You sleep in a bed, but we sleep on a padded quilt laid upon the floor. We rest our heads on wooden pillows.

You have white skins, and keep your teeth white. We have yellow skins, and blacken our teeth to make them pretty.

Our boys have much of their hair shaved off. They wear a long braid at the back of the head.

You use a knife, fork, and spoon at table. We use two chop-sticks.

You read from the front of a book to the back. We read from the back to the front. The lines in your books are read from left to right. In our books the lines run from the top to the bottom of the page, and from right to left.

We prefer to ride in carts drawn by men rather than by horses.

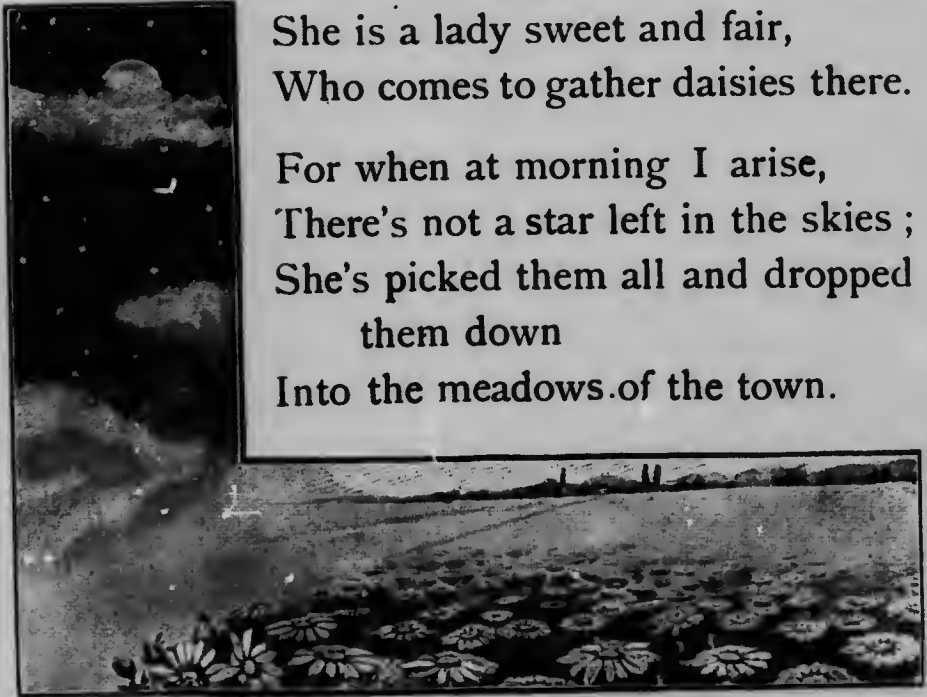


DAISIES

At evening, when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
She is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies ;
She's picked them all and dropped
 them down
Into the meadows of the town.



—Frank Dempster Sherman—(by arrangement with
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THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.
So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

One day the Wind and the Sun had
a dispute. The
Wind said he was
stronger than the
Sun. The Sun
said this was not so.



“Here comes a
man along the
road,” said the
Wind. “I can
make him take off
his coat in less time
than you can.”

"You cannot make him take off his coat at all," said the Sun.

"Just watch me," said the Wind. He began to blow great blasts but the man said: "It is cold." He blew with all his might, but the man only drew his coat the closer.

Then the Sun said: "Let me try." He shone, and the man said: "It is warm." He shone and shone till the man opened his coat. "It is hot," said the man, and he took off his coat and sat down in the shade of a tree.

"See that," said the Sun, "I am stronger than you."

Which was really the stronger? Are kind ways the best?

Review *a* broad as in *all, talk, water, balsam, swarm, scald, stalk, almost*.

Review *au* as in *cause, caught, saucer, faulty, saunter*.

Add *ful* to *mind, cheer, hope, use, spoon, harm, truth, hand, care, shame, prayer*.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

NONSENSE VERSE

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be !

And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be !

And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be !

And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a great splash that would be !

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE

There's a queer little house and it stands in
the sun.

When the good mother calls the children all
run.

While under her roof they are cosy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle and
bluster and storm.

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

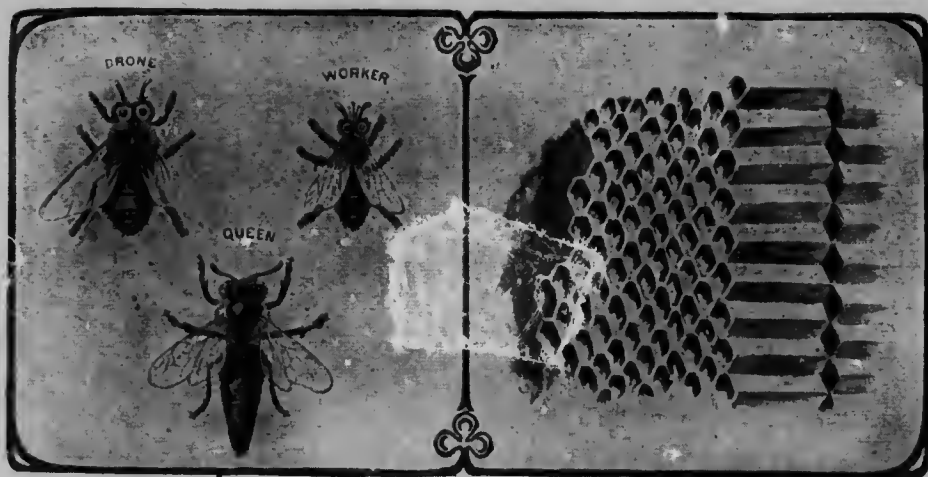
This queer little house has no windows nor
doors—
The roof has no shingles, the rooms have no
floors—
No fire-places, chimneys, nor stoves can you
see,
Yet the children are cosy and warm as can be.

The story of this funny house is all true ;
I have seen it myself, and I think you have
too.
You can see it to-day, if you watch the old
hen,
When her downy wings cover her chickens
again.



Reyachlau

WHERE AM I ?



BEES

Did you ever see a hive of bees ?

Are you afraid of bees ? You must not be afraid of them. They do not often sting those who let them alone.

There are many kinds of bees. The chief of them all is the hive bee. In each hive there are three kinds of bees. The queen bee is the first. She rules all, and she is the mother of all. The queen bee does no work. She lays eggs in the cells. The father bee is called the drone. He does no work.

Who then builds so many fine cells ?

Who lays up so much honey? Who feeds the baby bees? The small, quiet, brown work bees do all that.

In each hive there is one queen bee to lay eggs. There are the drone bees who hum and walk about. There are more work bees than you can count, to do all that is done.

How does a bee grow? The queen lays an egg in each cell which the work bees have made. After three days a grub is hatched. These grubs are fed by some work bees for five or six days. Then the workers seal up the cells. Shut in there, each grub rests till it turns out a perfect bee.

The bee has six legs, and four wings, and many eyes set close like one. Its body is in three parts. The wings are on the middle part. Each bee has a pair of horns or feelers on its head. It has many hairs on its legs and body.

