SHORTER GLOBE READERS

ILLUSTRATED

BOOK II

STANDARD II

MACMILLAN & Co.

THE

SHORTER GLOBE READERS.

BOOK II.

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London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1884.

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THE formal word-exercises are now relaxed, and the lessons flow with the ease of a less restricted vocabulary. The graduation of difficulty, though now it becomes not quite so obvious, has none the less been carefully considered. Lists for spelling are selected from the lessons, and in occasional instances meanings are given.

The subjects are arranged in general order of the seasons of the year. They point the pupil's attention to the more prominent natural changes that go on regularly around us, and they connect with these a few characteristic operations of the various seasons. Certain of the more familiar or interesting animals are introduced. Moral qualities are inculcated, chiefly by indirect commendation. The page is enlivened with various illustrations.

An easy step is taken, in an interesting and natural way, towards establishing the habit of accurate and thoughtful observation.

CONTENTS OF BOOK II.

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MARKS.

THE system of marking pronunciation adopted here is borrowed from Professor Bain's *Higher English Grammar*. It is based on the original suggestions of Dr. Thomas Clark. It possesses the important advantage of indicating *accent* and *quality of vowel sound* together.

It is not intended that the pupils should be oppressed or distracted with much regular study of these marks. By careful attention to the cases that arise in the lessons, they will quickly and easily associate the marks and the sounds represented. An occasional reference to these explanations may be found quite sufficient.

(1) *á, é, í, ó, ú.* The *acute* mark (′) placed *over a vowel* shows that the vowel is *long* and also *accented.* For example: *mán* is for "main," or "mane"; *mén* = "mean," or "mien"; *mín* = "mine" (in any sense); *món* = "moan"; *mún* = "moon." Before the vowel *ú* the sound of "y" is often inserted; as, *tyún* = "tune."

(2) *à, è, ì, ò, ù.* The *grave* mark (`) placed *over a vowel* shows that the vowel is *short* and also *accented.* For example: *màn* = "man," *mèn* = "men"; *pìn* = "pin"; *gòn* = "gone"; *fùn* = "fun."

(3) *é, î, û.* The *acute* and *grave* marks are combined (^) to indicate long vowels pronounced more quickly than usual. The last, *û*, is most common; as *pûl* = "pull." Compare *púl* = "pool."

(4) *ā, ō.* The *horizontal* mark (¯) placed over *a* and *o* indicates the vowel sounds in "far" (*fār*) and "all" (*ōl*).

(5) *ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.* The crescent (˘) placed over a vowel shows that the vowel is *long* (1), but *unaccented*; as *rál-wă* ("rail'-way"), *ĕ-jèct.*

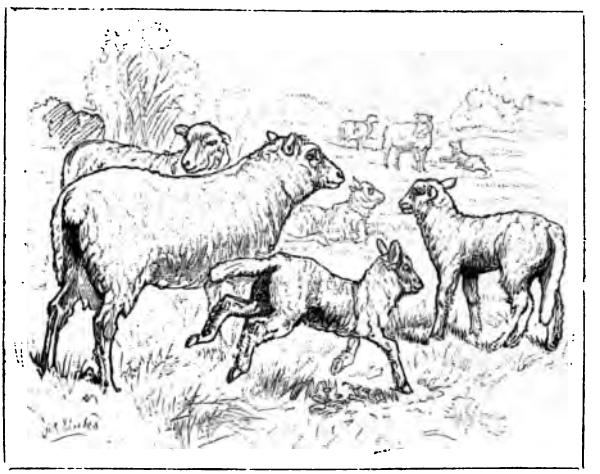
The last of these, *ŭ*, may also express *û* out of accent; as, *hànd-fŭl, fŭl-fìl-ment.*

(6) *a, e, i, o, u.* The vowels that are *not marked at all* are *short* and *unaccented.*

Frequently, however, the accented syllable alone is marked; it being assumed that in those cases no further guidance is necessary.

(7) The *acute* mark (') placed *after a syllable* shows that the accent falls on that syllable. But it does not indicate any quality of the vowel. For example: *com-plained', al'-most, quart'-er.* The full marking for these words would be: *kom-plánd, ōl-mŏst, kwōrt'-er.*

BOOK II.



SPRING.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was on the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk

about her, and the birds warble to welcome her coming; when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name?

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

beau'-ti-fŭl (*byū-*). *gār-land.* *com'-ing.*
lamb (*làm*). *wèl-come.* *bĕ-gìn.*

vìr-gin, maiden. *war'-ble* (*wōr-bl*), sing.
ap-proach', come near. *mate*, companion.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

T. Nash.

pleas'-ant (*plèz-ant*), pleasing, such as we like. *aye* (*á*) ever, always. *lay*, song.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat,
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly Cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

John Lyly.

THE CUCKOO.

1. What he is like.

THE cuckoo is one of those birds that stay with us only so long as the weather is fine. It comes in the pleasant spring-time, when the leaves are beginning to peep from the buds on the trees, and when the flowers are beginning to smile in the green meadows. When we hear the cuckoo's song in the

woods, we know that the cold days of winter are over and gone.

Let us have a good look at that cuckoo, perched on a thick branch of yonder tree. He is a large bird, with coat of bluish-grey on his back, and vest of ashen-grey on his breast. His wings and tail are black, crossed on the outside feathers with bars of white. He hops about from one bough to another, flying only short distances; for, as you will see when he rises, his wings are short, and not able to carry him on a very long flight. His tail is long, and very useful in helping him to keep his balance. He has a pretty long bill, too, with a little curve at the end. With this he snaps up flies and caterpillars on the high trees, and worms and suchlike soft animals on the ground. With this bill he picks up grain and fruit, crunches the eggs of other birds, and even pecks to death and tries to eat up any stupid little mouse that he may have the good luck to pounce upon.

weath'-er (*wèdh-er*).	*cȧt-er-pill-ars.*	*use'-ful.*
feath'-er (*fèdh-er*).	*bĕ-gĭn-ning.*	*bȧl-ance.*
mead'-ow (*mèd-ŏ*).	*yŏn-der.*	*dĭs-tance.*

2. The Cuckoo's Song.

IT is pleasant to hear the cuckoo's song at a little distance in the quiet woods. When first heard, the notes are fresh, and full, and clear; as summer wears through, they are harsher and broken—the voice of the cuckoo has become hoarse. The female sings quite a distinct note from the male; it has been likened to the choking sound of water poured fast out of a narrow-necked bottle.

The following rime has been made by country folk about the cuckoo:

"In April,
Come he will.
In May,
He sings all day.
In June,
He alters his tune.
In July,
He prepares to fly.
In August,
Go he must."

This is another rime, which says much the same thing as the other:—

"In April cuckoo sings her lay;
In May she sings both night and day;
In June she loses her sweet strain;
In July she is off again."

But there is not much singing in the night, though there is a good deal in the long quiet and warm evenings.

coun'-try (*kùn-trĭ*). *qui'-et.* *folk* (*fōk*). *hārsh.*
A'pril. *Jú-ly.* *Au'-gust* (*ō-gust*).

dis-tìnct, different, not the same.
al'-ter (*ōl-ter*), change.
prĕ-páre, make ready.
strain, song, lay.

In these six words, *gh* is not spoken:

bough (*bou*). *high* (*hī*).
though (*dhō*). *flight* (*flīt*).
through (*thrú*). *night* (*nīt*).

CUCKOO'S EGG.

3. The Cuckoo's Eggs.

THE female cuckoo does not make a nest of her own, to lay her eggs and to rear her young ones in. Yet she is not so very heartless as she is sometimes said to be. When she has laid an egg she places it in her mouth, and, watching the chance of finding some other bird away from home, drops it into the nest among the other bird's eggs. She knows that her egg will be very well cared for there.

Now, does it not seem strange that those other birds are not wise enough to know that the cuckoo's egg is not their own? They cannot count very well, surely. Besides, they might see that the size or the shape or the colour is not the same as the size or the shape or the colour of their own eggs—might they not? Perhaps they might; but the cuckoo is a clever bird, and those little hedge-warblers

and wagtails and blackbirds and finches are not nearly so clever. The cuckoo's egg is very small for the size of the bird; it is just about the same size as the eggs of those little birds, though the cuckoo is three or four times as large as they are. The colour is for the most part mottled reddish grey, but often varies a little from this. The cuckoo is sharp enough to place her eggs in the nests of little birds whose eggs are likest to her own. But her dodge is not likely to be found out, for the same little birds are quite content to see a pebble or a marble in their nests, thinking it is just another egg.

rear (*rér*). *heart* (*hārt*) *four* (*fór*).
near (*nér*). *pour* (*pór*).

war'-ble (*wōr-bl*). *col'-our* (*kŭl-er*).
mar'-ble (*mār-bl*). *e-nough'* (*e-nŭf*).

4. Young Cuckoos.

By and by the egg that the cuckoo dropped into the little bird's nest, is hatched, and out comes a young cuckoo. And a terrible fellow

a young cuckoo is, when he finds himself in a hedge-sparrow's nest. I will tell you what he does.

The young cuckoo grows very fast, and in a few days there is not room enough in the little nest for anybody but himself. He soon finds that the eggs and the other young birds are in his way. So he at once makes up his mind to turn them all out; and, as soon as he is able, he goes to work. He puts his tail under an egg or a young bird, and pushes it against the side of the nest till he gets it upon his back. He then raises himself up the side of the nest as far as he can, and tumbles the egg or young bird over the edge. In this way he goes on till he gets rid of all his fellows in the nest.

The young cuckoo is greatly helped in these doings by a hollow in the middle of his back, and by his broad shoulders. By this means the egg or young bird is kept steady on his back, till he be ready to throw it over the edge of the nest. The hollow fills up in about a fortnight.

Now, if there should be two young cuckoos hatched in the same nest, what happens?

Well, there is just a terrible fight. The strongest pushes the weakest on to his back, hoists him up, and tumbles him over the edge of the nest. There is not room for more than one young cuckoo in a little bird's nest.

The young cuckoo is a great glutton, and one pair of hedge-sparrows could not bring him enough to eat. How, then, shall he be fed? He cries out, and his cry brings to his help such birds as feed on soft meat, like the little birds that he has been hatched with. It is a good thing for him that he has a strange complaining cry, like the cry of those soft-billed birds. These feed him and attend to his wants till he is able to take care of himself; and even after that, as he is flying through the air, the little birds will bring him food and wait upon him as if he were a prince.

young (*yŭng*). *could* (*kûd*).
shoul'-der (*shŏl-der*). *should* (*shûd*).
would (*wûd*).

spàr-row. *fèl-low.* *hòl-low,*
broad (*brōd*). *tèr-ri-ble,*

VIOLETS.