The drone bee has a thick body, a

large head, long wings, and no sting.
The queen bee has a long, slim body,
long legs, short wings, and a curved
sting.

The queen bee stays at home in the
hive, but the workers fly far to gather
honey, and wax to build the cells.

Review *aw* as in *drawer, brawl, squaw, awful, yawn*.

Review *ou* as in *fought, bought, cough, thought, sought*.

Add *ed* to *treat, join, pain, talk, scold, cloud, fill, hatch,*
resign, weigh.

TO A HONEY BEE

"Busy-body, busy-body,
Always on the wing,
Wait a bit where you have lit,
And tell me why you sing."

Up, and in the air again,
Flap, flap, flap;
And now she stops and now she drops
Into the rose's lap.

"Come, just a minute, come,
From your rose so red."

Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

"Busy-body, busy-body,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see,
Your work is only play."

And now the day is sinking to
The goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep for quiet sleep
Among the lily-leaves.

"Come, just a moment, come,
From your snowy bed."
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

But, the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way :
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

—*Alice Cary.*

WHAT I SHOULD DO

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair
And grow so tall ;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide ;
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose !

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled ;
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid !

BEES

Bees don't care about the snow ;
I can tell you why that's so :
Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me.

ANOTHER GIANT

"Oh dear!" said sleepy Frank, as he lay on the mat in front of the grate, "I wish I could see a real giant, just once"

"Silly boy!" said a voice from the chimney, "you may see one every day if you will but look.

"I am as old as the hills and as young as you. For many years men did not know that I lived. They found me one day by rubbing two sticks together.

"I can roast beef, fry ham, bake bread, and boil eggs. I can eat butter, bacon, wood, paper, hay, and coal.

"Men fear to let me wander about. Mothers will not let their children play with me. I have destroyed large forests, big towns, and strong men. In every city a body of men is kept to fight me when I break loose.

"But if I do harm sometimes, I also do much good. Without me you would have no bricks for your houses, no glass

in your windows, no hot meals, no warm rooms, no steam to run your trains.

"There is only one thing of which I am afraid. That is a brother giant who can always put me out. Do you know him?"

"Ah! I know you now," said Frank. "I have seen you many a time, but I never thought you were a real giant."

Who is this giant?

Review *a* intermediate as in *ask, past, dance, sofa, grass, branch, grasp, chant, command, arise.*

Prefix *un* meaning *not* to *kind, true, happy, ripe, read, equal, heard, known, just, grateful.*

WHAT THE COAL SAYS

I am as black as black can be,

But yet I shine.

My home was deep within the earth,

In a dark mine.

Ages ago I was buried there,

And yet I hold

The sunshine and the heat which warmed

That world of old.

Though black and cold I seem to be,
Yet I can glow.
Just put me on a blazing fire,
Then you will know.

THE TURKISH BOY



Do you know who
I am? Do you know
where I live?

I am a little Turk.
I live in a far country
beside the Black Sea
and the Red Sea.

I wear a red fez
on my head when in
school or at home.

In our school I
sit on a mat on the floor with my legs
crossed. We all study aloud, not in
silence as you do. When a boy knows
his lesson he goes to his teacher and
repeats it.

Our sisters do not go to school. They
are not taught to read and write. When

my sister goes for a walk she must cover her face up to her eyes with a shawl or thick veil. We do not think it right to let strangers see our sisters' faces.

In our country there are large fields of roses. We make sweet perfumes from roses. We grow the bean from which Turkish coffee is made.

Our fathers dye wool, and our mothers and sisters weave it into beautiful rugs and carpets.

In which of the following words has *a* its long sound : in which is the long sound of *a* represented by two or more letters ? *Tale, tail, tray, steak, prey, stake, great, made, they, vein, veil, eight.*

Prefix *en* meaning *to make to rich, noble, slave, feeble, able, large, dear.*

THE BROOK

“ I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars ;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.”

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

WAKE UP, LITTLE DAISY



Wake up, little Daisy, the
summer is nigh,
The dear little robin is up
in the sky ;
The snow-drop and crocus
are never so slow ;
Then, wake up, little Daisy,
and hasten to grow.

Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

Listen, little Daisy, I'll tell you what's said,
The lark thinks you're lazy, and love your
warm bed,
But I'll not believe it, for now I can see
Your bright little eyes softly winking at me.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, little Daisy,
And hasten to grow.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT



Once upon a time a sly old fox fell into a well. As he could not climb up the side of the well he could not get out.

A goat came by and looked down. "Is the water good?" he asked. "Very good," said the fox, "come down and taste it." The goat, without waiting to think, leaped down at once. After he had drunk of the cool water he said to the fox: "How shall we get out of this well?"

"That is easy," said the fox. "You rear up on your hind legs and I will climb up your back. Standing on your head I can easily reach the top of the well. Then I can pull you up by your horns."

The goat did as the fox directed, and the fox quickly got out.

"Now pull me out," said the goat. The fox laughed.

"Next time, think how you are to get out before you venture in," said the fox. "Look well before you leap."

—*Aesop's Fables Adapted.*

In which of the following words has *a* its broad sound : in which is the broad sound of *a* represented by one or more letters ? *False, fraud, war, swarm, sought, brawl, fall, cord, storm, fought, broad.*

Prefix *re* meaning *back* or *again* to *pay, turn, sell, act, make, seat, join, fresh, measure, move.*

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER

"Stop, stop, pretty water !"

Said Mary one day,
To a frolicksome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast !
I wish you would stay ;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away."

" But I will run after,—
Mother says that I may,—
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on ;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—Mrs. Follen.

See the brooklets flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free !

Yet to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

—Adelaide Proctor.

NONSENSE VERSE

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink ?

THE STORY OF A SNOWFLAKE

Yes, I am a little snowflake. I have just come from my home in the cloud. Many other little flakes came with me. We do not all look quite alike. Have we the same number of arms? Just count, and then you will know.

But a short time ago I was a drop of water floating in a well. I was drawn up and put in a pot. The pot was placed over a fire. Soon the water began to boil. I cannot tell you just how I felt. I seemed to grow lighter and lighter. Then I was changed into steam or water vapor.

I floated away through the open door, up and up, till I rested upon a bank of cloud. I found that the cloud was made of hundreds of little water-vapor people like myself.

It was beautiful up there, with the sunbeams playing about us, and the green fields, cities, and the big sea below us.

One day a freezing wind blew over us.
We were changed into snow crystals.
Then we fell slowly down to earth as
feathery flakes of snow.

No, we shall not stay long with you.
We shall soon be changed into water
drops again. Whether we sink down
into wells, or float in the rivers, we know
we shall sometime become water vapor
again. That day we shall return to our
home in the clouds.



Review *e* short (met); *ea* as in *lead, thread, breath, wealth, sweat, pleasant, meant, cleanse, breast, breakfast.*

Prefix *dis* meaning *not to agree, own, able, trust, credit, regard, incline, like, please, use.*

THE SNOW

This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling ;
So God giveth the snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

THE SNOWFLAKE

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say : " Good-by,
Good-by, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"
Then lightly travels on its way.

BEAUTIFUL FLAKES OF SNOW

" O beautiful flakes of snow,
Falling so softly around,
I wonder what good you do
By covering all the ground ! "

" Dear children," the little flakes said,
" We have our work to do ;
By covering the roots and plants,
We keep them the winter through."



Meyer von Bremen

THE LITTLE NURSE

ANOTHER GIANT

Frank told his mother the story of the Giant, Fire, but Jack said that Frank must have been dreaming.

“Let me tell you about another giant,” said their mother. “He is a very strong fellow and lives in an iron house.

“For a long time men did not know that he could do any work. One day a man saw him lift the lid from a kettle. This man said to himself: ‘If I can shut this fellow in I can make him work for me.’

“He shut him in but the giant did not like it, and burst open everything in which he was put. At last men learned how to shut him in and make him work. And what work he does !

“He rushes along in great haste, and makes a loud hissing noise as he works. He pulls trains of cars on land and large ships at sea.

“He saws wood, drives machines, heats houses, and helps to cook our dinners.

“He is the son of Fire and Water, and will not work unless his parents are with him.”

“I know him! I know him!” said Jack. “He burned me the other day when I went too near him.”

Review *e* long (me); *ee* as in *cheese, freeze, squeeze, queen, knee, wheel*; *ea* as in *weak, peach, meat, streak, dream, cleave, breathe*; *ie* as in *field, brief, shriek, niece, priest, believe, grieve*.

Prefix *mis* meaning *wrong* or *ill* to *lead, use, behave, step, judge, manage, conduct, direct, print, inform*.

A SONG OF THE SEEDS IN SPRING



Little brown brother, oh!
little brown brother,
Are you awake in the
dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to
each other:

Hark to the song of the
lark—

“Waken!” the lark says,
“waken and dress you;

Put on your green coats and gay ;
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken ! 'tis morning—'tis May ! ”

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be ?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother ;
Do be a poppy like me.

What ! you're a sunflower ? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high !
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;
Little brown brother, good-bye.

—*E. Nesbit. From “ First Steps in English ”—Bartlett
(by permission of Silver, Burdett & Co).*

Review *e* short before *r* as in *her, fern, verse, nerve, swerve, germ, herb.*

Observe the change when *es* is added to *baby (babies) ; to penny (pennies).* What letter is changed ?

Now add *es* to *lady, body, fairy, gipsy, laundry, supply, duty, dairy, mercy.*

MARCH

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

Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—

“Darlings, are you here?”

Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?

Tell us, Spring,” they say.

Then she answers, “He is going,
Going on his way.”

“Poor old Winter does not love you ;

But his time is past ;

Soon my birds shall sing above you ;—
Set you free at last.”

THE ARAB BOY

This is El Din,
the Arab boy.

His house is a
tent covered with
sheepskins, or with
cloth made of goat's
hair. There are no
chairs in his house,
nor any tables, nor
beds like ours, only
mats and cushions.



He does not wear a hat or cap as we do. He wears a white shawl wound round his head to keep the heat off, or a white handkerchief which falls down over his neck.

His home is in the desert, a rocky country covered with yellow sand. In this hot desert are some green spots beside springs of water.

Here the tall palm tree grows. It has no branches, only clusters of leaves like ferns at the top of the tree. Under these leaves the dates grow.

When he goes on a journey he does not travel on cars as we do, nor in boats as boys do in Holland, but on camels. A train of camels is called a caravan.

Review *i* short (pin) ; *ui* as in *build, built, guilt, biscuit* ; *ai* as in *captain, certain, mountain, bargain, fountain* ; *y* as in *baby, pity, happy, very, merry* ; *ey* as in *honey, money, alley, monkey, abbey*.

Add *er* meaning *one who* to *talk, brew, join, sing, speak, mow, lead*. Compare *or* as in *sailor, actor, creator*.

MERRY SUNSHINE

Good morning, Merry Sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away
And shined away the moon.
I saw you go to sleep last night
Before I ceased my playing,
How did you get way over there?
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child,
I just go round to see
My little children of the east,
Who rise and watch for me.
I waken all the birds and bees
And flowers on my way,
And now come back to see the child
Who stayed out late at play.

THE MOON



The little moon
Came out too soon,
And in her fright,
Looked thin and
white.

The stars then shone,
And every one

Twinkled and winked and laughed and blinked.
The great sun now rolled forth in might,
And drove them all quite out of sight.

—*Mrs. White.*

THE LEAFY BOUGHS ARE NODDING

The leafy boughs are nodding,
So heavy are their heads ;
The weary flowers are twinkling,
And winking in their beds.

Then, stilly as the angels,
Comes soft the evening breeze,
And rocks to sleep the flowers,
To sleep rocks all the trees.

—*From the German.*

THE SLEEPING APPLE



High up in a tree, among the green leaves, hung a little apple with such rosy cheeks. It looked as though it might have been sleeping.

A little child came near, and stood under the tree. She looked

up and called to the apple: "O apple! come to me, do come down to me! You do not need to sleep so long."

She called so long and begged so hard, but the apple did not waken. It did not move, but looked as though it was laughing at her in its sleep.

Then came the bright sun high up in the sky. "O Sun! lovely Sun!" said

the child, "please waken the apple for me."

The Sun said, "Oh, yes, with pleasure I will." So he sent his bright beams straight in the face of the apple and kissed it kindly. But the apple did not move a bit.

Then there came a bird and perched upon a bough of the tree and sang a beautiful song. Even then it did not waken the sleeping apple.

"I know what is coming now," said the child, "he will not kiss the apple, and he cannot sing to it. He will try another way."

Sure enough the wind puffed out its cheeks and blew and blew, and shook the tree, and the little apple was so scared that it woke and leaped from the tree and fell right into the apron of the little child.

She was very much surprised, and so glad that she said: "I thank you very much, Mr. Wind."

Review *i* long as in *line, rind, prize, die, wipe, chime, mindful*; *y* as in *try, dye, type, style, wry*; *ie* as in *pie, tie, flies*; *ui* as in *guide, guile, disguise, guidance*.

Add *fall* to *rain, snow, water, down, pit, night*.



THE PUSSY WILLOW

What do you think I saw,
All bundled up in fur,
Swinging at ease on a willow spray?
Nine little pussies plump and gray.
But I could not find a sign of a claw,
Not even a tip of a velvet paw.

Dare to do right ! dare to be true !
The failings of others can never save you.

THE DANDELION

" Oh ! dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day ?"
" I just wait here in the long green grass,
Till the children come to play."



Madeline Carpentier

" Oh! dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night? "

" I wait and wait till the cool dew falls
And my hair is long and white. " "

" What do you do when your hair grows white
And the children come to play? "

" They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away. "

— "*Art Literature*," (by permission of
Atkinson, Mentzer and Grover).



YOU'RE NO CHICKEN.

Paton

THE TOAD .

"Don't touch it," said John, "it will give you warts."

"Nonsense!" said his father, as he took the toad in his hand. "Do you not know that this rough little fellow is a useful friend in our garden! He eats many flies, grubs, and insects."

"How does he catch them?" said John.

"He does not move about after his food as dogs and birds do. The insect

must come close to his mouth to be caught. Now it would not do this if it saw the toad.