UNDER the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

vi-o-lets. *mòd-est.* *beau'ti-ful.*
haw'-thorn. *hid-ing* *scárce.*

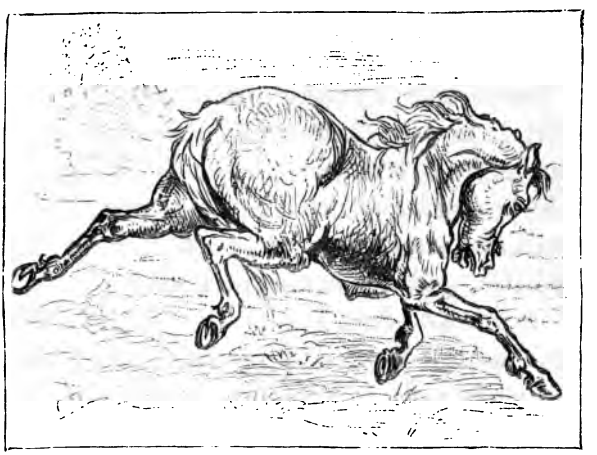
BAKER PITAPAT.

	plough (=*plou*).	*ó*.
		soul
throw	dough (=*dó*).	four
three	though (=*dhó*).	mould
throve		mourn
threw	cough (=*còf*).	source
	trough (=*tròf*).	course

Mr. Pitapat, the baker, was a wealthy man. He was rich, because he worked hard, and did not throw his money about him carelessly. Mr. Pitapat had three or four men working under him, but, for all that, he seldom left the baking-trough or the shop-counter. This was how he throve so well.

Though Mr. Pitapat seldom let his eye off his dough or his bread, he would sometimes refresh himself by taking a turn at the plough. For the baker had a few acres of land, and he kept two horses. He liked to plough, and he thought he could plough well. It was a source of great delight to him to turn over the fresh black mould, and to feel the cool breeze blow upon his cheek. The worst of the ploughing was that his shoulders were rather stiff and sore next morning. Still, the baker threw all his soul into his work, as well at the plough as at the trough or in the shop; and, though he could not but mourn for his shoulders, of course he ploughed on all the same.

The baker had at one time suffered from a cough, brought on by too hard work at the trough. But working in the fresh air had driven it away.



THE BAKER'S HORSE, DASH.

ù	*ú*	*ú*	*ú*
young	you	youth	bruise
touch	your	group	cruise
trouble	tour	wound	
			sluice

true (= *trú*). blue (= *blú*).

It was no wonder that the baker's shoulders were pained after a day's ploughing; for the baker was not wont (*wùnt*) to plough, and he

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was no longer so young as he once was. But sore shoulders were not the only trouble of the good baker. You must know that one of his two horses was a young animal and somewhat touchy. If you had cracked a whip at him when he was feeding on the grass, how he would have kicked up his heels and whisked his tail and snorted at you! Better to stand off a little, and not come too near him.

Now one fine day, Dash—this was the frisky horse's name—Dash was grazing near the mill-pond, when a fly buzzed about his ears, and at last settled upon his nose and stung him. So Dash kicked up his heels and whisked his tail and snorted with all his might; but all in vain, for the big blue fly sat quietly on his nose and kept on stinging him. He reared and he plunged, and rushed violently round and round. The chain that bound him snapped, and he went splash into the deepest part of the deep mill-pond.

The dancing and romping and snorting of the horse was great fun to a group of youngsters, who were standing looking at him. But when he plunged splash into the mill-pond, they shrank back and set up such a shrill scream as

*

to bring out the baker. His first fear was that some of the young children had fallen in. But when he saw Dash swimming and plunging about, he rushed back through the group, and got out a rope. This he threw round Dash's neck, and tried to lead him to a shallow place. But Dash was very obstinate and would not be led. And the baker then went to the sluice and raised it, in order to let some of the water run off.

True, the blue fly had long since flown away, but Dash was still in a very bad temper. Mr. Pitapat, however, intended, if he would not come out, to let off the water till there was no fear of his drowning, and just leave him to cool in the mill-pond. And this, in truth, he did; and the little boys and girls sat down in a group upon the bank to watch him. At length, the horse grew tired of the water, and came ashore. He had got a few wounds and bruises from trying to jump upon the bank; but otherwise he was none the worse for his unexpected cruise in the mill-pond.

vi-o-lent-ly, with great force and haste.
young-sters, young folk, little boys and girls.

shàl-low, not deep.
ôb-sti-nate, stubborn, firmly sticking to what one wants to do.
un-ex-pèct-ed, not looked for.
cruise, sail, voyage.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*

THE CHANGELING.

A poor woman had a pretty little child who was carried away by the fairies. In its place they left a changeling with a thick head and staring eyes, which did nothing but eat and drink all he could get. In her trouble the mother went to a neighbour and asked her advice.

"I will tell you what to do," she said. "Take the changeling into the kitchen, seat him on the hearth, make up a good fire, and then fill two egg shells with water, and place them on the fire to boil. That, perhaps, will make him laugh, and if he laugh you will get rid of him."

So the woman went home and did as her neighbour advised; and when the changeling saw her fill the egg shells with water and set them on the fire, he said:

"Now I am as old
As a mine of gold,
Yet I never saw
In my life before
Water in egg shells boiled."

*

And after saying this he began to laugh.

The moment he laughed, one of the men from the fairy mountain came into the kitchen. He brought the woman's own child with him, seated him on the hearth, and carried away the changeling.

J. & W. GRIMM.

càr-ried. *kìtch-en.* *moun'-tain.*
prèt-ty. *wom'-an.* *mó-ment.*

chánge-ling (*chánj-ling*), one left in place of another which has been stolen away.
neigh'-bour (*ná-ber*), one that lives near.
ad-více (*ad-vís*), what one says is best to do.
ad-víse (*ad-víz*), to give advice.

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

*

Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

*

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and grey
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

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By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

W. Allingham.

Còl-umb-kill. *Slieveleague* (*Slév-lég*).
státe-ly. *pàn-cakes.* *to-gèth-er.*
friend (*frènd*). *joùr-ney* (*jùr-ni*). *Nòrth-ern.*

rùsh-y, where rushes grow.
daren't (*dárnt*), dare not.
troop'-ing, going in troops, a good many of them together.
nigh (*nî*), nearly, almost.
sòr-row, grief, sadness.

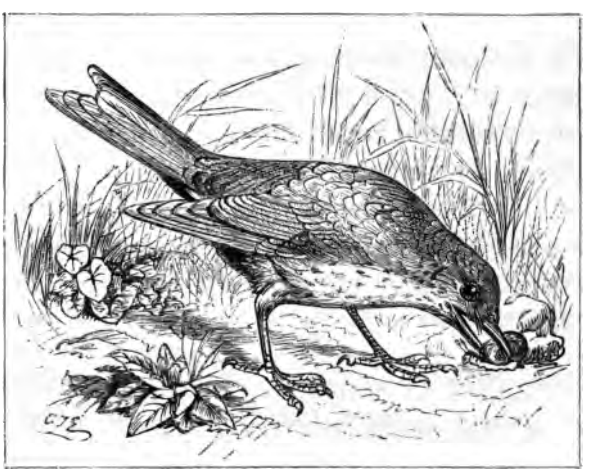
THE SONG THRUSH.

1. What it is like, and what it eats.

THE song thrush, or throstle, though a very fine singer, is not a very beautiful bird in gay dress. Far from this, it is quite a plain creature, with brown spots on its breast. You may see it sitting in the trees about a garden, or hopping along shyly close up to the door; for though it is a shy little thing, it must look about to see what food it can pick up with its long hungry bill.

The thrush has a keen look-out for worms, snails, slugs, and all such little soft animals as it can get its eye upon. Just after rain, when the worms look up out of their holes, the thrush has a fine time of it. But a snail is a greater

dainty than even a fat worm. When a snail sees the thrush coming and draws himself back, horns and all, into his shell-house, he perhaps thinks he is safe; but the thrush does not let him off so easily. Seizing him in its bill, the thrush carries him to a big stone, and batters



him against it till the shell is smashed to pieces; and then it rewards itself richly for all this trouble by eating up the poor snail.

In autumn, when the fruits are ripe and look so nice for eating, the thrush is busy in the orchards; for it is very fond of all kinds of

berries, and most of all it loves cherries, with their plump red cheeks. The master of the orchard may think that it eats up too much fruit, and may even fire a gun at it; but it certainly deserves to get a good deal of fruit as payment for killing snails and many other little animals that would soon destroy all the fruit in the orchard.

In the cold hard days of winter, when the ground is covered with snow, the thrush has often to scratch roots out of the dry banks of hedges. These roots are not good to live long upon; but the thrush, like too many others, has a hard life in a bad winter, and often the cold weather and hunger kill the poor thing outright.

throstle (*thrȯsl*). *au'-tumn* (*ō-tum*). *bus-y* (*bìz-i*).
piece (*pēs*). *crea'-ture* (*crē-*). *ȯr-chard.*

shy', afraid to come near, timid.
daint'-y, toothsome, nice to taste.
bȧt-ter, hit, knock, strike.
re-ward' (*-wōrd*), pay in return for kindness or services.
de-sèrve, be worthy of, ought to get.
de-stroy', waste, kill, ruin.

*

2. The Thrush's Nest.

The nest of the thrush is most commonly built in a bush or in a hedge. It is large, and in shape like a basin. The shell of the nest is formed of dry grass or roots or mosses, firmly held together with clay ; and the inside is often covered with rotten wood or cow-dung, or even with stolen rags or light pieces of cloth, which are worked into a strong and smooth lining.

In this hardness and firmness of the inside, the thrush's nest differs from that of most other birds. A well-made nest of this bird's will hold water, and the boughs on which it is placed often sprout.

The eggs of the song thrush are found from April to June. There are from four to six of them; mostly there are five. They vary greatly in size. They are of a fine blue colour, with perhaps a slight tinge of green; and most of them are marked with small round black spots, which vary much in size and number, and which are always found towards the larger end of the egg.

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One pair of thrushes will make as many as four or five nests in the course of a season. The nest may be built, the eggs laid and hatched, and the birds fledged and flown—all in a month's time.

cŏm-mon-ly. bŭilt (bĭlt). hārd-ness. vá-ry. bá̆sin (bá̆sn). flĕdged (flĕjd). fĭrm-ness. dĭf-fer.