“ So the toad digs into the earth with his hind legs, and then pushes his body into the hole till only the back and eyes are above ground. His back is the color of the earth so it is not seen by grubs and insects. When one of these moves near to the toad, out flies his long tongue, and the insect is caught and eaten.

“ His tongue is not fastened at the back of the mouth like ours, but in the front of the mouth, and is loose at the back.

“ He has no teeth on his lower jaw. The frog always has, and this will help you to know a toad from a frog.

“ Though he eats many insects each day it is said he can live a year without food.

“ In the spring, after the frost is out of the ground, the toads move from the gardens to the ponds to lay their eggs. Then is heard their low, sweet song as they

sing in the marsh or pond in the evening.

"When the eggs are laid the toads return to the gardens. These eggs will hatch into little black tadpoles that in two or three months will grow into little toads."

"What a rough brown coat he has," said John.

"The toad is his own tailor," said his father. "When his coat or skin gets too tight or too dry, he grows a new one underneath. When the new one is ready the old skin cracks down the back. Then he pulls his head out of the old coat as you do out of your shirt. Next he draws his legs out, and you see him in his new coat. He rolls up the old coat and swallows it."

"Have you ever seen a toad walk or run?" said the father.

"No," said John, "I think he jumps from place to place."

"Have you ever seen a toad drink?" said his father. "Never," said John.

“ He drinks by taking the water in through his skin much as blotting paper takes up water. Watch toads the next time it rains.”

Review *i* short before *r* as in *bird, chirp, first, skirt, third, whirl, twirl, mirth, birth.*

Add *ness* meaning *state of being* to *rude, good, kind, deaf, dark, gentle, weak, hard, slow, wicked.*

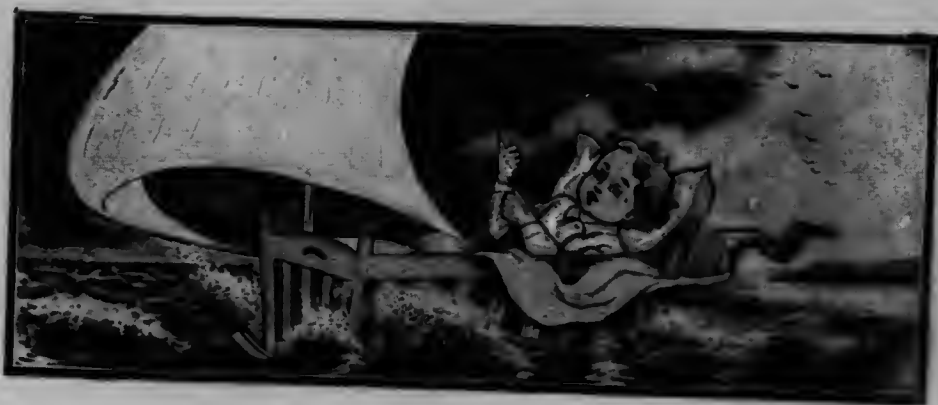


THE NORTH WIND DOTTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

—Shakespeare.



MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat ;
Nurse helps me in when I embark ;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
" Good-night " to all my friends on shore ;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do :
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer :
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—Robert Louis Stevenson (by permission).

ANOTHER GIANT

Yes, I am a very strong giant, but I can be as gentle as a little child. I do much useful work for men, but no man has ever seen me. I must work always. If I stop to rest I die.

When I am angry I lash the water into big waves. I toss ships about like corks. I sweep over the plains and tear up trees by the roots. I destroy houses. Men and animals fear me when I am vexed.

When I am pleased I rock the little bird in his nest. I move the clouds gently across the sky. I scatter the apple blossoms. I play with the leaves. You hear my song in the pines. I bring the odors of the flowers to you.

I help the plants to scatter their seeds. I drive ships across the seas. I turn the mills that pump the water and grind the corn. I fly kites for the boys.

I am free to come and go over land

and sea. I am not shut up in an iron house as Steam is. I may come from the East or the West or the North or the South. I may bring you rain or snow, heat or cold, but I must always be busy.

You have never seen me. Have you ever felt me? Have you ever heard me whistle? What is my name?

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

Review *o* short (not). Note its equivalent in *a* short combined with *w* or *qu* in such words as *want*, *was*, *watch*, *wash*, *what*, *squad*, *squash*.

Add *let* or *ling* meaning *little* to *brook*, *leaf*, *stream*, *duck*, *seed*, *found*. Give meaning of *darling*, *gosling*, *nursling*, *rivulet*, *floweret*.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

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.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The south-wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The east-wind, Arty ; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

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.

Review *o* long (note) ; *oa* as in *boat, loaf, coal, loathe, cloak* ;
ow as in *show, know, growth, grown, owe* ; *ou* as in *four, soul, mould,*
though, dough ; *oe* as in *hoe, toe, woe, foe*.

Observe the change when *es* is added to *shelf* (*shelves*). What
letter is changed? Now add *es* to *leaf, thief, loaf, elf, calf, half,*
self, wolf, wife, knife.

Whichever way the wind doth blow

Some heart is glad to have it so.

Then blow it east or blow it west,

The wind that blows, that wind is best.

A DUTCH BOY



Do you know who I am? I am Hans, a little Dutch boy. I live far away across the sea in a land called Holland.

Our land is so low that the sea would run over it if we had not made high banks of earth to keep the sea out. These banks are called dikes.

Many cattle and sheep feed upon the rich grass in our meadows. We make good butter and cheese.

You bring your butter and cheese to market in wagons over roads. We bring ours to market in boats over canals or water-roads. In winter when the water in the canals is frozen over we travel on skates to market.

My sisters wear pretty white caps, and short, loose dresses. They have wooden shoes like mine. They love to plant bulbs and take care of our flower gardens.

Review *o* long and close as in *do, to, prove, shoe, whose*; *ew* as in *crew, threw, drew, shrewd, chew*; *oo* as in *moon, food, hoof, roof, poor*.

Prefix *a* meaning *at or on* to *shore, bed, foot, sleep, side, head, ground, breast*.



MRS. PUSSY

Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,
With her kittens four
Went to sleep upon the mat
By the kitchen door.

Mrs. Pussy heard a noise,
Up she jumped to see ;
“ Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse,
Let us go and see.”

Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole,
But that little mouse had gone
Back into its hole.

“ Well,” said Mrs. Pussy, there,
“ To the barn we’ll go ;
We shall find the swallows there
Flying to and fro.”

So the cat and kittens four
Tried their very best ;
But the swallows flying fast
Safely reached the nest.

Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
And her kittens four ;
Found their dinner on a plate,
By the kitchen door.

As they gathered round the plate,
They agreed 'twas nice
That it could'nt run away
Like the birds and mice.

—*Emilie Poulsson (by permission)*.

THE CLOUDS

White clouds, white clouds,
In the blue sky,
When the wind blows,
You go floating by.

When the wind stops,
You all stand still,
Like pretty white sheep
On a blue hill

CLOUDS

Clouds that wander through the sky,
Sometimes low and sometimes high,
In the darkness of the night,
In the sunshine warm and bright ;
Ah ! I wonder much if you
Have any useful work to do.