3. The Thrush's Song.

THE song thrush is one of our best songsters; it sings very nearly as well as the nightingale. It has a fine rich mellow voice, and pours forth a full and various song in tones of remarkable purity. It sings early in the morning and late in the evening, and nearly all the year round. You may see it perched on a bare top branch of a leafless tree in late winter or early spring; and you may hear its song till about the middle of autumn.

Did you ever follow carefully the notes that the thrush sings? If you will learn by heart the following words, and listen to a thrush singing, you will find that it says something

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very like them. This is the song of the thrush :

" Knee deep, knee deep, knee deep ;
Cherry du, cherry du, cherry du, cherry du ;
White hat, white hat ;
Pretty Joey, pretty Joey, pretty Joey."

The thrush not only sings its own song, but also tries to sing any other tunes it may happen to hear. It picks up the songs of other birds, and sings them as these sing, at the same time moving its head or body in the way they do when they sing. It also follows a tune on the flute, picks up the notes, and whistles the tune just as the flute did before it. The thrush knows that it is a very good singer, and it delights in its power to sing.

sòng-ster. *night'-in-gale* (*nít-*). *lìs-ten* (*lìsn*).
vá-ri-ous. *fòl-low-ing.* *hàp-pen* (*hàpn*).

mèl-low, soft and sweet.
re-mārk-a-ble, worth noticing, striking, very great.
pú-ri-ty (*pyú-*), clearness.

*

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK.

THE husbandman pitched a net in his fields to take the cranes and geese that came to feed upon the new-sown corn. In this net he took several, both cranes and geese, and among them a stork. The stork was in very sad case, and pleaded hard for his life. Among other reasons

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why he should not be put to death, the stork urged that he was neither goose nor crane, but a poor harmless stork, who performed his duty to his parents as well as ever he could, feeding them when they were old, and, when it was required, carrying them from place to place upon his back. "All this may be very true," replied the husbandman; "but as I have taken you in bad company, and in the same crime, you must expect to suffer the same punishment."

People are judged by the company they keep.

Æsop.

com'-pa-ny. ex-pèct. sùf-fer. pùn-ish-ment.

hùs-band-man, tiller of the ground, farmer.
plead, ask earnestly.
urge, press, say earnestly (as a reason).
du'-ty (*dyú-ti*), what one ought to do.

THE DONKEY.

Poor donkey! I'll give him a handful of grass;
I'm sure he's an honest, though stupid, old ass.
He trots to the market to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back;
And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,
To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now and then, he has got a bad trick
Of standing stock-still, and just trying to kick;
But then, poor old fellow! you know he can't tell
That standing stock-still is not using me well;
For it never comes into his head, I dare say,
To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you some grass,
For *you* know no better, because you're an ass;

*

But what little donkeys some children must look,
Who stand, very like you, stock-still at their book,
And waste every moment of time as it passes—
A great deal more stupid and silly than asses!

Jane Taylor.

dòn-key (*dòng-ki*). *hànd-ful.* *mār-ket.*
hòn-est (*òn-est*). *stu'-pid.* *àf-ter-wards.*
mìn-ute (*mìn-it*). *us'-ing* (*yúz-ing*). *be-cause'.*

I'll, I will. *there's*, there is.
I'm, I am. *'tis*, it is.
He's, he is. *you're*, you are.

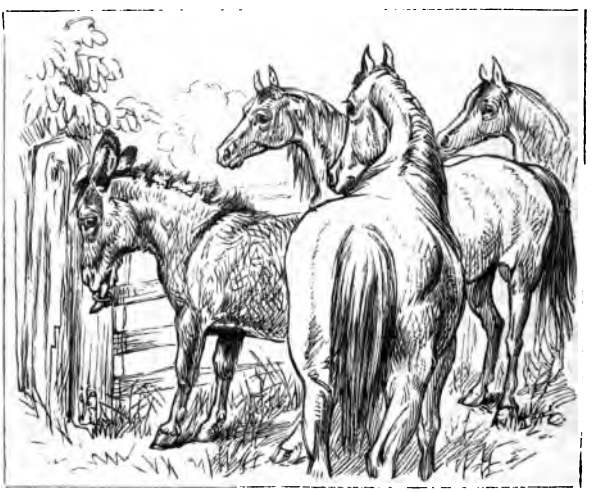
stock-still, as still as a post fixed in the ground.

IS THE ASS SO VERY STUPID?

No, he is not.

When any one does some very stupid thing, we are all ready enough to compare him with an ass. But this is not quite fair to the ass.

If the ass likes very much to eat thistles, this is a little strange, perhaps; but, though it be strange, it is not for that reason foolish. Sometimes an ass stands up stock-still in the road, and will not go on with his load, however his



driver may beat him with a whip or a stick. This, too, seems strange, perhaps; but the ass may not be stupid at all. He may be ill, or he may be tired and hungry, and quite unable to go a step farther. It may, indeed, be the driver that is stupid; for many a driver never

thinks that his ass may want food or drink or rest, or may be ill, as he himself might be. When an ass is kindly and thoughtfully treated, he is a most patient and willing animal, and his master seldom has reason to think that he is at all stupid.

It has been observed that, if a donkey be shut up in the same inclosure with half a dozen horses of the first blood, and the party escape, it is sure to be the poor donkey that has led the way. It is he alone that finds out how to work the bolt and latch. A gentleman tells that he has often stood at the other side of the hedge, watching a whole troop of blood horses patiently waiting, while the donkey was snuffing over a piece of work which not one of them all, but the donkey himself, felt able to perform.

fool'-ish. *gèn-tle-man.* *fär-ther* (*-dher*).
thought'-ful-ly. *un-á-ble.* *doz'-en* (*dùzn*).

com-páre, liken, say he is like.
ob-sèrve, notice, see.
in-clό-sure, space fenced in.
es-cápe, get away, get off.
per-form', do.

RUNNING AFTER THE RAINBOW.

"WHY thus aside your playthings throw,
Over the wet lawn hurrying so?
Where are you going, I want to know?"
"I'm running after the rainbow."

"Little boy, with your bright brown eyes
Full of a wonderful surprise,
Stop a minute, my Arthur wise,
What do you want with the rainbow?"

Arthur paused in his headlong race,
Turned up to Mother his hot, young face,
"Mother, I want to reach the place
At either end of the rainbow.

"Nurse says, whenever it meets the ground,
Such beautiful things may oft be found
Buried below, or scattered round,
If one can but catch the rainbow.

*

"O, please don't hinder me, mother dear,
It will all be gone while I stay here;"
So with many a hope and not one fear,
The child ran after the rainbow.

Over the damp grass, ankle deep,
Clambering up the hilly steep,
And the wood where the birds were going to sleep,
But he couldn't catch the rainbow.

And when he came out at the wood's far side,
The sun was setting in golden pride,
There were plenty of clouds all rainbow-dyed,
But not a sign of the rainbow.

Said Arthur, sobbing, as home he went,
"I wish I had thought what Mother meant;
I wish I had only been content,
And not run after the rainbow."

And as he came sadly down the hill,
Stood Mother scolding—but smiling still,
And hugged him up close, as mothers will;
So he quite forgot the rainbow.

"Our Year."

*

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I. What it is like, and where and how it lives.

THE nightingale is the best of all our songsters. It comes to us about the middle

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of April, and it leaves us in August. Though a very fine singer, it is not a beautiful bird with brilliant plumage. Like the throstle, it is a plain brown bird,—brown with a rich tint, however; on the under parts of the body the colour is greyish-white. It is a small creature, too, being seldom more than six inches long.

The nightingale is not found throughout the whole of the country; it does not go very far north, nor yet very far west. People have tried hard to get it to make its home so far north as Yorkshire, but they have not been able to do this. Neither does it go to Devonshire; much less to Cornwall. The true reason seems to be that the bird cannot find enough of its proper food in these parts of the country.

The nightingale lives for the most part upon insects of various kinds. It dines with great delight upon small beetles and any sort of fleshy caterpillars,—not hairy ones. The moist warm evenings are happy times for the nightingale, for then the caterpillars come swarming out to feed, and the bird comes down upon them and destroys them in great numbers. Like the song thrush, the nightin-

gale helps itself freely to fruit, when it hangs ripe on trees and bushes in the autumn.

night-in-gale.	*York'-shire.*	*pròp-er.*
through-out'.	*Dèv-on-shire.*	*ìn-sect.*
càt-er-pill-ar.	*Corn'-wall.*	*vá-ri-ous.*

2. The Nightingale's Nest.

THE nightingale is faithful to the place of its birth, returning every year to the neighbourhood to build its nest there. It delights to settle in some quiet lane or thick hedge-row or copse. It builds its nest for the most part about a foot from the ground, but sometimes even close upon the ground in a hollow place, and it likes to dwell under the shade of leafy branches. It is a cunning builder, but not a very strong one. The nest is commonly formed of oak or beech leaves mixed with grasses; the lining is of fine dried grasses or hair, and sometimes of moss. It is very slightly constructed, unlike the strong water-tight nest of the song thrush.

*

The nightingale breeds from the beginning of May till the middle of June. She lays from four to six eggs,—mostly four, sometimes five,

NIGHTINGALE'S EGG.

seldom six. The colour of the eggs is commonly a uniform olive-brown or green, varying in shade; sometimes it is a blue-green, with spots of olive-brown all over; at other times it is a clear blue-green, with blood spots.

faith'-ful. *re-tûrn-ing.* *côpse.*

neigh'-bour-hood (*ná-ber-hŭd*), places near.
slight-ly (*slît-*), not strongly.
con-strûct, build.
u'-ni-form (*yú-*), like throughout, the same everywhere.

3. The Nightingale's Song.

THE nightingale is the finest singer of all our birds. Her notes are most thrilling and melodious. She pours them forth sometimes in the early morning, sometimes throughout the day, unless when the heat is very strong, but mostly in the evening twilight. As people pass along, they stop to listen with delight to the sweet tones of the charming singer.

The nightingale sings her loudest and her longest song in the week or two after she comes back in spring. The females are then singing for the males, and they try hard too ut-do each other. Once they have got their mates, they sing less fiercely. By the end of June, when they are hatching their young ones, their sweet note changes into a rough croak. In autumn they do not sing, they only "wheet" and "kurr."

Did you ever follow the song of the night-ingale with care? It begins with something like this:

"Wheet, wheet, kurr, k-u-u-r-r-r."

*

After that, it goes on—

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet;
Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug;
Swot, swot, swot, swotty."

As "sweet, sweet," is sung, the voice rises and falls, bending up and down in slow plaintive tones. The "jug, jug," is quick, like the barking of an impatient dog.

fín-est. *chārm-ing.* *fé-male* *au'-tumn.*

thrìll-ing, piercing, running through one.
mel-ód-i ous, musical, sweet.
twí-light, time between light and darkness, faint light.
out-do', excel, do better than.
fierce'-ly (*férs-*), hotly, eagerly.
plain'-tive, complaining, sad.
im-pá-tient (*-shent*), fretful, restless; wanting something, and unwilling to wait.

THE RIVER.

O tell me, pretty river!
Whence do thy waters flow?
And whither art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow?

"My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse the April showers;
My cradle was a fountain,
O'ercurtain'd by wild flowers.

"One morn I ran away,
A madcap, hoiden rill—
And many a prank that day
I play'd adown the hill!

"And then, mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers
That stoop'd, with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

"But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave—
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave!"

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

róam-ing. *nùrse.* *scene* (*sén*).
bìrth-place. *crá-dle.* *ocean* (*ó-shan*).

pèn-sive, thoughtful, sad, gloomy.
o'er-cùr-tain'd, curtained over; with wild flowers spreading over it like a curtain.
hoi'-den, like a romping girl; flowing roughly.

*

RUMPELSTILZCHEN.

1. The First Spinning.

THERE was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now, it happened that he came to speak to the king, and, to give himself importance, he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

The king said to the miller, "That is a talent that pleases me well; if she be as skilful as you say, bring her to-morrow to the palace, and I will put her to the proof."

When the maiden was brought to him he

led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold, you shall die." He locked the door, and left the maiden alone.

The poor girl sat down disconsolate, and could not for her life think what she was to do; for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold; and her distress increased so much that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered and said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?"

"Ah!" answered the maiden, "I must spin straw into gold, and know not how to do it."

The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?"

"My neckerchief," said the maiden.

He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind—three times did he grind—and the spindle was full; then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind, the second was full; so he spun on till morning; when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

*

Rùm-pel-stìlz-chen (*Rùm-pel-stìlts-hen*).
daugh'-ter (*dō-ter*). *thread* (*thrèd*). *ó-pen.*
straw (*strō*). *nèc-ker-chief.* *èn-ter.*

im-pórt-ance, greatness.
dis-trèss, misery, very great pain of body or of mind.
tàl-ent, skill.
in-créase, grow greater.
pàl-ace, king's house or castle.
àn-swer (*àn-ser*), reply.
proof, trial.
dis-còn-so-late, sad.

2. The Second and Third Spinnings.

The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy of gold. He put the miller's daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if life were dear to her. The poor helpless maiden began to weep, when once more the door flew open, the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

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"My ring from my finger," answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and, by the morning, all the straw was spun into shining gold.

The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "if she's only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

As soon as the damsel was alone, the little man came the third time and said, "What will you give me if I again spin all this straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," answered the girl.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

"Who knows how that may be, or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl, but in her perplexity she could not help herself; so she promised the little man what

*

he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

lār-ger.	*ôr-der.*	*thought* (*thōt*).
dàm-sel.	*ap-pêar.*	*prô-mise* (*prô-mis*).

as-tòn-ish, surprise, cause to wonder.
ôv-er-joyed', more than filled with joy, very glad.
de-light-ed (*dĕ-līt-ed*), glad, joyful.
sàt-is-fied, content, pleased.
quan'-ti-ty (*kwòn-ti-ti*), amount.
per-plèx-i-ty, confusion, puzzled state of mind.
de-sire, wish.

3. Paying for the Spinning.

When the king came in the morning and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the miller's beautiful daughter became a queen. After a year had passed she brought a lovely baby into the world, but quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber, and said, "Give me what you promised me!" The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of her kingdom if he would only

leave her her child; but he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

Then the queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly, that the little man took pity upon her and said, "I will give you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom, to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. When, next day, the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated, each after each, all the names she knew or had heard of; but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

The second day she again sent round about in all directions, to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine: to each he answered always, "That is not my name."

The third day the messenger returned and said: "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain

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by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg, and cried out :—

"To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake,
Next day the queen's child I shall take ;
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstilzchen ! "

You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this ; and when, soon after, the little man entered and said, "Queen, what is my name ? " she asked him mischievously : "Is your name Kunz ? "

"No."

"Is your name Carl ? "

"No."

"Are you not sometimes called Rumpelstilzchen ? "

"A witch has told you that—a witch has told you ! " shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot that it sunk into the earth up to the hip ; then he

seized his left foot with both hands with such violence, that he tore himself right in two.

"*The Fairy Book.*"

màr-ry.	*walked* (*wōkt*).	*grieve* (*grēv*).
sùd-den-ly.	*dwarf* (*dwōrf*).	*shriek* (*shrēk*)
chám-ber.	*trèas-ures* (*trèzh-ŭrz.*)	*seize* (*sēz*).
mèss-en-ger.	*di-rèc-tions.*	*guess* (*gès*).

obey (*ŏ-bā́*), do as bid.
in-quíre, ask.
us′-u-al-ly (*yúz-yŭ-al-li*), commonly, for the most part.
re-péat, say again.
strán-gest, queerest, most unusual.
im-ag′-ine (*im-ăj-in*), think of.
mìs-chiev-ous-ly, teasingly, provokingly.
fú-ri-ous-ly (*fyú-*), with fury, in a great rage.

*

THE FIELDS IN MAY.

What can better please,
When your mind is well at ease,
Than a walk among the green fields in May?
To see the verdure new,
And to hear the loud cuckoo,
While sunshine makes the whole world gay:

When the butterfly so brightly
On his journey dances lightly,
And the bee goes by with business-like hum,
When the fragrant breeze and soft
Stirs the shining cloud aloft,
And the children's hair, as laughingly they come:

*

When the grass is full of flowers,
And the hedge is full of bowers,
And the finch and the linnet piping clear,
Where the branches throw their shadows
On a footway through the meadows,
With a brook among the cresses winding clear.

W. ALLINGHAM.

please (*pléz*). *whole* (*hól*). *pîp-ing.*
ease (*ēz*). *business* (*bìz-nes*). *shàd-ows.*
walk (*wōk*). *laugh'-ing-ly* (*lāf-*). *mèad-ows.*

vèr-dure, greenness, fresh grass or leaves.
jour-ney (*jùr-ni*), travel.
fra'-grant, scented, sweet-smelling.

SUMMER.

WHO is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brook to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries and the grateful acid of fruits. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming, and the sheep-

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shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree; let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass; let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name?

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

re-frèsh-ment.	*crỳs-tal.*	*wèl-come.*
rìv-u-let.	*ap-proach'.*	*twi'-light.*

trans-pâr-ent, that can be seen through; thin.
sùl-try, warm and moist.
làn-guid, weary, without vigour.
ȧc-id, (*ȧs-*), bitter (taste).
grâte-ful, pleasant.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

*

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, " It is good ;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride !
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain ;

*

Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!

George MacDonald.

CERF.

1. Who is he? And what about him?

Who or what is Cerf? Well, if you don't know Cerf, you don't know a very sensible and faithful friend of mine. Cerf is a dog, and you shall hear what he is like.

Cerf is a Sussex spaniel. All spaniels are wise dogs, and Cerf is one of the wisest of spaniels. His bright quick eye is always on

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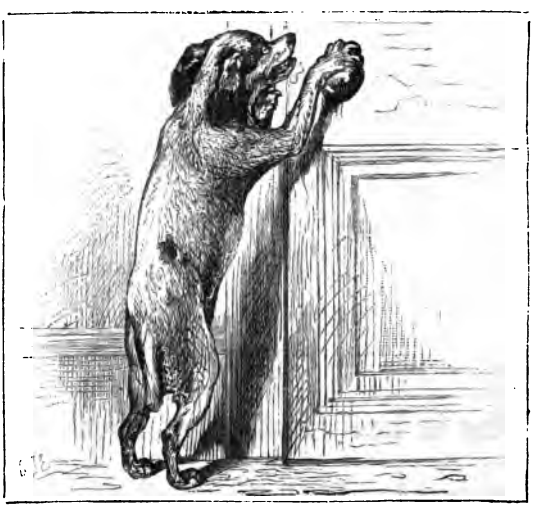
the alert for something to hunt, and if he is kept in the house for even a short time he is sure to want to pursue the cat. And when he does set out after any beast, or on any errand, he does it with great force and haste. He



never loiters on the way, but hastens on to do the work he has got in view. This, you know, is a wise thing to do; but neither men nor boys are always so wise as my friend Cerf.

Cerf cannot be slow or lazy even in play.

His eye flashes; he raises a paw, and stirs his long silky ears that hang down by the sides of his head; he moves his tail rapidly, and shakes his soft glossy sides, eagerly looking for something to rush upon. If you tell him to look for the cat, he will scour round the premises in a twinkling. If you order him to shut the door, he will raise his fore-paws, and fixing them upon the knob of the handle, will do your bidding in a moment. Every morning he watches for the knock of the postman or the newsboy; and eagerly seizing upon his master's favourite newspaper, and refusing all others, he charges up stairs with it to his bedroom. He there delivers it up to his master, but no one else would be allowed to touch it. Cerf then retires to a corner with his master's slippers, which he guards till it be time to deliver them up. It is Cerf's nature to be very quick and to go dashing at things with great force, often with much more force than is needed; but this is better than being too slow, and shows how eager Cerf is to do the bidding of his master.

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sèn-si-ble.	*loĭ-ter.*	*move* (*múv*).
spàn-i-el.	*hásten* (*hásn*).	*guard* (*gärd*).
twìnk-ling.	*faith′-ful.*	*knock* (*nòk*).
ràp-id-ly.	*éa-ger-ly.*	*seize* (*séz*).

pur-súe, run after, trying to catch.
prè-mis-es, house, out-houses, garden, &c.
fáv-our-ite, best liked, what one favours most.
re-fuse (*re-fyúz*), will not take or do.
de-liv-er, give up.
al-low′, permit, let.