Yes, we're busy night and day
As o'er the earth we take our way,
We are bearers of the rain
To the grass, and flowers, and grain ;
We guard you from the sun's bright rays
In the hottest summer days.

Review *o* broad before *r* as in *for, nor, coin, order, lord, abhor, mortal, forlorn, sort, morning*.

Prefix *out* meaning *beyond* to *live, run, sell, break, last, weigh, bid, done, going, post*.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star !
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,

Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark ;
He could not tell which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A wolf saw a lamb drinking at a stream.
He made up his mind to find an excuse
for killing the lamb. So he went to the
stream and called out:

“How dare you disturb the water
which I am drinking?”

“I am not,” said the lamb. “The
water runs from you to me, not from me
to you.”

"You called my father names last year," said the wolf.

"I was not born last year," said the lamb.

"Well I do not care how good an excuse you may make, I shall eat you all the same," said the wolf.

The best excuse will not keep back him who has made up his mind to do wrong.

—Aesop's Fables Adapted.

Review *o* like *u* short as in *son*, *come*, *love*, *sponge*, *once*, *worse*, *glove*, *monk*, *front*, *mother*, *sailor*.

Prefix *fore* meaning *before* to *tell*, *see*, *arm*, *warn*, *cast*, *man*, *doom*, *head*, *father*, *runner*.

THE FARMER AND THE STORK



Once upon a time Cranes were eating a farmer's grain. The farmer set traps to catch them. When he went next day to the field he found many Cranes in

the traps, also a Stork.

The Stork asked the farmer to let him go. "I am not a Crane," said he, "I am a Stork. Look at me and you will see that I am not a Crane. Storks are useful birds."

"I do not know that," said the farmer, "I know that I found you with those thieves, the Cranes. If you had not been with thieves you would not now have to die with them."

—Aesop's Fables Adapted.

Review *u* long as in *use, tube, duke, tune, duty, juice, tulip, duel, lute, June*; *ou* as in *you, youth, soup, group*; *ew* as in *few, pew, view, yew, new, steward, jewel, sinew, pewter*.

Add *er* to each of the following: *run, swim, skip, plod, scrub, dig, sin, plot, fat*. When do we double the final letter in such words?

DEW DROPS

A million little diamonds

Twinkled on the trees;

And all the little maidens said,

"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came,

And stole them all away.



THREE BUGS

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.

The space was small, no doubt, for all;
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said: "We will eat this bread,
And that is what we'll do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarreling,—
The white and the black and gold;

And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold !

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew !

And so there was war in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true !
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too !

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,—
The white and the black and the gold,
And share what comes of the beds and the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold. —*Alice Cary.*

Review *u* short as in *but, brush, nurse, judge, furze*; *ou* as in *young, touch, rough, enough, tough*.

Observe the change when *ing* is added to *run*. Which letter is doubled? Add *ing* to *pet, sun, tag, let, slap, skip, scrub, swim, plod*.

NONSENSE VERSES

There was an Old Person of Dover,
Who rushed through a field of blue clover ;
But some very large bees stung his nose and his
knees,
So he very soon went back to Dover.

There was an Old Man who said, " Hush !
I perceive a young bird in this bush ! "
When they said, " Is it small ? " he replied, " Not
at all ;
It is four times as big as the bush ! "

There was an Old Person of Dean
Who dined on one pea and one bean ;
For he said, " More than that would make me too fat, "
That cautious Old Person of Dean.

ANOTHER GIANT

My home is in the North land. I
must live where it is cold. The snow
bird knows me. The rabbit puts on his
white coat when I come. The swallow,
the bluebird, and the robin fly away south
when I appear.

I am so strong that I can burst open rocks and split large trees. I can cut down hills and scoop out valleys.

Sometimes I come slowly down from the mountains carrying great stones on my back. Sometimes I float in the sea, and then great ships are afraid of me.

I block up large rivers so that they flow over their banks. I cover the waters of streams and small lakes, and then boys like to play on my back. The farmer, the butcher, and the milkman are glad of my help.

I am the son of Water, but I cannot live with the Giants Fire and Steam. Have you seen me? Do you know who I am?

Review *u* middle as in *pull, push, put, bull, full, joyful, fulfil, pulpit, bushel*. Review *u* short before *r* as in *urn, urge, burn, hurl, hurt*.

Drill *pl* in *plan, please, plight, plow, pluck*; *pr* in *pray, preach, print, prove, prune*; *tr* in *trude, tread, trick, trot, trusty*.

If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labour great or small
Do it well, or not at all.

THE FAIRY ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours
Pictures for little children,
Of wondrous trees and flowers ;

Pictures of snow-white mountains
Touching the snow-white sky ;
Pictures of distant oceans
Where pretty ships sail by ;

The moon is the lamp he paints by ;
His canvas the window pane ;
His brush is a frozen snowflake ;
Jack Frost the artist's name.

A SECRET

I know of a cradle, so wee and so blue,
Where a baby is sleeping this morning,—do you ?
I think he is dreaming the dearest of things—
Of songs and of sunshine, of tiny brown wings.
I'll tell you a secret,—don't tell where you heard,—
The cradle's an egg,—and the baby s a bird !



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Plockhorst

THE SONG-SPARROW

There is a bird I know so well;
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young ;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings " Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."



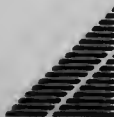
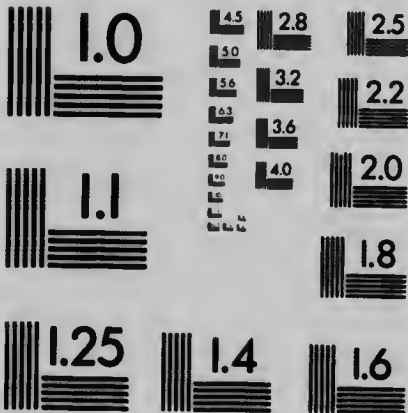
THE TRAVELLERS

Once upon a time an Ass, a Dog, a
Cat, and a Cock set out upon a journey
to a great city.



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They walked all day, and in the evening went into a wood to sleep.

The Ass and the Dog lay down under a tree; the Cat climbed up into the branches, and the Cock flew to the top to rest.

The Cock looked out over the land and saw a light not far off.

He called down to the others: "There must be a house near here for I see a light."

"In that case let us go to it," said the Ass, "for I find this bed a hard one."

"Yes," said the Dog, "let us go, for I need a good supper."

So off they all went to the spot where the light was. They found a large house in which a band of robbers lived. The Ass was just tall enough to peep into the great window.

"Well," said the Cock, "what do you see in there?"

"What do I see? Why I see a table

loaded with all kinds of good things to eat and drink, and men sitting round it making merry."

"Don't I wish I were in there," said the Dog.

"I am so hungry," said the Cat.

"Can't we drive them away?" said the Cock.

"Well, how shall we do it?" said the Ass.

So they all talked the matter over, and



at last hit upon this plan. The Ass put his forefeet upon the window-sill; the Dog climbed upon the donkey's back; the Cat stood upon the Dog's shoulders; and the Cock flew up and perched upon the Cat's head.

The Ass counted, "One! Two! Three!" and they all sang out together. The Ass brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crowed. What a dreadful noise they made!

Just then the Ass tried to kick up his heels. This tumbled the others right through the window into the room.

The noise of the music, the breaking glass, and the falling animals, scared the robbers out of their wits, and they rushed through the door into the dark. The Ass brayed again with all his might, and the robbers ran away into the woods.

The four friends now sat down at the table and ate all that the robbers had left. Next they cleared the table, put out the lights, and made ready to sleep.

The Ass lay upon the straw in the yard, and the dog upon a rug behind the door. The cat curled up in front of the fireplace, and the Cock perched upon the roof of the house.

An hour later, one of the robbers, bolder than the rest, stole back towards the house. The lights were out, and all was quiet. He crept into the house. There was not a sound. He took a candle from the shelf and went to light it at the coals he saw in the fireplace.

These were the Cat's eyes. She sprang at his face, scratched him, and spat at him. He ran to the door, and the Dog bit his leg as he rushed out.

He stumbled in the yard and the Ass kicked him. The noise wakened the Cock and he crowed as loud as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-do."

The robber ran back to his comrades at the top of his speed.

"There is a horrid witch in the house," said he, "and she scratched my face with her nails. At the door is a man who stabbed me in the leg with his knife. In the yard a big black giant struck me with a club. Up on the roof stands a watch-

man who cried out in a great voice : " I know where the rascals hide." They scared me so, and I ran for my life."

The robbers did not dare to go back to the house after this. The friends liked the new quarters so much that they did not go on to the city, but made a home for themselves there for the rest of their days.

Name the letter or letters representing the sound of *e* long in each of the following words : *Here, teeth, tea, each, chief, field, peace, key, seize, beard, knee, receive, machine, ravine, piece, niece.*

Drill *cl* in *clad, clean, cling, close, clump* ; *cr* in *crane, credit, crime, cross, crumb* ; *dr* in *drank, dread, drink, drone, drummer.*

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do ;
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—Robert Louis Stevenson (by permission).

GUESS

I see two lilies, white as snow,
That Mother loves and kisses so ;
Dearer they are than gold or lands ;
Guess me the lilies—Baby's hands !

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of summer are ;
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south ;
Guess me the rosebud—Baby's mouth !

I know a place where shines the sun—
Yes, long, long after day is done ;
Oh, how it loves to linger there !
Guess me the sunshine—Baby's hair !



There are two windows where I see
My own glad face, out at me ;
These windows beam like June's own skies ;
Guess me the riddle—Baby's eyes !

ANOTHER GIANT

I am a very old giant, but I am as
strong as ever I was. I am at home in
the clouds, and in the earth. You may
have seen me. You have often heard me.

For a long time I did no work for men. They did not know how to use me. Now I help them in many ways. I light their houses and streets. I draw trains of cars for them, and drive machines. Men often use me in place of horses.

With my help they can talk to each other when they are many miles apart.

They can send a message across the largest country in a few minutes.

Some hot night in summer you may see me dart from one cloud to another. No other giant can travel as swiftly as I can. No other giant has as long a name as mine. Do you know it?

Name the letter or letters representing the sound of *e* short in each of the following words : *leg, dead, fence, said, friend, many, says, ledge, breath, again, feather, burial, guess, heifer.*

Drill *bl* in *blame, bled, blight, blot, blue* ; *wh* in *what, wheat, which, when, why.*

FAIRIES

In the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,

The fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

From the pale blue bell,
In the forest dell,
From the water-lily's cup ;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
They dance with might and main ;
But at morning's light
They flee from sight,
And hide in the flowers again.

THE FAIRIES

Pray, where are the little blue-bells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood ?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.



And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens, like trees.

And where are the great big bluebottles gone,
That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, the fairies have caught them every one,
And have broken them in to ride

And they've taken the glow-worms to light their
halls,

And the cricket to sing them a song,
And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,
And they're feasting the whole night long.

But when spring comes; with its soft, mild ray,
And the ripple of gentle rain,

The fairies bring back what they've taken away,
And give it us all again.

Name the letter or letters representing *i* short in each of the following words : *pit, pretty, honey, carriage, curtain, women, busy, mischief, hurried, minute, biscuit, lovely, nicely, money, build.*

Drill *sp* in *spade, spent, spin, spoke, spun* ; *sl* in *slate, slept, sling, slope, slug* ; *tr* in *track, trend, trick, trod, trunk.*

BIRDS THAT SEW



In a country a long, long way from here there live some tiny, yellow birds about as big as your papa's thumb. The people of that country call these tiny birds tailor-birds

because they can sew.

Monkeys and snakes live in this place too. They like to eat the yellow birds ; but the little birds are very wise, and build their nests where they cannot be seen by the hungry monkeys.

The tailor-birds pick out a large leaf at the end of a branch. They make rows of holes along its edges with their bills. Then with long threads of grass they sew the leaf up into a bag. Sometimes they use two leaves. They line this bag with feathers or soft down.

It makes a nice cosy home for the little birds, and the frisky monkeys never know the nest is there swinging in the breeze. The mamma-bird sits on two wee white eggs, and the papa-bird sings to her all the while from a branch quite near.

Some day two baby yellow birds will fly away with their papa and mamma, the leaf nest will blow down, and no one will know about the nest and the wise birds but you and me.

Name the letter or letters representing *i* long in each of the following words: *Pine, eye, guide, buy, deny, type, dye, cry, disguise, cries, height, high.*

Drill *gl* in *glad, gleam, glint, glove, glue*; *gr* in *grand, great, grind, grove, gruel*; *qu* in *quack, queen, quench, quick, queer.*

BIRDIE'S SECRET



"I know something, but I
shan't tell,
'Cause the mother bird
whispered it just to me,
What she'd hidden away
in the top of the tree.

"I know something, but I
shan't tell,—
Of something nice, and
soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

"I know something, but I shan't tell,
And by and by, when the birdies are old,—
Oh, dear me! I've gone and told!"



Name the letter or letters representing *o* long in each of the following words: *Note, cloak, foe, shoulder, bowl, sew, dough, poultry, door, goat, show, roll.*

Drill *st* in *stand, step, still, store, stung*; *str* in *strap, stream, strike, strode, struck.*

ARACHNE



Long ago a maiden lived far away in Greece. She did most lovely spinning and weaving. People came a long way to see her work. It was so fine they said it must be done by the Queen of the Air.

But the maiden was proud and said no one had helped her to do it, and no one could spin or weave as well as she.

This made the Queen of the Air angry, for she had shown her how to spin and weave.

She told the maiden that the truth must be made known. They would weave before all the people, and the one

who was beaten should never again use spindle or loom.

When the day came the maiden put her loom under the trees, and wove in a silken web the most beautiful pictures that men had ever seen. Even the Queen of the Air was surprised.

Then the Queen put her loom in the sky, and wove such wonderful pictures that the maiden knew she was beaten. She began to cry as it came to her that she could never again use her loved loom.

When the Queen saw the maiden's tears she was sorry and said: "I may not change what has been said, but I can change you so that you may spin and weave without spindle or loom."