2. Cerf in Bad Luck.

THOUGH Cerf has got very long ears, he is a very sensible dog for all that. He has met some misfortunes in his time, but he does not break his heart over them. I do not know for certain in what way he came by the unlucky accident that took away his tail; but there is no doubt that his tail has gone amissing somehow—all but about six inches. Still, if you ask Cerf what has become of his tail, he will wag the stump with wonderful vigour, as much as to say that he does not know and does

not care, but is ready to run anywhere for your pleasure—just as ready as if he had a tail like other dogs. Some of the apes eat away their own tails, and refuse to be prevented from doing so; but I do not think that Cerf ate away his tail. However, he is just as good a dog without a tail as with one; and perhaps his master and his master's children like him all the better and are kinder to him for his misfortune. Give Cerf a biscuit, and stroke his long glossy hair; he is a very good fellow indeed.

doubt (*dout*).	*won'-der-ful.*	*vig-our.*
bis-cuit (*bis-kit*).	*pleas-ure.*	*read-y.*

mis-for-tune, bad fortune, ill luck, mishap.
cer-tain, sure.
ac-cid-ent, something that happens ill, and has not been intended.
pre-vent, keep back (from doing something).

*

THE SQUIRREL.

THE pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree,
A little blithe creature as ever can be;
He dwells in the boughs, where the stock-dove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods.
His food is the young juicy cones of the pine;
And the milky beech nut is his bread and his wine.
In the joy of his nature, he frisks with a bound
To the topmost twigs, and then down to the ground;
Then up again, like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree with a bounding spring;

*

Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and
queer,
As if he would say, "Well, follow me here!"
And then he grows pettish, and stamps his
foot,
And looking down on us he cracks his nut.

But, small as he is, he knows he may want
In the bleak winter weather, when food is
scant.
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest and lays by his store.
Then when cold winter comes, and the trees
are bare,
When the white snow is falling, and keen is
the air
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself,
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his
shelf.
Oh, wise little squirrel! No wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as
can be. Mary Howitt.

blíthe, gay, merry, joyous.
jui-cy (*jú-si*), full of juice or sap.
wàg-gish, like a wag; ready to play tricks or
make sport.

*

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A CROW, ready to die with thirst, beheld a pitcher at some distance, and flew to it with joy. When he came to it, he did indeed find water in it, but so near the bottom that with all his stooping and straining he was not able to reach it. He then thought of upsetting the pitcher, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it; and he tried with all his might,

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but found that he was not strong enough to do this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them one by one into the pitcher; and thus, by degrees, he raised the water up to the very brim and drank as much as he needed to quench his thirst.

Patient care often succeeds where mere strength fails. ÆSOP.

be-hèld.	*dis-tance.*	*stoop'-ing.*	*quènch.*
pìtch-er.	*up-sèt.*	*strain'-ing.*	*strèngth.*

de-grees', steps. "By degrees," step by step, little by little.

suc-ceed', gain one's end, get what you want.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.

green'-wood. *èn-em-y.* *hìther* (*hìdh-er*).

am-bì-tion, strong wish to rise in the world, eagerness to become greater.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

1. A Lonely Boy.

I AM a poor lad. I live round the corner in one of the narrowest lanes of the city. I have plenty of light, though; for my room is in the top of the house, and I can look out over all the roofs. The first days after I came to live in town, I felt very much cooped up and lonely. Instead of the forest and the green hills, I now

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had nothing but the dingy chimneys all round as far as I could see. Not a single friend had I here, not one familiar face to greet me.

One evening I was standing, with a very sad heart, at my window. I opened it, and looked out. Oh, what gladness came over me! I beheld a face I knew, a round, friendly face, my best friend over there from home. It was the moon, the dear old moon, just the same without a bit of change, looking exactly as she used to do, when she peeped in upon me through the willows on the moor. I kissed my hand to her over and over again, and she shone right into my room, and promised that, every evening when she was out, she would look in upon me for a short time. And this promise she has faithfully kept ever since. It is a pity that she cannot make a longer stay. Every time she comes, she tells me of something or other that she has seen the night before or the same evening. "Just paint you the scenes that I tell of," said she, on her first visit, "and you will possess a very pretty picture-book." This I have done for many an evening now. I could, in my fashion, give a new "Thousand and One Nights," in pictures. It was not every evening,

however, that the moon came; frequently a cloud stood between her and me.

nàr-row. *chìm-ney.* *friènd-ly.* *vis-it.*
plèn-ty. *fa-mìl-iar.* *ex-àct-ly.* *pìc-ture.*

coop up, confine, keep close (as in a coop).
dìn-gy, dusky, dull in colour.
fàs-hion, mode, way, manner.
pos-sèss, have, own.
frè-quent-ly, often, many times.

2. The Little Girl and the Chickens.

"YESTERDAY," said the Moon to me, "I was peeping down upon a little court-yard, with houses on every side of it. There lay a hen with eleven chickens, and a beautiful little girl was jumping round about them. The hen clucked, and spread her wings in great terror over her little young ones. Then the girl's father came out, and scolded her; and I glided away, and thought no more of the matter.

"But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down again into the same court-yard. There was perfect stillness. But presently *the little* girl came out. She stepped softly

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over to the hen-house, raised the latch, and slipped in among the hens and chickens. They cried out loudly, and flew fluttering round about, while the little one ran after them. I saw it all plainly, for I was peeping in through a hole in the wall. I was quite angry with the naughty child, and felt glad when her father came out and caught her fast by the arm, and scolded her still more severely than he did yesterday. She hung down her head and turned it away; there were big tears in her blue eyes.

"'What are you doing here?' he asked.

"She wept. 'I wanted,' said she, 'to kiss the hen, and to beg her pardon for yesterday, but I did not like to tell you.'

"And the father kissed the sweet innocence on the forehead; I kissed her on the eyes and the mouth."

yès-ter-day. *naught'-y (nōt-y).* *mìn-ute (mìn-it).*
flùt-ter-ing. *caught (kōt).* *court'-yard (kórt-).*

se-vére-ly, hard, sternly.
pār-don, forgiveness.
ìn-no-cence, freedom from guilt; blamelessness.
Here, for "innocent girl."

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3. The Doll up a tree.

"I SAW a little girl weeping," said the Moon; "she was weeping over the wickedness of the world. She had got as a present the most beautiful of dolls. Oh! wasn't it a doll!—so nice and delicate, and not at all made for rough handling. But the little girl's brothers, those big fellows, had taken the doll and set it up in a high tree in the garden and then run away. The little girl could not reach the doll, could

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do nothing to help it down; and that is why she was weeping. The doll wept when she wept; it stretched out its arms among the green branches, and looked quite miserable. Yes, here were some of the hard things of life, which Mamma spoke about so frequently.

"Poor doll! The evening was already beginning to grow dark, and night would come on while it was still up in the tree. Was it to be left sitting there alone the whole night through? No, the little girl's heart could not bear this. 'I will stay with you,' said she, though she was not so very stout-hearted. She fancied she already quite plainly saw those little ugly fairy men, with their tall sugar-loaf caps, peeping from among the bushes, and that down in the dark walk long goblin-shapes were dancing. These, she imagined, came nearer and nearer, stretched out their hands towards the tree where the doll was sitting, and laughed and pointed their fingers at her. Ah! how frightened the little lass was! 'But if one has not done anything wrong,' thought she, 'nobody can do one any harm. I wonder whether I have done anything wrong.' And she remembered: 'Ah! yes,' said she, 'I laughed at the poor

duck with the red rag about its leg, which hobbles along in such a funny way; that is why I laughed at it; but it is wrong to laugh at the animals.' Then she looked up at the doll: 'Did you laugh at the animals?' she asked; and it seemed as if the doll shook its head."

broth'-er (*brùdh-er*). *mìs-er-a-ble.* *fàn-cy.* *wrong* (*ròng*). *fré-quent-ly.* *im-àg-ine* (*-àj-in*).

wìck-ed-ness, badness, naughtiness.
dèl-i-cate, fine and tender.

4. The Bear that played at Soldiers.

"IT was in a little country town," said the Moon, "I saw it last year. Down in the inn parlour sat a man who was travelling about with a bear. He was eating his supper. Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm to anybody, grim enough though he looked,—poor Bruin stood outside, tied up behind the stack of firewood. Up in the garret, in the light of my clear rays, three little children were playing: the eldest might be six years old, the

youngest not more than two. 'Stump! stump!' was a step coming up stairs; who could it be? The door flew open; it was Bruin, — great shaggy Bruin! He had got tired of standing down there in the yard, and

had now found his way up stairs. I saw it all," said the Moon.

"The children were so frightened at the great shaggy beast, they crept each of them into a corner; but he found them all three out, and touched them all over with his nose, but he did them no harm whatever. 'This is

surely a big dog,' they thought, and so they began to stroke him. Then he laid himself down on the floor, and the youngest boy threw himself above him, and hid his head, with its golden curls, in the beast's thick black fur, playing at hide-and-seek. Now the eldest boy took his drum, and beat upon it till it thundered again. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was very charming, indeed. Next, each boy took his gun, and the bear must have one also, and he held it quite properly; this was a splendid comrade that they had got. Then they marched—'one, two; one, two.' Presently some one came to the door, and it opened. This was the mother of the children. You should have seen her, seen her dumb terror, her face as white as chalk, her mouth half open, her eyes fixed and staring. But the youngest boy nodded ever so joyfully and shouted at the top of his voice and said, 'We are just playing at soldiers!' And at this moment the bear's keeper came in."

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

pär-lour. trà-vel-ling. splèn-did. dumb (dŭm).
thŭn-der. chärm-ing. còm-rade. chalk (chŏk).

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WISHING.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

W. ALLINGHAM.

prim-rose.	*moon'-shine.*	*bough* (*bou*).
yel-low.	*par-don.*	*wren* (*ren*).
wan'-der-ing.	*rov-er.*	*thumb* (*thum*).

THE LION.

1. Where he lives, and what he is like.

THE Lion is found in Africa and in Asia. His home is in the wild places of those countries—in the pathless jungles and in the sandy deserts. The lion of Africa is better known among us than the lion of Asia.

The lion has been called the King of the Animals. His appearance is indeed most kingly. His bearing is noble; there is majesty

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in every feature, there is grace and dignity in every movement. His eye flashes command. He looks every inch a king.

A Lion is like an immense dog that has forgotten to stop growing; he is a good deal larger than the biggest dog that you ever saw.

When full-grown, he measures six or seven feet in length, and at the shoulder he stands about three feet high. His long thick mane waving over his powerful neck, adds to the largeness and majesty of his appearance. The colour is always uniform, without spots: the body is usually tawny, varying from deep red chestnut brown to silvery grey; the mane is darker than the body, frequently approaching to black. The tail is long and bare, with a funny little tuft at the end.