Then she touched the maiden with her wand, and the people no longer saw a beautiful girl. But there among the boughs was a spider spinning a silken web, as spiders have done ever since that time.

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Kaulbach

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

This is the story that the old Greeks told their children about Arachne and the coming of the spider.

Name the letter or letters representing *o* short in each of the following words : *Not, what, watch, swamp, quarrel, wasp, want, squash.*

Drill *scr* in *scrap, scream, scrip, scroll, scrub* ; *thr* in *thrash, thread, thri* ; *throat, thrush* ; *sps* in *grasps, wasps, lisps.*



THE FERNS

Oh, what shall we do

The long winter through?

The baby ferns cried

When the mother fern died.

The wind whistled bleak,

And the woodland was drear,

And on each baby cheek

There glistened a tear.

Then down from the clouds

Like a flutter of wings,

There came a whole crowd

Of tiny white things.

They trooped in a heap,
Where the baby ferns lay,
And put them to sleep,
That bleak, bitter day.

Tucked under the snow
In their little brown hoods,
Not a thing will they know,—
Those "Babes in the Woods,"
Till some day in spring,
When the bobolinks sing,
They will open their eyes
To the bluest of skies.

—Mrs. Cornwall.

IRIS

Iris was the only daughter of the Sun and Water Drop. Her father was very fond of her, and gave her many pretty dresses. You may see the colors of her dresses in the sky at sunset.

Iris often took messages to the earth for her father. That she might travel down and up easily he built her a bridge from the earth to the sky.

This bridge had seven colors, and Iris



Jean-François Millet

fastened it to the earth with a pot of gold.
I have often seen this bridge. Have you?

Sometimes Iris came in the morning
with a message to the sailors that storms
were coming. Sometimes she came in
the evening to tell them that the sea would
be calm till morning.

This is the story of the Rainbow as the
old Greeks told it to their children.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,

And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

Name the letter or letters representing *u* long in each of the following words : *Duty, chew, knew, feud, view, Tuesday, during, student, youthful.*

Drill *sks* in *asks, desks, risks, tusks* ; *sts* in *casts, pests, mists, posts, trusts* ; *kts* as in *acts, sects, convicts, constructs.*

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Said a spider to a fly ;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many pretty things

To show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,

"To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair,

Can ne'er come down again."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,

"You're witty and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gauzy wings,

How brilliant are your eyes.

I have a little looking-glass

Upon my parlor shelf ;

If you'll step in one moment, dear,

You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning, now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned round and went back into his den. He knew the silly fly would come back to hear him say more nice things about her. Next time she came too near, and he caught her. He took her up to his parlor and she never came out again.

Do you know why people tell children this story of the spider and the fly?

Name the letter or letters representing *u* short in each of the following words: *Cut, touch, worse, sponge, does, rough, blood, brush, judge, bird.*

Drill *nds* as in *lands, mends, kinds, bonds, funds*; *lds* as in *folds, molds, colds, fields*; *g, ge, j* in *gem, rage, large, oblige, ginger, judge.*

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,

And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I am alive in trunk and shoot ;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away,—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

 "You think I am dead,"
 The quick grass said,
" Because I have parted with stem and blade ;
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here,—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

 "You think I am dead,"
 A soft voice said,
" Because not a branch or a root I own.
 " I never have died,
 But close I hide
In the plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.

You will see me again,—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas (by arrangement with
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*

THE PIED PIPER

Five hundred years ago a small town
called Hamelin was overrun with rats.
These rats

—fought the dogs and killed the cats
And bit the babies in the cradles
And ate the cheeses out of the vats
And made nests inside men's Sunday hats.

The people came to the town hall and
told the Mayor he must get rid of the rats
or they would turn him out of his office.

As they were talking some one gave a
gentle tap on the door.

"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "What's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

The door opened and in came a
stranger in a long coat from heel to head,

half of yellow and half of red. He said:
"I am able to draw after me

All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run.

If I can rid your town of rats will you
give me a thousand coins?"

"We will do so gladly," said the
Mayor.

The Piper stepped into the street and
began to play on his pipe or flute. Al-
most at once

—out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats.

They came in swarms after the Piper
to the banks of the river. Into it they
went and all were drowned.

When the Piper came back for his
money the Mayor would give him only
fifty coins. The Piper asked the Mayor
to keep his promise, but he would not,
saying it was only a joke.

The Piper again stept into the street
and began to play on his pipe.

Out came the children running :
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls.

They ran after the Piper skipping and
singing till he came to the side of the
mountain. There a great door opened
and in went the Piper and the children.

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and
south to offer the Piper all the money he
would ask if he would only return with
the children. But children and Piper
had gone forever.

Name the letter or letters representing oo long in each of the
following words : *Moon, move, two, whose, shoes, croup, drew, threw,*
true, brute, fruit.

Drill ths in *lengths, breadth, fifths, sixths, seventh;* nk in
sank, brink, wink, monk, trunk.



IN THE TREE TOP

"Rock-a-by, baby, in the tree top!"

Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a little light rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!
Rock-a-by!

"When the wind blows, then the cradle will rock."

Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby, shut, pretty eye!
Rock-a-by!

"Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!"

Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze !
Little leaves, nestle around him !
He will remember the song of the trees
When age with silver has crowned him !
Rock-a-by ! baby, wake by and by !
Rock-a-by !

—*Lucy Larcom.*



NORTH AND SOUTH

A bird flew out of the sunny South,
The warm, sweet South, where the flowers are,
And carried a song in its beating heart,
To the cold, white North, away so far.
The sweet South sighed for the bird that had gone,
But the cold North smiled, and loved the song.



Fernazi.

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

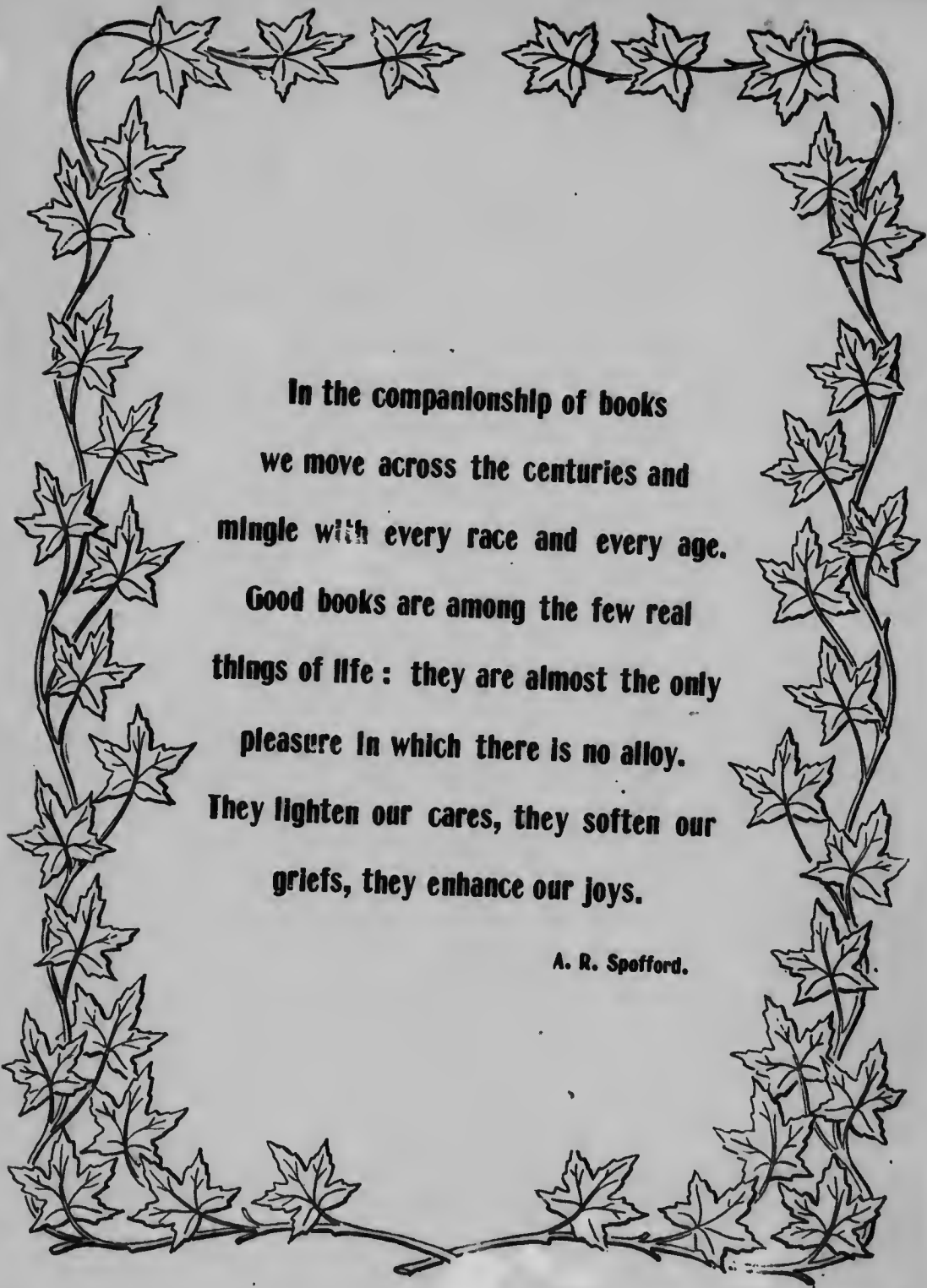
Shut, little sleepy blue eyes ;
Dear little head, be at rest ;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white ;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

O, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this.

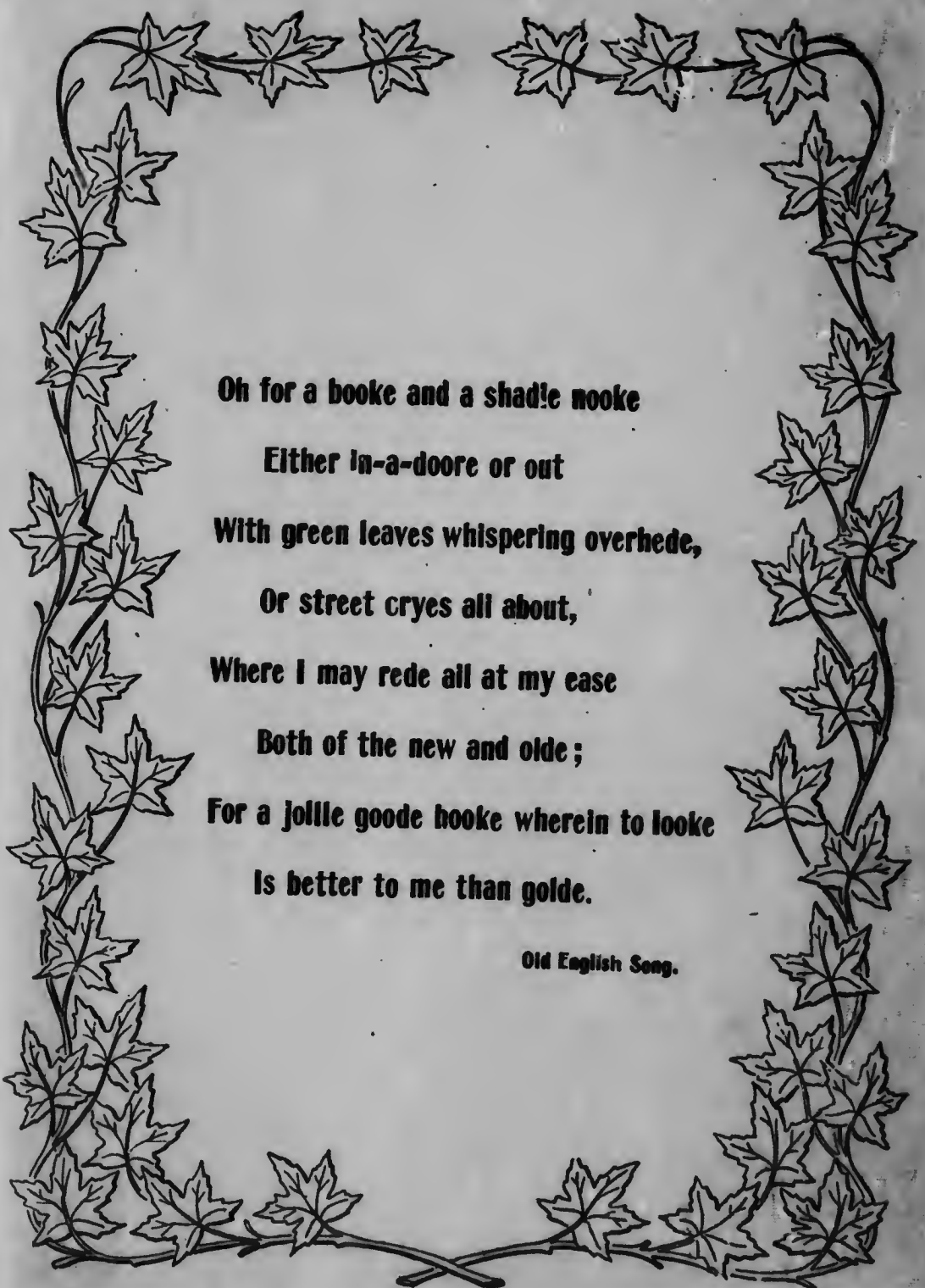
Name the letter or letters representing *oo* short in the following words : *Book, good, wool, wolf, crooked, could, full.*

Drill *x* as *ks* in *tax, next, mixed, box, expense* ; *x* as *gs* in *exist, example, exert, exhibit, exhaust.*



**In the companionship of books
we move across the centuries and
mingle with every race and every age.
Good books are among the few real
things of life : they are almost the only
pleasure in which there is no alloy.
They lighten our cares, they soften our
griefs, they enhance our joys.**

A. R. Spofford.



Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke
Either in-a-doore or out
With green leaves whispering overhede,
Or street cryes all about,
Where I may rede all at my ease
Both of the new and olde;
For a jollie goode hooke wherein to looke
Is better to me than golde.

Old English Song.