The Lioness has no mane. She is somewhat smaller than the lion, and much more slender and graceful. She is also more agile; and her passions, which are stronger, are less controlled and more fiercely gratified. She is especially savage when she is nursing her cubs.

Àf-ri-ca.	*ap-péar-ance.*	*mèas-ure.*
A'-si-a.	*féa-ture.*	*frè-quent-ly.*
dès-ert.	*move'-ment* (*múv-*).	*ap-próach-ing.*
com-mànd.	*im-mènse.*	*sàv-age.*

jùn-gle (*jùng-gl*), dense forest, with wild under-growth.

màj-es-ty, dìg-ni-ty, greatness, high manner, stateliness.

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u'-ni-form (*yú-*), same all over, not varied.
ȧg-ile (*ȧj-*), active, nimble.
con-tról, check, keep in order.
grȧt-i-fy, please, satisfy, make content.

2. Whiskers and Paws.

The Lion has whiskers. You may fancy that it does not matter a bit whether a lion has whiskers or not; but if they were shaved off, he would very soon feel the want of them. They are just like the cat's whiskers, and they serve the very same purpose. They stand out on each side of the upper lip to about the breadth of the animal's body; and as he passes through the forest, they touch trees and branches, and thus let him know where he can go through without making a noise. If he were to rush on crashing through the jungle, making leaves rustle, and branches rattle and crack, then the beasts that he wishes to prey upon would hear him coming, and would run off as soon as the warning was given. With his whiskers feeling the way and

helping his eye, the lion can move up silently close to his prey, and spring upon it without any chance of its escaping.

But, you may say, does he not make a great noise with his feet? No; he walks along as quietly as his cousin the cat does. If he would only let us turn up his paw and examine the sole of his foot, we should understand how this happens. You can see something very like it indeed, if you will examine the cat's paw. As the cat walks, she draws in her claws, just as she draws them in when she places her paw in your hand. And in the same way the lion draws in his terrible claws —so terrible that they can tear open the flank of a horse or a buffalo with a single rip. In the middle of the foot, there is a lump of elastic substance, forming a large pad, in five parts; and a similar pad is placed at the base of each toe. By this means the sole of the foot is soft and yielding, and the lion can walk up to his prey in perfect silence.

whìsk-er.	*paw* (*pō*).	*warn* (*wōrn*).
brèadth.	*claw* (*clō*).	*sí-lent-ly.*
pùr-pose.	*draw* (*drō*).	*ex-àm-ine.*

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es-cápe, get away. *sùb-stance*, matter, stuff.
bùff-a-lo, wild ox. *sìm-i-lar*, like.
e-làs-tic, springy; able to spring back to its former state after drawing out or pressing.

3. Seeking what he may devour.

On the whole, the Lion prefers to dwell in a level country, where there is plenty of wood and water. The trees and the thickets of the forest shelter him from the burning heat of the mid-day sun. The water indicates a fruitful country, in which there will be large herds of animals for him to prey upon—goats, antelopes, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, and many others. A spring or a pond of water is a usual place of resort for the lion, and here he comes mostly at sunrise or at sunset. Here he can lie in wait for the animals when they come down to drink; and while they do not suspect that an enemy is near, he can spring upon them at a bound and seize the luckless prey. If he think that he will not be disturbed, he devours the body on the spot where it has been killed. If he must carry it off to

some distance, he does not take it any farther than seems to be needful in order to let him feed at his leisure. And when he has eaten his fill, he retires to his den to enjoy a long sleep, till hunger again bring him on the track of the wild cattle near the springs and ponds of water.

The Lion is not often a savagely cruel animal, destroying other beasts for the mere pleasure of the act. Generally he does not care to hunt except when pressed with hunger; after a good breakfast or a good supper, he is satisfied, and lies in his concealment. Still he does sometimes prowl about during both day and night. When he wants something to eat at night, he is very bold indeed; he roams round a herd of wild cattle or the flocks of the people dwelling in his neighbourhood, or he looks closely at an encampment of travellers. He will plunge upon an enclosure and drag off a horse or a bullock—he is very fond of a horse; and he has often been known to spring upon a company sleeping round a watch-fire, and to tear a man from the very midst of them.

When the Lion springs upon his prey, the

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shock must be something very dreadful. The joints of the animal are most flexible, his bones are very compact. His muscles are as firm as iron, and they are gathered in huge masses around his jaws, his shoulders, and his fore legs. The weight of the beast is great for the size of it. Now, when this compact and heavy mass of body is thrown suddenly and swiftly from a distance of several yards, the force of the shock must be very terrible. A small animal would be stunned to death.

The roar of the lion causes great alarm in the stillness of the forest, especially in the night. It has been said to be like the sound that is heard at the moment of an earthquake. The lion bends his head to the ground, and blasts forth a half-stifled growl, which rolls along through the forest and over the plain. The fearful noise is made by the upper part of the wind-pipe, which is very large. The animals, on hearing it, start up from their rest in terror, and rush away headlong from the sound. The lion by this means knows readily enough where he may find prey; and it often happens that the terrified creatures run into the very jaws of their dreaded enemy.

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lèv-el. *dis-tùrb.* *neigh'-bour-hood* (*ná-*).
àn-te-lope. *léi-sure.* *com'-pan-y* (*kùm-*).
zé-bra. *re-tíre.* *mó-ment.*
gi-ràffe. *con-céal-ment.* *èarth-quake.*

pre-fèr, like best.
ìn-dic-ate, point to, imply, show.
re-sòrt, going often to, haunting.
sus-pèct, think without being sure.
lùck-less, without good luck, unfortunate.
de-vour', eat up.
en-càmp-ment, pitched tents.
en-clós-ure, place closed in all round, with walls, palings, &c.
flèx-i-ble, bending readily.
com-pàct, firm, close.
mùs-cle (*mùs-l*), fleshy part, by which a limb moves.
stî-fle, choke.

SHOOTING A LION.

EARLY in the morning we came to an anchor under a little point of land, which was pretty high; and, the tide beginning to flow, we lay still to go farther in. Xury, whose eyes were

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more about him than it seems mine were, calls softly to me, and tells me that we had best go farther off the shore; "for," says he, "look, yonder lies a dreadful monster on the side of that hillock, fast asleep." I looked where he pointed, and saw a dreadful monster indeed,

for it was a terrible great lion that lay on the side of the shore, under the shade of a piece of the hill that hung as it were a little over him.

"Xury," says I, "you shall go on shore and kill him."

Xury looked frighted, and said, "Me kill!

he eat me at one mouth;" one mouthful he meant.

However, I said no more to the boy, but bade him be still, and took our biggest gun, which was almost musket-bore, and loaded it with a good charge of powder and with two slugs, and laid it down; then I loaded another gun with two bullets; and the third (for we had three pieces) I loaded with five smaller bullets. I took the best aim I could with the first piece to have shot him in the head, but he lay so, with his leg raised a little above his nose, that the slugs hit his leg about the knee, and broke the bone.

He started up, growling at first, but finding his leg broken, fell down again; and then got up upon three legs, and gave the most hideous roar that ever I heard. I was a little surprised that I had not hit him on the head; however I took up the second piece immediately, and though he began to move off, fired again, and shot him in the head, and had the pleasure to see him drop; and making but little noise, he lay struggling for life.

Then Xury took heart and would have me *let him go* on shore.

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"Well, go," said I; so the boy jumped into the water, and taking the little gun in one hand, swam to shore with the other hand, and coming close to the creature, put the muzzle of the piece to his ear, and shot him in the head again, which despatched him quite.

Daniel Defoe (adapted).

ăn-chor (*ăng-kor*).	*bade* (*bād*).	*mŏn-ster.*
eyes (*īz*).	*drĕad-ful.*	*growl'-ing.*
meant (*mĕnt*).	*mouth'-ful.*	*strŭg-gling.*

mŭs-ket-bore, having a bore, or size of hole, as large as that of a musket.
hĭd-e-ous, frightful, dreadful.
dĕs-pătch, send away, kill.

SONG OF THE MILL.

Tell me what the mill doth say,
Clitter, clatter, night and day;
When we sleep and when we wake,
Clitter, clatter, it doth make.
Never idle, never still,
What a worker is the mill!
Clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter,
What a worker is the mill!

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Tell me also what the rill
Daily warbles down the hill;
Sweet as skylark on the wing,
"Ripple, dipple," it doth sing.
Never idle, never still,
What a worker is the rill!
"Ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple,"
What a worker is the rill!

Listen to the honey bee
As it dances merrily,
To the little fairy's drum,
Humming, drumming, humming, drum.
Never idle, never still,
Humming, drumming, hum it will;
Humming, drumming, humming, drumming,
Humming, drumming, hum it will.

Like the mill, the rill, and bee,
Idleness is not for me.
What says cock-a-doodle-doo?
Up, there's work enough for you!
If I work, then, with a will,
It will be but playing still;
Ever cheery, never weary,
It will be but playing still.

EDWARD CAPERN.

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A BLACKBIRD'S NEST DECORATED.

We have already seen that the song thrush picks up and carries off little pieces of cloth to weave into its nest. The blackbird is in many ways like the thrush; and the following story tells how a blackbird carried off to her home some large pieces of lace. It was first told a few years ago by the gentleman from whose garden the laces were taken.

In the month of May, 1875, some laces were laid out on a washing-green folded all together. They were left out all night, but when looked for in the morning they were not to be found. There had been a good deal of wind in the night, and it was thought that they might have been blown over into a neighbour's garden; but the gardens were searched without success. About three weeks after, one of the neighbour's gardeners brought a blackbird's nest with five eggs in it to the owner of the lace. This nest he had found in a tree in his garden. It was decorated with the lace, which hung around it in very beautiful


P.H.D

festoons. There were three different kinds of lace—two and a quarter yards, one yard, and one and a half yards in length; and besides, there were several pieces of other lace worked in and out throughout the nest.

There can be no doubt that the blackbird carried off the lace and used it in making her nest. Did the blackbird fancy that she was decorating her nest, or did she look upon the lace as nothing more than a lot of handy stuff to build with?

gèn-tle-man. *neigh'-bour* (*ná-bur*).
own'-er (*ón-er*). *dif-fer-ent.*
quar'-ter (*kwōr-ter*). *search* (*sèrch*).

dèc-or-ate, make beautiful.
suc-cèss, gaining what one tries for.
fes-toon', garland, wreath.

CRUSOE'S UMBRELLA.

Robinson Crusoe's ship was wrecked, and all the crew but himself were drowned. He was cast upon a small island, upon which there

was no other person living. In the very hot days he could not go out unless he had something to protect his head from the rays of the sun. So he set about making an umbrella. This is what he says about it :—

"I spent a great deal of time and pains to make an umbrella. I was indeed in great want of one, and had a great mind to make one. I had seen them made in the Brazils, where they were very useful in the great heats which are there, and I felt the heats every jot *as great here*, and greater too, for here the sun

was more directly overhead. Besides, as I was obliged to be much abroad, it was a most useful thing to me, as well for the rains as for the heats. I took a world of pains at it, and was a great while before I could make anything likely to hold; nay, after I thought I had hit the way, I spoiled two or three before I made one to my mind. But at last I made one that answered fairly well.

"The main difficulty I found was to make it to let down. I could make it spread, but if it did not let down too, and draw in, it would not be portable for me any way but just over my head, which would not do. However, at last, as I said, I made one to answer.

"I covered it with skins, the hairs upwards, so that it cast off the rain like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so well that I could walk out in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest; and when I had no need of it I could close it, and carry it under my arm."

Daniel Defoe (adapted).

wreck (*rèk*). *um-brèl-la.* *ŏ-bliged'* (*-blījd*).
crew (*crū*). *Bra-zils.* *a-broad'* (*-brōd*).
is'-land (*ī-land*) *use'-ful.* *ăn-swer* (*-ser*).

main, chief, greatest.
dĭf-fic-ul-ty, something hard to do, obstacle, trouble.
pórt-a-ble, easy to carry.
pènt-house, lean-to house, shed leaning against a larger house.
ad-văn-tage, gain, better condition.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about on each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That open out to the bright-blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,—
Those homes of delight they need not now;

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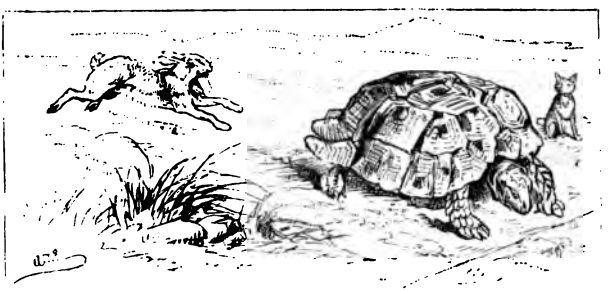
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse the green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call;
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high."
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in the leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the bright green earth below.

Mary Howitt.

broad (*brōd*).	*beau'-ti-fŭl.*	*sùm-mer.*
tall (*tōl*).	*pàl-ace.*	*lòv-ing-ly.*
hall (*hōl*).	*chăm-bers.*	*wàn-der.*

boon, good, roomy, cheerful.
frò-lic-some, fond of frolics, or pranks; playful.
fòr-est, wood.
trà-verse, cross, go through and through.
flit-ting, moving quickly from place to place.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

ONCE upon a time a Hare laughed at a Tortoise upon account of his slowness, and vainly boasted of her own great speed in running.

"Let us make a match," replied the Tortoise; "I will run with you five miles for five pounds, and the Fox yonder shall be the umpire of the race."

The Hare agreed, and away they both started together. But the Hare, by reason of her exceeding swiftness, outran the Tortoise to such a degree that she made a jest of the *matter; and* finding herself a little tired,

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squatted in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, and took a nap; thinking that, if the Tortoise went by, she could at any time fetch him up with all the ease in the world.

In the meanwhile the Tortoise came jogging on with slow but steady pace; and the Hare, out of too great security and confidence of victory, oversleeping herself, the Tortoise arrived at the end of the race first.

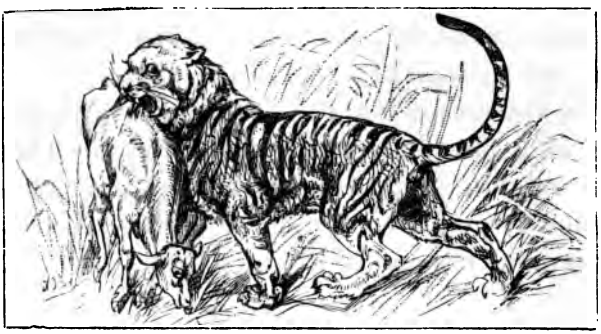
People who are quick are apt to fancy themselves too secure of winning, and thus slower persons outwit them.

Slow and steady wins the race.

Æsop.

tòr-toise (*-tiz*). *slow'-ness. out-ràn. vìc-tor-y.*
squat (*skwòt*). *swìft-ness. out-wìt. óv-er-sleep'-ing.*

ùm-pire, judge.
a-gree', consent, be willing.
ex-ceed'-ing, greater; very great.
se-cur'-i-ty, (*se-kyúr-*), sureness.
còn-fid-ence, trust, belief.



THE TIGER.

THE Tiger is a more terrible beast than even the lion. He is usually from seven to eight feet in length and from three to four feet in height. He is in nearly all respects more like the cat than the lion is. His body is more slender and longer than the lion's; his head is rounder, and he has no flowing mane to add dignity to his appearance. His scowling look indicates a savagely cruel temper, a delight in the mere fact of tearing and destroying.

The tiger has a very beautiful skin. The *thick hair* forms a fine glossy coat. The ground

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colour of the upper parts is a bright orange-yellow; and this is crossed with beautiful dark bars and stripes. The colours are brightest in the coat of the full-grown male; females and young tigers vary through the dimmer shades to dusky grey. The under parts are white.

Like the lion, the tiger watches for his prey at early dawn by the springs and water-courses, and bounds forth upon his luckless victims in the same swift and sudden way. He moves up to his place of attack with more than the grace and suppleness and stealthiness of the lion. He is more active than the lion, and he is about as strong. He can crush a man in his jaws as easily as he would crush a twig or a reed; and he does not seem to feel the least difficulty in carrying off a horse or a buffalo. After breakfast, he goes to sleep for the day in some shady place. In the evening he comes forth refreshed, and ready to range about for further prey.

The tiger does not roar as the lion does; he utters a loud snorting sound that might be called a grunt.

The tiger lives in Asia. In many parts of the country, especially in some of the districts

of Bengal, he is a terrible neighbour to the small villages. He comes prowling about the houses under cover of night, and frequently carries off men and children as well as the cattle of the people. The men often go out with flaming torches and beating drums, to scare their dreadful enemy away.

height (*hît*).	*dìg-ni-ty.*	*de-stroy'-ing.*
dawn (*dōn*).	*ap-péar-ance.*	*dìf-fic-ul-ty.*
jaw (*jō*).	*sàv-age-ly.*	*lùck-less.*
vìll-age.	*sùp-ple-ness.*	*re-frèshed.*

ro-spècts, regards, ways of looking at them; points.

scowl, wrinkle the brows with anger, look gloomy.

ìn-dic-ate, point to, show.

vìc-tim, one sacrificed; one that suffers in order to allow something to be done.

dìs-trict, region, part of country.

stealth'-y (*stèlth-y*), stealing along softly.

AUTUMN GREY.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding, in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name?

A. L. Barbauld.

gār-ment. *trèm-bling.* *au'-burn* (*ō-burn*).
tèm-ples. *pār-tridge.* *spórts-man.*

só-ber, calm, grave.
ùn-a-wares, before we are aware, or know.

THE FISHER BOY.

The Fisher Boy lightly leaps to his boat,
For he loves the sea right well;
The gulls scream loud, but the wind blows soft,
And the blue waves gently swell.

The Fisher Boy laughs as he grasps his oar,
And he sings as he rows along;
For the sunset glows, and the sky is clear,
And he knows that his boat is strong.

The fishing boats swiftly shoot through the bay,
And they steer for the open sea;
The fleet parts wide, and the nets are cast,
And the stars blink hazily.

The Fisher Boy happily smiles as the crew
Haul aboard the glittering heap,
And the boat sinks lower, and lower yet,
With the harvest of the deep.

The Fisher Boy keenly marks in the night
Each changing mood and sound;
Now the gulls screech louder, and the winds blow fierce,
And the dark waves surge around.

But the Fisher Boy fears no danger then
On the ocean broad and free;
For the boat is strong, and the harbour near,
And Fisher Boy loves the sea.

IN THE HOP GARDENS.

SEPTEMBER is the time for hop-picking. It is only in a few counties of England that children have this treat; but in those the hopping season is looked forward to all the year. It is a general festival, in fact, for old and young; during several weeks the whole air is full of the scent of hops; you see branches of them *hanging on* every cottage and meet hop-waggons

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laden with them in every lane and road. And in many a sheltered nook you pass the little encampment of a family of hoppers; poor folk who come from a distance on tramp, children and all, to make as much as they can by hop-picking. They sometimes take a donkey with them to carry their canvas tent, or the little ones; and you may see him tied at a little distance, helping himself to thistles or grass or what he can get.

The hops grow in large fields called hop-gardens. They are planted once every three years,—three hop-roots together on a little hillock of earth. In spring, when the bines begin to shoot, women go round and cut off from each hop all the shoots but three, and tie them to the poles; three poles being stuck into every "hill." As summer advances, these groups of hops become each a mass of green, and sometimes the wandering bines climb from one "hill" to another, making beautiful festoons. It is impossible to describe the beauty of a hop-garden, especially when the hops have done blossoming and are formed into green branches nearly ready for picking.

About the first week in September is the

usual time. Then the whole country turns out; villages are almost forsaken; everybody, man, woman, and child, is away in the hop-gardens. The work is light enough,—merely pulling up the tall poles with their clustering festoons, and picking off the hops bunch by bunch into a large basket, which is afterwards emptied into a bin and carried off to the kiln. The price paid for picking is three halfpence per bushel; and as any child can do it, a mother with a large family will sometimes pick the basket—which holds seven bushels—full, three or four times a-day. All keep to their own baskets, and mark on a stick how much they have done. But there is great laughing and chattering at meal-times, when they sit down under a hedge together and eat their small scraps of dinners that they have brought, and drink their cider if the master is kind enough to give it them. When visitors come to see the hop-picking, the hoppers "shoe" them—that is, rub their shoes with a bundle of hops; and then they have to give the hoppers a shilling or two for "treat."

No one who is a stranger to the hop-country can understand how delicious it is to sit *hop-picking* on a fine September day, with the

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fragrant smell of the hops filling the whole air, and scenting your fingers and clothes. The odour of hops is said to be very healthy, and a pillow stuffed with them is supposed to bring on sleep. Perhaps it is that, as well as the pleasant weariness of a day spent in the open air, which makes one's rest so sound and one's dreams so sweet during all the hop-picking; till it feels quite sad at last to come down to the hop-garden and see it bare and empty—the poles stacked up at equal distances all over it, the lane all silent, and the hoppers gone.

"Our Year" (adapted).

Sep-tèm-ber.	*wom'-en* (*wìm-en*).	*de-sèrt-ed.*
im-pòss-i-ble.	*vìs-i-tor.*	*for-sák-en.*
blòs-som-ing.	*de-lì-cious* (*-shus*).	*sup-póse.*

coun'-ty, shire, division of the country.
gèn-er-al, common, for everybody.
fès-tiv-al, day or time of mirth and joy.
en-càmp-ment, place where one has pitched one's camp or tent.
càn-vas, coarse cloth, made of flax or hemp.
bine, climbing stem.
ad-vànce, go forward.

fes-toon', garland.
de-scribe, tell in words.
kiln (*kil*), large oven, or stove.
ci-der, drink made from apple-juice.
frá-grant, sweet-smelling.
o'd-our, smell, scent, perfume.

THE FOX.

THE Fox is a most crafty animal. You can see that he is wily, if you only look him well in the face. His nose is sharp, his eyes are keenly bright, and his small ears are pointed and erect.

The fox is only about a foot high, so that he runs close to the ground, and can thus move about without much chance of being seen. His colour, too, helps his cunning purposes: it is usually fawn, with a reddish tint, and with a sprinkling of black and white hairs here and there.

The fox has a grand tail, or "brush"; it is *long and bushy*, with a white tip. His fur

coat, with its long and close hair, grows thicker as the days get colder: it is about twice as thick in the cold of winter as in the heat of summer. His fine tail may look very well, and his thick coat may be very comfortable, but they help greatly to bring him into trouble, and even to put his life in danger.

When the fox is at home, he dwells in a burrow in the earth. He likes much to get under a big tree and to twist and turn among the roots; or he digs with his strong paws down under the shelter of large stones. He knows well that he will be pursued; so he makes his home as far as he can out of the way of danger or the reach of his foes. Here Mrs. Fox brings up her young ones, which are funny little snub-nosed things, not very like grown-up foxes at all.

The fox lives on rabbits and birds, and such other little animals as he can get hold of. When very hungry, he comes prowling about the farm-yard, to see whether he can carry off a good fat hen or duck. At such times, he requires all his cunning to catch his prey and to escape in safety to his den.

point'-ed.	*bûsh-y.*	*dán-ger.*
pùr-pose.	*còm-fort-a-ble.*	*pur-sue'.*

crâft-y, wil-y, cùn-ning, having much craft, knowing many wiles or dodges or tricks; artful, sly.
e-rèct, standing straight up.
bùr-row, hole underground.

THE FOX'S JOURNEY.

THE fox jumped up in a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he had many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den, O! den, O! den, O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared they heard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. FOX, O! fox, O! fox, O!

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He took the grey goose by the sleeve,
Says he, 'Madame Goose, and by your leave,
I'll carry you away without reprieve,
And I'll take you to my den, O! den, O!
den, O!'

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung her quite across his back;
The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack,
quack!"
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O! den, O!

Old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window popped her head;
"Oh, John, John, John! the grey goose is gone!
And the fox is off to his den, O! den, O! den, O!"

John went up to the top of the hill,
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox, "That is very pretty music, still
I'd rather be in my den, O! den, O! den, O!"

At last the fox got to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Says he, "By good luck, there's a good fat duck,
With its legs hanging dangling down, O! down, O! down, O!"

He sat down to dinner with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife;
They never ate a better duck all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones, O! bones, *O! bones*, O!

plight, condition, state,—mostly bad.
de-clâre, say.
mār, spoil.
re-prieve (*-prév*), respite; delay in, or getting off from, being put to death.

HUNTING THE FOX.

The Fox has good reason for choosing to make his den far out of easy reach of his enemies; and he has need of all his wonderful cunning to keep out of their hands when he comes abroad into the wood or the fields.

The farmer's hand is against the fox, because the barn-yard fowls are in danger from the visits he may pay them by night. Ladies would like to strip him of the thick warm glossy coat that he wears in winter. Gentlemen, and also ladies, have long delighted to hunt him, with horse and hounds, in order to enjoy an exciting chase, and to have the pleasure of carrying off his grand brush at the end of the day's sport.

In autumn when the corn-fields are bare and bleak, and the leaves are fast falling from the trees, the hunters begin to take the field. The fox is started, the cry of "Tallyho! Gone away!" bursts forth, the hounds are let slip, and the hunters dash away in hot pursuit over hill and dale. The excitement of the chase is very great. To the sense of some persons a cry of hounds has more spirit and liveliness than any other music.

The scent of the fox is what enables the hounds to follow on his track. It is a very powerful odour, and the fox tries all sorts of tricks he can think of to destroy its force. Sometimes, after he has run on for a long way in one direction, he turns upon his track, makes a great jump to one side, and then starts off at his swiftest pace in another direction. He is glad when he reaches the bank of a brook or river, for then he can run along the stream for a good distance so as to break the scent; and, if he is successful, he can be far away before the hounds can get upon his new track. At other times, he scents himself with any odours he may find in his way, by *which he may* be able to overpower his own

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scent and baffle his pursuers. The fox is in luck when the air is very dry, or when a sharp wind blows from the north. The hunter rejoices when the air is moist, with no rain falling, but with a slight breeze from the south or the west; for then the scent of the fox clings strongly to everything that he comes near.

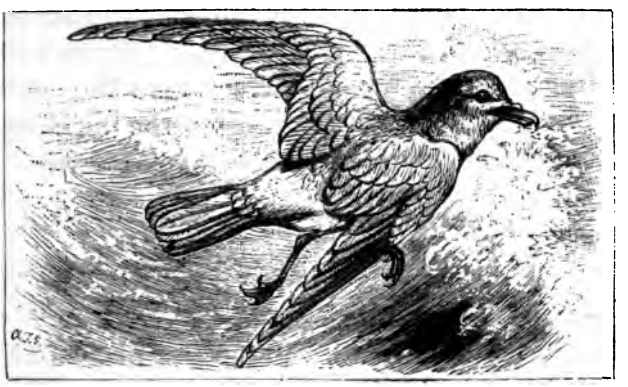
"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning."

choos'-ing. di-rèc-tion. pur-suit'. ex-cît-ing.
cär-ry-ing. suc-cèss-ful. pur-su'-er. ex-cîte-ment.
en-á-ble. de-stroy'. ód-our. óv-er-pow'-er.

CLEAN AND TIDY.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies;
Sweep your house; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

R. Herrick.



THE STORMY PETREL.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea,
Fearless and rapid and strong is he;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their
forms.

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They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam spray breaks on high;
And against the force of the strongest gale
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean far from land,
When the storm-king rises dark and grand,
The mariner sees the petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

PARK BENJAMIN.

pèt-rel. *for-sáke.* *glìt-ter-ing.*
ràp-id. *bìl-low-y.* *o'-cean* (*ó-shan*).

trànquil, quiet, calm.
splìnt-er'd, shivered, rent in pieces.
re-joice', be glad.
phàn-tom, what appears to exist but does not really exist.
màr-in-er, seaman, sailor.
fàth-om-less, bottomless; deeper than can be measured.
daunt'-less (*dônt-les*), fearless, bold.
meet—waves—feet. The Petrel takes its name from *St. Peter*, because it appears to walk on the waves as he did.

WINTER WHITE.

WHO is he that cometh from the north, in fur and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire, high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name?

A. L. BARBAULD.

ĭ-ci-cle. *bláz-ing.* *pierc'-ing.*
spārk-ling. *fróz-en.* *sûr-face.*

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A SNOW MAN.

The making of a snow man is a serious matter. Only out of a deep and solid mass of snow can we make him at all. Then he ought to be planned carefully, both as to size and position; leaned against a wall, or under a hedge, or in some sheltered corner where the

sun looks for only a short time in the day. The making of him requires consideration, and patience, and above all, agreement among ourselves; for it takes more than one person to construct a snow man, and when he is made he cannot be unmade, or carried from place to place, as the whim takes one. So we first settle distinctly among us how big he is to be, and where we shall place him: then we set to work.

No light work, either. It needs spadeful after spadeful, basketful after basketful, of that dainty white snow—sadly soiled by being worked in—before he grows to a fair height. Many a time we are tempted to let him be, or make out of him nothing but a head and shoulders. But that would never do if we want him to last till spring. So we labour and labour, piling him up as high as ever we can,—a huge shapeless pillar of snow. Some big boy or a man will roll a huge ball of fresh soft snow to place on the top of all, to form the snow man's head.

Now that the pile is big enough to be *carved* into some form, how shall this be done? *How shall* the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the

chin, and the ears, be cut out in their proper size and form and position? I cannot teach you that; you must grasp your tools—say a trowel, or a spade, and an old kitchen knife —and do your best. You will not be able to make a great beauty of him, and, even if you did, the sun would before long melt away his beautiful straight nose and his fine chin. Still, you had better carve his features with some care; try to make him look like somebody we know or have read about. Then we must consider how to get arms fixed on to his body, and in what manner he shall hold them. Shall we cut out legs and feet for him? or shall we suppose that he is wearing a long winter cloak, which reaches down to his heels?

Once made, our man is safe. We may pelt him with snow-balls; they will only stick to him and make him look a little rougher; but do not hit him in the eye, nor knock off his precious nose. If he has been firmly built together, the brief winter sunshine will have small effect on him; and even a thaw will do him little harm. Every fresh fall of snow we add to him and rebuild him; he stands firm

and snug in his corner, and remains our amusement for weeks. By the time he really melts all away, we shall have other pleasures, and most likely we shall have forgotten all about him; until, perhaps, in looking for violets we suddenly come upon a small thin streak of muddy snow, and remember that there was our snow man, the pride of the January holidays.

"OUR YEAR" (adapted).

ought (*ōt*).	*còr-ner.*	*Jàn-u-ar-y.*
thaw (*thō*).	*straight* (*strát*).	*hòl-i-days.*

sé-ri-ous, grave, important, difficult.
sòl-id, firm, packed close.
pŏ-sì-tion, place, situation.
con-sìd-er, think over, study.
con-sìd-er-á-tion, thinking over, thought, reflection.
a-gree'-ment, being of the same mind, having the same opinion as to what should be done.
con-strùct, build.
whìm, fancy, humour.

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A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

[*brave lad*]
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

THE END.

LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.